

jester



Job posting

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Assistant Analyst for a firm that will rock your fucking nuts

Company Description: Shafer and Horowitz Investment Management

Position Title: Assistant Analyst

Duties and Responsibilities: This company is fuckin' awesome. We get shit done, and then we party hard. Every year we go down tot he farm and Grandma Horowitz makes some fucking delectable pie. Also, everyone here gets free health care, free food, and a shit load of fond memories. Want in?

IMPOSSIBLE.

When people ask us what the most valuable part of our company is, we say the answer is simple:

- 1) Our collection of rare diamonds, and
- 2) the people. Everyone here is smart, successful, good looking, brave, and healthy. And we don't need you to fuck that up.

Other Notes: You don't deserve this job, and that's why we're not going to give it to you. You're a Grade-A asshole with a hard-on for failure. Don't even bother sending in your resume. We already looked at it, and it sucked. Didn't you get the memo from HR? We stopped hiring lazy sacks of shit like you decades ago.

-Wanna know more about the position? Too bad. We already gave it away as you were reading this. Stop wasting your time.

-You are an incredible dick. Did you really mean to come to monstertrak.com? Are you sure you didn't mean to go to monstertrack.COCK? Owned.

WALL-E. WAAALL-EEE. Get that reference? Didn't think so. Get the fuck out off this page. Our dicks are made of gold.

Contact: Don't bother.

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SPECIAL FEATURE:

FOLLOW ALONG IN OUR
CHOOSE YOUR
OWN ADVENTURE STORY:

**"I SHOULDN'T
BE ALIVE!"**



You are an average college student, home for the summer and idling your days away. On a boring Saturday afternoon, you decide you want a bag of circus peanuts and some cream soda from the corner store a few blocks away. There's no reason to worry that anything extreme or dangerous will happen on the way. Do you decide to walk to the store or do you take your brand new bike?

If you decide to walk, turn to page 2; if you take your bike, turn to page 3.



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JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM

“HUH, WHAT?
DISCUSS THE ISSUE?
ALRIGHT THEN.”

Tragedy, you say? I assume you are referring to the bard's illustrious goat song which penetrates my slender epidermis, striking mine internal bell with a swift and authoritative blow, resonating with its eerie tintinnabulation.

But tragedy, thy name is life.

For is communal tragedy a tragedy at all? Death looms above, gently flattening our crania with its weighty constitution. Pervading our simple, pitiful lives, Death sits in our bedrooms as we sleep, playing his game of Stratego, and snickering as we toss and turn.

But tragedy, thy name is life.

Behold our insignificance. On a pie chart of time, are we but a sliver? From above do we not resemble ants? ANTS! Goddamnit. I am no ant. Have I antennae? I think not. In an ever expanding universe, how can we sift through the dark matter to find out what really matters? Money. Yes, money.

For if there is one tragedy in this world, it is this: money cannot be held indefinitely. O riches, thou art a slippery beast. I must spend you.

As treasurer of this fine magazine, might I say, “I gotsta keep deez monies up in this.” As a Jew, might I say, “סולש.” As the Jewish treasurer might I say, “סולש, I gotsta keep deez monies up in this.”

Money: the root of all evil? Nay! Perhaps the trunk or the delicious, succulent fruit, but to say the root is a preposterous notion. Money is an effervescent delight, a lost boy found. It's the Lord's toothbrush, the Businessman's satchel, the



Poor's bindle, the Devil's socks. O with MOTHERLOVE does thine eternal funds revel.

Not everyone understands how much money goes into each of these pages. I personally take Columbia's allotted dollars, shred them, and, with the proper oxidizing agents, fabricate the pages that you, the

reader, are currently holding. This process recycles otherwise disposable assets. Why dispose of perfectly good money?

So as you finger these pages, sliding your digits in and out of the magazine, gently massaging the cover with your tongue, remember where that paper has been. It's been in currency: the CURRENT SEA. Purell that shit.



Adam B. Nover
Treasurer

You hop on your bike and head to the store. As you pedal down the block, the tires on your bike inexplicably burst into flames! This happens just as you crest a large hill, and so you are unable to stop your downward momentum. As you fly down the hill on your flaming bicycle, you think, “I wonder what will happen to me next.” It turns out what happens next is that you are struck by a tow truck carrying a dump truck.

If you give up at this point and decide to die, turn to page 15; if you think you're gonna make it, turn to page 11.

THE JESTER OF COLUMBIA, ESTABLISHED 1901, IS COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S ONLY HUMOR MAGAZINE.

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WHERE WERE YOU WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT?

Fred Person: I was busy trying to trade with my former slaves. Come on, brutal manual labor in return for the power of reading? You don't get a better deal than that.

Joseph Carlisle: I was in Row D of the Ford's Theater. I remember it clearly. No, row E. Lincoln completely fucked up the show. Couldn't he hold his blood for another hour or so?

Ward Hall Lamon: As the President's bodyguard, I was taking the night off. Naturally, I was doing what I usually do on such nights: sit and watch whatever's on the fireplace.

Mary Todd Lincoln: Fish paper sweater book rectangle trout.



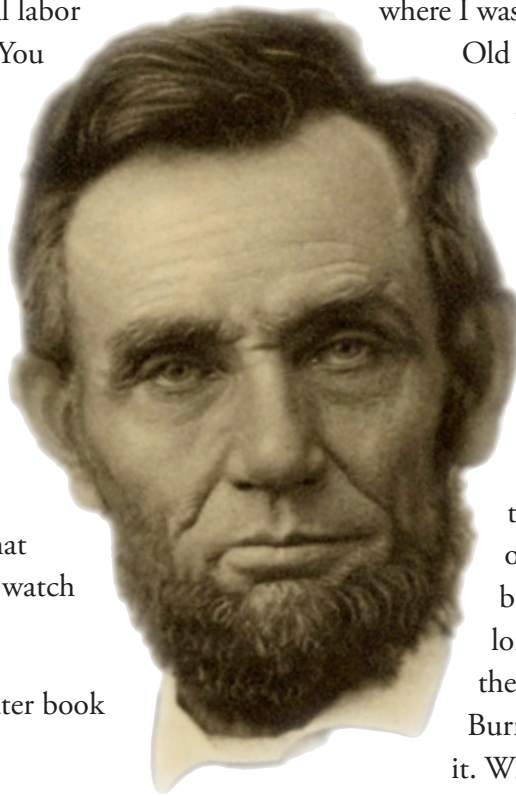
John Wilkes Booth: I was standing behind the president, holding a smoking gun. I believe my first thought was, "Sweet, no bloodz on my dudz." I remember it quite clearly. I have thought of that night countless times both before and after the event.

