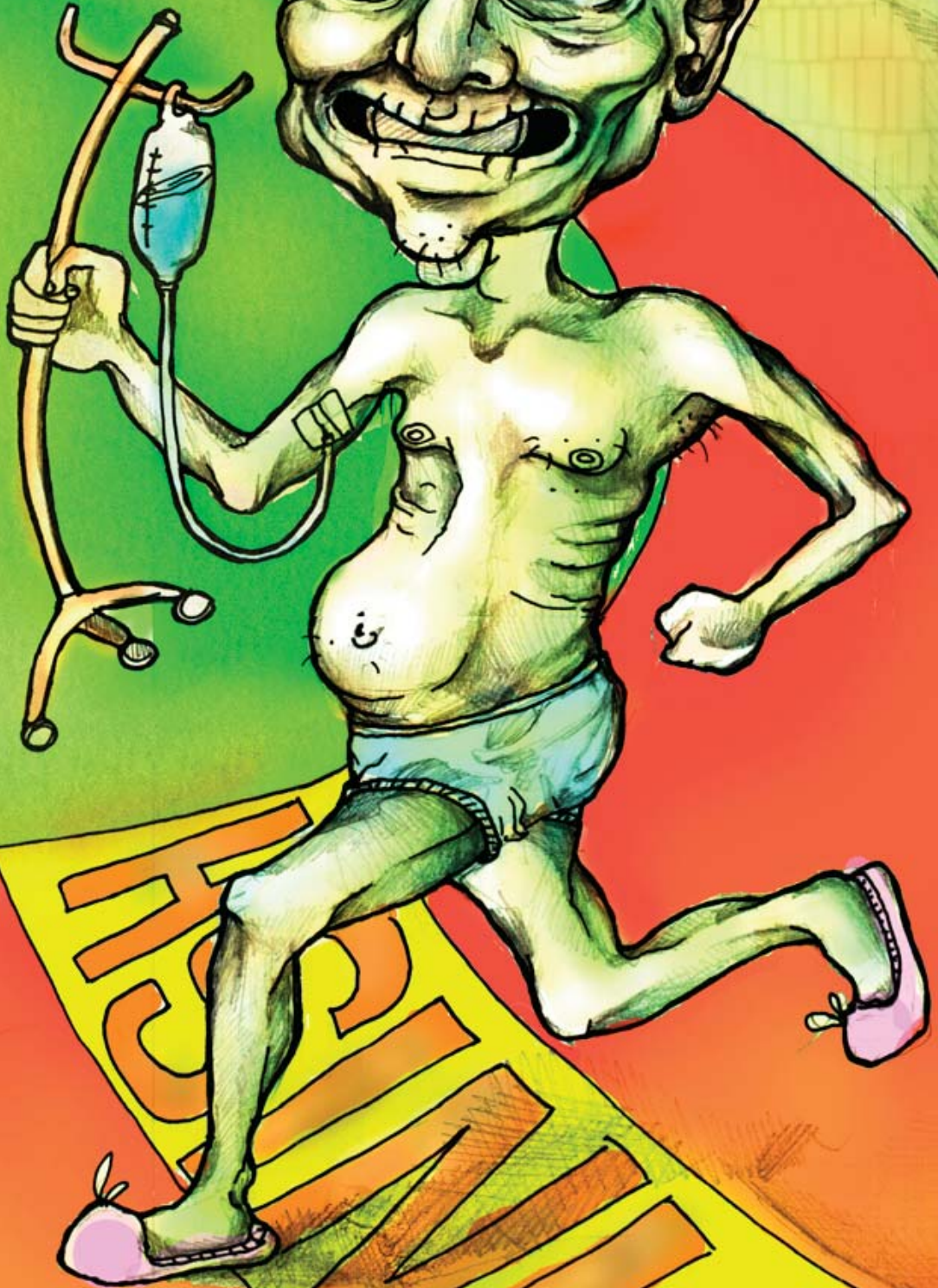


jester

spring 2013



comeback

MISSING DOG



**\$5,000
REWARD**



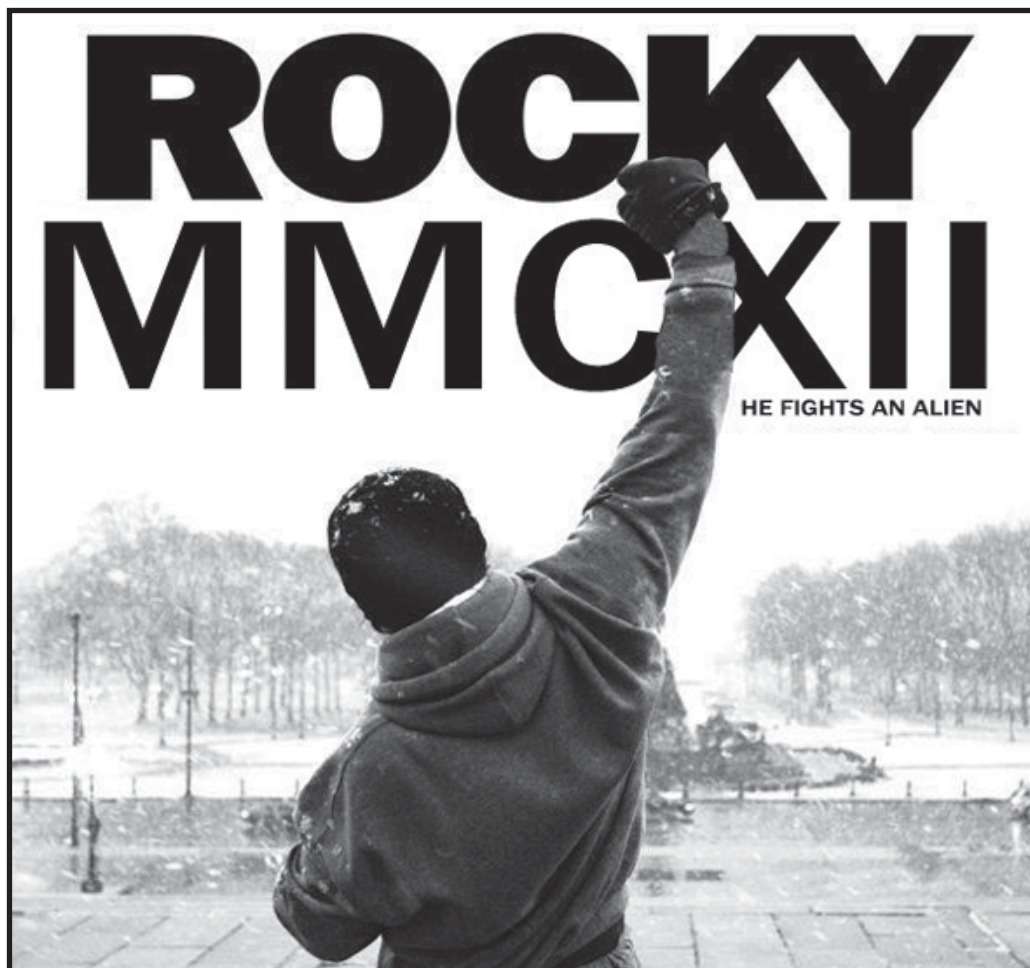
(This is its best friend, Nate. They play together. They look nothing alike.)

