

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

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THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

DWELLING IN ARCHAIC HUMOUR SINCE 1991

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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 the chasm of despair we frequently get sucked into.

Questions, comments, suggestions?

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

To our sexy readers

This issue of the Squelch nearly didn't happen. Early last year, a pasty, lanky dude with mutton chops materialized out of thin air at one of our meetings and slashed our funding with his rusty dagger. "My name is Spunker and y'all turds ain't gon get no funding" he said in his thick Canadian accent, before opening his mouth wide enough for us to see the family of slugs that lived in there. They turned their slimy slug heads towards us, opened their tiny slug mouths and blinked their angry slug eyes. "What are all y'all dingleberries staring at?" said Papa and Mama slug in their thick Irish accents. If there is one thing we would like our readers to take away from this magazine, it's that mouth-slugs are very easily offended. After we apologized for our rudeness, Spunker closed his mouth and vanished into thin air.

We had no funding and no office space. But what the world forgot was that we also had no dignity. We've never had any. Ever since the Heuristic Squelch was founded thirty-seven harvest moons ago by twins, Tomas Heuristic and Tomas Squelch, our members have done everything in their power to keep this magazine alive. We've stripped for moon trolls, seductively eaten lemons for woodland creatures, and flied on Sproul. To save ourselves this time we stooped lower than we've ever done before—we crowdfunded.

And success! We got the funding we needed, thanks to several wonderful people who apparently had no better things to do with their money. Thank you all for allowing us to continue to have the weekly moments of joy we get from writing this magazine and making silly dick jokes.



Sidd and Kait

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New restaurant targets “Carnitarians”

By Beth Martyn,

Recently opened in downtown Berkeley, Mercury aims to fill a gap in the Berkeley ecosystem: a restaurant for people who love meat, and only meat. Their menu includes items such as beef sculpted to look like cauliflowers, gelatin sheets dyed and trimmed to look like kale, and venison hammered to resemble mashed potatoes. “The amount of work that goes into each dish is incredible,” raved self-identified carnitarian, Andrew Leaf. “It may seem limiting to work without any spices or herbs, but the flavors they accomplish with just animal products is incredible.

The best part is it looks exactly like the real thing but doesn’t taste like it at all.”

Abigail Veal, a member of one of the several animal rights groups protesting outside the restaurant spoke to Squelch. She rolled her eyes, sighed and said, “I just... I can’t even... Oh boy.” She shrugged, lay on the ground, spread out her arms and wailed into the pavement.

Leaf believes that Mercury is of real benefit to the community. He explained that Mercury provides a meat eating and meeting place for a unique minority. For carnitarians, eating is a

way of life. “We’re not just doing this because we want to be unhealthy or harm the environment. I mean, I’m sure that’s part of it for many of us, but to describe our lifestyle that way would be reductive. What it’s really about is a broader philosophical and ethical consideration. We’re morally opposed to eating anything that came from a plant. They’re innocent and defenseless. At least animals can fight back.”

Leaf was last seen being carried away in an ambulance following his third heart attack of the month.

Man Claims to Have Travelled Back in Time and Killed German Painter Adolf Hitler

By Siddharth Bhogra,

Arthur Prefect, 42, claims to have invented time travel, gone back in time and murdered relatively unknown German painter, Adolf Hitler. According to historian Larry Lebowitz, Hitler died in 1910 in his apartment in Vienna when poison gas from an unknown source was released in his apartment. Hitler was best known for his intricate and often passionate depictions of architectural beauties, including but not limited to libraries, synagogues and war memorials.

“I expected massive monuments erected in my honour,” commented Arthur, adding “I achieved the impossible and for that I was rewarded

with two gentlemen, dressed sharply in Hugo Boss suits, escorting me to a mental facility. I went back in time and killed Adolf Hitler! Everyone always talks about doing something like that, but I actually did it and no one seems to believe me! I have half a mind to go back in time again to when I had gone back in time the first time to kill Hitler and instead kill myself before I kill Hitler back when I had gone back in time the first time to kill him.”

Arthur is currently under the care of Dr. Herman Muller, an expert clinical psychologist dealing with time travel related mental illnesses. “I have seen several cases of people who genuinely

believe they have gone back in time and somehow been part of what almost always turns out to be the murder of some fairly insignificant historical figure. A few months ago I had a patient who thought she was somehow responsible for the death of mildly influential Georgian poet, Joseph Stalin” said Dr. Muller. Meanwhile, Arthur’s story has prompted several potential copycats who claim to have gone back in time to 1946 and committed infanticide at the Jamaica Hospital Medical Center in Queens, New York, specifically of the new-born son of American real estate developer, Frederick Trump.