General Joseph Hooker: Don't even pretend not to know where I was. Bow-chicka-wow-wow. Hey! You're scuffing my kicks.

The State of Kentucky: I was rubbing my pointy part up against Tennessee.

Stephen Douglas: Who's the master debater now? Masturbator? Yes, I am certainly masturbating while you interview me.

Shaggy: It wasn't me.



General Ulysses S. Grant: Where was I? I'll tell you where I was I. I was drinking this barrel of Old Crow when you were in short pants. Where are my pants? What is this vomit doing in my urn? Why is there blood on my index finger?



General Ambrose Burnside: Hmm, allow me to stroke my thin facial hair originating from my own slowly balding head of hair. Isn't it so long and intricate? Someday, they'll name this fashion after me. Burnside's. That's what they'll call it. What were you saying again?

Clara Barton: Yo bitch. I don't know where I was that day, but let me tell you one thing: that dude is fucking dead. I looked at that Lincoln, man, and let me tell you, he's dead. I know health, and he ain't got none because he's fucking dead. Ya heard?

You decide it's awesome that you can now say you've been hit by a meteorite, and go to get those circus peanuts to celebrate. On the way, you meet your friend Mark, who is rollerblading around in circles. While you guys are talking, the manhole you're standing on collapses, and you fall into the sewer below. You are swept along and deposited into a river, where you claw your way onto the riverbank. So far this is not your day.

If you follow the river upstream, turn to page 13; if you go downstream, turn to page 9

MAKE-A-WISH.

John St. Ross
Make-A-Wish Foundation

Dear Child:

After extensive review of your illness, we regret to inform you that we will not be offering you the wish of "Happy Meal" as part of our foundation's program. Unfortunately, our resources are limited and we are only able to grant a finite number of wishes.

We appreciate the severity of your illness, death cancer, which required you to remain in an iron lung for eighty percent of your postnatal life (four years). We know that any physical contact would cause your skin to melt, and so you have never felt the warm embrace of a parent or loved one as we healthy, normal people have. We are also aware of the failure of the experimental "sadness-therapy" in which you were deprived of visits from friends or family for months on end in an attempt to starve the cancer of its own will.

Unfortunately, your failure to adhere to Make-A-Wish protocol resulted in the rejection of your application. First, we do not accept letters written in crayon, magic marker, or any combination thereof; we find whimsical colors to be most taxing on the senses. Second, please proofread your application before submission. We find that the children who truly want their wishes to come true do not split their infinitives. Third, please refrain from shedding tears on your application, as it renders your responses illegible. Fourth, our guidelines clearly indicate that wishing upon multiple sources is strictly prohibited. Over the course of our background investigation, we found two instances of wishing upon a star, five instances of praying, and three instances of unreasonable hope. Any such infraction results in the immediate disqualification of the applicant, forfeiture of all wishes from the wish pipeline, and federal prosecution.

Again, we thank you for your interest in our foundation. We "wish" you luck with the course of your illness.

Cordially,

John St. Ross

Assistant Wish Granter
Make-A-Wish Foundation

P.S. Please return this envelope.

The ambulance arrives quickly and you are loaded into the back, but unbeknownst to you or the paramedics, the back door doesn't latch properly. It opens just as the ambulance makes a sharp turn, flinging you out of the vehicle and down a steep embankment on the side of the road. You have tumbled into a deep ravine, miraculously missing several jagged rocks. Unfortunately, your leg was damaged and you cannot climb back up the incline. The upshot is, someone seems to have discarded an old bag of circus peanuts on the riverbank. Feeling energized, you decide to get out of there by following the river.

*If you follow the river upstream, turn to page 13;
to follow it downstream, turn to page 9.*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PUBLIC HIGH USA, USA. THE FIRST DRAFT OF GUS VAN SANT'S "ELEPHANT"

TEACHER: Class, remove your textbooks from your rucksacks. We will continue our discussion of France.

[Everyone takes the biggest GUNS possibly in the world.]

TEACHER: STOP, delinquents. Do not disrespect the learnings of this room.

[Everyone takes out even bigger guns than the previous ones, placing the smaller ones aside, though they are the biggest guns imaginable, and in the process disrespects the learnings of the room.]

TEACH: did you read the sign? It says "NOGUNS."

[Everyone puts their GUNS away.]

TEACHER: That is bett--

[Everyone takes out a grenade.]

TEACHER: I regret the specificity of the sign.

THE STUDENT: No more learn. Let us make some chain mail.

REMEDIAL CHILD: I shall fill in this square paper with bright colors.

[At the CAFETERIA]

TROUBLED TEEN WITH GLASSES: Let us DINE before we return to VIOLENCE.

TEENAGER 3: yes. Is your gun available?

JAMES: Yes, teenager. FEEL THE STEEL.

REMEDIAL CHILD: We must all do our part. Thus, I shall continue to fill in this square paper with bright colors.

[Back in the CLASSROOM:]

SWAT TEAM: Get on the floor. We have you.

TEENAGER 2: We are trapped.

JAMES: Give up your steel, FRIENDS.

REMEDIAL CHILD: Now is my chance to save us. FLASHBANG!

[Remedial child throws his shitty piece of paper at swat team.]

[The swat team immediately shoots REMEDIAL CHILD four hundred and thirty times with some bullets. He

literally dissolves. **80 points!**

MORAL OF THE STORY: If you see a gun, do not believe it is biggest gun in the world, because there could possibly be a bigger one.

[MORAL OF THE STORY is shot - through the dome piece.]

THINGS NOT TO SAY AT A JOB INTERVIEW

- I do not like your tie.
- I would like to be paid some money, but really I'd work for free.
- Does your office provide homes?
- Do any of your office computers have subscriptions to a good porn service like CumFiesta, JizzExpo, or EjacuCon2008?
- Haha, you said "pro bono"



WHAT IS YOUR BIGGEST WEAKNESS?

- My Achilles tendon.
- Irritable bowel syndrome.
- I'm just not very good at work.
- I have a bit of a weakness for the ol' white horse.



WHY YOU WILL NEVER GET LAID

- Your girlfriend is a bathtub full of gravy.
- You believe warhead is a militant type of oral sex.
- Because of all your figurines.
- You think "boning" involves taking out the bones.
- Your dick is made of gold.
- Your nickname, "rape-king"
- Your dick is not made of gold.
- You request access to her "Poop Cavern."
- Everyone else in the world has been killed.
- You.

"WHERE DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN FIVE YEARS?"

