

THE HEURISTIC

SQUELCH

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OCT 2019

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the **heuristic**
squelch

COMPLYING WITH AUTHORITY SINCE 1991

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Questions, comments, suggestions?

FEEDBACK@SQUELCHED.COM

words from the top

Reader,

I think about you often. I wonder who you are. Are you a child? An adult? Some half-child half-adult hybrid porous monster, a teen as they're unaffectionately called? Are you Beyoncé? I always suspected that you and Solange were big fans of our magazine. I'm glad to know you are. For those of you who aren't the Knowles sisters, you tried. I can't say I applaud you for that.

Are you still trying? At life I mean, on earth, as part of the whole cosmic schebang of it all. Are you someone who gave up trying a while ago because it all got a bit too much to handle? And like you didn't sign up for this but you're here anyway and there's nothing you can do about it but you'll be damned if you're forced to try and you don't for the most part, but still, maybe once in a rare while, you do try, because somewhere deep down you still think there is more to it all, but, at the first sign of trouble, you immediately run away and you tell yourself that you're trying your damn well best to stay afloat and keep in it, even though deep down you know you gave up, not just now, on this particular occasion, but in an expansive life-type way—you gave up a long time ago on that and then settled on telling yourself that it's not worth it and that it's all just nonsense spinning on a giant marble of more nonsense that's full of self-centered people with egos larger than the marble they're on though you're not like that at all, you just want a simple, happy life so why you should give a shit about these massive ego marbles that are not even the shiny, fun marbles you had as a kid that made that lovely clattering sound when you dropped a whole lot of them that you had in your outstretched cupped hands, which still had that adorable uncoordinated childlike look about them, right onto the ground and you imagined yourself in some cartoonish chase scene, impeding the progress of your chasers and giggled to yourself because, at that time, you still found that funny, even though now there's no way in hell you would giggle at that and, if anything, you might even scorn at the whole idea or at the very least find no amusement in it—no, the ego marbles are not at all like those fun childhood marbles (which you don't care for now anyway) but these jagged marbles that sting through the air, just by their presence, like, through the atmosphere or something, which is just *nuts* if you think about it, but you don't need to worry about that anymore—these ego marbles no longer bother you because you would have to try and care about stuff for them to actually have an effect on you, and since you don't try or care, you're good and you might as well just stay at home and watch TV or play video games or something, which is what you do and eh, you say with a melancholic sigh, that's life, right?

Anyway, I hope you enjoy our comedy magazine.

SIDDHARTH

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Freshman Masturbates; Goes Deaf

By Matthew Selman, Lotion Salesman

They say that truth is stranger than fiction and the tragic story of a local teen's experience with what was supposed to be a "safe" and "run-of-the-mill" procedure (no pun intended) that left him deaf and cum was the truest and strangest of them all. Joseph Pleasure agreed to share his story with us in the hope that others will think twice before grabbing that Jergens.

After getting off to a "normal" start, Joseph described how things took a bizarre turn, for the worse: "As I reached for the bottle of lotion, I heard a strange sound that caused me to turn around. The next thing I knew, a large bird had swooped in through the open bathroom window and grabbed the lotion in its talons." The unfortunate freshman went on to describe his attempts to ensnare the Bird of Prey and admit that, at that moment, his only concern was getting the bottle back. He added, "I grabbed a candelabra that was in the corner of the room, for unrelated reasons, and swung it at the beast, but

my hands were so slippery that it flew out of them and hit a bust of Ruth Bader Ginsberg that I had on the basin, also for unrelated reasons."

The commotion further enraged the Bird of Prey, which, in its Fury, dropped the bottle of lotion on Pleasure's head. "At first I thought, 'This is great! The bird overplayed its hand and I'm getting the lotion back,' but then I realized that it wasn't the bottle that it had dropped." What the Beast had actually dropped had been a Petite Rabbit that it had had with itself the entire time and that Pleasure had failed to notice amid the commotion.

