

the **heuristic** **Squelch**

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HARRISON ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL SCIENCE FAIR



“We swear, we didn’t help her with the project.”



the **heuristic** **squelch**

FLAUNTING IT SINCE 1991

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(quoting Sartre in P.E. class)

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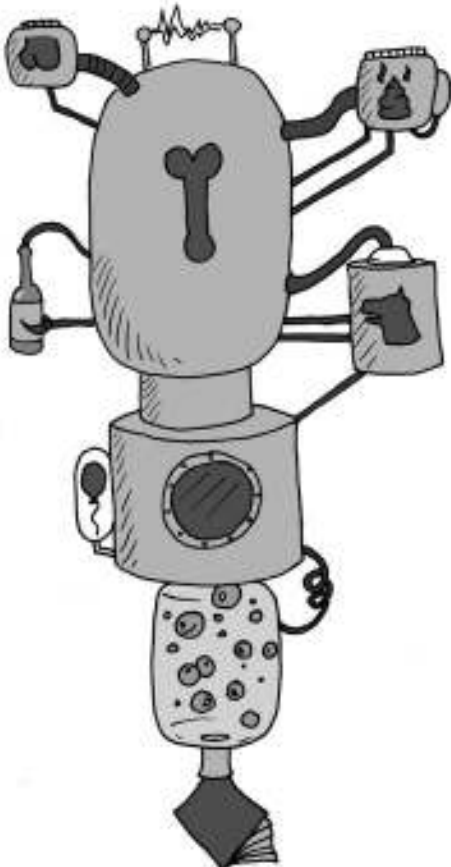


The Throne Is Mine – But At What Cost?

At last it's done. That weakling King David the Graduated is out of the way and the vast Squelch lands are under my control! Once I purge the loyalists from the Council, military, and staff box, all the peasants shall have no choice but to submit to my every editorial whim! Too long have I been denied my rightful place at the head of this publicly funded student magazine, and the time has come to extend my despotic rule over all who toil in the dick joke mines.

And yet, heavy lies the head that wears the crown. What's to prevent me from falling prey to the fate that befell my predecessor, albeit not one involving a trebuchet strategically placed outside the King's Shower? Who can I trust? The deputy graphics editor has a weaselly look and a bad attitude, particularly after the beatings. And I'm starting to think that the new intern with the mustache might be Zorro. I'll have to be on my guard, at least until I can get my office portcullis installed.

Then again, why worry? I've impressed everyone with my power well enough, particularly with that Awesome Power PowerPoint presentation Zach in the art pool whipped up. I spent so long scheming and jockeying for power, I should take the time to enjoy it. Give a few orders, commission some pieces, have a random contributor flayed alive. The good life. Though I have to admit, it's hard to get anything done with the old king's weird son hanging around talking to skulls and shit. I swear, that boy ain't right. Oh well, nothing to worry about, I'm sure. On with the tyranny!



YOU'RE NOT FUNNY

But don't worry, the Squelch is here to help! Join us, and we will *make you funny*. Study under our Masters of Comedy and you will find yourself a Titan of Hilarity! Just look at the many kinds of people we can make funny!

- Writers
- Artists
- Business Types
- Sycophants
- Animal Tamers
- Healers
- And many more!

We meet every Wednesday from 7-8 pm in 262 Dwinelle. Come to us, and gain powers undreamt of.

EXCELSIOR!

Pat Robertson Attributes Orphanage Fire to Children's Sins

By Brett Hallahan, feeling hot hot hot

Noted televangelist, commentator, and sin-pointer-outer Pat Robertson took time out from his *700 Club* broadcast Sunday to discuss the tragic fire that took the lives of 75 orphans in Kansas City last week, ascribing blame to "the sin that infested the souls" of the late children. Citing his principle that "bad things never happen to good people," Robertson explained the mortal offenses against God that had prompted Him to smite each and every one of the impoverished, parentless waifs.

"You see, these children turned against the Lord in their hearts, which is the only possible reason that anything bad could ever happen to them," explained Robertson to the visibly

uncomfortable young woman sharing his stage. "Years ago they made a pact with the Devil to free them from bedtime, and ever since the Hopeville Community Orphanage has been a haven of rule-breaking and naughtiness. Just last month little Joey Figgins took an extra cookie at snacktime, and the Lord had no choice but to rain flaming retribution down on his head."

Robertson, whose popular religious ramblings have earned him the informal title of America's Creepy Fundamentalist Uncle, ended his remarks with a brief lecture on fire safety, urging everyone watching to be careful with matches, keep a fire extinguisher handy, and rid their communities of sinners, homosexuals, and Jews.

Student Makes Reasonable Comment In Lecture

By Erik Krasner-Karpen, would like to make a quick announcement

Sociology 7A student Liz Ellison stunned her classmates during Wednesday's lecture by delivering a concise, intelligent comment relevant to the question the professor had asked.

"Me? Yeah. Weber classified political authority into three ideal types: charismatic, traditional, and legal-rational," Ellison said. "Charismatic authority was the most immediate and least stable, and legal-rational authority the stablest and least immediate." Ellison then returned to quietly listening.

Ellison neglected to mention her religion, her politics, her sexuality, her musical tastes, gun control, abortion, some philosopher she read about in class last semester, some philosopher she read about on Wikipedia, or some philosopher she thinks she read about on Wikipedia, but actually learned about from *The Animatrix*. She also forgot to relate the lecture topic to irrelevant current events, explain why a 19th-century sociologist didn't fit

modern standards of behavior, extend her response just to hear her own voice, or vent thinly-veiled frustrations about boyfriend Stephen Sanders.

"It was weird," Sanders said after class. "She just moved in with me, and all week I've been expressing my doubts about our relationship through passive-aggressive 'suggestions' about our living arrangement. Why didn't she just let out her anger with an ill-informed diatribe about 'types of authority'?"

"I guess this means she's going to confront me like a mature person," Sanders added. "Bummer."

After a couple seconds of unfamiliar silence, the professor resumed his lecture.

"Er... yes. Thank you. Now, unless anybody has any further comments, let's move on to--"

At which point that fucking Ron Paul kid raised his hand, ruining the next twenty minutes of your life.

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Aroused Police Chief Gets Hard On Crime
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Uncle Sam Busted For Condoning Underaged Party In The USA

By Rebecca Power, *playing this goddamn song over and over*

Uncle Sam, American icon, was charged with Contributing to the Delinquency of a Minor today for allowing budding teen sensation Miley Cyrus to have a party in the USA. The charges, which carry a minimum sentence of 400 dollars in fines and 150 hours of classic rock and old school hip-hop, will be heard next Tuesday in the capital, pending confirmation that the platinum-selling pop witness for the prosecution can figure out where that is.

In response to these accusations, the emblem of nationalism is already taking action to remedy his tarnished public image, including a renewed emphasis on all Americans learning the middle part of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and amending his traditional catchphrase to "I want YOU! To put some clothes on."

Many pop-culture law experts, however, believe the charges will not stick. A release from the E! Center for Celebrity Studies called the diva "old enough to make her own decisions" and "too far fucking gone already" for Sam's acquiescence to have made a meaningful contribution to her

slow but inevitable spiral into indecency. Sam himself has gone further in his assertion of innocence, claiming both his and his nation's minimal involvement in encouraging any young Americans to nod their heads like yeah, move their hips like yeah.