- I will not be able to see myself because I will be blind in one eye and invisible on the other side of my body... no, the same side?
- In five years I will only have one more year left in prison.
- I see myself getting the really big coin - that five year coin.
- I don't understand the question.

"WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST JOB?"

- Oh shit, yeah, I forgot I still have that job. Never mind, I'll just go back there.
- All of the employees except for me and that hot chick at HR were slowly crushed to death when the combination ceiling/trash compactor that I installed was accidentally activated.
- I had to leave after being fired for incompetence.
- They moved their office to the building across the street from the playground, and they wouldn't let me work in the parking lot next to a box of puppies next to a kiddie pool next to a bag of candy on my dick.
- Job was cheating on me, the bastard, so I left him. Now I need a replacement Job.



La Tragédie des Chiens

Teacher: Billy, where is your homework?

Billy: I am sorry to inform you that it has been eaten by a dog.

Teacher: I do not believe you. Bring your dog in for show and tell and I will forgive you.

Billy: My dog is outside. I will go get him.

(He leaves and returns in shock.)

Billy: He has been eaten by a larger dog!

Teacher: Billy, where is this larger dog that supposedly ate your dog?

Billy: I'll go check!

(He leaves and returns in shock.)

Billy: He has been eaten by an even larger dog! I don't know what kind of dog, though.

(Billy and Teacher go outside to witness an enormous dog finishing up a large dog)

Teacher: That dog as known as the "big n' tasty" breed.

(Teacher takes off a mask revealing her to be a gigantic dog and then eats the enormous dog. Billy runs inside and runs into the Principal)

Principal: Billy! What are you doing in the hallway during class!

Billy: My dog ate my homework and then a bigger dog ate him and then I went to find that dog but

a bigger dog ate that dog, and then I got my teacher to come see that dog but she turned into a dog and ate that dog.

Principal: Billy, stop lying. Where is your teacher, Mrs. Caninonopolous?

(Billy looks inside the classroom)

Billy: She was eaten by several feral dogs!

Principal: "Feral" is impressive terminology for a 3rd-grader. But I still think your story's a little fishy. I'll see for myself.

(Principal looks into the window of the classroom. Horror washes over his face)

Principal: My god! Let's get help!

(Principal is suddenly eaten by a pack of African Wild Dogs)

Billy: Who will believe me now!?

(The question is irrelevant as the earth is eaten by a pack of large space dogs. A larger dog eats the entire pack as well as the rest of the solar system. The dog swells up and collapses into a supermassive black hole which eventually envelops the whole universe. That hole is then eaten by a cosmically huge dog.)

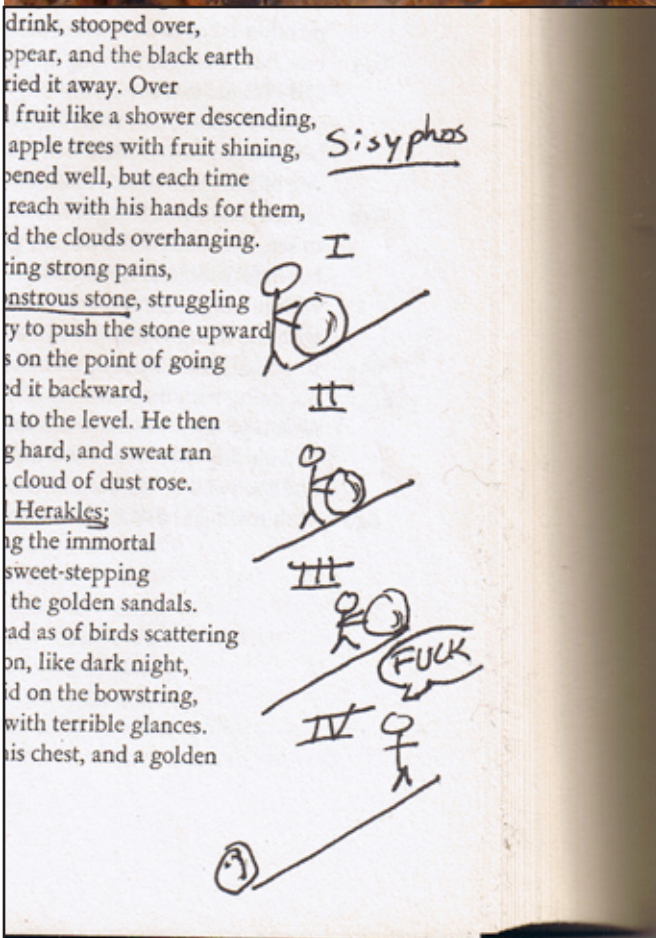
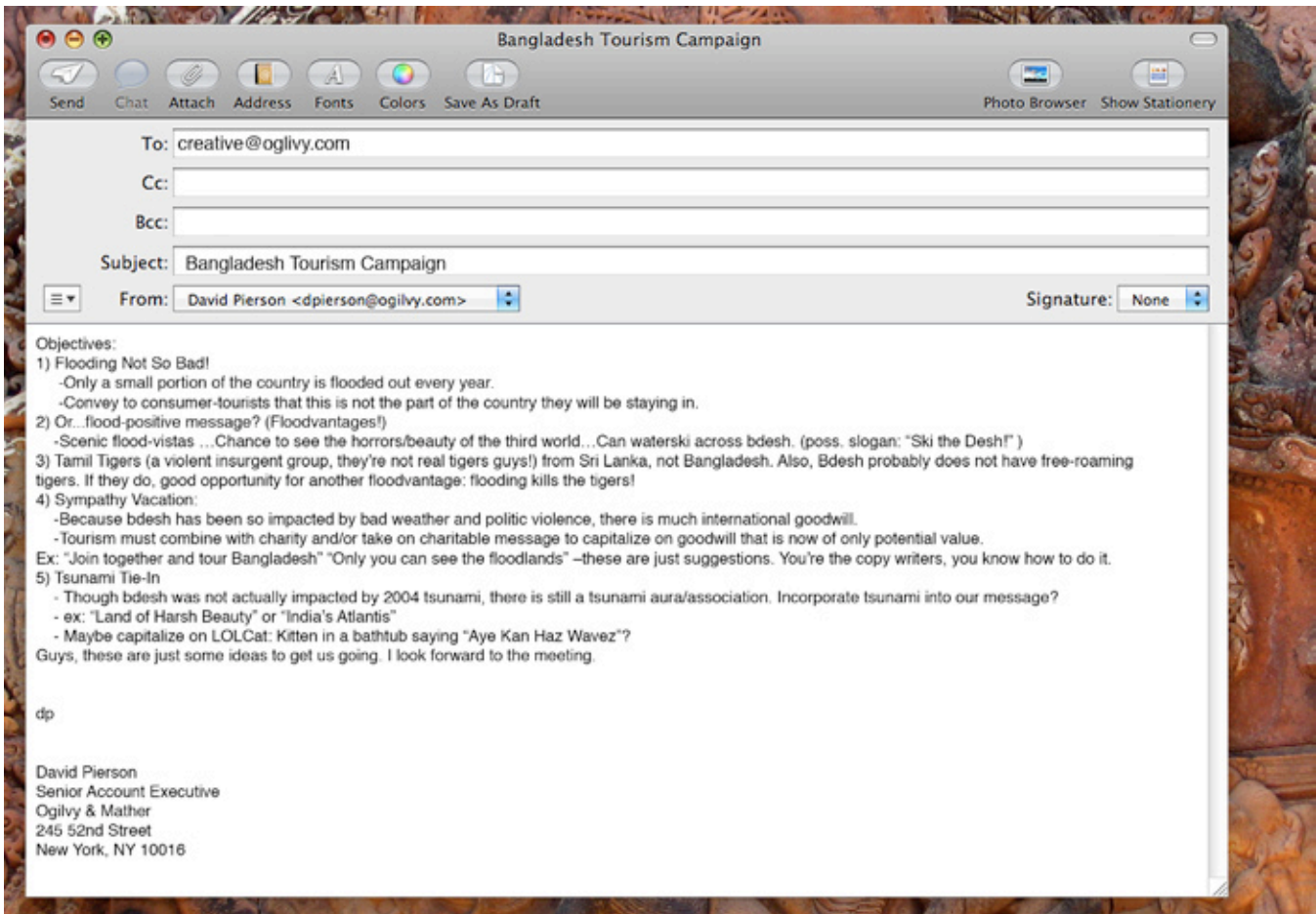
God's teacher: Where's your universe project, God?

