



SQUELCH

M.D.

Volume 34 - Issue 1



The Heuristic
SQUELCH

Testing on animals since 1991

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

(epipen dealer)

Marisol Suarez

CREATIVE EDITOR

(brewing evil bone water)

Bibi Koenig

WRITERS & CONTRIBUTORS

(toxic mold syndrome survivors)

Furries at Berkeley, Sara Flores, Leopold Hong Johnson, Hector Madrigal, Anthony Paez, James Raymond Jansen III, Danny Salas, Charan Samudrala, Madeleine Singer-Lees, Simar Virk, Jacob Watkins, Chayne Z-H

PHOTOGRAPHY

(wearing contacts in the lab)

Sebastian Garcia, Amber Kim

WEBMASTER

(h = 420)

Simon Ganz

PRINTERS

(playing with lighters & butane)

ACC Printers (510) 652-8838

EDITORS EMERITUS

(enabling AI psychosis)

Siddharth Bhogra, Simona Boneva, Lena Brooks, Aaron Brownstein, Joseph Cohn, Hoodrow Currie, Amy Detrich, Max Ebert, Tejomay Gadgil, Simon Ganz, Ava Guardino, Ava Guihama, Brett Hallahan, David Hollingsworth, Landon Iannamico, Owen Javellana, Sean Keane, Erik Krasner-Karpen, Elizabeth Kurata, David Larson, Matt Loker, Spencer Nyarady, John O'Connor, Rebecca Power, Graham Riley, Kait Schultz, Matthew Selman, Miles Stenehjem, Tommaso Sciortino, Fred Taylor-Hochberg, Joshua Zarrabi



JOIN US.

**Are you protected against
Squelcheimer's Syndrome?**

Come get vaccinated!

ig: @theheuristicsquelch



words from the top

Unlike my peers, I did not go to college to get more knowledge. My only interest in pursuing higher education was to become a college comedy magazine writer. My whole life I had been seduced by visions of candlelit initiations led by cloaked figures, long nights spent handcuffed to a typewriter until the editorial board decided I possessed enough funny bones, and secret handshakes that would definitely make people think I was soooo cool. However, unlike pop culture depictions of college comedy magazines, the Squelch did not even meet the legal definition of a freshman year friend group when I joined. So, I did what any other power-hungry narcissist would do: I begged my friends to join too. But it's hard to start an organized religion with only two followers, and even harder when you tell them they'd be called "squelchers."

What started over a Zoom call where I discussed the inner workings of a Catholic high school retreat led by self-admitted sex offenders who spent their nights in the boys' cabin has now ended with little ol' me writing my very own "words from the top" blurb. Yet, despite my desperate desire to write a few sappy lines about my time at the Squelch, I am unable to. The truth is, I always knew I'd end up as the supreme leader of this nation-state publication. Yes, there was a time where the Squelch had faded into obscurity, and yes, I took great advantage of the fact. I manufactured enough consent to later install myself as the Big Guy In Charge. Just check who signed off at the end of this. It's me.

It's been so incredibly rewarding to write, design, and manage this inexplicable magazine for the past four years. There really is nothing like lambasting every square inch of campus with 40,000 recruitment flyers, publicly declaring our plans to nuke all Berkeley startups, or fighting for ASUC approval to use our funds for custom tramp stamp hoodies—all possible only due to our jester privileges. Many friendships were forged here over discussions of the best Rule 34 comments we could find and a shared commitment to finding out everything about DJ Mandy, and I wouldn't trade it for the world.

The Squelch has been my escape after spending little to no hours on my assignments, so what better way to pay homage to my useless chemistry degree than by dedicating an entire edition to science? As a wise woman (me) once designed with Keynote, I ♥ CoC. But more importantly, I love the Squelch.

Extracting the benign enchondroma in my pinky finger,

Marisol Suarez

Table of Contents

4. Newsflashes
5. Rorschach Inkblot Test
6. Anthropology of BART
8. Musical.ly Syndrome
9. In Defense of Weed
10. DJT Medical Report
12. First Successful MPREG!
14. The Blackwell Panopticon
15. Alexandria's Genesis

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 re-reflect the opinions of the ASUC nor does it re-re-reflect the opinions of the ASUC nor does it flect the opinions of the ASUC. No homo.

The Scientific Difference Between a Man Butt & a Man with an Ass

By Ant Gatito

“It’s clear that there is a scientific difference between the muscly, tough, disgusting man butt that most heterosexual men have, and the plumpness seen in the ASSES of homos,” so states Nobel prize winner Dr. Yaoi, who claims the backsides of sexually diverse men have different physical and chemical properties. “The distinction is pretty clear if you’ve ever dove face-first into some man pillow,” Yaoi clarified. Dr. Yaoi pioneered a new system which

utilizes the sacred math of the Fibonacci Sequence. Rounder asses that follow the Fibonacci Sequence are physically softer, smoother, and “tighter than a mini M&M tube’s grip on a 5.1in length, ~4.5in girth cylinder.” Yaoi collected data by employing MRI scans as well as measuring the diameter and thickness of multiple men’s behinds to create 3D renderings of their cabooses, distinguishing the fat and muscle contents of the various buttocks samples. With a

sample size of 10,000 young stallions, Yaoi is confident that her scientific breakthrough will change men’s futures for the better. “The BBL industry will fall when my D.A.Y.U.M. vaccine gets FDA approval!” Yaoi claims. However, her injection of lip filler and blended up pages of the homoerotic manga novel *Karasugaoka Don't be Shy!!* has yet to meet FDA guidelines.

