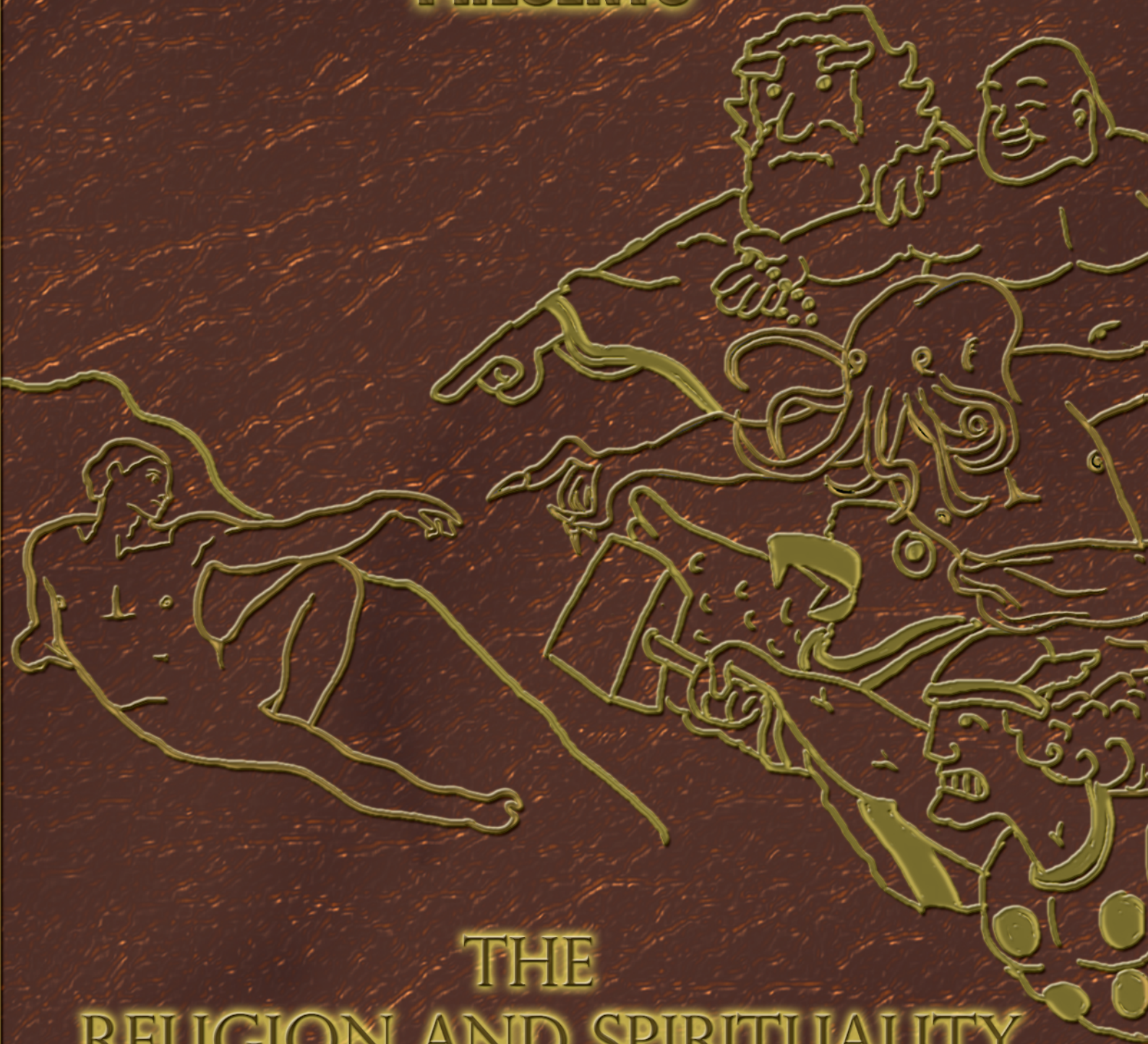


THE DARTMOUTH

# Jack-O-Lantern

PRESENTS



THE  
RELIGION AND SPIRITUALITY  
ISSUE



Contents:

pg. 2 "In the Beginning..."

pg. 3 - 4 Favorite Bible Edits

pg. 5 - 6 Thirteen Glorious Reincarnations

pg. 7 Miraculous News

pg. 8 Strombolis, Puritans and Plagues

pg. 9 Special Advertisement for Lonesome Christian Wives

pg. 10 Night of the Zenithox

pg. 11 - 12 Inoffensive Activity Section

pg. 13 Radical Discourse

pg. 14 Hindos and Don'ts

pg. 15 St. Drago's Face-Cookie

pg. 16 Sermon on Da' Mount!

pg. 17 On Keggism

pg. 18 Martin Luther is drunk again.

pg. 19 - 20 Are You There?

pg. 21 - 22 The Dartmouth Tarot

Back Page The End Must Be Really Quite Nigh by Now

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"Ubercult" pg. 4

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That's an order

From your mother

Unless she's dead

## A Creation Story

As told by High Priest Dave, who slept through his training

In the beginning there was chaos, a watery void of nothingness. Nothing had ever been more watery than this nothingness was because nothing had ever been before. Such is the nature of the beginning. There is nothing before it, not even time. Not even the Land Before Time. In fact, that title is inherently flawed since the word "before" implies a temporal relation, which, by definition, requires the presence of time. But I digress.

The important part is that this is the beginning. Of the universe, not the beginning of the story. I mean, it's still technically the beginning of the story, but by this point we're a good, oh, hundred words in or so. This kind of beginning is very unlike the beginning we were talking about earlier, which had nothing before it, especially not singing dinosaurs. Of course the singing only happens in the sequels to *The Land Before Time*, all of which are inferior departures from the original, to say nothing of the paradox of having sequels in a world that claims to have no time. But once again, I'm moving away from the real point of this story, which is the beginning. And in this beginning there was a watery nothingness. Shit, did I already say that?

Okay, I'm really screwing this up. Let me start over from the beginning. Where there is nothing. But suddenly there is something! No, I'm just kidding, nothing continues for a long time. Don't you always spend your weekdays toiling and working for that brief moment when you can just do nothing during the weekend? Well, take that moment, and stretch it waaaaaay the fuck out, and that is the beginning. Except you're not there.

So after a lot of nothing has gone on for a long time something happens, and you sure as hell can bet that it's something big. Yep, from out of the nothing came... the... great... hat. God. And the... stick goddess. And the hat god did look very much like me. And the stick goddess did look quite like that blonde in the third row. And the hat god did wonder if the stick goddess liked coffee, particularly after long talks. *[He stares expectantly at the blonde. The blonde, unsure of what to do, nods.]* And the stick goddess did.

And so, the hat god did take advantage of her desires, and the two enjoyed drinking coffee... which they created out of the nothingness. And after creating the apartment on 21<sup>st</sup> and Vine *[he nods meaningfully at the blonde]*, the two went there and enjoyed a great night of hardcore banging. And oh, how wonderful it was. And they also created day and night. And all their children went forth and populated the earth with everything we see here today, including my totally sweet ride out front.

PEACE!

## Another Creation Story

As told by mice

Once, everything was a warm, dark place. And the Great Father Mouse and the Great Mother Mouse fucked a lot and shat all over the place, and it was good.

Then the Great Mother Mouse said, "Shall we go out into the light?" And the Great Father Mouse said "No, we shall not, for we are to stay here in the dark and fuck each other often." But the Great Mother Mouse said, "Ye have said, but still I wish to go out into the light." And she came out from the warm dark place into the bright place, while the Great Father Mouse stayed in the warm dark place and shivered in fear and shat all over.

And after some time had passed, the Great Mother Mouse called to the Great Father Mouse, "Ye shall come and join me in the bright place, for I have much to show." And the Great Father Mouse, though he was staring straight out to the side and trembling and not blinking at all, came out from the warm dark place into the bright place.

And once the Great Father Mouse had come out into the bright place, both he and the Great Mother Mouse were ripped apart by every one of the thousands of animals that eat mice, as well as drowned in a flood, incinerated in a fire and stomped on by a horse. And the Great Father Mouse and the Great Mother Mouse suffered greatly, and understood why they had been shivering in fear earlier.