- **It doesn't have any tags or identification**
- It doesn't have a name
- **Its sex is unclear**
- It's potty-trained
- It barks sometimes
- Its favorite food is Pringles
- **It's kind of shy at first, but once you get to know it, it's rather playful**
- **It can also be outgoing**
- When you pet it behind its ears, its eyes get all squinty
- It has fur
- It's a dog

**IF YOU FIND IT, PLEASE POST A "FOUND DOG" POSTER
AND WE CAN GO FROM THERE**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

4.....	Letters to the Editor Deaths
5.....	Editaurus
6.....	Teen Vogue Exclusive: Furby
7.....	Jesus Comes Back
8.....	Famous Comebacks
9.....	Lists
10,11.....	Old Dog, New Tricks
12.....	A Semester Abroad
13.....	Iced, Bro
14.....	Long Lost Twins Humpback Whale
15.....	The Cravin Greatest Comeback Lines





Dear Jester,

Call me right when you get home.

Love,
Mom

Dear Mom,

Mommmmm! Stop embarrassing me in front of the other magazines. I hate you.

*Love,
Jester*

Dear Jester,

Haahaahaaharaghhhraghhhraaagghharahhh.
Allllriighhttt.

Sincerely,
Matthew McConaughey

Dear Jester,

You guys ever see Dumb and Dumber? Great movie. You guys should use some of that stuff in your magazine. Good stuff. Like the part with the song. So funny.

Sincerely,
Woody Allen

Dear Woody,

Thanks for another one of your shitty ideas.

*Best,
Jester*

M. Night Shyamalan, 42 years. No he didn't... Did he really? Or did he?
Santa Claus, 400 years. Because you stopped believing, Timmy.
Praying Mantises, 66 Million years. Militant Atheist Mantises.
My anal stage, 3 years. Moved on to phallic stage.
A Bottle of Nikolai, 30 minutes into the party. Peer Pressure.
4 Lines of Coke, 90 minutes into party. Peer Pressure.
Cat, me fucking it 120 minutes into party. Peer Pressure/Fuck it, man.
My vibe, 19 years. Bitch
99.9% of Germs, 60 seconds. Lysol. The brand you can trust.



Sarah Brown, 93 years. Sarah Brown died peacefully in her sleep but was sleeping while an axe murderer entered her bedroom.

The Hamburgler, 27 years. Fatally shot by a Chicago Police Officer after attempting to break into an Arby's.

Lyle Barnett, 29 years. Lyle reduced his diet to a single granny smith apple to "Keep the doctors away" and stay healthy. He shortly passed of malnutrition.

Sheila Pennington, 34 years. Shelia mistakenly thought a Cinco de Mayo party was a costume party, and arrived dressed as a large pastel-colored donkey. Sheila was then mistaken for a pinata and beaten to death by a mob of hungry children.

Bob, 12 years. Bob was the house gorilla at a local zoo. Upon being taught how to paint, complete simple arithmetic equations, and eventually, communicate with humans via sign language, his trainer communicated *Fear and Trembling* — the famed manifesto by acclaimed French existentialist Soren Kierkegaard — to him in its entirety simply using hand gestures. Upon deciphering the hand signals and comprehending the text, Bob came to the philohopic realization that the legitimacy of his existence was tenuous in the face of an uncertain, fatalistic world. Unsure of whether or not he really existed, he hung himself.

Harry Shen, 28. A line cook at a 5-star restaurant, Harry bravely relieved his fellow kitchen mates of the pressures of a busy night by cooking and serving himself. The dish was then served, and only received an average of 2 out of 5 stars by local critics. The restaurant's health code rating has since been dropped to a B+.

Sandy, 7 years. Sandy was the much loved golden retriever of 7 year-old Charlie Smithens. Sandy loved to chase cars, but one day a car chased him and won.

Dear Jester,

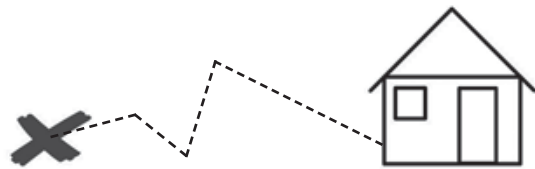
How do I know if I've had an orgasm?

Sincerely,
Anti-climatic

Dear Anti-climactic,

You know that feeling you get when you read our magazine? It's like half as nice.

*Best,
Jester*



JESTER

VOL. CXI NO. 3

MAY, 2013

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Eli Grober

TREASURER

Bijan Samareh

PUBLISHER

Ryan Mandelbaum

ART EDITOR

Jessica Fan

BUSINESS MANAGER

Eleanor Bray

SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

Orli Matlow

COPY EDITOR

Gabriela Minden

PUBLICITY

Elizabeth Sedran

HISTORIAN

Jackson Fisher

CONTRIBUTORS

Eleanor Bray

Max Daniel

Jackson Fisher

Eli Grober

Dylan Lonergan

Ryan Mandelbaum

Orli Matlow

Gabriela Minden

Bijan Samareh

Elizabeth Sedran

COVER ART

Jessica Fan

INSIDE ART

Jessica Fan

LAYOUT STAFF

Dylan Lonergan

Sheiling Chia

HOW TO GET HOME

Dear Reader,

Do you want to go home? Of course you do. Because home is where the heart is. And you physically cannot live without a heart.

If you are a “wayward son,” “wandering soul,” “lost dog,” or “troubled young adult,” we have devised this universal system to get yourself home. It always works. All you need is a compass, a rucksack, and your favorite pair of worn-in work boots.