Note: D.A.Y.U.M. stands for Disastrously Altering Yams with Uncensored Manga.

Lesbian Crabs Solve the Great Pacific Garbage Patch

By Shelly King

While scuba diving for human remains in the area surrounding the Great Pacific Garbage Patch (GPGB), a group of marine biologists from UC Berkeley noticed unusual behavior in the crab population: faced with a lack of male crabs due to a combination of migration and poaching, the female crabs unexpectedly displayed homosexual tendencies. According to the field notes, these female crabs

began assembling assistive reproduction apparatuses (not unlike human strap-ons) with plastics found in the GPGB to satisfy their animalistic needs. To the marine biologists’ shock, this approach had positive environmental repercussions: the lesbian crabs had actually reduced the size of the GPGB by roughly 1%, according to satellite images. Female crabs in neighboring habitats quickly followed suit, realizing they were now able to satisfy

their urges without the need to reproduce. As the contagion spreads, scientists have noticed a steady decline in the worldwide crab population. In order to prevent further spread of these Assistive Reproduction Apparatuses, researchers across all disciplines urgently formulated a solution to eradicate the GPGB once and for all, ensuring a future with bountiful seafood boils and lavishly buttered crab legs for all. **YUMMERS!!!!**

IN OTHER NEWS:

Students Detained for Synthesizing Poppers in Campus Lab
Page H0

Cal-Rx Unveils "Gruesom Newsom" Strain
Page F20

Sac Sack Sniffer & Pimentel Pisser Strike Back
Page PP8

Don't Get Stuck Where The Trade Left You: PrEP Now Available at the Tang Center!
Page U2

UPDATED: The Rorschach Inkblot Test

New studies have revealed a direct causal relationship between subjects' inkblot interpretations and their psyches. Observe the inkblots below, take note of your interpretations, and your diagnosis shall be revealed.



Diagnosis:



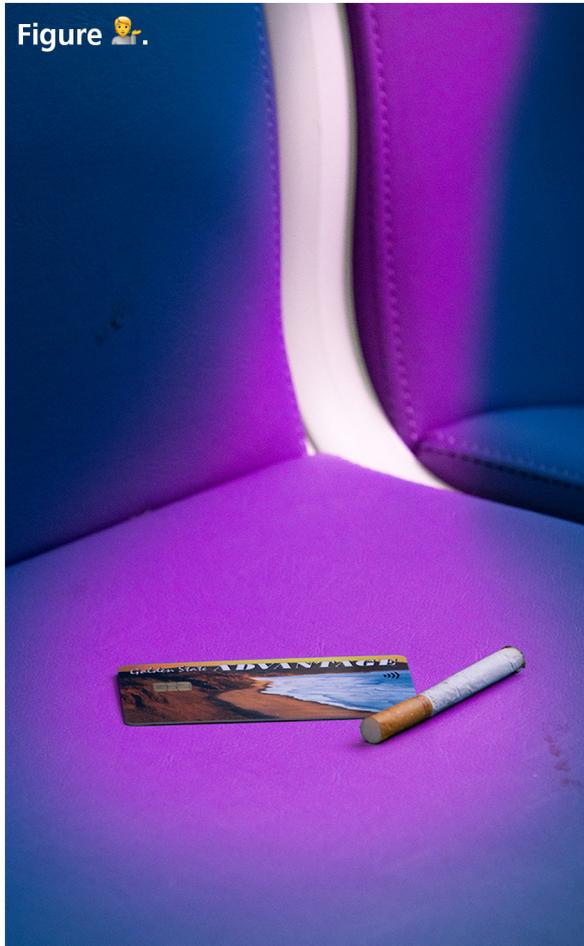
Beyond the Tracks:

anthropological observations of Bay Area Rapid Transit riders

Figure 12: Rigoberto Delamínguez, daily BART commuter, pictured making an international call to his daughter while reading a copy of her favorite publication.

Figure : Self-proclaimed "tech bro" self- straps to bike rack after smoking that Gruesome Newsom Pack™, disturbs other riders. Refuses to provide his name. Yes, we are assuming his "pronounce."

Figure : Lost items, an EBT card and pre-loved cigarette, unanimously referred to as "purple loot" by the interviewed commuters.



Congregation of riders during service outage, passing the time by playing a game of UNO. The presence of the owner of the deck, Louise, is demonstrated in the photograph (NOT edited).





