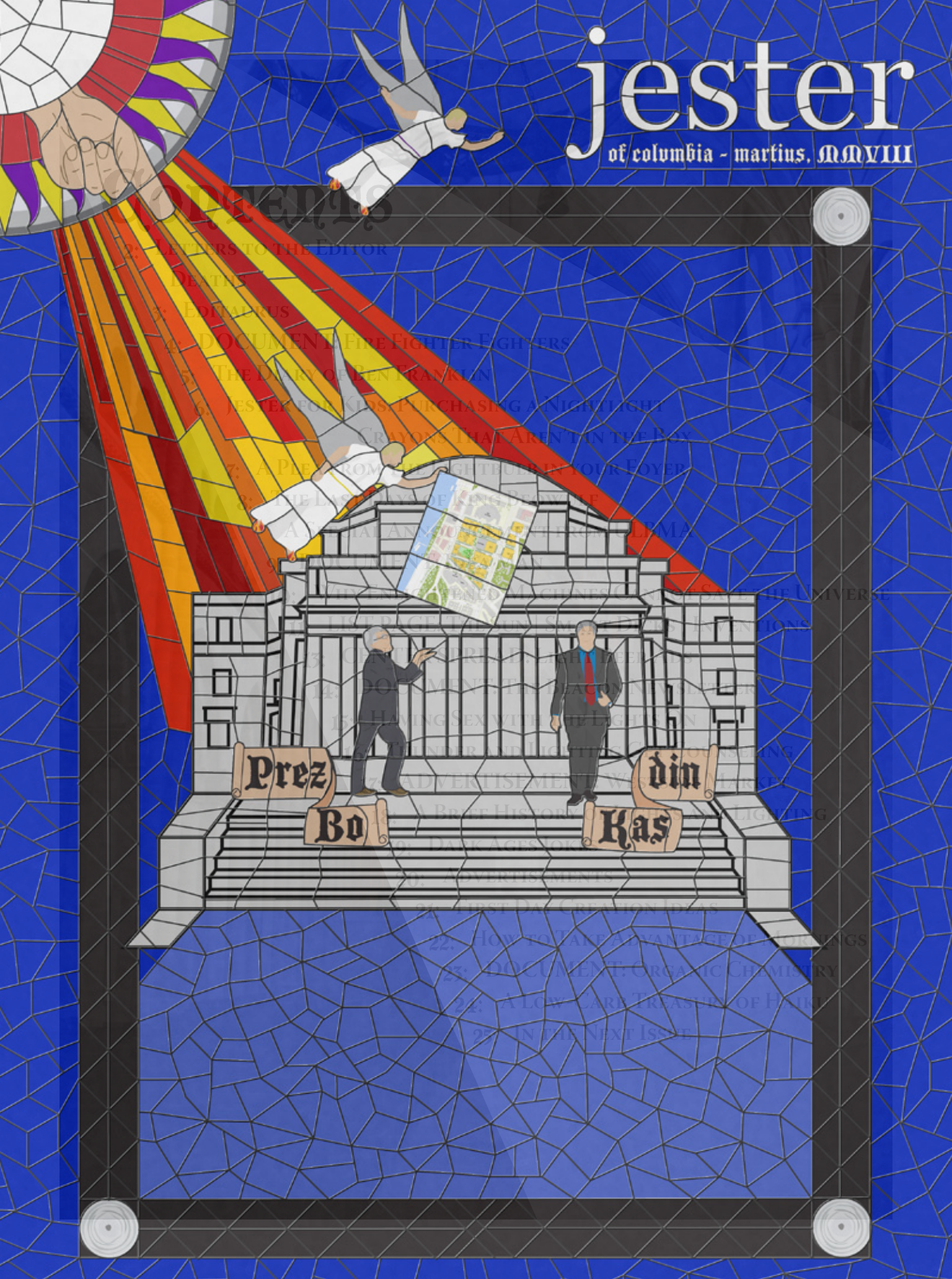


jester

of columbia - martius, MCMVIII



Prez

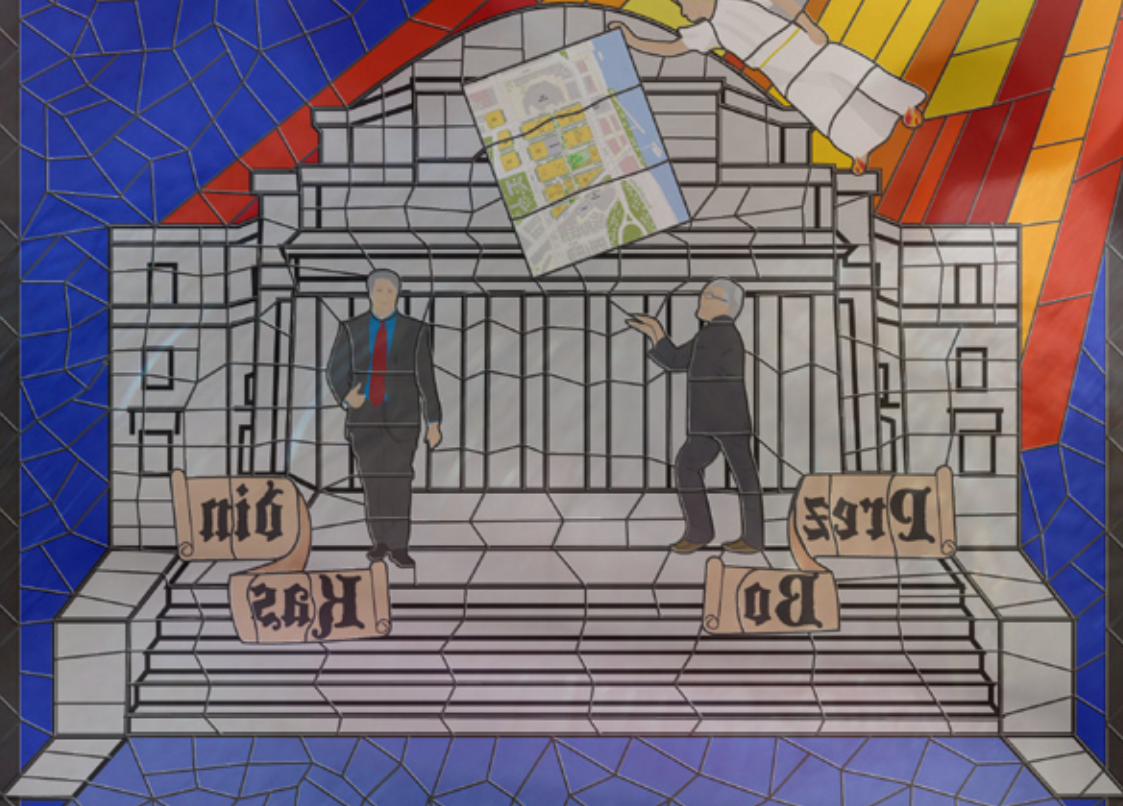
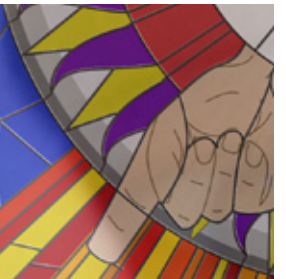
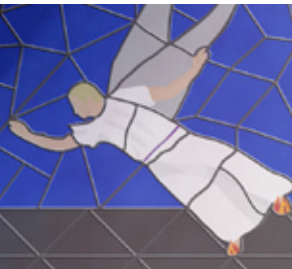
Bo

din

Kas

1. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
2. EDITORIAL
3. DOCUMENT: FIRE FIGHTER FIGHTERS
4. THE DREAM OF BEN FRANKLIN
5. JESTER PUTS CAS PURCHASING A NIGHT LIGHT
6. CROWD THAT AREN'T IN THE ROOM
7. A PIECE FROM THE TITLES OF YOUR FOYER
8. SHELS FROM THE TITLES OF YOUR FOYER
9. A ITALIAN...
10. ...
11. ...
12. ...
13. ...
14. ...
15. ...
16. ...
17. ...
18. ...
19. ...
20. ...
21. ...
22. ...
23. ...
24. ...
25. ...
26. ...
27. ...
28. ...
29. ...
30. ...
31. ...
32. ...
33. ...
34. ...
35. ...
36. ...
37. ...
38. ...
39. ...
40. ...
41. ...
42. ...
43. ...
44. ...
45. ...
46. ...
47. ...
48. ...
49. ...
50. ...

