



These MILFs were in a their whole livesuntil THET rushed



-A computer that only prints 5 stars at a time

"A stunning meditation on motherhood in the age of late capitalism." -Slavoj Žižek

"JESTER'S MILF SORORITY" STARRING SOFIA VERGARA - JESSICA ALBA - CATHERINE ZETA JONES AND SETH ROGEN AS THE DEAN - PRODUCED BY ICHABOD CHESTICLE AND ROB SCHNEIDER - MUSIC BY PHILIP GLASS

WRITTEN BY STAUNCH WHITELY - DIRECTED BY DAVID LYNCH

R RESTRICTED

THE MEDIUM ISSUE

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LETTERS to the editor

Dear Jester,

Can I have a double entendre?

Love, Augustina

Dear Augustina,

Our client, the undersigned, would like it to be publicly known that they are strongly opposed to the giving to You of any "entendre," double or otherwise. Such an action would not be in the best interest of the Publication, and would go against the values our secretive fraternal order was founded upon during the Second Crusade.

We kindly suggest that you put a cork in it.

Sincerely,

Nigel Pointedweather, J.D., Jester Lawyer on Retainer

Dear Jester,

Can I have a Nerf gun, an Xbox One, a toy truck, an iPad Mini, a regular iPad, a remote control drone, and a hundred dollars for Christmas?

Love, L'il Timmy

Dear L'il,

We've been watching you and you've been very bad this year, very bad indeed. Naughty! Some of the stuff you've been up to this year--just so unbelievably naughty! You should be ashamed. We're telling your parents. God, ugh... so very, very naughty!

Sincerely, Jesta Claws

Dear Jester,

You guys suck! I bet you won't even publish this, you bunch of chicken-shits. You're too scared. Me? I'm not scared of anything except heights... and snakes... and that I might die alone. But I'm not scared of *you*!

-Anonymous

→Deaths

CHEESE NIPS. Killed off by Cheez-Its

CHA CHA SLIDE. Killed by your super white uncle **THAT MIDTERM.** You totally slew it, am I right? Am I right? Man, give me some

YOUR PET PHOENIX. (Oh wait, nevermind)

God. The 8:45 showing of How to Train Your Dragon is sold out

CIA OPERATIVE [REDACTED]. A loving father of [REDACTED], he hailed from the breezy hometown of [REDACTED], where he was captain of the [REDACTED] ensemble. While he's recently worked courageously as a field agent in [REDACTED], helping to overthrow [REDACTED], he'll also be remembered for his laboratory research, turning chlorine gas into [REDACTED]. We'll [REDACTED] him [REDACTED]ly.

YOURSELF. The "self" is an illusion anyway; that version of you that you knew 5 minutes ago was merely a projection.

THE FOURTH WALL. That baby won't stop fucking crying Your DARLINGS. Congratulations--you're finally a good writer.

EVERY INTERESTING CHARACTER ON GAME OF THRONES.

Mr. and Mrs. Jester of Columbia,

It is with real sorrow that I write this letter, for it brings you I am afraid very bad news about your son, Private Jester, Jr.

He played a very gallant part in the attack which was made against the German position on June 6th, and helped his company commander when he was wounded to a place of safety. But shortly afterwards he was himself hit by a piece of shell and died slowly, after a very long, very painful ordeal.

I wish I could help to soften the hardness of your sorrow. There is one comfort at least in knowing that he gave his life in a sacred cause fighting for Right and Justice. It is the greatest sacrifice that a man can make.

M.P.G. Leonard Army Chaplain



jester

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Dearest Reader.

The Middle East is, in many ways, the crossroads of the world, and right now, as we all know, it's embroiled in bitter regional and religious conflict. We at Jester are still astonished, having had our eyes opened by a groundbreaking documentary series on the region's tumultuous history.

