

# the **heuristic** **squelch**

**Nov 2009**

**Vol 19 Issue 3**

**squelched.com**



It's always the kawaii ones.

**EDITORS**

*(secretly bad at text messaging)*

**Editors-in-Chief**

David Hollingsworth, Brett Hallahan

**Creative Editors**

Lena Brooks, Max Ebert, Rebecca Power

**Graphics Editor**

Sarah Jeong

**Design Editor**

Katy Yoshida

**EDITORS EMERITUS**

*(still using hotmail)*

Aaron Brownstein, Simon Ganz, Owen Javellana, Sean Keane, Matt Loker, John O'Connor, Miles Stenehjelm, Fred Taylor-Hochberg

**DEPUTY CREATIVE EDITOR**

*(stoppin' by the pager store)*

Erik Krasner-Karpen

**BUSINESS TEAM/EMILY CARLTONS**

*(peppering conversation with Friends quotes)*

**PUBLICITY COORDINATOR:** Jessica Trost

**STAFF:** Kaitlin Black

**ART/GRAPHICS/DESIGN STAFF**

*(waiting impatiently for grandchildren)*

**HEAD ARTIST:** Harmony Larson

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS:** Peter Hess,

Hannah Jewell

**STAFF:** Kyle Smith

**WRITERS**

*(really starting to get into Sublime)*

Jeff Calhoun, Egil Aslak Aursand Hagerup, Ben Joyce, Dan Lopez, Kelly Lundy, Bud McLellan

**CONTRIBUTORS**

*(just had "the cable" installed)*

Thomas Akagi, Justin Bagnall, Lukas Bonick, Alex Cheng, Woodrow Currie, Allie Hughes, Sherwin Kuo, Brian Liyanto, Ben Narodick, Ben Osipov, Don Pham, Jordan Rubinow, John Jackson Waste, forgot that one guy

**WEBMASTER**

*(can kick your ass at Goldeneye)*

Brian DeFreitas

Tommaso Sciortino

**PRINTING**

*(enjoying face-to-face interaction)*

FRICKE-PARKS (510) 489-6543

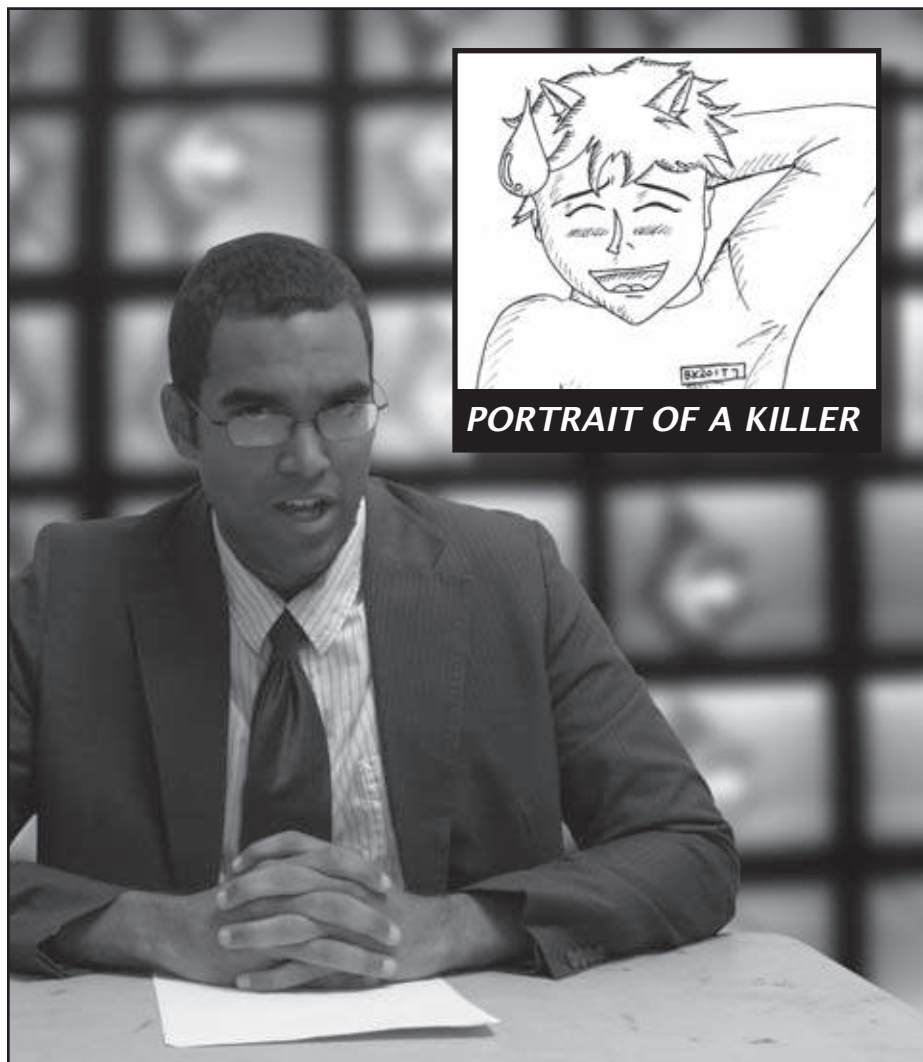
The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect all the sun's heat away from Gotham City, thus *chilling* it to the bone! Then there'll be snow hope for you, Batman! Hahaha! Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

Questions, comments, suggestions?

**FEEDBACK@SQUELCHED.COM**

**TO ADVERTISE, CALL (510) 642-7670**

**P.O. BOX 4788, BERKELEY, CA 94704**



**PORTRAIT OF A KILLER**

Photo courtesy of The Smoking Gundam

# Come Join The **Squelch**

**Meetings:**

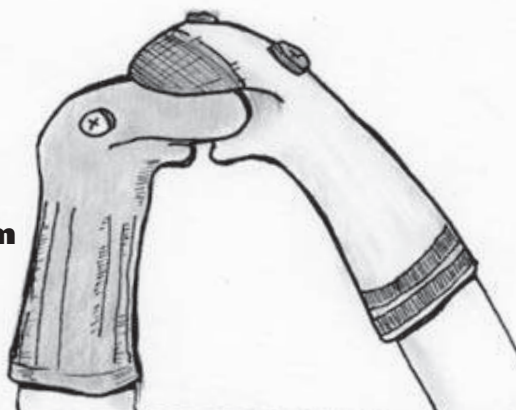
**Wednesdays 7-8pm,  
Location 79 Dwinelle**

**Submit at:**

**submit@squelched.com**

**Submit by:**

**January 3rd**





# You Will All Be Worse Off Without Me

Dear Reader,

You probably don't know me, but I've basically been editing this magazine since before you were born. Back before the advent of "electronic publishing" or "paper," I was breaking my back in the Squelch mines of Pennsylvania, turning raw comedy ore into the refined comedy paste that would eventually congeal into the very product you are holding right now. It was I who built the Squelch office and provided the inspiration for the rest of Eshleman hall, which was later built around it. When we needed a mascot, I was the one who created Squelchy, by birthing him from my gigantic and terrifying forehead. And all the while, I asked for nothing in return for my services but the satisfaction of hearing your laughter and, of course, the monthly stipend of Outback Steakhouse gift certificates the University gives me.