God: It was eaten by

(GOD'S WHOLE CLASSROOM IS THEN EATEN BY AN UNIMAGINABLY LARGE DOG!)

The End

REJECTED



By consequence of events completely outside your control, you have become dehydrated, and have nearly starved to death. You are lying in a ditch covered in sticks when you hear a noise. A huge vulture, thinking you are already dead, is trying to eat your eyeballs. As you flee from the vulture you hear the sound of heavy footsteps behind you, like those of a brown bear. Ducking behind a tree, you think that now you can hear the distinct sound of a wolf howling close by. To make matters worse, you also think you can smell the musk of a mountain lion. You peek out from behind your tree and see a bear, holding on its shoulder a raging mountain lion, which has in its paws a rabid wolf, which is holding a crocodile, which is somehow armed with a rifle. Ashamed that you didn't feel the subtle vibrations of the crocodile's scales, you faint.

Turn to page 22.

BERTRAND RUSSELL VISITS A PLAYGROUND: A HARROWING EXPERIENCE

Bertrand Russell: Swing set, what is your opinion of my epistemological theory?

Swing set: I disagree with your emphasis on empirical content. Please remove yourself from me.

Bertrand Russell: My apology, swing set. I suppose we shall have to agree to disagree.

[Bertrand Russell stares at the swing set. It is now a smoldering mass]

Swing set: I no longer obtain.

Bertrand Russell: Seesaw, do you believe in a set-theoretical foundation for mathematics?

Seesaw: I do not know.

[Bertrand Russell winks. The seesaw explodes. CONFLAGERATE.]

Seesaw: I regret my ignorance. Smolder.

Slide: Bertrand Russell, you must cease and desist.

Ball pit: Please do not come to indoor playgrounds.

Bertrand Russell: You do not belong here, ball pit.

Ball pit: I will return to Chuck-E-Cheeze.

Little boy: Bertrand Russell, you have destroyed the playground. Where shall my friends and I play?

Bertrand Russell: Come, let us enter the playground of my mind.

[Bertrand Russell attempts to stretch out his ear until it may fit a child in it.]

Little boy: Bertrand Russell, you have ruptured your ear. I am frightened.

Bertrand Russell: Come inside. There is room for many children.

BERTRAND RUSSELL IS NOW IN A COMA

MISCARRIAGES OF JUSTICE

Though technically perfect, the American justice system has occasionally been prone to failure. The sad truth is that since being founded in 1776, our court and police system has wrongly executed, incarcerated, beaten, maced, and tased millions of Americans. History remembers approximately thirty of them, but we don't know as much as history so here's what we got:

1856: Dred Scott, a slave in Missouri, discovers that he has lived in free territories and brings his case before the Supreme Court. Unfortunately, everyone is racist.

1886: The Haymarket affair: In the largest dried grass bust to date, federal agents storm the illegal Chicago hay market, seizing 23 thousand tons of high-quality coastal bermuda hay and making numerous arrests. Several alleged hay kingpins are executed in a highly publicized hanging, but it is later found that three of them were legitimate straw salesmen.

1949: Iva Toguri D'Aquino is falsely accused of being the "Tokyo Rose." DNA testing later reveals that she is not a rose but a human. However, she did visit Tokyo.

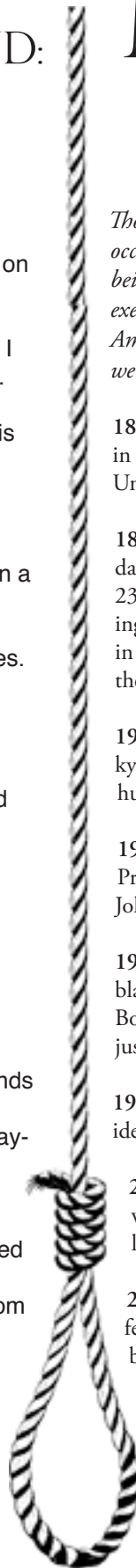
1963: Lee Harvey Oswald is executed by Jack Ruby for shooting President John F. Kennedy, but it turns out Oswald actually shot John. G. Kennedy, President of the Dallas Bingo Association.

1967: Middleweight boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Carter is wrongly blamed for the deaths of three people in Paterson, New Jersey. Bob Dylan writes the song "Hurricane" to support his fight for justice.

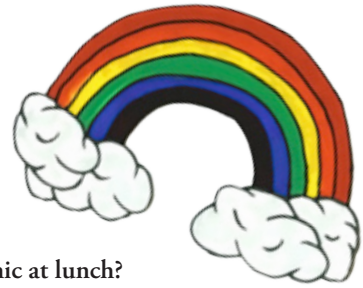
1995: In a case of mistaken identity, O.J. Simpson is wrongly identified as an innocent man by a Los Angeles jury.

