

# Holy Bible 2

## The Preachquel





# JESTER PRESENTS...

# THE FAKE ISSUE

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Dear Jester,

Sure, lunch sounds great. Shall we say 1:00?

Best,  
Tom

Sent from my Blackberry

*Dear Tom,*

*Thank you for your message. We are currently out of the office, with limited access to our email. For immediate assistance, please contact 911.*

*Regards,  
Jester*

---

Dear Jester,

I just wanted to tell you that my prognosis has been deemed terminal--that is to say, I am infested with termites. Even now, as I flip wildly onto my keyboard, I can feel the last vestiges of life drain from my crumbling pages. Any day now, it seems, I'll be visiting the great Publishers Clearing House in the sky.

Also, it would be nice if you called once in a while, although I understand you're very busy these days. I hear you are releasing a new issue. I would love to read one of your new articles, but I cannot read, for I am, myself, a magazine. It's strange you have time for all your issues but not enough time to visit me in the archives, but these are strange times all around.

Love,  
Grandpa Jester, Fall 1930 "Depression" issue

*New phone, who is this?*

*-Jester*

**MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.** I've gained 200 pounds and I'm already back on meth  
**COCA-COLA.** New Coke will arise  
**MELISSA TITTY-SMITH.** Beloved wife, mother, and reluctant philanthropist  
**SHIRLEY.** She got less certain  
**PUNS AS AN ART FORM.** Two seconds ago, with that joke, in the conservatory  
**ANYONE WITH AN IPHONE 5S.** Or they might as well be  
**HD DVD.** We're still bitter. The quality really *was* clearer  
**ROGER EBERT.** Did you know about this?  
**THE PERSON NEXT TO ME.** I forgot to brush my toes  
**YOUR DELIVERY MAN.** Thanks for ordering food during the blizzard, you fucker  
**BIPARTISANSHIP.** Am I right, everyone? No matter which side of the aisle you're on, I think we can agree it's about time those clowns in Washington set aside their differences and get something *done* for a change.

To Whom It May Concern:

If you're reading this, it means that you have finally created the Fake issue--and you are in grave danger. Please abandon course before it is too late, not only for yourself but for all of mankind.

Heed my warnings,  
Daedalus

---

Hey man, can you hook me up with some of that devil's lettuce? Y'know, Lucifer's leafy kale? Satan's romaine? Beelzebub's bud? Phew, tongue twister. Anyway, just to be clear, talking about parsley.

-Anonymous





# jester

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Dearest Reader,

Life is hard. I know it; you know it; your stress balls definitely know it. Sometimes, despite your better efforts, you wind up in over your head, and the burly lifeguard has to drag you out of the water hyperventilating right in front of Christina MacDowell and you were just about to ask her to the Reverse Turnabout dance and now there's no way she'll ever say yes. But if you'll lend me your ear, Reader, I would love to share some reassuring-ass advice I learned after an epiphany in the middle of Jester's mandatory staff-wide drug retreat to the center of the Amazon Prime rainforest: *you just gotta fake it till ya make it!*

Faking it is a viable strategy in almost every situation life may send your way. Teacher calls you out for not paying attention in class? Fake it. Boss says you're only excused from the team-building retreat in the event of your death? Fake it. Bartering with chaotic-neutral bandits for their hubcaps and Soylent Gristle in the not-too-distant post-apocalyptic future? FAKE IT!

No problem is too big

or too small to fake. Right now our government is boldly faking its way through climate change. Heck, some people are going to work every day on a presidential campaign for Ted Cruz. *Ted Cruz!* The guy who read Green Eggs and Ham on the floor of the Senate! They have to include that on LinkedIn for the rest of their lives.

The point is, after a while, you realize that adulthood is just a procession of directionless children faking their way into quiet senescence. All of what we consider "society" is merely a rickety bridge dangling precariously over some bottomless chasm at the mountains of madness. What is luxury, in this heady age of late capitalism, percolating with excess? Man, the perennially greedy fool, has overreached spectacularly, and nature's uncaring pendulum is undoubtedly overdue to swing us out of these assuredly halcyon days and into a permanently post-holocene age.