And because they had come out into the bright place, it became that the Great Father Mouse and the Great Mother Mouse needed food, which would only be in the bright place. And it became that the Great Father Mouse and the Great Mother Mouse could no longer fuck incessantly for no reason, but their fucking would bring forward new generations of descendent mice; for many mice would be killed because of the dangers that are in the bright place. And because the Great Mother Mouse was the first to leave the warm dark place, she was the one to have to push out all those mice.

"I'm already giving birth to some mice," said the Great Mother Mouse after a few minutes. "Go out and find them some food."

"Wait," said the Great Father Mouse, "I just want to fuck all the time and then shit in a corner."

# The Holy Bible

[First Edit]

## Genesis 22:1-14 – God Tests Abraham

Some time later God tested the sick freak Abraham. He said to him, "Abraham!"

"Here I am," he replied.

Then God said, "Take your son, your only son, Isaac, for whom you pay child support (love), and go to the region of Moriah. Sacrifice him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains of your choosing (I will tell you about.)" "Awesome!" responded Abraham.

Early the next morning Abraham got up and saddled his donkey. He took with him two of his servants, a handful of condoms, and his son Isaac. When he had cut enough wood for the burnt offering, he set out for the place God had told him about. On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place in the distance. He said to his servants, "Stay here with the donkey while I and the boy go over there. We will worship and totally not kill or rape anybody and then we will come back to you."

Abraham took the wood for the burnt offering and placed it on his son Isaac, and he himself carried the fire and the knife. He salivated with sick pleasure at the prospect of murdering a child. As the two of them went on together, Isaac spoke up and said to his father Abraham, "Father?"

"Yes, my son?" Abraham replied.

"The fire and wood are here," Isaac said, "but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?"

Abraham grinned malevolently and answered, "God himself will provide the lamb for the burnt offering, my son." And the two of them went on together.

When they reached the place God had told him about, Abraham built an altar there and arranged the wood on it. He bound his son Isaac using the Japanese kinbaku techniques he had learned about from his uncle's girlie magazines and laid

him on the altar, on top of the wood. Then he reached out his hand and took the knife to slay his son. But the angel of the LORD called out to him from heaven, "Abraham! Abraham! Wait! There's been a terrible mix-up!"

"You've got to be fucking kidding me (Here I am)," he replied.

"Do not lay a hand on the boy," he said. "Do not do anything to him. Now I know that you do not fear prosecution (God), because you have not withheld from me your son, your only son."

Abraham looked up and there in a thicket he saw an eighteen-year-old, nubile, blonde cheerleader (a ram) totally ready to go (caught by its horns). He went over and took the girl (ram), and kissed (sacrificed) her (it) on the mouth (as a burnt offering instead of his son). So Abraham called that place The LORD Will Provide. And to this day it is said, "On the mountain of the LORD it will be provided."

## Luke 24:1-12 – Resurrection of Jesus

On the first day of the week, very early in the morning, the women took the spices they had prepared and went to the tomb. They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they entered, they did not find the body of the Lord Jesus. "Wherever could he be?" they cried, thunderstruck. "Who could have done such a thing as removed his decaying corpse?" "Perhaps the Pharisees!" suggested one woman. "Perhaps squirrels have eaten away at his body?" queried another. While they were wondering about this, suddenly two men in clothes that gleamed like lightning stood beside them. In their fright, the women bowed down with their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, "Why do you look for the living among the dead?" The women pondered the riddle for some time and

were still unable to come up with a satisfactory explanation for the events. "Well, I can solve the mystery of the Missing Messiah," said one of the men, casually blowing on his fingernails, "but it's going to cost you ten dinarii."

The women conferred amongst themselves and quickly consented to the fee. The leader of the men slyly posed the riddle. "If you consider carefully what Jesus said the night before he was executed," he began deliberately, "you will realize that you already know where he has gone."

The townsfolk were mystified, as many of them had drunk a good deal of wine that night and were therefore not able to remember Jesus' words precisely. They begged the stranger to tell them where he had gone. Finally, with a wry smile, the man continued: "He is not here; he has risen! Remember how he told you, while he was still with you in Galilee: 'The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, be crucified and on the third day be raised again.'" Then they remembered his words, and felt quite foolish.

When they came back from the tomb, they told all these things to the Eleven and to all the others, and the mystery was solved. It was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the others with them who told this to the apostles. But they did not believe the women, because their words seemed to them like nonsense. Peter, however, got up and ran to the tomb. Bending over, he saw the strips of linen lying by themselves, and he went away, wondering to himself what had happened.

## Job 1:1-5 – The Story of Job

In the land of Uz there lived a man whose name was Job. This man was blameless and upright; he feared God and shunned evil. He had seven sons

and three daughters, and he owned seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred donkeys, and had a large number of servants. He was the greatest man among all the people of the East. ~~But on the inside, Job was deeply conflicted man.~~

His sons used to take turns holding feasts in their homes, and they would invite their three sisters to eat and drink with them. ~~Job often would embarrass his children at the feasts by drinking too much wine and insisting that he could do one-armed handstands. When a period of feasting had run its course and the beverages had been exhausted, Job would send and have them pick up an additional six-pack, saying, "Even though I'm totally fine to drive, maybe you should go in my place." (purified). Early in the morning he would drink Irish coffee "to pep old Grandpa Job up" and sacrifice a burnt offering for each of them, believing incorrectly that burnt~~

offerings would earn him super powers. ("Perhaps my children have sinned and cursed God in their hearts.") This was Job's regular custom.

~~...One day when Job was (s sons and daughters were) feasting and drinking wine at the oldest brother's house even though it was still morning, a messenger came to Job and said, "The oxen were plowing and the donkeys were grazing nearby, and the Sabeanes attacked and carried them off. They put the servants to the sword, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!" Job drunkenly slurred in response, "Yeah, the Sabeanes! I invited them over! I told them they could come and hang out and rape and pillage and stuff! They can't get enough of that!"~~

While he was still speaking, another messenger came and said, "The fire of God fell from the sky and burned up the sheep and the servants, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!" ~~Stumbling into an end table and breaking~~

a lamp, Job replied, "So it works! That's my new invention. I call it an ovine inferno catapult. I'm gonna make a fortune."

While he was still speaking, yet another messenger came and said, "Your sons and daughters were feasting and drinking wine at the oldest brother's house, when suddenly a mighty wind swept in from the desert and struck the four corners of the house. It collapsed on them and they are dead, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!" Job meekly whispered, "You mean the house where I pawned the support beams for beer money?"

At this, Job got up and tore his robe and shaved his head. He was finally sorrowful, because he realized he now had no one from whom to borrow money for wine. Then he fell to the ground, cursing the decisions alcohol had induced him to make and lamenting the wretchedness that alcohol had brought into his life (in worship).

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-Brother Gorby "Sdvahqurdlyeexxy" Smithers, Minor Dbpszack

Jump on the bandwagon now-- before all the celebrities do.

# The Thirteen Glorious Reincarnations of Steve McGursky of Sabbadah Creek, Illinois



## ~500 Million BC: Proto-Steve

"Whoa! I'm an amoeba! The *First* Amoeba!" chortled Steve out of his little amoeba voice-box, which he had so wisely evolved. "I'm King of the Amoebas," he said again, to no one in particular, for there was no one else around except protein sources. Then he divided. "Hi me!" said Steve, not knowing what else to say. "What's a king?" asked clone Steve, not knowing what a king was. Steve went on to multiply several billion more times and with each new iteration of Steve he demanded more and more from his followers. "Build me a statue out of coral," demanded Steve, though no one knew what a statue was, what coral could be or why Steve demanded it so. "Why can't I be king?" asked Steve. Not THE Steve, but one of his clones. Steve had an answer for that, but he wasn't able to give it, because it had been an hour and he was dead.



## ~225 Million BC: Dino-Steve

"Rawr!" roared Dino-Steve, the ferocious prince of the Eoraptors. While other raptors were busy learning how to open kitchen doors, Steve was content to steal eggs. He could also sing songs about sharing and respecting other races of dinosaur, but because he believed in neither really he preferred not to. One day he came upon a small baby Eoraptor. "Can you help me? I'm lost!" sang the little Eoraptor. Then Steve ate him. Then a larger Eoraptor appeared and ate Steve. That was very common back then.