TOP: A baRT Yuri reader, enjoying a few chapters of literature on his way back home. He asked to make sure it is known he is reading "the Green Yuri."
LEFT: Berkeley Marxist begs the SquelchGeo team for a photo, saying she wants to emulate "that one Biden pic."
BOTTOM: Miss Merkin, dominatrix, and Morris, her subordinate, seen attempting to escape her grasp on their way out from the MacArthur station, to no avail. He is indebted to her until Discord files for bankruptcy.



Did you know?

*none of them
are real*

please call
1 (510) SQU-ELCH
help is available
You are not alone

*Musical.ly Syndrome
affects 1 in 4 young adults*

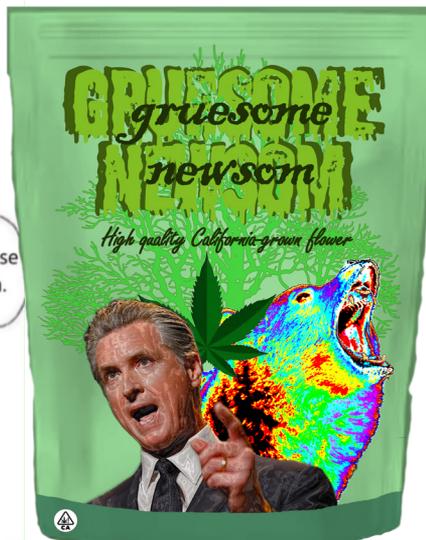
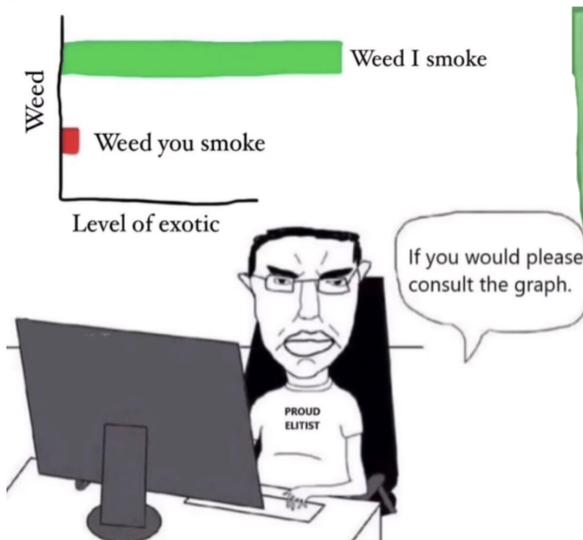


WEED IS NOT ADDICTIVE. WE HAVE PROOF.

For over 50 years, cannabis has been a Schedule 1 drug in America (high potential for abuse and no accepted medical use). This is in spite of the fact that it's, like, not addictive at all, bro. I literally smoke every day and I'm not addicted, so this drug is not dangerous. It's dedication. It's lowkey not even a drug, because it's a plant, so it's—nah, opium doesn't come from a plant... Opium comes from Playboi Carti, ^(fweagh), obviously. Did you go to opium university? Yeah, I thought not. Umm... yeah, so weed is like... not addictive. It's maybe... como se dice? uhhh... habit-forming? Prolly not though. But, like, you could make a habit out of anything. And use is very different from abuse.

Wait. Hold on. You know what I just realized? The term “drug abuse” is so unfair in the first place. *How can I abuse an inanimate object?* Like, the plant don't even care. So obviously, I don't “abuse” that Gruesome Newsom pack (51% and loud as hell btw). Besides, at least I'm not drinking every day. Alcohol is literally like, poison to your body, bro. But weed is good for it because it's natural.

So, basically, the leading scientific opinion is that the quality of the weed is negatively correlated with how addictive it is. This explains why I'm not addicted (because my shit is gas) while a stoner of lesser means may not be so fortunate. Only a C.H.U.D. can get addicted to weed.



Top Ten Reasons Weed is Not Addictive *By Bulcram*

10. Doesn't give me as many homoerotic thoughts compared to most other things (fucked up at the sperm bank taking out a loan)
9. The Costco Guys
8. Doesn't give you memory loss
7. I greened out and started farting
7. If ur swagged out den it don't matter
7. No memory loss
4. My cool uncle said it wasn't (he's cool)
3. I'm like a kitty kat with catnip
2. Helps you remember
1. It makes you crave cheap food like Taco Bell so you can buy more weed

Top Ten Ways to Increase Your Libido *by Uncle Ted K.*

10. Nipple piercings at a Lil Yachty concert, on stage, while he lip syncs his feature on the hit 2016 single "iSpy."
9. Challengers (2024) Soundtrack
8. Gender-affirming Klein Bottle surgery. For girlboyz. No inside nor outside.
7. 3 ½ cups of DIET dog kibble, you fatty
6. If ur swagged out den it don't matter
5. Getting off fluoxetine to take shroom
4. Deep penetration COVID swab to the urethra
3. Get clicker trained
2. A reptile disfunction
1. Daily Jelqing Routine and/or jerkssage

Buttler Memorial Hospital
1 Hospital Way, Buttler, PA 16001
(724) 283-6666



Patient image

We typed the wrong # into the DOJ and uncovered Donald Trump's SECRET MEDICAL RECORDS!