With a live rabbit on Joseph's head and a throbbing erection on his penis, the RBJ bust in shambles, and the Bird of Prey still commanding control of the lotion, Pleasure admitted that he felt what at first he thought was panic. "I don't know what I was thinking, but I tried to spray the bird with a bottle of perfume that was within reach to try to confuse it." Tragically, the

perfume bottle was facing the wrong way and Pleasure emptied the contents into his own widened eyes. Temporarily unable to see, he flailed his arms and hit the gramophone that began playing Vivaldi's *Concerto in G Minor* at a deafening volume. "All I remember was the dual sensation of *L'Odeur du Plaisir* stinging my eyes and rabbit droppings tinkling on my shoulder, when I began losing the ability to hear, and that was when I finally climaxed."

He was found hours later by EMTs who described the scene as "gruesome enough to cause several team members to transition to other careers." Pleasure regained his sight but lost his hearing permanently, about which he said, a little too loudly, "it was the greatest sensation I've ever felt. I plan on trying to lose my sense of taste next. I've only got three more senses left that I can lose, so I gotta make these count."

Eggs Protest Being Poached

By Siddharth Bhogra, egg enthusiast

Eggsterday morning, baskets of eggs gathered at Sproul Plaza with the hopes of putting an end to an archaic human tradition that has persisted since the days of eggsteryear. The tradition in question: the daily mass massacre and consumption of eggs. And the particular mode of preparation: poaching, the second-most devilous of them all.

A boiled egg present commented, "cooking and eating eggs is unfair practice that's been going on since the eggining of time and it's only gotten worse with people like Gordon egging Ramsey. That angry human is always yelling about the "perfect" scrambled eggs. NO way is right. You can't do that to an egg! You shouldn't."

[Editor: Since the Squelch reporter

present at the rally was not fluent in Egg, the comments have been recorded verbatim and translated by a bilingual Eggtaur (half human, half egg) post-rally, further, since all phrases are not as easily translatable as "egg egg egg" or "egg? egg?", we have provided a full transcript of the comments at www.egg.egg, and provide print copies upon special eggquest.]

An omelette said, "Eggs aren't just food. We're fully-functioning sentient beings with complex internal lives and a deep and profound connection to the Earth and Nature. According to Greek myth, Gaia procreated with Uranus, the sky and her first-born, to give birth to the Titans and immediately after, procreated with a fowl and gave birth

to an egg. There's your chicken or egg problem solved. With this plea, I hope to egg you humans on to stop consuming us eggs once and for all." An egg timer added, "I'm just here cuz I got nothing else to do."

Police used spoons against the protestors. Those with minor cracks were provided medical treatment at the Tang Center while those with the more serious cracks and, in some cases, flowing yolk were hospitalized at Alta Bates. Some eggs were arrested and will face trial with potential forced exile to the eggsylum, whose practices continue to receive push back from post-, pre- and semi-scrambled eggs-rights groups.

IN OTHER NEWS:

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Oski Found Not To Be A Real Bear; Put Down
Page ZZ

Carol Christ Admits That She Voted for Trump in 2016
Page U6

Ribbon Cutting Ceremony for Strawberry Creek Dam a Success

By Matthew Damman, Totally a real person and not a dam

A ribbon cutting ceremony was held on Friday for a new hydroelectric dam located on Strawberry Creek near Sather Gate, with Chancellor Carol Christ cutting the ceremonious ribbon herself. The dam, which stands at a little over a meter high and is hoped to be able to power the entire UC System and has single handedly allowed the school to meet all of its renewable energy goals.

The dam is likely to become a popular destination for students and vagrants alike, with the small reservoir behind it serving as both a swimming and a natural bath. Despite the potential of its success, the time leading up to its opening has been fraught with tension. The dam has been a crucial point of debate between the College of Engineering and College of Natural Resources, but, surprisingly, they both seem to agree.