"The USA has abso-fucking-lutely nothing to do with the song!" the icon said in a press conference from an energy conservation billboard. "She could have said anything. Literally fucking anything that ended in 'A' and that contrived, vapid, thinly veiled excuse for making every male over the age of 18 at least mildly uncomfortable would not have made any less sense than it does now."

"Jesus. Have you seen that music video?!" he added. "That is not a child."

The pop queen in question was not available for comment. Cyrus's Myspace, however, maintains that she is just "misunderstood."

Wu-Tang Clan Fucked With

By Bud Mclellan, *really more into Public Enemy*

In an astounding turn of events last Tuesday afternoon, 37-year-old rap fan Christopher Wallace fucked with the notoriously ain't-nothing-to-be-fucked-with Wu-Tang Clan. This was especially surprising considering the Wu-Tang Clan hasn't been culturally relevant since 1993.

"I was digging through my old cassettes and said to my wife, 'Man, the Wu-Tang clan wasn't *that* good,'" commented Wallace. "Suddenly I realized what I had done."

Of course, no one was more stunned by the news of Wallace's fucking with than the Clan itself. Said Wu-Tang spokesman and champion

chessboxer the RZA, "No one likes to be fucked with, but I was more shocked to find out that someone out there still thought we were a clan. I mean, I have kids now and real responsibilities."

Other members of the Clan could not be reached for comment, but hip-hopologists claim that if the Wu-Tang does not retaliate in some fashion soon, they can expect many more incidents of being fucked with. Debate rages among the public as to whether the Wu-Tang are biding their time until the best moment to reap their revenge, or if they simply stopped caring years ago.

Illiterate Police Arrest John Woo for Torture

By Max Ebert, *never gonna give Yoo up*

Action director John Woo unexpectedly found himself in jail Tuesday after police mistook him for notorious enhanced interrogation advocate John Yoo. Detective Stephen Stewart first took interest in Woo when a string of flyers were disseminated around Berkeley reading, "Arrest John Yoo." The policeman, unable to read, differentiate Asian features, or do basic arithmetic, mistook the flyer as an arrest warrant for the similarly named Woo.

Stated Detective Stewart, "It's embarrassing, but this sort of thing is actually pretty common on the force. Hey, is that Jackie Chan over there? I love his movies."

The director, famous for Hong Kong classics such as *Hardboiled*, resisted arrest after police invaded his home last Tuesday. He allegedly fired a sawed-off shotgun at multiple police officers, but police somehow

evaded the bullets by running dramatically in slow motion while glass shattered around them and doves flew off into the horizon. He was taken into custody to the strains of many violins as a single rose symbolized his misfortune.

Upon being informed of the details of the case, John Yoo himself came down on the side of the police, saying, "Well, if they arrested him, he must be guilty of *something*." When asked what methods he would approve while interrogating Woo, Yoo glared at the reporter and changed the subject.

In regard to the mix-up, Police Commissioner Leonard Maltin commented, "I knew it was John Woo the whole time. I just always wanted to capture the man responsible for *Face/Off*. Have you seen it? *Torture*."



DAVID SIMON'S

JERSEY SHORE

Vinny: *[sighs]* Another fuckin' day in Jersey Shore.

Pauly D: Vinny, what the fuck is your problem? You're barely ever drunk, you keep wearing shirts with entire sleeves, and... Jesus Christ, is that a real tan?

Vinny: Shit never changes, Pauly! The city's dying out there and our only solution is to get involved in inane, manufactured conflicts!

Pauly D: That's just how it is, bro. When are you gonna learn to compromise your morals for personal gain? It's how you play the game.

Vinny: Fuck the game. Y'know, just once, I'd like to learn what it's like to work for a real fuckin' reality show. *[Storms off set]*

Pauly D: One of these days that asshole's gonna have to conform to the institution.

"The Institution": What's up? We got ourselves an institution happenin'?

[They high-five several times and begin pumping their fists]

"JWoww": Got that novelty T-shirt! Eighteen dollars! Got that novelty T-shirt!

Ronnie: How's our corner doin'?

"Sweetheart": You know. It do what it do.

Ronnie: Bikini shirts movin'?

"JWoww": Shirtheads stopped coming when they found out we're cutting with polyester.

Ronnie: Just hang. They always come back.

[Suddenly, another Guido runs up on their corner and begins pumping his fist]

Guido: Woo! Eyy!

"JWoww": What the fuck! Get him!

Ronnie: *[Runs to Guido and begins punching him repeatedly]* You listen to me, shitbird! This is *our* corner! If anyone's gonna slowly pump their fist in the air and build speed until they start jumpin' up and down, it's going to be us!

"Sweetheart": These young'ns, man. They got no code.

"JWoww": The game's changed.

Ronnie: Uh uh. Game's the same. Just got more *joosed*.

Vinny: There's more to this boardwalk case than just grade-F meat in the corn dogs. You know it as well as I do.

Snooki: You'll never touch the boardwalk. They've got actually-owning-a-beach-house money.

Vinny: But the campaign donations! The rigged clothespins game! They're protecting someone.

Snooki: Look, you follow the corn dogs, you'll just find some puke in a trash can. Start following the money, and there's no telling where you'll end up.

Vinny: And there's more. Someone just farted.

Snooki: Someone farted?

Vinny: Wait for it. Wait for the smell.

Snooki: Oh fuck.

Vinny: Fuck.

Snooki: Motherfucker.

Vinny: Fuck.

Snooki: Fuuuuuck.

Ronnie: Yo yo yo, what you holdin', my man? Gel? Spray? Sculpting wax?

Pauly D: Just some gunk in the bottom of the pomade jar.

Ronnie: Well, mix it up with some bacon grease! My spikes are settling!

Pauly D: You apply that shit, you'll get dandruff in a week. Just put some shampoo in. Come down for the night.

Ronnie: *[scooping bacon grease]* Fuck you, I can handle my shit!

Pauly D: *[quietly]* That kid got nothing but trouble coming.

"The Institution": See, when a cop takes a bribe, that's the Institution. When a cop does his job, that's the Institution. They get you on either side. Just like my pecs. Boom. Boom. That's an Institution right there. Your parents were the Institution, your teachers are the Institution. You're the Institution, even *I'm* the Institution.

Snooki: Oh, no. Is there anything I can do?

"The Institution": Not really. This is the city we built. This is the city we deserve. We can't change it, our politicians can't change it. And there's no solution – we're never going to escape it as long as the power structures that maintain–

Pauly D: Hey bitches! JACUZZI!

Snooki: WOOOOO!

"The Institution": Woo.

[The Shoremates pile into the Jacuzzi while America decays around them. Wooo!]

Diary of a Country-Western Song Protagonist

Monday - Out of prison for the first time in years. I can't wait to get out on the road, feel the wind in my grizzled hair, and send my liver on an all-expense-paid trip to Hell.

Tuesday - Back in jail. Shit, that was fast. Can't really remember what I did, but considering the looks everyone's giving me, it probably has something to do with this rash.