First, look around you. Where is the nearest road? So what kind of road is it? A dirt path? An interstate highway? Your father’s driveway? Alright, so you are on a road. It is probably called “Main Street,” “Broadway,” “19th Street,” or “21 Jump Street.” What is the street you are looking for? Take out the compass and look at the letters. Pick the letter closest to the letter of the street you live on. Make sure to account for wraparound.

A is closest to W, not E. Walk in that direction for a while. Look down. What are you wearing? Skinny jeans? A baggy sweatshirt? Maybe a pair of tattered rags. Why are you lost anyway? You’re probably drunk. Think about all the choices you made that got you here. Are you just getting home from the bar? Did you major in creative writing? Has the government forgotten about you? Are you gay? Hey. Calm down, you look great.

Open up your rucksack and look inside. If you could find anything inside your rucksack, what would it be? Would it be a million dollars? Would it be a bacon, egg and cheese sandwich? Would it be a friend?

None of those are the right answer. The thing you should want to find in your rucksack is a heart. A human heart. Because home is where the heart is. Welcome home, son.

-Eli Grober & Ryan Mandelbaum

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

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

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.COLUMBIA.EDU/CU/JESTER
FOLLOW US ON TWITTER @CUjester
LIKE US ON FACEBOOK

TeenVOGUE exclusive
FURBY

Want to know the scandalous secrets of your favorite childhood toy? TEEN VOGUE went behind the scenes with FURBY to give you all the answers!

NAME: Furby. I'm like Brandy, I don't need a last name. I would have said Beyonce, but I'm not that famous. I'm more Brandy-level famous.

HOMETOWN: The dungeons of Tiger Electronics.

OCCUPATION: Scaring small children.

CHRISTMAS WISH THIS YEAR: Legs.

THING I CAN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT: I can't leave the house. I don't have legs.

PERFECT DATE: I guess the typical answer would be "A long walk on the beach," but I. don't. Have. Legs.

CELEBRITY CRUSH: Buzz Lightyear. I'll show you infinity and beyond. (That's a sexual joke.)

FAVORITE SONG: They program me to dance to any music that comes on. Is that any way to live? Exhaustingly dancing to every freaking song that you hear? I just want to live a normal life! Jesus.

ONE THING YOU WOULD WANT IF YOU WERE STUCK ON A DESERT ISLAND: Extra batteries. Or nothing, it'd be a peaceful way to die. At least kids wouldn't stick me in closets in the desert.

FAVORITE PASTTIME: Turning on in the middle of the night. Oh, sorry, did I wake you up?

DIET TIP: I'm not sure. Every time I'm hungry I say "Hungry, Ah, Ah" and then a human shoves their finger in my mouth. Tastes fine to me. So I guess, human fingers?

FAVORITE TOY: This is like asking a human what their favorite human is.

FAVORITE FURBISH PHRASE: Wee-Lee-May-No-Kay-Kay. Means shut the f*** up and pet my back.

-EB



JESUS COMES BACK

On March 24, Jesus came back. Of course, everyone threw a hissy fit, so they decided to let him deliver a speech to straighten things out.

The Speech

“First, I want to say that Mormonism is the one true religion. Just kidding! [turns Romney family into pillars of salt] But in all seriousness, what the fuck is this shit? [holds up Bible] The meek shall inherit the earth? Turn the other cheek? And I turned water into whiskey, not wine. I’m not a fucking pussy. And why didn’t you guys get someone like Stephen King or James Patterson to write this? That’s some quality stuff. Have you read *Maximum Ride*? Anyway, I’m not here to complain about the Gospels. I’m the Savior and the Son of the One True God, so listen up, nerds.

My dad apologizes that he couldn’t be here; he’s pretty ashamed of you guys so he sent me to clean up his shit. That pisses me off, though. I mean he’s this big fucking deal and he created everything and rules the whole universe on the tip of his divine infinite fingernail or some shit and he sends ME to die for all you jerks? Like I don’t have my own shit to deal with? At least Joseph was there for me growing up. Did the Almighty ever pick me up from soccer practice or drink my first beer with me? And after abandoning my mom, he has the gall to fucking have me die before I have children? All Mary wanted were some grandchildren, for fuck’s sake. Sorry. I didn’t mean to blow up there. I’ve just had to deal with those fruity angels and my blowhard dad for the past 2000 years.

Anyway, I want to clear some stuff up before I tell you what’s gonna happen on Judgment Day. Which was going to fall on Thursday, but Aaron Lyman of Coral Gables, Florida told me that that doesn’t work for him, so I’ll move it to Monday. Really, Aaron? Fuck you for thinking that the Son of God would postpone the End of Days for your stupid bridge game. It’s on fucking Thursday. Also, I don’t hate fags. I really don’t. I’m gonna say it again because some of you dumbshits will keep holding those stupid signs. I. Don’t. Hate. Fags. Also, those natural disasters are not because people are gay. It’s because you fucking suck at solving climate change.

Alright. I read Revelations, and to be honest, it’s got some pretty creative shit, like that bit about the horsemen, but it’s totally off. What’ll happen is that all Republicans get into heaven first. [awkward pause] I swore I thought that was gonna get some laughs... But seriously guys, heaven is pretty crowded, given that it contains an infinite number of past, present, and future souls that have and will ever exist, so we need to make some cuts.

But it’s pretty simple – if you’re a good, person you get in. Plain and simple. Each of you will be judged by a panel of angel jurists, experts in the fields of divinity and goodness. They’re good guys – I should tell you about this one time that Gabriel was going to create a new disease, and he was all like ‘yah, brah, this is gonna prove to you that people fuck monkeys’ and me and Raphael were like ‘no way, man, that’s sick as fuck, nobody does that’ and he was like ‘yah, broski, watch me.’ I don’t really know what happened to that, but the

angels are some stand up guys. But don’t make fun of Metatron, he’s really sensitive about his name. What, is his brother Optimus Prime or something? [awkward pause] Humor has really changed in the last two thousand years...

Just to reiterate, you’ll get into heaven and enjoy everlasting bliss in the company of the Omniscient and Omnipotent Creator of All Things if you’re a good person, help others, do good deeds, and so on. Yes, even if you’re gay. Even if you’re poor. Doesn’t matter. [heckler] Did I stutter? I can’t even deal with this right now. Can someone get some mead over here? What do you mean they don’t make mead anymore? Fuck that, get me some water, I’ll turn it into mead myself. I thought you guys had everything in America.