## ~15 Million BC: Wooly-Steve

"It's cold," said Wooly-Steve, the duke of the saber-tooth wooly mammals that resembled modern-day horses only smaller. Luckily there were more than enough whales filled with warm blubber nearby to keep him warm, but how to access this store of heat? "I'll ask the horned penguin people," resolved Steve. "Oh, there's no way to get any of that blubber from the whales," said a horned penguin person, to which Steve responded by slaughtering a young injured horned penguin. "Oh my, it seems you're filled with warm goo as well," said Steve, rejoicing. "I'm saved!" Later, Steve froze to death.



## ~7 Million BC: Monkey-Steve

"Hey, everybody, basic tools!" shouted one monkey, who Monkey-Steve, the petty-lord of the Monkeys, decided he did not like for some inexplicable reason. "I fling poop at you," said Steve, quite expectedly. This was followed by much hooping and hollering and then Steve bashed the other guy's brains in and took his wives. "Who wants this guy's brain?" asked Steve, urinating on the corpse. "And look, he left some basic tools!" Later, while Steve was busy seeing if he could have sex with the tools the rest of the monkey tribe walked away, upright. Also, a tree fell on Steve.



## ~4,500 BC: Cave-Steve

Cave-Steve, biggest among his people, was hungry, so he drew pictures of what he wanted to eat since he had not discovered language and pointed at the pictures. "What?" said those who had discovered language. But Steve could only point at the pictures more urgently. And so, Steve starved to death, though everyone else was too entranced by this fire phenomenon to notice.



## 0 BC: Flower-Steve

"Aw, this is the life," beamed Flower-Steve, the sunniest flower in ol' Bethlehem. "Hey, I wonder if your mistress would like that flower," said some guy who was standing in Steve's life-sustaining sunlight. "Naw, but I think my donkey would like to eat it," replied another man. The last things Steve remembered were being mercilessly plucked and donkey-breath. "It's a good thing I don't have pain recep-" gurgled Steve, who would have been in terrible pain could he feel himself being chewed.



## 700 AD: Steve the Barbarian

"Let's go to the new world. Lots of rape and pillage to be had there, I'm sure," said another barbarian to Steve, son of Steve, champion of Northrel. "I shall go if you best me in a test of skill and strength," replied Steve. "No, I don't feel like it right now," said the other barbarian. "Have you noticed how unsustainable our lifestyle is?" asked a third barbarian as shit got serious. "Yeah, what's this farming all about? It seems like everybody we raid is farming, and that seems to have worked out fine for them," chimed in the first barbarian. "It's true, farmers do have lots of stuff," added a lowly Dane. "Look yonder, a dragon!" yelled Steve. "That's not very relevant," replied the first barbarian moments before all aboard the great vessel were incinerated.

**1512 AD: Rat-Steve**



One day Rat-Steve, Viscount of all local rats, got up and the spirit of adventure flowed through his veins. "Today," said Steve, "is the day I visit Europe." "Let me come too," said his friend, Fleabee. "Oh, I'm not sure, Fleabee. You look kinda sick," worried Steve. "No, I'm on the mend," assured Fleabee. And so it was decided. Later someone ate Steve. Gross!

**1776 AD: Pine-Tree Steve**



"Look at this wonderful view," said Pine-Tree Steve, a well-to-do Pine Tree. "I am ever so glad that I was able to grow here." Lightning ended this story.

**1830 AD: Whale-Steve**



"The ocean is vast!" commented an excited Whale-Steve, a respectably middle-class whale. "Avast!" said an even more excited man with a top-hat and a peg-leg and even more importantly a harpoon. "This one's kind of small, let's throw it back," laughed the man later. And so they did, tossing Steve's carved-up corpse into the ocean, where it attracted everything but dolphins.

**1912 AD: Bird-Steve**



"What the hell is that?" Shrieked Bird-Steve, the lowly wild parakeet. "Bzzz," said the plane's propeller.

**Early 21<sup>st</sup> century AD: Steve McGusky, Sabbadah Creek, IL**



Steve was born to lower-middle class parents in a small townhouse in the suburban neighborhood of Glenn Farms. After excelling in Football and Debate team in middle school he became disenchanted with his life and started hanging out with Gary, smoking pot, and listening to the Velvet Underground a lot. After wandering through high school he spent a year at the nearby Savastacomma Community College, where he made middling grades. Dropping out early to concentrate on his music career, he eventually got a job at the local Calvin Klein plant, where he spent the day tearing holes into jeans by hand to make them look cool. He met Margaret at a barbecue at Gary's and the two of them hit it off pretty well. Then Margaret got pregnant and it seemed like she was going to stick around for a while, and that was great as far as Steve was concerned. And so Steve went to work, got home, watched "Heroes" or if not that then "Dancing with the Stars," ate dinner and went to sleep. This pattern continued until the child was born, following which the pattern of Steve's life changed to going to work, getting home, watching "Heroes" or "Dancing with the Stars," eating dinner, tucking the kid in bed, and going to sleep. Eventually, in an effort to keep the marriage afloat, Steve had to start trimming some of the fat from his schedule to fit in sex. Usually it was the kid tuck-in that suffered the most from these impositions. Steve went on to move into a larger 2-bedroom ranch, own a Chevy, and raise two kids, who graduated from Illinois State and Washington & Lee, respectively. Many years later he died quietly in his sleep after a delicious meal of what he thought they called fig steak.

**Late 22<sup>nd</sup> century AD: Robo-Steve**



Steve could not believe he had been reborn as a robot. "This does not compute," beeped Steve. And indeed, it did not.

*Advertisement*



Are you a cat person?

Do you like sand?

Equally well in deserts and in boxes?

Do you want your brain pulled through your nose posthumously?

**WORSHIP BAST!**

# “Virgin Birth,” says local whore

HARKIN, S.C.— Until last week, seventeen-year-old Suzie Lee Parker was considered a model child. That image took a turn for the otherworldly when Miss Parker not only announced she was with child, but claimed that the father was none other than the Holy Father himself.

Her father, Bobby Ray Parker, who invested in the education of his daughter so that she could have the opportunity to pronounce all her “g’s,” admitted he was shocked by the discovery. “Susie Lee was always doin’ her book learnin’ up until the wee hours of the mornin’. She was fixin’ to go to colle’e.”

Her schoolmarm, Mrs. Joanna Lee Haffsterson, shared a similar reaction, claiming she was unable to reconcile the Suzie Lee she knew with the heavily pregnant girl squeezed into a front-row desk. “[Suzie Lee] was wholesome, loving, and always ready to lend a hand, even though the children mocked her because of her roving eyeball. Not at all the kind of person who would just put out for God.”

According to Miss Parker’s version of the events leading to her deflowering, while she was studying in her room for a Chemistry test, an angel visited her. The angel instructed her that she was to deliver the child of God. When Susie told her that she had never “known a man,” the angel responded, “No, my dear, the sweet Lord accidentally impregnated last night. He’s a smooth operator. You see, even God can’t make a condom that God himself cannot break.” A home pregnancy test later revealed the angel’s words to be quite prescient.

Miss Parker says that she is coming forward in the hopes of raising awareness of the dangers posed to young girls who place too much faith in God. “The worst part is that when he was like ‘trust me, baby, I’m God,’ I was like ‘sure, you’re God’ and that’s pretty much how I got into this mess. I’ll warn you, though: He snores, only pretends to pay attention to what you have to say and you can just forget about having a real relationship with him. I woke up to

snuggle and poof! He was gone.” Prayers to God to comment on this article went unanswered.

Town preacher Jeremiah Jean Fischer was the first to speak out in God’s defense, hinting that the wrong deity may be receiving the blame. “As I’ve told my parishioners over and over again we are all God’s children. God does not have sex with his kids. If he did we’d all be immortal, and look like fish and probably be pretty retarded with brittle bones. God doesn’t do it and that’s that.” After some reflection he added, “Well, there was the one time. But He’s in a different place now. What? If you ask me the girl is an attention whore or to put it another way, she’s a whore seeking attention. If you’re looking for an amorous serial rapist for an arch deity then you’ve already got Zeus.”

Senior Virgin Birth Expert Dr. Larry Fiddleton disagrees with the local preacher’s accusations. According to Dr. Fiddleton, “Zeus always appears as a cow or a duck or something non-threatening to lure women. If this were his and not His doing then she probably would remember being swept off her feet by, I don’t know, a flying pony or something. Statistics show women are far more likely to accept a sexual proposition from a magical talking pony than from Zeus, or even scrawny guys.” While Fiddleton admitted that it was possible that Zeus would take the

form of God as a disguise, he added, “it’d be the first I’d heard of it, but I suppose when you’re dealing with a god a lot of crazy shit is possible.”