That's reassuring, right?

Sincerely,  
Eric Donahue  
*Editor-in-Chief*

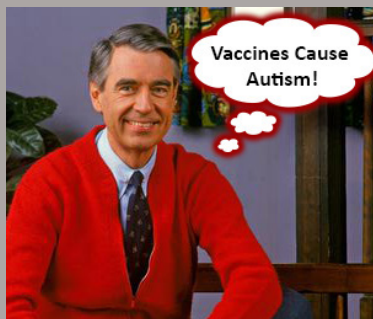
## THE JESTER OF COLUMBIA, ESTABLISHED 1901, IS COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S ONLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

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## CORRECTIONS

- In our “Sinners” issue, we claimed that, if God were real, he would smite us right now. He has, in fact, done this, and as a result our staff is now smitten with Him.
- We’d like to apologize for the chaos that has resulted from our dramatic reading of the *War of the Worlds*.



Looking back we should have informed the public of the stunt explosions.

- Our 1992 “Threat” issue insisted that the threat is “out there.” Recent evidence has actually confirmed that the real threat is “in here.”
- The photo of Mr. Rogers featured in last year’s “Science” issue (*pictured, left*) shows the thought bubbles emerging from Mr. Rogers’ shoulder, through one of his famous sweaters; they should actually be emerging from his head. Jester is sincerely sorry for this error in judgment, and our Spin-to-Wintern has been summarily executed.
- We retroactively retract the entire article from our “Health” issue entitled “Heart Disease: America’s SpooOoOookiest Killer.”



## HEADQUARTERS METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

19 March 2015

Precinct 657:

In recent weeks, the “Smythsonian”—a fake museum franchise intended to lure unsavory and/or dim-witted tourists into what our Department has deemed “knock-off exhibits”—has expanded its operations considerably, and it now appears to be a considerable threat to the public’s intellect. These shameless imposters recently hosted a gala in which several donors took turns stabbing a consultant—to death. It is our goal to put a stop to this fraud before many more stabbings occur, but we are also aware of the community’s disapproval after last year’s misunderstanding, in which two officers arrested every single employee and patron at the National Air and Space Museum. As a refresher, here are some helpful tips to recognize “Smythsonian” museums from the actual Smithsonian:

- The real chain is spelled Smithsonian. “S-M-I-T-H-S-O-N-I-A-N.” The fake chain is spelled “S-M-Y-T-H-S-O-N-I-A-N.” I know what you’re thinking: *what a hacky play on words! They couldn’t think of a better title? Shitsonian is right there.* We know. But these perps are more intelligent than the name suggests.
- All branches of this imposter museum are located either up the stairs or down the stairs from a liquor store.
- No Smithsonian exhibit will reference genitalia in any way. Most of the imposters, in fact, do.
- Smythsonian fees range from \$25-35 dollars per adult, not \$124.87 to \$125.56.
- While investigating, ask for a student discount. If they ask for both your ID (standard museum procedure) and your cup size (sexual harrasment), it’s a Smythsonian.
- Several Smythsonian attendees wear ironic T-shirts. This should make things easy, according to our interdepartmental rule that people wearing ironic T-shirts should be arrested on sight.
- The Smythsonian’s most popular exhibit is the so-called “Titty Room.”

More exhibits are developed every day, so there remains the need for constant vigilance. Good luck, Districtionians, and stay safe out there. We also honestly recommend that you go see “Weird Shaped Carrots” at the Dick Museum before we shut it down. It’s pretty interesting.

# EMILY FAKEST PERSON AT OFFICE

NEW YORK, NY—Recent developments in the office have demonstrated that Emily Burkeman, who was previously thought to be a decent human being, is actually a disgusting, conniving skank. While previously her coworkers had kept quiet about her flagrant deceptions, recently they have begun speaking up.

