

10¢

FALL  
2010

# Jester



"MYSTERY!"



# FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVE

Engaging in Fallacious Advertising; Misrepresenting Grant Programs of the Federal Government; Writing Shitty Books; Looking like an Asshole; Excessive Enthusiasm

## MATTHEW LESKO



Photograph taken in 2004

Aliases: Matthew Lesko, Matt Lesko, Mattie Lesko, Matt, Matthew, Mattie, Lesko, Mr. Lesko, Mattlesko, "Teddy," The Question Mark Guy, The Guy With the Question Mark Suits, That Dude From the Infomercials with the Free Money and the Question Marks

### DESCRIPTION

Date of Birth:	May 11, 1943	Hair:	Gray
Place of Birth:	Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania	Eyes:	Blue
Height:	5'6" - 6'5"	Complexion:	Light
Weight:	150 - 200 pounds	Sex:	Male
Build:	Scrawny	Race:	White (Caucasian)
Occupation:	Author, Grant Researcher	Nationality:	American

### CAUTION

Lesko has been publishing shitty books and poisoning the reputation of infomercials since 1986. He has been known to convince his victims that his books contain the secrets to getting free money from government grant programs. Do not buy his books, for they are full of lies. Do not be distracted by his colorful suits decorated with question marks, for they are only a ploy to increase his likability on television. You know who else wore outfits with lots of question marks? The Riddler. And he was the bad guy. Just like Matthew Lesko.

### CONSIDERED ANNOYING BUT NOT PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS

If you have any information concerning this person, please contact the authorities.

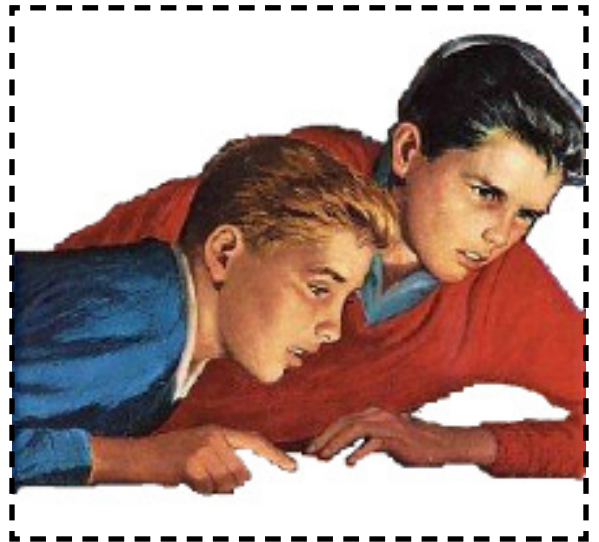
# jester of columbia

MYSTERY

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BOY, AM I HARD.



**INSIDE BACK COVER** In the Next Jester...

**ARTS  
INITIATIVE**  
AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Sponsored in part by the Arts Initiative at Columbia University. This funding is made possible through a generous gift from The Gatsby Charitable Foundation.

Hi,

My name is Kari G\*\*\*\*\*. I recently wrote a short story/satire titled Tea Party. I am trying to get it out there, preferably before the November 2 election. I attached it just in case you were interested. If anything, you might get a giggle or two out of it.

Kari

[Before opening the attachment, Jester is aroused upon seeing the word "satire." Is it the subtle criticism of the Tea Party movement that awards Jester the respect and admiration it has always deserved? Is it a beautifully-crafted yet concise work of comedic genius? No. It is a 7-page abomination, a shallow, one-sided depiction of the thoughts of two stereotypically pea-brained redneck alcoholics, Bob Rut and Billy Rucker. There isn't even a reference to tractors or country music. Also: "Barack Obama's skin color was a mixture between the shade that of gravy and Nutella peanut butter...a hybrid of light brown."]

-KARI

*Kari:*

*Thank you for your submission. Unfortunately, the Jester only accepts humor articles.*

*-Jester*

Dear Jester,

I am just a little old lady in an old farmhouse who doesn't get many visitors, but I am part owner of your little company with one share of stock. Why did you stop making playing cards? I remember back in the thirties when I would listen to your playing cards on the radio, hearing about the jacks and the hearts and all the good old times. My father Tobias Swathmore Jamison McHumphrey bought a dime's worth of stock because he knew those cards pleased me ever so much, and it would be a dishonor to his memory to allow this wonderful playing card company to continue to put out a magazine. I know I'm just a little old lady who loves her tea and votes Republican, but can't you find it in your heart to stop making this magazine, which I like in its own way, and go back to making those lovely playing cards that I used to play with my parents over a cold glass of lemonade?

Sincerely Yours,

-AGNUS McHUMPHREY

*Dear Agnus:*

*No.*

*-Jester*

**MR. BODDY, 53.** It was Miss Scarlet with the wrench in the Billiard room. He is survived by his wife, Bizzie, and two beautiful children, Ennie and Sum. He will be missed.

**M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN, 40.** Twisted himself to death. What if he were dead the whole time?

**THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.** Died when six year old Johnny walked in on his parents having sex.

**CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST, AGE UNKNOWN.** Moved to the after-afterlife upon choking on another ghost.

**AMELIA EARHART, 41.** We found her. She's dead.

**JIMMY HOFFA, 62.** Still dead.

**ROBERT BARNARD, 53.** After a courageous battle with brain cancer he was hit by a bus.

**JOE HARDY, 17 .** In the case of The Failed Suicide Pact, Frank Hardy was found to be his brother's executioner.

**JUSTIN CHUN, 19.** Bailed.

**THE MAN IN THE MOON, 1500.** Burned to death during a total solar eclipse.

**FLAVOR, OLD AS SHIT.** Discontinued with the last bag of Zesty Taco/Chipotle Ranch "Collisions" Doritos.

**THE GUY FROM THAT 80s MOVIE (YOU KNOW THE ONE), MAYBE 60ish.** I heard it was a heart and/or bear attack from a guy at work.

**THE PROLETARIAT, 162..** Way to go guys! High fives all around.

**MOBY, 45.** Prominent musician and Sperm Whale, foray into surf rock left him beached.

**DIRT DOORNAILS, 42.** Automobile accident.

Dear Jester,

Many months ago I sent you a letter inviting you to my daughter's wedding. You edited this letter and published it in your issue so it would consist of nothing but the word "DICKS" repeated over and over again. Then I wrote you another letter explaining that I was inviting you to my daughter's wedding. You edited this letter as well, this time making it seem as if I had signed the letter by writing "DICKS DICKS DICKS." I write this letter to tell you and your readers, firstly, that I would never--not in a thousand years--sign a letter in such a way, and, secondly, that your replacement of my name with a slang term for the male sex organ is both cheap and immature. Please do your job as editors. Grow up.

Sincerely,

-RICHARD SAGGYTITS VAGILO

*Dear Mr. Vagilo:*

*It won't happen again.*

*-Jester*



# EDITAURUS

## A WORD ON MYSTERY

### JESTER

VOL. CDI NO. 1  
DECEMBER 2010

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Michael Abraham

#### PUBLISHER

Patrick McGuire

#### TREASURER

Sadaf Shahid

#### LAYOUT EDITOR

Dylan Lonergan

#### ART EDITOR

Emma Rosenberg

#### SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

Katie Needle

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Anton Wheel

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Audry Padgett

Betsy Feldman

#### CONTRIBUTORS

Eli Grober

Lucas Rubio

Mike Wymbis

Andrew Hamilton

Tyler Benedict

Stephanie Mannheim

Daryl Seitchik

Alessandra Urso

#### COVER DESIGN

Stephen Davan

#### DEAREST READER,

Since the beginning of conscious thought, man has asked some stupid fucking questions. Who am I? 1. Why am I here? 2. What does love mean? 3. How did you get into my apartment? 4. Questions like these are worrisome, and if you combine the word “question” and the word “worrisome,” you get “mystery.” The specifics of how this works are, in turn, a mystery.

But mystery is the spice of life, as the old saying goes. Sadly, this spice, like paprika, fades over time, leaving us pathetic, tasteless husks. Only with true Emersonian virtue can we capture the magical innocence of childhood, the wonderment of mystery. For most of you chumps, this will be impossible.

