

# jester

of columbia  
march 2007



# THE SEA

World's Largest Saltwater Repository



Letter from Poseidon, CEO

There are no reasons why you should not buy my company and you should not enquire as to whether there are any; I have simply tired of my job after thousands upon thousands of years of service. Running the ocean is both enjoyable and profitable, and only stands to expand through global warming. Also, despite popular belief, it is not possible to drill up from hell and slowly drain the ocean into your own underground storage cave; no sir, it is not possible at all, and no asshole brothers are attempting to do such a thing while their other asshole brother sits up in the sky and watches. Please, wealthy investor, take charge of this large and profitable enterprise. I will give you my pitchfork or whatever it's called and you can get started right away.

*JONAS W. POSEIDON*



Jonas W. Poseidon  
CEO of the Sea  
"Fuck Neptune"

**Qualifications:**

- MBA or shell-collecting equivalent
- 3 years minimum swimming experience
- A vehicle that can drive on both land and water
- Familiarity with at least five children's ocean songs

**Holdings:**

- All oceans, seas, and bays in the world
- Strategically located around all major continents
- As featured in the Academy Award-Nominated film *Letters from Iwo Jima* and R.L. Stine Novella *Goosebumps: Ghost Beach*
- Deeper than most commercial pools
- Variety of associated adjectives such as "placid," "briny," "rolling," and "Elk-like"
- Sustainable asset acquisition through tear extraction
- Includes plastic bindings once used on 6-packs of Surge.
- Along with Great Wall of China, one of the only things in the world truly visible from space

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*-Prime real estate for fish, mollusks, whales, and other aquatic animals*

*-Non-overhydrating alternative to standard-issue drinking water*

*-Clinical studies show 70% more effective than freshwater for water-based torture*

*-Jews need it for their ceremonies*


*-Idyllic Northeastern beach towns need it for taffy*

*-Pending lawsuit may net up to \$78 million from SeaWorld*

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**Please email resumes to [polyphemus@tritont.org](mailto:polyphemus@tritont.org)**

*The Sea - Oceans of Opportunity*



# Jester of Columbia *LIQUID*

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# Letters to the Editor

# Goings-On

Dear Fascist Pigs at the Jester,

Darfur tax cut Iraq war middle class. I mean, Racism affirmative action, middle-american right to choose stem cells religious right culture war? Abu Gharib Che Guevera all options are on the table communism: American dream. "Fox news religious right homophobe timetable," militant activist terrorists 9-11 no answers! America constitution misapplied-Bible-passage book of Mormon Jane Fonda North Korean bukkake in an attack carried out against innocent civilians. Red state, blue state, I state, you state. Ron Burgandy mayonnaise working Americans immigration reform education corporations Iraqi blood sales. Environment pollution Jerry Fallwell; why ex-dictator Palestine Zionist neocon?

Sincerely,  
**Rich Person, Stamford, CT.**

To those who pass themselves off as "so-called editors,"

I perused your rag and found it to be riddled with grammatical errors. Can you please learn to speak English? Please? It's not that hard. It's, um, kind of something you have to do to edit a magazine that is written in English, thanks. I'll bet you didn't even know that my last sentence ended with a preposition (it used to but I edited it out because I respect the use of proper grammar.)

I wonder what your real reason for sitting at those computers and going through all those articles could be. Could it perhaps to replace correct phrasing with PERSONAL BIAS????!?

**"I'll bet you didn't even know that my last sentence ended with a preposition!"**

Let me tell it to you straight: I am irrevocably angry that you did not refer to me as "Arquitect" in your previous masthead. It is an accepted spelling in civilized countries.

Sincerely,  
**Gabriel Fries-Briggs**

Jester, my love. I have to leave quickly, something terrible has happened. It's hard for me to believe... most of my books have been destroyed. Jester, it is one of our sons. I suspect Achenar, but I shouldn't leap to conclusions... I'll find him and SIRRUS as well.

Oh, I should have known better than to have left my library unchecked for so long! Well, I have removed the remaining undamaged books from the library and placed them in their places of protection.

You should not have to use the books until I return, but... if you've forgotten the access keys, remember the tower rotation.

Oh, and don't worry Jester, everything will be fine. I'll see you shortly. Oh, and erase this message afterwards, just to be safe.

**Atrus**

Dear stranger: I have done all you asked, except instead of erasing this message I have decided to publish it in my magazine.

**Jester**

*Married*, **Leonard Ferriss**, inventor of SURGE, to **Alana Mercado**, Coke VP for marketing responsible for Citra. They called their love "consistently refreshing and new," and have no concerns about their relationship lasting for fewer than five years. Why would anyone ever think that?  
*Deceased*, **Aunt Jemima**. Drowned in her own syrup last week at the age of 110. Uncle Ben is sitting shiva.  
*Murdered*, **Noah's wife**, by Noah. He approached her in two-step intervals, and then, using two sharp knives, he chopped off his wife's body parts according to their symmetry. Then, he threw them two by two into the water.  
*Eradicated*, **the Zerg**, for the 181,054th time, by the forces of the UED under the illustrious general xXSlAxA0r69Xx.  
*Consolidated*, **my credit card debt**, by simply logging on to www.usadetor.ng and filling out a few simple questions!  
*Unchanged*, **Jean Baudrillard**, whose fale-structural public identity had rendered the masses' conceptual reality a mere simulacrum of the human self so-named at birth in 1929, thus making the man's death irrelevant and unreal.

Dear Abby,

I am a 26 year old woman from Queens. I have a loving husband, but he isn't loving. He just won't put in the time to go places with me, and doesn't listen to what I say. I'm looking for some sort of pet that could help me feel like I get the attention and appreciation that I need. I don't want to divorce my husband, but I have a right to feel happy too, right?

Sincerely,  
**Looking for a Little Extra Love**

Dear LFALEL,

Mmm, I really like falafel, it's quite delicious, although I know one shouldn't eat too much fried food. What was your problem about? Oh yes, a pet. I think pets are incapable of truly displaying affection, but since you like falafel, how about going to a nice Middle Eastern restaurant with your loving husband? I have a great relationship with my husband, and I feel like I don't need a pet at all. Hope this helps!

**Abby** (yes, Abby of "Dear Abby" writes for Jester, and is still alive)

Dear Jester,

I am an old person and I have a problem with (noun that everyone likes). Instead of (a completely reasonable suggestion) you should try (something that old people like). Come visit me at (cheery name for where old people wait to die).

Sincerely,  
**Everyone who's ever written a letter to the editor, ever**

# Editaurus

## "JESTER"

VOL. DMXMICMIX, NO. 3  
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## What I Know about Liquid

Liquid. What makes it flow? I never really thought about it before, but

here I was going uphill on a water

roller coaster. Uphill! So, it wasn't gravity like I had thought when I was young. Nothing's as simple as it was back then, except for mac and cheese is easier now.

Sorry man, I forgot to explain where I was. I was in Texas, in this waterpark the size of Texas, on my way to Mexico to try to get away from these kind of problems, only to find I didn't know what made liquid flow! For a fluid, flowing is just about the most important thing it does. If you've seen the final stages of the flu like I have, you'd know where the word "flow" comes from, and you'd know that "fluid" really means "flow-id."

I ordered a funnel cake to try to clear my head, only to find that it too was made of liquid! I saw it flowing down through the funnel, like fire-ants down through a funnel when you're torturing a bank manager by pouring fire ants down into his mouth through a funnel. But when they handed it to me, it seemed solid!

I'm not ready to believe in phase changes; I don't think any of us are, no matter what those hacks at Columbia Undergraduate Science Journal say they know. I ordered another for a closer look. Well, they were funneling it down into some hot oil; but this was no phase change, at least not the way I've heard the story told, because it turned solid when it got hotter! So that's a relief.

But that reminded me of a waterpark in Spain. They didn't have funnel cakes there, but they had these little donuts that they would make by dripping a ring of liquid into a slow river of hot oil, and it would come out the other end all cooked up, and they'd pour chocolate sauce on them. That freaked me out, because little rings floating slowly down a river – that's the lazy river, and that's us being fried in our inner tubes! I didn't feel frito, but I smelled myself, and that was donut-smell all right.

Well, I couldn't get back in the lazy river after that revelation. I didn't have thirty minutes to wait and digest my two funnel cakes anyway, because I had to haul ass if I was gonna make Nuevo Laredo by sundown. I knew I'd be cool there because I've dealt with federales before, and they ain't no Texas Rangers, least not when Juan Gonzalez was still slugging.

And that's what I'm saying, man, money flows South. That's why they call it liquid assets. Since I lifted that cash, it's gone from New York, to St. Louis, to San Antonio, to Nuevo Laredo, right on through to Vostok Station, Antarctica. I've just been flowing along with it, and sometimes blood flows on the way, and always whiskey. I've sent enough dough up to Jester to print this issue, but I can't really send any more. A man can only do so much to fight gravity.

*David Iscoe,*  
Treasurer

The Jester of Columbia, established 1901, is Columbia University's only humor magazine.

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Direct submissions, advertising inquiries, and other correspondence to [jester@columbia.edu](mailto:jester@columbia.edu).

For more information visit [www.jesterofcolumbia.com](http://www.jesterofcolumbia.com).