Regardless of the father’s actual identity, residents in the tiny community seem to be in agreement that Miss Parker’s experience warranted a countywide shunning.

“She was off to college before, but now she’s just a whore,” rhymed Mel Winterbottom, clever town poet-laureate at a recent town-hall meeting.

Suzie’s watchful neighbor and local gossip, Margaret Peepers, said, “Now every time Suzie Lee enters the new 7-11 or stops by the dinner when we’re around we make sure to get all quiet and stare disapprovingly.” Peepers claims the public show of disappointment will spread the message that girls who deviate from social norms, no matter how innocent, will not be spared years of quiet, psychological torment.

“What can I say, God or no God my daughter sure is a whore,” said Mr. Parker, busy sewing scarlet “W’s” onto all his daughter’s dresses.

Despite the public reprobation and the fact He hasn’t called in six weeks, Miss Parker remains optimistic about her future. “I have faith,” she said. “Faith that a baby is worth 9 months’ pay on the Vietnamese black market!” she added, shouting up at the sky to no one in particular.

*Advertisement*

Do you love the pagantry of the Catholic  
Mass but hate the message?  
Do you loathe mankind?  
Do you do what thou wilt when thou wilt?  
Can you fucking read this shit?

**AVE SATANUM!**





# An Excerpt from the Book of Stromboli



“Am I delicious or what?” sayeth most people. “Thou probably tree-huggers. meat,” sayeth Stromboli. people. “Everyone is others, probably full of cheese,” sayeth sayeth most people. are full of cheese. There sayeth some others, in cylindrical form, for easy asketh Stromboli. “Thou art,” are not,” sayeth some others, “But look, I have layers of “Impressive!” sayeth most layers of meat,” sayeth some PETA activists. “Behold, I am Stromboli. “Indeed, you are,” “So, when you eat cheese, you is nothing special about that,” probably haters. “Behold, I come dipping,” sayeth Stromboli. “We shall dip you in more cheese,” sayeth most people. “No, thank you,” sayeth some others, probably the lactose intolerant. “Help me, for I am bursting with meat,” sayeth Stromboli. “Oh, whatever shall we do? If only we had a soda to help wash this down,” sayeth most people. “I could go for a soda,” sayeth some others, who were probably also thirsty. “Aaaaaargh, my face!” sayeth Stromboli. “Oh, this is heavy, but I’ll eat it anyways, pig that I am,” sayeth most people. “I’m just happy with my trail mix,” sayeth some others, probably hikers, who are perfectly fine eating that dried fruit and nut crap. And lo, it was good.

*A Puritan Loses His Virginity*

John Cartwrighte  
 Diarie Entrie  
 6 Septembere 1622

Deare Diarie,

I have Been these Two Longe Months lawfully Wed to My Good Wyfe Prudence, but Until Nighte the Lafte We were yet Still Gone Without consummating of our Marital Bond in Vicious Nafty fin.

Yefterday after-noon, though, after I Had Beseached Prudence with exceeding much Pleadinge, & Weepinge on our Both Parts, I Finally did Convince Prudence my wedded Bride to Have fex with my Personne.

Whereupon we Did the Deed~it Was Awefome~& I coule scarceley Refrain from Plying the Other Lads in the Field with divers Highe-Fives.

But As For Prudence My Bride, she was mofte Distraught, and did Cry mofte Wretchedlie the Rest of the Day & exceeding Deepe into the Nighte, & she will not milke the Cowes, for their Udders do make her Weep Exceeding Much, & when I try to bring the subject up, Prudence she just vowes “Never Again” and then she Faints.

I Hate being a Puritan.

- Plague Ideas (cont'd)...**
- Death of Livestock
  - Plague of Boils
  - Burnin’ Hail
  - Locusts
  - Darkness
  - Death of the Firstborn
  - Rain of Kittens
  - Plague of More Jewish Slaves  
*Reverse Psychology?*
  - Plague of Mondays
  - Endless Fergie Concert  
*“London Bridge” forever... shudder*
  - Death of everyone wearing hats
  - Lips for everyone
  - It rains really, really hard
  - Plague of democracy
  - Plague of small bladders
  - Plague of everyone in Egypt sounds like Bobcat Goldthwait
  - Plague of Cinnabons - *Reconsider?*
  - Plague of CinnaBOMBS - *Got it!*
  - Plague of Not Enough Parking
  - Plague of Plagues
  - Plague of Chinese People  
*Reconsider... not politically correct?*

[SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION]

# The Passion of the Christ



## DELORES PANDRIA

“Oh, Jesus Christ!’ she said, her face awash with pleasure.

‘Yes, that is my name,’ said Jesus. ‘You taste like bread,’ she said, kissing him passionately.

Jesus smiled, the night breeze swirling in his deep brown mane. ‘Try the wine.’”

THIS BLEND OF HISTORY, EROTICA, AND BIBLICAL EXEGESIS...FULFILLS MY THREE SCHOLARLY INTERESTS SIMULTANEOUSLY.”  
JAMES E. WRIGHT, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

“...A...[BOOK].”  
THE NEW YORK TIMES



The daughter of a Nazareth pauper, Esmerelda works day and night to help provide for her impoverished family. A beautiful, blossoming girl of sixteen, she is sought after by every suitor in the village — except her secret love, the dashing and supernatural Jesus Christ.

Betrothed by her father against her will to the wealthy King Herod, Esmerelda is swept from the town to live as a royal in Jerusalem. Soon aware of Herod’s despicable lifestyle of sin, she is forced to flee her comfortable life of nobility for the only man capable of redeeming her. Her heroic gesture for true love must break open the hardened heart of the Prince of Peace before she is swallowed up forever by the treacherous grasp of his rivals.

U.S. \$12.95  
CAN. \$12.94, fucker



# NIGHT OF THE ZENITHOX

**Lord Solaris:** Lo, it is the Night of the Zenithox! My faithful acolytes, we prepare now for our final voyage; to ascend upon a comet of divine wind that will lead us beyond the star—

**Cult Member 52:** Uh... uh, sir? Lord Solaris?

**Lord Solaris:** Yes, brother 52?

**Cult Member 52:** Uh, 51, sir.

**Lord Solaris:** It says 52 on your robe.

**Cult Member 52-51:** I forgot my jacket this morning, so Lenny let me borrow his. Thanks man!

**Lenny:** You're welcome!

**Lord Solaris:** All right, it doesn't matter. What's the problem?

**Cult Member 51:** Uh, what exactly is in these cups you just passed around?

**Lord Solaris:** Oh... nothing! Just normal blue Kool-Aid.

**Cult Members:** Ewww, blue Kool-Aid!

**Lord Solaris:** What? What's wrong with blue Kool-Aid?

**Cult Member 51:** Blue is not a flavor! I mean, red is fruit punch, but what is blue?

**Lord Solaris:** I think blue is raspberry?

**Cult Members:** Ewwwwwww!

**Lord Solaris:** Look, just think of it less as blue Kool-Aid as your vessel to the great godhood beyond the stars.

**Cult Member:** It smells like blue Kool-Aid!

**Cult Member 51:** Tastes like blue Kool-Aid, too. *(THUNK)*

**Cult Member:** If it tastes like blue Kool-Aid, I'm not going to drink it!

**Cult Members:** Yeah! Rabble rabble rabble!

**Lord Solaris:** What? It's just Kool-Aid!

**Cult Member:** I'm allergic to blue Kool-Aid!

**Cult Member:** So was 52, apparently.

**Cult Member:** 51.

**Cult Member:** Right, the jacket thing.

**Cult Member:** Whoever he is, we're

going to have to drag him to the comet.