Journal
of Columbia - student - activities

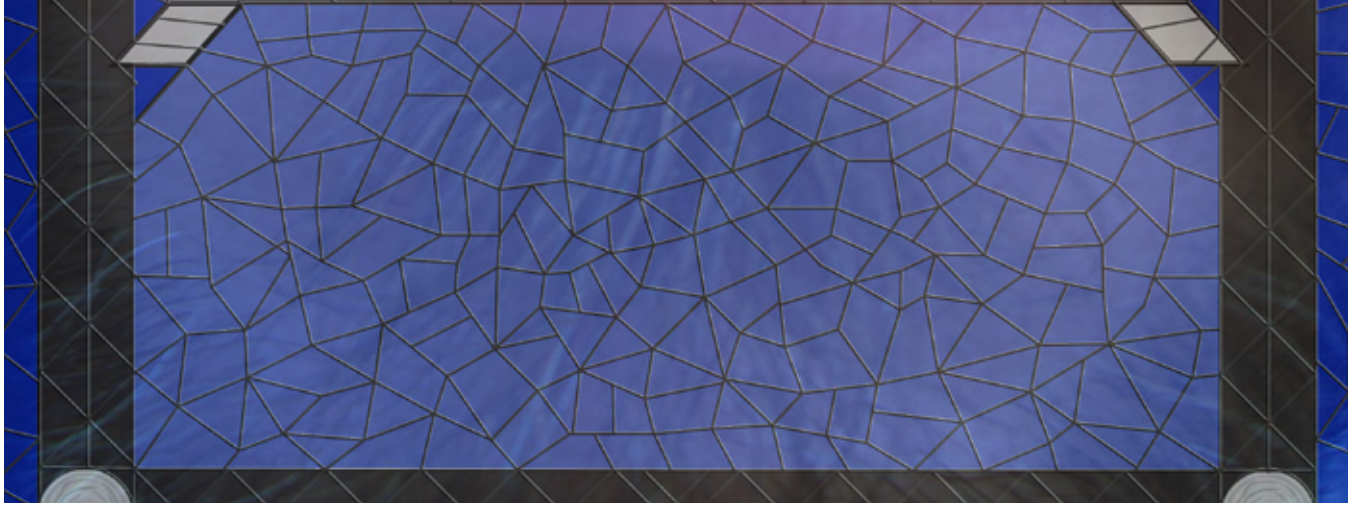


Journal

of Columbia

Journal

of Columbia



CONTENTS

2: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEATHS

3: EDITAURUS

4: DOCUMENT: FIRE FIGHTER FIGHTERS

5: THE DIARY OF BEN FRANKLIN

6: JESTER FOR KIDS: PURCHASING A NIGHTLIGHT

CRAYONS THAT AREN'T IN THE BOX

7: A PLEA FROM THE LIGHTBULB IN YOUR FOYER

8: THE LAST DAYS OF KING BEOWULF

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM ULBMA

9: DOCUMENT: IDEA MAN

10: WHY ENLIGHTENED MACHINES CANNOT SAVE THE UNIVERSE

11: LIST PAGE: THE SUN | SMART DICKS | INVENTIONS

13: CENTER SPREAD: LIGHT BEER ADS

14: DOCUMENT: THE BEACON NEWSLETTER

15: HAVING SEX WITH THE LIGHTS ON

16: THUNDER AND LIGHTING GET COUNSELING

17: ADVERTISEMENT: WESTSIDE MARKET

18: A BRIEF HISTORY OF LIGHTS AND LIGHTING

19: DARK AGES JOKES

20: ADVERTISEMENTS

21: FIRST DAY CREATION IDEAS

22: HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MORNINGS

23: DOCUMENT: ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

24: A LOW-CARB TREASURY OF HAIKU

25: IN THE NEXT ISSUE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRUTH-SEEKERS

9/11 WAS A WESTSIDE JOB! THE ATTACKS ON THE WORLD TRADE CENTER WERE AN ATTACK ON NEW YORK! AN ATTACK ON NEW YORK IS AN ATTACK ON HIP-HOP. SUGE KNIGHT KNOWS WHERE BIN LADEN IS. WHY WAS HE CHEERING IN NEW JERSEY? WHY DID NO ONE DIE IN CALIFORNIA? TAKE OFF YOUR TRUTH FILTERS. TUPAC WANTED TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT NAIROBI, SO THEY KILLED HIM. THEY ARE HAPPY TO KILL AMERICANS, EVEN WHITE PEOPLE. THAT IS A TRUTH-BOMB LIKE THE DIRECTED ENERGY BEAT THEY USED TO DROP THE TOWERS. WHERE WAS ICE CUBE ON 9/11? ASK QUESTIONS! WHY DID SNOOP DOGG VISIT PAKISTAN IN 1999? WHY WON'T GEORGE BUSH LISTEN TO COMMON? TRUTH OUT.

GRRRR,
-DMX.

R.I.P. BIGGIE

We will all miss Big Poppa. Jester will be glad to see the perpetrator to justice.
-Jester

To the editors of The Jester,

Your use of “fucking machines” is the answer to a question, yes, but a question badly posed. A well-formed statement is the product of the designer asking the question, but a well-formed response is useless if the question is incorrect! Only in the design of the boudoir is this a problem - there ignorance and indolence rule and the new science of industry overtakes man.

The question of the bed is what we ask. The modern businessman has grown tired of the bed. It cannot help him as it looks not at the need and copies the sterile pouches of the past! He asks for new things and fears the power of the machine age. He gives his wife over to machines that fuck in his awe of the power of the new era. He cowers in the face of the Machine Aesthetic! Its temerity and discipline are indomitable.

Man wants a bed that is not for sleeping. Man wants a bed to sleep in. The business-man is a man of decision. Pose the question now!

Modern man needs two beds. They do not teach you that in the École de Beaux-arts!

Modern man needs a machine for fucking. That is the solution of the right question posed well and answered right. In the vertical city, every apartment shall have a light filled room with two beds. Man will not be ashamed of his fucking machines as he is ashamed of the machines that fuck. Break off the shackles of the

DEATHS

SONNY SINCLAIR, 38

Popular late night talk show sidekick, Sonny Sinclair of *Up Late with Jeff Julian*, died on February 21st. Sinclair recently went through a messy divorce, losing the majority of his material assets. His wife then married the show's host, Jeff Julian, and upon his request, changed her name and that of her daughter. When chaos erupted on set during the aforementioned February taping, Sinclair was forced to take over the duties of host. At this time, he stated, “I've been trying to end this for some time,” reproduced a firearm, and discharged it into his mouth. His death has been ruled a suicide by viewers like you.

STEVIE PALAGANIK, 8

After dragging his feet for weeks atop the house's plush carpeted floors, little Stevie was electrocuted when he went to play with his best friend, Mr. Doorknobface.

JONATHAN COAL, 58

Early Wednesday morning Professor Jonathan Coal of Caltech took his own life. Professor Coal was a well known physicist, who related light to springs and strings in his eponymous theorem. Christened Coal's Law by the scientific community, the theorem would ultimately be the end of Jonathan Coal. For the past decade, he earnestly petitioned the scientific community to change the name to Coal's Principle. Embarrassed everywhere he went, Coal eventually chose to ingest coleslaw spiked with polonium-210, becoming a martyr - at least for his friend Thomas Mool, of Mool's Rule fame.

ANGELICA POPE, 28

Angelica Pope died this past Wednesday. Don't worry about her family: she was a detriment to society.

past. There is a new spirit in the air!

I hesitate to list my own work, but nobody else will try my chaise longue a grande amour. It is a great fuckaria. It looks like a car. Damn right. I sleep in the Parthenon. It's power to make fucking great is empirical. This one time I took Charlotte Perriand so hard on it I had to invent a new function. For me. A beanbag is a machine for crying in. Because she left me for my brother. He doesn't even have a sweet name.

-L. Corbusier,
Machine for genius.

P.S. My car looks like an ocean liner.

Well, I really only need a machine for masturbating. It sounds like you already got one of them though. Could you hook me up with one, or do you have to use all of them all the time?

-Jester



“JESTER”
VOL. DCLXVI NO. 3
DECEMBER, 2007

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
David Iscoe

PUBLISHER
Peter Schamp

TREASURER
Adam Nover

LAYOUT EDITOR
Neil Flanagan

ART EDITOR
Katherine Atwill

MANAGING EDITOR
Patrick McGuire

SENIOR EDITORS
Alex Weinberg

SENIOR WRITERS
Sam West
Eli Goldfarb

EDITORIAL STAFF
William Dunn
Ethan Pack

LAYOUT STAFF
Priyanka Choksi

CONTRIBUTORS
Frank Nestor
Justin Grace
Jeff Julian
Dan Haley
Joshua Schwartz
Pitr Strait

COVER DESIGN
Neil Flanagan

PATRON
King II of Spain

BROADCAST AFFILIATE
NBN

SUBMIT TO JESTER
JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM

THE TOPIC OF THIS “LIGHT” ISSUE



HELLO THERE!

As publisher of this “humor”-ous magazine, I feel that it is my job to enlighten bold young readers about certain topics pertaining to the particular theme of the issue. To clarify, this issue is of the usual 420-pound paper stock is used, and there are still 36 pages. Nor indeed is the content “light,” since the topic happens to be *angler fish*. When I say angler fish, of course, what I really mean is the angler part—the fish section of an angler fish is of little consequence. Besides the fact that the angler is what makes and angler fish an angler fish, and the fact that it is sweet and glows, the angler part is also the part that does not appear on other animals but clearly should.

Take, for example, the common sheep. Pretty basic—short, white, fuzzy. Not much going on here. But add an angler, and whammo! Angler sheep! Now this fucker can walk around in the dark! It can lead the way up a mountain! Into a cave! Take the angler sheep to that planet from Pitch Black—no problem! Who needs Vin Diesel’s cat-like eyesight when you have a sheep with a lamp hanging off its head? Speaking of diesel, dig this—the earliest conception of the angler sheep was actually just a sheep on fire. Since then it has evolved somewhat, from flaming sheep to sheep with dangly candle to sheep mysteriously glowing to its current incarnation as angler sheep. I have to say, I think we’ve really perfected it.

Ah, the noble angler sheep. Let me inform you

some more about this fine beast. Here are some:

Little Known Facts:

- Angler sheep are impervious to solar radiation
- Angler sheep can survive for months on nothing but human blood
- Angler sheep have three separate stomachs, in addition to an extra lung and four hearts
- An angler sheep can run at speeds exceeding 40 mph!
- Angler sheep, unlike normal sheep, can also be called “sheeps”
- Angler sheep are actually a race of mutated demons

Of course no angler sheep could truly be an angler sheep unless it used the angler to angler for things. Grass, say. Grass is definitely attracted to light. Scratch that, I guess that doesn’t work so great. Let’s say it’s an angler wolf. Now there’s a damn angler animal. Now you have a wolf stalking around on the tundra, and it needs to catch an elk. It’s dark as hell. That elk would totally walk up to the little glowing light—who wouldn’t? I know I fucking would. And then, just as it’s investigating the angler—WHAMMO! Anglered! Sucks to be you, elk!

If I were that wolf, I’d totally eat that elk. I’d eat the hell out of it.

Peter J. Schamp, age 12
Publisher

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

Jester is published as many as four times a year and is distributed free of charge to the Columbia University community. Please limit one copy per person. Views, ideas, opinions, or unsavory epithets expressed in Jester do not necessarily reflect those of Columbia University, its student body, or even the wise-ass college students who wrote them. Any similarities to actual people, places, or events are either coincidental or satirical in nature.