“I’m pretty sure she stole my sandwich out of the mini-fridge yesterday, and it was clearly labeled ‘Ken,’” said Ken Sanders from Weather. “I mean I can’t necessarily prove it, but my sandwich was missing and she was eating one that looked just like it. Definitely sandwich-esque, dammit!”

Ken told reporters that he was not the only one who noticed Burkeman’s two-faced nature, saying that at least three or four times over this week he had overheard others expressing dislike for her at the watercooler.

“I heard her say that she missed work because her grandmother was sick,” said an anonymous intern who wished to remain anonymous, “but the other day she said her grandmother had passed away. What, does she have two grandmothers, or something?”

Other reported incidents of Burkeman’s backstabbing include never refilling the printer, hoarding ninety percent of those good pens, telling MY joke about the two Jews and the black guy, dating Trevor from the Social Media department who I totally saw first, and lying to my face when she thought I would never find out. Also her hair’s not even really blonde, but with those roots that’s not really breaking news.

If you or anyone you know has more information about how Emily Burkeman is the fakest friend they’ve ever had, please submit a tip to Leslie Chiu (@kswlesliechiu) at JestPost.



**Michael Hallahan-Riemann**

Hey everyone! I know I haven’t posted on Facebook for a while. I’m just writing to let you all know that when I said I was moving to Atlanta six years ago, I really didn’t. All of those photos of the FedEx air terminal and of the CNN building were just ones I found on PhotoBucket or yfrog. I was hoping that my posting would be the thing to finally motivate me to move out of my mom’s basement and get out on my own. Needless to say, that has not happened. I also preemptively quit my job and dumped my girlfriend. That was a big mistake and I deeply regret that, Nicole (RIP). The reason I didn’t leave was that I was having a hard time finding bus tickets and also my cat was sick. In the meantime I’ve just been hanging out in my basement because it was kind of hard to admit to people that I’m still here. So, now that I’ve done that... anyone up for getting a beer?

Like · Comment · 2 hours ago · 🗨️

👍 4 people like this.



**Anna Guidry** i thought u were dead!  
11 minutes ago · Like · 🗨️ 1



**Michael Hallahan-Riemann** nope! (: Very ghastly though, generally full of malaise and stuff  
2 minutes ago · Like · 🗨️ 1



Write a comment ...





# Dear Cabby

by Farrukh Manduri

Dear Cabby,

I'm really drunk right now and I can't remember my address. Is this an Uber car? Why is the outside green? I just feel really lost right now. I really want to go home because I have work tomorrow and if I'm late again, I just might get fired. I'm kind of a disappointment to my parents, and well, I just don't want to screw up again. Do you know where I live?

*-Lost and Confused*

Dear Lost and Confused,

Because I am just your cab driver, I do not know where you live nor what your address is. I would suggest that you check your wallet and perhaps you can find your address there. This is not an Uber car given that you just flagged me down off the street. This car is green because it is deemed a "Borough Taxi." As far as your job, you should probably stop partying on nights when you know you have to be at work in the morning. Partying might seem like a good idea at night, but the hangover in the morning says otherwise. I spent many years in Bangladesh as a psychiatrist, and I believe that your overindulgence in alcohol might merely be a symptom of a greater problem. Perhaps you are struggling with the idea of failure, and rather than confronting this problem head on, you seek solace in substan-- oh, I see you are now snorting cocaine and no longer interested in my advice. Did you find your wallet?

*-Cabby*

Dear Cabby,

50th and 1st, please. Ugh, I am so glad I found a cab. I'm just having the worst night, you know? Honestly I don't know what to think about my boyfriend right now. Like, we went to the party together, but when I said I was tired and thought I might go home, he just put me in this cab and stayed. Kylie is there and you *know* that Kylie will literally have sex with *anyone*. Do you think my boyfriend is going to hook-up with Kylie?