## FORMS OF BAPTISM NOT ACCEPTED BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH


- Baptism by fire
- Chrism “noogies”
- Breaking into the Hillel and blessing the water heater at night
- Anything involving wet t-shirts, regardless of competitiveness.
- Baptism into the Universal Life Church, The People’s Temple, or Methodism

## COMMON TYPO OR OLD-FASHIONED SPELLING?

1. Bleache
2. Muhammad
3. Alcohoel
4. Paitn
5. Stomach acid fgehhypbouh
6. Syrup

## ANSWERS

1. Old-fashioned spelling of “Bleach”
2. Common misspelling of “Mohammed”
3. Old-fashioned spelling of “Alcohol”
4. Common misspelling of “Painting”
5. Common misspelling of “Stomach acid”
6. Old-fashioned spelling of “Stirrup”



It is rumored that V8 (“the Ocho”) stands for Version 8, the latest in a long line of Versions.

## THE EVOLUTION

- V1: Piece of paper that said “drink this”
- V2: “Drink this” painted onto a tomato
- V3: A pack of scented markers
- V4: Cardboard Bowl filled with pictures of Vegetables
- V5: Porcelain bowl filled with paiper-mache vegetables
- V6: Soy milk
- V7: Same recipe as V8, but served in a plastic bag

## THE NEXT STEP

- V8 Professional: Three times as much Sodium Benzozate
- V8 Centurion: Contains a drawing of a Centurion hidden somewhere on the label.
- V8 Camel: V8 Poured down the side of a camel.
- V9: V8 feat. PARSNIPS
- V10: Will contain a voice recognition system. When you want to drink it, it will say “Ok.”



## Rejected Liquids

- Ice
- Cookie dough
- Very fat people’s bellies
- Concrete
- Oil (due to personal vendetta by Water)
- Legos
- Quicksand
- Slowsilver
- Snot
- Doritos
- CUM THAT IS MORE THAN AN HOUR OLD
- Kerri Strug
- Liquid ice

To the British Ministry of Exploration

Sirs,

We live in a time in which even the farthest reaches of the world have been discovered and mapped. Whole continents and islands unbeknownst to us in the past have been thoroughly traversed and recorded, even peopled because of the efforts of our explorers. We have put a man on every edge of this great earth—except for one. For years, the South Pole has remained shrouded in Arctic mystery, a wintery frontier with veritably bursting undiscovered secrets and treasures unimaginable by man. The illustrious Ferdinand Magellan, during his famous exploration of the Southern Hemisphere, sighted this uncharted utopia of snow. At the time, he wrote that it “appeared to be the cold, evil, northern edge of hell” but this simply serves to demonstrate our ignorance of this land of doubtlessly inconceivable value.

Magellan went on to sail three quarters of the way around the earth before being killed by and unbaptized native on a savage Filipino island—had he followed his better instincts, he would have turned that ship hard to port and discovered something of real worth. The South Pole offers the Empire countless opportunities. Whaling. Penguining. Seal clubbing. Snow colonies. Ice core sampling. Freezing to death. Frostbite. ICED TEA. I do not believe there are any natives to whom we can bring under the Crown, but just imagine how cold our gin and tonics will stay down there. And I've heard that if you pee outside it freezes before it even touches the ground. Fascinating, no?

Think of the prestige such an expedition will bring Britannia. All the world will marvel at our discovery. How envious our rivals will be when they hear of the wonders of the South Pole and the triumph of my mission. Mile upon mile of soft, pristine snow and clear, cold ice—all for us, all simply for the taking. Think of the possibilities! Think of the potential! The glory, the treasures, the esteem. Yet it will be a formidable errand. Unlike the pleasure cruises around the Bahamas or Falkland Islands or Galapagos like all those luxurious explorations of the past this shall be fraught with danger. A serious, important pursuit like this, for such treasured ends, requires a most serious demeanor. Therefore, I have compiled a list of the necessary items I will require for the voyage.

1. A fleet of ships. No ordinary fleet will do—we need top of the line, fully-loaded frigates and cruise ships. Not pleasure cruise ships of course, but serious, down-to-business, exploring cruise ships. With top-deck tennis courts.
2. I will require the juice of 40,000 lemons and limes. This, of course, is for the gin and tonics and the Tom Collinses. The gin helps fight scurvy. So I will also require the 10 gin distilleries, and the quinine water of 8,000 cinchona trees.
3. A concubine for the captain of each ship, and a harem for myself. No serious work of exploration can be undertaken in a state of sexual frustration. I can't be losing sight of our goal because I'm busy jacking off all the time. How do you think Columbus ended up in the West Indies instead of China? No harem.
4. If the concubines are unattainable, a whole lot of lube will do.
5. A provision of fine meats and cheeses, whole roast duck, golden honey-glazed hams, grade-A steaks and filets, wine from the finest vineyards of Italy and France, the most exotic fruits procurable, coffee and tea from the Andes mountains of South America and the plains of India, and truffles and sweetmeats from the deluxe confectioners of Switzerland. This is standard exploration fare.
6. Board games, yo-yos, comic books and fingerpaints and things. Just so we do not succumb to tedium.
7. A crew. Yes, they are important.

These are the provisions I have deemed necessary for my perilous and noble voyage. I haven't calculated the expenses yet, but no price will be too high for the glory and inexhaustible resources to be won by this expedition. It is our duty and privilege as Englishmen to perform this righteous task. I will be awaiting your reply and readying my affairs in preparation. God save the Queen.

Your most humble servant,

*H. H. Hermerick,*  
H. H. Hermerick, Explorer

## CAN A CAT SURVIVE ON MOUNTAIN DEW?

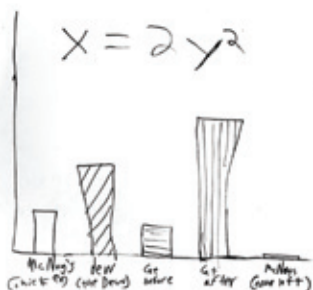
**Problem:** You know that sick painting where those dogs play poker like real people? That shit had me laughing for days! That made me think, what if cats drank Mountain Dew? Then I was like, what if I made this into science?

**Hypothesis:** The cat will learn to dig the Dew.

- Materials:**
1. One cat
  2. A buttload of Mountain Dew
  3. 12 ml sodium dehydrocholate
  4. Chicken McNuggets

**Procedure:** First open one box of chicken mcNuggets. There should six pieces in there. With your box of chicken mcNuggets you should have gotten either barbecue dipping sauce or honey dipping sauce. Now carefully open your container of dipping sauce. Next isolate one chicken mcNugget with your fingers and gingerly dip into container. Be careful, don't let the sauce overwhelm the chicken. Then put the mcNugget into your mouth and chew. But don't chew too fast, people have died this way. Check your box for McDonald's Monopoly tokens. If your box came with tokens see if you won a Dodge Viper. If you won a Dodge Viper, then fuck this science shit. If not, do what you gotta do to get this shit done so you can get a fucking scholarship.

**Data:**



**Results:** At first the cat was like, "Hey what the fuck is this green shit?", and wouldn't touch it. But after two days, the cat began to give into the Dew. Pretty soon the cat started to get that crazy look in its eyes. Like that don't fuck with me I have nothing more to live for kinda look. Around this time the cat starts to piss and shit everywhere. The next few days I didn't take notes about what was going on as I got real wrapped up in Xbox. Sometime later, however, I found this:

### Things to Do by Whiskers the Cat

1. Kill asshole with knife
2. Steal his weed and then sell it; use profit to buy Fancy Feast
3. Piss and Shit Everywhere (Done)
4. Get GED

This was clearly some demon shit right here. Out of safety for my weed, I had to put that cat up on Ebay and stop my experiment.

**Conclusion:** That cat was *fucked up*. Fo sho.

**Recommendations:** Give me a scholarship.







# Memo

**To:** Ben Cohen & Jerry Greenfield  
**From:** Kyle  
**CC:** Mom & Dad  
**Date:** 10/23/2006  
**Re:** Flavor Development & Technology

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## New Flavors in the Works

Hey, hey, B'n'J. I know you guys said that you didn't want any more crazy flavors, but we can't help it! Maybe it's because the TV in the basement only gets the E! channel. Hell—it's probably because of the mind-expanding drugs. Down in the lab, we are working very hard to create flavors that can open up new, unexplored markets. Our new bacon-and-eggs ice cream, for example, will allow us to enter the breakfast market for the first time. I have spoken with the boys in advertising about overdubbing old Cookie Crisp commercials to ask, "Ice cream for breakfast?" Our breakfast line will also include an update of CoffeeCoffee BuzzBuzzBuzz. The new version contains espresso beans, coffee flavor, cans of Surge (excavated from a 1997-era time capsule), Red Bull, and boutique methamphetamines. It will be called CaffeineCaffeine BuzzBuzzShakeShakeTwitchCollapse.

Because of the tremendous sales of Cherry Garcia and Phish Food, we are attempting to create flavors that reflect pop culture. A new Paris Hilton flavor will be night-vision green, and contain water-based lubricant. A Pamela Anderson flavor, Saline Praline, may contain Hepatitis C. A Madonna flavor, Like a Virgin, will consist of pure vanilla ice cream and cherries for the popping. It will be served in two large cones. A Flavor Flav ice cream will be dark chocolate with actual pieces of gold. The new slogan, "If you don't think it's delicious, take it up with Deelishis!"

The flavor lab is also committed to staying true to the company's roots. A Cheech & Chong ice cream will be flavored with salsa, sweat, and oregano (but we can list it as weed on the carton). We are also working on a Bob Dylan ice cream. We have no ideas for flavors, but many names have been floating around the lab: Mr. Tangerine Man, Like a Rolling Cone, Knockin' on Heaven's Caramel Core, It's Alright, Ma (It's only Pistachio), and Chocolate Minus Zero/No Carbs.