This year, just as in the past, blood has been spilled over cultural differences--sometimes petty and sometimes significant--and what many see as a fundamental battle between good and evil. Certain minor discrepancies in racial characteristics sometimes contribute to this conflict, such as being three feet tall, or legendary immortality. For those of you who haven't had a chance to see these enlightening films, directed by renowned documentarian Peter Jackson, this current wave of conflict started during the Second Age (SA), when Sauron convinced the Elven-Kings, Dwarf-lords, and Mortal Men to forge Rings of Power, intended to seduce them to a path of evil. With these leaders under his control as Nazul ring-wraiths, he was able to institute a puppet government that still affects Middle Eastern geopolitics to this day.

For example, the fighting happening in Iraq and Syria seems to be about seizing control of the One

Ring, and so it can be traced back to one man, Isildur, and his fateful decision to covertly take possession of the ring that still contained the soul of the Dark Lord (rather than casting it into the fires of Mount Doom). Understandably, the documentary didn't have much information on the Battle of Dagorlad, or much else of the War of the Last Alliance, because the year SA 3434 is practically ancient history at this point.

It is, however, not without its faults. The films are stuffed with content, each clocking in at over three hours, and as such, they're hardly for the casual viewer. That being said, we cannot recommend this powerful trilogy enough to anyone looking to become informed about the situation in the Middle East. Not only does the series provide a summary of the multi-faceted warfare that exists today, in a way that almost resembles a filmlike narrative, it comfortably covers over 2500 years of history. Jester implores you to check out these Lord of the Rings movies, or Mr. Jackson's newest work, which chronicles the trials and tribulations of several thrill-seekers born with dwarfism.

Sincerely, Fiona Rowan and Eric Donahue *Editors-in-Chief*

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

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CORRECTIONS

- In Jester's "Geography" issue, we referred to Topeka, Kansas as "a city in the United States." However, it has come to our intention that it is actually a large cavern sinking into the earth where echoes drown in the palpable dark abyss, and not a city. Jester apologizes for the error.
- In the recent "Lobotomy" issue, we made the mistake of calling John Cusack a multidimensional being whose ethereal form expresses itself in an awesome beam of pure light, visible even in blackest night. Mr. Cusack in fact, an American actor. We regret this mistake.
- Last Spring, in our "Leukemia" issue, we wrote an 8-page cover story about how Jester was partnering up with the Make-A-Wish foundation and turning Manhattan into a giant playground for Sickly Sam, a first-grader with a rare type of leukemia. Unfortunately, we issued this announcement without duly considering our finances. We are very much in debt and, as such, will be unable to Make this Wish.
- Contrary to statements in our "Maury" issue, Jester is *not* the father.

Sometimes I Feel More Demi Than God >>

by Cerntsubaal Damth'te, Spawn of Orbalis the Deceiver

Many people seem to think that I, as a primordial demigod, have infinite powers. But while it may be true that I possess more supernatural abilities than the average Plane-Traipser, most days I can't help but feel that I got the short end of the stick compared to my fully godlike peers, who reign supreme over all in infinite dimensions and epochs.

Take my eyes, for example. Do you realize how frustrating it is to have the ability to harvest mortals' ethereal soul with merely a glance--but never be able to throw it into the Uncrossable Cosmic Void? No wonder my peers at Chilling Lacuna High School call me a pipsqueak. "It'll be fine, son," my father once said, as he

crushed suns into dust with his non-dominant appendage. "The other entities are just jealous. Besides, you'll come into your own as a demi-god." But I never did, and now I'm starting to wonder--what do I have to do to turn into a God around here?

I know, I know--I'm supposed to be above this kind of thing. All I heard growing up was, "Even the most minor deity can be destructive in his or her own unique way." But everywhere I go, I see eternal beings with unstoppable strength that transcends logic and math, so when I catch a glimpse of myself in the Hall of Melting Mirrors, I can't help but feel inadequate.

I find myself asking, what options do I have left? I'm already 140,000 years old--and I know that's barely anything compared to my ageless father, who's been around for ten eon-cycles of the universes, but still, I'm not getting any younger. Can I get reconstructive surgery to enhance my hideous maw? Are there classes I can take to unleash my inner formless beast-lord? Will I ever be as big and tall as the other minor deities?

But more and more, I'm coming to the realization that this is the body I have to live with, for better and worse. So I have two choices: to keep trying to become something I'm not--namely an infinitely powerful titan who shapes the stars--or to learn to love me, for me. And that's the *real* unending demon-war in the heavens.