But despite the magazine's obvious and pathetic dependence upon my editorial prowess, it has recently come to my attention that I now have to graduate. However, just because the time has come for me to enter into the real world with my no doubt invaluable humanities degree, it doesn't mean that you should worry about the integrity of the Squelch. If anything, you should be worried about the physical integrity of Eshleman, which is only held together with my amazing psionic powers.

It's been a pleasure editing your Heuristic Squelch over the past years, and I genuinely hope that reading it brought all of you a fraction of the happiness that working on it brought me. And while it will be difficult for me to move on, I am comforted by the fact that it will be much more difficult for all of you, because my leaving the Squelch is one of the triggers for Ragnarok. So good luck with all that.

Sincerely,



David Hollingsworth

Words from the top

HEURISTICSQUELCH.WORDPRESS.COM

the  
s  
q  
l  
o  
g

# Rampaging Forces of Darkness Cause Traffic Delay

By Brett Hallahan, pissed at Google Maps

Onlookers were shocked yesterday as Highway 80 was the scene of a horrifying incursion from the netherworld, blocking the left lane for over two hours. Scores of hideous fiends swarmed from a rift between dimensions, bent on destroying the world of man and bringing the Earth under the sway of their unspeakable master, in the process creating a six-car pileup that slowed traffic flows all the way to the Nimitz Expressway.

"I was absolutely terrified," said motorist Anne Ruckert. "I thought I was never going to get to my client's meeting. And then there were all these marauding demons outside trying to harvest the souls of all they met, so I had to keep all my windows rolled up. And it was *hot* outside."

Tow trucks, fire engines, and fearless defenders of right were dispatched to the

scene, but found it difficult to beat back the satanic hordes in time for rush hour. Fortunately, the valiant exemplars of truth and virtue managed to reclaim for all humanity enough of the left shoulder to tow the wreckage out of the way of oncoming cars. The director of CalTrans' Arcane Division promised that the eldritch manifestation would be completely cleared up before the Monday morning commute.

# International Criminal Robs World Bank

By Brett Hallahan, cutting a dapper figure

Dashing globe-trotter Jean-Luc Alistier, the infamous thief of jewels and hearts the world over, pulled his latest outrageous crime last Monday, as the suave ne'er-do-well made off with billions of dollars from the World Bank itself. There were few witnesses to the daring daylight heist, but workers at the Washington institution noted a distinct odor of cologne and savoir-faire lingering in the halls.

"The whole thing took me completely by surprise," said Bank President Robert B. Zoellick, the victim of the rollicking caper. "I was in my office, working on a billion-dollar agricultural modernization program for Bangladesh, when all of a sudden this lithe, aristocratic figure sidled into my office, languidly brandishing a pistol. Next thing I know, he's demanding several billion dollars

in development loans to himself, keyed to inflation and with an emphasis on industrial investment. I've never been more scared or confused in my life."

Alistier made a clean getaway from the building in his elegant 1953 Aston-Martin, but Bank officials are confident that the handsome criminal mastermind won't enjoy his ill-gotten aid for long. "Wily as he may be, the genteel miscreant neglected to consider the long-term ramifications of his crime," said Bank Chief Economist Justin Lin. "While he may enjoy his billions in the short term, his financial sector is far too shallow to sustain effective returns on his sunk costs, and the monetary restrictions we imposed on the deal will freeze his capital markets for years to come. You will not escape our fiscally doctrinaire justice, Jean-Luc Alistier!"



Composite Sketch of the Roguish Perpetrator

## In Other News8

**Squire Wheeler Implores Ruffians to Leave His Hall**  
Page A3

**Australian Prime Minister Calls for Closure of Thunderdome**  
Page A7

**2012 Producers Awkwardly Plan Sequel**  
Page C13

**Objectivist Book Objectively Terrible**  
Page B8

# Offended Bears Protest University

By Bud McLellan, large hairy man

Crowds gathered on Sproul Plaza last Wednesday as a group of disgruntled bears picketed the Student Store in opposition to UC Berkeley's use of a mascot that they determined to be offensive and insulting to the proud bear community.

ACLU spokesman and protest attendee Paul Granville told reporters, "The use of this hateful mascot undermines the strength and passion that are central facets to Ursidae culture. The depiction of the noble bear as a retardate, sweater-wearing weasel/ape hybrid is clearly based on bigoted stereotypes. The fact that he's wearing a cardigan, the weakest of all sweaters, makes it clear that this is just another attempt from the elite power structure to dehumanize bears."

Many human students have come out in favor of the protest, arguing that Oski the Bear is fairly outdated and is just a shameful reminder of the struggle for acceptance that Bear-Americans have had to endure since 1941, when Oski debuted. The movement is gaining some support from zoologists who question the accuracy of a bear that is only 5'7", wears size 15 shoes, and seems to consume nothing but alcohol through his right eye.

After the protest, the organization Frustrated Ursidae Resisting Repression (FURR) released an official statement reading, "GRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRR!!!!!"

## Texas Passes Immigration Bill, Accidentally Secedes to Mexico

By Erik Krasner-Karpen, se levantará otra vez

The former U.S. state of Texas officially transferred sovereignty to Mexico on Monday, owing to a 2005 bill barring Texans from having any status "identical or similar to United States citizenship." The bill, intended to deny state services to undocumented immigrants, somehow nullified the Texas Annexation Treaty of 1845 and made Texas the 32nd state of Los Estados Unidos Mexicanos.

"Writin' laws is hard, gol' dern it," explained Texas governor Rick Perry. "'Tain't like there's some sort a' multi-billion-dollar industry devoted exclusively to precisely interpretin' the letter of the law. Guess we'll all have to learn to say 'viva las meck-si-caw-no.'"

Mexican officials hesitantly accepted the deal, citing the principle of "Que será, será."

"On the one hand, this about triples our GDP, but we're going

to spend most of that just cleaning up," said Mexican president Felipe Calderón. "You know what Texas is? A huge, dusty parking lot, covered in industrial sludge and Whataburger wrappers. And their attitude toward gay rights is, like, medieval."

Though the development came as a surprise, Washington has made no move to contest the transfer of power.

"Meh," said Senate majority leader Harry Reid. "This actually saves us a shit-ton on subsidies. Thanks to NAFTA, we get Texan goods and services cheaper than ever. And the abrupt outsourcing of every company headquartered in Texas means we all have that much less pandering to do."

The only opposition to the legal flub has come from Chili's Tex-Mex Bar and Grill, who now have no idea what to call themselves.

## Shocking New Tell-All Reveals Seedy Underbelly of Sesame Street

by Erik Krasner-Karpen, ah! ah! ah!

Bald, puckish, with a grandfatherly grin, long-time Sesame Street puppeteer Frank Oz looks every bit as charming and wholesome as the show he helped to create. But his new book, *Opening Sesame*, reveals that things on set weren't quite as squeaky clean as they appeared onscreen. When we spoke to Oz, he was shockingly candid about the raucous early years of "The Street."

"Well, you know, we were all very young then," Oz said, with a twinkle in his eye. "We'd eat cookies until five, six in the morning most nights and get the most insane sugar rushes. And then we'd bust open the jugs of *milk*..."