IN OTHER NEWS:

Scientists Fail to Find G-spot

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Larry King Turns 25!

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Yeast Uprising at Local Bakery

Page B3

Comedy Is Still Dead

Pages A1-D20

Egg Can’t Get Laid

Page C2

Wheeler Hall Modernized, But Still No Wheels?

By Ronin McCobb, junior amateur unicyclist

On August 23, Wheeler Hall was reopened after a year long construction. The 100 year old building certainly needed infrastructural changes, including a new ventilation, plumbing and educational system. The only upgrade that hasn't occurred is the addition of wheels at the bottom of the building, an issue that is leaving students and faculty alike scratching their skulls.

"It's high time that Wheeler Hall became mobile," said a student, adding, "it's just stuck there, like a dumb, ugly, immobile building." Back in 1919, when Wheeler Hall was built and named after the greatest human invention—the wheel—everyone assumed that it would be built to have some. "This building symbolizes evolution and without wheels on

it, how are we supposed to know to keep things rolling?" said Professor Roland "keep on rolling on" McRollerson.

With the announcement of Wheeler Hall's renovation last year, students rejoiced for what they believed meant an increase in the number of wheels attached to the building. Many were surprised to find the renovated building to have a functioning ventilation, plumbing and electrical system, but no wheels. "This isn't going to stop us," said one student, who was petitioning for wheels on Wheeler hall last year, "We're going to protest this. We'll do it on skates and even in aeroplanes. Wheels up, everyone."

Drunken Oski Found Foragin for Berries

By Matthew Selman,

After a day of swilling his favorite pregame drinks, Oski the bear was spotted near Strawberry Creek drunkenly foraging for staple food sources on Saturday. One Cal fan described the mascot as he prowled the banks of the stream with "extremely wide eyes and an uncomfortably large smile." While animal control noted that his blood alcohol content was over four times the legal limit, they were most shocked to find that his breath smelled of snozzberries. "Until this incident, we were unaware that bears even ate snozzberries," animal specialist Youthen Izes stated. Due to Oski's anthropomorphic nature, the authorities were also involved in the matter. Law enforcement maintains that he kept his hands clenched tightly together behind his back

making for an easy arrest. The bail was set at 50 meal points, which authorities expect will not be posted until the very last day of finals week. The reason for the steep bail was his past criminal record, including a highly visible public indecency charge for pelvic thrusting a tree. Local rights group People for the Ethical Treatment of Anthropomorphs (PETA) has stated that they will do whatever they can to "ensure proper legal treatment of our furry friend." The group first came onto the civil rights scene with their pro bono defense of the Energized bunny, who had been the victim of a gruesome battery acid attack by a Duracell worker. Oski is currently being held at the Downtown Berkeley police station, and has reportedly been asleep since his arrest.

King of Smooth Retires

By Siddharth Bhogra,

November 07, 2017 marked a sad day for billions of people across the globe with the retirement of The King of Smooth. The King swung his hips as his soul oozed onto the stage, followed by his body, at Smoothe Chalet, Smoothe Mountains, Colorado. Nicknamed so after a scintillating performance at the 1987 Silk and Velvet Conference, he has eased the troubled hearts of oh so many adoring fans, including and limited to those of teenage girls. The decision to retire came after The King's beekeeping business took off and he began selling his self-titled organic honey at the farmer's market.

"I can't believe he's retiring," a now middle-aged mother of three squealed at the Squelch, "He's too smooth to retire.

Too smooth." "What I can't believe," said another fan, "is how he's managed to keep those moves so smooth so far into his 80s, especially with the arthritis and testicular cancer." "Smoooooooo," added a cow with a lisp.

The King's wrinkled hands gripped the microphone. Silence loomed across the packed amphitheater as he adjusted the knobs on his oxygen tank. His rickety voice bellowed, "I retyre. I mean...er...tire." Thousands of adoring fans wailed. "It's been...uh..good," he said. Critics argued that he should've quit several decades ago, but damn it, he's still got it. Haggard and wrinkled but oh so smooth. The world will never be the same without The King contorting his body for our pleasure.

WEEKLY LITERARY REVIEW

...

OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

22,000 PAGES | \$1,100

...



When I began reading this series, I had high expectations. Indeed, I have heard glowing reviews from many well-read individuals. According to some sources, these volumes belong in any quality library. Unfortunately, I am forced to sharply disagree.