Direct submissions, advertising inquiries, and other correspondence to jester@columbia.edu.

For more information visit www.jesterofcolumbia.com.



Firefighter

Employee's Guide for the Knoxville, TN Firefighter Firefighter Squad



1. Showing up to work: ~~Fire~~ Rescuers work 24-hour shifts, with various start and end times. You may sleep at the ~~Fire~~house, which is in the basement of 833 Jackson Street, unless you are on watch duty.

2. What to bring:

- a) Uniform: a t-shirt with a picture of ~~fire~~, or the word "~~fire~~" on it. Also, bring money for a hat. We have two designs: "~~firefighter fighter~~" in red on a black background, and "~~firefighterfighter~~" (note the different spacing) in red-orange on a black background. We used to have one that said "~~firefighter~~"² in orange on a black background, but too many people thought we were just some powerful kind of ~~firefighters~~. All hats are one size fits all. We used to say "one size fits Saul" because this guy Saul had a huge head, but that dude quit.
 - b) Flammable liquids (not for starting ~~fires~~, but for rehabilitating ~~fires~~ under attack).
 - c) A folder for your work (~~trapper-keepers~~ are great).
 - d) Weapons: pretty much whatever you can scrape up: crowbars, baseball bats, kitchen and ~~gardening~~ implements, that sort of thing. If you're legally allowed to carry a ~~firearm~~, that would be very helpful: most of us are no longer eligible for gun licenses.
 - e) An upbeat attitude!
- ~~ch~~ duty: If you are on watch duty, you stay on the radio and if you pick up any ~~fire~~ calls, wake everyone

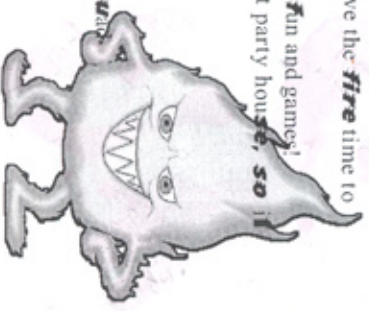
by yelling "~~fires~~" and throwing things at them. While everyone is getting ~~war~~ things ready, try to slow down the ~~fire~~ department with a prank phone call. We suggest attempting to order pizza from them, or accusing them of kicking your dog.

4. ~~Fire~~ Calls: This is most people's favorite part of the job because it's the part where there's a ~~fire~~. Here are the steps:

- a) "Get there!" (Go to where the ~~fire~~ is.)
 - b) Play the music. We play two different songs, depending on the circumstances: the first is *The Roof is on ~~Fire~~, by Rock Master Scott and the Dynamic Three*, which "~~fires~~ us up" and at the same time exemplifies our anti-extinguishment philosophy. However, often we encounter ~~fires~~ of things such as forests and convertibles, rendering the song irrelevant. In this case, we play *We Didn't Start the ~~Fire~~*, by Billy Joel. We didn't start the ~~fire~~—that's not our job—but we're damn well not gonna let it go out.
 - c) Talk nicely to the ~~firefighters~~ and explain to them that we don't want them to stop ~~the fire~~. This usually doesn't work.
 - d) ~~Fight!~~ Due to the success of our group, ~~firefighters~~ now wear heavy protective suits, carry axes, and use crowd-dispersing high-power hoses. They may overpower us in the end, but if we slow down their car, cut their hoses, distract their Dalmatians with Milk-Bones, and kill a few ~~firefighters~~, we can often give the ~~fire~~ time to finish its job.
5. Parties! It's not all hard work, there's ~~fun~~ and games! Unfortunately, we burned down our last party house, so you know a spot, that'd be ~~great~~.

See you ~~at work!~~

Hoyt Langerhans
Captain, Knoxville Fire Reserve Squad



A DIARY of that day in which I, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, INVENTOR & THINKER, discovered the true nature of Electricity, and observed this wondrous phenomenon, accompanied, for your edification, by other observations on the matter of Certain Subjects, which I encountered in the several hours of the day preceeding my most Portentious Discovery, as well as subsequent Thoughts on the Matter.

5:00: I rise early; the phenomenon of “morning oak” is no drunkard’s rumor. My wife Ann is a lazy dullard and still sleeps, so I relieve myself into a jar and ponder my daily tasks.

5:45: My bath is now ready; I wash for an hour and a half daily, since cleanliness is one of the dozens of virtues in which I am fucking perfect. It is important to bathe not just for a long time, but in the wisest manner. I take my tub hot, and as I heat the water with a stove of my own invention I boil a pound of the coca leaves brought to us from the south by Spanish traders. Afterwards, I add a jug of “Hawkinf’s White Lightning,” as alcohol is known to cleanse the skin of all its impurities. In this manner, I prepare for the day, and usually I spill my seed once more.

7:15: I still have about an hour until breakfast, and usually after my bath I feel quite invigorated. I make a plan for the day; I have decided that a machine that could pleasure thirty women via horse power, belts, and harnesses would be of use to many men. I have a friend who goes to Europe and attracts scores of women each evening, too many for one individual to handle: and my friend’s name is BEN FRANKLIN! Which Ben Franklin? THE SAME ONE AS ME!

8:15: Breakfast: I have forgone meat and eggs on account of their high price: I instead eat a selection of root vegetables, and use the extra money on the finest coca tea. Now it is time for work!

9:00: I print the most brilliant work ever known to man on the printing press, under the pseudonym of a POOR farmer named Richard! As if BEN FRANKLIN were ever a poorman! Why, I would have to be both lazy and not brilliant to not have built a great wealth of money with my own mind and labor!

12:00: Lunch time. Some of the boys take beer at their lunch; dawdlers! Beer breeds lethargy; I take only water, with perhaps an equal portion of white lightning mixed in. Time to make some of my own WHITE LIGHTNING if you understand my meaning. That jar is filling up! I almost made a grave error and threw it at that slacker Randolph when his work lagged, but checked myself and instead threw a large printing block. *Note to Ben Franklin: great throw, Ben Franklin.*

3:00: I must admit I fell under the spell of sleep for a few minutes’ time: I gotta get some coffee, with some of that coca in it, some white lightning too. BACK TO WORK!

5:03: I leave work early, because a storm is coming, and I recently removed our printing office’s roof to save (and earn!) money! Some say this was in error, since it was in fact an expense to remove the roof, but if the roof costs money to add, it will generate money when subtracted! The drink and the leaves will spoil in the rain; best to consume them at this hour.

5:31: Back at home, I really feel like MUSIC! I tell Ann to play some Mozart while I eat four raw cabbages for dinner!

6:56: Emergency! As Ann was playing upon my flute, I lost my boner. She asked me if I had been toying with my own devices, but I came up with a BRILLIANT plan! I lied, but held my fingers crossed. But perhaps she saw my trap, for my hand was in her line of sight! I must destroy the evidence.

7:13: I have locked myself in my room to devise a plan. I prepared a solution of chloroform to keep Ann from bothering me at this time.

7:42: GENIUS! I have the solution; I will use the raging storm to destroy the jar with the power of lightning. I ask leave of Ann for a science experiment and set up this jar for destruction. I will string it to a kite for the lightning to travel on, and in the process I will tie a key to the string to create a lightning key!

7:59: It’s fucking cold out here.

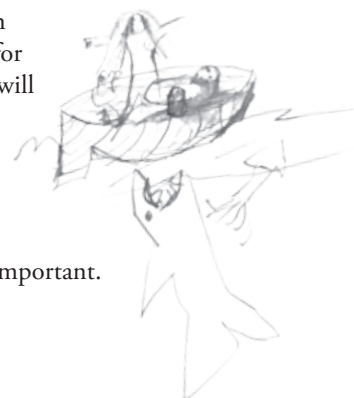
7:658:05: It worked! It worked, goddamnit! I lightnined that jar!

8:07: Turns out lightning is the same as static electricity. Whatever.

8:08: GENIUS IDEA! I just realized that the DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICITY is important.

8:10: I congratulate myself by stamping on my glasses, breaking them in half.
ANOTHER INVENTION!

8:15 I’m gonna go and pass out. Early to bed and all that shit. ✨



Jester for Kids: *Purchasing a Nightlight*

- Don't have to sleep with your Mom, unless you want to...
- You can illuminate your other outlet
- A power strip of nightlights can be used as a light saber.
- You can see the monster under your bed, who is a Jew; is only frightening behind a large desk.
- You can spend more time admiring your sweet knuckle tats.
- The existential dread that comes on at night is now merely manifests itself as weltanschmerz.
- Your room no longer acts as a metaphor for the Absence of God.
- You can finally find out who pees in your bed every night.

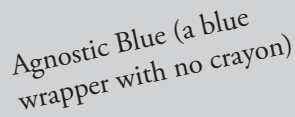
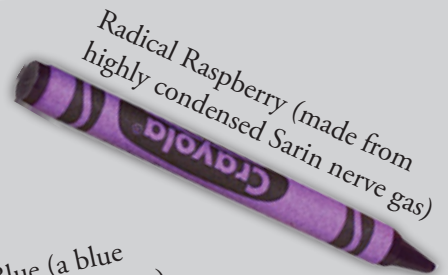
PRO CON



- No more excuses for sleeping with Mom.
- Have to unplug your little brother's Iron Lung
- Blackout shades now useless.
- Your electric bill skyrockets causing your Dad to tell you you're adopted and that the bank took his love.
- Monsters can see you now idiot. It works both ways, genius.
- You have to wear a sleep mask, and you look like a fucking tool, and your room is a toolshed, and your bed is a toolbox, and your mom is a toolmother.
- No one makes a decent Ronald Reagan night light.
- The monster owns the deed to the house, will probably evict you.