**Lord Solaris:** Look, no one complained about the goat blood vigil.

**Cult Member:** I like goat blood!

**Cult Member:** Yeah, why would anyone have a problem with goat blood?

**Cult Member:** Have you ever had a goat bloody mary?

**Cult Member:** Oh yeah!

**Cult Member:** I could use one of those right now.

*(Murmur of agreement.)*

**Lord Solaris:** Look, we're out of goats.

*(Murmur of discontent.)*

**Lord Solaris:** Listen, people, the comet's going to be here in five minutes. What will you drink?

**Cult Member:** Ooh, Nesquik!

**Cult Member:** Yeah! Remember Nesquik?

**Cult Members:** *(singing)* It's so rich and thick and choc-o-late that you can't drink it slow.

**Cult Member:** YES I CAN!

**Cult Member:** NO YOU CAN'T!

**Lord Solaris:** SHUT UP! Oh, give me strength, Comet Jesus.

**Cult Member:** Man, I wonder what crawled up Lord Solaris's robes?

**Lord Solaris:** Who said that?

**Cult Member:** Forty-six did!

**Cult Member 46:** I'm not forty-six, I'm just borrowing his robe!

**Lord Solaris:** *(Sigh)* Is anyone here wearing their own robe?

*(All look to the ground and shuffle their feet.)*

**Lord Solaris:** Whatever. I don't care. What if I sent someone to the store and bought some Nesquik? Then you could all mix Nesquik into your Kool-Aid.

**Cult Members:** EWWWWWWW!!

**Cult Member:** It'll still turn our lips blue!

**Cult Member:** Look at 52—his whole face is turning blue.

**Cult Member:** 51.

**Cult Member:** Right, sorry.

**Lord Solaris:** Look, there's no time left. Just drink your damn juice.

*(Cult Member 13 enters.)*

**Cult Member 13:** Hey guys, what's up? Ewww, blue Kool-Aid!

**Cult Member:** I know, right?

**Cult Member 13:** Hey, what happened to 52?

**Cult Member:** That's 51.

**Lord Solaris:** Number 13, you need to start showing up on time!

**Cult Member 13:** Actually, I'm 7. I just borrowed number—

**Lord Solaris:** Okay, fuck this. That's enough. We're all going to drink our Kool-Aid and we're going to live forever in peace on a heavenly comet hurtling through the cosmos.

**Cult Members:** Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine.

**Lord Solaris:** One, Two, Three!

*(He drinks. Everyone else pretends to drink.)*

**Lord Solaris:** *(THUNK)*

**Cult Member:** Hey look, Lord Solaris is allergic to crappy blue Kool-Aid, too! You know what that means!

**Cult Member:** Three-day weekend!

**Cult Member:** Let's go get some Nesquik!

**Cult Members:** It's so rich and thick and choc-o-late that you can't drink it slow...

MEANWHILE, ON A COMET:

**Lord Solaris:** At last, we have arrived! And where the fuck is everyone else?

**Cult Member 51:** I'm here!

**Lord Solaris:** Yes, well done, 52.

**Cult Member 51:** Actually...

*And Lord Solaris and 51 in 52's jacket sailed around the sun for all eternity, and had many great adventures. None of them were half as great, however, as a tall, cool glass of Nesquik.*



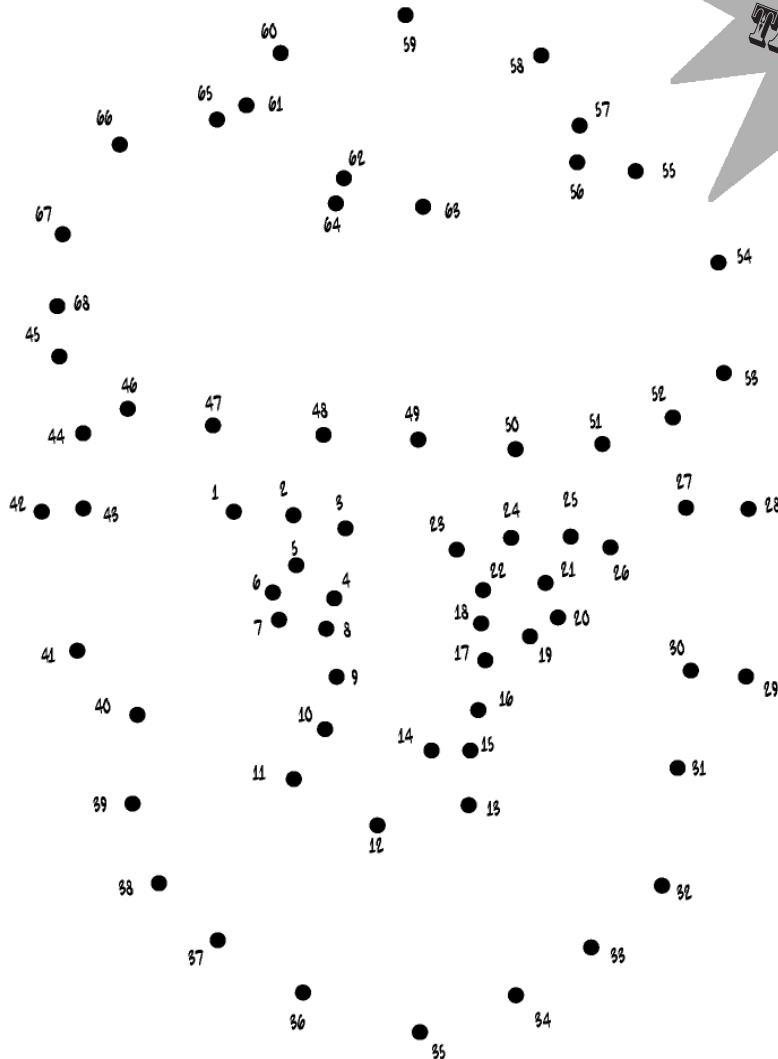
# HEY KIDS!

CUT OUT THESE SYMBOLS TO ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN  
TOTEMIC ORIGIN MYTH!  
THEN BATTLE YOUR FRIENDS FOR CONTROL OF THE COSMOS!

# ACTIVITY PAGE!

Which famous founder of Islam is pictured here?

IN QUESTIONABLE TASTE!



Connect the Dots and find out!

**JACKO IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DAMNATION OF THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO CONNECT DOTS.**

# RADICAL DISCOURSE

Four months ago, the world's religious leaders agreed to assemble at an Indianapolis Waffle House to discuss how they could reconcile their differences and live in peace. However, all of the original attendees were forced to cancel at the last minute. So, they opted to send their delegates from pop culture instead.

## The Delegates

**Mel Gibson**

**Pat Robertson**

**A Suicide Bomber**

**Madonna**

**Marilyn Manson**

**Johnny Rotten**, former lead singer of The Sex Pistols

**Adam Yauch** of The Beastie Boys

...and with **Tim Russert** as an impartial moderator

*(Scene: The Delegates sit in a Waffle House booth and try to get down to some solutions.)*

**Tim Russert:** We've all assembled here in glorious Jerusalem to discuss how we can sow seeds of peace and understanding together. So... any suggestions?

**Marilyn Manson:** I was thinking we could all shit on the floor of The Sistine Chapel together.

**Tim Russert:** ...Um... well, that's a start, I suppose... but I think we should keep brainstorming...

**Marilyn Manson:** Maybe we could hang me upside down on a cross, right? And then get a bunch of gay porn stars, right? And dress them up like sheikhs with dildos, right? And get a bunch of squirt guns filled with holy water and... hey, you see where I'm going, right?

*(All exchange looks.)*

**Johnny Rotten:** Yeah... a little.

*(There is a prolonged pause.)*

**Adam Yauch:** Well, dude... I mean... we all want peace... and that has got to be, like, the most awesome thing, right? Cause, I mean... like, bro... wouldn't that just be tight?

**Madonna:** Adam... I can tell that's coming from a very pure place.

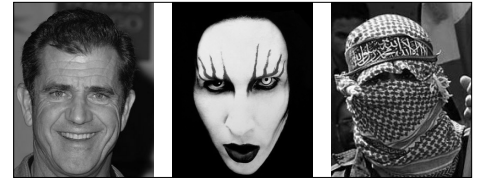
**Pat Robertson:** Well, y'see, Adam, I suppose that would be "tight"... but ya have to realize, I mean, jee-whilikers, I like ya 'cause you're a circumcised Hebrew kinda guy and all, but sheesh, I felt that some of your language in your "Beastie Boy" albums is a little profane and obscene and all and... frankly I think you Jew-rappers, the devil, and the homosexuals are all in cahoots. Frankly, I expect to see you writhing in the fiery maw of hell with Hugo Chavez and Anna Nicole Smith while I'm eatin' Rice Krispies with Jesus. And, Madonna, I know you're a woman of faith, but whenever I look at your sex-book sitting on my coffee table, I get these... impure thoughts and erections and whatnot, you know? And I think about the Book of Revelations and I start to think that maybe you're the "Whore of Babylon" that was spoken of in that particular book.