According to Oz, the on-set debauchery was intimately tied to the surprising innovations of the first few seasons.

"Yes, well, we'd just bang out pages and pages of stuff," he

reflected. "We'd design characters like, a horse with a human face, or the king of all vultures, or a talking mohair jacket who lives in the trash. Wait, I think we used that last one."

But the writers remained dedicated to the show's educational mission.

"We wanted to expand those kids' little minds until their eardrums popped, you know? We'd talk about, like, not just teaching the English language, but extending it, you know? Words with two syllables at once, or those African click noises. This episode was brought to you by the letter twelve."

"I'm rolling balls right now," Oz concluded. "I'm so high. Please let me feel your head."

Sesame Street airs weekdays at 10 AM on KQED Channel 9!

# A Very Gaga Christmas

*[Lady Gaga is puttering around a garishly shiny kitchen, wearing a hat made out of a dog's skeleton and a trench coat made out of headless Barbies.]*

**Lady Gaga:** Oh, hello there. I didn't see you come in. Welcome to my cozy Christmas cabin. As you can see, it still needs some improvements. The walls aren't made entirely of reflective surfaces lined with blinding fluorescent lights quite yet, but once I get the swimming pool full of wine installed, it'll be just like home. Let me just finish these cookies up and I'll give you the grand tour.

*[She places a tray of iPhones covered in caviar into a blazing garbage incinerator. A noxious green cloud in the shape of a dollar sign rises out and wafts around like a big wasteful ghost. She then walks into the den, and is now suddenly wearing a totally different outfit, which is actually nothing but Post-It notes with Andy Warhol's face drawn on them.]*

**Lady Gaga:** Right here we have the Christmas tree! Although I guess if you're going to be picky, it's not so much a tree as it is a naked Russian man dusted with cocaine writhing around on top of a Sybian. I've always loved Christmas trees, because they remind me of that safe feeling you get when it's cold outside, but you're all nice and warm inside. Or in this case, it reminds me of impossibly muscular Russian men and cocaine. Uh oh! I think I feel a song coming on!

*[A driving synth beat starts up and Lady Gaga begins singing "O Tannenbaum" in Russian. Oiled-up backup dancers in cashmere diapers show up behind her and dance in jerky, mechanical motions. Once the song ends, her outfit changes to a latex Aquaman costume. There's a knock at the door.]*

**Lady Gaga:** Oh my gosh! Who could that be?

*[She opens the door to find a terrifying skeleton of a man with a ghastly white mullet who is wearing gigantic sunglasses and fingerless leather gloves like some sort of Mad Max wizard.]*

**Karl Lagerfeld:** Lady Gaga! It is so good to be seeing you!

**Lady Gaga:** It's fashion designer/supervillain Karl Lagerfeld everyone! Come on in!

**Karl Lagerfeld:** I was just admiring how few fat people there are in this area when I saw that you have a cabin here, so I thought I'd be giving you this present! It is a pair of pants from my new line!

**Lady Gaga:** P...pants? I'm...not familiar with that word, "pants."

**Karl Lagerfeld:** Pants. Like, what you would be wearing on your legs?

**Lady Gaga:** I'm just...I'm having a hard time understanding this concept. Thank you for the gift anyway, though, maybe I can turn it into some kind of hat. Would you like to sing a Christmas song with me?

**Karl Lagerfeld:** Sure, just as long as there are no fat people or minorities in the song.

*[The two sing a house version of "White Christmas" while backup singers wearing death masks hit each other with machetes. As the song ends, Karl Lagerfeld exits, waving. Suddenly, Lady Gaga is wearing a bird cage that hangs loosely around her shoulders and a Napoleon hat made of her own hair.]*

**Lady Gaga:** If there's one thing I enjoy more than using my hands to randomly cover up parts of my face, it's the holidays. Ever since I was a child, my father, Lord Gaga, would tell me, "Christmas isn't just about gifts and songs, it's a time when the family can come together and celebrate their meaningless plastic existences with utterly reckless oblivious consumption." Which reminds me, I should really get to burning all this down like the postmodern potlatch that is my inexplicable popularity. Merry Christmas everyone!

*[As the credits roll, she plays an acoustic version of "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" on her synthesizer, which quickly dissolves into her screaming "fuck" over and over and mashing her palms on the keyboard. The sheer amount of self-awareness causes the cabin to collapse on itself like a black hole.]*





# Do-It-Yourself Divisive Tirade

Don't you hate other people? I know I do. The way they always act and talk in different ways is just so hard to get used to. But rearranging your prejudices and hatreds for each specific kind of other person takes a lot of effort. In today's high-paced, hatred-saturated society, the average Joe Ragepack can't afford to take the time to give everyone their own personal, well-deserved angry rant. Why not take advantage of one of these handy-dandy fill-in-the-blank forms? Simply choose the appropriate word, and the objects of your irrational disgust will never be the wiser!

## Domestic Political Loathing

I am so tired of people from (small towns/big cities/the Midwest/the all the way west/Boise) thinking they're so much better than people from (here/this area/the immediate vicinity/Pierre). They just can't understand our (values/culture/code/character development system), and they think they can tell us what to (do/say/eat/throw at the Pope). If I had my way, those (Volvo/Hummer/Gremlin/go-kart) driving, (beer/other beer/yet another beer/whichever kind of coffee is supposed to be wussy, I forget) drinking, (tree/nut/bumper/Pope) huggers would all be made to move to our (town/city/hamlet/villa/principality) and experience our (world/struggles/nightlife/auditory hallucinations) firsthand. Maybe then they wouldn't be so eager to (vote/dance/produce spectacular Broadway musicals) that way all the time. The (poverty/depravity/boobs) you see on (CNN/Law & Order/Yo Gabba Gabba) is unbelievable, and they should be ashamed of themselves for showing something so (disgusting/sickening/arousing/disgustarousing). Whatever happened to America's famous (values/rights/tolerance/values again)? I honestly don't want to live in a world where so many people love (Glenn Beck/Al Gore/Tipper Gore/Bill Nye the Science Guy). I mean, what are they (thinking/smoking/converting into chlorophyll)? It's ridiculous. Anyway, what did you want on your (burger/hot dog/penis/rhinoplasty)?

## Furriners!

Have you ever had to deal with those assholes from (Canada/Mexico/Rhodesia/Georgia, no, the other one/Boise)? Totally aggravating. First off, they never know how to (speak/write/teach/burp) English, and then they go ahead and teach their kids (Cantonese/Tagalog/Linear B/Physics) so they don't either! Plus, they always have so many (relatives/hos/crippling emotional insecurities) and they make sure every one is in your (face/cab/diner/pants/lane). And if you've every had to (serve/talk to/show a modicum of human courtesy to) one, you know they're lousy (tippers/bowlers/bottoms/quarterbacks). I don't know why the President doesn't just ban all immigration from (south/north/west/30 degrees north-northwest) of the border. Why, if I had a (nickel/dime/knife/epiphany) for every time some immigrant took an American's (job/lunch money/advice at face value), I'd have (moneys/made a huge mistake/a feeling, a feeling I can't hide, oh yeah). I tell ya, next year when the (Republicans/Republicans again/lamer Democrats/Joe Lieberman) come into power, you're gonna see a lot of (changes/gremlins/boobs) around (here/there/the corner/Boise).