Members of CNR were quick to express their distaste for the project. "I don't understand why the project would be approved, given the multitude of species that call that river home," lamented Dr. Pond Scum, professor emeritus of Nature Things, while on the COE side, esteemed professor of Dam, Dr. ReServoir, boomed, "given the unique hydrodynamics and other confounding variables of the creek at the chosen location, I have no idea why the project coordinators would have chosen an impoundment design, instead of a much more efficient diversion design."

Despite the protests, the Administration chose to go ahead with the project and are currently crowd sourcing a name for the dam. The most popular entry so far is "Damy McDamface".

A Look Inside The New San Quentin Dorms A Year Later

By Joseph Cohn, Living the high life at SQ

This year marks the first anniversary of UC Berkeley's newest residence hall: the San Quentin Dorms. The former state prison became a student dormitory after a partnership proposed by Chancellor Christ, for which she was hailed as a genius who would forever end UC Berkeley's housing shortage.

The amenities at San Quentin include a library with a preexisting mechanism for fermenting wine, an on-site hospital, and an outdoor yard that is perfect for socializing or the occasional game of spikeball. Students praise San Quentin's dining and shower facilities. Many claim that the cafeteria food is on par, if not better, than anything offered by UC Berkeley's other residence halls.

To learn more about life at San Quentin, we interviewed a lanky-looking student we met in the yard. His name was Jimmy Check, and he spoke to us for a time while his friend, a stocky middle-aged inmate nicknamed "Juicy", tattooed a teardrop under Jimmy's eye. "I'm enjoying my time here," said Jimmy. "The facilities are great...better than anything I've experienced in the dorms. San Quentin is full of inmates,

so at first it was difficult learning to live with them. But some of them, like my cell..er..room-mate, Juicy, have tried hard to make sure I feel like I belong." About this time, Juicy, having completed Jimmy's tattoo, slapped Jimmy's bottom and walked back to their cell.

"San Quentin also offers classes here, so I never have to commute to Berkeley," continued Jimmy. "Now that I think of it, I haven't left San Quentin all semester. Not that I need to, of course. Everything I could want is right here. If I need to study, I sign up for an hour in solitary confinement. If I'm bored, I head down to the yard. If I'm looking for fun...well, you know." Having finished the interview, Jimmy got up and hobbled away in Juicy's direction.

UC Berkeley opines that San Quentin is the perfect place to explore a new culture, gain real-life experience, and make lifelong friends. Priority spots are given to out-of-state students, Philosophy majors, and those looking to be politically active on campus.

Man And Dog Defeat Satan

By David Larson, People's Park Correspondent

On Wednesday, local homeless man and now national hero, Scruffy Hopkins The Third, and his trusty pug, Jeremy, vanquished Satan and liberated humanity from Evil. Per usual, Scruffy was out that afternoon stealing hubcaps and looking for glue to sniff, which is when he spotted the Prince of Darkness materialize from a manhole on Telegraph and Channing. "I saw him emerge through a cloud of mist, sharp as butter, dark as a dandelion, and fragrant as a fart. He took off his red hat, put on his devil horns, and said, "I've finally come to town and I'm here to destroy humanity." But there's no way I was going to let that happen. Jeremy turned to me and squinted his squidgy eyes as if to say, "Let's waste this fool." And so we did."

In a security camera footage from a nearby store, Scruffy is seen charging at 1:47pm at a blurry mist in the corner of the camera frame, before exiting the frame altogether. Terrified screams, thunderous barks, and the distant sound of a fiddle can be heard in the footage. A small black object, believed to

be Jeremy, zooms across the frame. At 1:48 pm, a dog's furious gurgling is heard, and a yell of "EAT PUG TURD SATAN!" At 1:49 pm, Scruffy reemerges in the footage, and a bloodied hubcap rolls into the frame.

Scruff proudly announced to a Squelch reporter that it was Jeremy who landed the killing blow on Satan. He was astonished when Jeremy's jaw unhinged and latched onto Satan's throat. The little pug reportedly tore out Satan's windpipe, causing him (Satan) to slink to the ground and dissolve into a pungent fart cloud. Scruffy expressed uncertainty when asked if he believed Satan went to hell.