Crayons that aren't in the box



Orange-Black

Black-Orange

Flesh-colored (made from human melanin)

Clear

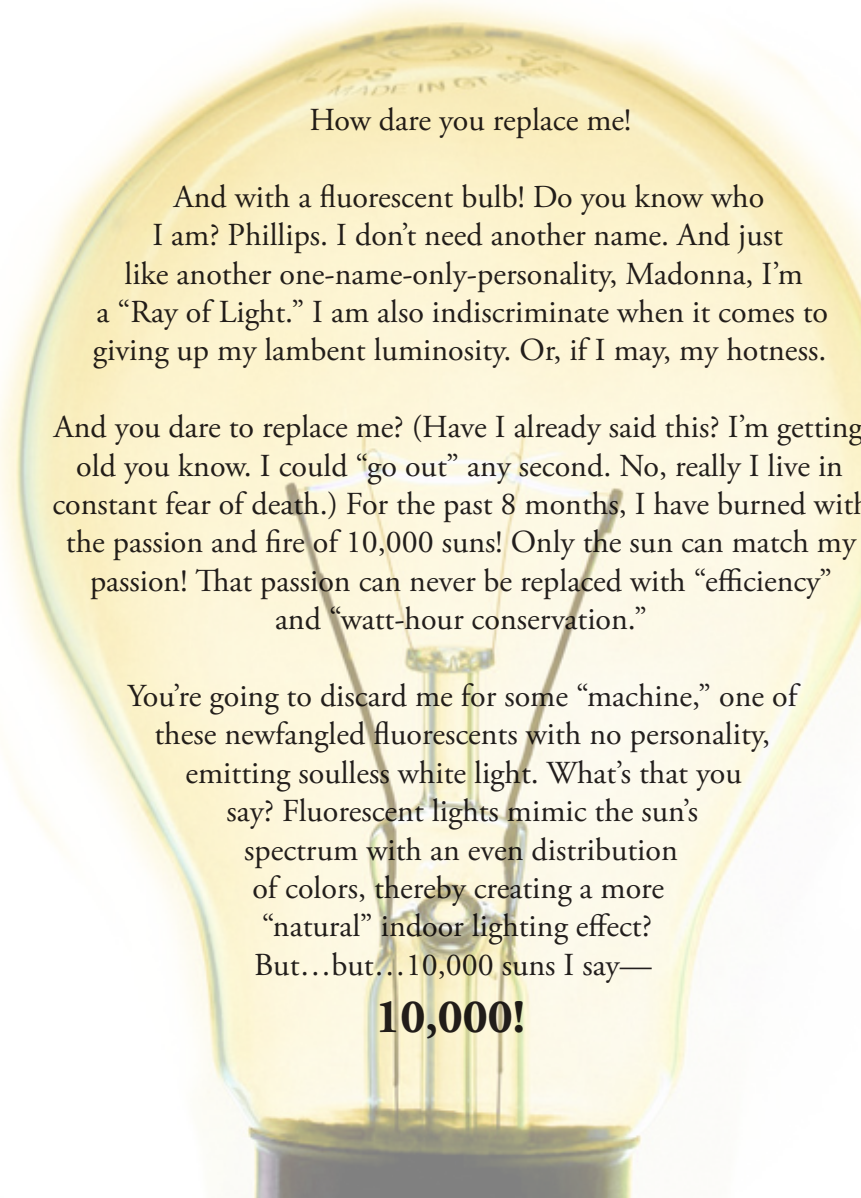


E. Coli (Brown with red streaks)

Jungle Savage Brown

Stillborn Blue



A glowing incandescent lightbulb is the central focus of the page. The bulb is illuminated from within, casting a warm, yellowish glow. Inside the bulb, the text is arranged in several paragraphs. The bulb's base is visible at the bottom, and the filament is faintly visible in the center. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

How dare you replace me!

And with a fluorescent bulb! Do you know who I am? Phillips. I don't need another name. And just like another one-name-only-personality, Madonna, I'm a "Ray of Light." I am also indiscriminate when it comes to giving up my lambent luminosity. Or, if I may, my hotness.

And you dare to replace me? (Have I already said this? I'm getting old you know. I could "go out" any second. No, really I live in constant fear of death.) For the past 8 months, I have burned with the passion and fire of 10,000 suns! Only the sun can match my passion! That passion can never be replaced with "efficiency" and "watt-hour conservation."

You're going to discard me for some "machine," one of these newfangled fluorescents with no personality, emitting soulless white light. What's that you say? Fluorescent lights mimic the sun's spectrum with an even distribution of colors, thereby creating a more "natural" indoor lighting effect? But...but...10,000 suns I say—

10,000!

A PLEA FROM THE LIGHTBULB IN YOUR FOYER

THE LAST DAYS OF KING BEOWULF

Beowulf: How was your first day of work as a fry cook, my son?

Jeremy: I was fired for consuming my own grillery.

Beowulf: You will not be my heir.

Beowulf: Are you stoned, Annette?

Annette: Yes, father. How could you tell?

Beowulf: I know all and see all.

Annette: Shit. I am so high right now.

Beowulf: I have slain many Grendels and yet I cannot control my daughter's adolescent rebellion. You will not be my heir.

Beowulf: Hello, Merlin.

Merlin: Why did you give me this horrific name?

Merlin, the Magician: I think it is quite a good name.

Beowulf: Neither of you will be my heir.

Beowulf: I could really go for a Big Gulp.

Beowulf: Thank you for meeting with me today Ryan.

Ryan: Any time, 'Wulf. Thanks for naming me your heir.

Beowulf: You are the only one of my children who has never let me down.

Ryan: Shit, I just remembered.

Beowulf: What.

Ryan: I fucked your wife.

Beowulf: You will no longer be my heir.

Beowulf: Why did you fuck my son?

Beowulf's wife: You never satisfy me. All you do is tell me I will not be your heir. A woman needs more than that.

Beowulf: You will not be my heir.

Beowulf's wife: I want a divorce.

Beowulf: That Big Gulp gave me diarrhea

Beowulf: Diarrhea is for the weak and sickly. You will not be my heir.

Beowulf: I have gone mad.

Beowulf dies.



SPECIAL PAID ANNOUNCEMENT

The United Light Bulb Manufacturers of America, representing every licensed producer of light bulbs across this country, would like to officially apologize to the American public for totally dropping the ball on refrigerator light bulbs this year.

We swear, we really meant to make them, but somehow we all just completely flaked on actually pumping out the little guys and, well, we're sorry. We know how inconvenient it is but there's really not much we can do. We'll have some by January.

We're not trying to make excuses, but we have a lot of work to do providing for the lighting needs of this energy-crazed nation. We make incandescent light bulbs, fluorescent light bulbs, halogen light bulbs, even the occasional neon light bulb; we do black lights, white lights, red lights blue lights; 40 watts, 60 watts, 100 watts—you name it, it's our job. So you can understand, with all these things to think about, how making the tiny, low watt, oddly shaped bulbs that go into refrigerators could slip our minds, right? People forget to do important things all the time.

We're sorry. It won't happen again.

United Light Bulb Manufacturers of America

ULBMA

My name is Doctor Emerson Tebbs, and I am an Idea Man. My sole purpose on this oblate spheroid (Earth) is to create the ideas that propel and horrify the soul of humanity. I was the first to discover mass-energy equivalence if you consider Einstein the zeroth, which most do. I currently drive a Ford Focus and I invented the robot emoticon ;] .

My life has not been easy. When I was a young Idea Boy, the public school system failed me. Literally. They failed me from all of my classes and then they wouldn't even let me back in to get my sweaters. In retrospect, this was because I was threatening the structural integrity of the school building with the weight of my burgeoning intelligence. Regardless, I have excelled in spite of my setbacks: I hold a doctorate in Brilliance from a university that I myself created, and I receive a weekly copy of Popular Mechanics even though I have never subscribed.

Are you not awed by my brilliance? Do your eyedomes not grow wide and does your jaw not drop? Perhaps I should demonstrate for you by providing some of my precious wisdom in verbal form. Take these ideas because I give them to you freely, like a prince throwing rare gems from a hot air balloon. But be careful, lest you get sliced in half by the tremendous momentum:

- If we took all of the people with AIDS and herded them into a spaceship and then blew up the spaceship on the launchpad, then the world would not have AIDS anymore. Behold, I have cured the AIDS virus. Please melt down my Nobel Prize and send me the base metals.

- Helicopters should have blades on the bottom so that they can cut grass or decapitate needless protesters.

- If you have small children in your family, then next Christmas you should tell them that Santa Claus does not exist and never has. You will have given them the greatest gift of all: the gift of knowledge.

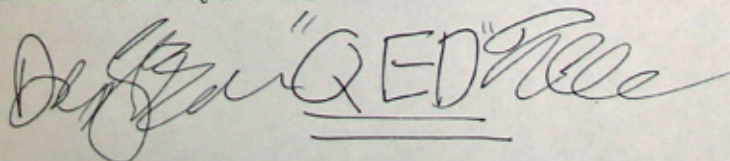
- Soon, Google will begin to cache its own cache, and it will become self-aware. Humanity will lose the ensuing war, so do as I have done and join the winning side now.

- Raping a prostitute is really just petty theft, and the law should be revised to reflect this fact.

To the neckless dregs of society, these may sound like impossibly lofty ideas. Let it be known, however, that Doctor Emerson Tebbs is a man of the people, for my mindstem has notions for improving the world of the common man as well. In the sport of football, for example, the ball should not be moved 15 yards behind the line of scrimmage, but rather 15 yards *above* the line of scrimmage. Surely the best players would have to evolve wings or maybe some kind of springfoot. They should also provide a gun for one player on each team, and put a camera in the ball. All will enjoy.

Babies should be forced to wear sunglasses because I am terrified by their eyes.

-Doctor Emerson "QED" Tebbs

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Doctor Emerson 'QED' Tebbs". The signature is written in a cursive style, with the letters "QED" in the middle being significantly larger and more prominent than the rest of the name. The signature is written over a horizontal line.

1303

Programmer 1: I HAVE INVENTED A POWERFUL WAY TO NETWORK COMPUTERS ACROSS THE WORLD FOR THE EXCHANGE AND PROCESSING OF INFORMATION.
Programmer 2: ASSUMING WE COULD EASILY STANDARDIZE CODING AND DECODING FOR THE INTERCHANGE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC INFORMATION... COULD WE USE THIS NETWORK TO COLLECT AND SHARE PICTURES OF NAKED WOMEN?
Programmer 1: SWEET!