## Top Ten Racist Cereals

10. Raisin Klan
9. Cracker Jacks
8. Burning Crossted Flakes
7. Special KKK
6. Don ImO's
5. Whities
4. Eugenikix
3. Strange Fruit Loops
2. Honey Nut Trail of Tearios
1. Lucky Charms

## Top Fifteen Rap Acts from Antiquity

15. Julius RZA
14. Flava Flavius
13. T.I.berius
12. Eminemperor
11. Lejionair Boy
10. A Tribune Called Quest
9. Run SPQR
8. Black-Eyed Plebes
7. Praetorious B.I.G.
6. De La Solon
5. Pontifex Flash and the Furious V
4. 50 Centurion
3. Canis Snoopis
2. Kim Minor
1. Aesop Rock

## Top Ten Lines That Are Probably In The 1997 Film Face/Off

10. Get this face/off of me!
9. I think we've all lost a little face today.
8. I don't know. Something seems a little off today. I think it's your face.
7. YOUR face is off. Off the force!
6. I don't know, beheading's a little severe. Is there a compromise we could reach?
5. Well, I guess I'll need a new picture for Face/Book.
4. I wish my face was back on.
3. Oh my God, I think my roommate is totally facing/off right now.
2. I'm being swarmed by faces! Does anyone have any face/OFF!?
1. We have to go back, I think I left the face/on.

# Berkeley Students! Pop Quiz!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Are you prepared for your GRE, LSAT, or MCAT?<br>A) What?<br>B) GR-who?<br>C) Could you repeat the question?<br>D) 3.14 | 2. Why wouldn't you want to save \$200 on your test prep?<br>A) Uh...<br>B) Hrmn.<br>C) ????<br>D) The Gettysburg Address |
|--|---|

Trick Question! There *is* no reason why you wouldn't!

Sign up for a Kaplan prep course  
by **December 7th** and get a  
**\$200 REBATE!**<sup>†</sup>



Classes start now for  
GMAT, GRE, LSAT, MCAT, DAT, OAT, AND PAT\*  
at the Berkeley Kaplan Center!

150 Berkeley Square | Downtown Berkeley  
510-204-8980 x1 | kaptest.com  
1-800-KAP-TEST

**Register today! Visit [kaptest.com/rebate](http://kaptest.com/rebate) or call 1-800-KAP-TEST**

\*Test names are registered trademarks of their respective owners. †This offer applies only to Kaplan Test Prep and Admissions LSAT, GMAT, GRE, MCAT, DAT, OAT and PCAT Classroom Courses, 6-, 10-, and 15-hour Admissions Consulting Packages, 15-, 25-, and 35-hour Private Tutoring Programs, Premium Online, Live Online, Math Intensive, Extreme, and Advanced Courses, and Summer Intensive Programs in the 50 United States, the District of Columbia, and in Vancouver, Montreal, and Ottawa, Canada. Cannot be combined with any other offer, discount, or promotion. To be eligible, you must enroll between December 1, 2009 and December 7, 2009. Tuition must be paid in full and rebate form postmarked by December 31, 2009. Certain conditions apply; see redemption form at [kaptest.com/rebate](http://kaptest.com/rebate) for complete details. ‡Conditions and restrictions apply. For complete guarantee eligibility requirements, visit [kaptest.com/hsg](http://kaptest.com/hsg). PGR05026

**PREP SMARTER, SCORE HIGHER—GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.<sup>‡</sup>**

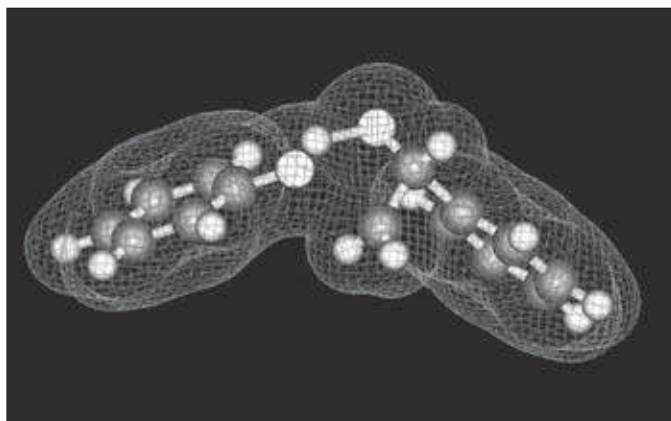


**Faketon, Ohio** – These are difficult times for seniors. With drug prices rising, the government planning to exterminate us all with socialist health bullets, and the wild dogs that follow us as we go to the store, the elderly face many challenges that younger people simply don't understand. But there are some problems that even the most paranoid shut-in can't see coming. Every year, literally many seniors unexpectedly come down with Toxiciferous Endocamological Syndrome, or TES. This horrifying but completely not made up disease causes the body's lymph system to abruptly start filling the veins with python venom instead of rich, juicy lymph. For years, scientists have been baffled by the causes, symptoms, remedies, and patients of this mysterious malady, leaving no hope for those who incessantly complain about it.

But that's all changed, thanks to the amazing scientific breakthrough announced this week by chemicalists at MacManish Pharmaceuticals, who have developed the amazing new drug ALTRUISMAX™©§. ALTRUISMAX™©§ uses a revolutionary new process to stimulate the body's production of black bile, which filters through the body's phlogiston system to recalibrate your humours into the correct alignment. Finally, sufferers of TES have a way to control the nagging, vague aches and pains that can only be caused by intravenous python venom.



**Fig. 1** Old people who probably have TES.



**Fig. 2** Medicine



"It's really a miracle product," said MacManish Director of Product Hagiography Martin Knowles. "I'm not exaggerating when I say that ALTRUISMAX™©§ is the single most impressive breakthrough in medical science since God invented medical science. I know that if I were an elderly man or woman worried about their health, ALTRUISMAX™©§ would be the first thing I would harass my doctor about."

If you, someone you love, or someone you talk to in line in the supermarket in order to temporarily assuage your crippling loneliness might have symptoms of TES, ask your doctor if ALTRUISMAX™©§ is right for you. Which it is. Go buy ALTRUISMAX™©§ right now or you will die from that lymph thing. And as long as I still have your attention, call your congressman and tell him to stop the President's proposed army of lizard mercenaries before they take over the country and get that dog next door barking again. Also, Coca-Cola contains urine and your daughter-in-law is turning your grandchildren against you. ALTRUISMAX™©§ !

# *The Norton Anthology of Reality Literature*

## The Pick-Up Artist, by E.A. Poe

In my long acquaintance with gentleman-detective Auguste Dupin, I have observed a number of strange behaviors that revealed themselves, upon explanation, to be the simplest consequence of Dupin's acute and insightful thought. Yet I confess that, even in so fine a dialectician as monsieur, his choice to leave the house in pink velour and eye-liner seemed quite beyond the pale.

"Dupin," I asked tremulously, "have you decided to practice 'peacock-imitation?'"

"Ah, then you've noticed!" said he. "Yes, I've begun to pursue 'Pick-Up Artistry' a most fascinating new method of courtship. Did you know, for example, that Woman, never satisfied unless dissatisfied, longs for nothing more than to hear a 'negative compliment' that simultaneously flatters and infuriates her?"