2005: Middleweight boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Katrina is wrongly blamed for the deaths of 1,800 people in New Orleans. Bob Dylan writes the song "The Levee's Gonna Break."

2008: Facing up to 30 years in jail, rapper T.I. pleads guilty to federal gun charges, even though sources suggest he was framed by alter ego T.I.P.



THE FORD PINTO: A REAR-WHEEL DRIVE TRAGEDY



The Ford Pinto, released on September 11th, 1970, was built with egregious manufacturing errors. In a collision, the lack of a rear bumper could result in the gas tank becoming dislodged, leaking gasoline into the engine and ultimately resulting in a fire and/or explosion. The Jester's mother was there and recalls this incident.

(1970. A flaming Ford Pinto pulls into a body shop.)

Driver: Help! I need water right away! My car is about to explode!

Mechanic: What kind of car you got?

Driver: It's a Ford Pinto.

Mechanic: Pinto? That sounds foreign.

Driver: No, it's American.

Mechanic: Italian?

Driver: N...Yes.

Mechanic: All right then. The car's on fire, so, that's going to require a different kind of water and wax, maybe two coats of each. It's gonna run you a couple grand.

Driver: What? Why?

Mechanic: Look, I haven't put out many Italian fires. We all weren't studs back in our youth.

Driver: What the hell does that mean? Look, I just need water!

Mechanic: Hey buddy, I don't come to wherever your fire-starting job is and tell you how to do it.

Driver: All right, I'm sorry.

Mechanic: Now, I'm going to need to bring in an expert from Antonio's.

Driver: Where's that?

Mechanic: It's the pizzeria across the street, great slices.

Driver: Is the mechanic at lunch?

Mechanic: Nah, I just figured their delivery guy would know about these crap Italian cars.

Driver: Does he drive a Pinto?

Mechanic: No, he doesn't have his license yet. The kid's smart as a whip though, never forgets that I want cheese on my pizza.

Driver: I don't see how that will help me.

Mechanic: Well he rides that delivery bike like lighting. It's all the same principle...motion. Let me go get him. Yo Tito, come over here and bring my favorite, cheese.

(The car explodes, killing the driver. Thankfully, the mechanic and pizza were unharmed.)



Surprisingly enough, you weren't hurt that bad; your bike, on the other hand, is totaled. Someone generously offers to drive you to the hospital, but on the way there he suddenly has a heart attack and you are forced to drive! As the car veers back and forth on the road, you somehow manage to switch seats with him and seize the steering wheel. You regain control of the car, but just at that moment you see a raccoon in the road ahead of you.

If you swerve to avoid the raccoon, turn to page 16; if you run it over because you hate animals, turn to page 14.

RUSH
NEIL PEART

STATE SC GMF 293829
PM

EXPR

Portrait: Deborah Gibson

Portrait: Buffalo Bill Cook

All of the folders on my computer are labeled "tranny porn."

Only I know which folder really contains the good stuff.

Portrait: Deborah Gibson

Portrait: Buffalo Bill Cook

LET US PRESERVE OUR HERITAGE

Greetings from **BOISE** IDAHO

I'm only running for senate to meet WP:NOTE.

NEW YORK

I take laxatives so I can get more Reading done.

CHRIST
WINCHESTER Virginia
22601

Welcome to the neighborhood!

We're glad you're here, and we'd like to invite you to visit our Unity church. For us, spiritual life is more important than doctrine or doctrine. Lead by our minister, Rev. [redacted] nature as taught and demonstrated by Jesus Christ.

I told my boyfriend that my genital warts were a new form of body art and he believed me.

We meet at 11 a.m. on Sundays, and have an ongoing, drop-in discussion of the Course in Miracles on Mondays from 6:30-7:45 PM. We'd love to have you join us.

You can get more information, as well as a map, at www.unityoffremont.org or by emailing info@unityoffremont.org.

Please bring this...

I can't stop writing Haiku. It's driving me nuts. I must be diseased.

A · I · R · Y
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MFG electronics inc.

November 23 2004

my friends - need your help!

I communicate to my friends through blog comments because I am too lazy to download an instant messenger program.

2210

Mc, please expedite global release. S

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

I get Pissed When People tell me they don't know about Thoth

I abuse cough medicine... not to get high, I just love the taste of "Red".

On your way upstream you were eaten by a bear. You are dead.

YOU HAVE FAILED TO EVEN DO THIS RIGHT. IT'S CALLED "I SHOULDN'T BE ALIVE," NOT "I'M DEAD."

TRY AGAIN

A CONVERSATION WITH LANCE ARMSTRONG

The Jester had a chance to sit down with biking legend and cancer survivor Lance Armstrong last week. We met him in some fancy coffee-shop in Battery Park, and he didn't even pay for our coffee. We can't really afford to drink \$10 coffee because we don't have a multi-million dollar bracelet business, but whatever. Here's our exclusive interview.

Jester: You've thoroughly dominated the sport of cycling during your career, and are often considered one of the greatest athletes of all time. So, what kind of bike seat do you got?

Lance Armstrong: I use a Selle SMP Strike Composit racing saddle on my Trek Madone SL.

J: So, that's not the factory model though, you got yours modified of course, with a single ball groove on one side or something? Which way do you hang?

LA: No, I use a normal bike seat.

J: Oh man, so the rumors aren't true? Because some dudes out there are saying you only have one nut.

LA: Yes, actually, I did lose a testicle to nonseminomatous testicular cancer.

J: Wait a minute, aren't you selling all those bracelets saying you beat cancer?

LA: Selling them for charity, yes. I made a full recovery from that deadly disease.

J: Yeah, okay, if some dude stomped out one of my nuts in a fight I wouldn't say I won just because he didn't kill me. Whatever though.

LA: I did recover to win the Tour de France seven times.

J: Couldn't anyone take a tour of France, asshole?

LA: I did not take a tour of France, I won the Tour de France. It's the premier bicycle competition in the world. I would expect you to know something about cycling before conducting this interview.

J: Whatever, dude.

LA: I'm big asshole who thinks I'm really fucking great. I took steroids and cheated on all my races and wives.

J: Go on...

LA: Neil Armstrong told me that if he went back to the moon he'd say "one small step for Neil Armstrong, one Lance Armstrong can eat a dick."