Thursday - Out on bail. Just got news my mama died. Taking bets on whether it was alcohol- or fire-related.

Friday - Both. This is gonna cost me.

Sunday - Went to my sweetie for consolation, caught her in the act of doin' me wrong. To be more specific, she was doin' someone else correctly.

Monday - Been getting drunk too much lately. Reckon I'll try getting shitfaced.

Thursday - Started today real depressed. Never realized how lonesome I'd be without the one I've loved all these years. But then I refilled his food bowl and he came right back.

Saturday - Back in jail. Turns out I violated my probation by being within 500 feet of myself. Shoulda been more careful.

Monday - Still in jail. Also drunk. Not sure how that happened.

Tuesday - Sad day. My daddy was hanged in the next county. I didn't even know they still did that.

Wednesday - I've decided to turn to Jesus to ease my troubles. He sold me a bag of cocaine and said I was mispronouncing his name.

Thursday - Thinking back to my days in church as a boy. Maybe the preacher meant that the Lord was present only in very specific wine.

Friday - Apparently Mama died again. Gonna have a hard time explaining this to my lawyer.

Saturday - Got my lawyer drunk. I'm starting to worry about my body chemistry. Gotta look up what body chemistry is.

Monday - Escaped! Goodbye Pinewood County Minimum Security Corrections Facility! Now all I have to do is sit by the side of these here tracks and wait for a freight train to carry me away.

Friday - This is boring. Oh shit, I forgot it's 2010. Maybe I'd better just steal a car.

Saturday - Back in jail. Shouldn't have tried to steal a car while drunk. You know what, I'm getting tired of this. I'm gonna try living in a folk song for a while.

Wednesday -- Well that sucked. But at least my tragic death taught people an important lesson about caring for others and the world around us. I'm gonna go haunt Merle Haggard.



Top Ten Insults of the Animal Kingdom

10. Cheetard
9. Laardvark
8. Platypussy
7. Polar Square
6. Inch-Dick Worm
5. Pig (to non-pig animal) (pigs are the worst animal)
4. Jizzly Bear
3. Armadildo
2. Hippopotamus
1. Chimpansy

Top Ten Good Things About Not Having A Public Option

10. Gangrene smells nice
9. You weren't using all your appendages
8. Passing kidney stones puts hair on your chest
7. *Private Practice* can stay on TV
6. There is now an actual reason to live in Canada
5. Just in case vaccines are mind control
4. The Na'vi didn't have a public option
3. Organ market can stay recession-proof
2. Grandma can live another day
1. You might be rich

Top Ten Pieces of Pillow Talk for Dentists

10. I wanna drill you.
9. Open wide and say *ahhh*.
8. When I'm finished half of your face is going to be numb.
7. That cavity of yours is going to get a pretty strong filling.
6. Last week a kid bit me while I was doing this.
5. Don't worry, it tastes just like mint.
4. Annnnd spit!
3. Let me just take this out of your mouth and we're done here.
2. I'll want to see you again in six months.
1. Well, I already molested you while you were sleeping, so...

...in any case, if you actually look at the...
...of boring, insipid inside jokes. It's like...
...or Robert Hass, and at writing, well, it...
...and Jessica Biel, from WWJD, here and...
...only getting twittier at by resource...
...ative-listening Republican son of two...
...nurtive virtue — a loving family. "I believe in family values, but family is about taking care of your...
...tand. And no show's hotter right now than HBO's sexy vampire drama...
...ell, you people are too good to me. Here are some of the...
...may, we're gonna be late for Baptist church! Cut to yo...
...s CHA. GRAM-MAW: Just don't let yo...
...possibly have caused...
...SPOKE...
...We su...
...bar wo...
...tie, I'd...
...ful fog...
...y dark...
...ember, ...
...crazy, ...
...silly scowling; she's mi...
...sen public and private...
...steph in law, and...
...on their site, it's obvious that the man in her and six and the man in her are...
...redibly tedious CS commencement all over again. "My favorite memory is eating...
...of old, but it's still really funny, so I figured I'd post it. Lindsay Lohan...
...might have eclipsed Iran on Twitter, but despite some mainstream headlines, t...
...addicts to get their fix. "... bites nails: scrolls furiously" Finally, here's CNN...
...pecting one another," he says. "I...
...for that brass ring! Now, my new...
...HERO...
...GRAM...
...n't bri...
...That's...
...in Jap...
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...times...

Jeff Dunham gives a graduation speech

Dunham: Hey there, Class of 2010! Thanks for having me at your graduation tonight. I've been invited to speak here because I'm successful or something, but I'm going to level with you. Success isn't hard at all. I swear, I'm a regular guy. It's just that everyone else is incredibly stupid. But you don't want to hear that from me. You want to hear it from a fucking prejudiced puppet. So here to speak to you today is, Steryotype: The Wackily Disheveled Gay Immigrant Puppet!

[Jeff Dunham pulls out a puppet made curiously in his own image]

Puppet: Yo! Class of 2010. Lookin' faaaaabulous. But enough about me. I'm here to tell you how *this* jackass *[points at Jeff Dunham]* became the highest-paid stand-up performer in America, with television specials and merchandising deals racked up for years to come.

Dunham: Hey now Steryotype, don't go giving out my secrets!
[Dunham winks]

Puppet: Shut up. Shut the fuck up. Cut the cute ventriloquist schtick. I know what you do. You prey on the masses. Arena after arena full of yokels who've paid a week's salary to see a thing that isn't a person talking like a person. People, you can't imagine how quickly their faces all blend together into a slobbery, giggling ocean of pink chubb. It makes me sick to think that I'll ever have to look at that spider-eyed tard-mound again, and I do it five times a week.

Dunham: *[breaking his thousand-yard, wall-eyed stare]* Wait a minute, Steryotype! Don't insult these nice people. What if there are idiots in this crowd?

Puppet: They're all idiots. Why don't you tell them about the theory, Jeff? You know, *the theory*.

Dunham: You're breaking character. Keep it together, man. Just keep it together. For the kids. Tell them the one about the way black people are different from white people.

Puppet: *[continuing unhindered]* Ol' Jeff here's got this theory that development stops at Sesame Street. That people basically peak in happiness in their high chairs, eating Cheerios with their hands, and everything after that is a vain attempt to recapture the time when mastering bladder control meant you were doing all right for the day.

Dunham: *[hot tears streaming down his strained, mask-like face]* Heh... heh HAHAAHAHAHAH.

Puppet: I mean America actually loves puppets, and I don't mean puppets who tell a funny joke. I mean they're there to see racist felt. Way early on, I used to try to come up with something clever for the puppets to say, but I figured out really quick that as long as the puppet says something offensive while my lips aren't moving, I get paid. Here's something I bet your professors never told you: from the moment you figure out your job doesn't require any effort, your soul is basically gone.