I'm sorry to report that this book is intensely mediocre. The plot is incoherent and almost nonexistent, and lacks even basic characterization. I could not follow any plot threads whatsoever or find any continuity or cohesiveness.

The prose is also questionable, with one sentence seemingly unrelated to the next. The flow of words is disjointed, and seemed perhaps like a failed attempt at postmodernism. Unlike a work like *Ulysses*, there were no ongoing themes apparent. Unlike most great works of literature, there was no real attempt to explore the human condition, instead settling for random bloviated assemblages.

I will admit, the vocabulary of the author is very advanced. There were many terms I had to consult a reference source to understand. However, an assortment of obscure vocabulary does not compensate for a lack of actual depth.

At times, it almost seemed as if the author was overusing, nay abusing, a thesaurus. There are many quotations and references to other works, but they contribute little to the overall quality of this piece.

More pragmatically, this series is excessively lengthy. It consists of 21,728 pages, spread over 20 volumes, which is far too long for any human being to consume in a reasonable amount of time. Furthermore, the typeface was very small. The book is poorly designed for the reader's comfort, leading to frequent eyestrain and headaches.

In fairness, there are some moving passages contained within. For example, on the subject of love, the narrator states, "love, n.1: Origin: A word inherited from Germanic. Etymology: Cognate with Old Frisian *luve* love, Old Saxon *luba* I. Senses relating to affection and attachment." These few scant passages, however, scarcely justify the work's length.

All in all, the Oxford English Dictionary is an overrated, overpriced, and overlong work, not worth the discriminating reader's time or money.

...

MOSTER TRUCK RALLY

In case you missed the radio broadcast of Big Smash Monster Vehicle Rodeo: Family Reunion, we have the transcript here.

ROY: MAN O MAN WE'VE GOT AN ABSOLUTE RAGER TONIGHT

BERT: YOU SAID IT ROY

ROY: OUR FIRST RACE OF THE NIGHT IS BETWEEN THE FATHER-SON DUO OF 'SMASH TANK BIG TRUCK' AND 'DIRTY DAN'S DEMON DEMOLISHER II' AND IT'S GOING TO BE A CLOSE ONE

BERT: YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT ROY

ROY: PRIEST BY CHOICE AND FATHER BY ACCIDENT, SCOTT SR. IS LOOKING TO ANNIHILATE HIS ONLY SON DARREN. THINGS HAVE BEEN A LITTLE CONTENTIOUS AT HOME SINCE DARREN'S MOM LEFT.

BERT: YOU TELL EM ROY

ROY: I JUST DID

BERT: YOU SAID IT ROY

ROY: AAAAAND THE RACE IS ON. SCOTT SR. STARTS OF STRONG WITH A WHOOOSH! WHEEEEEEE! AND A THUMP! THRUNK! SPLOSH! AND HE'S BACK ON THE GROUND

BERT: YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT ROY

ROY: THE ADRENALINE SEEMS TO BE GETTING TO DARREN AND SO IS THE GUILT HE FEELS FOR DRIVING A WEDGE BETWEEN HIS PARENTS BECAUSE HE'S ABOUT TO MAKE A ROOKIE MISTAKE. HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE BIG MOUND OF DIRT SMASH! BOOM! FLOP! AND NOW THE LESS BIG ONE! SQUISH?

BERT: YOU TELL EM ROY

ROY: SCOTT SR. IS DRIVING CIRCLES AROUND HIS SON. LITERALLY.

BERT: IT SURE IS A HOT ONE OUT THERE ROY

ROY: THE TWO MEN ARE NOW OUT OF THEIR TRUCKS

BERT: YOU SAID IT ROY

ROY: THEY'VE STRIPPED DOWN TO THEIR UNDERPANTS AND ARE NOW CHARGING AT EACH OTHER

BERT: YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT ABOUT THAT ROY

ROY: I THINK THIS FATHER AND SON ARE ABOUT TO HAVE IT ALL OUT IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

BERT: YOU SAID IT ROY

ROY: NOPE, I WAS WRONG. THE FATHER AND SON APPEAR TO BE HUGGING

BERT: IT SURE IS A HOT ONE OUT THERE ROY

ROY: FLOP! SMUSH! THEY ARE NOW LYING ON THE GROUND IN A LOVING EMBRACE, CRYING. I GUESS ALL IS FORGIVEN

BERT: YOU TELL EM ROY

ROY: WHAT A LOVELY ENDING TO A BITTER FEW MONTHS FOR THE TWO

BERT: THAT'S RIGHT ROY

ROY: THEY ARE BOTH DISQUALIFIED OF COURSE

BERT: YOU SAID IT ROY

Top Ten Vegetables That Could Be Pokemon

10. Rainbow Chard
9. Chayote
8. Broccolini
7. Arugula
6. Kohlrabi
5. Water Chestnut
4. Rutabaga
3. Sunchoke
2. Jicama
1. Bok Choy