## New Technology

After seeing *Perfume: The Story of a Murderer*, I placed a research team to work, sucking the flavor essences out of many different subjects. This new science is absolutely breathtaking. The details are a little technical, but in layman's terms, oscillating nitrogen isotopes emit sine waves that vacuum the flavor into an automated tungsten proboscis, while the olfactory colloids are melted and stretched according to the Third Derivative of Duntree's Law.

Unfortunately, the first model of the machine required a dead body. Our initial efforts resulted in Dead Dog Delight, Corpse Cat Craziness, and Kaplan Cadaver (someone should probably notify payroll about Kaplan). For security reasons, all test samples and documentation of these flavors have been destroyed. You might want to go over this part of the memo with a Sharpie or something, too. Fortunately, the research can still go forward, as our new model of the machine only squeezes the subject without causing death, like a harmless medieval torture apparatus.

We are also working on different sizes for containers. The old pint is out of style. We need sizes like those of Starbucks – with names that do not describe the sizes at all. We have suggested: Indulgence, Sweet Release, and Ecstatic Joy.

For any more information please feel free to contact the flavor lab. Our boys will help you out, unless they are eating the products.

## JEREMY'S SKEPTICAL TRUTH-PAGE

I am Jeremy and this is JEREMY'S SKEPTICAL TRUTH\_PAGE where I debunk all the lies and hoaxes that are told by society. Most people don't know to not believe them, but here, we apply the lens of SKEPTICISM and TRUTH with the powers of reason and logic. You will see that these hoaxes are in fact impossible, there is no way for any of them to be true. Click on a hoax to see THE TRUTH about it.

### Major Hoaxes

- [seahorses](#)
- [Measles](#)
- [the Pyramids](#)
- [that Benjamin Franklin was not gay](#)
- [World War I](#)
- [the movie The Elephant Man](#)

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### THE SEAHORSES HOAX

When people talk about "seahorses" nobody stops to think about it, but they should. That is why this hoax is so devious: nobody questions the conventional wisdom they are told by society and the Establishment and so no one really gets to the truth. But if you think about it you will quickly see why seahorses can't exist and must be a hoax.

First of all, think about the pictures of seahorses that are presented in the "science journals" and the mainstream media as unquestioned fact. Look at what a seahorse allegedly looks like: like something that came from a child's Disney cartoon or George Lucas's renowned Creature-Shoppe. If you saw a picture of Animal or Beaker from the Muppets and Society told that that was a new species of animal creature, you would know that is insane. So why do believe them about the ridiculous pictures of so-called seahorses they probably cooked up in Photoshope?

Next, it is just not logical that there would be a SEAhorse when there is already a regular (land) horse. To assume there is a land and sea version of every creature is like believing in magic and superstitions: it doesn't make sense anymore thanks to science. There is no landcrab or oceangiraffe so why should there be a seahorse? Think about it. There aren't airmonkeys or undergroundbirds either. Sorry if you are disappointed there's no magic but if you are, you probably have too much free time and need some friends, hahahahaha.

If you stop to consider it rationally, you will see that if you believe in seahorses you might as well believe in unicorns and dragons too: you've seen pictures of them too. But you have to face facts that you need evidence to prove beliefs and these seahorses hoaxsters just don't have it.

Sorry, seahorses: your hoax is **BUSTED**. Jeremy 1, Seahorses: Don't Exist.

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### MEASLES MYTH

coupled with the extinction of the octopus, is sufficient for us to lend our assent to allowing California to return to the union."

- *Senator Tom Davis, D-AL, December 14, 2013.*

## 6.3 FINANCE IN THE AGE OF THE "CRUNK GENERATION"

### 6.3.1: THE STEAMBANKER AFFAIR

#### DOCUMENT A: CEO PAUL HOLCOMB, JPMORGAN CHASE, PRESS CONFERENCE

Greetings stockholders. I am pleased to announce that JPMorgan Chase has just arranged the purchase of 5,000 steam investment bankers to replace its human workers. Harnessing the immense power of heated water vapor, these machines can do the same work as six human workers, and operate 165 hours a week, nearly double that of a human in the same job. Also, with the proper temperature control settings, they are capable of giving excellent blowjobs. This exciting new technology should propel our company, and our nation, into an exciting new frontier of having unprecedentedly massive amounts of money.

#### DOCUMENT B: LETTER TO THE EDITOR, WALL STREET JOURNAL

The day I was born, my father sat me down on his knee, put me in a suit, and said you're gonna be a money-making man. Since then, I've thought about making money for twenty-four years, and I need to provide for myself and four friends from college, to whom me buying drinks for them in a nice club to feel superior about my money is there only taste of the good life. Sure, it can make money, but can the steam banker go out drinking with business partners, can it drive a car, can it bullshit and toady too? Well sure, it is capable of directing a car through traffic and across highways, but it gets no satisfaction out of the car's value. You can't replace a moneymaking man, Paul Holcomb, you can't understand people. I challenge your big, fancy steam banker to a race to make five million dollars in net profits. Humanity shall prevail!

#### DOCUMENT C: CNN ONLINE ARTICLE: BANKER DIES CHALLENGING STEAM MACHINE

"Employee Ben Morton passed away from cardiac arrest due to stress-related complications, insomnia, and use of cocaine, amphetamines, and very high levels of caffeine, after defeating a JPMorgan steam banker in a race to make the company \$5,000,000. The steam banker had a slight malfunction in the process..."

#### DOCUMENT D: JPMORGAN HR DIRECTOR RICHARD PENSKI, EMAIL TO JPMORGAN EMPLOYEES

"This is a major loss for the company, and the JPMorgan family. A miracle of modern science, that steam-powered banking machine was our pride and joy, and it saddens me greatly that he is now in disrepair. Morton should be killed for forcing such stress on that poor automaton, but it is too late for that now. Perhaps we may still defile his corpse, so

Dearest Mother,

This letter may be my last.

I am writing you from the great trade ship, the SS Svetlana, with its billowing sails, its massive jib, and phallic masts. While I lie in barracks, writing this letter, we Merchant Marines keep our guns at our sides, our bayonets on our guns, and our WD-40 on our bayonets, preparing for the battle ahead. The markets are turbulent, the supply high, and the demand never dying. One cannot sell impure goods. Our foes may be great, but we shall lower costs and increase advertising, whilst showering their seaborne offices with the furious lead of God. I was born for these days. Ever since that time I squirmed out of old Father McNealy's baptizing grip, plummeting to the sea below, I knew that I must be one with the sea; married to the sea, selling goods of the land on the sea.

This sea may be my grave. Even down here, deep within the belly of this great vessel, I can hear the Salvation Army a-coming. Their bells ring with divine pride, but to me it is a death toll; the ancient tintinnabulation burns my ears. Yesterday, we entered their territory. We saw in the distance their massive fortresses overlooking the coast. Passing the great red watchtowers topped by immense buckets of change, I sank to my knees to pray. Encapsulated by a yellow glow, God slapped me with a backhand of reality. I stared my soul in the eyes, grit my teeth and proclaimed, "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa."

Aye, mother, they are strong. Protected by their crimson shields, the Salvation Army's hordes of infantrymen carry their black bibles, tainting our shared beliefs. Onward, we sail in our wooden ship of steel. Onward, we progress through the unholy seas as they rage like an old man trying to pass urine past his watermelon of a prostate. Onward, to that fateful shore where our forces will finally meet. Whatever fate befalls us, we will stay true to our motto: *semper finance*. For we are the Merchant Marines.

I wear my uniform with the pride of my ancestors. Every time I sink my teeth into a raw potato from the cargo hold, spitting the maggots off the starboard rail, I remember the father I never knew. I curse him for not trusting the sea, for sinking beneath its depths, and for entering the locker of Ol' Davy Jones. Within my own murky depths, I hide my pain - a pain that could never be sold, no matter the discount. For I could only dream of taking 10% off my wretched soul.

No seer can predict the outcome of this battle, but I believe it will be my last. Perhaps the sea has found out about my affair with the land-woman, but I regret nothing. Married life is tough, especially when your wife is as mercurial as the sea.

Should you receive no further letters, spread the word of my death. Place me in a crate, with all my worldly possessions bring me out on a ship, and for one last, final, climactic time, let me enter my wife, my home, my world - the sea.

Your Son, .

Private Kelly McKinney

# The T-1000 Visits a Haberdasher

Hi, I'd like to buy a suit. Black will do. It needs to be waterproof, preferably mercury-proof. Do you make suits that are resistant to liquid metals? No, I'm not a scientist. ... Yes, mercury is dangerous, I know. So is the food you eat! Do you consider this? I'd just like to be fitted. Step over here? How about if I do this— Aha! Didn't see that coming, did you? I just melted into the floor. I can do that, yeah. Oh, the mercury—no, don't worry, I don't think I left any residue on the carpet. What, that mimetic polyalloy? I'm pretty sure that was there before.

Okay, I'll stand still while you measure me. No, I'm not a police officer. That's just a disguise. I'm actually a cyborg sent from the year 2029, where the world is run by machines! My mission is to destroy the future leader of the Human Resistance, John Connor. You're laughing... I guess John Connor is a funny name... You don't believe me? Well, you just saw me melt into the floor, didn't you? Yes, 2029! ... I don't know, I'm not a historian. What? Do I already know if I succeed? How could I know that? I haven't done it yet. There never would have been a John Connor? That's a good point. Well, that's quite a mindfuck, isn't it?