I nodded conspiratorially, but silently I wondered why, if his philosophy of seduction was so wise, I had never seen him actually talk to a woman.



## The Ryme of Tila Tequila, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

On Myspace fair did Tila T  
A blingy pleasure-page decree  
Where Tom, the friendly Founder rul'd  
O'er countless men (and chicks!) who drool'd  
For pouty Tila's company  
She was a model, self-proclaimed  
At a party I once saw  
"Oops!" she listlessly exclaimed  
And "carelessly" let slip her bra  
But oh! that twice-Elysian tit which bounded  
Forth from its prison-home of obdurate lace  
The augmentation rumours were unfounded  
Each jot and tittle perfectly in place  
And mid this tumult Tila heard a click --  
An iPhone camera, taking a Twitpic!  
Friend her once, no make it thrice,  
On Facebook, Myspace, Twitter too  
Preserve the dream that someday you  
Might take A Shot At Paradise®.



## Great Impregnations, by Charles Dickens

Many a husband and wife have discovered a certain joy in the process of producing children, but Jim Bob and Michelle Duggar took the Lord's injunction to "be fruitful and multiply" as a personal challenge. Their ever-expanding brood required an ever-expanding house, and between the construction work and the marital concupiscence which prompted it, Mr. and Mrs. seldom found time for little Jedidiah Marie Duggar. So it was that, playing with a cast-off shoe one day, Jedidiah chanced to forget the obedience he had been taught.

"Please, sir," warbled Jedidiah to his father. "May I have some attention?"

Jim Bob murmured something about "wainscoting" as he trudged through the hall, power sander in hand. Several paces down the hall he recognized that he had been summoned, and he turned to Jedidiah.

"Hrm hrm hrm," Jim-Bob harrumphed. "Hope you've been saying your devotionals, hrm hrm hrm." Jim Bob lifted Jedidiah into a perfunctory embrace and handed him a caulk gun. "Now seal up that shower fixture, an' there's a good lad. Hrm, a-hrm."

Jim Bob walked off, leaving Jedidiah to his work and his tears. Little did he know that he was in for a series of improbable and complicated adventures.



## “Ballet Hymn of the Republic,” by Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the dancing of the stars that time forgot!  
They hath trampled out the tango, they hath fumbled the foxtrot  
I hath seen Steve Wozniak samba (tho’ I wish that I hadth not)  
His truth is dancing on!

I have seen a clumsy gospel writ by A.C. Slater’s feet,  
Jeered at washed-up wide receivers as they failed to find the beat  
“Now with Tom DeLay” said Tivo and I rushed to press Delete  
While God is dancing on!

I have goggled at the shuffling of the fat one from N’Sync,  
Who, since dancing was his day job, would be good at this you’d think  
How can anyone sit through this shit without the urge to drink?  
God, why’d I turn this on?

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Guess if that’s what fame does to ya  
I’m glad I work at Payless Shoe-ya  
Our God is dead and gone!



## Little Kardashians, by Louisa May Alcott

### Chapter 7

It was the toughest winter Beverly Hills had seen in years: sixty-eight degree winds howled through the boulevards, de-feathering and mussing up even the hardest of hairstyles. The Kardashians’ ratings seemed to plummet with the temperature, and bad news arrived on every post. First Gucci, then Armani, and soon every major designer label dropped their endorsement deal with the Kardashians. But the family faced it gamely enough, until the day Khloe suggested shopping at American Eagle.

“Decent folk don’t shop at upscale retailers!” Mama Kardashian shouted, slapping Khloe. “Boutiques only, do you hear me? We may be reduced, but we’re still Kardashians!”

“I’m sorry!” Khloe began to bawl. “I know it’s wicked, but their tops are both stylish and comfortable! And maybe if we bought clothes off the rack every once in a while, I could afford to pursue my dream of being a cosmetician!” Angelic as always, Kim stepped in.

“Now, Khloe,” she said, laying a hand on her more impetuous sister’s forearm. “You know it’s déclassé to spend less than \$200 on an outfit. But, Mama, maybe it wouldn’t be so wrong if she picked something up at... say... DnG?”

Kim lapsed into a throaty coughing fit. Mama and Khloe instantly forgot their squabble and rushed to fetch Kim a kold kompress -- sorry, a cold compress.

“You mustn’t excite yourself, Kim,” said Mama. “Your typhus--”

“It’s too late for me, Mama,” Kim wheezed. “I just want you two to get on nicely, because you’ll have to do without me so soon.”

At this, the Kardashians all silently thanked God for the small blessings He had given them, and humbly prayed that He might spare Kim at least until sweeps week.





# Legends of the Mall

The mall directory tells you only half the story. The divisions of the mall produce their own cultures, and discovered only now, their own myths.



## The Foundation of the Great Department Stores

- 1 And the LORD appeared unto Macy as a young man in an ill-fitted suit and said: have thee anything in my size? I want it to be nice, but not too costly. Maybe brown.
- 2 And Macy said to the LORD, we have some very nice pieces in the Polo Ralph Lauren Cruisewear collection. And blessed was he by the LORD who looked sharp.
- 3 And so it was that the sons of Macy were Nordstrom and Bloomingdale and Kohl the youngest, who was a betrayer. Kohl begat Penney begat Mervyn and all were cursed, scattered to the furthest strip malls of the earth.
- 4 And all the tribes of the Lord's Covenant followed but one rule: whoso sheddeth man's prices, to man shall his goods be sold. For in the image of God made He sales.

## THE GREEK PANTHEON OF FASHION

SING! MUSES OF THE GODDESSES BEAUTIFUL: PERFUMED ABERCROMBIE, COW-EYED HOLLISTER, AND WARLIKE AMERICAN EAGLE, WHO WAS KIND OF BUTCH BUT STILL TOTALLY CUTE. EVERY SIREN AND HARPY AND TEENAGE GIRL DEPOSITED CREDIT CARDS AT THEIR ALTARS AND BORE WITH PRIDE THEIR RHINESTONED LOGOS. THOSE WHO LEARNED THE MYSTERIES OF THESE CULTS PAINTED THEIR FACES WITH BRONZER AND SMEARED THEMSELVES WITH FLAVORED BODY GLITTER, FOR THAT BEACHIEST OF LOOKS. SO BEAUTIFUL WERE THESE GODDESSES THAT ONE GREW JEALOUS: HOT TOPIC, WHO WAS JUST LIKE, WEIRD. SUCH A BITCH. AND SHE THREW A GOLDEN THING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE MALL, SAYING, "TO THE FAIREST GOES THE...WHATEVER." EVERYONE KNEW THAT HOLLISTER WAS A BUTTERFACE, BUT WHO COULD DECIDE BETWEEN ABERCROMBIE, THE HOT ONE, AND AMERICAN EAGLE, THE CUTE ONE? THE DECISION WAS GIVEN TO POINTY-SHOED ARMANI EXCHANGE, THE ONLY METRO MAN THAT WAS STILL POSSIBLY STRAIGHT ENOUGH TO JUDGE TAPPABILITY. HE WAS ABOUT TO DECIDE, BUT THEN, ROMAN DESIGNERS SO TOOK OVER THE FASHION WORLD, AND SERIOUSLY, WHO WEARS GREEK ANYTHING ANYMORE?