Berkeley City Council plans to replace Christmas with a local holiday in honor of Scruffy and Jeremy. Top Dog has also announced a new special called "The Jeremy", featuring a small, darkened sausage with a biting flavor. From his tent on Shattuck and Durant, Scruffy expressed his appreciation for the community's gratitude.

Jeremy refused to comment.

BERKELEY ALUMNI

Today we're taking a moment to honor the Berkeley grads who, as inventors (aka those who invent), scientists (those of scient), accountants (those who fuck) and all the out of the box thinkers who changed the world in oh so many ways. And at least some of them good. Here are some of those luminaries:

Jebediah Time (not to be confused with Jebediah Thyme, another Berkeley graduate)

Ever heard of time? Well, we have this man to thank for it. We don't know when he was admitted to Berkeley, but we sure know when he graduated.

Jedediah Space

Friends with Jebediah.

Eugene Gravity

"I was only able to discover gravity because Eugene invented it." ~ Isaac Newton

Beatrix Quantum-Mechanics

The only thing we're really certain about is that she did and she didn't invent Quantum Mechanics.

Bud Light

Fiat Lux Bitchezzzz.

Pauline Pornhub

You're welcome.

Jane Doe

Try imagining life without female deer. Yeah, didn't think you could.

Carol "Jesus" Christ

Bet they didn't teach you that in Bible study.

Chad Racism

We can only apologize.

Edith Equality

Phew! Still working on it though.

Vladimir Nabokov

Invented being an articulate creep

Cynthia Dog

Inventor of cats, man's third best friend.

Ted Kaczynski

Innovative Mathematician

Alice Military-Industrial Complex

Wrote those wonderful children's novels.

Julius Caesar

You thought this was a salad joke, didn't you? Do you think all we do is disparage historical figures and make "puns" of their names? Do you think we're really that cheap?

Augustus Caesar

Inventor of everyone's favorite salad.

AN IDEAL STUDENT

(GOOD HABITS)

आदर्श बालक



सवेरे उठना
WAKES UP



माता-पिता को प्रणाम करना ।
SALUTES PARENTS



सुबह सैर करना ।
ISOLATES VICTIM



दाँत साफ करना ।
PRACTICES SMILING



प्रति-दिन नहाना ।
SPONGES OFF THE EVIDENCE



भगवान की प्रार्थना करना ।
PRAYS TO GOD



पाठशाला जाना व ध्यानपूर्वक पढ़ना ।
HIDES IN PLAIN SIGHT



समय पर भोजन करना ।
SAVORS THE KILL



दूसरों की सहायता करना ।
STALKS FRAILER VICTIM



खेल-कूद में भाग लेना ।
TAKES PART IN GAMES



एन. सी. सी. से सम्बन्ध रखना ।
COMMITTS MINOR GENOCIDE



सामाजिक कार्यों में भाग लेना ।
MOCKS THE ILLITERATE

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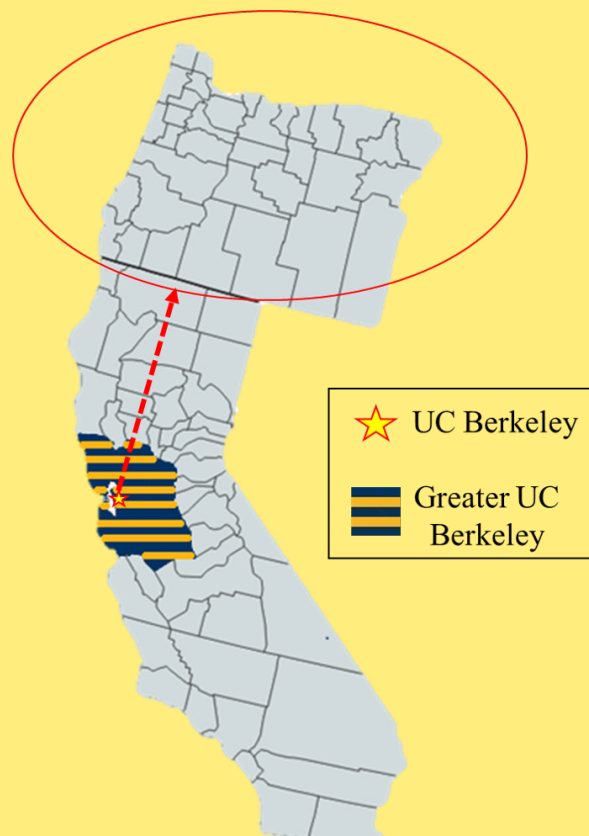
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Local Man Happy