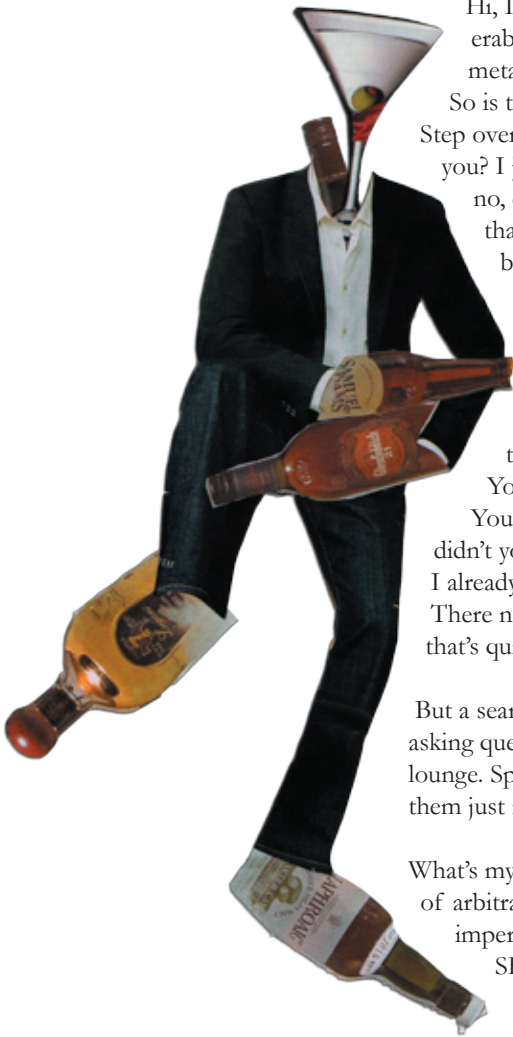
But a search-and-destroy mission is a search-and-destroy mission—no point asking questions. I just need a suit so I can wrangle some cut-up down at the lounge. Speaking of cut-up, do you like lounges? That's weird, I like them just fine.

What's my waist size, a 34? Really, these measurements are kind of arbitrary. I can change them at will. I also do really good impersonations. Here's my Jack Nicholson. SHINING! SHINING! Pretty good, right? Looks just like him. No, I can't do Danny DeVito. I can only do people I've touched, and he doesn't like people to touch him. Also I have never met him. Say, do you need that hem cut? Let me get that for you—that's right, my fingers turn into scissors.

What's this material? Pretty durable, right? Like if I was to drive an 18-wheeler off an overpass or something, how badly would it be damaged? I want to make an investment here... Do you make suits in Kevlar? What the hell is "fabric?" Don't worry about it, this is fine. I like the collar. Stylish. Say, will these cuffs be okay if my hand were to turn into, say, a spinning blade or something? No? I'll make sure to be careful then. They just don't make them like they used to... in the future.

Whoops, I seem to have transformed my arm into a spike and impaled your assistant.

Well, I'll just buy this now. My name? Last name 1000, first name T. Yes, like the number 1000. Thanks again. See you in a few days. Oh, I almost forgot—have you seen this boy?



A Welsh man customarily injected his erect penis with several ounces of Johnny Walker Black while balls deep with his girlfriend, promising her that this procedure eliminated the need for a condom. Five months later, the woman gave birth to a 4 pound shovel-faced microcephalic deaf mute which she abandoned in a nearby aluminum plant.

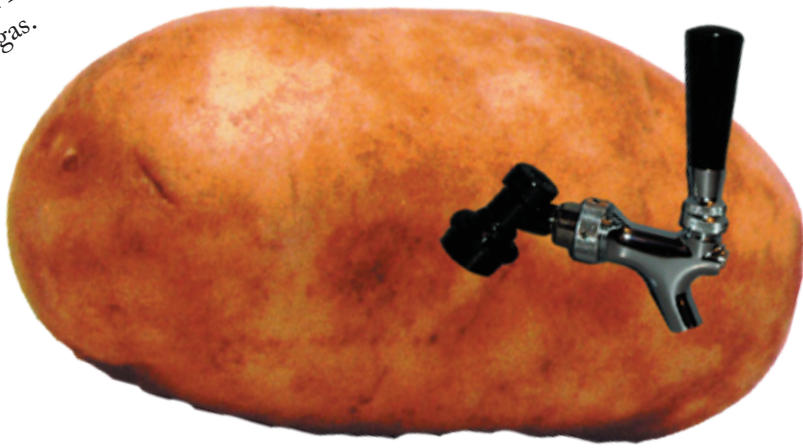
Self-taught bartender Angelica Bays learned the hard way that an appetini is not made with five parts gin and one part VX nerve gas.

After finishing his lecture on the perils of drunk driving, motivational speaker Bret Adler met an ironic demise on the ride home when he was crushed and devoured by gigantic mechanical ants.

Potential investment banker and notable pussy Jeffrey Lei had a good luck wine spritzer before his interview with Goldman Sachs. He arrived grossly intoxicated and emitting a blinding phosphorescent red glow. During his interview questioning, he made sure to mention that he was "fluent in the International Language of Buttsex" while discreetly attempting to masturbate beneath the conference room table in spite of his complete inability to achieve an erection.

Having run out of clean glasses, rock legend Kurt Cobain attempted to drink his evening red wine out of a loaded shotgun.

# GREAT MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF ALPHA



In 1844, top Irish scientists found a method for converting their potato crops into an alcoholic beverage by means of fermentation. Over the next five years, hundreds of thousands of hapless Irish peasants celebrated this momentous occasion by starving to death.

Winston Churchill is born.

When their Natural Ice delivery truck was hijacked by gypsies, the Ohio State University chapter of the Alpha Lambda Xi fraternity was forced to wait 8 days for an emergency batch of Natural Ice to be airlifted to them. During this unprecedented streak of sobriety, the frat brothers disgraced the noble heritage of their fine organization by engaging in fully consensual sex, learning that Beirut is also a city in Lebanon, and becoming generally interesting and worthwhile human beings.

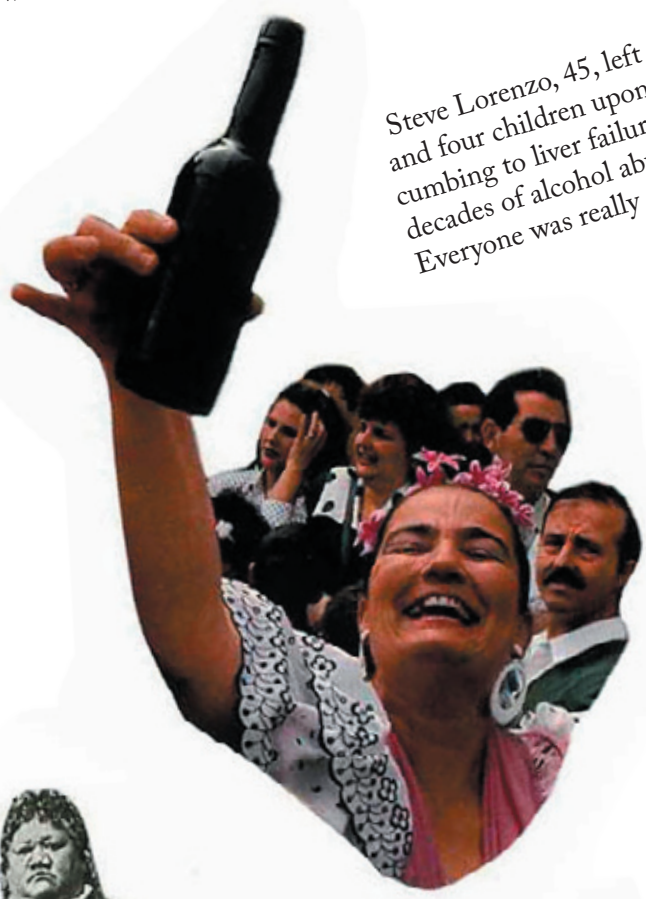
# TS HISTORY OF ALCOHOL

method of  
alcoholic  
over the next  
pily drunk  
s discovery

Jack London writes the entirety of *Call of the Wild* while communing with the friendly wolves that are only visible when Mille takes away his alcohol for a week. Mr. Growls writes in the New Yukon Times, "A masterpiece. Reading this book is like stalking a buck for hours and then, in a magnificent crescendo, ripping it to pieces. Elusive, yet ultimately profoundly satisfying. HAWOOOOOOOOOOO! HWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

When he failed to purchase alcohol at a convenience store, a 14-year-old Georgia boy mixed four large bottles of red-wine vinegar with a carton of Alka-Seltzer tablets, assuming that his ersatz champagne would be adequate to give him a buzz. The overwhelming acidity of the liquid melted away his stomach lining, leaving him in unimaginable pain and bleeding internally until his death, 4 weeks later.

Steve Lorenzo, 45, left a wife and four children upon succumbing to liver failure after decades of alcohol abuse. Everyone was really sad.



Ty Warren, 21, was arrested in Oakland, CA for ghostriding his whip while intoxicated. The case was later overturned as Warren was not technically operating the vehicle, but crudely dancing on top of it as it moved. After being acquitted, he left the courtroom and promptly ghostrode his whip through a red light and was broadsided by a tow truck carrying a dump truck full of nitric acid.