[Dunham's hands, clawlike after decades of ventriloquism, rake at his face]

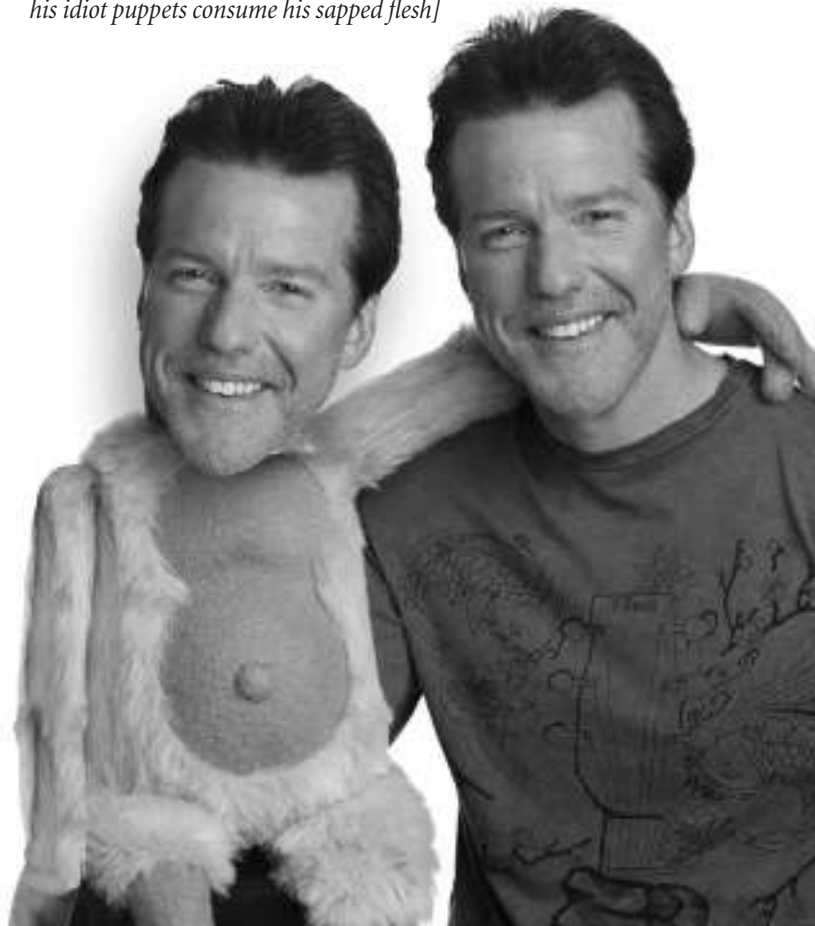
Dunham: These days I might as well be the puppet.

[Dunham inserts himself wrist-deep in his own anal cavity, rendering himself a facsimile of that which he most hates: a feeble marionette of Midwestern tastes]

Puppet: You're gay! Hand in your butt!

Dunham: Did you know my most famous puppet is literally a dead suicide bomber? He makes a mockery of the thousands of people who've died in Iraq and Afghanistan. Get it!? It's all a fucking joke. In conclusion, it's important for graduates to network.

[Foaming at the mouth, Dunham collapses in a heap of self-loathing as his idiot puppets consume his sapped flesh]



Train Mall

the SkyMall of 1860

We here at SkyMall have a long tradition of selling you crap you don't need, when you need it. But you may not know that we've actually been around longer than aviation. Historians combing through the cobwebbed archives of the SkyMall Institute found this incredible gem, available now, for the first time, for just \$59.99! Take a sneak peek at Train Mall, the SkyMall of 1860.

Steam-Powered Waistcoat Folder

Stowing away waistcoats is a breeze with this steam-powered waistcoat folder, brought to you by our friends at Carnegie Steel! Simply clamp the mechano-flanges [A.-G.] to the corresponding locations on the coat [a.-g.], shovel two tons of refined coal [H.] into the power-furnace [I.], calibrate the Difference-Engine [J.] have a Lithuanian immigrant boy-child [K.] hold the fabric inches away from the knife-turbines [L.-N.], and in four to six noisy hours, your waistcoat will be folded for convenient storage! Due to grease and soot, works best with black or dark grey waistcoats.



Automatic Buffalo Killer

Train travel isn't just about getting from point A to point B. It's about the landscape: beautiful, pristine, capable of withstanding infinite abuse. Yes, nothing quite compares to the uniquely American dream of constantly sniping helpless buffalo from the comfort of your own train compartment. But killing for fun can be a huge hassle, especially on a bumpy train ride. With the Automatic Buffalo Killer, you need only press a button and bullets will spray indiscriminately, instantly mowing down buffalo, steer, and Indians who don't take cover!

Currier and Ives® Patent Medicine Dispenser!

Do your children refuse their salutary vespers? Do they call their medicine "gross," "stupid," or "incredibly dangerous"? Well, who are you going to trust: them, or a mustachioed drifter who sold us some unlabeled bottles? As if you even had to ask! Buy your kids these fun, easy-to-use dispensers and they'll never want to stop taking this "heroin" stuff! Ever.

Bowes Noise-Cancelling Harmonium

Has this ever befallen you? You're on a train, trying to take a nap. But between the creaking of the wheels, the colicky baby next door, and the constant sizzling of the engine-room fires, the fates seem to have made shut-eye nigh impossible. Fortunately for you, there's the Bowes Noise-Cancelling Harmonium, now with more reverberative transduction. An array of bells, flugel-horns and clavichord-strings, the Harmonium (when struck in the exact right combination of tones) will play the precise acoustical inverse of all outside noises. Simply hire a professional musician to attend it at all times, and prepare for some serious relaxation!



Dred-Scott® Travel Fetters

It's happened to everyone: you bring your slaves past the Mason-Dixon line for two seconds, and suddenly it's like they have basic human rights! Interstate travel becomes an elaborate game of "The North is Made of Lava," except this time you can't even use the peons on hand as stepping stones. But never fear. With your very own set of Travel Fetters, your slave will never have to worry about his legal status again. A length of hemp rope anchors your human chattel to a spot in the land of Dixie, making him officially your property at all times! And the glory of the South will last forever!*

*Offer may become void depending upon outcome of Civil War



A lot of knives

You can never have too many knives, and these knives are somehow different from the knives you already own! One's for fish, one's for prime rib, one's for amputating legs: everything you'll need for your day-to-day cleaving! We also have knives for Porterhouse, Salisbury, rib-eye, ham, bacon, Canadian bacon, buffalo, ox-tail, brisket, Canadian brisket, sweetbread, venison, murder, and sandwiches. Knives!



Krupp and Co. Corset Pump

Ladies! Do basic considerations of anatomy keep you from looking your best? Do you feel yourself literally smothered to death when you take your corset in that extra inch? Your problems are solved, thanks to the Krupp and Co. Corset Pump! The Corset Pump works by forcing air into your lungs at almost a ton per square inch, allowing you to squeeze your ribs together like a collapsed birdcage. A sexy collapsed birdcage. Have a man fill out your order today!

Canine Happiness Clamps

Look at your dog. Has he ever once smiled in his life? Such ingratitude, from a beast who owes you everything! Well, you need no longer stand for it. If your dog won't cheer up on his own account, *make* him cheery with Canine Happiness Clamps. Apply one to each cheek, and Fido will beam with contentment for the rest of his days. He'll look as adorable as a schoolboy without cholera! The tears of joy should start right away.