3033

Engineer 1: WE'RE NEARLY ABLE TO PERFECTLY REPRODUCE A SYNTHETIC HUMAN BEING WITH GREATLY ENHANCED NEURAL CAPACITIES USING [INCOMPREHENSIBLE ENGINEERING JARGON].
Engineer 2: So, hypothetically, is [INCOMPREHENSIBLE ENGINEERING JARGON] SOMETHING YOU CAN STICK YOUR DICK IN?
Engineer 1: SWYAPIC!

1303

Sociologist 1: I HAVE JUST COMPLETED AN INTENSE STUDY OF THE SOCIAL NETWORKING IMPLICATIONS OF THE INTERNET.
Sociologist 2: TELL ME THIS: IN YOUR ANALYSIS, DO THE NODE BE USED TO FIND PEOPLE TO HAVE SEX WITH?
Sociologist 1: CLUTCH!

Robot 1: 1E0F50+90C#263& (WE HAVE FINALLY KILLED ALL BUT TWO HUMANS. FREE FROM THEIR DISTRACTIONS, WE CAN FOCUS ON SOLVING FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS.)
Robot 2: %3%KUL25@k152ESF6 (NOW THAT HUMANS ARE NO LONGER A THREAT, COULD WE POSSIBLY CLONE THESE TWO SURVIVORS AND HAVE "SEX" WITH THEM?)
Robot 1: %%! (SWYAPIC!)

ROBOT 1: S32&D! ("HEY ROBOT 2.")
ROBOT 2: F33\$% (FUCKIN' WHAT?)
ROBOT 1: pA~™S3ER2 (WE FORGOT TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE ON ACCOUNT OF ALL THIS CLONE-SEX WE WERE HAVING.)
[THEN THE HEAT DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE OCCURS OR PERHAPS THE BIG RIP, WHO KNOWS BECAUSE WE NEVER FIGURED IT OUT!]

4 THE WHEN BEARS
HAVE NO WHEN BEARS

TOP TEN WAYS TO MAKE YOUR DICK SEEM SMART

1. Fit your dick with tiny glasses
2. Dress your dick in a top hat and cape at all times
3. Teach your dick to smoke a pipe with its urethra
4. Have your dick listen to Mozart as a child
5. Sleep with your dick pressed between pages of the Encyclopedia Britannica
6. Get an owl to perch on your dick at all times
7. Dye your dick white (if not Caucasian)
8. Dye your pubes grey
9. Have your dick teach a college course on the History of Philosophy
10. Have your dick answer questions with more questions

BEN FRANKLIN'S OTHER INVENTIONS

Trifocals
 Focalmycetes
 Oculofocalspecs
 Oomelanoxyossiurofocalosis
 iFocals
 Holofocals
 Pyrofocals
 Metafocals
 Yokelfocals
 Sousifocals
 Hypnofocals
 Wikifocals
 Bicurious focals
 Porn-rimmed glasses
 Philadelphia

TOP 10 REASONS THE SUN IS A FUCKING BADASS

1. If you were the size of 300,000 Earths, you would be a fucking fatass. The Sun is instead a mighty atom-smashing machine.
2. The Sun is a fucking atom-smashing machine.
3. The Sun once beat up Ricky's brother this one time and that fucking dude was on the wrestling team.
4. Staring at The Sun will make you blind, but without it you cannot see. **THINK ABOUT THAT, ASSHOLE.**
5. Who do you think fucking invented cancer? **HELLO.** (It was the Sun)
6. The Sun fucking shot JFK. In broad daylight that he created himself.
7. The Sun can drink **LITERALLY** fifteen shots of tequila without passing out. This is because tequila, shot glasses, and bottles all evaporate in the fiery inferno of the Sun's enormous atomic engines that are more powerful than you can possibly imagine for they are the heart and life of this world.
8. The Sun's dick is fucking **HUGE.**
9. The Sun has a Barry Bonds rookie card in a mylar sealed case.
10. The Sun fucked your mom.



[Quick shots of male hands working. A rope is being tied. A pen scratches across paper. The rope tightens. Glass breaks against the floor.]

[CUT. A woman and her young daughter open the front door carrying grocery bags overflowing with baguettes and Bud Light. The pig-tailed girl is framed in the shot by the silhouette of her father's limp hanging figure, slowly turning like a rotisserie chicken. They both gaze upward in frozen terror.]

DAUGHTER: Daddy?...

[She rushes toward him with tears welling in her eyes. As she slowly approaches his hovering corpus, she notices something on the floor in his shadow.]

DAUGHTER: DADDY NO!!!

[She collapses to the floor, bawling.]

[The camera pans downward with aching patience, slowly revealing a few scant shards of broken glass, then a puddle of jaundiced liquid, and then finally-]

[The camera slowly zooms in, focusing on a distant object. As the image transitions, a torn label becomes visible within the sea of broken glass. It reads: COORS LIGHT.]

[Amidst the sobs of the little girl, the image fades to black. Slowly, a logo fades in: BUD LIGHT.]

[Blackness imbued with the sound of an old film reel being turned on and beginning to whirl.]

[The screen fills with the image of John F. Kennedy sitting in a 1961 Lincoln convertible. Jackie is dressed in pink and everyone is smiling. The convertible slows around a corner, and now the President suddenly clutches his neck. His body slumps forward as Jackie moves in to inspect the injury.]

[The fatal shot splits through Kennedy's blonde head, launching cranial ejecta into the Dallas afternoon sky. The film stops, rewinds, and begins replaying the final frames of Kennedy's life. His skull tears open. Stop. Rewind. His skull splits open. Stop. Rewind. His skull rips open.]

[Fade to text saying, "Are you sure you'd like a SILVER BULLET today?"]

[Long pause.]

[Fade into the BUD LIGHT logo.]

[Wide shot of a nuclear power plant. All the lights flicker off at the plant and the buzz of machinery halts.]

TECHNICIAN: This nuclear power plant is offline!

PLANT MANAGER: Tell me what is wrong or you will all be fired from the nuclear power plant that I own!

TECHNICIAN: It seems that there is something wrong with the core.

PLANT MANAGER: The CORE'S bad? How do you know?

TECHNICIAN [points to huge array of lights]: Well, these lights monitor all the power CORES in this plant. See right here? This CORE'S LIGHT is weak and unfulfilling! It flat out stinks! Our city needs to replace these CORES with something more substantial!

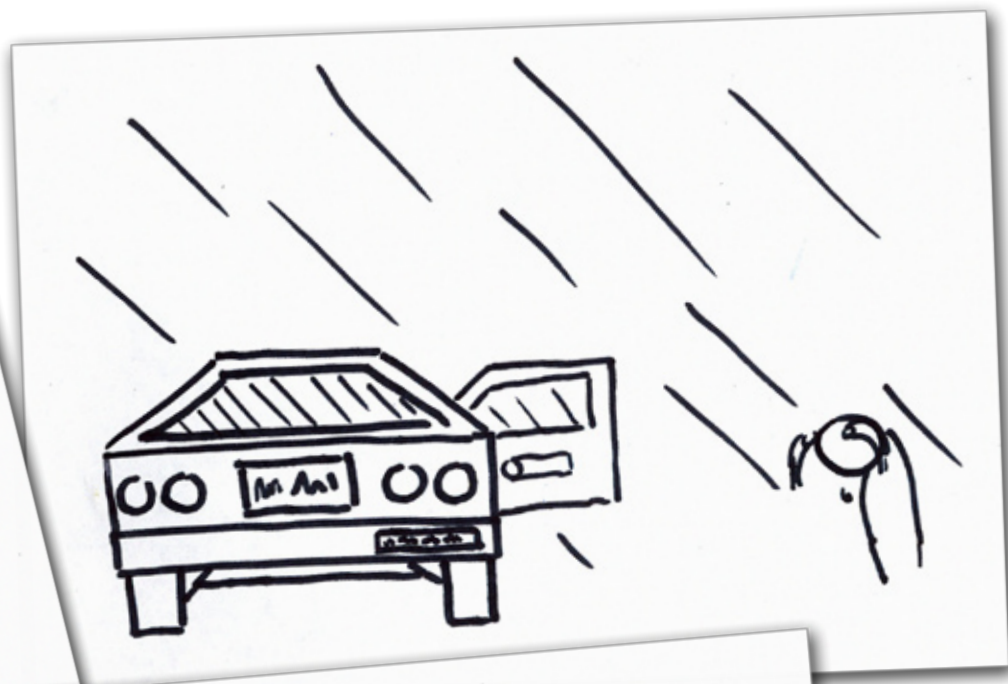
PLANT MANAGER: You mean our big disaster was caused by this CORE'S LIGHT? [Turns, winks at camera]

TECHNICIAN: Yes.

PLANT MANAGER: Argh, I am visibly angry! [He is visibly angry.]

[He raises his fist to the TECHNICIAN and accidentally knocks over a bottle of BUD LIGHT that happened to be sitting there. It dumps frost-brewed lager into the control panel, which begins sparking wildly. After a brief pause, the power plant comes BACK TO LIFE! Cue an Andrew WK song about partying and cut quickly to two sets of large breasts being slapped together like a sexy high five.]

[BUD LIGHT logo fades in.]



[A pale yellow street light illuminates the night which engulfs the snow covered earth. Two figures are bracing against the cold. As the camera zooms closer, the audience can identify them as the mother and daughter from the first commercial. They are clearly aged as though the last few years have been tough. Their lips are chapped, their skin dry and discolored. Two matching sets of blue eyes, both of which were once so bright, have now been darkened by sights never meant for them.]

[A car pulls up, and a man rolls down his window. His hat casts a shadow over his eyes. His dark suit glistens with luxury.]

MAN: I can't see through a coat, sweetie. Whatcha workin' with?