Top Ten Sexy Chemicals in Your Food

10. Ass-pertaime
9. Citric Ass-id
8. High Fruc-toes Porn Syrup
7. Thicceners
6. Night-rate
5. Vanilla Sex-tract
4. Hydrochlorideadick Acid
3. Faking Soda
2. Yell OHHH #5
1. Red Dye #69

Top Ten Building Movies/TV Shows

10. Dwinnella Enchanted
9. Moffit the Vampire Slayer
8. Campanile Rock
7. The Moffitt Show
6. ___ hall in the family
5. BraveHearst
4. EshleMan of Steel
3. Green Barrows
2. Cory (Hall) in the House
1. Sutardja Dai Hard

Thank you so much everyone who donated!

**Akshay Aitha
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Beth Martyn
Evan Nyarady
Kait Schultz
Kayla Martyn**

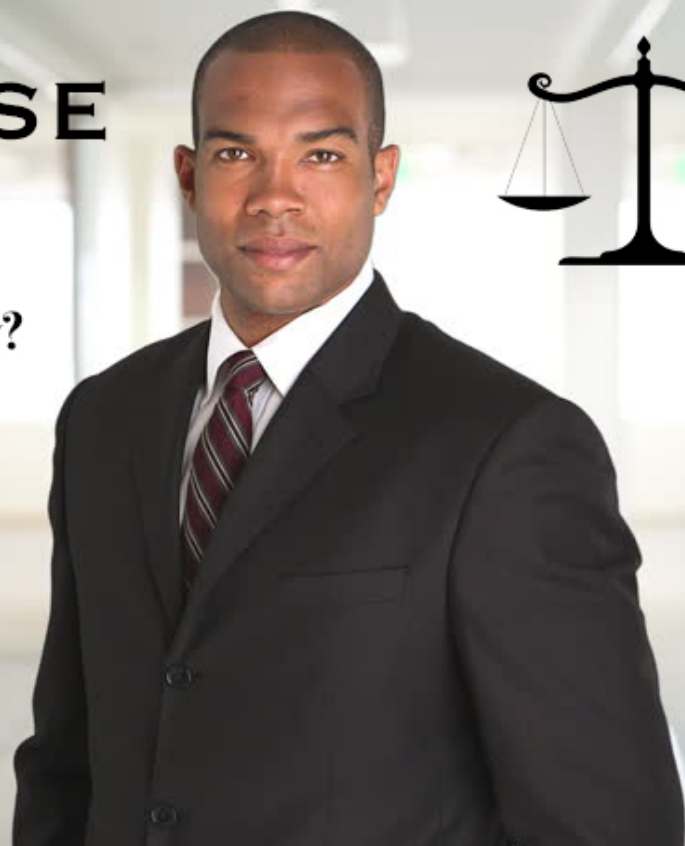
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-GASMS

You may have heard of nerdgasms and foodgasms, but did you know about these other kinds of fascinating new -gasms?

Orgasm

Much like the feeling of bliss that occurs during a foodgasm, but brought on by sex! I discovered this pleasure for the first time recently and let me tell you, it's worth trying at least once.

Boregasm

A lost art in this age of media saturation, sometimes one can become SO bored that it becomes a transcendent state.

Cyborgasm

Whenever you use technology to help out, whether high-speed internet or a remote-control vibrator, you're engaging in the -gasm of the future

Sargasm

The perfect -gasm for the post-modern age, the sargasm is for when sex is SO bad that you can't help but respond ironically. Besides, I think we know that, like movies, bad sex is common, but REALLY bad sex is something to be savored. Trust me, this is a subject I know a little about *wink*

Fartgasm

When you accidentally have an orgasm when you fart. This happens to people, right? It's not just me?

Snorgasm

This type of orgasm is brought on by simply looking at the sweet, volumnuous body of the Pokémon Snorlax. Over a thousand pounds!

Morgue-gasm

That sexy feeling you get when you look at dead bodies. Talk about a stiff!