Order today and get a free copy of Galleon Malle, the Train Mall of 1554!

Why I should be named Commissioner of Baseball

Dear Owners of Major League Baseball Teams,

If I may distract you from your hourly money swims for a moment, I'd like to call your attention to a pressing matter: Bud Selig, aka the Beige Bomber, aka Steroid Stan the Enablin' Man, is stepping down as Commissioner of Baseball in 2012. Now, since I attribute that whole Mayan-calendar-ending thing less to an apocalypse than to lazy Mayans, I assume that leaves you all without someone to unquestioningly do your bidding. Fortunately, I can suggest an ideal candidate: me. Now, I may not have what you'd call "experience," having never owned, played for, watched, or correctly identified a professional baseball team, but I have several skills vital for the job. I am very good at chewing out lovable rascals, making strongly-worded but ultimately meaningless statements to the press, and gasping in wonder as the underdog whom no one believed in hits the home run that wins the World Series, all of which I can demonstrate at your leisure.

I also have several ideas about how to improve the game of baseball itself. Sure, your revenue may have been growing like Audrey II over the past decade, and I realize that you're almost exclusively bloated plutocrats to whom the word "change" means either a threat or your manservants' salaries, but the game needs me. Here are only a few of the awesome things I'll do:

- Here's how you solve the steroid problem: all those sluggers told grand juries that they thought the juice was vitamin shots and flaxseed oil, right? So give 'em all mandatory shots of actual vitamins and whatever oil, and tell 'em it's steroids. They can't legally tell the difference!
- Since steroids have made people cynical about baseball, we need a feel-good story to get the Ken Burns of the world on our side again. So as soon as I take office, I'm instituting an arbitrary racial barrier to the league. We stand by it, wait like ten years, then watch the cheers as the first, I don't know, Armenian-American breaks into the major leagues! Imagine the jersey sales!
- Robots. I really don't have any specific ideas for this, but everything's better with robots.
- You know why basketball and football are more popular than baseball right now? No, you're wrong, it's because their players commit more crimes. Baseball players have a disturbing tendency not to take their huge salaries as license to do whatever they want. People love the wacky, violent antics of their gridiron and basketball heroes, and we need to get a piece of that action. Give Derek Jeter a handgun and a strip club membership. Make Albert Pujols rob a bank. Does anyone have some pets that could fight each other? Work with me here!
- As a one-time-only offer, I will have any one of you killed on behalf of any other one. Highest bidder wins.
- Fans hate it when their team threatens to leave town. To solve that problem, I propose rotating all teams to each other's cities every five years to keep them on their toes, Musical Chairs style. Whichever team lands in Toronto is out.

But it's not all innovation. I will respect and uphold the longstanding, sacred traditions that baseball was built on, like sportsmanship, teamwork, chewing tobacco, and having my staff fellate FOX Sports executives wherever and whenever they please. So I ask each and every one of you, except the one I'll eventually kill, to consider me for the next Lord Mayor of Baseball.

Signed,
A Baseball Fan

We know that the student body *loves* DeCals. Who doesn't love a good democratic education, especially when--THIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN FOUND IN VIOLATION OF CAL'S ACCEPTABLE USE POLICY. REDIRECTING TO CORRECTED TEXT APPROVED BY CURRENT ADMINISTRATION IN 5...

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since 1965 (really?)

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FeCal Course Listing

Fascist Education at Cal

Note: Anyone found advancing the claim that FeCal sounds like, implies, or is defined in the dictionary as anything but Fascist education at Cal will be summarily and brutally flogged.

Sloganeering for Simpletons

If you're having trouble getting your propaganda nice and punchy, this is the class for you! Read all the great dictatorial dicta, from "Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer" through "Great Leap Forward, Fuck Yeah!" and learn how the masters did it. There will be a place in the New Regime for capable catch-phrasiers, so signing up might behoove you when the next sweep of purges rolls around.

James Bond: The Persona and the Politics

"Bond, James Bond." These three brief words have become synonymous with many things: rogue, daredevil, paragon of an individualist ethic calamitous to the very foundation of the nation state. This course is an investigation of the origin and development of a cultural icon, with a special emphasis on the enduring popularity which the character continues to enjoy even today. No matter how many beatings we order.

Marching In Lines: For Hours

And hours and hours and hours and hours. Enrollment has a maximum capacity of 2500, and is split between civilian and infantry division. Priority given to upperclassmen and students with their own drill rifles. Course Control Numbers and promenade attire distributed during the second week of class.

The Music and Lyrics of Radiohead: Adapted for the Chamber Organ and Censored to the Point of Incoherency

Love Radiohead, but uncomfortable with its lack of content affirming fanatical patriotism? Have we got a class for you! With compilations like "OK Commissar" and "Kid Autocrat," The Powers That Incontrovertibly Be are putting the party back in one-party politics. Whether you're a layman looking for a thirteenth unit or a die-hard fan we haven't managed to execute yet, we guarantee that The Music and Lyrics of Radiohead will be the highlight of your mandatory reeducation experience. As we now make Thom Yorke say: Nothing to fear. Nothing to doubt. Nothing that could possibly be interpreted as anything but unquestioning devotion to the Motherland.

Bookworlds: *Fahrenheit 451*

No really, that's how hot it will get when we burn subversive books. Goggles required.

Calvin & Hobbes: Instilling the Principles of Absolutism During Early Development

A CalTeach seminar cultivating acceptable social values in grades K-5. In their weekly field work, Berkeley undergraduates encourage children to thirst for discipline as for the very air they are permitted to breathe. Youngsters are inculcated with an absolute reverence for their immediate superiors and a religious awe for their distant but omnipresent sovereign rulers. Only in this way can our delicate social fabric be Scotchgarded from the impulses of the slavering mob. Free cookies at every session!

Uncritical Theory: An Ideologically Correct Look at Pop Culture

How to interpret works like *Starship Troopers*, *The Wall*, and Springsteen's "Born In The U.S.A." so that they support the very institutions they seem to bitterly condemn. Extra credit: Try it with *1984*!

The Incredible Death Machine: A Look Into The Intricacies of Mass Extermination

For students who want to go to grad school in Death Machine Engineering, or nonmajors who would like to explore the field*, The Incredible Death Machine is a 2-unit course that investigates the history and social implications of building giant machines designed for the sole purpose of killing**. As the world becomes ever more interconnected via technological innovation, ideologically contrasting viewpoints are brought together***. Students who question the necessity of ever more death machines are especially advised to enter****.

*as subjects

**people who care about things like "history" and "social implications"

***in the death machine

****the death machine

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PROFESSOR MALCOLM X

AS TOLD TO ALEX SUMMERS

Growing up on the mean streets of New York City was tough for a kid like me. I was different. I knew it, and so did every other person living in the cramped quarters of our tenement building in the Bronx. But the rent was cheap, as my mother telepathically communicated to me through my umbilical cord. I'll tell you, though, her life wasn't easy either. When she was pregnant with me and my evil twin Cassandra Nova, a party of the Friends of Humanity surrounded her on the street. They came with rope and pitchforks, and also laser guns because Marvel couldn't come to a consensus on how far in the "near future" my origin story was set. The angry mob warned her that she better get her mutant family out of town. Incidentally, they also informed her that their group was in no way analogous to any other prevalent American racist organization.