So, in the grand tradition of Stephen Hawking, Buddha, and William Tell, we here at the Jester have decided to grace you with a veritable cornucopia of further mysteries. They'll make you age backwards like Benjamin Button, except you'll be going faster and you'll be more enlightened. Your friends will call you Zap Zipper, which will be merely okay.

You can rub our mysteries on your bald spot, you can use them to restore your virility, or to wipe clean your criminal record and erase all evidence that you were ever in Toronto on the night the prosecution seems so interested in. Will it work? 5. Bam. Another mystery.

The one thing, dear readers, that you must

avoid like the plague is answers. Answers ruin everything. Don't believe me? 6. Fine. I'll ruin your day like a surprise castration at homecoming. Even your parents will see, because they're in on it and they think you suck. Try answering some of the following questions real quick, tell me if the answers make you happy or more virile: Why can't I find true love? 7. What happens when we die? 8. Why does he keep insisting that I'm not virile? 9. What really caused the dinosaurs to die out? 10. Are we all alone in the universe? 11. If God is all-powerful, and God is good, why does He allow evil to exist? 12.

...

You feel good? 13. You feel like a big man now? 14. Answered all of those burning questions? 15. Good. Here's something to make you feel better.

The rest of this issue is devoted to making you feel so perplexed and bamboozled that questions and wonderment will be leaking out of every orifice. Who can dare to resist such a grand adventure? 16. So sit down, strap on, shut up, and riddle me this:

*Henry Ring*

Senior Editor

[Answers on page 9.]

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

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FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT [WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM](http://WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM).





# SCOOBY-DOO!

## AND THE LAST MYSTERY

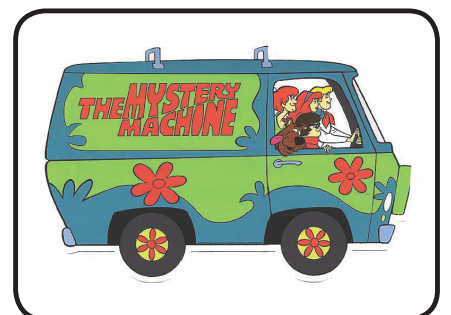
**I**t was a flat, hot August, and Wilson sat on the porch and rolled his tobacco and smoked as he watched the dust cloud roll towards town.

“Arlene,” he called back into the mercantile behind him, “we got customers a-comin’!”

Red’s Mesa was the only gas pump for sixty miles in either direction, and you could usually rook a customer in

for few bucks worth of sodas or pie or curios. Hell, depending on the customer, maybe even some road beers.

By the time the dustcloud was close enough to make out the vehicle, Arlene had joined Wilson on the porch, and the two of them watched the garishly-painted van arrive in a plume of dense exhaust and dirt. Arlene, her lungs unused to such punishment, began to cough.





An athletic gay blonde man hopped out from behind the driver's seat and bounded up the steps. A red ascot hang around his neck as he stuck out his firm hand for Wilson to grasp.

"Pleased to meet you sir, I'm Fred."

The side door opened as Wilson gave the boy's hand a shake and Wilson felt the strength go out of his calloused grasp. The woman, the girl, really, was a looker. She had a whore's bright red hair, and a figure that no sane man would let out of his sight for more than an instant. Wilson felt a knobby finger in his side and knew Arlene had seen him staring. The girl approached, flanked by a forgettable dumpy sort of girl in glasses and a recovering heroin addict.

"Hello you two. I'm Daphne, and this is Velma and Shaggy. We're here to investigate."

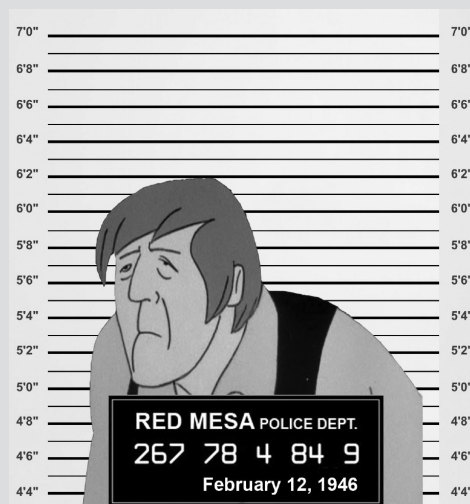
Then the back door of the decrepit vehicle nearly blew off its hinges. A huge, slobbering Great Dane emerged, its eyes demon pools of sin and hate. Wilson found himself groping for his shotgun, but he had left it in his truck. The dog began sprinting towards them, howling what sounded insanely like words. The addict turned to embrace his lunging



“The dog leaped, and the addict caught its bulk deftly with a low “Zoinks, Scoob.” The maneuver would have made him at least a silver-medalist Olympian, in the right year.”

# RED MESA READER

## CAUGHT! GHOST OF ANACONDA MINE



doom with the dreamy grin of a lobotomy patient. Arlene screamed and Wilson felt his bladder let go as he realized how easily the rabid St. Bernard must have dispatched Ms. Rogers and her three children up at their farm two summers ago.

The dog leaped, and the addict caught its bulk deftly with a low “Zoinks, Scoob.” The maneuver would have made him at least a silver-medalist Olympian, in the right year. Fred, Wilson noticed, had retracted his hand and was sidling away from Wilson's piss-soaked rocker.

“What we were hoping you could tell us,” said the dumpy woman, “is if we're getting near the old Anaconda Mine?”

“What in the hell would you want to go up there for?”

“Well,” said the red-haired beauty, “we hear there's been a ghost scaring people away from that area for some time now, and we wanted to investigate.”

“A ghost, huh? There's the ghosts of all those hundreds of men who were killed in the big mine fire in '46. Those the ghosts you're talking about? Maybe lose a father, or a granddaddy down the mine, come to pay your respects?”

The gay man responded, “Gee whiz, that's interesting, but we're here to solve the case of the one ghost that's been scaring people off from the Mine. We've got a friend who used to live out here and he's

afraid to go home. Usually, in a case like this, the ghost is really a guy in a scary costume, and once we unmask him, everyone can go home safely, with nothing to fear.”

“Well, I don't know nothin' 'bout no ghost. There's a psychotic murderer who's taken up residence somewhere around the Anaconda Mine. But he doesn't scare anyone. He just rapes them nearly to death, then skins them alive, eats their bodies, and wears their skin as a sort of cape. I guess that's as close as he comes to a costume. Nearly twenty people in the last week have gone missing, Sheriff's Deputy included.”

The addict turned towards Wilson, his knees shaking wildly. He still carried the Great Dane and spoke in a dreamy tone, “Sounds like a scary ghost.”

“The scary ghost is a very sick man with a big gun and a lot of heavy of tranquilizers and a very sharp knife. He escaped from the mental hospital a year ago in the big breakout.”

The gay man took charge again, “C'mon gang, let's start up the Mystery Machine and crack this case before dawn.”

“For the love of God. Don't go out to the mine. Don't do it at night. Don't go without guns. And don't bring him a woman. You'll all be killed.”

“See ya later, mister!”



# AN INTERVIEW WITH BRUCE “THE BAT” WAYNE RE- GARDING HIS BID FOR MAYOR OF GOTHAM



**US Weekly:** Hello Mr. Wayne, it's a pleasure to finally get a chance to talk to you. You've had a very tight, almost secretive publicity campaign as you run for mayor.

**Mr. Wayne:** Please, call me "Bats," because, you know, I really like them. As for the secrecy, it's got nothing to do with my recreational life.

**US:** The secrecy is a counter-intuitive move, but some pundits are claiming it's going to pay off big for you in September when voters who are tired of seeing the same old political game will come crawling out the word-work in support of your refusal to play ball with the media.

**Wayne:** Yes, the voters will come crawling like Gotham's criminal scum under a thick rubber boot.

**US:** We understand you have an incredibly strong anti-crime policy. What's your plan for cleaning up Gotham, and what drives you to take up crime as a central issue?

**Wayne:** Gotham needs to be cleaned up one crook at a time. No crime is too small to go unpunished, no bad deed left to fester in Gotham's underbelly like a nest of maggots. We must strike fear into the hearts of Gotham's criminal elements.