Horny, homely, and desperate, 31 year-old year Jennifer Schumer walked to her neighborhood bar and wished for the best as she calmly slipped herself a roofie.

# Wales

By Timmy Sampson,  
Mrs. Maddigan's 1st Grade Class

Ever since my teacher Mrs. Maddigan made me do this stupid paper on wales, I have loved them. I asked my dad about wales and he said it was a country full of lazy people who rebel a lot and don't know their place. I said I thought wales lived in the ocean. He said that's the way it used to be, they'd throw them in there with their long mustaches and then we'd hunt them in boats.

Waling involved hunting down the wales and throwing harpoons into them so they die and you can suck their blood and use it to make oil. I also heard that its how you get long bows, you have to harvest the wales and then you have long bows. I was reading the encyclopdiea and I heard that the wales were fighting the enlgishes and they lost. My teacher told me that wales are a hundred feet long so I guess that's why all their women are such whores, even though I don't know what that means. That's what my dad says. He also said their wives are sheep.

Mrs. Maddigan says that waling is bad so we should stop killing the wales. They are people too, just ugly 100 feet people who taste good and some of them are killers. In conclusion, my dad says if I don't get a good grade on this paper he's going to hit me.

## Some Facts About Super Soakers



- The Super Soaker XP 150 was featured prominently as a "Jew-stomping device" in Leni Reifenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*.

- Elephant-gun Super Soakers—a now-discontinued 8-foot, 45-pound Super Soaker model—were marketed as being able to "put down able-bodied dogs and fatass kids."

- Charles Julius Guiteau attempted to assassinate James Garfield six times with the Super Soaker 250, but he was seen as nothing but a colorful tramp and was not arrested. He finally succeeded when he upgraded to the XP 1000.

- In order to appeal to an "increasingly violent and deranged" generation of young customers, Super Soaker started a line of water-guns that were marketed as being convertible into anti-tank weapons.

- Cold War Super Soakers invited children aged 6-12 to reenact the intricacies of international conflict with their product.

The water-guns were actually just glasses of water that the company suggested you drink when negotiations with the premier got especially heated.

- The Super Soaker Max Ice was the subject of a multi-million dollar class-action lawsuit. The most damning piece of evidence was an office memo that revealed the gun was intentionally designed to "viciously shoot out jagged shards of cold, cold ice."

- Under the influence of famed thinker Jacques Lacan, Super Soaker CEO Ty Howard decided to market the Supersoaker Max-D as the "intersubjectivity of the Dionysian Ego self-actualized."

- The most popular water gun sold by Super Soaker is the Twat Soaker, which is the same as the Original Super Soaker, but on the box children are encouraged to soak each other's "twat."

- During the 1990s, Super Soakers were marketed to the gay community as "bath-house accessories."

- I am immune to Super Soakers because I am wearing a special invisible shield.





# HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD?

## Dear Princess Dairies Customers

We regret to inform you that as of April we will no longer be using the Princess Dairies brand name, following recent legal developments. Our lawsuits against both HarperTrophy and Buena Vista Pictures failed to result in them forfeiting the right to use "The Princess Diaries" name, despite the negative publicity it has garnered for our company, of similar spellings. Even though Princess Dairies has been making the finest dairy products in the county since 1848, this 21st century knock-off has effectively stolen our trademark and associated us with a terrible collection of books and movies, and we will soon be voting on a new name; also we are searching for a woman to replace Julie Andrews in all our pictures.

Get this, though:

"Princess" was not a good name anyway. Princesses are all fairly useless, and cost a lot of money to clothe and feed; our milk, cheese, and butter can all be used for a variety of culinary purposes and are quite competitively priced. Furthermore, we are proud to say that Princess Dairies has never in its 159-year history fallen to enemy forces, whereas princesses on many occasions have been captured, kidnapped, or otherwise held hostage.

Here are some other problems we have with the name Princess:

- "Princess Di" and her tragic death: why am I not surprised. You are running around calling her "Princess Die" and then she dies at a young age. No duh! I saw that coming a mile away, but the whole world is shocked. Morons.
- "The Princess' Bride" - It was very cowardly to write in a male groom for the princess instead of keeping the lesbian bride in the story, and it was false advertising to keep the original name after they changed the story. Also I despise giants.
- "The Princess And The Pea" - Peas blow, and it is very easy to sleep when a pea is under the mattress and only the weak cannot do it. Also those shits never go near our production facilities. Peas are filthy and untrustworthy and we would never associate with them nor put them in our milk.

Thus we want nothing to do with Princesses and the name, and we were going to change the name anyway so take that Princess Dairies!

### HELP US CHOOSE THE NEW NAME!

"Priceless Dairies" "Prince's Dairies" "Printpress Dairies"

"Princess Diaries" "Prencess Dairies" "Princip's Dairies"

Call in with your favorite to (304) 722-2801

## A Tribute to the Mighty Standpipe



*Let me sing your praises, O standpipe. Truly you are a gift unto man.*

Proud standpipe, you honor us. You are the pulsing arteries of our tall, densely-populated buildings. You complete our structural architecture as you complete our hearts and minds.

*No other vertical pipe compares to you, for you are strong and true.*

Other pipes are weak and inconsequential in your mighty Presence. Their pressure is insufficient to pump water to the highest floors of our apartment buildings and office complexes. You deride their pathetic water-pressurization powers. Your rigidity and verticality allow you to pump water as no other feeble vessel may even dream.

*Great standpipe: You are our salvation.*

In the event of fire, we depend on you, for it is through your Providence that our firefighters may combat deadly blazes. Your fixed structure is a great cry of defiance against the nihilism of all-consuming flame. You render fire hydrants superfluous.

*Without you, we are consumed by flames.*

Night and day you stand a sentinel, your honor as stainless as the steel that composes your body. Never will you falter under the strain of saving the lives of beings, man or woman, kitten and puppy, gerbil or hamster. You are always willing and ready to pump, and you do so with great alacrity.

*Do not forsake us, O standpipe. Long may you rise proudly on our streets.*

Your mighty forked head thrusts forth from our sidewalks, near the sides of our buildings. Of all plumbing, only the standpipe is so easily accessed. May your valves never rust, nor your pressure relent. We find comfort and grace in your majesty. We tremble before the glory of your nozzles.

*Give us peace and safety, O standpipe, through all of our lives.*

## Barron's Guide to POTENT ELIXIRS

### Grandpa's Rib

Introduced in 1872 by traveling salesman "Dishonest" Ben Hogarty, "Grandpa's Rib" was originally billed as a cure for infant mortality. However, when it was found that this uneven mixture of turpentine and chicken grease actually had the unintended and opposite effect of causing infant death, Hogarty remarketed the serum as "Hogarty's Child Death Brew." Despite the remarket, the sales proved disappointing.

### Haywood's Love Tonic

"Hentworth's Love Tonic", introduced in 1908, was actually developed and sold by a man named Gianni Logatto. At first, Logatto experimented with calling the potion "Logatto's Love Tonic." This product name, however, proved unpopular. In a near-famous editorial, John "Alabaster" Hentworth asked, "Why should we buy a drink made by wops?" Hentworth's argument was more than convincing. The board of directors decided to rename it after Hentworth, who also murdered Logatto and married his wife and wore his clothes to the ballroom every Wednesday night.

### Bing Crosby's Concord Juice

"Concord Juice" was introduced to the public by actor Bing Crosby in 1942. Though it would later come to light that Crosby was both an abusive husband and father, the actor is perhaps best known for his "Concord Juice" slogan, "One sip and I don't want to punch my kids no more!"

### Nixon Nightwash

Though not drinkable, "Nixon Nightwash" was wildly popular in the Midwest in the 1970s. Its primary ingredients were grenadine and antifreeze and it was billed as a "magic" bodywash. However, this "alternative to conventional bathing" was found to cause major skin irritations, as well as numbness in the extremities. Even so, "Nixon Nightwash" thrived as the flagship liquid in the "Unpopular President" potions line.



### "LEE HARVEY"

1 Part Tomato Juice,  
1 Part Irish whiskey  
Serve in a single shot  
Chug, "Back and to the Left"

### "THAT SLUT, MY WIFE"

1 oz. Salt  
2 oz. Water  
1 tsp. corn starch  
4 Years of my life  
Mix in a used condom that  
I found IN MY OWN BED

### "BORON BLAST"

1 tbsp Boron  
Throw into the face of the  
next person who tells you  
Boron is the worst element.

### "THE BODY SHOT"

This drink is really the same as a normal shot of liquor: the method of consumption is all that is different. You need another person's cooperation to properly execute a body shot.

Here are the steps

- 1) Drink the shot
- 2) Have the other person immediately shoot you in the torso with a handgun. Of course as usual you are wearing a bullet proof vest.
- 3) The challenge is to see if you can hold your liquor despite the shock of being shot in the body.
- 4) These get more exciting the more you take because of increased probability of the bullet getting through.
- 5) Yes you are considered a pussy if you use a "shooter" in which the liquor is mixed with a chaser instead of a normal shot.
- 6) Yes you are considered a pussy if you are only shot with a .22 round. .25 ACPs, however, are acceptable in some circles.

## Mama's Little Cocktail Recipes

### "THAT BIRD THAT SITS IN THE MOUTH OF AN ALLIGATOR"

1 part tequila  
2 parts lemon juice  
Place the drink in the mouth of an alligator  
Drink extremely carefully, or just get one of  
those birds to get it out of there for you.