Cerntsubaal Damth'te, Spawn of Orbalis the Deceiver is a blogger for the Jestington Post. He likes cooking, hiking, and dismemberment.

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SoSo Cupid



17% Match 0% Friend 83% Enemy Jennifer Loi

My self-summary:

I love to travel... sometimes to the grocery store, sometimes to the library. I'll be honest, I get wild--I mean like 'binging on 1-2 hours of Netflix' wild. (And I probably shouldn't say this online, but I totally kiss on the third date.)

What I'm doing with my life:

Trying to convince myself to get blonde highlights. I bought the dye and everything, but I just haven't been able to commit to such a big change.

I'm really good at:

I make the best semi-homemade chocolate chip cookies in the world—you know like the kind that comes pre-made in little squares and you just stick them in the oven? I'm really good at sticking them in the oven.

The first thing people usually notice about me:

My hot best friend

Favorite books, movies, shows, music:

I really like that book "Message in a Bottle." And that Kevin Costner movie, "Message in a Bottle." Plus, the soundtrack has some great songs about the theme of concealing paper in glass objects.



0% Match 36% Friend 64% Enemy

Kevin Richter

My self-summary:

I'm just a normal guy looking for a normal girl to spend the rest of my life with. I'm not really into taking risks, so preferably no one too good looking or exciting—maybe like a 5 in appearance and personality. I'm still pretty into my ex, to be honest. I would have married her, except she said no each of three times... But hey, I respect her decision. We still find time to grab a late brunch once a month.

What I'm doing with my life:

I'm a kindergarten teacher at PS132. It's really nice--almost like having kids of my own.

I'm really good at:

Identifying birds native to New York City—I mean, mostly pigeons, but still. I can also finish one-fifth to one-third of the Wednesday New York Times crossword.

The first thing people usually notice about me:

My personality

Favorite books, movies, shows, music:

I like music about partying, because I am incapable of partying myself.

	BRET BAILEY'S FRESHMAN YEAR DIARY
Sept. 10	At DCHS, I was in 4 different clubs (if you don't include that
	blow-off, Math Olympiad). Now that I'm at college, I can't
	wait to do the exact same thing, so to get started, I tried out for
	the squash team today They only have a couple of spots, but I
	went to nationals for croquet, so I'm a shoe-in. Getting on the
	team would be a great way to start the year. Here's to hoping!
Sept. 14	I dídn't make the squash team. I'm kind of disappointed but
	there are lots of other clubs I can join. I think I'm gonna try out
	for debate teamI did it in high school, and I won the Young
	Clarence Darrow Prize for Master Debaters. Wish me luck!
Sept. 18	The debate team didn't call me back. Maybe I should try acting?
	I heard about auditions for a student play based on the "Magic
	School Bus" books. I can't be rejected by everybodyright?
Sept. 21	I dídn't realize that the entire play was based off of internal
	monologues. I accidentally said something out loud, so needless
	to say, I didn't get the part. My dreams are rapidly fading, but
	there's still hope: the school's a cappella groups are holding try-
	outs! I've always considered a cappella to be the lowest human
	art form but then again, they're my last chance at happiness.
Sept. 25	I tried out for Engineers With Attitude, The Monotones and the
	People Singing Without Instruments. None of them are very
	good, but I may still be rejected. I always heard "whatever doesn't
	kill you makes you stronger," but I feel weaker by the day.
Sept. 29	I haven't heard back from anyone. Besides classes, I don't really
	go out that much, or feel the sun's light on my skin.
	Food, water, and happiness mean less and less to me every day.

Oct. 1	The walls are laughing at me.
Oct. 8	Hallelujah! The Monotones finally called me back. Praise be
	upon them! Now that I've gotten to know them by their
	acceptance email, I've realized that I was completely wrong
	about a cappella music. It's God's gift to ears, and really, I'm
	pretty sure it was my dream all along. And since I don't have
	any other clubs to distract me, I can devote all my time to
	learning these beauteous harmonies.