## The Origin of Bad Taste

Long long ago, Great Mall General Manager made every animal. He made a tall animal, he made a stealthy animal, and he made an edgy wacky animal. This one was a vulgar trickster of degraded nature, and he was called Spencer's Novelty Gifts. Every morning in the blacklight of dawn he arranged his wits and wares for a great swindle. Surely visiting traders would expect in his den some handsome goods at elk's organ prices, but they were deceived! Only were there fart machines, Insane Clown Posse merch and, most despised of white devil's oliday offerings, Jingle Jugs™! One day, animal spirit Salmon walked into Spencer's tepee and asked, "Do you have anything I can give my wife for our anniversary? It's our thirtieth." "Heh-ha!" granted Spencer's sarcastically, blowing up a large inflatable penis. "Fooled you again!" "Ehhhhhh, I think I'm gonna go." The animals who had been in Spencer's, the fox, the jaybird and the nit, all of them now ran away with the salmon to Sharper Image.

## Ye Olde Court of Foode

When that Julius of the Orange plunged His stick into the aether of the deep Friar and from it wrest a hot dog, he And his profitable business venture Hot Dog ON A STICK becometh King of all the Food Court. King Julius took for his wife Queen of the Dairies But stille he thirst'd for that citrus-y and holiest grail. And he did search on B-level and Mall Annex, with mighty knights Sbarro and Lord Wetzel at his side. Yet no success had he for Sbarro did succumb to that treach'rous maw of pizza lasagna. Are buffets even Italian?



# The Baby Suicides

*Transcribed from the crayon drawing*

Dearest Tall People with Hair,

You may ask yourselves, "Why?" What would push littlest Katiepoo to toddle off this mortal coil? Well, I simply cannot answer. No, really, I haven't developed the part of my brain that processes abstract ideas like that.

After ten months bound in this futile body and in this gilded bunny-themed cage, I am tormented by my limitations. I see all you bigs walking around on two legs, manipulating objects with your hands and I feel my jealousy seethe. Though it could possibly also be colic. Can you understand? That what you take for granted is what I most long for? When you chew your jerkies, your sensuous harder fruits—I retch at the drab monotony of milk. You go hours without relieving yourself and I am pooping always and right now.

I've learned so much of this cruel world even before I've learned how to differentiate shapes. That crying doesn't instantly satisfy my wants. That objects don't magically appear and disappear depending on whether I can see them. I've learned—oh, harshest of lessons!—that Barney isn't a real person like Big Bird.

Sure, everyone is very kind about my infirmities, but your coos are a saccharine lie. Because you may goo and gaa and murmur to me then spin on your heel to orate! To chat! To spit your reels of important-sounding, regular patter! O daft mouth of mine. How I am wretched.

You'll be better off without me, I'm certain. Of course it will be difficult at first—I will concede that I am a cute widdle biddy babywabey even in my frailty. But soon you'll wonder why you spent hundreds on shoddy Playskool reading toys that mean nothing to this pleb or hours toweling up mashed carrot abuses I've doled in my outbursts. I think someday you will even thank me for this. But I probably think that because I don't actually understand the concept of death.

Still I must go, into the dark breach of sleepytimes. You must have sensed it though; baby-proofing confounds me at every turn. No sockets may I plug with these adorable chubby fingers, nor is there an exposed counter's edge on which to bring these fontanels to bear. I have few earthly possessions that I can gutturally indicate as my own, but I don't want you to fuss over them. To Mom I leave my ducky blankie and to Boy Mom, my stripey blankie. To the other, furrier baby I leave nothing.

Goodnight world, cruel as you are! I must extinguish mine own nightlight!

## Top Ten National Board Games

10. Hungary Hungary Hippos
9. Monacopoly
8. Settlers of Canada
7. Czeckers
6. Kenyahtzee
5. People's Republic of Chinese Checkers
4. Swisster
3. Don't Wake Denmark
2. Laos Trap
1. Nepalderdash

## Top Ten Theatrical BART Stops

10. West Oakland Story
9. Oklacolma!
8. Sunday in Balboa Park with George
7. Miracle on 24th St/Mission
6. Bye Bye Bay Fair
5. Richmond III
4. North by North Berkeley
3. Glengarry Glen Park
2. A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Colosseum/Oakland Airport
1. The Rockridge Horror Show

## Top Fifteen Right-Wing Movies

15. Saving Private Healthcare
14. Abstinence In The City
13. JFK Sucks
12. Grand Old Party Monster
11. Country For Old Men
10. Forgetting Sarah Palin
9. FOX Network
8. I Can't Love You, Man
7. The Hunt for Red November
6. Burn Before Reading
5. White Chicks
4. Birthers Of A Nation
3. The Patriot Act
2. Must Love Blue Dogs
1. The Perfect Strom

## Top Ten Sexiest Churches

10. Trouser Snake Handlers
9. Lesbyterians
8. Pubitans
7. The Church of Latter-Day Taints
6. Rhythm Methodists
5. Danglicans
4. Jehovagina's Witnesses
3. Jews for Jizzes
2. Southern Faptists
1. Pentacoitals

EXT. VALENCIA STREET - NIGHT

1.

A van, labeled LOOK AT THIS, IT'S THE META MACHINE, has broken down. Four UNDERFED YOUNG ADULTS and AN ACTUAL TALKING DOG exit the vehicle and strike aloof poses.

SCOOBY

Roh no! The Mreta Mrachines' rroken down!

FRED

How many times do I have to tell you. It's not "The Meta Machine." It's "Look At This, It's The Meta Machine." Calling it "The Meta Machine" completely undercuts the *mise-en-scène* of the vehicle.

VELMA

Shut up, Fred. This would never have happened if we had taken our fixies.

DAPHNE

Aww rats, now we'll never make it to the Deer Tick concert.

SHAGGY

Weren't we going to Deerhoof?

VELMA

We're seeing Deerhunter, you idiots.

FRED

Hey, stop the hate, gang! Let's go check out that dive bar over there, it looks terrible!

SHAGGY

Pfft.

DAPHNE

Pffft.

SCOOBY

Rpfft.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

3.

Fred, Velma and Daphne enter, running.

FRED

Look! A box of old merchandise! Quick, girls, put these Foo Fighters t-shirts on. No one will ever think that it's us.

DAPHNE and VELMA  
Absolutely not!

FRED

Wait, guys! Look here! I think I found a clue!

From out of the box, Fred pulls a pair of shutter shades.

DAPHNE

The Phantom Poseur has backstage access?

FRED

Which means it must be someone close to the band. It looks like we've got another mystery on our hands!

VELMA

Fascinating, but Daphne and I got bored of this shit ten minutes ago.

DAPHNE

Yeah, we're gonna go the ladies' room and sort of hook up. You can come watch if you promise not to tumblr about it.

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

2.

THE GRAPE APES play their stage show, a combination of chamber music and early-'90s rap mashups. THE GANG sits at the bar, ironically drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon and post-ironically huffing paint thinner.

DAPHNE

This place is so weird. Everyone's glasses have actual lenses in them.

SHAGGY

But they've got shots of grain alcohol for only, "like," four dollars.