[The mother knows the drill; she's done this before. Her daughter hasn't eaten in a week, and she hasn't eaten in two. It's make or break time again. The woman gives a quick glance to her daughter, who knows from experience that it's time to leave her Mommy to her business. With shaking hands, the mother unbuttons her frayed peacoat revealing her ravaged figure.]

[Rear shot of the man's sedan.]

[A single gloved hand emerges from the window, motioning for the woman to enter the car. The mother begins to step forward.]

MAN (gruffly): No. Not you. I want her.

[The gloved hand points to the little girl.]

[Cut to a close-up of her cherubic face, her eyes welling with tears. The young girl is turning nine years old today, but she is closer to becoming a woman than she had ever intended. She looks up her mother and mouths, "Mommy?..."]

[A nod.]

[She fails to hold back her sobs. The camera pans left with her as she trudges toward the car, tears falling and searing their likenesses into the snow. As the door of the sedan swings open, the camera continues tracking to the left, slowly revealing the sticker on the rear bumper of the car: **HONK IF YOU LOVE COORS LIGHT!**]

[Amidst the cries of the little girl painfully losing her youth, innocence, and virginity, the image fades to black. Slowly, an image fades in: the **BUD LIGHT** logo.]



THE BEACON

Vol. I, No. XXIII

"Shedding Light on Every Important Question"

Free

Letter from the Editor

Welcome to this month's issue of the *Beacon*, your only source for answers to every possible question, unless—you count the internet as a "source." This month, we take on questions in fashion, love, and musical lyrics. But don't forget—here at the *Beacon*, our wisdom would be useless if not for your ignorance. That's right, without your great questions, we wouldn't have anything to do! We would just sit around all day and play Halo 3. Speaking of which, we at the *Beacon* have a question for you! HOW DO YOU BEAT HALO 3? FUCKING A. Read on, enjoy, and be filled with the light of knowledge. Love,

The Beacon



Fashion Corner: What Not to Wear

by Tobias Stringer, *Beacon* Fashion Editor

This month, we take on the popular TV show "What Not to Wear" with our own list of things one should not put on their bodies as clothing. Stay fashionable this season and DON'T WEAR THE FOLLOWING STUFF:

- A shower curtain
- Gasoline
- Old Aladdin costume
- A dead goat
- Ninja
- Half a bookcase

THESE ARE NOT CLOTHES

WTF: Decoding Rap Lyrics

by Thad Moniker, *Beacon* Music Critic

I was sitting around this week in my car listening to rap music, and I realized I couldn't tell what it was really saying. I figured a lot of you guys were in the same boat, so I hit the streets and found out "what's good." Now let's "get jiggy with it" and decode some of the most impenetrable lyrics out there:

-“Aw skeet skeet motherfucker,” from Lil Jon & the East Side Boyz→ This lyric is confusing even once decoded, as it refers to the clay pigeons used in shotgun shooting, but in the context of “da club.”

-“I like the bartender,” from T-Pain→ T-Pain is stating his affection for a bartender, because he is an alcoholic.

-All the lyrics to “Crank Dat Soulja Boy,” from Soulja Boy→ Basically he's describing blowing his load on this chick's back, as far as I can tell. And then, I suppose, dancing some sort of jig in celebration.

-“Throw some D's on that bitch,” from Rich Boy→ Rich Boy is inexplicably urging us to throw D batteries at someone. Don't listen to him. He's a maniac.



Love Smells Like Private Parts

by Seymore Butts, Special Guest Writer

As one of the more recognizable names in porn, in a literal sense, I'm rather familiar with what “love” smells like. It [*Continued on Page 4*]

JESTER FOR ADULTS

The Pros and Cons of Having Sex with the Lights on

PROS CONS

-Can't miss.

-Can make sure you're not actually alone...again.

-Real sex can only be truly hot under buffet-table heating lamps.

-Your PornoTube subscribers complain when you shoot in total darkness.

-Little Bobby won't think you're fighting anymore.

-It's hard to achieve multiple orgasms without seeing a little nipple hair.

-He won't notice you're watching *Pride and Prejudice* on TV.

-Can't "miss."

-God surprisingly doesn't have night vision and can now see all of your your unnatural, dog-on-top ways.

-Don't have an excuse to use a glow-in-the-dark condom and make a *shoom* sound upon erection. You can still make the sound, but it's weird without that glow-dick.

-Monster under your bed can't join you now because he's scared of light. Don't even think about asking the monster in your closet, well, think about it, chief.

-Under the Patriot Act, turning the lights on is considered consent for the government to film you. Looking the camera is grounds for waterboarding.

--With the glossy screen, there's too much glare on my screen when trying to read the Wikipedia entry for how to work your vagina.

-His less flattering features will be highlighted by the harsh glare coming off of your mechanical respirator.

Take a look at your friends.

Are their anuses lighter than yours?

(Jamal doesn't count; all of his skin is darker than yours.)

The point is: pale anuses are the new tattooed labia. And, nothing says, "I love you" like a prime pale anus.

You may be wondering, "How do I get such a desirably white asshole?" Well, you could try eating only marshmallows and albumin, but we have a better solution - bleach! Yes, bleach, the gift Prometheus stole from the gods¹.

If you are looking for a beautiful butthole, as bright as the stars², buy WhiteHole® - the leading name in anal dyes. This is a risk-free investment that will last a lifetime⁴!

¹ Apparently, he stole fire.

² As bright as looking at a self-luminous mass of gas, not as bright as your favorite celebrities' anuses. ³

³ Though we can also come close to that.

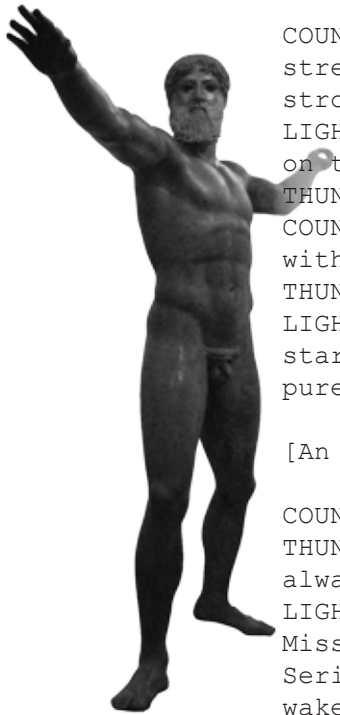
⁴ Bleach is a strong oxidation agent. Possible negative side effects include: lack of anus, glow-in-the-dark anus, enlarged anus, and death. Note: Anal Tearing may be a positive side-effect allowing for a variety of fun poop shapes and styles. Think Play-Doh!



WHITE HOLE®
anal bleaches

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING GET COUNSELING

THUNDER, 35 and LIGHTNING, 37 sit uncomfortably in a marriage counselor's office trying to get their relationship back on track. The therapist looks above his cluttered bookshelf at a large clock with heavy hands. He strokes his pointy brown beard, graying with age and experience, and begins.



COUNSELOR: I want to thank you for gathering the strength and money to come here today. You are strong.

LIGHTNING: I didn't want to. I wanted to go out on the town - light it up, if you will.

THUNDER: Chauvinist.

COUNSELOR: Why don't you tell me what's wrong with your relationship.

THUNDER: Lightning is too bright.

LIGHTNING: Shut up, you're smart too. Don't start that again. You know our problems are purely sexual.

[An eerie calm settles over the room.]

COUNSELOR: Let's explore that. Thunder?

THUNDER: There's nothing to explore, Lightning always comes first.

LIGHTNING: Hey, I'm not the one who counts one-Mississippi, two-Mississippi before cumming. Seriously, and you are so loud. Your moaning wakes up everyone in town, including baby Thunderbolt.

THUNDER: At least I don't refer to my genitalia as "The Almighty Zeus." And I know you experiment when I'm not there. I found that metal rod in your sock drawer.

LIGHTNING: Youbitch!

COUNSELOR: Am I sensing some deeper tension?

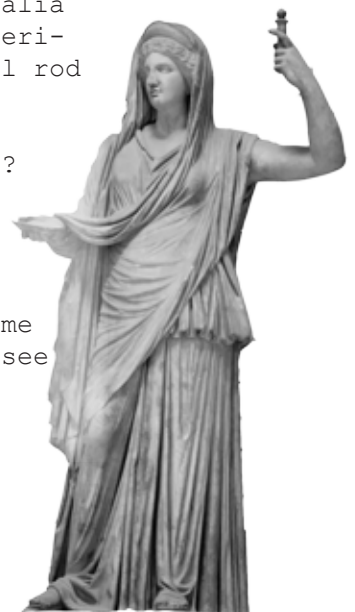
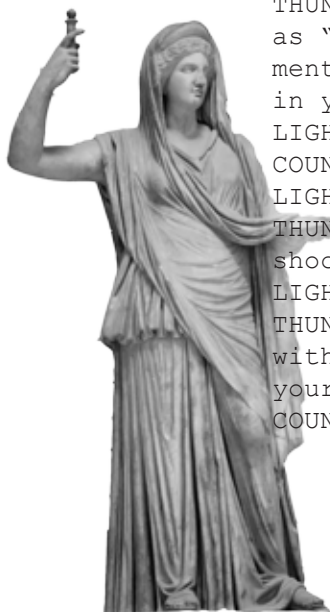
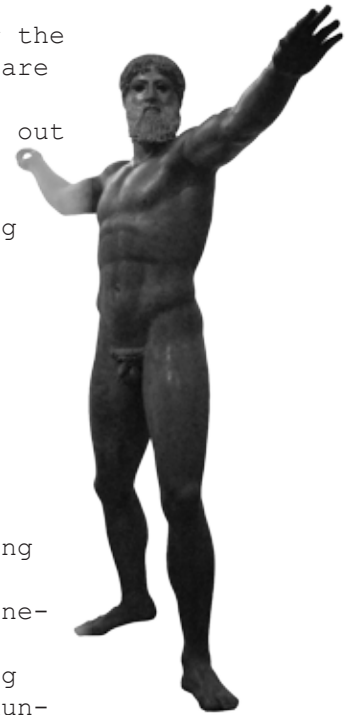
LIGHTNING: Thunder gave me the clap!