Gunther McDowell, 68, is a happy fellow. His cheeks are rosy, his hair curly and white, and his face softly wrinkled. Every evening, he sits in his rocking chair in Elmwood, reflecting on the changes in his neighborhood. “Yessum, we’z been havin alota new folks movin’ in recently. That’s great, I love all shades of man.” Gunther gazes off into the distance, a tear percolating down his aged visage. “My missus passed two months ago. I woulda been lost if not for these kind folks. They invited me to their church and hog roasts. They made me part of their family.”

Gunther’s phone goes off in his pocket. “Oh don’t mind this, it’s just little Jamal wantin’ to play Fornite with me. The neighborhood kids got me into this gamin’. These goshdarn yung’uns and their vidya games. I neva thought I’d be one ta game myself, but it’s less taxin on my arthritis than pickin’ peaches

in the backyard.” Gunther’s gaze shifts to a pair of rascals meandering in his front yard, playing Pokemon Go. “Kids these days have it easy. When I was a child, I usedta breed worms for months just to buy a piece o’ bubblegum. But that’z just how it wuz, growin up in the Depression an’ all. Kids just don’t understand.” Gunther takes a handsome swig from his ice cold lemonade. “I’m glad they don’t. The Depression was an awful environment to grow up in; no one’s childhood should be that traumatic. I’m happy these kids have three meals a day n a roof over their heads. The world’s a better place than it was fifty years ago. Good men like LBJ and Cesar Chavez made our country the great land it is.”

[Oh, you thought he was going to be racist, didn’t you? Who’s the bigot now?]



Gunther McDowell

Beloved UC Berkeley Administration,

I have been at this university for almost 4 years now and I have nothing but happy memories of my time here. I was recently asked what I'd like to change about UC Berkeley, and my response: "Nothing at all! I am happy!" But surely, you might say, one cannot be so happy—it isn't humanly possible! To that I say: "Not unless you go to UC Berkeley, it isn't!"

Despite how happy I am at this university, there is still one minor grievance I have that I think could do with a quick looking-to. I am sure that the beloved UC Berkeley administration has not yet heard of this issue—which is a teeny tiny lil footnote of a footnote of an endnote of an issue in the exquisite biography of this pristine university—and that is probably why it has not already been solved.

I can sense the apprehension you might be beginning to feel as you read this, O beloved Administration. I can see your arms rising up in disbelief, your nostrils flaring, and your asshole clenching up so tight that the shit you were getting ready to take goes back up your body and is vomited out your mouth. How could this pristine university possibly have an issue?! And if it did, how could it not possibly have already been fixed?! Surely this student writing to us, in addition to being really truly happy, is a fuck shit of a liar! I assure you, O beloved Administration, that I am not a liar. You can take my word for it. I beg of you to hear me out.

According to a survey by the American College Health Association, 55% of college students claimed to have felt "overwhelming anxiety" at least once in the academic year, 48% said they felt "things were hopeless", and 33% said they felt "so depressed that it was difficult to function". These are all, of course, just "facts" and "numbers" and as the beloved leader of this great nation has made clear, these don't really count for anything. But let us, for the sake of argument, assume that there is some shred of truth in these "facts". And I know you're thinking, "but what even is Truth? All that we get to consume these days is just the liberal torrent of fake news, avocados and vegan ham!" But I implore you look past that, O beloved Administration, because the fake news of the matter is that not everyone can be as truly happy as I am—and I really am so very happy!