There’ll be a press conference after this to answer all of your questions, so please calm down and don’t try to interpret weird meaning out of what I said like you’ve all been doing. I’m Jesus Christ and I don’t fucking mince words.

I know this is the end of time and the final days of the realm of physical existence and all that, but I beg you to please not flip the fuck out or you’ll just make it worse for everyone else. Please. My dad and I have been planning this since the beginning of time so I’d really appreciate your cooperation. We gave blessed humankind the capacity for free will, so the least you could do is just listen to us.

That’s all I have for now. Go Pats.

-MD

FAMOUS COMEBACKS

Name: Voltron
Profession: Defender of the Universe
Came back after: Just needing a break from all the pressure

Name: Aldous Gerrickson
Profession: Drug Addict
Came back after: A short, scary sobriety spell

Name: Jennifer Valentini
Profession: Magician
Came back after: Being sawed in half. Spooooky!

Name: Mike Daniels
Profession: Asshole
Came back after: Calling fives on his seat

Name: Mathias Mallange
Profession: Extreme South African Great White Shark Hunter
Came back after: A pretty average case of strep throat

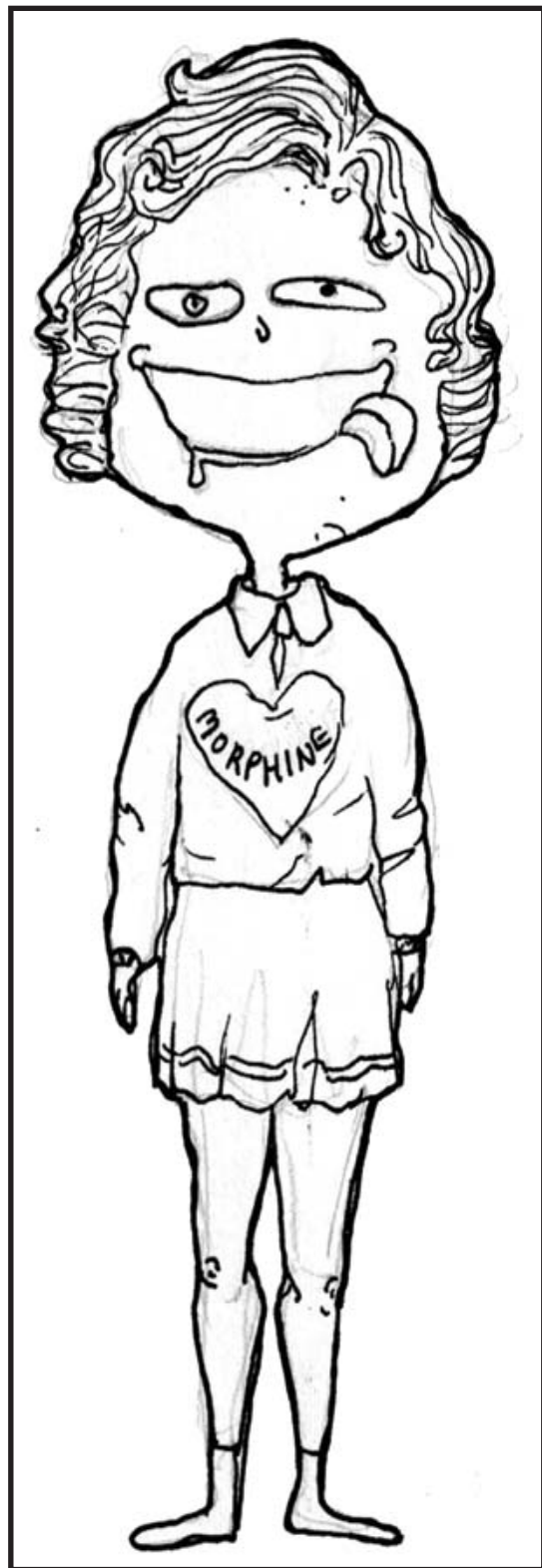
Name: Gertrude Welles
Profession: Receptionist
Came back after: Shark attack

Name: Shirley Temple
Profession: Actress
Came back after: The cutest little morphine addiction

Name: Franklin D. Roosevelt
Profession: The only three-term president of the U.S.A.
Came back after: Hearing that this time, there was *actually* going to be pizza

Name: Heroin chic
Profession: Style
Came back after: Meth chic went just a little too far

Name: Bret Long
Profession: Self-described "Professional Procrastinator"
Came back after: TBA



-BS

LISTS



Why your Tomagachi pet died

- Murder
- Dysentery
- Ethnic cleansing
- He snitched
- Sleeping pill overdose
- Old age
- Got sent to a Farmville upstate
- Real pet peed on it
- Medical experimentation
- Evolution
- You suck at Tomagachi

Precoital Activities

- Golf
- More sex, dude! Nice.
- Baseball game
- Stretching
- Season two of Burn Notice
- Going to Home Depot
- Remembering to call your mom
- Surviving a car accident
- Reciting the Gettysburg Address
- High-fiving your best friend Stan
- Switching your MSN status to away
- Petty theft
- Crying
- Counting down

Coolest Thing I've Seen All Day

- My dick
- Two squirrels fucking
- A drunk turtle
- Car accident
- An iPad mini
- Lemon bars
- Ice cream
- Daylight
- Transformers 2: Revenge of the Fallen
- God

A Few Good Men

- Stan's dad
- Jeffrey's dad
- Lawrence's dad
- Cory's dad
- Steven's dad
- Not Billy's dad

Stuff you'd do if you were a ghost

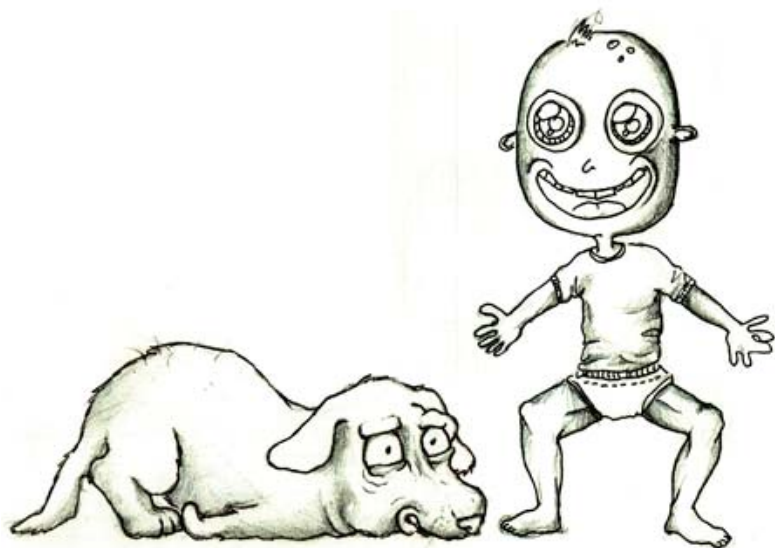
- Cut all your classes
- Eat sugary cereals and jump on your bed
- Be afraid of yourself
- Ding dong ditch but stay at the door
- Get some time to work on your screenplay
- Never feel the touch of a woman again
- Finally find out whether ghosts just look like guys in sheets
- Level up your druid
- Find god
- Exercise more