As to any personal interest in crime, or the fighting thereof, my parents had a large impact on my desire to help the city's economically downtrodden.

**US:** That whole maggot thing is quite a stance, though recently, you've been criticized as being potentially too hard on crime. How can we hope for rehabilitation of Gotham's criminal youth with current budget cuts for correctional institutes?

**Wayne:** I am in NO way advocating for LESS money spent on prisons. I'm actually planning on devoting over seventy percent of the city's budget to improving both the prison and Arkham Asylum.

**US:** Fair enough. But what do you say to allegations that those funds could be better spent on improving Gotham's

schools?

**Wayne:** What, so the criminals are smarter and harder to defeat? ...From a legal standpoint?

**US:** Right... To change gears somewhat: our readers are interested not only in getting to know your policy, but also in getting to know the man behind the campaign. Would you mind answering a few questions not concerning your campaign?

**Wayne:** Sure. Like what?

**US:** Well, earlier you mentioned your recreational activities. Considering you often attend press conferences and meetings while sleep-deprived and beaten, what are you up to during the evening hours?

**Wayne:** Well, I'm a renowned night-pugilist in my own right, and Gotham is home to a lot of people willing to challenge my undefeated title. Have you seen Fight Club? It's sort of like that, except I have much, much more money.

**US:** And what do you think of the Batman?

**Wayne:** How di- Oh. Yes. The Batman. I have never met the Batman, though I'm sure he's a charismatic, outgoing, well-intentioned, handsome, sexual, brilliant, fantastically wealthy triple-gold-medal-winning martial artist.

**US:** Do you have any idea who he is?

**Wayne:** Having never met the man, I do not. But going off his clear respect for the noble bat, a symbol which has long struck fear into the hearts of my- his enemies, that is, his and my enemies, which are the same, considering my hard stance on crime, I'd say he's a pretty good guy. Heck, maybe we should elect him mayor.

**US:** Haha, Mr. Wayne.

**Wayne:** Bats, please.

**US:** Well, Bats, it's been fantastic talking to you this evening, Bats.

**Wayne:** My pleasure. Good evening.

**“This is almost as much fun as heroin withdrawal.”**

**“The reason America’s IQ is dropping like the barometer before an impending hurricane runs ashore.”**

**“Juvenile.”**

**“You’ll never want to read again.”**

**“Of all the things that arouse me, this is the one that shames me most.”**

**Submit to Jester.  
The “X” Issue.**



## offensive mysteries

- Why are you an idiot?
- How do we fit all these children in the abandoned warehouse?
- If a man is a misogynistic dickweed, will his woman ever stop nagging him?
- What really brings people together at a funeral?
- When a natural weather disaster strikes a community of innocent people, what were they doing to offend God?
- Why is Grandpa going to prison?
- If your penis is smaller than everyone else's, have you been eyeing other men's junk to get a base reading?
- Where is a hooker most ticklish?
- In third grade, you collected rocks. There's no mystery here, I just wanted to bring attention to that fact. Rocks. Not geodes or gems. Rocks. I'll let that sink in.
- When does too much cocaine become an overdose?
- If we invited Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson to a devil's threesome, would they accept?
- How much wood does a woodchuck in a wood chipper give to a strapping Scandinavian lad on his sixteenth birthday?
- Is it considered tampering with evidence if you remove your son's cold, dead hand from his junk before the police arrive?
- If blind people can't see, and deaf people can't hear, which one would read the other this question?
- What if you blinded the deaf guy?
- When we shot Neil Armstrong into space, was it because he was addicted to methadone, or because he was a national traitor on a level never before seen?
- When your wife cheats on you, at what point does the counter-cheat ratio even out? 3:1?

## reasons to flee

- Dinosaurs
- Psychotic killer
- Famine
- Political oppression
- War
- Your father is forcing you to leave the one cute guy you ever met and go to Europe
- Plague



### retired crayon colors

- Old Yeller
- Soylent Green
- Rigatoni a la Vodka
- Injun Red
- Gangreen
- Ultraviolet
- Infrared
- Blackface
- Earl Schwartzman

## ways to eat smart and lose weight

- Don't eat.
- Anything.
- Seriously.
- You can't gain weight if you don't eat.
- Yeah, I know it sucks.
- It's called starving.
- I thought you were committed to this. To me.
- Stop eating.
- Put down your sandwich.
- Put it down right now.
- I don't care how hungry you are.
- Fuck you, assdouche.
- You're getting crumbs on me.
- Give me your sandwich. I'm hungry.
- At lunch, try a salad with just a teaspoon of dressing instead of heavier foods, like sandwiches containing red meats or cheeses. The increased fiber will help to keep you regular, and will also help to provide a solid balance between a protein-heavy breakfast and a more casual, lighter dinner.

## my fears, as of last night's nightmare

- Kelp
- Zombies
- Kelp-zombies
- My girlfriend cheating on me with Tim Allen while I'm eaten alive beneath their pleasure yacht

## death to the unbelievers: a children's primer

- Atheists in an Avalanche
- Buddhists in a Bomb
- Christians in a Cataclysm
- Jews in a Juggernaut
- Satanists in a Smelter
- Taoists in a Tiger

## fighters i would pay to see

- The Armstrongs: Neil vs. Lance vs. Louis
- Good vs. Good (to the death)
- Hulk Hogan vs. His Own Crippling Insecurities (cage match)



## places not to hide the body

- In a taco
- In another body
- In the police evidence room
- In a series of small, festive plastic eggs, which you hide on your neighbor's lawn late on a Saturday in mid-April
- In an American Apparel mannequin
- In a meat-packing plant



## why my house is on fire

- Hair dryer in the bathroom may have sparked on "my" hair clogging the sink
- My pesky oily rag collection kept too close to her precious magnifying glass collection
- We should have communi

## reasons to have countdowns

- Shuttle launch
- Europe release party
- To let your kids know you're serious about turning the car around
- New Year's Eve/Only kiss of the year
- The bomb you're trying to disarm is about to explode

## sasquatch still hiding because

- He doesn't want the world to know he's made the woods a wireless hotspot
- He left the trail, got lost
- He doesn't exist

## least popular jeopardy categories

- Books
- Math
- Some literary pun that made Alex Trebek smirk
- Foreign words you can't pronounce and will make you look like an idiot
- Flightless Migratory Birds
- Ernest Movies

## things you wish my uncle hadn't said to you at your twelfth birthday

- "Poor people will try to drug you to steal your organs."
- That he collects dogs
- The Dentist Joke
- That he doesn't have anything against "the gays"
- "I love you."

## why my hygiene is poor

- I only go to the gym once a day
- My deodorant's not extra-strength
- Golden showers "don't count"
- My hygiene's too lazy to get a job

## things that we here at the jester do well

- Drink
- Abscond with things
- Metahumor
- Dick jokes



## ANSWERS TO EDITAURUS

1. You're a reader, though judging by the time you're taking to read this sentence, just barely.
2. Because you go to sleep here every night, and it's almost bedtime.
3. An intense emotional attachment between a woman and a woman, a man and a man, or a man and multiple women.
4. You have crap locks.
5. While rubbing and wiping sometimes eliminates visible evidence, black lights are no longer your friend.
6. 'Cause you should.
7. Because you've let the fire of true passion burn low in your heart. BURN BABY BURN!!
8. Usually an expensive funeral. Then Saint Peter sends you to hell, because you missed the ride on Haley's Comet.
9. Because he's compensating for his own impotence. Try not to bring attention to it.
10. An even larger, more extinct dinosaur, who's coming for us.
11. Fortunately, yes. Stephen Hawking has actually warned us about aliens, so chalk this one up as a win.
12. Because He's got a decent sense of humor, He already finished reading this, and nothing good is on.
13. 'Cause you shouldn't.
14. Like your dad.
15. You may want to get that burning checked out.
16. Not you. As I mentioned before, you've got crap locks.