*-Worried Girlfriend*

Dear Cabby,

Hi, I need to go to the Titty Room, yeah, you know the place? It functions as an art gallery on Thursday nights. It's really sad, you know. It's just like, nobody appreciates art anymore. They say my work is garbage. My work! Garbage! They don't see what I see. The soft invisible curve of a parallel line coaxed to it's perfect match, destined never to meet on this plane, at least not in our sight. The eternal circle, or is it a square? What is an angle? A blank page is only as blank as the soul of the observer, or maybe, the soul of the artist.

*-Misunderstood Artiste*

Dear Misunderstood Artist,

Ah, you speak of geometric abstraction. My father was a geometric painter during the Second World War. It was a terrible time for everyone, even those of us who weren't in the conflict. My father got hit by a drunk driver in 1971. Senseless violence in the wake of senseless violence. He used to tell me, "When you draw a box, you aren't confining anything, because the lines go on forever." I've never been able to look at a line without seeing the infinite beauty of the finite man. I would love to see your art-- Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were on the phone.

*-Cabby*

Dear Worried Girlfriend,

It sounds like you and your boyfriend need to communicate more. If you wanted him to leave the party with you, you should have been open about it, rather than dropping vague hints. Moreover, if you can't trust your boyfriend to be faithful if you leave him at a party, you might want to consider that he is not the right guy for you. I used to facilitate couple's counseling and I can tell you that without trust a relationship absolutely cannot be successful. You need to first recognize what it is you're hoping to get out of the relationship and then communicate those things to your boyfriend. I would also appreciate it if you could stop vomiting in the back seat. Thank you.

*-Cabby*

# THE GREATEST PHOTO EVER

## SHOPPED

BEHIND THE  
CREATION OF  
“CROCO-  
GATOR  
AT THE  
YANKS”



—AND  
THE  
GENIUS  
WHO  
MADE IT  
HAPPEN

**T**here are certain times in life when one is given the opportunity to choose greatness, to aspire to something that matters, to change everything. Jester has recently been given such an opportunity, and this issue we are sharing it with our readers: a new work of art that promises to irrevocably alter the ways in which we understand the digital--and ourselves.

In 2009, the leaders of Jester were learning how to apply for “grant money” when they stumbled upon *Plus*, a Paris-based organization supporting young artists and intellectuals who share its values of



boundaries, neoliberal democracy, and the study and support of reptiles. As we are a humor publication that refuses to be limited by “labels” or “classifications,” our Editorial Board at the time decided that, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, they would apply for said grant. If awarded, it would result in Plus commissioning of a work of art on behalf of Jester, one which would demonstrate the ideals both organizations have always endeavored to uphold.

The application was written and soon forgotten about, but a few months ago, Jester received word that Plus had *accepted* our application, and that we would be fully included in the artistic process. But we did not yet--could not yet--understand the scale of what we were about to witness.

Over these last few years, a team of 17 artists from all over the world have been working on this piece, entitled “Crocogator at the Yanks.” The result is one of the most complex aesthetic creations of all time, a groundbreaking and earths-shattering digital composite featuring disparate lighting sources, color temperatures, and focal distances, and Jester is beyond humbled to premiere it within this very issue

## BEHIND THE SCENES

To create a workable prototype of the digital concept design,

we knew it would be necessary to develop some in-house proprietary software, but we had no idea some of this software would go on to become industry-standard solutions for video and photo production. The final product required 1.5 years of processing at 50 render farms, a full-time staff of 800, and over \$10 million of electricity, shattering records previously set by Pixar during *Monsters Med School* and *Cars 4: This Time There's 4 More Cars*. But none of this would have been possible if not for the tireless work of William “Bill Balweg” Ballweg, a former Paramount executive who Jester headhunted into leadership by offering lots of money, power, and revolving doors.

Ballweg is 6’1”, short-haired and even shorter-tempered. But beneath his passionate exterior lies an equally passionate interior, making him a thoroughly passionate man. This passion led us to appoint him Interim Jester Liaison, despite his being a 38-year-old who’s never been to Columbia.