Things your dad did before you were born

- Had fun
- Smiled
- Enjoyed life
- Felt proud
- Had aspirations
- Loved your mom

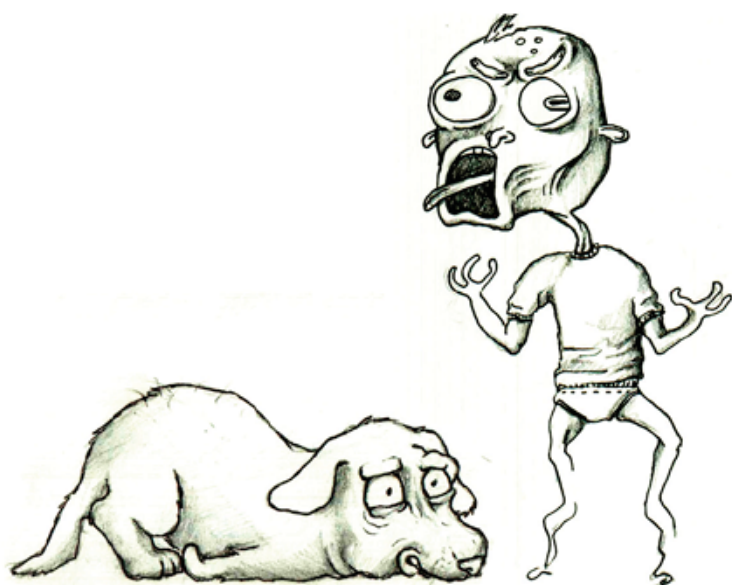
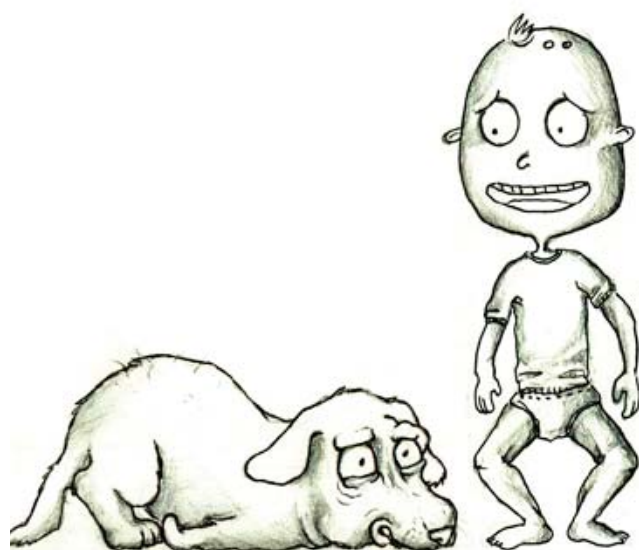
Stuff I wish I had on my chest instead of nipples

- More nipples
- Belly buttons
- Headlights
- Some sort of defense mechanism
- Tiny speakers
- Eyes
- A friend
- Buttons that everytime you pressed them they would say a Woody Allen quote
- Pogs
- Wallet-sized photos of family friends
- Bagel Bites
- Lacoste logos



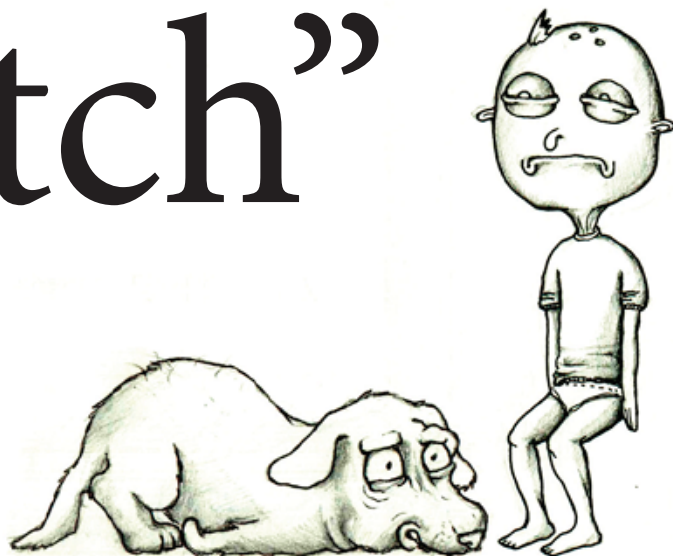
“Sit”

“Paw”

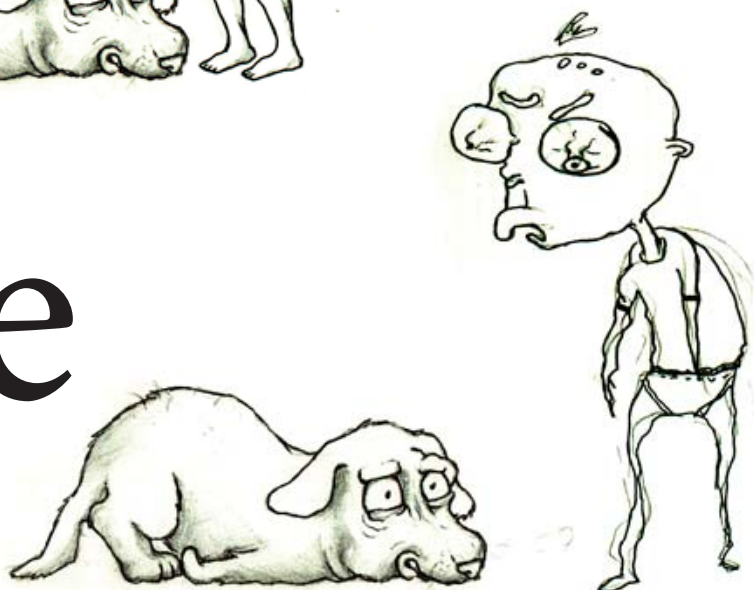


“Roll
over”