PATIENT HEALTH SUMMARY

REPORT DATE	PATIENT NAME	PREPARED BY
07/14/2024	Donald John Trump	Dr. Piper Poop, M.D.

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR MORE INFO →

MEDICAL HISTORY

Mr. Trump has a history of phatass disease, diagnosed in 2016. Within the past two years, he has stopped taking his medication per the advice of his close friend Robert F. Kennedy Jr. He now claims to manage symptoms by "stripping down naked and catching the frogs with Bobby down by White House Creek." After conferring with Secret Service officials, our staff cannot confirm the existence of said creek. Mr. Trump is also allergic to BBB (*Big Booty Bisexuals*) and expresses depressive symptoms and significant quality of life degradation as a result.

Family history reveals both Mr. Trump's father and grandfather suffered from severe type-II BL (boys' love) Syndrome, likely a result of war trauma. He has been known to hit the cart every once in a while, but adamantly refuses to smoke that Gruesome Newsom pack. He presents moderate anxiety of being infected with "the woke mind virus."

EMERGENCY REPORT - 07/14/2024

TIME	NOTES
18:11:33	Mr. Trump is shot in the ear by an unknown assailant.
18:13:34	Mr. Trump is rushed to the hospital by Secret Service agents.
18:40:22	Mr. Trump arrives at the emergency wing of Buttler Memorial Hospital.
18:42:36	After several thoughts and prayers from hospital staff, Mr. Trump is declared medically dead.
18:44:24	Lil' Barroon and Mrs. Melania are allowed entrance into Mr. Trump's room to see the dead body.
18:45:37	Mrs. Melania complains about the smell of the dead body, asks "Can I leave now?"
18:47:08	Lil' Barroon is seen frantically selling his stocks and betting on Polymarket.
18:57:45	Mr. Trump resuscitates while hospital staff try to remove his body. He gasps and yells, "Which way is Makkah?"
18:57:49	Mr. Trump demands a prayer rug be brought to him. He kneels upon it despite the nurses' protests.
18:58:51	Melania remarks, "Donald, I knew they would try to assassinate you. Your ass is the size of two. Assass."
19:02:43	Mr. Trump walks out of the hospital, despite not having received treatment for his wound.

CONCLUSIONS/RECOMMENDATIONS

Following a comprehensive evaluation, our staff have noted the following neurospicy behaviors in Mr. Trump:

- Stereotyped or repetitive speech, motor movements, or use of objects; (such as simple motor stereotypies, echolalia, repetitive use of objects, or idiosyncratic phrases)
- Highly restricted, fixated interests that are abnormal in intensity or focus; (such as strong attachment to or preoccupation with unusual objects, excessively circumscribed or perseverative interests)
- Hyper- or hypo-reactivity to sensory input or unusual interest in sensory aspects of environment; (such as apparent indifference to pain/heat/cold, adverse response to specific sounds or textures, excessive smelling or touching of objects, fascination with lights or spinning objects)

Mr. Trump denies having taken Tylenol in his lifetime, but our assessment suggests otherwise...

THE TRUTH BEHIND TRUMP'S MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR

Mr. Trump's search history immediately after resuscitation:

- This Evening
- W Islam - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Islam>
 - W Muhammad - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muhammad>
 - W Muhammad Ali - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muhammad...>
 - W Malcolm X - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Malcolm_X
 - W Nation of Islam - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nation_of_I...
 - W Dianetics - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dianetics>
 - W Scientology - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scientology>
 - W Yakub (Nation of Islam) - Wikipedia
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yakub_\(Nati...](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yakub_(Nati...)
 - W Wallace Fard Muhammad - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wallace_Far...
 - W White people - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/White_people
 - W Eugenics - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eugenics>
 - W Selective breeding - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Selective_b...
 - W Chihuahua (dog breed) - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chihuahua_...
 - W Toy dog - Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Toy_dog
 - W Pug - Wikipedia
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pug>
 - E Etsy - Shop for handmade, vintage, ...
<https://www.etsy.com/>
 - E Custom painting - Etsy
<https://www.etsy.com/search?q=custom...>
 - E Hand Made Oil Portrait, Custom Oil...
<https://www.etsy.com/listing/441213814...>
 - E Etsy - Shopping Cart
https://www.etsy.com/cart?ref=listing_p...
 - E Etsy - Checkout
<https://www.etsy.com/checkout/start?ca...>

See the timeline:

8/15/24 **Whispers from The Senate.** Nebraskan Senator Eliot Bostar overheard Mr. Trump praising Malcolm X for his bravery and courage. Bostar remarks, "That was weird for me. Maybe if we knew then what we know now, we could have done something about it...LOL😂"

10/31/24 **New style.** Mr. Trump unveiled a new look for Halloween. Despite resembling a certain horror movie character, he maintained he was not wearing a Jigsaw costume.