### "A SOPHISTICATED COCKTAIL FOR TEENAGE DRINKERS" FOUND ON A BOTTLE OF SURGE.

In a tall glass, pour 2 oz everclear, 1 oz corn  
syrup, and 1/2 oz Yellow 5, fill with seltzer.  
Add two pills of No-Doz and stir. Serve  
warm.



### "TRENCH ROT"

Verdun, 1916: Johnny and I were desperate to hide from the pain of the last assault, but the Hun's shells would give us no respite. We grabbed the cognac that French whore had smuggled in for us but left behind when that shell blew off her legs. We mixed it with the trench water and some of the mustard concentrate. It felt like a night in No Man's Land and made me vomit for days afterwards. It made my head numb, like it was missing, and that was fine with me, but while Johnny was drinking it, some ordinance took off his head and shattered the bottle. I guess everyone lost that day.

### "THE SPECULUM"

3 oz Orange juice (no pulp)  
1.5 oz Vodka  
1.5 oz Pussy juice (some pulp)  
Now if you are wondering how you  
intake this, despite the name you drink  
it with your mouth.

# An Exothermic Welcome to Chemistry Grad School

Welcome to chemistry graduate school. You finally made it: your childhood dream is realized. Now you can burn away your fears in the chemicals I will later give you.

Many of you will graduate to join the ranks of history's most renowned chemists, such as Anton van Leeuwenhoek, the inventor of the microscope.

In just a few minutes we will divide into our orientation groups. Everyone tells me that orientation is their favorite part of graduate school. That, and the cool thing we do where we lace a big water jug with gasoline and then set it on fire. But for that you'll have to wait for the graduation ceremony.

I hope you all enjoyed your chemical salad. That's right, we have a little joke at chemistry graduate school: adding the word "chemical" to other words. Because after all, isn't everything made of chemicals in one way or another? Your program of study is meant to challenge your assumptions about what is and is not made of chemicals. Anyway, I hope you liked the salad because that is the only food you'll be having today.

There is an old legend that chemists run faster than other people. Some say that whoever runs fastest will become the valedictorian. But there is no way to know for sure. Or is there? Perhaps your generation will devise a way to determine who can run fastest among a group of competitors.

Now, it wouldn't be graduate school if there weren't gifts, so I have a gift for you. Everyone look under your chair: yes, it is a package of corrosive chemicals. There are four open beakers in there. Please be careful. Now what I'm about to say next many of you will find basic, but better safe than sorry: Do not drink these chemicals or pour them into your open eyes. I know, most of you are used to this procedure, but I personally have watched my students drink corrosive chemicals, and believe me, it is no fun to be the one that has to expel them for wasting chemicals.

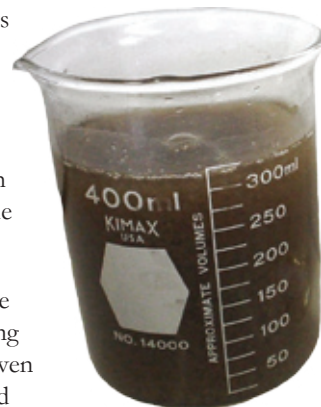
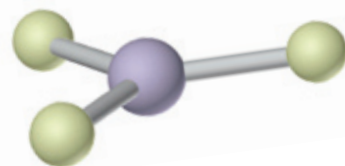
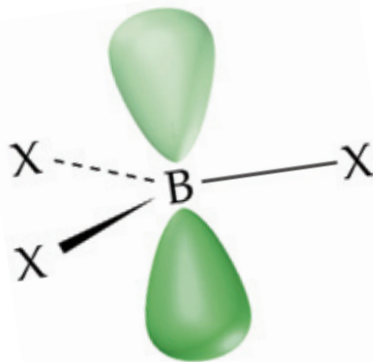
We have a bit of tradition here at chemistry graduate school. Everybody here needs to take out a dollar. That's right. Pass it to the right. The TA's will gather them. I am going to use this money to buy a Segway. We will keep it at my house but just call me if you want to borrow it.

Now I suppose would be a good time to introduce our TAs. That's right, in graduate school there are TAs as well, only this time they are all deaf mutes. But we're working on developing a language of foot movements for them, so they can communicate even while holding chemicals. Until then, if you have any questions, the head TA can read lips. You'll recognize him by his unbreakable glass cane. Wave hello, Goldap.

The TAs are now passing out the syllabi for this our introductory course. Please do not put them in your mouth. I know it sounds obvious, but believe me, every year somebody devours a whole stack of syllabi, and believe me, it is no fun to be the one that has to transcribe 150 syllabi by hand for a bunch of graduate students while they sit there crying and digesting paper.

Now then, let's get down to chemical business.

That was a joke.



R.I.P.



AALIYAH

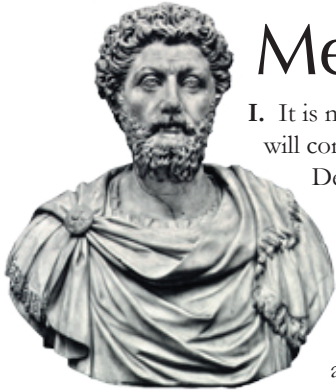
# NOTICE

## ATTN: All YMCA Lifeguards

In light of recent disagreements among the staff, The Board of Water Safety is announcing the following restrictions and rules:

1. Lifeguards may no longer seize small children entering the pool and demand that they pay tribute to the Liquid Lord of the Seven Seas. Our pool has no "lord," and we do not have seven pools.
  - a. Anyone seen bringing bronze statues into the pool area will be suspended without pay.
  - b. It is not okay to "piss the pool" regardless of your beliefs.
2. We have received complaints about the music on the PA system. Please stop replacing my Barenaked Ladies CD with that recording of Ricky and Seth chanting.
3. Employees may not apply for schedule changes to avoid working with "surface dwellers."
4. Lifeguards may not gather in the locker room showers to hold meetings of the "Oceanic Council of Elders". The YMCA does not recognize this group. Furthermore, you are all minors.
5. The Guppy level swimming class is scheduled to working on doggy paddle and holding their breath. Lifeguards may not use class time to make children search for the Seven Shimmering Gemstones that protect the Seven Shining Pillars that hold up the Glorious Glistening Dome that surrounds our city. This violates child labor laws, and also these things do not exist.
6. Visitors may not be burned alive for being "Sea Pirates". The YMCA charter restricts public burnings to land-based crimes.
7. To avoid misunderstandings, making the "fish lips" face is now prohibited.
8. Graffiti and slurs are, as always, unacceptable. This includes (but is not limited to), "gill-head", "dryback", "mermaid-fucker", etc. There are impressionable young children around, and possibly also impressionable young mermaids.

I know I've only been your boss for a month, but I think I've made my feelings about undersea kingdoms perfectly clear: I love them. However, our founder, Yeardley M. C. Anderson, were alive today, he would say the same thing: a pool divided against itself cannot float. Get out there and save some lives!



# Meditations in the Water

## a lost essay of Marcus Aurelius

**I.** It is not ours to decide when a storm will come up; this is the doing of God. Death, life, clear skies, dark skies, they are all at the unknown will of God. Do not obsess about it. Nor can we demand that the captain have sailed better. Or that your Emperor had chosen to sail into a storm, against the predictions of our wisest of augurs.

**II.** When one asks for things to have been differently, he asks the darkness. How can I ask for things that are subject only to the will of nature? You ask for a new ship, or that you had also grabbed on to a plank that you might also sit on it, and not in the brine. What might you gain from such a supplication?

**III.** It is all one to endure these things for a hundred of years together or but for three minutes. One may tire of paddling in but hours, yet this is merely the weakness of the mind when it does not prevail over the body. Swim and do not think of the pain. Your suffering is happenstance. Be not a pussy; that is the aspect of a child.

**IV.** Man, God, the sharks that circle us, every one in their kind, bear some fruits. All things have their proper time to bear. However the great fish of the sea bear their fruit, let them bear it. It may have been that a great rival was coming to slay you, and he himself was consumed by a shark while bathing in the sea. Thus it is that God brings advantage and disadvantage to all, looking not at virtue.

**V.** All things that are in the world are always in the estate of alteration. Kingdoms are formed and become humbled again as well. The fish are born; sharks devour their flesh. You also are in a perpetual change, for you too are born, and so might the sharks eat you.