Discretion? With what I'm saying? **FUCK DISCRETION!**

I HATE ALL OF YOU. I DISTURB THE PEACE AND QUIET. I SNORE LOUD ENOUGH TO WARRANT NOISE COMPLAINTS WHEN I SLEEP. I TAMPER WITH EVIDENCE OF PEOPLE WHO ARE GUILTY WITH CRIMES, BADLY. I TAKE TOPLESS PHOTOS OF TEENAGERS AND POST THEM ON 4CHAN. I COME TO YOUR PLACE, SMOKE ALL YOUR POT, AND BREAK YOUR BONG. I DENY 9/11 AND THE HOLOCAUST EXISTED.

**I PUNT CATS.** I GIVE FREE CANDY TO FAT PEOPLE OUTSIDE OF GYMS. I LOAN MONEY AND CHARGE USUROUS INTEREST RATES. I LITTER, OFTEN! I TAKE THE TAG OF THE MATTRESSES WHILE IN SLEEPYS. I PICK POCKET THE POOREST 10% OF AMERICA. I J-WALK ALL THE TIME. **I CUT DOWN TREES, JUST TO SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS.**

I DON'T CITE MY WORK WHEN I WRITE PAPERS. I GAVE MY MOM THE FINGER IN CHURCH. I FINGERED YOUR MOM IN CHURCH. I GAVE YOU BED BUGS. I COPY PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL GAMES WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE NFL. I SINK THE VESSLES OF CUBAN REFUGEES. I KEEP THE GAYS FROM GETTING MARRIED. I MADE ENTOURAGE SUCK. I START FIRES IN THE FORESTS IN CALIFORNIA. I STEAL YOUR WALLET AND USE YOUR HEALTH

INSURANCE. I RETURN THE TRASH TO WHERE IT WAS BEFORE YOU TOOK IT OUT. I TELL PEOPLE MY HEROIN IS COCAINE. **I ONLY TYPE IN COMIC SANS.** I'M TAKING

**DISCR**

MY TALENTS TO SOUTH BEACH. I PUT ENZYTE IN THE WATER IN THE PROJECTS. I LIKE TO KEEP MY EX GIRLFRIEND IN A CLOSET AND FEED HER ONLY WATER AND TOFU. SOMETIMES I TAKE OFF HER SKIN AND MASTURBATE IN IT. I EAT ONLY EGG YELLOWS. FUCK THE WHITES. AND THE BLACKS. I KEEP MY CELL PHONE AND IPOD ON DURING THE PLANE RIDE AT ALL TIMES. I DOWNLOAD MUSIC ON THE INTERNET. I SLIT THE WRISTS OF OTHER PEOPLE WHEN THEY ARE STANDING IN LINE AT THE DMV. I HEAVILY ABUSE THE CAPS LOCK. I STEAL STEAK KNIVES FROM APPLEBEES. I PUT OUTLIERS IN YOUR DATA SET WHEN YOU ARE NOT LOOKING.

**I DRINK YOUR MILKSHAKE.**

I CIRCUMCIZED YOUR DOG. I BEND YOUR STRAIGHTEDGE EVER SO SLIGHTLY. I GIVE BAD ADVICE, WITH EXEMPLAR RHETORIC. I CUT OUT CHAPTERS OF BOOKS I BORROW FROM THE LIBRARY. I DROWN FERRETS. I DRIVE MY MOTORCYCLE PAST YOUR CAR DURING RUSH HOUR.

**I LOITER.** I COMMIT INSIDER TRADING. I USED A GAMESHARK TO GET MEW. I CALL PEOPLE CUNTS WHEN THEY OFFEND ME. I SMUGGLE MEXICANS ACROSS THE BORDER ONLY TO CALL IMMIGRATION WHEN I GET TO CANADA. I GET TELEMARKETERS TO CALL YOU EVEN WHEN YOU ARE ON THE DO NOT CALL LIST. I USE THE AMERICAN FLAG AS A DOORMAT. I KEY CARS WHEN I'M IN FOREIGN CITIES. I BROKE THE NOSE OFF THE SPYNX. I INJECT PEOPLE WITH HIV POSITIVE BLOOD WHEN THEY SLEEP. I STEAL PEOPLES LAUNDRY FROM THE DRYER, AND CUT HOLES IN THEIR UNDERWEAR AND THEN PUT IN BACK WHERE I FOUND IT. I KIDNAPP BASTARD CHILDREN IN AFRICA AND FORCE THEM TO MAKE SNEAKERS IN CAMBODIA. **I CUT OUT THE ENDING OF INCEPTION.**

I HELP WOMEN GET ARTIFICIALLY INSEMINATED AND THEN, IF SUCCESSFUL, I FORCE THEM TO GET ABORTIONS. I POISON DIPLOMATIC LEADERS. I MAKE DYSLEXIC KIDS LEARN TO PRO-

NOUCE SOME WORDS WRONG. I KEEP MY DOG IN THE CAR WITH THE WINDOWS ALL THE WAY UP WHEN I GO TO THE MALL. I BREAK THE LEGS OF HORSES. I COVERED YOUR TOILET SEAT WITH SARAN WRAP. **I MAKE A REALITY SHOW WHERE A HOUSE GETS BUILT FOR TEN HOMELESS PEOPLE TO LIVE, WHERE EVERY WEEK ONE GETS VOTED OFF UNTIL ONLY ONE REMAINS WITH THE HOUSE, WHO WILL SUBSEQUENTLY MORTGAGE IT FOR DRUG MONEY, FURTHER CONTRIBUTING TO THE HOUSING CRISIS.** I DID NOT VOTE, YET I AM STILL ALIVE. I MAKE YOU BLINK WHEN THE PICTURE IS ABOUT TO BE TAKEN. I LIKE POSTS ON FACEBOOK JUST TO UNLIKE THEM. I'VE POACHED MANY AN ENDANGERED SPECIES TO EXTINCTION. I LIKE RUNNING ON E, BUT I'M ALWAYS TRY TO GET A BATTERY CHARGE, if you know what I mean. I AM THE EXCEPTION THAT PROVES THE RULE. JESUS TURNED WATER INTO WINE, I TURN WINE INTO PERIOD BLOOD. I MADE TV ANTENNAS NOT WORK ANYMORE. I CUT THE LOCKS OFF BIKES, YET FOR SOME REASON, I DON'T STEAL THEM. **I CHEATED ON MY WIFE, WITH MY NIECE.** I SCUFF YOUR NEW SHOES. I GIVE STRANGERS A NOOGIE. I CAUSE HYPERINFLATION. I EAT

**ETION**

YOUR FOOD LIKE IT IS LUNCH-TIME. I PUT A SHAMWOW IN YOUR HATCHET WOUND BEFORE INSERTION. **I AM A NAZI.** I MAIL

FRESHMAN FAKE IDs COVERED IN ANTHRAX. I SPAY AND NEUTER YOUR CHILDREN. I CUT THE WRISTS OF OTHER PEOPLE WHEN THEY ARE STANDING IN LINE. I PISS ON TOMBS. I HACKED INTO NASA AND FUCKED UP THE COORDINATES OF THE CHALLENGER. I COMMITTED SUICIDE THRICE. **I RAPE YOUR WIFE JUST TO GIVE YOU MARITAL PROBLEMS.** ALSO I ORGANIZE DOG FIGHTS, AND COCK FIGHTS BUT NOT IN THE GAY WAY, IN THE MEXICAN WAY. I TAKE STRATEGICALLY ORIENTED PICTURES OF MYSELF IN THE MIRROR WITH MY CAMERA PHONE.

**I BELIEVE IN CHILD LABOR, ESPECIALLY WITH BLOW JOBS.** I TRESPASS, BUT DON'T FORGIVE YOU WHEN YOU TRESPASS. I HAVE A CHIMPANZEE I STOLE FROM THE ZOO, AND I'VE TRAINED IT TO KILL MY ENEMIES. I WEAR COLOGNE THAT SMELLS LIKE CHLOROFORM.