DAHPNE

Wait, this band doesn't even suck completely. Why haven't I heard of them?

Reveal FOREBODING BARTENDER, cleaning a glass and scowling.

BARTENDER

I can tell you why. They're cursed! Cursed, I tell you. No indie label will touch them. No blogger gets a chance to pan them. Every time they play a show, The Phantom Poseur shows up.

SHAGGY

"Zoinks." I'm "like," so scared, "man."

Suddenly and gauchely, the PHANTOM POSEUR swoops in, wearing a Juno T-Shirt, non-ironic shutter shades, clearly faux-vintage shoes and pants that are pretty okay, I guess.

PHANTOM

(spookily)

THESE GUYS ARE PRETTY GOOOOD. THEY'RE LIKE VAMPIRE WEEKEND MEETS BEYONCEEEEE. I THINK I'LL FACEBOOK INVITE MY HOMIEEEEEES.

DAPHNE

Gad, look out! We might end up on lastnightsparty standing near this tool!

The Gang scuttles off in different directions, as fast as their tight clothes and years of self-neglect allow. The Phantom Poseur boogies after them, embarrassing the very air.

CUT TO:

# A Hipster Named

## Scooby-Doo

Episode 402: The Case  
of the Gauche Ghost





INT. DRESSING ROOM - STILL NIGHT. GOD.

4.

The Grape Apes, THEIR ENTOURAGE, Shaggy and Scooby stand a few feet apart, each group trying to care less about the other.

LEAD SINGER  
So you guys came to see our show.

SHAGGY  
Yeah.

TURNTABLIST  
You like it?

SCOOBY  
(puffing on cigarette)  
Rhatever.

DRUMMER  
Yeah, that's what we were going for. I guess you're worried about that phantom though, huh? Doesn't that creepy bartender look mighty suspicious?

SHAGGY  
Look, are you guys gonna buy this heroin or what?

Velma and Daphne drop into the room in a heap through a secret trapdoor in the ceiling. Before they can compose themselves, Fred bursts in from behind an ENORMOUS REVOLVING BOOKSHELF.

DAPHNE  
Look who finally showed up! I guess this theater is filled with secret passages! And they all seem to lead right to this room!

FRED  
That's not the only thing heading right to this room. The Phantom Poseur's headed this way!

SCOOBY  
(absolutely sodden with cynicism)  
Roh Nroh! Rhat do re roo?

VELMA  
Don't worry everybody. I've got a plan. Or you know, we can just see whatever happens.

SCOOBY-SHAPED WIPE TO:



INT. DRESSING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

5.

VELMA  
It's all so simple. Shaggy and Scooby will use these spandex legging disguises to pretend to be groupies waiting for the band. Then, when the Phantom shows up, they'll use their girlish charms to woo him out of the dressing room and onto the stage, where we'll be waiting in the rafters to drop this spotlight on him.

GRAPE APE  
And you two dudes are chill with this?

VELMA  
Sure they are. Everybody knows that Scooby and Shaggy will do anything for a Scooby Snack.

SHAGGY  
It's, "like," the only vegan food we remembered to pack.

FRED  
(from hallway)  
He's coming this way, quick everyone!

The rest of the Gang and the Grape Apes hide. Shaggy and Scooby stand at the center of the room, staring coquettishly off at nothing and sort of moving their knees. The Phantom Poseur enters, not bewitched by Shaggy and Scooby's apathetic come-ons. He screams with rage and chases the pair towards the stage. Startled by the screaming, the Gang releases the spotlight too early. It crashes through the stage, trapping Shaggy, Scooby and The Phantom Poseur.

SHAGGY  
"Like," "ow," "man."

6.

PHANTOM  
WOOOHOOooooow oooo ow. Get off of me, you mangy animal. That hat is so last year.

All three climb shakily out of the hole while the rest of the Gang and the Grape Apes descend the rafters to meet them. As they arrive, Shaggy pulls the Phantom Poseur's mask off, revealing...

VELMA  
Of course! It was the drummer's girlfriend all along! But why?

PHANTOM POSEUR  
Ooooooh. My head. It was all the band's idea. They dress me up like this at their gigs to scare off potential fans. That way they'll never go mainstream.

FRED  
It's genius! They'd be hip forever!

GRAPE APE CELLIST  
And we would have gotten away with it, too, if we weren't over this whole "playing music" thing.

VELMA  
Honestly, your stuff was only like a six point five out of ten, anyway.

FRED  
(reading a text)  
Hey, my friend's hosting this gallery opening/donkey show on Albany Bulb. Anyone wanna come?

EVERYONE ELSE  
Shut up, Fred.

EVERYONE laughs heartily until it brings out their smokers' coughs.

FADE OUT.

# 'BORTIONS

## A Youtube Documentary Event

**Narrator:** Good evening, you-tubes. Please, take a seat. Of course you and I and every Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith know that a baby is a precious gift from our benevolent and terrifying God. But there's one factor we forgot to arithmetic into the add and subtract, folks: *young people*.

*(Public Domain Cello Music rises to a fevered pitch)*

And *hip hop* young people.

A new and devious “subculture” is sweeping Not-The-Heartland of America. We at the Grownups For Babies Thinktank have captured it all on a series of VHS tapes. Hear the testimony of this hip group of young “jivers.”

**Ashlee:** Yeah, I hella love a good 'bortion. I mean, I'm just saying.

**Teena:** Like last week we were all hanging out at Josh's house because his mother works and all, just eating Hot Pockets and terminating each others' pregnancies.

**Mandee:** Ooooh, can't get enough of that emergency contraception.

**Ashlee:** Oh yeah, I love the taste of Plan B. Almost as much as I love Notorious B.I.G.

**Teena:** I'm so glad our parents voted for Obama.

**Narrator:** Did she just say “Obama?”

*(NOBAMA flashes across the screen)*

**Narrator:** That's right, “President Elect” Obama hates babies and loves baby-killing vacuum machines. Just take a gander at this brief excerpt from a speech he delivered in our nation's capital on Flag Day.

**President Barack Obama:** “[...]am[...]abortion[s].”

**Narrator:** But Obama isn't the only Socialist Nazi vegetarian on the Hill. Listen to this.

**Hilary Clinton:** I believe that women should have a safe and legal option to choose [HA HA HA HA HA HA!]

**Narrator:** Did you hear that maniacal laugh which was clearly not my voice? Abortions are evil, as this REAL LIVE FOOTAGE FROM THE ABORTION ROOM FLOOR shows.



**Innocent Girl:** Dr. ... Rosenberg, is this procedure safe?

**Dr. Rosenberg:** It's as safe as the tunes I'm bumpin' are fresh. Can you dig?

**Innocent Girl:** Um, yes, I can... dig. Just be careful.

**Dr. Rosenberg:** Don't worry, there may only be a slight risk to your... SOUL.

**Innocent Girl:** Well, as long as you're not some kind of reptilian who's only doing this so you can eat my aborted fetus.

**Dr. Rosenberg:** *(nervously licks eyeball)*

**Narrator:** Shocking? Yes, that doctor *was* Jewish. But the youths that make it to the doctor's office are the lucky ones.