.org-gasm

That thrilling feeling of pride when you know that your one-time donation of five dollars to disaster relief makes you morally superior to your peers.

Horrorgasm

That little shudder that runs down your spine right when a horror movie reaches its climax. Some people spend their whole lives looking for that kind of thrill.

Or-gasm

When you or your partner orgasms, but never both.

Orc-gasm

When you can't stop goblin' up that sweet Uruk-high.

Moore-gasm

When your level of pleasure doubles roughly every two years

Exorgasm

When they pound that evil spirit right out of you!

Ore-gasm

That feeling when you finally have enough ore for a development card and get that Largest Army.



THE ROSETTA STONED

Indiana Jones who? Our resident archaeologists here at the Squelch dug past miles of used condoms to uncover the world's first ever humour publication, The Rosetta Stoned. Dated somewhere between 20 to 30,000,000 years, this publication has incredibly archaic jokes that the hip & cool cat comedy writerz of today no longer write.



NEWSFLASH

First Ever Sick Burn Happen For First Time

Daiyz ago, when half of moon mysteriously disappear—again!—event now refer to as First Ever Sick Burn occur. According to witness, caveman Brok and Grub was get into heat argument. 1 Witness say to Stoned, "Brok was make comment about Grub loincloth, say it look stupid and made for women." Grub say, "I'ad 'ad enough. I was done letting brute like Brok stomp all over me."

What happen next, change course of human history forever.

Grub say he tell Brok he get his loincloth from Brok mom, after he visit her last nite. Insult was so innovative and so incredibly disrespectful, yet full of clever insight that Brok go into shock and fall into fire. He burn instant. "Nobody know what happen. Everyone was scream in amazing at Grub insult that by time anyone notice Brok had fall, he was burn to nacho."

Is this one time event? Will other also us clever word for insult and cause more burning? Only time, a construct that does not yet exist, will tell.



Top 5 Prehistoric Directors

5. Wes Neandthral
4. Steven Spearberg
3. Alfred Hitchrock
2. Before Christ-stopher Nolan
1. Flint Eastwood

Top 5 Primitive sex toys

5. Rock vaguely shaped like a penis
4. A squash with a convenient hole
3. Earthquakes
2. A slightly bigger rock shaped like a penis
1. An even bigger rock shaped like a penis

Top Ten Prehistoric Bands

10. Aerrowhead Smith
9. The Rolling Stones
8. AD/BC
7. Archaic Fire
6. Firewood Mac
5. MileySaurus
4. Def Sabre Tooth Tiger
3. Ötzi Osbourne
2. Earth, Wind, and Fire
1. Maroon 5 BC



NIBS:

PETA launches new campaign against loin cloths (STONE C8)

Vegan members of the community continue to die (STONE A1)

Larry King turns 25! (STONE B5)

Power-couple Pangea breaks up, whole world divided! (STONE G9)

Amazon Primal to begin State-of-the-art Pterodactyl Delivery (STONE J2)

Mancaves as sexist as ever (STONE R4)

Venus of



VIAGRA

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Hunter-GatherersONLY.com



FARMERS JUST DON'T GET IT.

How many times has this happened to you? You're out and about on your pre-dawn stroll and you stumble into a hidden cove that houses pre-historic satire magazines, with etchings of Nicholas Cage on the back. You scoff and roll your eyes because you've just discovered priceless treasure for what seems like the 24th—but is actually the 37th—time and you still have no one to share it with. Well look no further, except to read the rest of this pitch, and come join our rag-tag group of treasure hunters seekers, so that we can be alone, together. We're looking for:

- Loners
- Treasure Seekers
- Nicholas Cage
- Hidden Cove Explorers
- Rocks
- Stones
- Caves
- Cave painters
- Writers
- Graphic Designers
- Illustrators

Be a part of something official so that your parents can get off your back about the whole 'treasure hunting is for hollow-brained lunatics with no goals or aims in life' business. Treasure seeking is NOT a waste of time! Email us at heuristicsquelch@gmail.com for any questions.