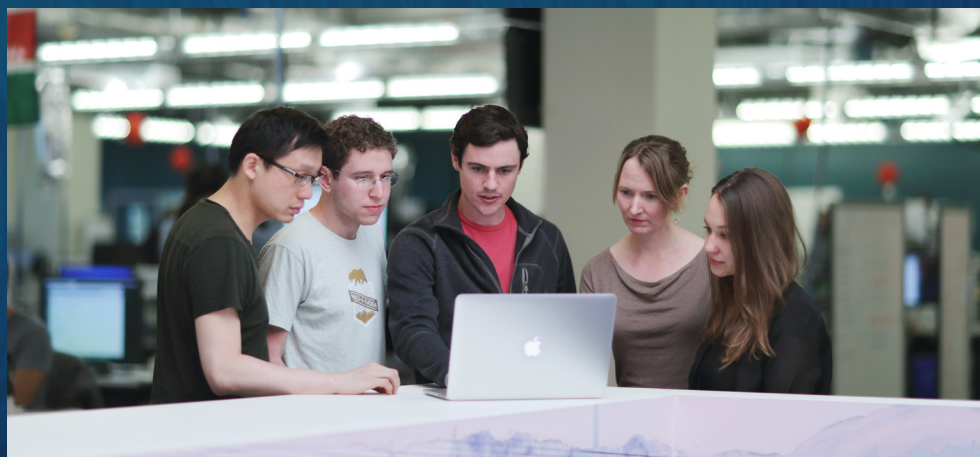
“Honestly, this art

studio is a disaster according to every barometer of fiscal solvability that exists in the modern world,” Ballweg tells us (his idea) over \$40 margarita pitchers (our idea). “Jester and Plus are hemorrhaging millions of dollars, and I’m not convinced all of this overhead was necessary in the least. But I’ll be goddamned if we didn’t Photoshop that f\*\*king Crocogator.”

If you talk to the rest of Ballweg’s team, each of them will offer a different explanation of how the man single-handedly saved the project, but none will disagree. “Honestly, Bill is the horse glue that holds our team together,” Miguel Navarro offered candidly over an expensive, company-billed lunch.

The day “Crocogator at the Yanks” was completed, Ballweg flew all 17 artists, the entire staff of Jester, and any stray onlookers to his sixth home in the French Alps. “I’m a billionaire. There’s nothing I can’t do,” he told us as he handed us each our gift bags full of Kopi Luwak and golden Apple Watches.

We feel compelled to take the man at his word.



*Above: a team of unimportant artists show Ballweg a mock-up or something*





# YANKEE STADIUM

Armitron

pepsi

GATORADE

Bank of America

Ford  
Go Further  
tristateford.com

AT&T  
att.yankees.com

DELTA

State Farm

State Farm

State Farm

Walmart Club Mobile Car Care

ZOO YORK

YOKOHAMA  
yokohama.com

Yankees GREENE  
COLLECTIBLES  
STONERSPOSTS.COM

pinstripesbowl.com

Budweiser

State Farm

State Farm

freecreditscore.com

399.99

BURKIN DONUTS

RED SOX  
YANKEES

BY BAY  
HALL

POG  
STUNG  
OUT





CASIO

MetLife

HESS

Budweiser

GRAB SOME BUDS

TOYOTA

DKNY

MODELL'S

MODELL'S

MODELL'S

WHO BUY W.B. MASON

FOX NEWS



# Interview with A Famous Married Couple

*Last week, Jester sat down with Kym Haberdasher, author of the best-selling book A Woman's Guide to Faking the Orgasm Every Time, as well as her husband and co-author, Dave Hullabaloo.*

JESTER: Thank you so much for taking the time to talk to us, Kym. You too, Dave.

KYM: No problem at all.

DAVE: Yeah, sure, yeah...

J: So your book is titled A Woman's Guide to Faking the Orgasm Every Time. What inspired you to write about this--a subject many would consider apropos of the word-guessing party game Taboo?

K: Well, it's exactly that taboo-ness which inspires me.

D: Yeah, Kym and I have always been very honest about our sex lives.