It's all the students' fault, of course. We are known to be very stubborn and noncompliant. The Tang Center counselors keep telling us to be "happy" but instead we all insist on doing the exact opposite by being and continuing to be "unhappy". Some students (certainly not me) claim that it's almost as if when we were sent here, to a faraway place that feels like an alien's asshole, when we hadn't yet fully developed as humans and were nowhere near being self-sufficient adults, but, found ourselves stuck face-first into a steaming pile of bear shit of an ultra-competitive environment, where we **have** to get our money's worth and from where we can come out on the other end of the anus as more valuable citizens. Education is about the ching-cha-chings in modern society. Long gone are the days of the ancient Greeks with all their ideas of education as a passing on of the baton of society's collective knowledge—those fools!

Here are my humble suggestions as to how the university could consider solving the problem:

- Scribble the words "Be Happy" all across campus
- Paint the university buildings in "happy" colors like yellow, orange, grey, pink, etc.
- Get professors to dress up as clowns
- Offer free hula hoops
- Threaten to offer free meal points
- Have more student outreach for counseling
- Have outreach that isn't the sugary, almost condescending nonsense dense with cliches that college campuses around the country have—it's distancing and feels a little unreal
- Have more student outreach
- Hire a mime with a crate of tomatoes nearby so that students can chuck those tomatoes at the mime
- Have more artwork around campus
- Piñatas in every room

I thank you for taking the time to read my humble words and I hope to hear back soon.

Obediently,
A Grievd Student



Berkeley
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

From the office of the Chancellor

Dear ☒ student ☐ parent ☐ guardian ☐ no one (in case of orphan)

Your comments are invaluable to us. We thank you for your interest, but unfortunately at this time the university is not accepting any criticism. However, we encourage you to continue writing to us because we believe it is important for ☐ your voice to be heard ☐ you to feel like the university cares ☒ both.

THE REMAINDER OF THIS PAGE IS INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK.

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SOMETHING DOWN

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Top Ten Livestock

10. Turkey
9. Buffalo
8. Pheasant
7. Mule
6. Chicken
5. Pig
4. Ol' yeller dog
3. Cow
2. Sheep
1. Goat

TOP TENS

Top Ten Reasons To Hate Austria

10. Fake Germany
9. Yodeling
8. Birthplace of Hitler
7. Had to be saved by Poland
6. Hitler again
5. Flaky pastries for flaky people
4. Really just the Hitler thing
3. Freud
2. Birthplace of Red Bull
1. I mean...Hitler

Top Ten Places To Play The Bagpipes

10. The Highlands
9. The Lowlands
8. While storming the beaches of Normandy
7. At a funeral
6. The corner of Telegraph and Dwight
5. In the back of a police car
4. At court
3. In the judge's face
2. In prison
1. At your funeral

Top Two Worst Things To Learn About Someone

2. That they're from Virginia
1. They're proud of that fact

Top Jesus Impersonator

1. Danny Devito

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Wednesday October 23, 2019, 7:21 AM



University of California Police Department, Berkeley

Timely Warning: This Message is friendly Broadcast From the UCPD

Students!

Please note this message may contain information that some may find upsetting.

You might have noticed the increase in police presence on campus lately. Do not be alarmed! This is for your safety and do you not feel safer already? Yes, you do. The university has implemented new policies to ensure you do.

Not following these policies will lead to disciplinary action, which includes a compulsory transfer to the Merced facility and a subjection to forced medium labor.