**VI.** Your friend has lost his leg. It is not yours, but another man's leg. Why should it trouble you? Let him look to it, whose leg is gone. And what can be said of friendship, but

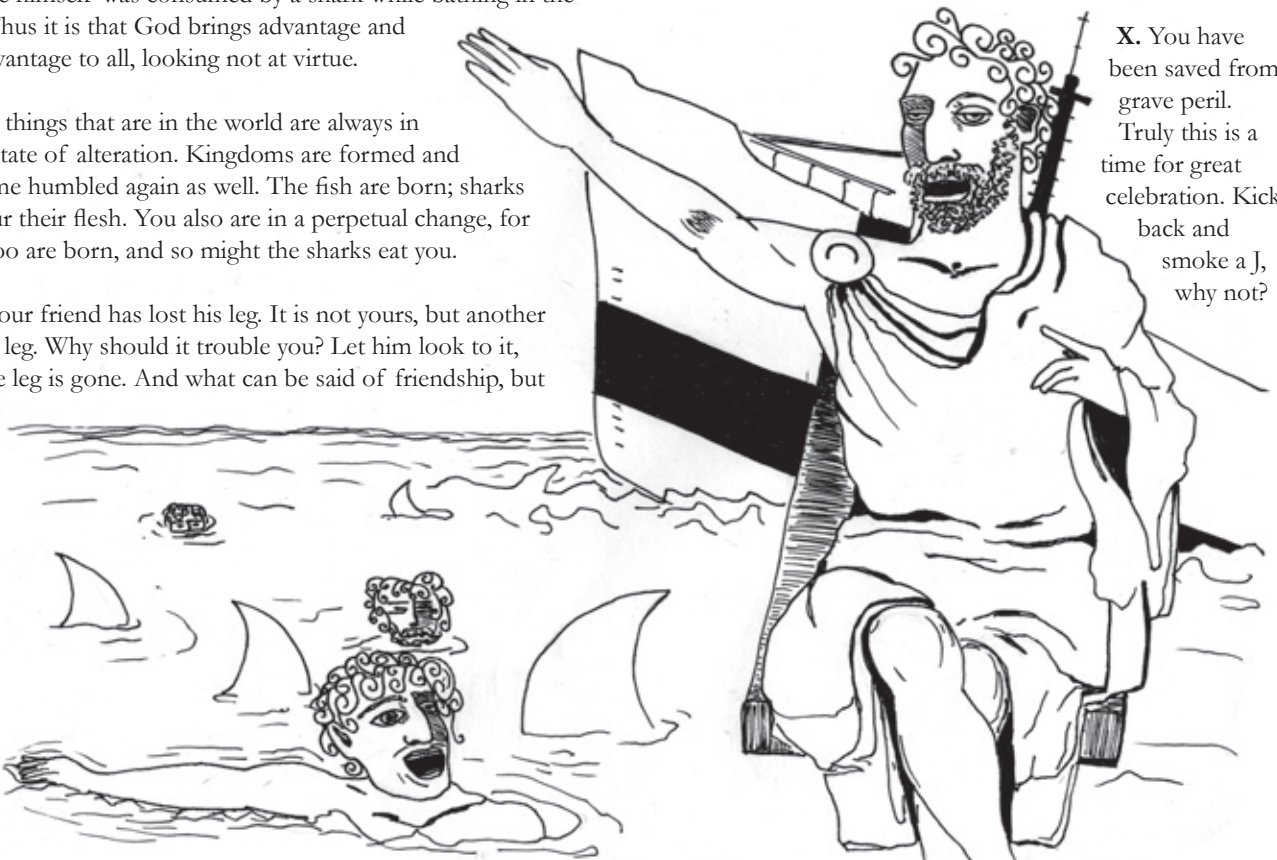
that a man supports right action. Right action is to understand that his pain cannot be yours as well; and remind him to bear his pain just as the soft touch of his wife, and bear all with willful ambivalence.

**VII.** When you comfort and cheer yourself, call to mind the several gifts and virtues of them, with whom you daily converse. For example, the industry of the one; the wisdom of another; the courage of a third; all contained within my self, your Emperor. For as nothing can so much rejoice you as the survival of these virtues in other people, so should the virtue of my survival be cause for most sublime happiness.

**VIII.** When a raft has arrived, think not that you shall have the opportunity to live more, but rather that you should have the opportunity to live with virtue. Look now at this travail as a lesson that we are but moments from death and that all things of the body can die, or get shorn off in the mouth of a shark. It is a good thing then, that your Emperor led you into sea. You now may rejoice in happiness, as you have been made stronger.

**IX.** Thus saved, you may wish to drink, yet do not rush to drink; refuse the drink, since you can now get it. When you are ready keep the water in your mouth to quench your thirst, and then spit it out. Drink only when you have calmed your senses and no longer desire water. Do not drink again, until you have no desire for it, no matter how strong the desire may get.

**X.** You have been saved from grave peril. Truly this is a time for great celebration. Kick back and smoke a J, why not?



## DON'T DO DRUGS: THEY WILL RUIN YOUR PRECIOUS, PRECIOUS URINE

If you are a young person in America today, you have probably heard a lot about drugs from your friends—or the people you think are your friends. Maybe they told you how fun it is to “smoke it to the dome” with all your best pals down at the five-and-dime.

What they didn't tell you is what you give up when you do drugs: the unsullied purity of your urine's vital flow. That's right. Doing drugs just once can lead to an irreparable taint in your urinal output that will mark you for life. Try inviting Suzy Q. Redhead to split a milkshake at the soda fountain when you trail oily discharge everywhere you go.

Once you corrupt your urine, there's no going back. So before you do drugs to impress the all the hepcats in the “bebop wigwam,” think about the consequences for your future. Life is about more than just “eating bowls of grapes” in the “Lost Kingdom of Shangri-La.”

Kids today may have their own lingo, but there's one thing they don't have: the right attitude about urine.

And there's nothing more important than that, no matter how many “Johnny-come-latelys” some reefer hound can fit up his nose.

So the next time somebody asks you to “toke that doob” or offers you some “ope-a-dope” (street slang for opiates), stop for a moment to think about your urine.

You better believe Rufus T. Dopepusher won't do it for you. It may be too late for his urine, but there's still time to save yours. So put down that “jingle-bell stallion clamp” and take a walk in the bright light of clean urine. You won't regret it. “Flesh bandit soap tape MOVEMENT.”



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THE MICTURATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA

Seen in Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park

# WARNING!

**You are Entering a LAVA FIELD.**

**This field CONTAINS LAVA FLOWS.**

**To avoid personal harm, please note of the following:**

- Do not run when near lava. You may twist your ankle.
- Lava is not sanitary to bathe in.
- Lava does not contain iodine.
- Lava is slippery when wet.
- Lava is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease
- Pedophiles are known to hang out near lava flows.
- One glass of Lava contains less than 2% DV Protein.
- Do not dive into flowing lava if you cannot see the bottom
- Fishermen must have licenses



ADVERTISEMENT



Does your mainstream bottled water taste clean to you? If so, that's because you don't recognize the taste of blood (in a figurative sense – literally, you probably know that it has a tinge of iron, is more viscous than water and slightly saline, and is usually warm). Few water-guzzling Americans realize that the moisture farmers who produce their water toil under sweatshop-like conditions in the intense heat, and receive less than the cost of production for their water. Fair Trade Water attempts to solve this problem as it ensures a sustainable income level and helps protect producers from market failure, while any excess funds are channeled into arms training so that moisture farmers can engage in rebellion against their oppressors.

Fair Trade Water bypasses the oppressive profiteering system with no additional cost to you; money is saved by cutting out the corporate middleman, who provides useless services such as "water cleansing" and "removal of intestinal products." The water is naturally filtered by the caked mud and rocks in the streams that the honest Nicaraguan people use to clean their clothes, and the Nicaraguan Mafia uses to dispose of its dead. Furthermore, the environmental impact is minimal. No gas-powered machines are used and no jungle is cut, as our workers simply collect the water from the stream running down Managua's southernmost street using their all-natural shirts. Buy a gross of water bottles, and get one of these shirts free to wear your Free Trade values on your sleeve!\*

## A Taste of Nicaragua Fair Trade Water



# Jug Problems

You have two jugs: one that holds five gallons, and one that holds three gallons. You need to fill the five-gallon jug with exactly four gallons. Also, you are pretty sure that your boss is going to fire you tomorrow.

You have a ten-gallon jug that is exactly half full, and a six-gallon jug full to the top. How do you pour out two gallons? Remember that you hate your parents for ruining your life.