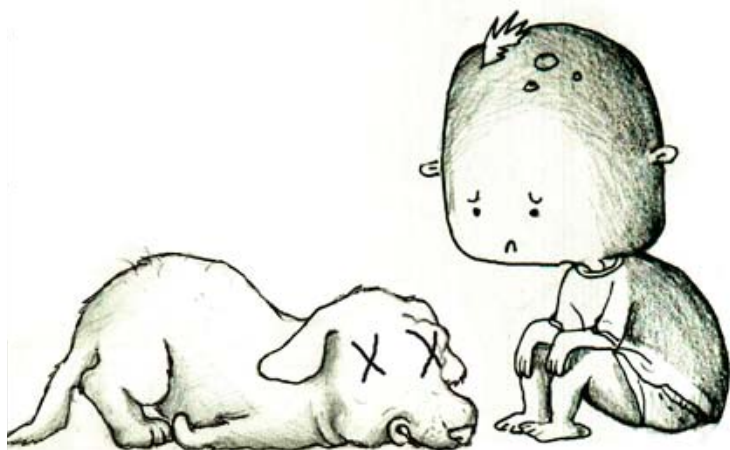
“Fetch”



“Come here”



“Play dead”



A Semester Abroad

Brandon took a semester abroad in Paris. He has only just returned home and is about to get reacquainted with suburban life.

(Light rap at the door)

Mom: Brandon, here I come, sweetheart!

(She opens the door. Brandon slowly looks about with what I would call nihilist melancholy. He might look at home outside of a Parisian café, awaiting the company of some monsieur or mademoiselle. I myself would oft spend nights with a look such as this as I'd ponder deeply the vastness of the universe. Brandon's mind was surely fixated upon the work of Kierkegaard or Sartre.)

Brandon: Hi, Mom!

(They embrace. She slowly begins to sense the havoc wrought on Brandon's soul.)

Mom: How was the food?

(Clearly Brandon has lost a bit of weight, and his clothes hang on his now-bony figure. I remember the scene myself when I returned from my own trip. How could I eat with the pressures of those beautiful Parisian figures surrounding me? I don't know how I looked to the world, but to myself I was an obese mess. My only nourishment was twenty cigarettes and five cups of coffee I would consume daily, and if offered the slightest morsel of éclair, I would have to purge. I couldn't look at myself— and how could anyone look at me?)

Brandon: Meh, I didn't like it. It was okay though, I managed.

Mom: Ah, that's too bad. Did you make nice friends?

(He contemplates for a second. How could anyone feel at home in the dark, musty scene that some call "Paris?" From my studio apartment I could often make out the shrieks of the poor souls wandering the streets at night, crying from the pains of alcohol withdrawal, disease and insanity. I wished sometimes that I could join them in their plight — even that would have beaten back the awful loneliness I felt in that city, where even young children would stare you up and down and scowl. I smile for a second as I recall that Brandon too only spent a few months there, and that his suffering could eventually end.)

Brandon: A few good ones.

Mom: Did you have a good time?



(A good time! As my life spiraled out of control and my psyche wandered deep into the depths of a melancholic wasteland, it would take all of my might to find pleasure in things I once found dear. Surely Brandon could agree. Paris is a scene, a façade set up by years of pretension, glitz and glamour, built atop nothing but a soulless void. "A beautiful city?" Ha! The scent of bodies crammed into the metro, their faces all merged into one oppressive force that stared down at you until you could do nothing but cower in the corner of your apartment with nothing but the thought of death to comfort you. Mother! Where were you when I needed you! Father! You could have called, sent a letter! Of course I told you "I'm fine!" How could you have ever comprehended the toll the city could take on a young man, in his prime and prepared to make something of himself! And yet, knowing full well that I was going through all of this, you insisted that taking the semester abroad was a good idea! I learned nothing but sadness, bitter rejection and crippling insecurity. That's how good a time I had. I am a shell of the vibrant man I'd been for ages, broken by months of being told how beautiful the city was when I knew the truth! Yes! I knew it! Paris is a sham, a cesspool, a veritable abyss! Please, help me...)

Brandon: Yeah! It was amazing! Best semester of my life.

-RM

ICED, BRO

DAVE and GREG sit in the kitchen making sandwiches.

DAVE: Hey Greg, can you grab me some peanut butter?

GREG: Sure thing.

GREG reaches into the pantry for some peanut butter. Instead of peanut butter, he finds a Smirnoff Ice.

DAVE: Bahahaha, I gotcha!

GREG: Gah, ICED again!

DAVE: Who said it wouldn't make a comeback? Drink it!

GREG: Alright, get me the bottle opener.



DAVE reaches in the drawer for a bottle opener. Instead, he finds a bag of heroin.

GREG: Bahaha, gotcha back! Instant karma. ICED cold.

DAVE: No way, dude! No way!

GREG: It's the tip of the ICE berg.

DAVE: I should have seen that coming.

GREG: You gotta do it.

DAVE: I know, I know. Hand me my phone from my coat pocket. I gotta take a pic for Gary. He's gonna shit.

GREG: Alright.

GREG reaches into DAVE's pocket. Instead of a phone, he finds a human heart.

DAVE: Did you just pour yourself a whiskey on the rocks? Cause it looks like you just got some ICE.

GREG: Come on, man!

DAVE: Have an ICE day!

GREG: It's a straight ICE castle up in this bitch.

DAVE: And who's da king?

GREG: You da king. Get me some paper towels

from the closet, will you?

DAVE looks in the closet for some paper towels. Instead, he finds a sawed-off shotgun.

GREG: Does baby likey the ICEy?

DAVE: No! No fuckin' way.

GREG: Just when you least expect it, BOOM goes the iceman. Call me Mike T-ICE-on.

DAVE: You got me.

GREG: Are you former secretary of state?

DAVE: No, why?

GREG: 'Cause you sure look like Condoleezza ICE.

DAVE: Bahaha, guess I gotta take it!

DAVE shoots himself in the head. An emergency medical technician bursts in the door, fresh from the ambulance.

EMT: Is everything okay? I heard a gunshot.