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BREAKUP SURVEY

Thank you for dating me! I am sad to see you go. Please fill out this survey:

	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	Not at all			Moderately			Very
Considering both the limitations and possibilities of the relationship, how would you rate the overall effectiveness of this partner?	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
How satisfied were you?	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
How well were you compensated for the work you did in this relationship?	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
How well did I handle your family at annual events?	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
How fairly were you treated by your supervisor?	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
How well did I handle your business?	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

1 What are your reasons for terminating this relationship?

2 How much did you enjoy being punished by for being a bad bad worker

3 How satisfying was working in large group setting?

3.5 Was it awkward after? Can you still look Jerry in the eye?

4 Was I sufficiently equipped?

5 What ultimately led you to accept another position?

5.5 What position worked best for you?

6 Rebound sex?

6.9 Please?

7 How much of your decision to leave this relationship was contingent on my insistence to put it in your butt?

7.5 One time it was an accident though

8 Did you fake it that one time?

Yes

No

Everytime

9 Will you recommend my company to other prospective persons?

9.5 Don't tell your friends that I cried that time.

Collecting survey data like this will help me improve my service in the future. All information collected will remain private, except I might tell my therapist, bitch about you to my friends, or mention it online if I get really fucked up one night.

CRACKING OPEN A COLD ONE

It's Frat row, 1987. The parties are wild and there's no such thing as consent yet. Chad Jones, a Sigma Nu Mu frat star, disappears into thin air during a real banging rager, never to be seen pulling babes again. The police did their best to bring Chad home, but chalked his disappearance up to the dangerous practice of "tie-dying" and disbanded Sigma Nu Mu from the campus. Now it's 2017. SigNuMu is rechartered and rebranded as Beta Delta Sigma Mu and is spreading open its doors for the first time in at least 18 years. During their first party of the semester, pledges Chad Smith and Chad Turner stumble—literally—onto something that would blow this case wide open.

From the Podcasters of Fraternal Past, I'm Chad Martin and this is the 69th episode of the crime solving podcast, *Cracking Open a Cold Case with the Boys*. I'm not three children in a trench coat pretending to be a detective or a timid journalist at the Daily Planet with thick-rimmed glasses and the ability to fly or even a licensed finder-outer; I couldn't get hired as any of those. Yet, for the past year, I have probed and prodded middle-aged ex-frat legends, most of whom are still applying shoe polish to their bald spots in the basement of their frats, about the events of a game day 30 years ago. Specifically, the game of tennis. Though I learnt nothing from those interviews, I kept digging.

Soon, I met Chad Smith and Chad Turner at the Gluten & Glutes Gym, a local fitness center where members inject gluten directly into their gluteus muscles—no mouth! They sat down with me to share the story of their discovery.

"We were walking through the underground system of tunnels that connect all chapters of the frat across the country. We were on our way to a discussion on 'The Quest for Sincerity in a Post-postmodern World and How to Get Laid: A BetaDeltSigMu Special' and that's when we saw him."

Ominous music sounded as I leaned in closer to them. It was my new ringtone.

"I'll call you later, mom" I said, "I'm recording a podcast."

I hung up and leaned further forward. Our noses touched.

"Saw whom?" I said.

"Him," they replied not in unison.

"Him?"

"No, Chad Jones."

"Gasp," we all said in unison.

"What was he doing there?"

"Laying dead."

"Was he dead?"

"He was asleep."

Well there you have it folks. Chad Jones had been asleep for the past 30 years.

This podcast was brought to you by "Bread: People still eat this stuff with their mouths!"



A DAY AT THE GLADE

The stakes were very high. Almost too high. Glen stood in the middle of the glade. He had cartwheeled over there from his original spot by the decrepit cabin in the woods after all of his friends mysteriously disappeared and because for some reason the frisbees seemed to be attracted to the center of the field. Magnetism, he figured. All he had to do was catch the frisbee on the next throw and he would instantly become a college legend. He could already picture himself in ultra HD cinemascope 80mm black-and-white film as he crowd surfed around campus.

Already a middle school myth and a high school celebrity, Glem knew the bar was set very high. Almost too high. He looked around the glade and stared deeply into the souls of the thousands of adoring fans, who had all hammered their hopes and dreams on to him. 'Whooo!' they cheered him on. 'Hoooo!' they continued, for over 45 minutes.

In the crowd, a group of stoners chomped on wilted blades of grass when munchies hit after they got very high. Almost too high. A father knelt down next to his visually impaired son and whispered, "you're about to witness history." The son cried because he knew he couldn't. The father snickered sinisterly. A two-legged dog sat slumped by a tree, whining encouragement. A newly single woman forlornly made her way towards a bottle of cough syrup, looking to break her 10 year-long sobriety. A scholarship winner was about to be peer pressured into taking Adderall recreationally.