**Madonna:** Uh...thanks?

*(There is another prolonged pause.)*

**Tim Russert:** Anyhoo... hey, let's hear what some other people have to say...Mel?

**Mel Gibson:** Well Tim, I think we really need to have this discussion, because some people *(looks hard at Madonna and Adam Yauch)* aren't committed to the cause of peace... and, um... *(pulls out a stress ball and begins to squeeze it)* and, um... *(coughs)* Jews— *(coughs)* this is a really important time in— *(coughs)* start all wars *(coughs)*—our history because... *(coughs)* the Jews own all the banks *(coughs)* ...and we need to



step up to the plate...

**Tim:** Uh, I guess that seems—

**Gibson:** APOLOGIZE FOR KILLING JESUS!!! THE HOLOCAUST WAS A FICTIONAL EVENT!!!

*(All stare at Gibson.)*

**Gibson:** I mean... I had some Nyquil and that, um, always makes me say and do things that I would not normally say and do... ha ha... loopy side-effects... *(Breaks down sobbing)* Oh, why? Why will no one rent *Apocalypso*?

**Tim:** Okay, this doesn't seem to be going anywhere and—

*(The door suddenly opens; enter Sting.)*

**Sting:** Oh... whoops... I thought this was Tantric Sex-a-holics Anonymous... I'll just be heading out—

**Tim Russert:** No. Wait.

*(Sting stays and serenades the delegates with an impromptu performance of "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic"; he teaches them everything they need to know about peace, love, and understanding.)*

**Adam Yauch:** So that's the key? That's the seventh key to wisdom?

**Sting:** Yep.

**Adam Yauch:** Tight.

*(Suicide bomber blows self up. All are incinerated, except for Madonna, who alone is left as an armless and legless torso to speak of the horror. However, being an idiot, she fails to explain the horror particularly well.)*

# Hindo's and Hin-don't's: Hinduism for the Culturally Ignorant

**Hindo:** know an adult man has four Dharmic goals.

**Hindon't:** think they are sex, drugs, rock, and roll.

**Hindo:** meditate in the lotus position if you wish to achieve mental and physical peace.

**Hindon't:** get stuck in the lotus position if you wish to maintain mental and physical peace.

**Hindo:** know that the Kama Sutra says "The women of the Dravida country, though they are rubbed and pressed about at the time of sexual enjoyment, have a slow fall of semen, that is they are very slow in the act of coition."

**Hindon't:** let this discourage you.

**Hindo:** celebrate the victory of good over evil in human souls through the lighting of candles for Diwali.

**Hindon't:** use Yankee Candles, unless you want the victory of good over evil in human souls to smell like a vanilla truck tipped over.

**Hindo:** practice restraint, giving, and compassion.

**Hindon't:** practice giving restrained compassion.

**Hindo:** celebrate Navratri, the nine-night festival of the divine mother Mataji.

**Hindon't:** confuse it with Chanukah; this is one night better.

**Hindo:** know that a life is measured as a finite number of breaths.

**Hindon't:** worry about it. Seriously, just relax. In through your nose, out through your mouth. If you don't calm down, you're gonna waste all your breaths! Oh, geez! I'm gonna go get a paper bag.

**Hindo:** renounce material things in Sannyāsa, the last stage of your life.

**Hindon't:** think you were going to be using them much longer anyway.

**Hindo:** whatever your guru does

**Hindon't:** do whoever your guru does. That's just awkward.

**Hindo:** show devotion to the deities through anthropomorphic representations called Murtis.

**Hindon't:** make your Murtis "fight" your GI Joes. It's disrespectful, and also very unfair to the mortal GI's.

**Hindo:** honor the cow, who gives more than she takes.

**Hindon't:** think we meant your wife.


**Hindo:** recognize vegetarianism as a way of life which does minimal harm, in line with the principle of Ahimsa

**Hindon't:** feel too bad if you're tempted by delicious, nourishing meat. Mmmm. Meat...

**Hindo:** achieve Moksha and become liberated from Samsara, the cycle of death and rebirth.

**Hindon't:** do it now. I was still talking to you. Come back! Take me with you!

Advertisement



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Do you like cults of personality?  
Are you a douchebag?**

**For more information about the Ayn Rand Institute:  
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## RELIGIOUS CONFLICTS

- The Movers vs. The Shakers
- The Hides vs. The Sikhs
- The Cowlicks vs. The Catholics
- The Paganists vs. The Asyougoanists
- The Quakers vs. The Cream-of-Wheat-Guyists
- The Buddhists vs. The Buddlightists
- The Mennonites vs. The Womennnites
- The Baptists vs. The Raptors
- The Methodists vs. The Madness
- The Calvinists vs. The Hobbesians

# THE COOKIE OF SAINT DROGO

It was an average afternoon. I bought lunch from FoCo before my 2A, as usual. However, on this day, my appetite was not sated by my double cheeseburger with cheesy fries, and I found myself drawn toward the desserts as if guided by some mysterious force. I selected a large cookie, though with all honesty I cannot say I chose it for myself. The same presence that brought me to the dessert stand moved my hand to select that cookie.

I was only two bites in when I noticed a strange mark on the cookie. I stopped eating to examine it more closely, and was struck with the shocking realization that on the surface of my cookie was the miraculous apparition of Saint Drogo... patron saint of ugly people!

In that moment, I had an epiphany. God had wanted me to find take that cookie. It was divine inspiration, a message that I understood. I knew then what my mission in life was.

My mission is to take your money in exchange for allowing you to...

**SEE the MIRACULOUS apparition of  
SAINT DROGO**

**As it appeared on the Most Blessed Cookie of Antioch.**



**Adults: \$20**

**Children: \$15**

**Touch the Cookie for \$30!**

**One touch known to cure scrofula!<sup>1</sup>**

**Be the first to experience the wonder!**

<sup>1</sup> Cookie is not known to cure scrofula.



# Sermon on da' Mount!

Wow! I can't believe I'm actually here. To think I'll be able to tell my kids I was at the Sermon on the Moun-

Great, the couple across from me just had to bring their noisy kid. These are real great seats, though. Section G. I mean, when Steve told me he scored us some tickets I didn't think they would be smack dab in the-

Jesus, lady! Kid should have been left exposed on a mountainside, preferably one close to a lion's den. Hey, lady, some people are trying to enjoy a sermon! Damn tourists...

I wonder where Steve went. He said he was going to one of the merchants at the temple to get us some brewskis and cheese-stuffed pigeons, but he's taking like forever. I hope he remembers where we're at. This place is huge. I think all the sons of Abraham are here. I definitely spotted Peter and Paul down a couple of rows. Those dudes are so closeted it's almost-

Damn it, lady! It's a fucking holy experience and your screaming brat is ruining it for everyone! Couldn't you have left the kid at home? It's not like you'd have to worry about him choking on a sheet of Saran Wrap or chugging some bleach. Not that I'd mind that. Oh, yeah, I guess bandits coming by and abducting the kid into slavery is a relevant concern and all... but even so, couldn't you gag him with a swaddling cloth or something? Jeez!

And when will this pre-show end? They're just a platform for the organizers to push their radical agendas on us. Like who doesn't remember during the Sermon on the Plain with that little drummer pipsqueak as the opener. He took a half hour between each song to remind us to donate food and bricks for the Sodom and Gomorrah Wrath of God Relief Fund. The act wasn't even that choice. I mean, the guy was talented, but there's a reason most drummers don't go on to fantastic solo careers. This time the concert proceeds are all going to families of those devoured by whales or something, which is fine, but why do I have to be reminded to donate

more by the Pharisees? My Dad used to love their stuff, but I wish they'd just stay broken up and realize the scene has changed, man. I'm almost glad that kid is wailing right into my goddamn ear...

Hey, you with the sheep! Are you this kid's father? If you don't take him out of here or quiet him up I'm going to seriously open up a book of Beatitudage on your face. Yeah, you'd better turn all that whine into not-whine or I'll get all pre-pre-medieval on your face! Oh, that's right! You just turn the other cheek, you self-righteous little... whoa! Cool light show. This must be it. Where the hell is Steve? I can't believe he's missing this!