GREG: No, he needs help ASAP. Check under the sink, there's a defibrillator.

The EMT checks under the sink, finds a Smirnoff Ice.

GREG: I got you!

EMT: Noooo!!! "Don't ice me, bro!" Am I right?

GREG: Drink up.

EMT drinks.

GREG: Yeah so, uh, is he dead?

EMT: Yeah.

GREG: Word.

-BS



Long Lost Twins

SOPHIE: So if your dad is my mom's ex-husband...

NATALIE: And if your mom is my dad's ex-wife...

BOTH: WE MUST BE TWINS!

SOPHIE: Wow! I have a sister! What are we gonna do now? I know! We have to get mom and dad back together.

NATALIE: Wow, really jumping right into it, huh...

SOPHIE: What? Of course! We can set up a romantic weekend for them at a vineyard, where they'll reconnect over glasses of fine wine.

NATALIE: I don't think that's a good idea. From what Dad told me, he broke up with Mom because she was a pretty bad alcoholic. And once she starts drinking, she's definitely going to bang a few rails of powder, and the next thing you know, she'll be giving reacharounds to undercover cops just for the thrill. It probably wouldn't be good for her to be around wine.

SOPHIE: No problem! We can send them to the zoo, and they can become lovebirds in front of actual lovebirds! How adorable!

NATALIE: The zoo's not going to work either. Mom took part in some pharmaceutical testing,

and now she emits pheromones that make bears go apeshit. It happened while she was pregnant with us, I think that's why I'm color blind and you get sexually aroused by salmon. Another reason they split up.

SOPHIE: Not to worry! I've got the perfect plan! We can fly them both to France, and they'll share a beautiful kiss in the most beautiful city in the world!

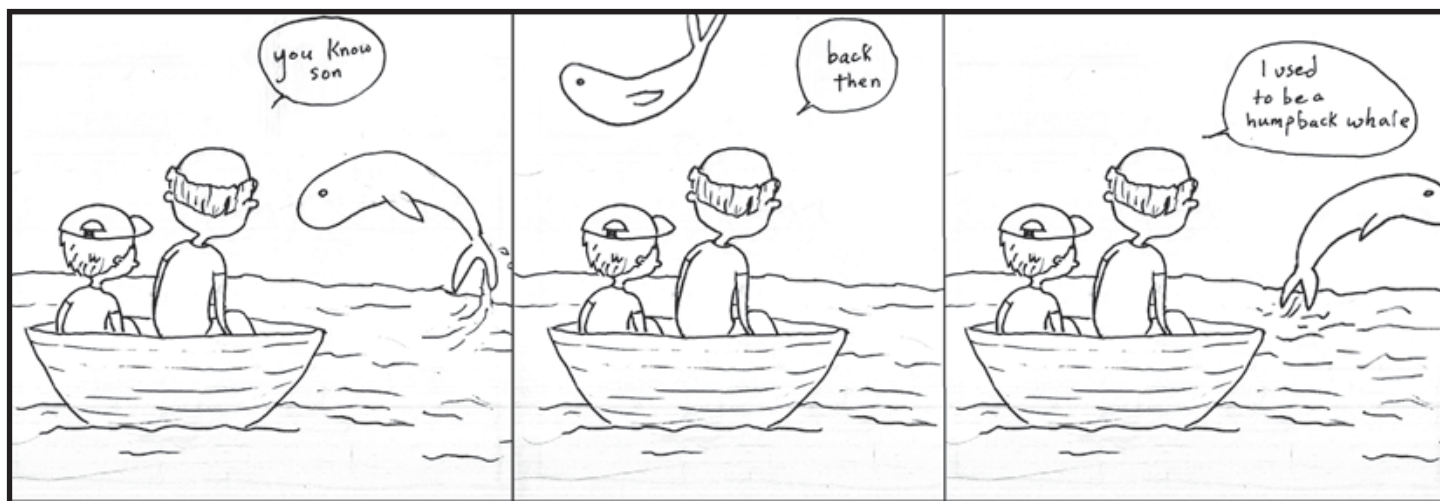
NATALIE: I don't think Mom's going to be flying anywhere. Let's just say she spent a lot of time in the fringes of the Ukraine. Maybe some buses blew up, maybe some government documents got leaked. Either way, Dad wound up bound and gagged in some desert for six days. It was like the first 30 minutes of Iron Man, but with a lot more waterboarding and butt stuff. He divorced mom as soon as he got out.

SOPHIE: Jeez, this is going to be harder than I thought. I can't believe there's so much about Mom that I didn't know. I feel so betrayed.

(STARTS TO CRY)

NATALIE: Calm down, I was just kidding. Dad left Mom because he was gay.

-JF



THE CRAVIN

By Edgar Allan Bro



Once upon a weeknight dreary,
While I sipped a bud light beery,
Two or three grams of curious samples
Of the sticky weed j'adore,
While I giggled, loudly laughing,
Suddenly my lips were smacking,
And from the door the scent of snacking,
Snacking from the frathouse door.
"Tis the pizza," I muttered,
"Tapping, at the frathouse door —
Yes, the pizza, I want nothing more."

I was so hungry, I remember,
Stoned some weeknight in September,
I saw the cheese and sauces tender
Wrought their grease within my core.
For just a minute tutt'era chiaro.
The fifteen dollars I had borrowed,
Were now to pay for only sorrow —
Sorrow for departed pizza —
The steaming, slimy disc whom
Papa John himself named pizza,
My gut empty here for evermore.

But through the call I sat there fearing,
Pot-fueled paranoia, tearing,
Tripping, dreaming dreams no bro
Ever dared to dream before.
Still the silence was unbroken,
The delivery man just sat there smoking,
And the only word there spoken
Was one shouted word, "Pizza!"
This he shouted, and I echoed,
Murmured back the same word, "Pizza!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Delivery man, there on our landing,
Still there standing, still there standing
On stoops that groups of freshmen wait
En masse beside the painted door;
His eyes betrayed a sense of anger.
Five or ten more minutes longer,
Maybe then my will'd be stronger,
With shoes beside me on the floor!
My soul cried out for melted dairy
But I stuck firmly to the floor
And soon the pizza was no more!

With one last "fuck this noise" he fled
And deep despair clouded my head
Despite my efforts I couldn't rise,
Tho' blazed, the shame drip'd out my pores
I sat and wept, with warm tears streaming,
Looked down and saw a nugget gleaming
And still in mourning, starving, weeping,
Packed the bowl of my glass Roor,
My stomach growls and scolds my body,
For nourishment it still implored
But as for pizza... nevermore.