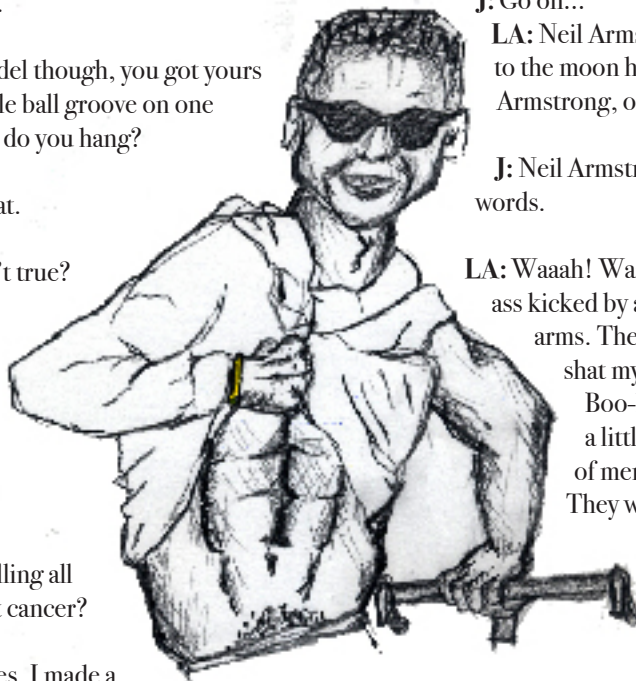
J: Neil Armstrong is a great man and I respect his words.

LA: Waaah! Waaah! I'm a little pussy who got my ass kicked by a little kid because I have tiny little arms. They should call me Lance Armweak! I shat my pants in every race I ever biked in. Boo-hoo-hoo! I can't believe I'm such a little bitch. I had sex with hundreds of men and women knowing I had HIV! They were all ugly! I participate in ritual disembowelment of women! I sleep in a bed of rotten asparagus! My cancer was an inside job! I drove one of my bikes into a local trade center! I sure am a dick! I'm going to bike home now but I can't even go very fast.

Our reporter assured us that he was taking really good notes and that this is what Lance Armstrong said.

It turns out you should have swerved anyway, since you are in the wrong lane and there's an oncoming car heading straight for you. You collide head-on with what turns out to be a police car. Delirious from the day's events and loss of blood, you leave the scene of the crime and embark on a desperate flee from justice. You make a short-lived run for it before being captured by a burly bounty hunter named Elbow.

Turn to page 24.





ADVICE FROM A PROFESSIONAL PICKUP ARTIST

THE ENIGMA METHOD: SCORE ANY KIND OF VAGINA YOUR INSANE MIND CAN FUCKING IMAGINE WITH MY PATENTED 5 STEP SYSTEM.

STEP 1 - THE PEACOCK THEORY:

When you enter a bar, club, or female dense blimp, you have to differentiate yourself from the crowd. This is why any talented pickup artist will adorn himself with a gasmask or, lacking that, an enormous facial tattoo. This is why it's called the Peacock Theory: The best peacocks are the ones that put on the biggest shows for their mates. Do you know how wet lady peacocks get when male peacocks wear gasmasks? The answer is very.

STEP 2 - THE SPEAKING PART:

Introduce yourself and explain why you are the best guy there. She won't go home with you if you aren't the best mate available to her. She'd go sleep with that guy. Keep in mind that shouldn't feel bad about lying to her because she isn't a real person.

GOOD

"I am the sole survivor of the Challenger explosion."

"We have to make this conversation quick because I am late for a helicopter race."

"Hang on, my iPhone is ringing. Oops, wait, it's my other iPhone. Oh hey Denzel..."

BAD

"I work at a toner factory. I make toner."

"My average body temperature is actually significantly lower than that of most humans."

"I sign my checks with a drawing of a transparent cube. It's my legal signature."



STEP 3 - MORE SPEAKING:

For the next twenty minutes, say words at her. Make sure these are good words. If you can't think of anything interesting to say, just say everything. Tell her which of the Great Lakes is the greatest. Tell her that the atmosphere is mostly nitrogen, and explain how this came to be.

STEP 4 - BUY HER (A DRINK):

Once you purchase a drink for a woman, you technically become her customer. As we all know, the customer is always right. You can do whatever you want with her from this point onward: If you want to fill her vagina with coal and use it as a furnace, then that is your right. If you need someone to eat all those cans of dog food you have leftover because all your dogs died due neglect or got confiscated by the state, well just consider her mouth and any other orifices to be garbage disposals.

STEP 5 - SLIDE IT IN AND WIGGLE IT AROUND:

Get ready partner, because you just earned yourself twenty seconds of awkward and soulless sex. To maximize these precious seconds, buy my other book: FIVE STEPS TO MAXIMIZING THESE PRECIOUS SECONDS.

You decide to just die, but the medivac helicopter team called to the scene is not giving up on you that easily, kid. Someone is yelling for you to hang in there and another guy is telling you they aren't gonna let you die, not on their watch, and so basically you just feel bad for them because you really aren't hurt that bad, it turns out, so you sit up and you're like, "Chill out you guys it's cool," but just at that moment something goes horribly wrong and the helicopter plummets into an active volcano.

Turn to page 24.

FAQ

Q: I don't feel comfortable with lying to women and manipulating them for my advantage. Is this normal?

A: No. A woman is just a vagina surrounded by 120 pounds of useless skin, with the brain as a security system. Use my code to bypass that system.

Q: I am the approximate size and shape of a vending machine. Will your 5 step method work for me?

A: No.

A NOTE FROM THE MOST DEPRESSED AND BITTER PERSON IN THE WORLD

I woke up today fully intent on killing myself. After flopping my useless torso out of bed and into my chair, I rolled over to my desk and began to dictate my suicide note since I can't hold a pen. Suicide sucks, I know. But after yesterday, it's all I have left.

People always tell me to keep my chin up, but it's kind of a challenge when the hard plastic bands of my wheelchair force my neck into a stationary position so I don't accidentally swallow my own tongue. They'll make cracks about how there are some great upsides to being crippled, like how I don't have to be on my feet all the time and shit, which is essentially like telling a Sudanese gang rape victim that at least she got some play. The bottom line is that sweet parking spaces don't help very much when your crushed legs can't even reach the pedals, and your own super-high toilet seat doesn't make you feel like King Shit when you haven't been able to take an independent dump in nine years.

My mother wants me out of the house because she's terrified by the monotoned voice of my mechanical larynx, and I've always hated my Dad because he used to laugh at me when the kids in middle school would slap bumper stickers onto my crash helmet. He wouldn't even help me get them off unless they were for some liberal cause like Gore/Lieberman 2000 or the American Cancer Society. I don't have anywhere else to go. The one date I've ever gone on was with some equally pitiable hambeast who took me to the bowling alley but forgot that they don't rent out bowling shoes in size "mangled."