11/30/24 **New Diet?** The former White House executive chef Cristeta Comerford reported a last minute change to the Thanksgiving Dinner menu. "Those bean pies are the real reason I retired," she asserted. "Everytime I passed by Mr. Trump, he told me 'As-salamu alaykum.' I didn't give it much attention, I just assumed he thought I was Muslim."

1/20/25 **Dressed to Impress.** When asked about his recurring Jigsaw "costume," Mr. Trump said "Musa made us evil because he clothed us. Obama was right to wear the tan suit."

3/4/25 **Mystery Guests.** A group of unknown men in navy suits and red bowties appeared at the State of the Union Address. They provided crisp invites written on Mr. Trump's signature stationery.

3/16/25 **From Sunrise to Sunset.** Rumors circulated in the White House that Mr. Trump was fasting in observance of Ramadan. He stated that he was "just giving intermittent fasting a chance."

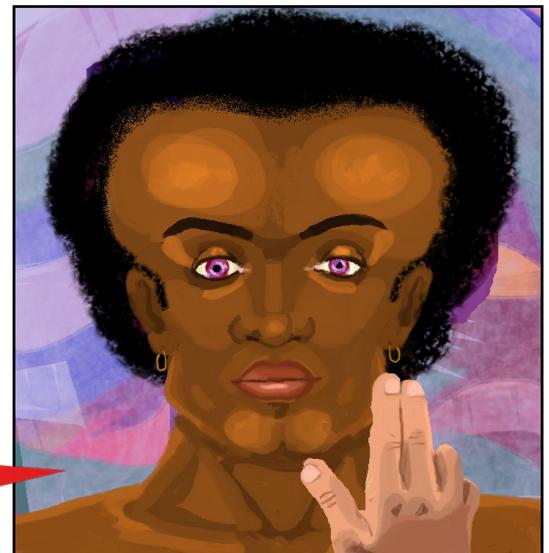
03/31/25 **Girl, what?** When an NPR reporter asked Mr. Trump to comment on his new economic policies, he replied, "Musa told me personally that he tried to civilize us thousands of years ago, but eventually he gave up and blew up 300 of the most TROUBLESOME white people with dynamite. BOOM!!!"

4/20/25 **The Law of Attraction.** An insider reported overhearing Mr. Trump solemnly whispering to himself over his image in the Reflecting Pool: "You are Mawdood al-Nasir. Yakub chose you." He repeated this every minute for an hour.

7/4/25 **Invited to the cookout?** At the White House barbecue, Mr. Trump insisted he is visited by Yakub every fortnite. He claimed, "Yakub bred my bloodline specifically, and I am the greatest white guy ever, which is why I am now the FIRST WHITE MAN in the Nation of Islam!"



**NAIL IN THE COFFIN:
OIL ON CANVAS
RENDITION OF THE
ALMIGHTY DR. YAKUB
COMMISSIONED BY
MR. TRUMP HIMSELF!**



Into the Omegaverse: First Successful MPREG Accomplished at Cal

The first successful male pregnancy (“MPREG”) has been performed at the Innovative Genomics Institute (IGI), spearheaded by Nobel prize-winning researcher Jennifer Doudna and funded by the Archive of Our Own Grant for Alchemy (AOOOGA). The subject, Mr. Jakob Joseph Paul, benevolently offered himself for this breakthrough in CRISPR technology. He hoped to fulfill his lifelong dreams of not just becoming a father, but bringing life into the world through his own vessel.

Mr. Paul reports his excitement for his delivery day, this upcoming June 28. **“REAL MEN DO NATTY BIRTHS, RIGHT OUT DA BUSSY,”** Paul professed. **“I’M TRAINING AS FUCK TO DILATE BRO, I’M ALREADY STRETCHED TO 8 CENNIS. USE CODE ALPHAFUX-BETABUX AT ADAM AND EVE TO GET 50% OFF THE CAMPANILE DILDO, MY PREF MODEL.”**

With the utilization of cutting-edge CRISPR technology, scientists ensured the Jaby (Jake baby) would not inherit colorblindness, nor a negative canthal tilt. **“THAT’S WHY LOGAN LOST THE RAP BATTLE OF 2016. FUCKING STUPID ASS COLORBLIND BITCH, THAT’S AN 8 NOT A 12.”** Picture attached at right for reference. If you can’t read it, consider EnChroma (For Men).

THE MAKING OF THE JABY

Mr. Paul and the IGI have also taken this remarkable opportunity to combine science with activism. They hope to unify world leaders and ease global tensions through a process dubbed the Panopticum™. In a bid for the chance to inseminate the first man, global criminals, legends, and leaders of the male persuasion (see right) organized themselves in tiers around a Mega Cumlenmyer Flask. Their task? Straight up jorking it. They Peanits. This posed a challenge for older and less virile commanders, so a pair of twin boys donning penguin suits were tasked to whip any leaders who failed to jork it hard enough or made eye contact with others.