-RM

GREATEST INSULT COMEBACKS OF ALL TIME EVER

You'd be really pretty if you lost weight.

You'd be really pretty if you never spoke because you're really inarticulate and it detracts from your supposed aesthetic appeal.

Hey, how's your virginity going?

I don't know, how much longer is your mom's prison sentence?

You look like Frankenstein.

You look like Frankenstein's monster.

I really don't appreciate that tone.

I really don't appreciate that your head looks like a thumb and your hair looks like grated parmesan.

Why don't you wear make-up?

Why don't you eat shit and shit the shit and then eat it again?

Why do you collect stamps?

Why do you collect wives, you polygamist!

You can't afford that.

You can't afford to die you haven't accomplished anything yet.

-OM



OJ did it.

Westside Market: **Best OJ in town.**

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





536 West 112th Street

broadway at 114th st.

*“This above all: be true to
thine self. And read a lot.”*

-Hamlet

Monday to Friday 9 AM to 10 PM

Saturday 10 AM to 8 PM

Sunday 11 AM to 7 PM



Dorm

Seasonal

Kitchen

UNIVERSITY HOUSEWARES

Hardware

Bathroom

2901 Broadway

Lighting

Travel

Between 113th and 114th

M-F 8-8 Sat 9-7 Sun 10-6

And more!

Since 1938

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

**“The reason America’s IQ is dropping
faster than a 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.

**FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.COLUMBIA.EDU/JESTER
OR EMAIL JESTERSUBMISSIONS@GMAIL.COM**



**> IS FIVE
POCKET
SQUARES
THE NEW
FOUR
POCKET
SQUARES?**

**OR IS IT STILL
TOO MANY
POCKET
SQUARES?**

**MICRO
MICROBREWS:
SMALLER THAN
THE EYE CAN SEE**

**AVOIDING
YOUR DAD AT
PARTIES ON
NANTUCKET**

**TAILORED
CONDOMS**

+

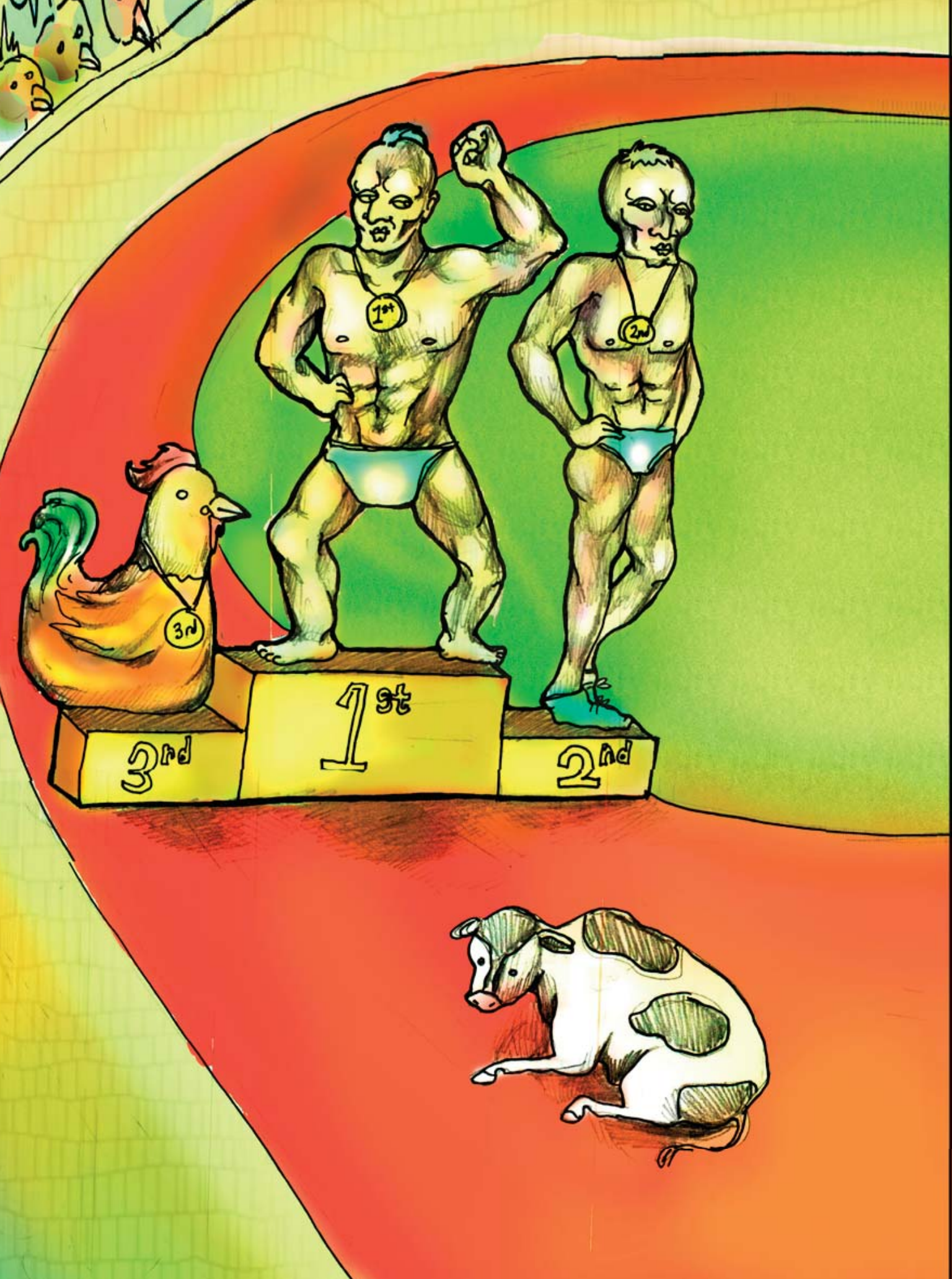
**HOW TO
SPEND
MORE
MONEY**

**POLL:
DOES THIS
BOOBY
LOOK LIKE
A TITTY?**

**SIGNS YOU
MIGHT BE
JEWISH**

ATHLETICS

**> HOW TO GET
PASSIONATE
ABOUT SPORTS
WITHOUT
MAKING OUT
WITH YOUR BEST
FRIEND DAN.**



3rd

1st

2nd

3rd

1st

2nd