Gleb followed the movements of the frisbee through the air and realized that he had miscalculated the trajectory; he had used letters instead of numbers and apples instead of oranges. He sprinted towards it as it began to land and dove through the air with such grace that a ballet dancer in New York collapsed. Mid-leap, he opened up his exquisite man bun and used his hair as a lasso to catch the frisbee right before it landed.

The crowd went wild and it rained Doritos. The little boy could see again; he hadn't been blind for the past 7 years, he just had his eyes shut. The dog stood up on its two remaining legs and walked; it had been a human this whole time. The woman drank the vile liquid and got rid of the nasty cough she had had for a week. The nerd ODeD.

"Eskimo kisses," Glep said, "eskimoes for all." He now knew what Oprah felt like all the time. He had managed to do the undoable, the unimaginable, and were it to be transcribed into text, the unprintable. He would have made college history, had he not been kicked out four decades ago for missing all his classes to go play ultimate frisbee.

Top Ten Magical Creature Body Parts

10. Unicornia
9. L(n)ymp
8. Big foot
7. G-gnomes
6. Thigh-clops
5. P-imp-le
4. Elf-bow
3. Headusa
2. Loch Neck Monster
1. Tooth Fairy

Top Five Sexual Pirates

5. Blackpubes
4. Captain Thicc
3. Long John Silver
2. Jack-off Sparrow
1. Davy Bones

Top Five Endings

5. Happy
4. Never
3. Tr-
2. Abrupt

Top Ten Social Security Numbers

10. 733-31-5179
9. 405-98-5162
8. 526-61-5865
7. 362-44-6376
6. 923-41-3134
5. 661-04-2897
4. 556-58-1910
3. 512-61-8630
2. 457-83-7307
1. 696-69-6969

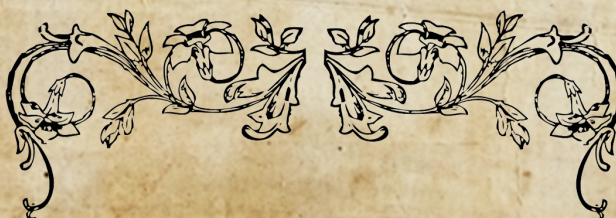
CAROL



The Teachings of Jesus Christ



1. The Christian life is marked by baptism **PAIN AND SUFFERING**
CAROL
2. Jesus asks us to repent—turn away from sin, confess ~~wrongdoing~~
PLAGIARISM, AND TO ALWAYS FOLLOW THE STUDENT HONOR CODE.
CAROL
3. Jesus says, "Take up your cross ~~572 UC GOLDEN BEARS FOOTBALL FLEECE~~
HOODED SWEATSHIRTS and follow me"
CAROL
4. Repeatedly Jesus notes, "The kingdom of ~~heaven~~ **HELL** is at hand,
AND IT'S HERE FOR FOUR, MAYBE EVEN FIVE, YEARS."
5. Jesus showed compassion for all and helped them: the poor, the despised,
the outcasts, and wants us to do the same.
**GAVE THEM FREE SPEECH: THE LIBERALS, THE CONSERVATIVES,
THE NAZIS AND WANTS US TO DO THE SAME.**
CAROL
6. Jesus and God are ~~one~~. **ACTUALLY IN A BITTER RIVALRY, AND NEITHER
OF THEM LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT OUTSIDE OF WORK.**
7. Jesus' disciples become a community of ~~faith~~, which forms the beginnings
of the ~~Christian Church~~ **CRUELTY AND ARROGANCE**
BERKELEY ACADEMIA.



Cal Dining Cook Book

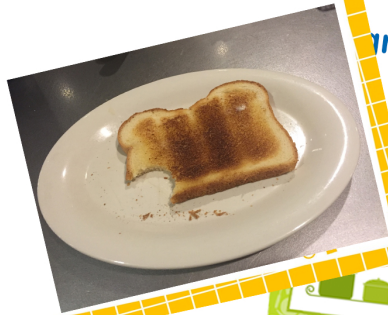
Exclusive Sneak Peek!

Spice up your dining hall routine with these fresh and fun recipes!

Recipe:

Instructions:

1. Wait until someone leaves their toaster unattended.
2. Take their toast.



Toast

Onion Bagel

Ingredients:

- 1 onion
- 1 bagel
- 1 cream cheese
- 2 sticks of butter

Eat on the go!



Fruit Basket

Crossroads only allows you to take one (1) piece of fruit, so

CHOOSE WISELY



stroke meal

Recipe: Honestly,,, i dont , even i dont knwo

ingredients:
unknown
recipe:
unknown



Spicy Chicken Dish

Ingredients: spicy!