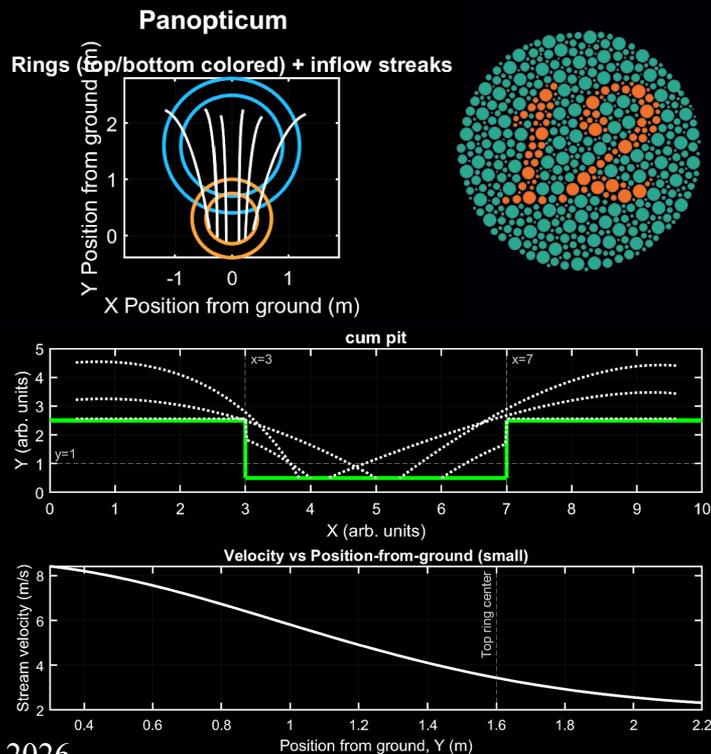
All participants were forbidden from using external stimuli, i.e. pornography; IMAGINATION ONLY. For our cis-gender AFAB girl nonbinary participant, we grew a peanits on Theigh Bibi (Figure n+1).

Holding out sweet release in hopes of having the most viable semen sample, one by one, the men bravely shoot their loads into

the container. When the last leader finishes, the cum is mixed and sucked into a baster. Jake Paul lays on his back in the stirrups, legs open, hole stretched, boyterus fertile to perfection, and is immediately inseminated.

Here, the leader who finished last was most likely to be the father due to the freshness of his/theighr sperm, whereas the one who finished first was the C.H.U.D. sperm.

Paul and the jetus (Jake fetus) were carefully monitored during Paul’s paulgnancy. All Panopticum™ participants were scheduled one morning or afternoon to spend with Paul and the jetus. They each planned a date in the Bay Area to truly understand what it would mean to be the first boypreggers baby daddy. They were encouraged to share their culture with the jetus, as seen during Netanyaoui’s visit: the Jaby Jump (Jake baby bump) dons a pair of headphones, á la Addison Rae, and the Jetus closely listens to “Guess the country from the stereotypical meme song” (the correct answer is Israel). UCPD also reported thwarting a plan by Mossad agents to kidnap the jetus.

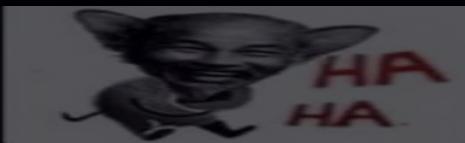


THE BIRTH

On a warm summer's day, June 28th, 2025, IGI hosted the birth at Cesar Chavez park in Berkeley's Marina zone with a paper view (sic) livestream. After an arduous labor, the proud Paul welcomed his first child. The Jaby was named Chavex Jr., after the celebrated agrarian civil rights activist. Due to the nature of the boy-on-boy pregnancy, the State of California drafted a new birth certificate format specifically for this assbusting natality. Newsom himself (after smoking that Gruesome Newsom pack (51% and loud as hell btw)) provided the Picrew graphic design and seal of approval. He wept tears of joy, safe in the knowledge that the beloved Jaby would be supported for life and thus never bummy! BUMMY!!!! **"I hate homeless people!"** Governor Gavin Christopher Newsom (D-CA) added, when asked how he felt about this scientific breakthrough. **"Please, I just want to watch the life fade from a homeless veteran's eyes one more time."**