The one thing that I had going in my life is that I was training for the Paralympics. You know those ads you see on TV with all the joyful smiling kids? Yeah, I thought that would be me, but those ads never feature the contorted grimaces of the kids who came in last. Technically, I came in worse than last because a small bird beat me to the finish line. The first place medal was obviously gold, then silver, and bronze. The Paralympics then gives out medals made of copper, iron, wood, leaves, ice, and finally paper. They tried to convince me that they had given me a medal made of air, but they didn't seem to realize that just because I'm in wheelchair doesn't mean I'm retarded.

Anyway, how the crap can you give a gold medal to a kid in a motorized wheelchair? Lenny Ackles, you lazy shit, you did nothing to win that race other than operate a joystick. Seriously, I've done more work than that playing Street Fighter Alpha II. (I ruled at that game because my constant shaking made it easier to mash the buttons.) If they wanted to give a medal to the actual winner of the race, then they would award it to your damn wheelchair because that's what did all the work.

I think if Jessie Owens had been given a jetpack, his accom-

plishments in Berlin wouldn't seem so impressive.

Ok, that's about all I needed to say. I'm on enough prescription drugs (34) that I'm fairly certain I could kill myself quickly by taking all or none of them. I've decided to take all of them so people know that I at least managed to successfully kill myself, instead of my body just failing to keep my brain suspended in a torturous life. Within an hour I will be gone.

If against all evidence and logic there is a God and a heaven, I want to play Street Fighter forever, and I want to play as Zangief, a large able bodied truly human man. Of course, if God exists, he's probably the kind of asshole who would make up a cripple character just to spite me. Or he'd make me play as Dhalsim.

Fuck Dhalsim



While attempting to swerve out of the way of the raccoon, you run over another raccoon and the original raccoon simultaneously. Unable to regain control of the car as its two front wheels are sliding across the raccoons, you miss a turn and the car careens off the side of the treacherous mountain road you happen to be driving on. The car flies into a gorge, your head slams into the steering wheel, knocking you unconscious.

Turn to page 22.



OSAMA BIN LADEN'S TOP TEN FILM LIST

1. The Towering Inferno (I bought the boxed set: the Twin Towering Inferno.)
2. You've Got Mail (... and Anthrax.)
3. United 93 (I love fantasies.)
4. Osama (What do you mean it's not about me?)
5. Michael Clayton (I <3 George)
6. Hannah Montana/Miley Cyrus: Best of Both Worlds Concert Tour (Why won't she play our venue, The Cave?)
7. The French Connection (Thank you, France. I love hating freedom.)
8. From Russia With Love (Spoiler Alert: I'm hiding in Russia.)
9. Little Children (Amber Alert: I'm a child molestor.)
10. The Purple Rose of Cairo (Classic Woody Allen)

FAILED MCDONALD'S PRODUCTS:

- Chicken McNougat
- Flesh Filet
- Dirty Mick
- Small N' Tasteless
- Farm Patty (all the animals on Ol' McDonald's Farm, ground into one patty)
- Richard McBeef
- "Secret Sauce" Malt
- Trans Fat-free Food
- Kurt Cobain Happy Meals

GREAT WAYS TO KILL YOURSELF:

- Swallow enough sponges to absorb your entire body from the inside
- Slurp your own blood using a plastic straw (those extra wide ones from the movie theaters).
- Make a wish, and pull your legs apart like a wishbone.
- Become blood brothers with Magic Johnson.
- Go to Singapore. Speak.
- Have Death give you a rusty trombone.
- Try to go in one of those pipes when that chompy plant is there.
- Simultaneously sneeze, shit, ejaculate, and tickle yourself, and then shoot yourself in the head.
- Overdose on jenkem a.k.a "butt hash".
- Be involved in the D.C. Madame Trial.
- Go hunting on the Capitol.



SHORT SCENES OF NEUROSES AND TRAGEDY

A: You should come skydiving with us.
 B: You know me, there's no way I am going skydiving.
 A: You only live once.
 B: Exactly.
 A: Whateva, Loser. [Signs a "W" and an "L" with his hands]
 [They go. They die]

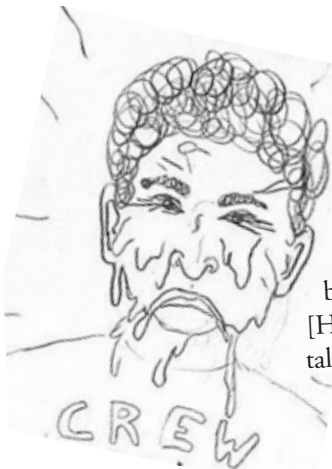


A: I'm not too worried about it because we did it in a lake.
 B: Just because there was water doesn't mean—
 A: Sure it does. I'm in AP Bio, I know.
 [Nine months later, B searches for a babysitter, while A attends Senior Prom]



A: Oh shit, I got gum in my hair.
 B: Don't worry about it. Just put some peanut butter in it.
 A: Um, OK.
 [His hair is now filled with both gum and peanut butter, a carcinogenic combination]

N: It's no big deal. I just don't like getting blood drawn. I'd donate, but I can't stand a needle in my arm for an extended period of time.
 F: Don't be a pussy, everyone donates blood.
 [He donates blood. N's veins are accidentally drained of blood by a narcoleptic nurse, leaving him dead and bloodless].



A: It's OK, the Five Second Rule applies to the subway too.
 B: I don't think so. I wouldn't eat that.
 A: You only live once
 [A's skin tightens, then melts from his face revealing a Crypt Keeper-esque skull before exploding]



A: It'll be a nice chance to meet my friends.
 B: I'm so afraid they're not going to like me.
 A: Come on, they'll like you just fine
 [Later...] A's friends: That bitch is a neurotic bitch.



[A approaches B, a young child, skipping along the sidewalk]
 A: You know the old saying, "Step on a crack, break your mama's back"
 B: No wayyy.
 B's Mama: AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
 Family doctor: Your back is broken in 83 places.

A: STAND CLEAR OF THE CLOSING DOORS PLEASE.
 B: Come on, you old lady.
 Old Lady: I'm alllllllmoooooost —
 [She is cut in half by the closing doors]

BLACK HAWK DOWN 2:

FUCK THE HAGUE

Black Hawk Down II: Fuck the Hague
Based on a true version of possible events, *Black Hawk Down II: Fuck the Hague* is director Ridley Scott's long-awaited sequel to action masterpiece *Black Hawk Down*. *Fuck the Hague* follows fifty unnamed army commandos as they stage a multi-tiered assault against French Guyana. What was supposed to be a routine operation falls apart when the soldiers realize that the Guyanese also have guns and don't know each other's names. An intense firefight ensues until the commandos are airlifted out two hours later. French Guyana is destroyed.