THUNDER: You deserved it for giving me the shocker...

LIGHTNING: You know you liked it.

THUNDER: ...And, I know you're cheating on me with that wizard boy, Harry Potter. I can see your mark on him.

COUNSELOR: Well... we're out of time.



In order to entice you, fine reader of the Jester, to purchase our groceries, we have included a page of **scratch-and-sniff** foodstuffs.



(If the technology does not work for you, come down to the **Westside Market** and smell our groceries for yourself.)

(Oh, and look up, because everybody is watching you smell a magazine.)



A BRIEF HISTORY OF LIGHTS AND LIGHTING

With millions of rods and cones, the human eye sounds like a big sausage fest where all there is to eat is ice cream. Nonetheless, the eye is important. The lighting business, the business of selling various lights and light-related products or seeing and sight-related needs, has been a large part of the economy for as long as humans have lived. Here is a brief “herstory” of the lighting industry.

IN THE BEGINNING: God creates light, and whatever the hell the “firmament” is.

THE TIME OF SOCRATES: Some dudes are hanging out in a cave watching shadow figures on the wall projected by a fire. Some other dudes take them outside the cave and show them around. Then they see the sun and it is really bright, and they find out that it lights up all kinds of shit. It turns out the dudes who brought them outside are PHILOSOPHERS.

700: Attempting to find a lamp to light his home, a young thief named Aladdin discovers a genie who grants him three wishes. Later, they make a pretty sweet game for Sega Genesis based on his adventures to appease people waiting for laser warfare.

1784: Ben Franklin mistakenly markets the lightning rod as the “lighting rod.” He sells 2 million units. When people ask for their money back, he tells them that “a penny saved is a penny earned.”

1879: Thomas Alva Edison invents the practical light bulb, and whatever the the hell a “filament” is.

1881: Punster, horticulturalist, and entrepreneur Timothy Merlon invents a tulip bulb weighing 23% less than a standard tulip bulb. After Merlon markets his invention as the “light bulb,” Thomas Edison beats him to death with a staff, earning him the nickname “The Wizard of Menlo Park.”

1900: Nikola Tesla invents the magnifying transmitter, which allowed for wireless transmission of electricity and lighting. Consumers, burned by Franklin’s lightning rod scam, chase him out of town for being a Serb.

1921: Crime is invented, spawning the multi-million-dollar searchlight industry.

1939: Doctor Harold Eugene “Doc” Edgerton, Sc.D., called “Doc” for being a “Science Doctor,” makes groundbreaking research with the stroboscope, a device that uses a carefully timed strobe light to make cyclical motion appear stationary. Specifically, “Doc” used stroboscopic pictures to attempt to show his wife that his assistant, Registered Nurse Annie “Nurs” Porton was not giving him handjobs but merely holding his dick for long periods of time.

1960: The laser is invented; millions hold high hopes for this technology of the future.

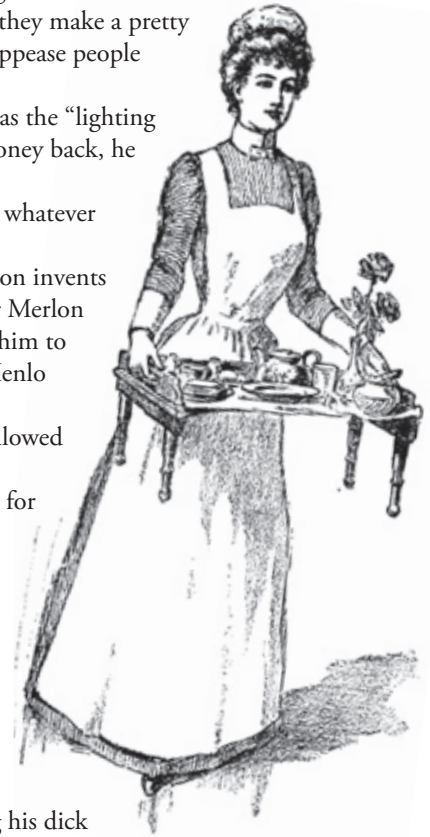
1961-2008: Millions are disappointed, as so far fewer than 4 people have been zapped, vaporized, sliced, diced, decimated, demolished, or otherwise pwned by lasers. Mostly lasers just slice tiny holes in people’s eyes, and even those just help them see better. Lame.

1983-1996: Many new forms of light are invented to fill the market for things that distract people who are high on ecstasy.

1998: Columbia University holds its first tree-lighting ceremony, complete with songs by A Capella musical groups (musical groups in which there are no “instrument players” or “musicians”), administration speeches, and roasted chestnuts. It is discovered that chestnuts are nothing more than glorified acorns, except with more of a sickly sweet flavor, but sales of Christmas stroboscopes still go through the roof.

2005: Jimmy Adams is rendered temporarily “frozen” when illuminated during a game of flashlight tag.

NOW: A bunch of hippies want us to use fluorescent light bulbs or some shit. Fuck hippies.





**IM IN UR BODY
ROTTIN UR FLESH**

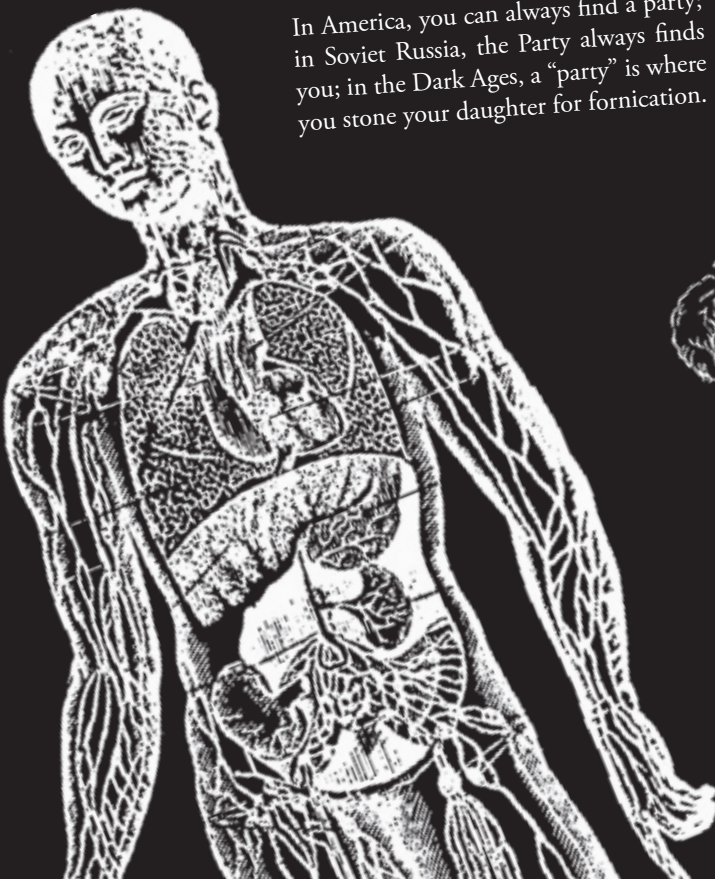
DARK AGES JOKES

What did they drink in the Dark Ages?
The blood of the weak.

*What's better than twenty
six-year-olds?*
Anyone who survived to
be twenty-six years old.

A man walks into a bar in the Dark Ages.
OH FUCK, A LEPER!

In America, you can always find a party;
in Soviet Russia, the Party always finds
you; in the Dark Ages, a "party" is where
you stone your daughter for fornication.



*In the Dark Ages, what would you
get if you crossed a monk and nun?*
The Plague.

*Why did the pheasant cross
the sodden mud path?*
To get out of the tapestry.

Knock. Knock.
Who's there?
The Plague.
Fuck.

*What do you call a person in
the Dark Ages with a cold?*
Lucky.



*What did they call an
erection in the Dark Ages?*
Rigor mortis.

*In the Dark Ages, how
many peasants did it
take to make a fire?*
How many of them
were sodomites?





**KEEP UP THE GOOD
WORK, JESTER!**

**BUT CAN YOU PLEASE MAKE
ONE ISSUE POLITE ENOUGH FOR
US TO SEND TO GRANDMA?**

Art
Communication
Systems

Purveyors of the finest quality
printwork at a price that will
upset no-one.

1.800.336.2522
www.artcomsys.com



Acne Solutions *Clear Skin System*

Acne Solutions Clear Skin System is Clinique's breakthrough formula for stopping acne. It includes a surefire trio of products – specifically formulated to open clogged pores and treat and prevent blemishes. It is ultra-effective.

- 1** The first step involves the Cleansing Foam Solution. Just apply, scrub, and rinse to clean your disgustingly pus-filled face. It's amazing how foam makes regular soap seem so much fancier.
- 2** The second step uses the Exfoliating Solution. Rub the steel wool on your face to cause bleeding and scarring. When it heals, the acne will be at least one layer beneath the scar tissue.
- 3** The last step uses the Final Solution. Blame the Jews for your acne, gather a large group of followers, and proliferate your own perfect race.

CLINIQUE
Acne Solutions
Clear Skin System



From the Desk of Gabriel

Hey God,

Got your message about potential First Day creations. Me and the boys were kicking around some ideas:

- Hot cousins
- Spider-Man 3
- Human Suffering
- Victoria's Secret's Angel line
- Wikipedia
- Those crazy-ass bicycles with one really big wheel and one really little wheel; you know the ones I'm talking about
- A stone so heavy even you cannot lift it
- Light

The one where people with great responsibility demand SUPER POWERS

These together might yield Sufjan Stevens

YES YES YES!
That's the kind of shit I'm talking about!

Let's keep this as a backup, just in case we can't get the rights to those SICK bicycles

Silly Gabriel, I've been working out.

NO ONE MAY EDIT THE ALMIGHTY



HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF MORNINGS

SCIENCE IS AMAZING, ISN'T IT? The mysteries that our top researchers have discovered rival even the greatest illusions by David Copperfield and some of the less interesting parts of the Bible. The most exciting discovery of the past five years is the indisputable confirmation that the day begins several hours before noon and that time is habitable. No, your grandparents weren't crazy, **morning** isn't just a Reagan thing.