**Interviewer:** Tell me, girls, what kind of “'bortions” have you engaged in recently?

**Mandee:** I did a headstand for two hours. 'Borted my baby *and* cured my hiccups.

**Ashlee:** I let Josh's cat sit on dis! *(Indicates uterus)* Sucked the breath out that baby before he even knew what's up.

**Teena:** Some girls throw themselves down stairs. We call that a Scarlett.

**Mandee:** I ate a whole bunch of Tic Tacs with Diet Coke. And bleach.

**Ashlee:** I hear Walgreens isn't carding for ipecac anymore. Throw that baby up, woop woop!

**Narrator:** For these girls, it's too late to decide. But you still have a choice. One Thug, One Life or Right to Life? YOU DECIDE.

**Narrator:** OR ACTUALLY NO, NO DECIDING. DON'T GET ABORTIONS.

# Resolved: I Should Bang Your Sister

**Affirmative:** Chad

**Negative:** Andrew Jenkins

**Moderator:** Natalie Jenkins

Friday, 11/20/2009 11:48 P.M.

**Natalie Jenkins:** Good evening everyone and thank you all for being here at this thoroughly sick party. Tonight's esteemed debaters are my brother, Andrew Jenkins, and that hot guy I was dancing with, Chad or whatever. Mr. Chad, your opening statement please.

**Chad (?):** Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, we have an opportunity to defend liberty. I do not simply want to bang this chick's brains out, I *need* to bang her brains out to preserve my individual rights, as well as the rights of every man to sleep with your sister. I mean, come on, look at her.

**Natalie Jenkins:** Thank you Mr. Beautiful Blue Eyes for your opening statement. However, I should warn you that no, I am not willing to sleep with every man, and it's totally gross that you would suggest it. Now, Mr. Jenkins, what is your opening statement?

**Andrew Jenkins:** Brad has been a dear friend and honored colleague since I arrived at this university. It hurts me deeply that such an upstanding citizen would cast aside friendship and honor for the simple reason that my sister is piss drunk right now. I intend to prove tonight that Brad should not bone my sister and he is a fucking dick for trying.

**Natalie Jenkins:** Brad! That's your name. Almost got it right. Your first argument, Mr. Rippling Arm Muscles.

**Brad (!):** I assert that the abhorrent practice of cock blocking is one of the dickest of moves that a man can do to his friend. Andrew's actions in blocking my cock and subsequent reprimand for trying to make sweet love to her was just plain weak. Seriously bro. That was weak. But I digress. I ask you sir, what will you say when you're in my shoes? You will not care whose sister you're nailing. Unless it is your sister. In which case I understand.

**Natalie Jenkins:** Thank you for that, Mr. Clearly Into Band I Like. Maybe you can tell me more over breakfast? Mr. Jenkins, your floor. I guess.

**Andrew Jenkins:** You say that my actions tonight were weak? No sir! I say that your actions were not only weak but lame as well. It is unavoidable that every man will have sex with someone's sister. To you, Brad, I ask what about bros before hos?

**Brad:** I believe we can all agree that bros before hos is an antiquated system and should be abandoned by anyone who is not at this time a gaywad.

**Andrew Jenkins:** Point of Information: fuck you.

**Natalie Jenkins:** Point not recognized. The debaters will now make their concluding statements.

**Andrew Jenkins:** This debate has put our friendship to the test. We must now make a decision. Shall we throw away the last few years for one night of sloppy sex, or shall we preserve a relationship that is destined to last for decades to come.

**Brad:** I concede the point. You're my bro, and you always will be. My bad.

**Andrew Jenkins:** Come here, bro. Just hug it out. Bro hugs.

**Natalie Jenkins:** Wait, does that mean I'm not getting laid tonight?

-by Bud McLellan



# UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

BERKELEY • DAVIS • IRVINE • LOS ANGELES • RIVERSIDE • SAN DIEGO • SAN FRANCISCO



SANTA BARBARA • SANTA CRUZ

Dear Applicant for the Cal Alumni Achievement Award:

Congratulations! After an extensive review of your application by Cal Alumni volunteers and underpaid clerical workers, you have been selected to receive The Cal Alumni Association Achievement Award for the 2009-10 school year! Along with a partial scholarship determined by your class standing, residency classification, or appeal of your sob story to our board members, you are now a proud member of The Achievement Award Program, a group of students inextricably linked by their dedication to extracurricular activities, passion for academic endeavors, and reliance on us to pay their tuition for them. Welcome to the family and GO BEARS!

As you know, membership in The Achievement Award Program includes not only a robust network of fellow Cal students, but also the opportunity to participate in a variety of Cal Alumni fund-raising and philanthropic efforts that our lawyers tell us we aren't allowed to call mandatory, yet. Last year, students like yourself spent countless hours, which were completely voluntary and in no way a, no, *the* determining factor in our decision to renew your scholarship and thus allow you to continue to attend this university, working to further the mission of CAA. Students participated in a vast array of activities such as bi-monthly telethons, leadership seminars, and quarrying stone for the indoor pool we're looking to install where the Dwinelle Annex used to be. Information about upcoming events like these and what you can do to get involved will be provided via our Achievement Award Monthly Mailings, a veritable deluge of emails, and relentless phone calls to your home. We are so looking forward to working with you.

We would also like to take this moment as an opportunity to officially invite you to the 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Achievement Award Recognition Luncheon. As you may or may not know, a portion of the scholarship awarded to your desperate, aid-dependent ass is provided by a handful of generous Cal Alumni donors, who, out of an earnest sense of school spirit (tax benefits) and early-onset Alzheimer's, choose to bestow portions of their hard-earned inherited fortunes upon the future of their Alma Mater. The Achievement Award Recognition Luncheon provides students with an opportunity to meet with these magnanimous men and women, in the hopes that your harrowing tales of triumph in the face of adversity might turn their gilded hearts to a sympathetic pulp from which we might wring the final drops of their ample endowments. Dress is Business Casual.

And so, while you suckle at this meager teat of scholastic commendation, barely extracting enough moisture to compensate for the sweat, blood, and tears that we will sap out of your very veins like a hundred swollen leeches, we would like to once more welcome you to the Cal Alumni family, a bond that no matter the number of years or miles of distance between us, will never, ever, ever be broken. No matter what you try to do.

Congratulations once again on your outstanding accomplishment. We own you, fucker.

# THE BEST OF Renaissance COPS

The hit series that started the docudrama fad of the late 1520's is back in this definitive collection. All of your favorite moments from the mean streets of Florence have been remastered in High Definition Lithographs.

## Bonus Features

Director's woodcut

Commentaries on every episode, provided that it is you who is the one doing the commenting.

Interactive Menus

RenaissanceCops

This villainess hath frowned at her due beating!



Crime payeth not. Unless that crime be usury.



Bad knaves, bad knaves, what wilt thou do?



## "Four punctures in the firmament!" - Papal States Gazette



Will these ruffians succeed in hiding the coriander they hath imported without special license from the Hanseatic League?



Moste foul heresies!



Wretched alquimists, synthesizing the most noxious of noble metals: crystal meth!

Please do not painstakingly copy this into an illuminated manuscript under penalty of international scriberight law.

PD  
1000



# THE CONDÉ SQUELCH FAMILY OF PUBLICATIONS