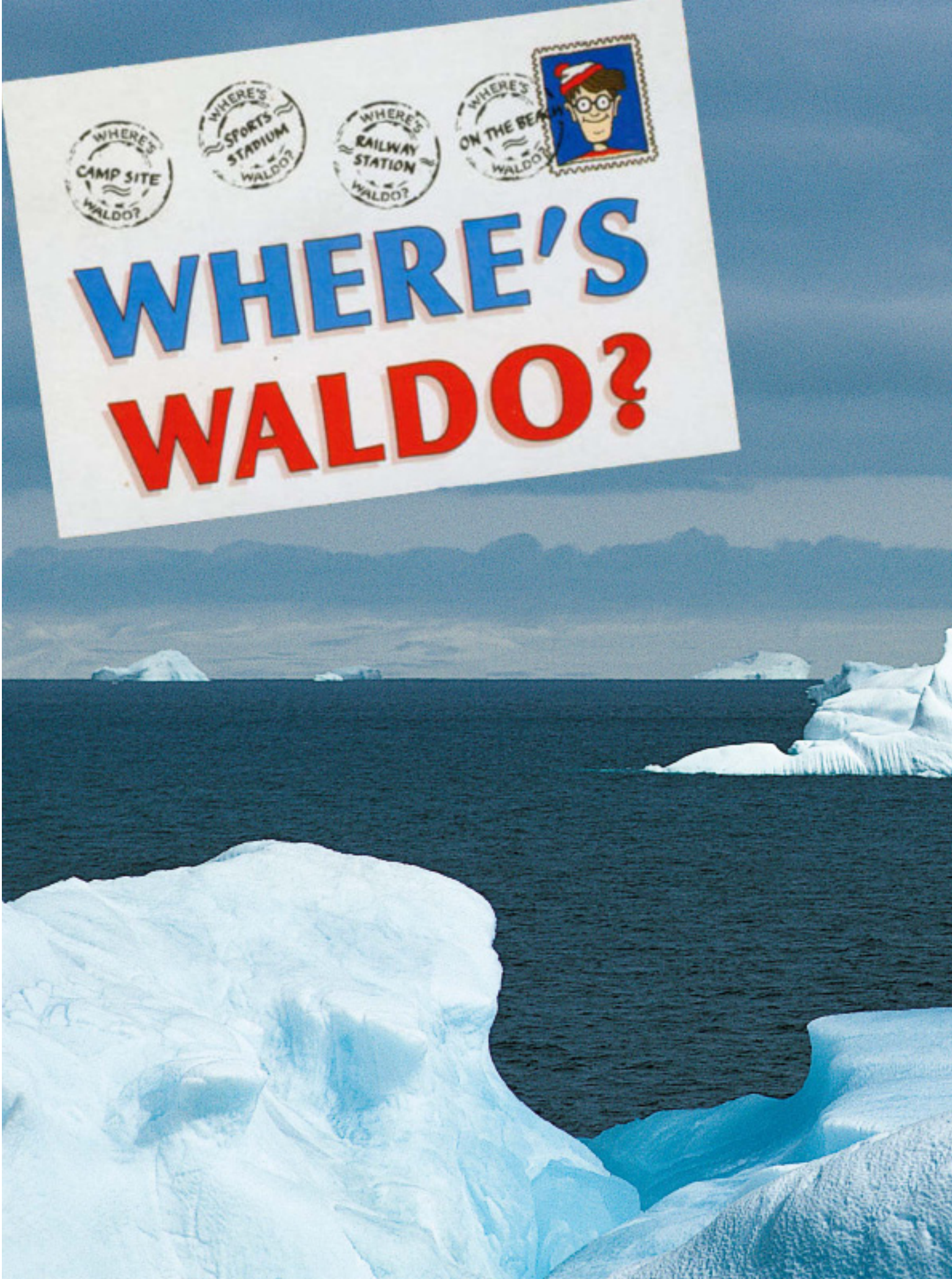
I TASE YOU, BRO. **I DON'T USE TURN SIGNALS.** I MAKE BAD PUNS AT INAPPROPRIATE TIMES. I FUCK THE HOLE IN THE NECK OF CRONIC CIGARETTE SMOKERS. I SEND SPAM CHAIN LETTERS. I HAVE A REWARDS CARD FOR SHOPPING AT SUPER SLAVERS. I SAY SORRY FOR PARTYING INSINCERELY. I KIDNAP PRESCHOOL KIDS FROM DAY CARE, AND DROP THEM OFF AT ADDRESSES I FOUND ON MEGAN'S LAW WEBSITE, CREATING A MORAL CONUNDRUM FOR CHILD SEX PERVERTS. I LIKE TO HANG MY CLOTHES ON WIRE HANGERS, THAT HAVE BEEN USED FOR GHETTO ABORTIONS. I COMMIT ACTS OF TERROR-

**I TELL ASIANS TO ENUNCIATE EVEN WHEN I CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.** I VIOLATE PAROLE LIKE IT'S MY DAUGHTERS. I PIMP HOS. YEAH, I'M "THAT" GUY. Fuck discretion.





# WHERE'S WALDO?









# Al Gore's Last Lecture

**G**ore takes the stage with his usual gusto and wide grin. He waves at the crowd, which claps unenthusiastically. Silence falls as the lecture starts.

Thank you, thank you, and hello all. It's such a pleasure to be back in Casper, and to be here in your scenic Mayonnaise Theatre. But enough with the pleasantries. I'm glad to see all of you here, because we face a dire problem today, not only in America, but in the world. It could mean the very destruction of all life on Earth as we know it.

Climate change. Titters I know. Look. The majority of America has become slowly disenchanted with the idea of pulling together to fight climate change. I blame all of you. I blame Jersey Shore and I blame Harry Potter and I blame China but mostly I blame you all. I tried so hard for this to work out. I had a pressing social issue, I had a real life problem that we could pull together to face. I built an eco-friendly bus and I refused to give up my seat as VP, and still no one made the connections we were going for, you know, to the Civil Rights Movement. Now, the last polar bear is dead, and we have nothing to show on our graphics but smaller and smaller glaciers. If you thought we were uninspiring before, wait until you see a chunk of muddy ice the size of your fist with a sad face Sharpied onto it. But that's okay.

As Eco-Poobah, it's my responsibility to spice things up around here. To reinvigorate the crowd, to recycle your interest in climate change, and really lead a new social movement! Who's excited? No one is excited. Who's with me? No one is with him. I was afraid of this. *Gore produces a large gun.* "Can I get a "Yeekaw, environment?" *He fires several rounds into the air, and after a few seconds, he gets what he wants.*

That's fantastic. Now, most of you have already seen my movie or read my pamphlets or seen that Futurama

episode or read about how the environment's changing or have in some way shape or form been in touch with culture over the past ten years. *A heckler in the back row whoos, screams something unintelligible about "woods" and maybe "cabin."* Thanks. The information is already in your hands, you just need something to wake you up and get you tending to mother Earth once again.

So we just need everyone to begin to reduce their carbon emissions in their everyday lives, again. *The sound*

*of police sirens A quick practical demonstration. - Gore fires into the crowd. Bam! Just like that, I've reduced the carbon emissions in this room by over seven percent. The sound of tires squealing, the sound of guns being drawn, the sound of megaphone feedback. Well, it seems as though I've got to cut this all a little short, but remember, "Environment yeehaw!" Thunderous applause. Gore jumps out of a low window. The sound of gunfire. The sound of the climate changing.*



# Classifieds

## \$1600/3BR Flushing

Includes 1 opium den, 3 opium bedrooms, 1 opium attic, 1 opium living room, and 1.5 opium bathrooms. Opium kitchen currently split into opium dining room and opium breakfast nook. Utilities and opium not included.



## \$800/1BR Clinton

Looking to fill spacious studio after previous tenant shot himself! Authentic buckshot in the walls from when aforementioned tenant sat down on his bed, put a gun in his mouth, and pulled the trigger, which resulted in his instant death. Call 1-800-555-1234 ASAP apartment will move fast!



## Wanted: Man without mustache for orgy

Are you a swinger male in the lower east side? Do you enjoy Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophy but abhor his facial hair? Do you want to participate in a free-for-all facial-hair-free fuckfest?

Include pic!

And seriously, don't have a fucking mustache. If you email me a pic with a mustache, or if send a pic without a mustache and it turns out you have grown mustache between that time and the moment you show up at my apartment, you will not be allowed in. And you want it, because there will be lots of hot girls here, and none of them are going to have mustaches.