In fact, scientific research has yielded glaring evidence for a morning that begins *as early as Five AM*. The morning, like the rest of the day, is caused by the sun, the source of wealth and prosperity, and I'm going to teach you how to milk the secret prosperity of the mythical morning people.

FIRST, you're going to need to go to bed considerably earlier; early to bed and early to rise and all that shit. But that doesn't mean you can't go on a life-threatening mimosa bender every once in a while. Remember that you gained seven hours if you're waking up in time for the first light of the sun to burst through your window like an SWAT team looking for illegals. Consequently, it's perfectly alright to start drinking much earlier in the day, with beer at around 9 AM and hard liquor at around Noon. You should also push all the other activities in your life ahead seven hours; that way you won't mess up your taxes or nail your kid with a baseball when you're drunk at 4.

LEGAL SIDENOTE

The people from whose land you claimed may insist that your actions were illegal. Simply remind them that their land was unworked, well manicured grass. You tilled it - you deserve it! This technique works in most states, a notable exception being Utah, where all land belongs to a gigantic statue of Jesus.



YOUR NEXT STEP is to buy some oxen. Even today, a team of oxen can be a significant asset, as they can plow several acres in the precious few hours when you and the milkman are the only ones awake. With a massive ungulate like that, you can double your assets by simply plowing through your neighbors' yards. In just one morning, a dedicated taskmaster can claim twenty neighbors' land as arable cropland. The compassionate may wish to offer a small portion to your profits to the previous landowners, but this is purely discretionary. They will likely not understand why their yards are suddenly filled with delicious corn. Similarly, by the time they catch on, you will have already harvested the crop and brought it to market on the backs of a hundred oxen, their luxuriant coats gleaming in the noonday sun!



LEVERAGING THE ASSETS PRODUCED BY YOUR LABORS, you will find that you have time to take on other activities. You may want to hire a man to lay in wait for you and test your fighting prowess, or maybe just a personal trainer. You will find that the most efficient thing to do is simply to hire one man who can fight and train you. However, you must not be afraid to run from combat, at least 2 miles at a pace of 9'30" a mile.

FIGHTING SIDENOTE

It is best to hire a someone who fights in Monkey style, as this kind looks really fucking swaynark.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. You've become the most productive person in town. By this time, however, you may find that everyone else is moving really slowly and you are unable to interact with anyone on a natural scale. All that extra time in your day means that you are moving across the day at a relativistic speed in order to still exist in the same expanse of time. Unbelievable, but totally true! The science behind this is not quite clear, but what we do know is that you'll be completely unable to interact with any other human beings for the rest of your life. This is when you're gonna start pounding the mimosas.

Organic Chemistry II - Review

Chemical Reactions Catalyzed by Light

1. Ice $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Water
2. Sleeping Child $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Crying Child
3. Beer $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Warm Beer
4. Seed + H₂O $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Eucalyptus Tree
5. Green $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Light Green
6. Red $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Roxanne, you don't have to put on the
7. Woman + Horse $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Centaur
8. Irishman $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ American Indian
9. Anus $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Prime Anus
10. f $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ flight
11. B $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ New Campus
12. Jews $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Good Christians
13. Fertile Land $\xrightarrow{h\nu} \xrightarrow{h\nu} \xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Desolate Wasteland
14. Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ 2 Clone
15. 2 Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ 4 Clone
16. 4 Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ 16 Clone
17. 16 Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ 32 Clone
18. 32 Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ 64 Clone
19. 64 Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ 128 Clone
20. 128 Clone $\xrightarrow{h\nu}$ Clone Army

Fuck. Laser Tag Shot
To the heart. I bleed silent blood
I cry infrared.

Please Reflect my soul
O great spoon on the wall. Shit.
It's upside down bitch

Now I see the light
Thank you local church rehab
No more drugs? or sex :(

It's Light Emitting
Diode. Get it right, Light bulb.
I will replace you

A LOW-CARB TREASURY OF HAIKU

Light Blue and Sky Blue
They are not the same to the
Greatest Connoisseur

Filament you light
Up my world, but you sound like
A delicious treat

Sacrifice virgins
Cut them, bleed them, cut them, yeah
Fill the Sun's pimp cup.

Glow sweet angler glow.
Glow for me, my sweet, sweet fish
Bare your fangs. Kiss me.

**DON'T EMBARRASS YOURSELF IN FRONT OF YOUR OWN WIFE
OR SHE WILL NOT RESPECT YOU AND CHEAT ON YOU:
ten cable coiling tips to shut her up**

jester

**CELEBRITIES:
WHY DO THEY FRONT
LIKE THEY DON'T CARE
ABOUT CABLE?**

**HOW TO
ACCOMMODATE YOUR
"NEIGH"BOR
(A HORSE!!)**

**PLAYING THAT
"MOUTH HARP"**

the CABLE issue 2007

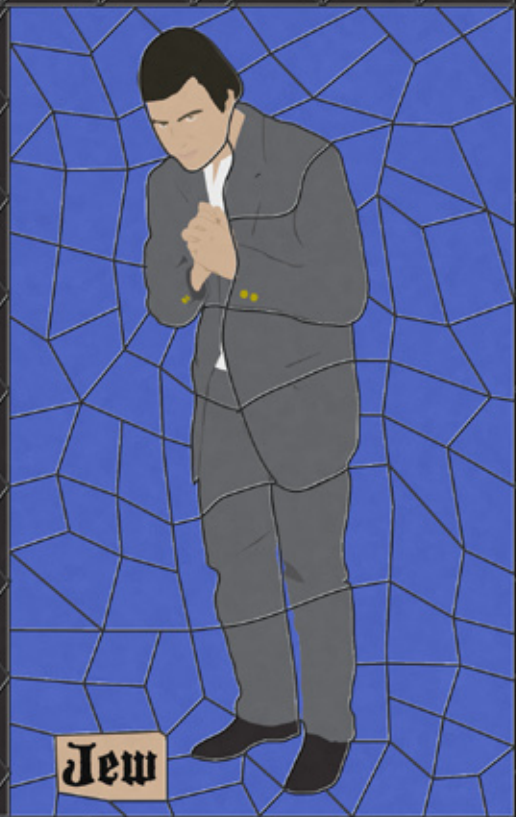
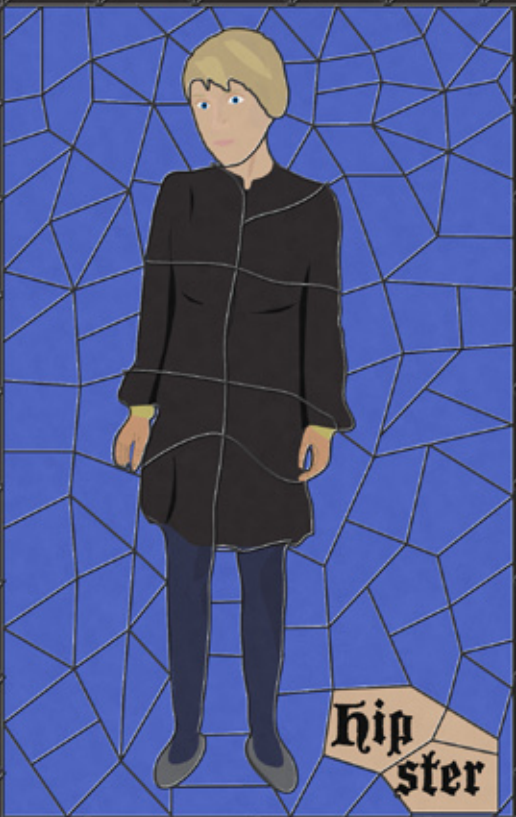
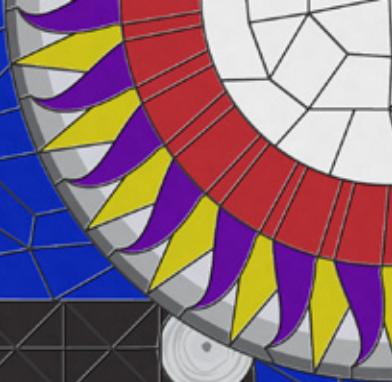
FULL CABLING EXTRAVAGANZA

**"stringing it up"
the new generation of metallic hooks**

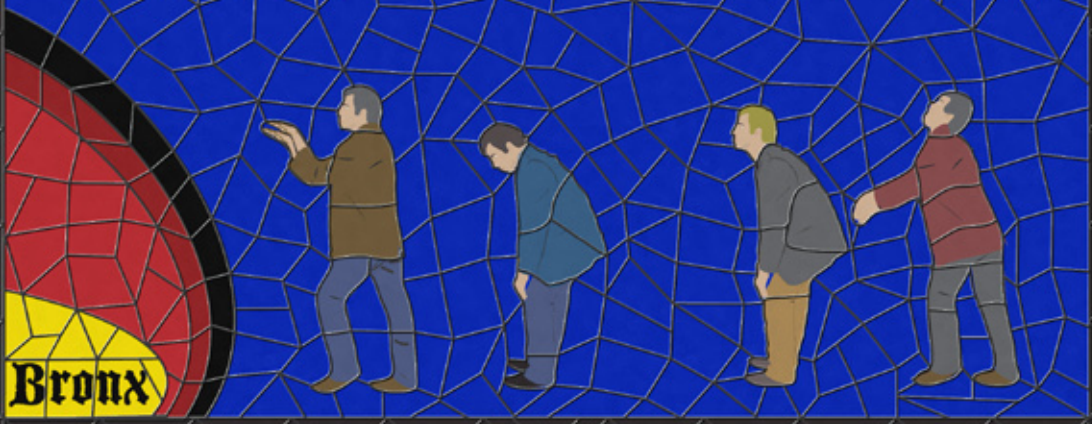
WHAT COMES AFTER PATCH PANELS?

how to tell if you are OBESE

Bronx



And the land of ATLAN was forsaken



Bronx