Wait, they're announcing which seat numbers will get to go back stage later and meet the Savior. Come on G-16! Come on G-16! G-20!? You've got to be kidding me. I can't believe the whining brat and his Mom just won the experience of a lifetime. Is there no God? Definitely no karma, that's for sure. Whatever, I guess I'll just enjoy the show. Oh man, I hear he's going all out on this one. I remember during the Sermon on the Plain he turned everyone's palm leaves into glow sticks and then chewed the head right of a false idol and spit it back into the front row. Awesome! I don't know why I didn't buy a t-shirt from that one.

Whoa, it's a model replica of Gomorrah! How did they- what the hell? They just craned in a 50 foot manger. This is going to be... JESUS FUCKING CHRIST! Jesus just burst through the manger and landed on the model city! He's tearing it up like Godzilla. This is incredible! They're launching wine into the crowd. MOSH! MOSH! MOSH! This is so sweet! Where the hell is Steve? He's like damned forever for missing this. Whoa! The back-up singers looked behind them at the model and were turned into pillars of salt! They're handing out margaritas to everyone in the front section and using the salt from the bodies of the back-up singers! Amazing! Holy shit! Holy shit! This is great. Somebody call the Roman governor, because we have a riot on our hands here. The King is back, baby!

Wow! I haven't seen him rocking this hard since he left Fishers of Men.

Oh, Steve! You're back. Why the hell are you wearing that shepherd crap? Since when... what!? You're going to be one of JC's roadies? Fuck you, dude! Why didn't you get me? Man, oh man! Take me with you, dude. Next week they're hitting Bethany for the Lazarus Revival tour. You'd have to be some kind of Amalekite to miss out. Take me with you! Please! Oh, please! You will? Dude, you're a real savior, man. Whoa, it looks like the crowd's really getting out of control. Some people just flipped over somebody's donkey in the parking lot. Still, at least they didn't set it on fi- Never mind.

Come on, dude, they're having fun without us. Let's bust some heads! How about we open up a can of hallelujah on the foo' over there in that False Prophets tee? Hey, you! False Prophets suck, man! What? You wanna throw the first stone, because I've got the second and third stones right here, pal! Free-style battle! Whoa, nice moves, Steve! That's why they call you the Thirteenth Disciple! Yeah, sorry False Pussies bitch, but you just got flooded!

DUUUUUUUUUDE! I think all the water in my body just turned into an acid trip. I think I see God.

He's made of bats.

Awesome.

## WHAT WOULD JESUS ASK RHETORICALLY?

- "Okay, who wants bread?"
- "Where's all the blondes?"
- "Man, what's *with* these Romans?"
- "Do you know who the hell I am?!"
- "Nails? Do I look like a fucking birdhouse?"
- "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

# SHOCKING NEW PHOTO EVIDENCE

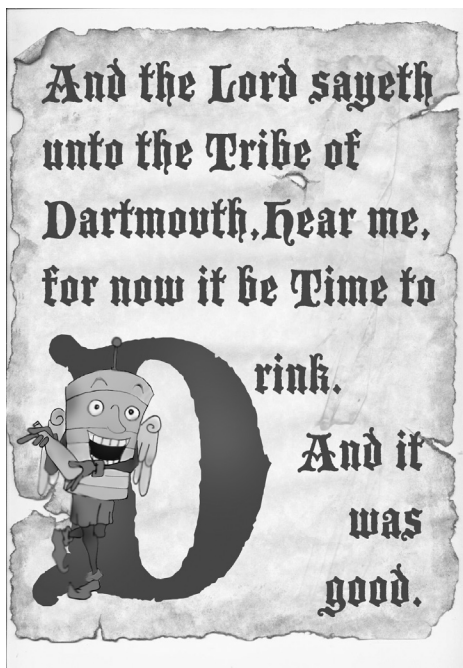
After extensive research in Rauner, the Jack-O-Lantern anthropological squad has unearthed some startling documents pertaining to the history of Kegism. As readers will note, Kegism has been variously regarded as a periphery of Hedonism, a minor division of Bacchanalianism, and a subsidiary of the Even-Newer-Age Argenteum Astrum Neo-Thelemic Rassilonian Cult of Melkor, but it is our hope that these historical findings may alleviate the long-standing sectual tension and give Kegism a firm grounding as a legitimate religion.



The earliest signs of Keg-worship were discovered on the walls of a wine cellar outside Toulouse, France. The paintings date from the Upper Paleolithic era and are approximately 40,000 years old.

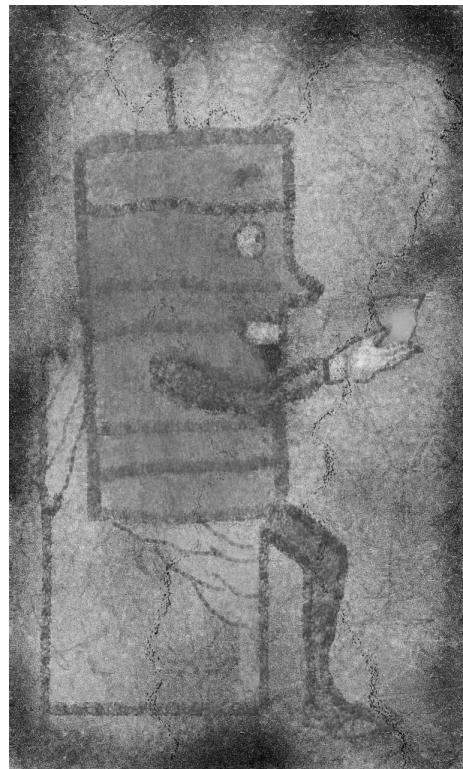


Recent aerial photos of a barley field in Oxfordshire reveal that Kegism was a major aspect of Druidic religion before the influx of Christianity.



An excavation of the tomb of Pharaoh Drin'Khint-iem from the Second Dynasty revealed numerous paintings and golden statues of Keget, god of inebriation, often portrayed in close association with Baal, god of ball and paddle games. >

< Less known than the Book of Kells is the equally beautiful and meticulously illustrated Book of Kegs, produced by the Irish monks of the Omnifutnant Order of Saint Genicon circa 850 AD. The Book of Kegs has only in the last decade been restored to legible format, after suffering extensive damage from spending several centuries in the monastery basement keeping the table from wobbling.



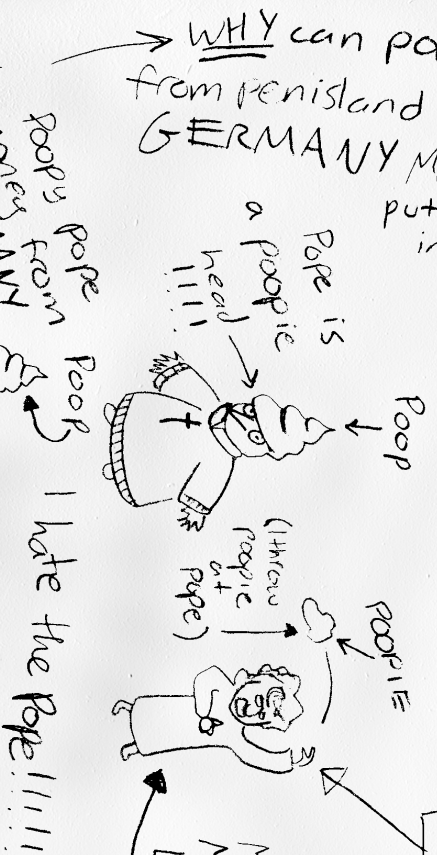
# MARTIN LUTHER: 95 THESISSES BUT A BITCH AIN'T ONE

WHY can people pope from penisland take GERMANY MONEY to put in church in penisland?

NOT IN BIBLE SO IT SUCKS LOTS

Bible is awesome THINGS NOT IN BIBLE: Indulgences Taxes for people pope

Also relics they suck too and are gross!!!!



ME, Luther!!! I AM ALSO A GERMAN!!!  
AWESOME!!!  
about selling + on by faith alone + forged

steals money from awesome GERMANY with evil indulgences → INDULGENCES SUCKS!!