That wasn't the last time I would encounter mutantism. I'll never forget when I was sixteen and in my last days at Harvard University, excited to graduate. My hairless scalp gleaming with naive idealism, I told my professor that all I wanted to do was be a lawyer, but because I was a mutant he would hear nothing of it.

"Malcolm," he told me, "you are literally a super-genius the likes of which the world has never seen, as well as arguably the most powerful psychic ever to wheel his way across this Earth. You should be more realistic in your goals. Have you ever considered being a waiter, or a super hero? Something *mutants* do. Saving the planet from destruction, influencing the course of human history. You know, something in the service industry."

I doubt that he meant any harm in what he said to me. But from then on I had a bone to pick with The Man. That's when I started to get into trouble.

I wandered the streets of Cairo high out of my mind on a constant stream of heroin and whores, orchestrating elaborate psychic robberies and turning tricks. I surrounded myself with everyone from drug dealers to child pickpockets who incidentally could control the weather. Of course, being a paraplegic hustler is no walk in the park. Literally because I cannot walk. A gambling debt with a local crime lord quickly escalated into a fight for the fate of humanity against Galactus.

It was in those wild days that I met a woman who would land me on the wrong side of the law for good. Well, "met" may have been too strong a word. You see, she was in a coma at the time. But after I used my considerable powers to wake her from a vegetative state, she pretty much had to give it up. The local authorities didn't like to see a mutant with a 'sapient. As he threw me into my Genoshan jail cell, the arresting officer shouted "Boy, y'all best be tellin' me what a higher form of human evolution like yourself was doing with a white woman!" And while that was mostly just confusing, it cut me deep.



The first six months of prison were the most hellish experience of my life. I constantly cursed God not only for my imprisonment, but also for giving me these freakishly pointy eyebrows. I considered turning to a new faith, and then I realized that I'm Malcolm Motherfucking Xavier and just rolled out of there after wrecking the guards against a wall with my goddamn *mind*. That was a good day.

After prison I came to the conclusion that my one-time Harvard professor (who, through a series of unbelievable events, I later found out to be Mister Sinister) was right. He was right not for his bigotry, but because he knew it was my destiny to change the world. Of course, there were other people doing the same thing as me – Magneto Luther King Jr. comes to mind. I will concede that each man has his own path to the truth. But mine has the most giant robots.

The rest of my life has been dedicated to fighting for mutant rights, occasionally being interrupted by fighting aliens, investigating a sentient island, saving the galactic Shi'ar Empire from the Dark Phoenix who inhabited Jean Grey, being implanted with a Brood egg, subduing my illegitimate autistic mutant child, becoming infected with a techno-organic virus, literally getting crucified, restoring reality from the spell of the Scarlet Witch... Damn, I just realized how fucking ridiculous my life has become. What the hell have I been doing with myself?

CAL TV'S PRIME TIME LINEUP

Cal TV, UC Berkeley's premier videoblog by default, is punching up its prime time lineup in a desperate attempt to get people to watch it. Don't miss this sampling of our shakily-filmed versions of popular shows! It's Must See Cal TV!

Frat House M.D.

House: The man has... alcohol poisoning!

Ring of Cronies: Impossible!

Some Guy: He only had like twelve shots!

House: Yes. But the Vicodin left in his system from this morning significantly lowered his alcohol tolerance. His liver wasn't able to metabolize enough of the APAP, causing hepatotoxicity. We didn't catch it originally because it was masked by the Vicodin he took ten minutes ago. We need to give him a lumbar puncture with this keg tap right away! Before his kidneys fail and he throws up all over our new carpeting.

Attractive Bisexual Girl: You're crazy! He just needs to sleep it off.

House: *[shaking ironic pimp cane]* Trust me. I've taken a lot of Vicodin.

Law & Order: Student Advocate

[Friday, February 12th 11:43 A.M.]

Legal Studies Major: Did you or did you not paraphrase this wiki?

Student: I...I don't remember. What I wrote is pretty similar, but maybe I read it when I was researching. It just got so late, everything is a blur.

Legal Studies Major: Your honor, permission to treat the defendant as hostile?

Non-binding ASUC Mediator: *[stops texting]* Huh? Yeah, what you said.

Student Advocate: I object! On the grounds that Jeff is a good guy, has a ton of Cal pride, and occasionally volunteers at that one place!

Legal Studies Major: *Pft*, you've obviously never read an LSAT prep book.

Non-binding ASUC Mediator: Man, I need to call a recess. It's going to take me a while to arbit all this and I've got a fuckin' quiz tomorrow.

[Outside, the UCPD brutalizes a student protester]

The Office Hours

Student: Why did you call me here? Is this about my participation points or something?

GSI: Hey, would you say I'm sort of a wacky GSI?

Student: Why is there a camera in here?

[uncomfortable silence]

GSI: Check your grade. Check your grade right now.

Student: But we haven't been tested on anything.

GSI: Check your grade and enter it into a calculator.

Student: Does it spell "boobs"?

GSI: Heh.

[GSI looks into camera for approval]

Top Ten Reasons You Broke Up With Your Ghost Boyfriend

10. You saw through his lies
9. Turns out he's NOT Patrick Swayze
8. You got sick of the way he called you Boo
7. He was never "real" around you
6. He had trouble with physical intimacy
5. Whenever you brought up commitment he'd disappear
4. He's dead inside
3. He has a haunted past
2. Too many skeletons in his closet
1. Bill Murray kept bothering you

Top Ten Disney Songs For Troubled Children

10. A Whole New Foster World
9. I Can Go The Emotional Distance
8. Bippity Boppity Bruise
7. I Just Can't Wait To Be Legally Emancipated
6. You've Got a Friend In Your Guidance Counselor
5. When You Wish Upon a Star (Nothing Happens)
4. Zip-A-Dee-Who's-Dad?
3. The Vicious Circle of Life
2. Whistle While You Weep
1. I'll Make A Man Out Of You

Top Ten Versus Movies That Never Were

10. Beverly Hills Cop vs. Beverly Hills Ninja
9. Titanic vs. Hope Floats
8. Ocean's 11 vs. 12 Angry Men
7. Election vs. Total Recall
6. Cube vs. Sphere
5. Them! vs. It
4. Up vs. Falling Down
3. The 40-Year-Old Virgin vs. Pretty Woman
2. Army of Darkness vs. City of Angels
1. Kramer vs. Kramer vs. Monsters vs. Aliens

Avatar 2

1.

INT. PLANET ALLEGORICA - NIGHT

A man in a dimly lit room sits behind a desk. His face is obscured by EVIL DARKNESS. Only the military medals pinned to his chest are visible, revealed infrequently by a flickering light cast through a rotating fan. Someone knocks on the door, and the man leans forward, bringing his sinister face into the light. Tattooed onto his bulging muscular neck is his name: COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
(laughing maniacally)
You may enter.

The door opens, and THAT ANNOYING DUDE FROM THE FIRST MOVIE WHO IS ALWAYS PLAYING GOLF INSTEAD OF CARING ABOUT THE NATIVES enters.