## Wanted: 10 years of your life

Are you a recent college graduate in engineering? Are you interested in career advancement opportunities that turn out to be lies and false promises meant to string you along while we extract 80 hours a week from you in the prime of your life? Do you believe that working hard is the way to get ahead and that promotions await you, despite all evidence to the contrary, and despite our company policy of hiring middle management from outside the company? Then give us a call. Actually, don't. We'll call you, so you fell desperate that you're going to be stuck with all those happy moments and not be able to trade them away for a few sweet words and filthy lucre. More words than lucre, probably.

## Wanted: Undead Roommate

Current roommate situation is untenable. My roommate died three years ago and refuses to leave the house or even do some haunting every now and then. If you are recently deceased and willing to step past the threshold of the place of your demise, as well as maybe actually fucking haunt every now and then then we can talk. Greg, if you're reading this, I told you to get out already, I just can't tell if you have or not because you're invisible and you're too lazy to be noticed. And if you're reading it over my shoulder



go fuck yourself -- oh wait, you can't, your hand passes right through your dick because your entire body is now DICK-PERMEABLE. Landlord only allows move-ins on weekends, so whenever is fine.



# Where Are You?

## An Adventure



You wake up in an apartment you don't know. The hangover raging through you makes Ebola look like a total bitch. You realize, suddenly, that the growing need to vomit has become not just a need, but a burning, immediate urgency. Gaining your feet and disentangling your hair from the curdled cheese crusted to the edge of your pizza box pillow, you begin a frantic search for the toilet. After a terrifying thirty seconds, you realize you have no idea where the fuck the bathroom is. Jesus. This place is fucking huge.

Then, in a moment of almost religious revelation, you see an open window and decide, given your current state of internal distress, that that will have to do. You end up largely missing the window. Fuck their bookcase. You don't know these people.

Speaking of which, as your stomach spasms again and you give their first edition Thoreaus a second basting, you wonder where everyone is. You decide that, after all those fucking logic courses you took freshman year, you should be able to figure this shit out. A quick search of your person brings mixed feelings. Your asshole, you're pretty sure, has no drugs inside it, and your kidneys and liver seem to be still pretty much there. Also, your wallet and cell phone are in your back pocket, relatively intact—although the three hundred dollars in cash is somewhat disconcerting.

That's largely where your good fortune ends. The shirt you're wearing is a low

v-neck woman's sweater. The jeans you're wearing are black and so tight you realize your genitals have gone entirely numb. The front pockets of said jeans are crammed with what you think is mashed Red Velvet cupcakes. Either that, or a horrifying wad of menstrual blood and semen. You decide you will never be able to eat another Red Velvet cupcake without that image slamming across your mind. As you wipe the last of the vomit from your chin, you decide that won't be so bad, as you will never eat again, anyway.

“ As you emerge from the building, you realize that you don't recognize any of the street names, and the skyline in the distance seems totally bizarre. ”

You make your way to the hallway door. Behind you, the vomit-encrusted bookcase revolves, revealing an angry woman screaming at you in what you believe is Portuguese. You attempt to calm her down using soothing hand gestures, but she walks to one of the brick walls and, with superhuman strength, pries one of the bricks free of the wall. She cocks back her arm like a quarterback from FU. You flee, and the brick

sails out into the hallway after you, missing by inches. As you emerge from the building, you realize that you don't recognize any of the street names, and the skyline in the distance seems totally bizarre. You flag down a bright green cab and ask which city you're in. The cabbie asks, thankfully in English, if you're fucking joking. You tell him you're not. He says that you're in Detroit, at which point, you vomit copiously. He asks you to leave the cab at gunpoint, and you do so. As you walk down the street, you realize that something is rubbing against your ankle. You reach down, and remove a small baggie of hallucinogenic mushrooms and ecstasy, mixed. The heat of your ankle has made a sort of muddy paste out of the two.

As you shovel the intensely illegal paste into your mouth, you decide that this case will deserve more of your attentions. If you ever intend to return to the frat in time to take Emily to the semi-formal, you're going to need to get your head straight and figure this shit out. As your pupils begin to dilate, you decide that your best bet is to catch a train north into Canada and hitch a ride on a Russian freighter across the Iberian Peninsula. In Russia, perhaps, you can find a circus ape to beat to death with your bare hands. You've heard that their blood, so extracted, has restorative properties for the memory. You wonder, as you hail another cab, if the ape's blood will enable you to remember your own birth.

# Millennium Prize Problems

1. Prove or disprove the following statement:

Let  $X$  be a projective complex manifold. Then every Hodge class on  $X$  is a linear combination with rational coefficients of the cohomology classes of complex subvarieties of  $X$ .

---

2. Prove or disprove the following statement:

$N_p$  for a curve  $E$  with rank  $r$  obeys an asymptotic law:

$$\prod_{p < x} \frac{N_p}{p} \approx \log(x)^r \text{ as } x \rightarrow \infty.$$

---

3. Prove or disprove that the mass of the smallest particle predicted by the Yang-Mills theory is strictly positive.

---

4.  $P=NP$ ?

---

5. Prove or disprove the following statement: In three space dimensions and time, given an initial velocity field, there exists a vector velocity and a scalar pressure field, which are both smooth and globally defined, that solve the Navier-Stokes equations.

---

6. Prove or disprove the following statement: The real part of any non-trivial zero of the Riemann zeta function is  $1/2$ .

---

7. Prove or disprove the following statement: Every simply connected, closed 3-manifold is homeomorphic to the 3-sphere.

# and Their Solutions

1. Since we've brought cohomology into the picture and know that "The Gays" can't do math, anything Hodge says must be false.

---

2. The log of infinity is still infinity, and everyone knows that anything divided by zero is infinity, so  $p=0$ .  $N_p$  can really be anything then, I guess.

---

3. If you have a hole, that is a negative. The dirt you take out of that hole is a positive. This disproves that the smallest particle has to be positive; what if the smallest particle is a hole?

---

4. Divide both sides by  $P$ ,  $N=1$ . Therefore,  $P=P$ .

---

5. If they weren't globally defined, where else would they be!

---

6. There are two parts to every complex number; the real and imaginary part. Therefore, the real part of the Riemann function is  $1/2$  of a complex number. If it is a trivial zero, however, the real part is zero, so there is only one part to that complex number.

---

7. Take any compact, simply connected, three-dimensional manifold without boundary and run the Ricci flow. This deforms the manifold into round pieces with strands running between them. Cut the strands and continue to deform the manifold until you are left with a collection of round three-dimensional spheres. Then rebuild the original manifold by connecting the spheres together with three-dimensional cylinders, morph them into a round shape and see that, despite all the initial confusion, the manifold is in fact homeomorphic to a sphere.



*Conservatives, enamored of the magic of the market, have advocated privatization of everything from Social Security to highways. A privatized America – though similar to our country in many ways – may end up on a very different path indeed...*

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## MEMORANDUM

**TO:** All Shareholders and Customers  
**FROM:** The Board of Directors  
**DATE:** November 2  
**SUBJECT:** Corporate Restructuring

**Fellow Stakeholders:**

At today's 112<sup>th</sup> biennial Shareholder's Meeting, we have adopted a new vision for the future to ensure our Company's continued success, which we are proud to share here.

We must first pause to trace the long history of our organization's guiding values: our attentiveness to the customer; our transparency in corporate governance; our mutual ownership structure; our consistent company policy. These values have endured since the days of our Founding Shareholders, when we first entered the market, assuming among the firms of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Natural Freedom of the Market and its Invisible Hand entitle us.

These values have endured from our incorporation as a small spin-off, to the tumultuous years in which a break-up of the company was contemplated, and through several protracted periods of downsizing. These values have endured because of our commitment to our Mission Statement:

**We the Shareholders, in order to form a perpetual, effectively-administered corporation empowered to offer competitive security and arbitration services, do adopt the following bylaws for our Company.**

With this Mission, we have enjoyed over two centuries of growth, fueled by our forward-thinking mergers and acquisitions, proactive marketing, and an aggressive real estate strategy. We have become one of the most successful companies in the world, with a globally-recognized brand, 290 million shareholders, and 310 million total customers.