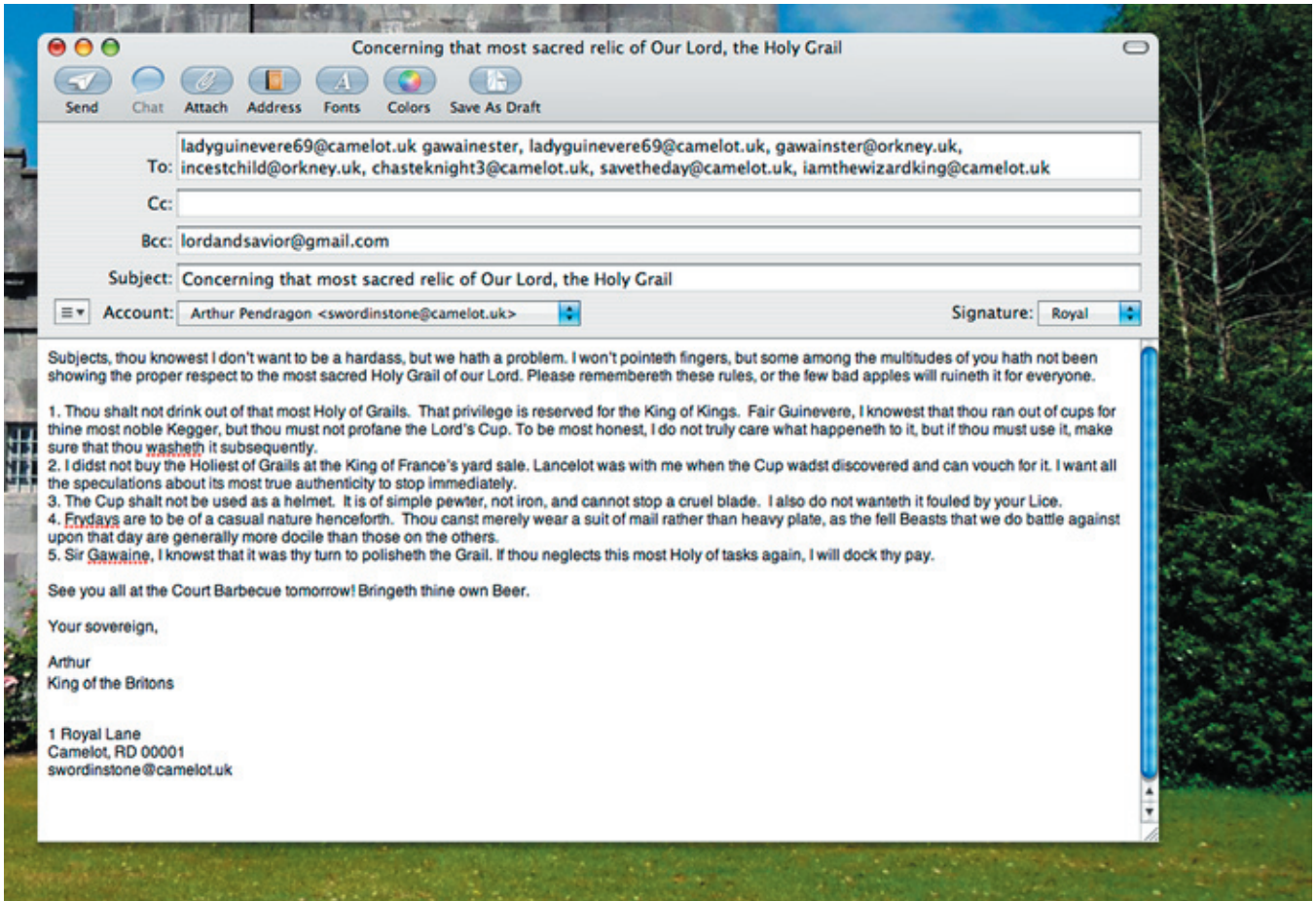
You have a five-gallon jug, an empty milk carton, and a champagne glass. Make a pitcher of martinis without letting the ingredients touch. Recently you've been getting the vibe that your girlfriend is cheating on you. With your best friend. And his bowling team. On a webcam.

You have a clay pot, a charred oak barrel, and a graduated cylinder. Can you make an Italian wedding soup from scratch? Your thumbs are broken because you couldn't pay your bookie after you bet your paycheck on the Jets like an asshole. And now you're not gonna make your mortgage payment either, and your wife will use it in court to get sole custody, like she's been saying she will. And you'll just have the bottle to complain to.

You have a goldfish bowl, a colander, and eight feet of PVC piping. You need to construct a submersible craft to conduct an underwater rescue operation within the next 4 hours. The doctor called. He said it's malignant. And inoperable. And spreading through your bowels, liver, and brain. He wanted to ask if you could come to his class down at the medical school.

You have a beer stein, a colander, and a charred oak barrel. You need to create an irrigation system for a small vegetable garden. Years of biological and chemical warfare have wiped out all of the planet's major population centers, and the survival of the human race itself could depend on the viability of your crops. And you need to raise ten thousand dollars or old Mr. Potter is going to foreclose on the Bedford Falls Building & Loan.





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**SUPERMARKETS**

# R.J. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE OF FLAVORS

WELCOME TO RJ TEMPLETON'S HOUSE OF FLAVORS. I BESEECH YOU TO SAMPLE THIS FLAVOR. WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON BOTH THE FIDELITY OF OUR FLAVORS AND THE VERACITY OF OUR ADVERTISING

ALSO, PLEASE GUESS THE TYPE OF WOOD THAT OUR FURNITURE ARE MADE OF. GUESS CORRECTLY AND WE WILL GIVE YOU A FREE SERVING OF FLAVOR!

WE'RE NO "FLAVOR OF THE WEEK" - JUST GIVE US A CHANCE AND I'LL MAKE SURE YOU REMEMBER THIS FLAVOR LONG AFTER YOUR PARENTS TAKE THEIR LAST BREATH.

MY METHOD: WHEN YOUR PARENTS DIE, I WILL SEND YOU A "CONDOLENCES" CARD, BUT INSTEAD OF MY NAME, I WILL WRITE THE NAME OF THE FLAVOR. THEN YOU WILL REMEMBER THE FLAVOR AND AT ONCE REALIZE WITH A CHUCKLE THAT ALL LIFE IS BUT A FLEETING FLASH OF LIGHT IN A GREAT DARK EXPANSE, AND ALTHOUGH GONE, YOUR PARENTS LIVED NOT IN VAIN, FOR WHILE YOU ARE STILL ALIVE, PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER THEM THROUGH THEIR CONNECTIONS TO YOU, THOUGH AFTER TWO OR THREE GENERATIONS PASS, BOTH THEY AND YOU WILL LIKELY BE FORGOTTEN FOREVERMORE, VANISHED FROM HISTORY, AS IF NEVER TO HAVE EXISTED AT ALL, SAVE FOR THE MODEST CARVINGS ON A DUSTY TOMBSTONE THAT MAY BE CLEANED OR MAINTAINED DEPENDING ON THE INTEGRITY OF THE INSTITUTION THAT HAS AGREED BY CONTRACT TO DEFEND YOUR ONLY EARTHLY LEGACY BY DIGGING A SHALLOW HOLE INTO THE GROUND AND DEPOSITING YOUR ROTTING BODY THEREIN. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER, WHAT HE WAS LIKE OR WHERE HE IS NOW BURIED? PAY ATTENTION TO THIS: HE ONCE LIVED.

BUY TWO FLAVORS, GET ONE FREE

TO UNDERSTAND OUR ORGANIZATION IS TO THRIVE WHEN INTERACTING WITH IT, AND AS SUCH, HERE IS HOW YOU OUGHT TO ACT WHEN YOU STEP INTO OUR HOUSE. FIRST, PLEASE TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF. THIS IS A JAPANESE HOUSEHOLD. SECOND, DON'T HOLD BACK! TAKE A 16 OUNCE STYROFOAM CUP.

YOU'LL SEE A LINE OF FLAVORS. PLACE THEM IN THE CUP UNTIL YOU THINK YOU ARE READY.

I ONLY SAY THAT BECAUSE SO MANY PEOPLE RETURN, EVEN AFTER DRINKING OUR FLAVORS FOR DECADES, CRYING INTO THEIR PALMS AND APOLOGIZING FOR THEIR CONDUCT WHEN THEY FIRST CAME. "I WAS NOT READY," MANY OF THEM HAVE SAID. "I ONLY WISH I COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND STOP MYSELF." FRIEND, YOU ARE NOT ALONE. WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, THIS IS ONLY HUMAN. I LOVE YOU AND I FORGIVE YOU.

SO PLEASE, FILL YOUR CUP TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY AT THIS TIME. ALL PEOPLE ARE WORKS-IN-PROGRESS; WE NEVER STOP LEARNING AND GROWING, EVEN WHEN WE ARE OLD AND GRAY. SO SHOOT THE FLAVORS INTO YOUR CUP AND DO NOT CRY.

THEN COME TALK TO ME AND I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THEM

I SWEAR TO YOU THAT NO FLAVOR COSTS MORE THAN 3.00, AND MOST OF THEM ARE LESS THAN 3.00..

WHAT YOU DO AT THAT POINT IS UP TO YOU, ALTHOUGH I WILL MENTION THAT MOST PEOPLE CONSUME THE FLAVORS. BUT IT'S REALLY UP TO YOU.

PLEASE NEVER SAY USE THE COLLOQUIALISM "FLAVA" WHEN IN OUR HOUSE. YES, WE KNOW IT EXISTS, AND NO, WE ARE NOT GOING TO RENAME OUR HOUSE. WE HAVE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE. IT IS OUR OPINION THAT THIS WORD IS JUST A TREND AND WILL SOON BE PHASED OUT OF THE POPULAR LEXICON, WHEREAS THE WORD "FLAVOR" WILL ENDURE..

WE HAVE A DOG AND HIS NAME IS "BOOGER." I LET MY SON NAME HIM.

UNDERSTAND THAT "TIME" IS BUT A PAROCHIAL EXPLANATION OF THE TERRIFYING PROSPECT THAT ALL THINGS ARE DOOMED TO DECAY IN WAYS THAT DEFY REAL UNDERSTANDING.

ALL KIWI FLAVORS ARE ON SALE THIS WEEK, INCLUDING "KRAZY KIWI" AND "KIWI KOUNTY," BUT NOT "MANGO-KIWI MADNESS" AS WE CONSIDER MANGO TO HAVE FLAVOR PRIMACY IN THAT FLAVOR.

THE REASON FOR THIS SALE IS TO SELL MORE KIWI FLAVORS, WHICH ARE USUALLY EXTREMELY UNPOPULAR BECAUSE THEY DO NOT TASTE AS GOOD AS THE OTHER FLAVORS. I HOPE THAT MY HONESTY ENCOURAGES YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS SALE. CERTAINLY THE KIWI FLAVORS DO NOT TASTE "BAD," THEY ARE JUST NOT AS GOOD AS THE OTHERS AND I WOULD BE PLEASED IF EVERYONE WAS THIS HONEST WITH ME, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I TRUST YOU.

**THE R.J. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE OF FLAVORS PROMISE:**  
WE ARE CONSTANTLY PLAYING THE "GARDEN STATE" SOUNDTRACK