Interview with a World-Renowned Online Hate-Commenter

This week, Jester sat down with SERGIO GRANT, a proficient online hate-commenter. We conducted the following interview under promise of anonymity, which we forgot until just now, so we're going to refer to Sergio as SOUTHPARK-FAN69, which is his (Sergio Grant's) Twitter handle.

J: How's it going, Sergio?

SPF69: You're going to edit out my name, right? You told me you'd edit out my name.

J: Of course. So how did you get started as an online hate-commenter?

SPF69: Well, I realized that, as a straight white male, I had a lot of pent-up rage all the time, and it's just so much work to actually say things to someone's face, you know? So I put 2 and 2 together, and--well, the rest is history.

J: And what a history it is: you've been responsible for some of the most famous online comments of all time. Who can forget "Kanye West is a gay fish" on YouTube, or "Steve is unlovable" on your school's student blog--**SPF69:** --or "I'm glad your husband's cancer came back" on GrievingWidows.net? That's my magnum opus.

J: What's your process for writing a hateful comment? **SPF69:** Probably similar to what any great artist goes

through: I need inspiration--after I notice someone's weakness or something they're really sensitive about--and then it's just perspiration, as I tirelessly create a misanthropic word-torpedo to explode their tender heart. Some might say I'm a kind of Picasso...

J: I'm not going to say that.

SPF69: I mean, yeah, but like, some might say it.

J: What do you do for a living?

SPF69: I work at customer service for Best Buy.

J: And you're completely alone, right?

SPF69: Right, right. Which is another thing that fills me with rage, but then again, that just helps me write better comments, you know? You need struggles in your life if you want to be a great artist, like Mark Twain or Mark Ruffalo.

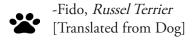
J: What's next for you?

SPF69: I'm really excited to see where the internet takes us in the next few years. With affordable virtual reality, such as the Oculus Thrift, we might soon be able to make 3D anonymous hate-comments and get to see the look on their avatar's face when you tell them to die in a fire. To me, that's what my craft is all about.

I said MEDIUM!

"Excuse me, waiter? Hi. Hello. Uh, I ordered this steak Medium. Yes. Yes. No, this is definitely medium rare. I understand that, but that's because that steak was medium well. Listen, are you the customer? Are you the person who has to eat this? As a matter of fact, why don't you have a bite? What? You don't want any? Now why is that? I thought you said you liked it medium. I thought that's why you recommended I get it medium. Or is this too rare for you? Yet it's fine for me? You wanna tell me it's cooked well, then eat it. I cut out a piece for you; do I need to pre-chew it, too, you fucking baby? How long have you been working here? Well, that's a shame. And do you always treat your customers like this? Listen, I don't care if I sent my steak back five times; I'll send it back until it's done right. I've got all day. Look, when I poke it, what do you see? See that red juice? That's blood. This thing's still fucking *mooing*, and you're serving it to me on a plate.

I was trying to be polite earlier when I said it was medium rare; this is medium *garbage*. Maybe it doesn't mean anything to you--no, I'm sure it doesn't, 'cause there's no way in hell you're getting a fucking tip from me--but I'm sitting here in shock that I paid actual money for this shit. I can't eat this. Wipe my ass with it, maybe. Matter of fact, wait here: I've had to take a big-ass shit this whole time. Lemme tell you what I'm about to do: I'm gonna go to the bathroom, I'm gonna take a massive shit, I'm gonna wipe my ass with this piece of subpar excrement that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. Then I'm gonna come back, put it on the plate, and you're gonna give it back to that swamp-monster ignoramus in the kitchen, and he's gonna make me a fucking gourmet-ass, medium-ass Sirloin. And then maybe, *just maybe*, we're gonna move on with our lives, capische?"



Oculus Thrift 4X

Introducing the Oculus Thrift 4X! The only immersive virtual reality entertainment console that can put you right in the action of the television shows you are watching. Because we blew all of our money on developing the viewing technology, we were only able to acquire the rights to a handful of unsuccessful or short-lived television shows, but fear not: our new headset will make them all the more exciting! Dive right into favorites such as:

- How It's Made
- Rosie O'Donnell Live
- Antique Road Show
- Joey
- CSPAN2 Live
- Australia's Naughtiest Home Videos



- Charlie Rose
- Highlander: The Source
- The 700 Club
- The Mclaughlin Group

BUY IT TODAY!