"I've never watched a movie before, but if this is what they're like I think I'll open a Cineplex."

--Norman Schwarzkopf, *United States Army*

"Louder, faster and more rapidly paced than the original. Scott has found a new perfect."

--Roger Ebert, *The Chicago Sun-Times*

"I laughed so hard I threw up in my very own mouth."

--Peter Travers, *Rolling Stone*

DVD EXTRAS:

- Exclusive interview with Morton "Guts" McGorty, United States Senator and former Army reservist
- Never before seen footage, including the barracks make-out scene between Ewan McGregor and Tom Sizemore, and the accidental waterboarding of French Guyanese actor Nareesh Marzai.
- Editable copy of Geneva Convention.

Tragedy: The Goat Song

BLEEEEEEEET

MELODY FOR TWO GOATS AND A TIN CAN

Bleat Bleat Bleat Mmm Tin-Can Mmm Tin Can Bleat Bleat Bleat

Mmm Tin Can Mmm Tin Can Bleececececeaaaant Ga r g le bl e a t Baa Baa

Yo Sheep Get Out Ma Dirty Goat Song Bleat Oh Gar bage M m m m bl e a t Yeah Yeah

FORCEFULLY REMOVE HORNS FOR SHOFAR SOLO

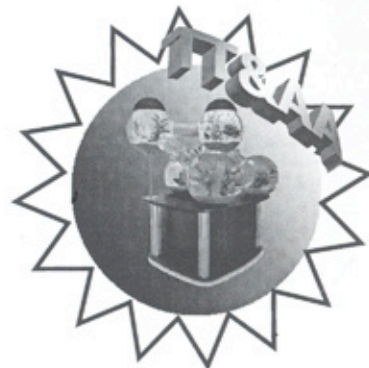
Cool Ble at Ble at Oh shit It's Comin' Oh yeah

CRAZY SHOFAR SOLO

PUT THAT SEW HOEN DOWN

Bleat Bleat Bleat Mmm Tin-Can Mmm Tin Can—

This is so sad Bleat Bleat



To: The Nazi Party (Third Reich), Germany, USA
Achtung: You Fucking Nazis

Dear Nazis:

Recently, the English speaking intellectual community gathered to choose an official name for our "clustered research institutes," which are now known as "Think Tanks." This was far from our first choice, as you can see from our voting results: "Concentration Camps": 403 "Think Tanks": 12 "Rumination Centers": 3 "Steve's Concentration Camps": 1 (Steve is a bit of an egotist). You can see that "Concentration Camps" won, and I'll tell you why. It has a nice ring to it, and it's fun, implying arts and crafts, games, and perhaps budding pubescent romances, while retaining the overall tone of intense thinking. We made watermarked stationery and a tough, edgy logo of a brain covered in barbed wire surrounded by a fence. We were even considering creating a franchise of teen summer programs in its likeness. But, noooooo. You and your goose-stepping, brown-shirted, lederhosen-sporting Nazis had to steal our name and mar it with your horrific tomfuckery. Nobody wants to associate our communities of highly contagious mindthoughts with your batshit torture centers.

So, thanks to you, we had to fall back on our second choice: "Think Tanks." Come on, how lame is that? Sure "tank" may have military connotations, but it also implies a really lame water container. Why didn't you use "internment camps?" We did over here. That's a name that blatantly says, "Selectively imprisoned citizens."

Just know that our think tanks are also filled with Jews, except these ones are planning to kick whatever is remaining of your ass.

Sincerely,

Dr. Thurgood Fillmore,
Director of Thoughts and Inclinations
Think Tank and Aquarium Association
United States of America

P.S. Please expect a letter from my cousin, the President of the Charlie Chaplin Fan Club, who has a serious moustache to pick with you.



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2840 Broadway, Corner of 110th St. 212-222-3367



FUTURESEX

GREETINGS, READERS OF MY BLOG "BEMUSED GRUMBLINGS":

I enjoy the song "Futuresex/Lovesounds," so this Friday I decided to model my love life after it ("love life" refers to sexual intercourse between me and a female). Here is what happened:

10:05 pm: I go to a dorm party to get my "drink on" and "dance on." I introduce myself to Cindy Randall and see instantly in her eyes that we will be in for a night of "sexcapades" (i.e. we will engage in sexual acts). Unfortunately, we had been dancing too close throughout the night and my stamina was low (in the case of intercourse, I would be unable to enjoy more than eight thrusts before ejaculating into the vaginal cavity).

1:35 am: I return home with Cindy Randall, and she is barely able to get the keys in the door due to many Gin and Tonics. This is when things go south. Well, when we went south. You get the idea (we engaged in oral sex with one another; this includes acts of cunnilingus and fellatio).

1:40 am: I am unsuccessful in removing her bra. I was never able to get the hang of that "bra" thing because I lived in a commune for most of my teenage years, and the only girls I made "love sounds" (moans related to arousal) with either didn't wear bras, or wore bras made of whole grains or flax, which did not have clasps but rather were tied into a zeppelin bend knot.

1:42 am: I have broken her bra clasp and am now ready to put her "out of control" (induce female orgasm).

1:42, 25 seconds: "I think she's ready to blow" (my penis is at the point in which ejaculation of sperm from it cannot be avoided).

1:42, 30 seconds: She screams at me to "pull out" (my penis from her vaginal canal) and pushes my body onto the floor.

1:42, 33 seconds: I attempt to jump back on the bed, but am unable to "hold my load" (not ejaculate). I spray

seven beads of semen as I am climbing back on to the top bunk. Three landed Cindy's roommate's satin pillow, and the rest I have not yet been able to locate.

1:43 am: Cindy orders me to leave yet gives me no apparatus with which I can cleanse myself of semen. I am forced to use an a cappella poster I find in a trash can outside. I realize that "Future sex" with Cindy will not be possible.

You wake up—was it all a dream? No, you are in the hospital with severe injuries. You shouldn't be alive! But you are, so way to go.

THE END

?

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JESTER

Quarterly Financial Impact Statement



LET'S SHAKE ON THIS ONE.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK: GOOD

NOW WITH 40% MORE GRAPHS!!

- INKS: IS BLACK STILL TOP DOG??

- **BAD NEWS:** That JST stock we were following isn't our stock.

We try to figure out if we do have a stock and what it would be called.

**FREE W-2
FORMS
INSIDE!!!**

**PAGES 2-46: EXCEL
SPREADSHEETS**