2.

ANNOYING DUDE

Colonel President Andrew Jackson, we've been back on Pandora for three years now, and you still haven't gotten me Unobtainium or any other kind of heavy Metaphorium. What's taking so long?

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
I'm not so shortsighted as my predecessor. I'm after something much more obtainable. "Obtainium" if you will. I want to KILL ALL THE INDIANS.

ANNOYING DUDE

Excuse me, are you referring to your plan to relocate the Na'vi to a reservation on planet Oklahoma?

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
Oh right, I guess that's fine too. AFTER WE KILL THEM ALL. BWAHAHA.

The DEVIL pops out of Colonel President Andrew Jackson's face in real life 3D and also LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

CUT TO:



EXT. INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

3.

Colonel President Andrew Jackson, still laughing maniacally, mows down rows of Na'vi warriors. Backed by a horde of MERCENARY ROBOTS, Jackson makes short work of A DIFFERENT WAY OF LIFE. Jake Sully, now in his breathtaking avatar body permanently, stands his ground amongst thousands of his fallen brethren. He and his friends Neytiri and ENDEARING BUT UNIMPORTANT SCIENTIST lead the last surviving group of resistance.

JAKE SULLY

(while using his MAGIC DREADLOCKS to ride a flying dinosaur)
Give it up, Jackson! You and your multi-million dollar army are no match for a ragtag group of rebels who really believe in each other!

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
I'm no fool, Jake. I know I can't kill you. I have someone a bit more symbolic in mind. I'm going to murder the environment!

NEYTIRI

(in a highly developed language known as "English")
No, not the environment! My people will be powerless! No, really, we kind of literally plug into it! For real!

The environment MAKES SOME PLANTS GLOW in nervous anticipation of death.

CUT TO:

INT. MY VISIONARY IMAGINATION - ALL DAY,^{4.}
EVERY DAY

In an epic battle too epic to be filmed by modern technology that the STUDIO will give me the BUDGET for, Colonel President Andrew Jackson assassinates the environment while the remaining Na'vi nobly shoot savage but ineffectual weaponry at him. The screen fades to black while the audience PRETENDS to see this.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINED LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The Na'vi people defeated, Colonel President Andrew Jackson begins shooting indiscriminately at children, the elderly, the innocent, and bright-eyed puppies.

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
Take that, blueskins!

JAKE SULLY
If only we had gunpowder.

In an iconic shot not ripped off from anything, Jake Sully sheds a single tear.

CUT TO:

NEYTIRI
(dyingly)
I'm so cold.

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
Here, take these smallpox blankets.
I mean, take these blankets which
DON'T have SMALLPOX on them.

NEYTIRI
(heartbreakingly sincere)
Thank you.

COLONEL PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON
BWAHAHA.

Barring divine intervention, there is clearly no hope for the Avatar universe.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL OF TEARS - MANY DAYS AND MANY NIGHTS^{5.}

THE WILLOWS weep in mourning as Jake Sully and the few Na'vi survivors walk manacled through the torched remains of their ancestral homeland. Colonel President Andrew Jackson follows shortly behind in a SUPER COOL MECHA-WARRIOR equipped with a LEATHER WHIP for those who fall behind.

ENDEARING BUT UNIMPORTANT SCIENTIST
(endearingly)

How are we going to get to Planet Oklahoma by walking in a straight line? Isn't it in outer space?

Jackson, unable to tolerate SCIENCE, dramatically whips the unimportant character to death with GREAT EMOTIONAL IMPACT.

Days pass with nothing to eat but MUFFALO, which are kind of like buffalo but not really at all because I thought of them and they are way more advanced, as shown by their multi-colored skin and impeccable shininess. Malnourished, the Na'vi slowly die of famine, space dysentery, and space famine.

EXT. DIVINE INTERVENTION - DAY^{7.}

A brave and proud filmmaker descends from the heavens to save the day, and in the process save the film industry.

JAKE SULLY
Who are you, holy spirit? What is your name?

SILHOUETTED FIGURE
(set to a choir of angels singing)
James Cameron. But you can call me J.C.

I, James Cameron, snap my fingers. Colonel President Andrew Jackson is crushed to death by the heavy weight of justice. I also revive every character that I love because I CAN TOTALLY DO THAT.

SIGOURNEY WEAVER
That'll teach you, Jackson! We're supposed to be friends with the aliens!

Sigourney Weaver, star of such popular films as Alien and Aliens, is crushed to death by the even heavier weight of irony.

Meanwhile, Avatar 2 makes billions of dollars. All future Avatar sequels follow my exploits as a 15-year-old boy living amongst the Na'vi. I explore COOL SHIT and look REALLY AWESOME.

THE END

HORROR FILMS

for kids!



A BEE!

Doctor: Jesus Christ! How many of them are out there, *two*?

Pregnant Lady: We're never going to make it out of here!

Cop: Hold on now, calm down, our older brother is going to come out here with his shoe and take care of this any minute.

Pregnant Lady: Our older brother isn't coming! He doesn't care about us! Besides, he's probably stung already!

Doctor: Look! Someone's trying to get in! Open the screen door!

[A roughed-up Businessman, clothes in shreds, stumbles into the house]

Businessman: So...so many of them. Hovering menacingly...Picnic ruined...

Doctor: Listen, sir, I need to know if you were stung or not.

Businessman: No...I...I killed one of them. *[opens hand, revealing a crushed bee]*

Doctor: Everyone get out!

Businessman: But...they can't sting you after they die...Ow!

[Suddenly, the dead bee stings Businessman]

Doctor: You fool, you've killed us all!

Businessman: *[Turns into a bee]*

LOOGIE

Tape Recorder: Wake up, Horatio.

Horatio: Ugh...Where am I? My head...Who noogied me?

Tape Recorder: Don't worry. You're relatively unharmed. Although you should be more careful about what you let people put in your Squeeze-Its...

Horatio: You bastard! You drugged me! If I wasn't strapped into this stupidly elaborate metal chair, I would give you such an Indian burn!

Tape Recorder: Just relax, Horatio. You and I are going to play a game. In this game, we'll see how much you truly appreciate not having spit land on your face.

Horatio: I do appreciate it! I *love* not having spit on me!

[A thread of spit dangles down from the ceiling, inches away from Horatio's eyes]

Horatio: Oh God!

Tape Recorder: Say I'm the coolest!

Horatio: No!

Tape Recorder: Say I'm the coolest and that you're a big wiener!

[The spit stretches ever closer]

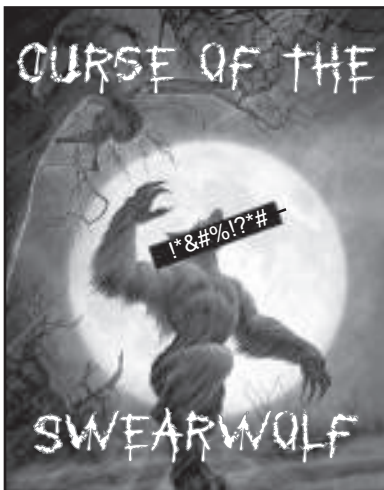
Tape Recorder: Say it!