Note: Cartridges cost \$399 a season, with a discount of \$3,000 for an entire series. You won't want to miss out!

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Toast to Mediocre Middle Child JEAN

I guess I have to thank you for gathering to share this fine occasion with us. I'm so happy that you can be here to witness a human pile of sugar free oatmeal Floyd marry the most boring. woman I have ever met, Jean. This celebration will surely be a pretty pleasant evening, surrounded by people we like. I'm so happy that all our family and friends are here tonight — or at least a couple dozen of you. You guys trekked from all over: Southern Massachusetts, Northern Massachusetts, even one of you from Connecticut. I'm, of course, referring to my favorite daughter, Cassandra. Doesn't Cassandra look beautiful tonight? I'm sure you're all gonna ask me during the reception, so let me just say, Cassandra's music career is doing really well. She's truly making her family proud. [HOLD FOR STANDING OVATION]

Speaking of Cassandra I remember the first day Jean and Floyd met. Jean came home from her job as the PR consultant at a local Holiday Inn. With a vellowing smile on her face, she told me about meeting this guy Floyd who resold sports equipment from the YMCA. Little did I realize she was meeting the only person as dull as her.

LOVE OF HER LIFE

As Jean leaves to start the next less than half of her life, I will most miss nothing. Jean has been a... vibrant addition to our family. She was always up to talk about her favorite subject, the DONT weather. And once, when I picked her up from art class, she said—I remember the moment PAUSE clearly--- it was "pretty fun." These are the moments her mother and I grew to looke.

If you don't communicate clearly, you know, maybe it won't be clear how many daughters you want. So maybe, like my wife, Floyd will think you wanted two daughters when really you only ever had the energy for one daughter and then to avoid divorce you have to pretend to love that second, unwanted, ugly tank of sea monkeys for the rest of your life. So yeah, talk to each other.

Now, I'd like to special welcome to the stage Floyd's aunt and second cousin. They're giving a toast in the stead of Floyd's parents, who couldn't make it because they had front-row tickets to the Braintree Community Theatre's Production of Brigadoon. While they may be at the most romantic event happening in Massachusetts today, they are sure missing out on an alright-day.

THEY BOTH COLLECT SEA MONKEYS. ISN'T THAT CUTE?

Leaked script from unaired TV pilot "Happy Medium"

DEBBIE Jason! What happened to your jeans?

JASON Mom, it's nothing. I just tripped and fell.

ANDE What, through the barbed wire factory?

AUDIENCE laughs.

DEBBIE Wait just a darn minute. Jason... are you being bullied?

AUDIENCE laughs.

JASON
It's not a big deal. God, mom, just butt out.

ANDE

I think your butt's out enough for all of us. AUDIENCE laughs.

JASON Hey mom, can you tell your spirit friend to stop making fun of me?

Now, Jason. Ande isn't trying to hurt you. He'd do anything butt.

AUDIENCE laughs and claps rhythmically. DEBBIE and ANDE dance.

JASON Mom, you're scaring me! Okay, I admit, I'm being bullied. Now stop!

> ANDE I can't *ear* you!

ANDE brandishes a meat cleaver and slices off JASON's ear.

Ahhhh! Oh god! Ahhh! Why?!? God, why?! That's not in the script!

DEBBIE Script? More like *ripped...* your ear off!

AUDIENCE laughs riotously. JASON collapses onto the floor, weeping.

JASON Stop laughing! You're just encouraging them! I'm bleeding out... ANDE and DEBBIE begin summoning a demon using JASON's blood.

ANDE Daoi libu conti manus! Cillos mina flebis! Come on, Jason, join in!

> JASON I don't want to—

DEBBIE: Jason! Either start chanting, or you are grounded, mister!

JASON (crying desperately, muttering) Obi juan kenobi...

ANDE That's the spirit!

AUDIENCE howls a single tone and digs their fingernails into flesh.