K: We just thought, *hey, maybe our own honesty might benefit other couples as well.*

J: So the part about faking your orgasms--that's based on your own personal experience?

K: Yes, of course.

D: Wait, it is?

K: What? Obviously it is. That's--the point of the book.

D: What are you talking about?

K: What am I-- Obviously I wrote the book about faking orgasms because, historically, *I've faked all my orgasms.*

D: Those were fake?! Orgasms?! All?!

K: ...are you kidding me?

D: *You're* the one who, who I wonder, if it is the case that, that you're the one, kidding me!

J: Umm, are you two--

D: Seriously, ALL of them?!

K: Yes!

J: Uh--

D: Okay, okay. Just tell me one thing, Kym... (*whispering*) What about that one night, in Cabo San Lucas?

K: *Especially* in Cabo San Lucas.

J: But Dave, you're a co-author of the book, which includes many specific details about faking orgasms in different sexual positions and encounters. What did you think she was basing it on this whole time?

D: Well, yeah, I thought she was basing it on all her other lovers. The ones before me.

K: N-no, honey, it was based on... on you. All the orgasms I faked with you. Well... (*giggles quietly to herself for 3 minutes*) also Tim Gershwin, in high school.

D: You're just going to let her say all of this? This is a public magazine interview, right?!

J: Now, now, Dave, let's not bring fourth walls into this.

K: Yeah. And besides, nobody reads "Jester of Columbia."

J: ALRIGHT, KYM, WELL, maybe we've heard enough from you. (*Aside*) We thought Kym was just faking orgasms, but it turns out she was also faking being a nice person. Kym's previous statement is completely ungrounded in fact; indeed, Jester's website received 45 hits in the past year, which represents at least two people reading part of an issue.

D: Why are you talking to yourself now, sir and/or madam?

K: Dave, sweetie, call 911.

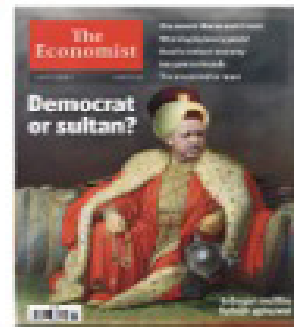
D: Oh, are you sure? Won't they arrest us for *faking an emergency*?

K: NOT NOW, DAVID!

*Kym and Dave are still happily married, for now. Jester is happily well-circulated, as of press time.*



# The Economist

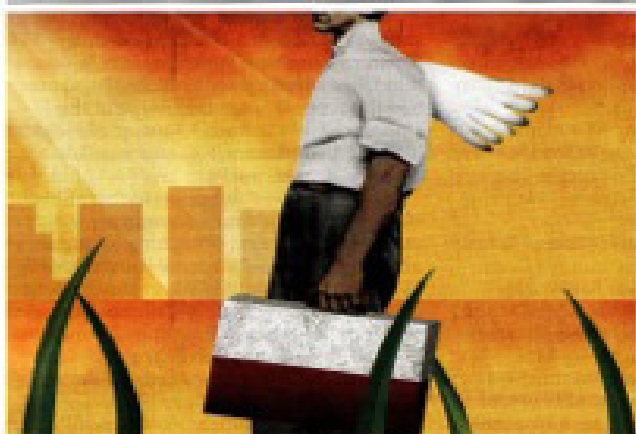


54 Asia

The Economist June 8th 2013

## World Politics | A monopolistic economy in jeopardy

### A remote town finds itself in peril after meta-counterfeiting



A small municipality, known for its single road that goes nowhere and its unorthodox taxation laws, has suffered a troubling predicament that will likely harm its once-thriving hotel industry. Economists, such as the ones this paper is named after, have discovered that most of the town's supply of local currency, Monopoly money, has been replaced with counterfeit Monopoly money. The area is predicted to experience a historically unprecedented recession in the coming months, and drawing from Keynesian economics, such a dire economic situation can only be countered with a spectacular increase in aggregate consumer demand.