Instructions: spicy!!

Spice rating: 



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FRESHMAN ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Freshman,

I haven't been to class in weeks; honestly, I didn't even realize I was in an Anthropology class. What can I do to pass the final? (Also, is it too late to pass/no pass it?)

From,
Oops
P.S. What is
Anthropology?

Dear Oops,

Don't fret! If your class is anything like mine, there are tons of kids with detailed, color-coded and cross-referenced notes that they would be willing, even excited to share with you. Also, I looked it up and Anthropology is a "chain selling boho-chic womenswear, shoes, accessories & home decor (some feature wedding attire)."

Hakuna Matata,
Freshman

Dear Freshman,

My long-term partner just dumped me and is already posting pictures of their new boo on instagram. I've never felt so alone and worthless in my entire life. How do I get over them?

From,
Single Lady

Dear Single Lady,

Sorry, can't relate. I've been dating my girlfriend for over two years, and we're still going strong. We Facetime every night and I go back home every other weekend to see her. We're going to be together for the rest of our lives, so I'll probably never be able to help you out on this one.

Already put a ring on it,
Freshman

EDIT: We broke up. Try
alcoholism.

Dear Freshman,

I don't know what to do with my life. My major is useless and I have a 1.9 GPA. I don't have a job lined up, and I don't even know what city I want to live in after I graduate.

Help,
Salty Senior

Dear Salty Senior,

Don't worry, you have plenty of time! it is totally normal to change your major a few times! You are in the #1 Public University in the World! You can do anything! We have a very diverse community and extensive alumni network! This is the birthplace of the Free Speech Movement! This is a Timely Warning! Go Bears!

From,
Chancellor Christ

You see, people are like crabs in a bucket. People who escape the bucket and claw their way to freedom will never hang out with you. Only by dragging people down to your level will you ever have any friends.

Mill E'Neal

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH DRINKING GAME

Since its founding 20-something years ago, The Heuristic Squelch has been an influential member of the community of humour magazines at UC Berkeley with 'squelch' in the title. Over those years, the thin chapped lips of our pasty-faced writers have never once come in contact with the heinous liquid that is alcohol. Not even once have we as a collective group woken up naked in radioactive bunkers, amid a pool of partially melted candlesticks, with no memory of the night before. However, if you're looking for a night that will end with you waking up at noon, glued to an oak tree by nothing but the *cough cough* hair *cough* on *sputter* your *wink wink* head, we have, in honour of our 20-something-th anniversary, just the drinking game for you.

ROUND 1 HUMILITY

We at the Squelch pride ourselves on our humility. We believe it's so damn important to stay grounded and be one one with the commoners, which is why our first round is designed to strip away any egotistic facade that might lead you to participate in self-aggrandizing acts, svuch as writing about yourself in your own publication.

HUMILITY RECIPE

1 MINIMALLY FUNGUSED VAT
3 BOURBON
2 WHISKEY
1 PREMIUM VODKA
1 SUB-STANDARD VODKA
1/2 LIME WEDGE

Toss all the bottles of alcohol into the vat and mix. Don't worry about any broken shards of glass—you lose all sensation once the insides of your mouth have bled enough. For this round, gather your friends, find a local event such as a contest for Attractiveness and Superficial Beauty, and tailgate it. Each time you see someone who you think is even the slightest bit more attractive than you, drink a bucketful of Humility. Then let it sink in—let it all sink in.

ROUND 2 NIHILISM

What's the damn point of this stupid game anyway? Find a 7-11, buy up the entire liquor aisle and drink.

ROUND 3 PEA BREAK

Eat some peas.

ROUND 4 STRIP POKER

Sit around a table with your friends, pour out a bottle of your finest wine, adopt the most placid facial expression you can and remove all items of clothing. Once everyone is naked, the round can begin. As you gently sip the wine through your blood-stained lips, channel the hate and anger you usually have reserved for yourself, into coming up with clever insults for your friends, like 'you smell like sesame' or 'you taste like sesame' or 'what are you, a sesame?' Hurl these vicious remarks to strip away each another's poker faces. Drink each time someone cries and each time someone doesn't.

ROUND 5 NEO- NIHILISM

Oh, crap. Drink.

ROUND 6 NEO-PEA BREAK

Eat some neo-peas.

ROUND 7 FINALE

Repeat rounds 1-6

PRINT MEDIA
IS
ARCHAIC



So is
ur Mom