THE SKY

RATINGS & REVIEWS

DELTA AIRLINES: SNACKS AND MEALS

Chicken Pasta

Simply exquisite. The chicken pasta—with a delightfully dry bread roll and butter on the side, compliments of the chef—was not just a meal: it was dining perfection. Delta Airlines surpassed my mile-high expectations (ha!), offering me a choice between chicken or beef. Imagine that! Two whole meats—in the sky! I asked for the beef, and they said they were out of it, but I could tell they were really saying, "Choice is just an illusion. You've wanted this chicken pasta for your entire waking life. Let us take the wheel, friend." The price may seem steep at \$15 per plate, but it's totally free on international flights, and trust me: this chicken pasta is worth the trip.

Salty Peanuts

A wise man once told me, "Life is about the journey, not the destination." Okay, that was me, speaking into a mirror before I boarded Delta Airlines Flight 1604. I didn't really have anywhere to be that day; I just had an unshakeable craving for Delta's out-of-this-world salty peanuts. It wasn't so much a flight as an eight-hour culinary experience. Yea, I've had many a peanut in my day, but never have I enjoyed such a perfect salt-to-nut ratio. Each nut was slightly crispy in its shell, like it was tenderly prepared by its own nutty sommelier, as it were. With this meal, Delta seemed to be shouting at the top of its lungs: "We are in the sky, but nonetheless, we are mortal." The package was shiny, like the bow on the roller skates you always wanted for Christmas, back when you had infinite dreams, but now you bumble through life, trying not to bang into the walls too much. I emptied the packet into my esophagus almost without chewing. There were 27 nuts.

Ginger Ale (no ice)

Served chilled and with a napkin, this drink is a palette cleanser, as well as a mark for the end of your gastro-nautical adventure. This drink comes at a time of reflection, like a tangy summer lemonade after you get off the roller coaster with father and the lights are dimming in the sky above and all you want is for that day to last forever, never ending, never ceasing, but nevertheless and despite all efforts our youth slips away from us, fathers fade away like ice cubes melting in our little plastic cup. "No ice," I whispered to the flight attendant as I tried once again to see the world through the same rose-colored glasses that I wore for years, but back on land, I wonder: will I ever feel anything but cold again?







JOB POSTING - 165201

Apply Now!

TITLE

Social Media intern for innovative, international startup

ORGANIZATION

Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant

ABOUT THE POSITION

Are you a social media guru who's always on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and Pinterest? Are you a self-motivated self-starter who sets his own goals?

Do you want to enact a global Islamic caliphate that forces all nonbelievers into subjugation?

ABOUT THE COMPANY

Founded in 1999, our Islamic State startup (formerly "ISIS," "ISIL," and "The ISIS") is experiencing a period of rapid expansion following our latest round of venture capital from regional oil barons. We're tearing down all kinds of walls--and bridges, and other infrastructure. Our quarterly goal is to be the foremost radical Islamic empire, and start licensing our API (Application Programming Interface).

RESPONSIBILITIES

Carry out sieges, murder, and administrative bombings as needed Help us move over to a new database system Ctrl + F the Quran to cite passages that justify violence

SKILLS

Passion for social media and worldwide terror attacks Organized, relentless killing machine People person, but not afraid to get pushy Independent-minded, but capable of teamwork during prolonged offensives Love of radical Sunni Islam is preferable, but not required

BENEFITS

A sense of humor

Qualifies for federal work-study Ask about college credit Partial travel stipend for relocation to Iraq or Syria Destabilized borders means no need for work visas Scholarships available for Sharia Law School

PERKS

Fridge always stocked with soda Free range to commit a wide variety of atrocities Bagel Tuesdays once a month

Get in on the ground floor of an exciting, fresh new caliphate with opportunities for growth Informational seminars with world's foremost kidnapped journalists

Our interns have gone on to work at Hezbollah, Boko Haram, and Time Warner



FAMILY PLANS

- two cans and a string
- 4G strings
- hotspot: ball of yarn on fire
- pick which baby sitter you love more
- we're using your college money to turn your bedroom into a personal gym
- we're gonna give up everything and move to North Carolina