Will this miniscule (and, for an economy solely based on hospitality, oddly self-reliant) town be able to muster the demand required to dig itself out of this economic hole? Our sources tell us that the conditions are worse than anyone could have expected. As of last Tuesday, the average thimble could reportedly barely afford a luxury taxi. As Greece painfully learned in the last trimester,

demand means nothing if it is not backed by a generous average supply of disposable income. It seems that the only hope for this small economy is to land on free parking.

"The Keynesian approach to handling a recession is fine in theory, but when it comes to a town that is as service-oriented as this one, perhaps something a little more practical is in order," renowned Economist and Nobel Prize recipient Joseph Titty told reporters on Monday. Titty proposed a government-implemented strategy of severe austerity. The town's controversial government system--which relies not on human-led politics but instead on a sovereign deck of cards that metes out both law and order seemingly at random--presents a unique opportunity for the town to reboot their economy. "Sometimes, a good shuffle will do it."

The biggest loss to the town, however, is that of consumer trust in the financially omnipotent town banker. The banker, who goes only by his title, declined to comment on the historic magnitude of the influx of counterfeit Monopoly money. Experts from the FED have suggested the banker issue new bills with watermarks, security threads, and color-shifting inks--basically anything more secure than the banker's face printed on colored paper.

Unfortunately, the culprits of this massive financial crime have yet to be identified; however, one might say that, when they finally are, they won't be getting their hands on a Get Out Of Jail Free card anytime soon. They could, however, be acquitted upon rolling three pairs of doubles.



# Lists

## WAYS TO GET RID OF THE KID YOU CLONED BECAUSE YOUR REAL KID WAS IN A COMA BUT THEN THEY WOKE UP

- Grease the roof and tell them Santa's up there
- Prematurely donate their bone marrow
- Industrial-size microwave
- Send them on a spirit journey in the woods slathered in honey
- Drop a cartoonishly large anvil on their head
- Seal them behind a brick wall
- Run an underground clone-fighting ring
- Set them up with leader of doomed rebel army
- Clone a third kid and brainwash them to kill the first clone
- Clone a fourth kid to distract your real kid while the third kid fulfills their destiny

## LIES YOU TOLD YOUR RELATIVES OVER THE HOLIDAYS

- "I'm infertile"
- "I joined the Illuminati"
- "I didn't gain weight, I'm just pregnant"
- "Dean's List is a very rare honor"
- "my school stopped giving out As"
- "I swallowed some yarn by accident. I'm fine, though."
- "I've never resurrected Hitler. Not once! Definitely not twice."

## GREAT FAKE RELIGIONS TO GET OUT OF DOING THINGS YOU DON'T WANNA DO

- The Church of Latter-day Move-Your-Own-Damn-Couch
- Anti-Jury-Dutyites
- Hindunothingism
- Nullitarianism
- Calvinism and Hobbes
- Boozeism
- Scientology



## KNOCK-OFFS THAT DON'T COMPARE TO THE REAL THING

- Versatchi
- John Calvin Klein / Melvin Klein
- Dye-It Pepsi
- 04K13Y5
- Deadbeat Papa Johns
- Toys Are Us
- Fetal Vogue
- Hepatitis F
- *Canadian Sniper*





## WAYS TO

# SIMULATE EMOTION AT YOUR ESTRANGED GRANDPA'S FUNERAL

- Fake tears in a pipette
- Think of personal tragedies, like a really bad papercut
- Remember that *Firefly* was canceled
- Realize your cousin is getting all the money
- Stab yourself in the leg
- Self-circumcision
- Get a Big Mac and rub the onion in your eyes
- Recall the Nazi uniform you found in his closet



## FUN

# VALENTINE'S DAY TRICK TEXTS

- "Hey honey, I just fisted a unicorn--you won't BELIEVE what happened next!"
- "I'm secretly a figment of your imagination"
- "Do you mind if Mother watches us tonight?"
- "I'm cheating on you haha jk but like seriously tho we need to talk"
- "Just got the test results back. The baby isn't yours. It is His. He is returning to reign over Earth. The streets will flood with virgin blood, and He shall dance."