This success is due in part to our unusual mutual corporate structure, which is a model to the industry: you, our shareholders, are also our customers, employees, managers, and investors. You even account for 90% of our new customers with your referrals of new family members.

Because our stakeholders are so involved in Company operations, we enjoy a high customer retention rate, with demand for our products outstripping supply to the point where we must regularly turn away would-be customers. As demand has exploded, so too has the number of products we offer: in the last century, we have expanded into insurance, education, transportation, and healthcare.

Despite the success of our products, these are trying times. Our global market share has fallen below 5% and we face a crowded field of 194 competitors, including several much larger firms. Our brand has been tarnished in parts of the world, long-term debt has grown significantly, and we have posted a loss in nine of the last eleven years.

At today's Shareholder's Meeting, as always, a slate of directors was voted in to represent you for the next two years and deal with these issues. Shoring up of our financial position was the first priority: although our balance sheet remains strong, we have taken on additional capital to ensure that we will weather the storm. An outside consortium of investors led by the Board has been issued 30 billion (30,000,000,000) shares of Common Stock, increasing total shares outstanding to 30.29 billion (30,290,000,000).

This will result in a level of dilution for existing shareholders. As always, all are encouraged to voice their concerns and cast their votes at the next Shareholder's Meeting. Furthermore, to remain competitive in today's adverse market conditions, we have discontinued the following, effective immediately:

- open enrollment for health insurance products; new, tougher underwriting will control costs
- our entire unprofitable line of old-age, survivors, & disability insurance products
- sliding scale fees based on ability to pay; all customers will now be billed at a flat rate
- education services as a complimentary value-add; there will now be costs associated

To protect shareholder value, we will also step up enforcement against Terms of Service violators, particularly delinquent accountholders – those who use Company products and services but do not pay their annual bill, sometimes even protesting that the fees do not apply to them. These and other low-margin customers will be escorted from the premises by customer service associates, and encouraged to choose another Company to meet their needs.

This freedom of choice is what drives the market in which we thrive. We thank the Hand that we live not in a world of tyrannical nation-states armed with delusions of sovereignty and natural law, but a world where we are all independent entrepreneurs and consumers, enjoying the freedom of unrestricted agency in the free market. As always, on behalf of the entire I.S.A. team: thank you for your business, and may the Great Invisible Hand continue to bless The Incorporated States of America.

America, like many dwindling nations, used to be rich enough to enjoy the sweet, delicious, fudgy humor that was present in pieces like the above sample. Unfortunately, due to dwindling resources, jingoistic pride, and a torrential debt to Chinese influences, we will no longer be able to produce, procure, or peruse comedic exports of this quality. We here at the Jester apologize for the inconvenience, and invite you to instead enjoy the complimentary iPhone tucked into each and every issue.



I saw the best minds of my generation  
Destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,  
Dragging themselves to Book Culture

—Allen Ginsberg

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# ~KINDLY SHUT YOUR FACE~

## A Treatise by Marvin, Prime Minister's Pet of the Week

It has come to our attention that you suntanned hosers down south have been cracking wise at Canada's expense, and we're not gonna take it, eh? Seriously...if you cheeseburger-munchers don't knock it off, we'll have no choice but to politely ask you to stop. And if you really push us? Well, we've got a whole arsenal of snowballs that could be headed for Alaska in the next two hours. But perhaps you all are just victims of misinformation. Now I'm not one to toot my own horn, but I'm a bit of an expert at debunking myths about The Great White North™. Pretty soon you'll see that Canada's a horse of a different colour! (Wait... why is my spellcheque flagging "colour?")

### myth:

Canada's only worthwhile exports are beavers, Biebers, and blunts.

**fact:** Oh, you poor, poor misguided Yankees! Clearly you're not familiar with our thriving wood pulp industry. Or our potash mines. Or our vast aluminium reserves. ("Aluminum?" FUCK THIS SPELLCHEQUE!)

### myth:

Canadians are pussies.

**fact:** Clearly you've never pulled on a nice woolen tuque and played hockey with your chums on the pond! Why, half the boys in my neighbourhood (FUCK!) have eaten a stick or two during their short lives. I remember Johnny Desper's wood nearly put out two of my teeth! Nothing like fraternal bonding on the frozen slopes.

### myth:

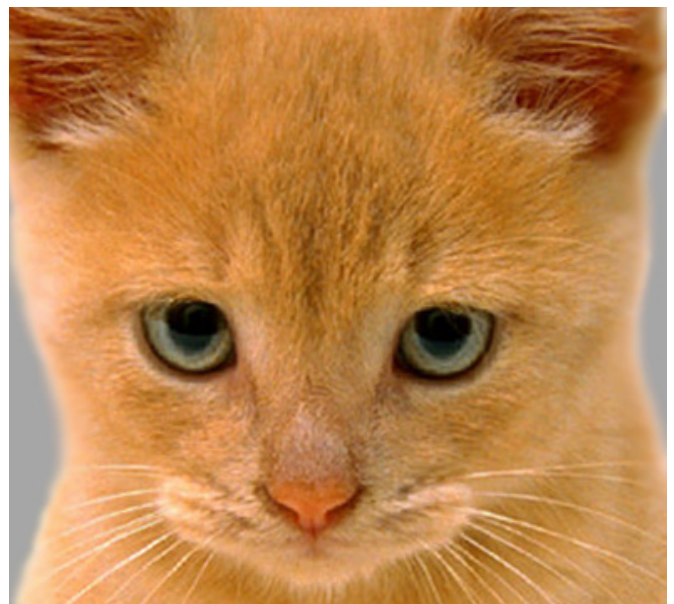
Canada is just like America.

**fact:** Nothing could be further from the truth! Canadians inhabit an exotic land, full of distinct flora, fauna, and French. We speak our own unique dialect: barbeque, caribou, and about are all Canadian inventions (and they all rhyme!) See also: Cool Runnings.

So there you have it. You'll be sharper than a Saskatoon sabre (FUCK!) in no time!  
Kindest salutations,

*Marvin*

*Marvin is Prime Minister Stephen Harper's Pet of the Week. He weighs 5 kg (that's 11 pounds in real life!) and spends his spare time trying to reverse his vasectomy.*



# ~HOW TO PISS OFF YOUR ROOMMATE~

## A Guidebook for the Vengeful

For the unfortunate and most likely miserable people who have been cursed with the burden of a roommate, or, for that matter, a cantankerous spouse, an answer to your problems is here, and yes, it involves cake. But we will come back to the pastries later. For the time being, our discussion will concentrate on only one example from a much more extensive monograph, which is currently available online (subscription required). Before we continue, I must issue a warning: if you are averse to causing psychological damage to another human being, have been with child for more than six months, or follow Justin Bieber on Twitter, then I am sorry to say that this exercise is not for you. Leave now. For those who are still reading, let us continue.

Don't worry, almost no work handiwork at all is involved. All appliances have already been constructed for you, and are in fact being mailed to your residence this very

can begin setting up the device. This should take no more than a few seconds since the device only consists of a single black box and there is in fact

chological repercussions will be severe, I promise you. I have proved it. I am a scientist.

Feel free to refer to your refrigerated safe by using various metaphors, especially while you are in the act of opening it. The more ridiculous the better. Some examples would be "I'm never blue with my black treasure trove full of delicious goodies," or, when extracting a beer, "I'm so hot for her and she's so cold." A myriad of metaphors will surely confuse and annoy your roommate, and you are encouraged to use them as often as possible. Skipping to the safe is also recommended.

Finally, for those of you with spouses and mates, you have the easiest task of all, because the fact alone that you have a safe raises suspicion and will lead to questioning, arguing and, ultimately, the elimination of all sexual intercourse. As a rule of thumb, when matters become violent, that is a sign the safe is working.