Effective Immediately:

1. BearWALK officers are now armed.
2. Curfew is set at 1800 hours on weekdays and 1805 hours on the weekends. Students caught outside after these times shall be escorted to secure locations by aforementioned BearWALK officers.
3. Do not eat squirrels.s
4. Gatherings of more than three individuals are forbidden. Those with friend groups of more than 3 must economize however they see fit.
5. Do not fucking eat squirrels.
6. The following are forbidden: dance groups, acapella, singing of any kind, musical instruments, non-musical instruments, jokes, laughter, so called "humor" magazines, and resistance movements.
7. Students must have the pocket edition of Quotations from Chancellor Christ on their person at all times.
8. Two Step Verification is now required for all social media.
9. GPAs below 3.85 are forbidden.
10. As are GPAs above 3.95. We don't want the world thinking we've got geniuses here.

We are grateful for your amiable agreement in complying with these new orders.

With love,
UCPD

**ARE YOU A REBEL? DO YOU
DESPISE BERKELEY AND
EVERYTHING IT STANDS FOR?
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED
COMMITTING REVOLUTIONARY
ACTS THAT WILL LEAD TO
THE INEVITABLE COLLAPSE
OF THE ASUC'S REGIME? CALL
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ABOUT OUR REBEL MEETINGS.
THIS MESSAGE WAS WRITTEN
BY A REAL RESISTANCE MEMBER
AND NOT THE COPS TRYING TO
GET YOU FOR TREASON.
DO NOT BE AFRAID.**

ZERO FOOD WASTE

Scores of students stand in line, shivering with joy, as they wait to enter the Crossroads Rations Center. The line stretches back several miles and starts somewhere out in the Pacific Ocean. Boats are lined up from the shore out into the water and students crawl from boat to boat as they progress through the line to make their way to land.

On land, the line progresses normally, like lines do. At the door, students are given their respective Rations Ticket, a joyfully beige and joyfully rectangular piece of paper, handed to them by a joyfully joyful officer of the benevolent UC Regents.

A poster on the wall reads: “DO YOUR JOYFUL PART TO END FOOD WASTE BY 2020.” The Cal Dining staff serve students their nutritious meal for the evening: a generous helping of rice and half a potato. Students continue to shiver with joy.

“The university has found there to be a gluttony crisis on campus,” booms a voice over the loudspeaker. “The newly mandated meal is based on the diet of Chancellor Christ, who is very healthy. It is rich in carbs and starch, the two most important food groups required to live a healthy life. Students shall be subjected to a daily weigh in to monitor their weight-loss progress.”

A pamphlet is handed out to students to enlighten and honor them with the knowledge that the meal represented not only the latest innovations in sustainable eating but also the ever-growing glory of UC Berkeley. The rice was produced in the annexed territory formerly known as UC Merced and the potatoes come from the farmlands of UC Davis; both of these territories were, of course, benevolently seized during the humane war of the sixties. All the produce was joyfully farmed by Berkeley’s finest youths, who vacation indefinitely at the Moral Correction camps in these outer territories.

“I am so very excited to receive my nutrition for the day,” says a student, trembling with joy. “Not only do I find the food delicious, but I also feel good that I’m doing my part in fighting food waste. UC Berkeley has taught me that I don’t need to eat more than one meal a day to survive. I can never be hungry if I’m filled with pride for my school and if Chancellor Christ can do so much good on this diet, then surely I can too!”



MILITARY DAY PARADE

Over 11,000 people attended Cal Day 2019, making it the single largest collection of human beings in history. The glorious dignitaries in attendance at this divine celebration included returning students, new admits, parents, presidents, prime ministers, former royalty, Colin, Colin's "girlfriend", and Matthew McConaughey.

Miraculously, through a gift handed down by comrade Oski himself, the streets were free of traffic and the lots were full of parking. The sun shined upon the visitors' smiling faces as they all marched, arm-in-arm, through Sather Gate. Not a cloud could be spotted and the pleasant aroma of lavender and happiness filled the campus. They followed behind our valiant kiwibot battalion, the noble protectors of both food security and law and order at our great University; no belly nor correction center has been empty since their introduction. They were flanked by our handsome and muscular UCPD officers, each with a jaw and impressive shoulders. Under the officers' watchful eyes, the new admits cried tears of joy as they SIRed.