# HISTORICAL HOAXES

- The death of Grizzly Adams
- Areas 1-50
- The Triple Entente
- The death of Christ (but not the resurrection)
- Florida Man
- The Great Sharknado of '38
- Bell-bottoms
- The Iraq War

# HOW TO FAKE YOUR OWN DEATH WITHOUT BREAKING THE BANK

- Delete your Facebook account
- Send a tip to Gawker
- Go on a life-changing road trip but don't tell anyone
- Buy a memorial plaque
- Kill your identical twin and blame it on your evil twin
- Kill someone who kind of looks like you
- Kill
- Kill for Him, and flood the streets with virgin blood, so that He may dance





**Should have gone to Westside.**



Westside Market: Best Gloves in Town  
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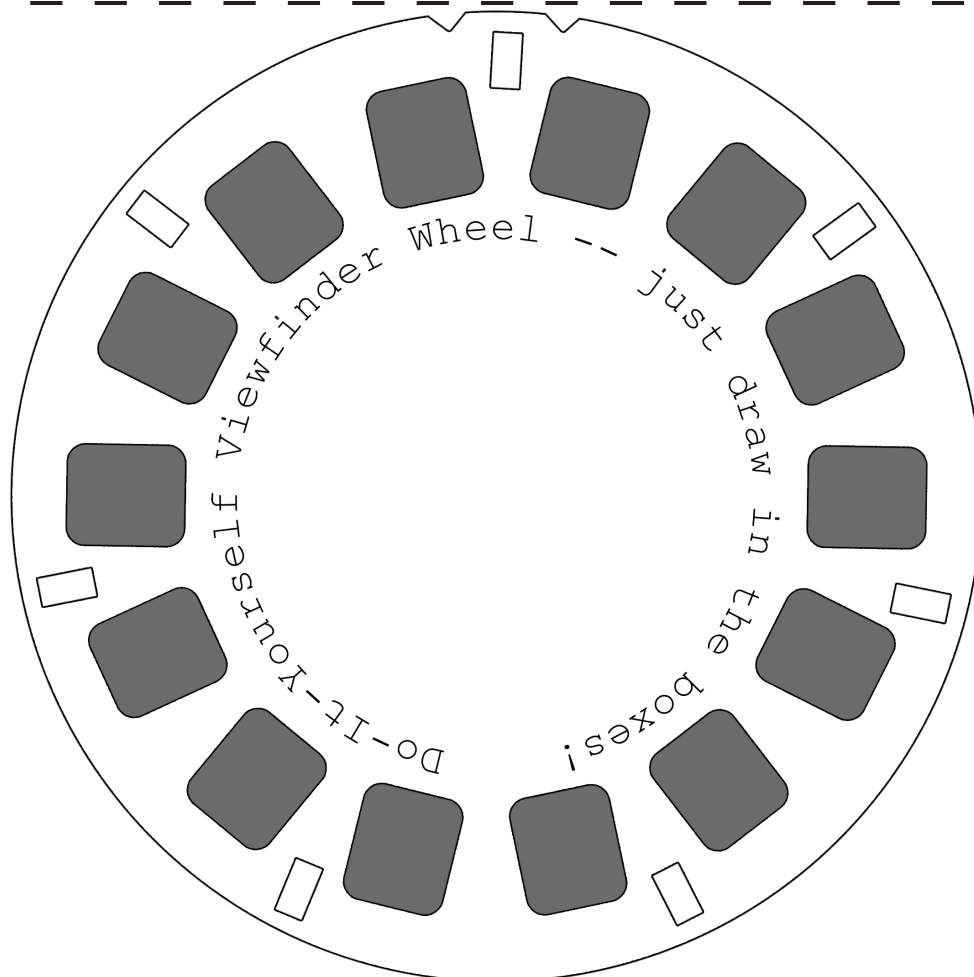
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JESTER Interactive: Cut out these fun activities & use them in the intended manner!





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Given this *tenth* day of June, nineteen hundred and *thirty*.



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