Although this product does come with a guarantee, if you wish to further annoy your roommate, spouse or significant other, we recommend that you stop helping with the dishes. In the end, however, all matters should be resolved. If you have trouble getting your subject to forgive you, buy them cake. Or pie.



moment. Now is probably a good time to mention that your credit card has just been charged. Once the equipment has arrived, you will want to take all materials out of the box and begin popping the air bubbles on that squishy plastic thing that comes inside with it. After all of the air bubbles have been popped, you

nothing to set up. This is your new safe. Notice how it evokes importance, even though you know it's empty. Or is it? Yes, of course it is. But not for long. Those who have roommates, take all food and beverages under your jurisdiction and store them inside the safe (its refrigerated compartment will protect all products from perishing). It helps if you stock the safe with those items

found most delectable by your subject, that is, your roommate. Don't forget to place the safe on top of or close to the actual refrigerator. This way, the roommate will be forced to compare his or her provisions with that of your own, which, if this model is followed correctly, should be irresistible. The psy-





# Victim comes forward with description of armed suspect



Description of assailant from victim's statement:

"...long, brown hair..."

"...light, fair skin..."

"...clean shaven..."

"...small, pointed nose..."

"...thin lips with straight teeth..."

Victim also provided these additional details:

"Height: Around 5'7"

"Weight: Maybe 130 lbs?"

"He backed into me with his Mercedes drove away while I was walking in SoHo. I think he was wearing a suit."

Highly trained police interpreters were able to salvage these facts:

"Height: 6' 2"

"Weight: 220 lbs"

"Last Seen 132 and Malcolm X Boulevard wearing a bandana, hoodie, and baggy jeans exposing patterned boxer shorts holding a TEC-9 handgun"

# The Last Words of Col. Algernon Mustard

*Recently, a team of renowned psychics held a panel on the subject of reclaiming the consciousness of a dead man, or a fictional dead man. While the outcome of said panel was somewhat disheartening -those who die can never truly be returned to life, nor can the entirety of their lives be reviewed for our sick viewing pleasure- the psychics in question did manage to recover the last few moments of life from a variety of important figures in our culture. The transcripts of the spiritual conversations have recently been released to the public, and we here at the Jester are working hard to make them available to you. And now, for the first time in recorded history, we give you the death of Colonel Algernon Mustard:*



When we arrive at the trailhead, little Ms. Scarlett and I have been listening to some pop station for ten minutes in relative silence. Not usually a good sign, but we're both desperate to fuck, and I can see her trembling for it as we get out of the car. She practically sprints ahead of me, giggling, and waving for me to follow her, and I'm beginning to wonder if she's a virgin, and if she is, she is not going to be a dark, moody fuck, and this is going to be worth only about half the time I've invested so far. I follow her into the canyon. I imagine pink patties under her khaki shorts. I imagine pulling those khaki shorts down and doing her doggy-style here against the canyon wall. Maybe she isn't a virgin.

I follow her for about five minutes before the canyon opens up a little. She stops, I walk up behind her, and she turns. She kisses me hard, her hands taking both of mine, directing one inside her tank top to cup her breast, the other down the front of her pants. Her tongue forces its way into my mouth as she grabs the back of my neck hard and lays her hand on top of my groin. I am immediately, and understandably hard. She breaks the kiss by biting my lower lip hard and goes for my neckline. I briefly imagine having to deal with a necklace of bruises for maybe a week, the shit I'd get from Green and Plum, and weigh this against how brutally hot the sex will be. I decide to let her do as she will. She nips hard and it feels great as

she works her way up to my ear. Her hand is moving on the outside of my shorts but it's very clear she is not a virgin. Then two of her canines close around my earlobe and the pain is sharp and I cum and she keeps biting and then I feel her punch into the skin and it hurts like a bitch. All I can think about is whether or not I've just had the gay ear pierced.

I try to push her off me but she resists, and now I can feel her canines meet in the middle of my ear and I'm actually about to cry as I pull my hands from her clothes and shove her off of me. She doesn't let go of my ear, and for a horrible moment I understand she's going to rip the lobe. And it's going to hurt a lot. Then she does and I really am crying and she's coming back at me and I punch her and she sidesteps and goes for my neck with those white little teeth. I see her coming for me and am momentarily too stunned to act. In a little girl voice I mutter,

“ I see her coming for me and am momentarily too stunned to act. in a little girl voice i mutter, “bitch is crazy.” ”

“Bitch is crazy.”

Then her teeth are on my neck and I'm punching her body and I can feel the canines and then the others begin to break the skin and I wrap my arms around her and lift her off the ground and run her into the canyon wall. The impact jars her head and her teeth click together and suddenly there's a geyser of blood, of my blood and it's wildly hot. It's in her hair and running down her face and I can feel it cascading between my pecks and running into my boxers. What the fuck is wrong with this bitch? My arms loosen and she pulls away and I can see her actually chewing something. Then I make the connection and realize that it's part of my neck and I'm going to die. I go to my knees. Suddenly, she looks startled. She reaches to her pocket. Out comes Plum's cell phone. Crazy bitch ate him. She smiles at me.

“Sorry, I gotta take this, and reception is horrible in here.”

“Uhhh Ouuhh.”

It's about now that I realize she took my vocal chords, too. Fuck. I go prone. I hear her step towards the entrance. She answers, with those fuck-me tones. I hate mansion parties. I take back all the mean things I ever did. I take back putting Ms. White on the shit list. I regret not fucking Ms. Peacock. I wonder what color Ms. Scarlett's panties are.



# Sherlock Holmes: The Case of the Guy who Killed that Woman with a Bomb

There have been a great many cases in which the detective known as Sherlock Holmes has demonstrated his tenacity, his lust for the logical, and his staggering series of addictions and mental illnesses. However, only one case, at least in this poor fellow's memory, is worthy of demonstrating Holmes's complete ineptitude as a detective.

It was a foggy evening, and Holmes sat relaxing in a pile of refuse in the alley behind his apartment. Having been recently evicted, he had taken to frequenting the brothels for shelter, until, in a fit of cocaine-fueled wrath, he smote a dreadful blow and was thrown nonchalantly into new and more odorous terrain.

I could barely stand to approach the gaunt figure perched atop his foul throne, but the need was dire. There was a new case afoot, and while any detective would do, my relationship with the police had become rocky ever since the case of Watson's Rent Needing to be Covered and the case of the Irreputable Pawnshop.

"Holmes, old friend, a man just threw a grenado at a woman outside the museum I was frequenting. As he was escaping, he shouted his name and his address. We must to his abode, so that we may apprehend him."

"Watson, leave this to me. Where was the crime committed?"

"In front of the museum, old chap. I just told you."

"To the museum, Watson!"

And so we went into that fleeting night. The great detective was so startlingly spry that I was only able to follow the trail of Holmes's tobacco to the museum. As I arrived at the scene, he had pushed his way past the dozens of witnesses, extinguished his pipe and was proceeding to inhale in great whiffs through his nose.

"Watson! My dear man! Do you smell that?"

"The refuse still stuck to your patched clothing?"

"No, the smell of burning flesh and hair, the subtle undertone of explosive residue... I think our suspect may have not used a conventional murder weapon. Watson, man, do you see these small pieces of metal embedded in the wall and the body of the victim? Smaller than a bullet, and yet, there are many more of them, likely fired at high speed from close proximity."

I spoke, daring to break the great man's concentration with an obvious and pre-established fact, "You mean she was killed with a grenado? Perhaps, now, we can retire to the murderer's apartment on 617B Worchester Street where he lives with his mother and beat the man soundly."

"Sadly, that is an impossibility."

"What, then, shall we do Holmes?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. The shrapnel comes from some type of large, hyper-advanced robotic ape. The woman clearly gave birth to its inventor, and, in an ill-begotten attempt to commit suicide, the ape traveled to the past and killed the mother of its creator, thus erasing itself from existence. The case is now utterly unsolvable. It grows late. I shall retire to my refuse pile."

And so he did. The murderer killed again, every night for a full month, until one of his improvised grenados prematurely detonated. Holmes, of course, took credit for apprehending dozens of such time-traveling mechanical apes before the final, fated grenado burst. Truly, the lowest point of a great man's career.





# THE TRACTOR ISSUE

“JUST A LITTLE ABTRACTOR THAN THE LAST ONE”

JUSTIN BIEBER'S  
FAVORITE COOKIE  
RECIPE

NUDE FOLDOUT  
OF JOHN DEERE!

now  
with fewer  
words!

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OH, THAT'S RIGHT--  
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