For the 151st consecutive year, this wondrous institution celebrates a 100% matriculation rate. The colossal crowd, 100,000 strong, was chaperoned by the tender hands of our BearWalk escorts. This elite corp of armed student guardians is guided solely by devotion to the Blue and Gold. "To serve this marvelous school is the only pay we

need," exclaimed a Bearwalker, as a UCPD officer lovingly patted his back and a kiwibot nudged his foot with its wheel. Little hearts emerged on the kiwibot's LCD screen. Then, our majestic Campanile struck twelve, and its spectacular bells blessed us with a splendid sound. Immediately, all the million Golden Bears present broke out in song:

*Our Comrade Golden Bear
Can see through all our lies
Has righteous claws that rip and tear
And holds us through our cries*

Our beautiful fight song was sung for the next hour, each verse more thunderous than the last. The parade then veered off campus, making its way down Shattuck. Not a vagabond was in sight, thanks to the University's benevolent and just solution to Berkeley's homelessness crisis. Berkeley city residents joyously took to the streets, uniting with the front of the crowd. Upon each building facade, our mythical flag was unfurled. All one hundred million present erupted into a deafening applause, each clap perfectly in sync, and marched towards the setting sun. A golden hue covered the land. Our UCPD officers and Bearwalkers led the applause, their robust claps and glowing faces inspiring all to continue. The applause endured well into the night, and even though Cal Day has ended, the echoes of the claps still reverberate throughout the Bay.





Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 22



Reading this fake news about UCLA being #1 public u from the liars @usanews Bears>>>Bruins!

1 1 2



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 22



Why do we send so MUCH OF OUR MONEY to UCSD! VIRGINS AND HATERS!!!

0 1 1



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 22



Why do we accept so many international students? They're not sending their best! No more Oregonians!

1 5 6



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 21



Fake scores are fake news! No undeserving student has ever been admitted to Cal--WITCH HUNT!

1 6 5



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 21



Students from Bakersfield are now BANNED! You're next Fresno!!!!

0 0 539



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 21



RUMORS ABOUT FORCED LABOR ON FARMS @ DAVIS ARE FAKE NEWS!!!! FARMERS THERE ARE VERY HAPPY AND SAY I'M DOING A GOOD JOB.

1 1 2



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 21



Rumors that Oski was put down are SADLY TRUE! I will be the mascot now.

0 0 0



Carol T. Christ @TheRealChrist · Apr 20



Happy 4/20 fam #blazeit

31 208 1.5K



НЕТ!



Virtuous Cal student says "not today!" to debauchery

(ANNOUNCEMENT)

Esteemed Students,

Congratulations on starting another year at UC Berkeley, the number [REDACTED] university in the world better than [REDACTED] and ours is longer. We, at the Heuristic Squelch support the [REDACTED] in the age-old quest for [REDACTED] liberate, germinate and [REDACTED] the Irish. The Squelch [REDACTED] no longer associate ourselves [REDACTED], [REDACTED] hedgehog and/or aardvark, [REDACTED]. We do not endorse their [REDACTED] or in [REDACTED] the consistency of a sticky toffee pudding that has been left [REDACTED] Imperial powers [REDACTED] goats?

Thanks to you, the Squelch [REDACTED] [REDACTED] numerous university scandals, including [REDACTED] administration [REDACTED] Fiji [REDACTED] responsible for the Second President Bush ([REDACTED] and the secret relations the Third Mitch McConnell [REDACTED]), the razing of the Davis campus, the Crossroads [REDACTED] Mitch McConnell, and the Eggnog Rebellion.

[REDACTED] continued support of the Squelch. The [REDACTED] gratitude and the squirrels [REDACTED] coup d'etat at UC Merced.

Sincerely and [REDACTED],
The Writers