MILDLY EVIL SUPER VILLAIN NAMES

- Bottomless Coffee Man
- Emperor I'm-gonna-pinch-you Yes-I-am
- Cadet Doom
- Bad Palindrome Man naM emordnilaP daB
- The Evil Paralegal
- Adjunct Professor X

MILDLY CONCERNING REASONS FOR THROWING SOMEONE AN INTERVENTION

- smoked weed at a party once
- split screening Battlestar Galactica and Minesweeper
- addicted to slide whistling
- excessive latin quotes in email signature
- still using Google Plus
- replying to letter k
- responding to Yahoo! Answers from 2003
- commenting on celebrities' Instagrams
- using toes to pick up things

PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARD NOMINEES FOR BEST NETFLIX CAPTION

- [weeps heartily into wash basin]
- [glances Kevin Spacily]
- [lays out in sun waiting for death]
- [adjusts to life in women's prison]
- [eyes sandwich suspiciously]
- [invents trigonometry]
- [whispers sweet nothings to tree]
- [does the Charleston]
- [stretches condom out and strums like a banjo]
- [watches Hulu regretfully]

BEST WAYS OF CONTACTING DEAD TO YOUR ADVANTAGE

- settling family blood feuds
- talk to grandpa for school report
- asking that civil war soldier to stop haunting your fucking house
- get rich uncle to leave your sister out of will
- recover grandma's lost cookie recipe
- ask Jesus about his cryptic last words, "The meaning of life is *[death rattle]*"

SIZES IN BETWEEN PETITE AND HUSKY

- Gilbert Gottfried
- Early '70s Marlon Brando
- American Apparel large
- Christian Bale training for American Hustle
- Extra Medium
- 10.5
- Ray Romano in Ice Age
- Junk in the Trunk
- bullied in middle school
- bullied in high school
- photoshopped Chris Evans at the beginning of *Captain America*

COVER STORIES IN MEDIOCRE TABLOID

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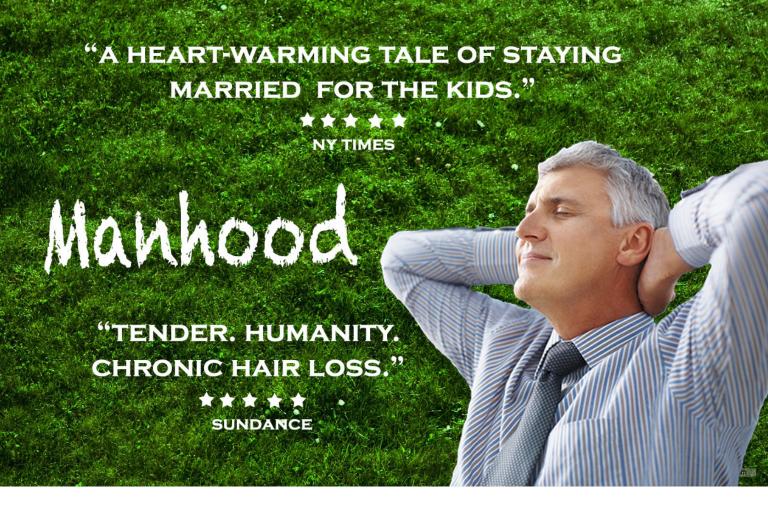


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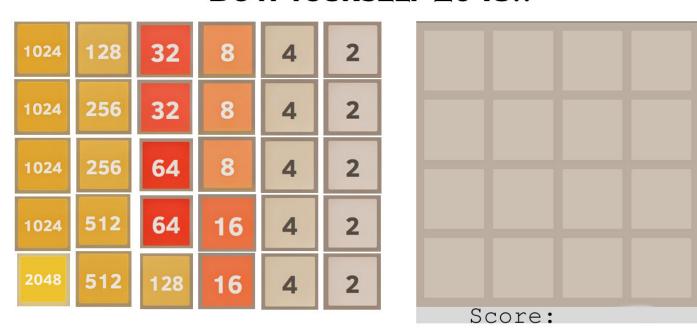


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