Horatio: I--You're the coolest! And I'm a big wiener!

[The bead of spit snaps, falling into Horatio's mouth]

Horatio: Blagh! But you said!

Tape Recorder: Had my fingers crossed, dork!



Curse of the Swearwolf

Jessica: Billy? Are you okay?

Billy: I don't know, I've just been feeling so weird since I was bitten by that rude dog.

Jessica: Well, we don't have time to worry about that now, you have to help me with my project about looking at the full moon.

Billy: Sure, let me just...urgh!

Jessica: What's wrong?

Billy: My...my...Argh! Crap!

Jessica: *[Gasps]*

Billy: Oh my gosh I'm so sorry! Don't tell anyone I said that! Also don't tell anyone that my hands are getting all long and paw-like! Balls!

Jessica: Billy! What has gotten into you? You never used to talk like this or claw at my throat before!

Billy: Dicks! I'm sorry! Boobs! Boo-OOOOO-oobs!

it's berkeley. bitch

STREET FASHION FROM BERZERKLES, CALIFORNIA

Hey, Berktown! It's Melanie, gettin witcha and takin yo pictcha whenevs you're dressed up all fab. Check it out!

Hip, Hip, Hipster Hooray!

Oh em eff gee readers, so I know everyone thinks that the UC Berkeley fashion scene is just a bunch of sock and Rainbow wearing hippie lesbo-nazi losers. But when an outfit this delish comes along, it's obvi that those fashion dark ages are as dead and gone on our campus as, like, meaningful protest lol phew. From her ironic tee to her effortless ironic mustache this sweet thing is the indie-lightful unikest and what's more *nothing* she's wearing even came from Urban Outfitters.

"Ugh, I hate hipsters. They're all so 'look at me, look at me.' You're going to put me on your blog right? Please?"



Hepatitis C. For Chic!

It isn't often you find a *homme* (that's guy in l'french, lol!) so stylish on the streets of Berkeley, but this man candy always sweetens my day when I'm around the corner of Dwight and Telegraph. Called Robitussin Rob by his bros, this trendsetter's perfectly grease-coifed locks, devil-may-care ripped plaid, and pile of PBR empties look straight out of a dive bar in the Mission! And the fact that he's a 48-year-old homeless man with bipolar disorder is just so edgy.

"Everything I've got on is thrifted 'cause, uh, most of my money's invested in some, uh, projects right now, some, uh, things. Hey, it's really cold out lady. Can you spare a dollar?"

Crazy for That Look!

I don't know much about *avant garde* fashion but I know an *artiste* when I see one. I spotted this fashion plate under Sather Gate and I knew I had to tumblr him into the fashion blogging worldosphere. When I asked him what he was wearing, he said he didn't remember and was my camera going to poison his thoughts. But I totally get it, he's an industry insider and he doesn't want to spill his secrets. You're lookin' Gucci, dude!

"When I got dressed this morning I was inspired by oranges. I was just looking at a bowl of oranges and they really spoke to me. They said 'ahhhhhhhhauihfaarrrrrg na na na.'"



This Mama's The Bomb-a!

Loves it! Everything old is new again, which is why this sassy lady is rocking the high-waisted jeans trend *and* showing her baggy Cal alum pride. She's a total MILFfmb—that's Mother I'd Like to Fotograph for my blog! Linda was taking her young son around the ol' alma mater when I spotted her easy-breezy sunhat and frantic look.

"Oh my god, where is my son. Have you seen my son? Billy!?"



User Name:
MelanieBelanie

About Me

I've had this "pashion for fashion" since I was a freshie, and I hope one day to use my Mass Comm training and wicked HTML skills to snag a job as a fashion *blogueur*. Until then I'm just doing this for luvv!

Twittin'!

3:18 PM: Pumps, ladies!! Just saw the fetchest pair in the window of Bancroft Clothing. #i_heart_pumps

3:24 PM: "These shoes are mine, betch!" i love to internet LOLOL #i_have_just_purchased_pumps

4:40 PM: Hey twitters which is a more fabulous made-up word? Fantasbular or frabalous?

5:19 PM: Ugh! These pumps are soooo passe! #so_over_pumps

8:35 PM: Ok definitely fantasbular

Popular Posts

- Doctor Doctor, Give Me The News, I Got A Bad Case Of Loving Shoes!
- The Good, The Plaid, And The Ugly Plaid!
- Poll: Polka Dots or Polka Nots?
- Kneetarded 4 Knee Socks!

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All right, we admit it. We know who eats at Benny's. You're either super-old or super-drunk, and you're looking for semi-solid food that's easy to poop. Enjoy our new menu!

Benny's

Food for the aged and/or intoxicated



Breakfast

You eat at hours no sensible human ever would. That's why we serve breakfast all day, every day.



Silly Face Pancakes- Whether you mistake this smilin' short stack for your grandson or are just drunk enough to think that this pancake is your *best friend*—either way it's almost like having someone to talk to!

Morning Slam- Wake yourself up with a slam in the mouth your ailing body can't ignore. A piece of toast soaked in coffee, orange juice, and bacon grease.

Eggs- Just eggs. No bullshit.

Moonshine Over My Hammy- Your choice of straight whiskey or communion wine. Great for hangovers, arthritis pain, and regret.

Sandwiches/Burgers

All sandwiches and burgers come with your choice of a side of fries, a small salad, or ibuprofen.

Nanoburgers- At 1/10000000000 lb each, these molecular morsels eliminate the need for chewing, biting, swallowing, and every other challenging mouth function. You won't realize you've eaten 100 until you already have!

Double Burger- Like a regular burger, except your eyes can't focus.

Tex Mex Burger- Your vague notion of Mexican food, ironically prepared by actual Mexicans. 10% discount if you manage not to say something racist while ordering.



Da Club Sandwich- An old favorite, made lovingly with succulent turkey, crispy bacon, tomato, lettuce, and a sexy body glitter breading.

Cheese sandwich- Food you can understand without thinking too hard.

Favorites

Might as well make these your favorites, since everything tastes the same to you anyway.

Jalapeno-Mozzarella Homestyle Popper Dunker Pups (Also available in pancakes!)-

Awaken your long-dulled taste buds and feel again, by golly!

You clearly have no self-respect!

Mashed Steak-

Savory, hypoallergenic and not too viscous. Think of it as K rations!

You can pour it down your throat until your stomach stops yelling at you!

Just A Salad, Please-

Did you drag along your non-old relatives?

sober girlfriend?

Here's something they can nibble on while you sit there being disgusting.



Specials

You used to feel special. Now everything's loud and bright and you just want a nap.

Senior Breakfast Special- Two eggs any style, hash browns, two pancakes, two sausages, fresh fruit, all in one delicious smoothie.

Drunk Breakfast Special- ~~Nothing~~ from the gas station, at a five-dollar markup. Be glad we don't just mug you right here.

Senior Dinner Special- The exact meal you ate here for breakfast, but forgot about by lunch.

Drunk Dinner Special- Burritos!
Oh my god let's get burritos.

Drunk Senior Special- Quit crying, grandpa!



Add 50¢ -- Have any menu item scrambled.