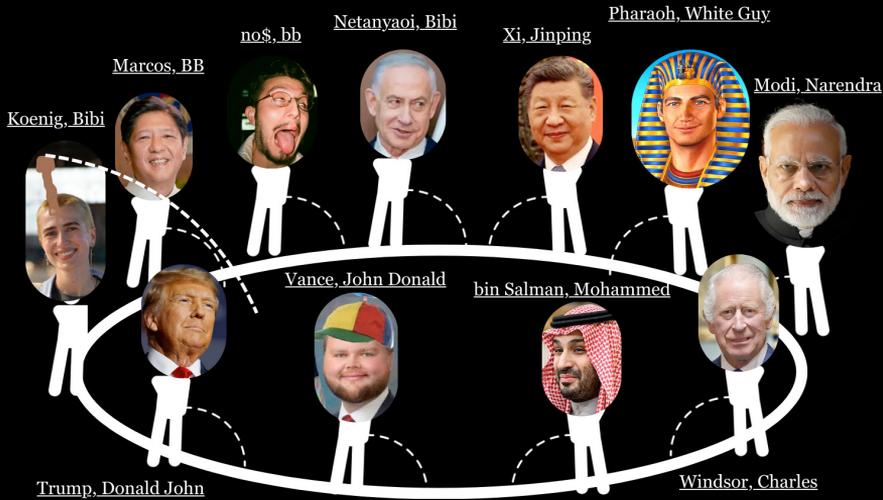


After a paternity test revealed the father was Xi Jinping, June 28th was declared a pannational holiday: The Second Cumming Of Jhrist (Jake Christ). The two fathers decided to cook the jacenta (Jake placenta) with Lao Gan Ma, ushering in a new era of peace between the United States and the great nation of China.



HAPPY ENDING

On his first birthday, Chavex Paul-Xi Jr. ate Bulcrum (Fulcrum's baby).



A Panopticon of One's Own

Psychologists rejoice! The Heuristic Squelch has obtained planning commission documents from 2017 pertaining to the construction of the David Blackwell Residence Hall in Berkeley, California. The blueprints for the building, designed by Dr. Jor-Jor Well, revealed that the structure of the residence hall was initially meant to emulate the design of Jeremy Bentham's infamous penitentiary building, the Panopticon. Centered in the residence hall is a large courtyard flanked by four walls. This inaccessible courtyard was to include a large watchtower equipped with beta-stage AI detection tools, in partnership with Palantir Technologies, to ensure students avoided the use of restricted items, such as candles, that good kush, and custom-armor plated construction tools.

The builders spent hours lighting all the caves under the Hall to improve spawn rates within the chunk. Infighting occurred when the contractors were adamant that sugarcane could only grow on sand, while the redstone engineers disagreed. The crew also became more efficient after they realized they could place a bed at the site to reset their spawn location. However, none of the builders could agree when to sleep, causing phantom attacks to delay progress. Tragi-

cally, several laborers playing in Hardcore mode lost their lives to a wither spawned by protestors. Some builders did not have access to scaffolding, as they were still playing on 1.8. Yet, one project manager, with an annual salary of \$600,000 was tasked to stay at $y=242$ at all times to keep the spawner going. This highlights the growing socioeconomic inequality in our society, as does the fact that some workers were forced to eat rotten flesh during lunch break.

In an attempt to make the AI detection tools "friendly" and "welcoming" to residents, Palantir modeled their Inteligencia Artificial after the personality of Dr. Simi: caring, yet authoritarian. He's the girl next door, but can (and will) narc on you.

In a recent study performed by the UC Berkeley Department of Psychology, a set of current Blackwell residents were interviewed and subsequently assessed for their mental states. Excluding all conflating factors, the data is 100% pure, legitimate, no other psychological study has been so accurate, and the p value is 0.000. After reviewing the data collected, the psychologists noticed that every single resident spoke in a specific rhythm (no, it wasn't a Blaccent), one that they could not decipher, even after multiple analyses by the UC Berkeley Linguistics

Department.

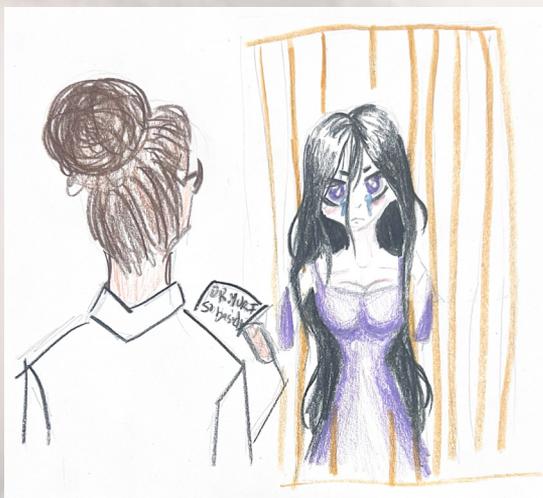
A breakthrough occurred when one psychologist decided to reach out to close friends and loved ones of the interviewees, "Dude, he gets up in my ear and moans like Foucault. It pisses me OFF." The mystery was solved—each resident had morphed their speech into one resembling that of modern French philosopher Michel Foucault. It was also noted that Blackwell residents had a 200% increase in desiring to be "disciplined and punished." The UC Berkeley Regents were contacted for comment about this groundbreaking discovery, but they declined, stating that "**Peter Thiel has it under control.**"

For more information, see:
<https://tinyurl.com/DrSquimi>



Alexandria, the Genesis

For centuries, the legendary Alexandria's Genesis has oscillated between folklore and fact. Some call it a medieval myth, yet others believe it possesses some scientific foundation within our evolutionary history... The following breakthrough is an excerpt from the research of renowned Dr. Yuri, geneticist and something. Her work has been thrice published in the *Squelch Journal of Heuristics*, and her Nobel Prize-winning research in big bobbies earned her a coveted laureate parking space in none other than Richard Kent Lyons' garage. This excerpt comes from Dr. Yuri's journal, found in a chest in her abandoned estate. Her current whereabouts are unknown, having mysteriously fled the country as of March 24, 2025.



When I entered the containment room, I was instantly struck by a heavenly figure, illuminated in gold and amber by the harsh metal of her cage. Her long, silky black hair curtained her solemn face as molten silver tears dripped to the floor. Her delicate hand rested at her side—she didn't bother to wipe the evidence of her sorrows. Sensing my presence, she whipped her head to face me, dark tendrils parting to reveal a pair of soul-piercing, amethyst eyes. I could hardly believe what I saw—there was no doubt that she was real, that IT was real, and her presence was divine beyond description.

Finding myself drawn to her, I approached the cage. The clack of my kitten heels echoed throughout the lab. Though I'm typically intelligent and verbose, in her presence... I found myself speechless. I had entered with the certainty of a scientist, but her angelic despair pulled at my humanity. She eyed me with some doubt. Despite the situation, she extended her right hand through the bars in a polite gesture. As I grasped it, I audibly gasped in surprise... it was completely bald. My sixth sense activated: *this young woman lacks anal hair!*

Taking pause to collect myself, I met her with a steady gaze. "You may call me Dr. Yuri... it's a shame this is how we had to meet," I added, letting my professional veneer slip the slightest, despite myself. The fair virgin clasped her hands together, staring at the lab equipment. If she felt fear in that instance, nothing about her betrayed it. In that moment, she was greater than Joan of Arc.

"You won't get away with this," she responded in a steady, soft tone. The commemorative pin on my lapel must have caught her eye, as she then stated, "September 11th... I remember that day... tragic."

My eyes widened as I studied her. How could she remember the tragedy? She didn't look a day over 20—could the rumored agelessness be true? I was distracted from my train of thought by a menacing cramp in my uterus. Digging through my messenger bag, I returned the maiden's gaze. "Do you have a tampon?"

As the sun peeked through the blinds of the laboratory, I saw a glimmer on her pallid skin that sent hints of rainbows dazzling across the walls that surrounded her (*A/N: she lukd just liek mica tenenbaum frum maglelendena bae. If u dont no who dat is, fuk of prep!*). She let out a deep sigh, turning away slightly. The light now illuminated the deep violet hue of her supple orbs. "No, I don't have a tampon..." she muttered, almost sad. Though certainly a relief to not experience the pain of menstruation, perhaps she yearned for that connection to us mere mortals.

Shaking my head, I scrubbed in, just like my mentor Dr. Gregory House taught me. Freebleeding was a worthy toil to suffer, as I couldn't be torn from my work for a moment longer. My experimental equipment and notes were laid out in rows on the shelf, waiting to lead me to a breakthrough in genetics. I clicked my pen, filling out a basic information form.

"And your name?"
"*Celestiana Calimax.*"

That was when it all clicked... She was the long lost princess of the Galactic Kingdom, soon to be heir to the universe, stolen as a baby and rumored to have the rare Alexandria's Genesis I sought for so long to study. I cautiously stepped forward, suddenly aware of the way my cheetah print heels clashed with my labcoat, the messiness of my bun, and the moisture between my legs (*Not horny*) (*She's freebleeding*). My breath hitched as her eyes glowed like Toy Chica.

"Can I trust you?" I whispered, my hand grasping the padlock of the cage. She bit her pink bottom lip and gazed up through her ethereal lashes. Notes of lavender and vanilla enveloped us. I watched her hand slowly reach through the bars, settling on top of mine. It was so warm—without thinking, I unlocked her enclosure to close the gap between us. Before I could say anything else, a flash blinded me. Angelic wings burst from her back as her eyes glowed a vibrant purple. She smashed through the laboratory window, like the second plane obliterating the towers, like the second plane obliterating my heart. Glass cascaded to the ground around her. Not a single drop of blood she left behind. Not a single specimen for me to examine. I couldn't help but be enamored with her majesty as the setting sun silhouetted her perfectly proportioned 40-10-40 figure and angel wings. She turned her head to gaze over her shoulder, leaving me her parting words: "No one will believe you."

My experiments never surfaced, and never will. Alexandria's Genesis will continue to exist as a myth too good to be true. I have only my testimony... and the one that got away.





I was an unwilling participant in:
MK-ULTRA
ran by the CIA