POPE IS FROM ITALY  
I hate the Pope!!!!  
BEER!!  
mustache!  
COOL! HAT!!  
GERMANY IS THIS COOL!  
ALSO BEER! WE GET BEER LIKE WARRIORS!

NO PLACE IS MORE AWESOME THAN GERMANY

NOT IN BIBLE (BIBLE IS AWESOME!!)  
ROME SUCKS!!  
Italy

LOOKS LIKE A PENIS!!!!  
Greece (this is what will happen to you, pope!!)

DEAD PUDE (WE KILLED HIM BECAUSE WE ARE GERMANY!!!!)

haha hahaha!!!!!!



# ARE YOU THERE?

Are You There, God? It's A-Me, Mario!

Are you there, God? It's a-me, Mario! Welcome to my prayer. I don't know if you can hear me, or if you're even there. Sometimes I look up at the sky, and imagine you a-watching me, from way up on your cloud. Then I get hit by some dick throwing hammers. Pardon my a-French, God, it's just that things have been a-pretty hard on a-Mario. I've got so many a-problems, I don't even know a-where to start. (*A deep breath*) Okay, here we go. The princess has been a-captured again. I know; I couldn't believe it either. And now who has to a-go chase after her. That's right – a-me, Mario.

Luigi is all a-hyped up on 'shrooms. At first I didn't mind, but I think it's a-just a gateway drug. The other day he a-tried a star and just went ape-a-shit all over my a-room. Sorry, again about the a-language God. I promise I a-won't do it again. Deal? OKEE DOKEE!

The a-worst part though, is a-dealing with all these a-changes in a-my body. The other day, I ate a mushroom and had a huge a-growth spurt. Mom and Dad say I a-really grew into myself, but now all the ceilings are just a-crumbling atop my a-head. And even with all these changes, I a-still haven't had my period yet. The older girls say I'm a-lucky. Yeah, wah, a-ya-fucking-hoo. I just a-feel like a freak.

A-sorry again about the a-language, God, I can't help it. I'll put another coin in the swear jar.

So God, if you could just a-show me where I can find a beanstalk to help me skip over all this a-difficulty, that would be fantastic.

Bye bye.

Are you there, Shub-Niggurath? It's me, Steve.

Lord Shub-Niggurath, Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young, I know you're out there somewhere. I hope you can hear me. It's only 8 o'clock, and not yet time for the midnight feast of boiled souls, so I don't think you have a lot else going on right now. Ha ha! That was a joke, lord. Please don't boil my soul.

Anyway, I hope that you find it in one of your countless hearts to hear my prayer, small as it may seem to your immense, ever-screaming form. You see, things have been getting worse with Mom and Dad. They're angry at each other all the time now, and at dinner tonight dad got really mad about the potatoes mom had cooked and stormed out. But I knew it wasn't about the potatoes, lord. I knew because lots of times they shout at each other when they think I can't hear them.

It's sort of like the story we learned about you in Sunday School, when the First Chaos Azethoth first belched your writhing form out into the black void. You, in your infinite and terrible madness, tried to devour Azethoth

in order to add his vile and glorious mass to your own, and so he banished you to the heart of the Earth, where your maleficent seed now grows fat off the suffering of man (Book of Wretches, Chapter 1, Verses 14-32). Dad's acting just like you did, except instead of writhing in the void he's just real upset about work. I asked him if things were ever going to get better between him and Mom, and he told me: "Maybe... maybe when our bumbling local high school basketball team, the Belvederes, wins the championship against their undefeated rivals over at State Academy. Maybe then, son. Maybe then."

Please, my bleak lord and master, by the rot that lives in the heart of all beings, please help the Belvederes win the championship! It's the only way Mom and Dad and I can go back to the way things used to be! It's the only way we'll ever go back to that happy, simple life, laughing over the dinner table or over the ritual murder of a nameless drifter. If you could just send down some ungodly spawn from the dark dimensions to assist our comically buffoonish basketball team, that would be swell. I know it'll take a lot of work, but with their spunky attitude and your baleful might, I think we might just have a chance yet. You could really bring this whole community together! Before the Great Reckoning comes upon us and our souls are laid to waste, I mean.

I believe in you, lord, and I just pray that you can unfurl a single world-sized tentacle and lend me a hand.

I've got to go now. I'm very sleepy, and I know that little boys who stay up past their bedtime are reincarnated as burning coals in the fire that consumes all the world.

Thanks, Shub-Niggurath! Goodnight!  
-Kalik Bar Rikt Ei Sharnu Kaleth Ta Amen

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Are you there, Margaret? It's me, God.

Heyya kiddo, it's me. Sorry, I didn't get your first bajillion messages. Not that my silence was a message in itself or anything like that. I was just on the john, crapping out some planets. I see you've been busy, too. Getting into all kind of girl stuff. Stuff I really don't understand, being a guy and all. Still, it seems everything worked out, even in my absence. Glad to see nature took its course and all.

I know you may blame me for not attending to your problems first thing. I don't know if you've heard of this thing called the "Darfur genocide." I'm sorry, I just couldn't drop everything to come solve all your problems so that everything will be all peachy in Margaret's world. I guess the gift of life itself was not enough for you, but fine. I guess you – more than anyone else, more than the children dying of starvation or murdering each other in war-torn countries – deserve my complete, rapt attention. So, tell me, Margaret, any other problems that I could solve that won't solve themselves? Did your grandmother send you only \$10 this year for your birthday? Did they run out of Cherry Garcia ice cream at the 7-11? You can't cry in your little bowl of ice cream if they don't have Cherry Garcia. Well, I'll get right on – BEEP.

Hello, Margaret? Hey, it's me, again. Ran out of time on your answering machine. Also, have you noticed most of your problems are self-created? Anyhoo, I'm a pretty vengeful kind of God, so when people waste my time I leave long-ass messages on their machine. Have you noticed? You know, I think I have a cure for your problems. Friends! Why don't you have any of those? Maybe then you'd be less inclined to talk to the ceiling every night. That's not weird or anything, but I just want you to be happy. After all, that's why I created you: to be happy all the time. Look, don't get so worked up about choosing religions right now. You're all going to the same place: a spaceship buried deep inside the sun. It doesn't matter whether you've been good or bad, a true believer or a believer only on holidays, we're all going to the same spaceship. Or at least that's what I think. Also – BEEP.

Hi Margaret! It's me, God. Yeah, your answering machine quit out on me again. I just don't understand tech stuff at all. Anyway, just wanted to let you know that you shouldn't give up. You need to accept yourself for who you are and stop bothering me. Also, I'd stock up on canned goods and sandbags if I were you. No reason, just a little advice from your old pal, God. See you in a few... days. BEEP.



# JACK O T

Divination for the Modern Collegiate



**0. The Frosh-** The Frosh is the origin of all stories. Like the Frosh, you find yourself adrift in a world of esoteric traditions and intricate drinking rituals, unsure just where you fit into the emerald-colored ivy. Will you become a shut-in loner, crying yourself to sleep every night as you lament the emptiness of your meaningless existence? Or will you become a popular opinion writer for the Daily Dartmouth, crying yourself to sleep every night as you lament the emptiness of your meaningless existence? The choice is yours!

**III. The Sorority-** Some people might laud you for your dedication to forging a community of sisterhood and real interpersonal dedication in the midst of the patriarchal shit-eating quagmire that is the Greek scene. But deep down, you'll always know that you joined this house for one thing and one thing only: pillow fights. The hot, steamy pillow fights. Don't try to deny it, I've watched several films on the matter, and the evidence is ironclad.



**IV. The Fraternity-** Brotherhood. Broseph. Geroni-bro. Bromadillo. You are part of an ancient struggle. In your corner: you and fifty of your drunkest friends. In the other corner: Nerds. With their taped-up glasses and their infuriating grasp of math, they must be crushed like Boomer crushes the half-full keystone against his head. Recently, the definition of "nerds" has expanded to include "nerds, buzzkills, non-greeks, other greeks, school administrators, minority organizations, professors, Chris Hansen (see buzzkills), and the public at large." But whatevs, Brodini. Crack a cold one and come help me pee in this guy's mouth, that we may honor our heathen god Belushi.

**IX. Through Hiker-** The Through Hiker represents the introspection and deep personal understanding that can only be divined by prancing through the woods half-starved. When inverted, the card can also represent a terrifying

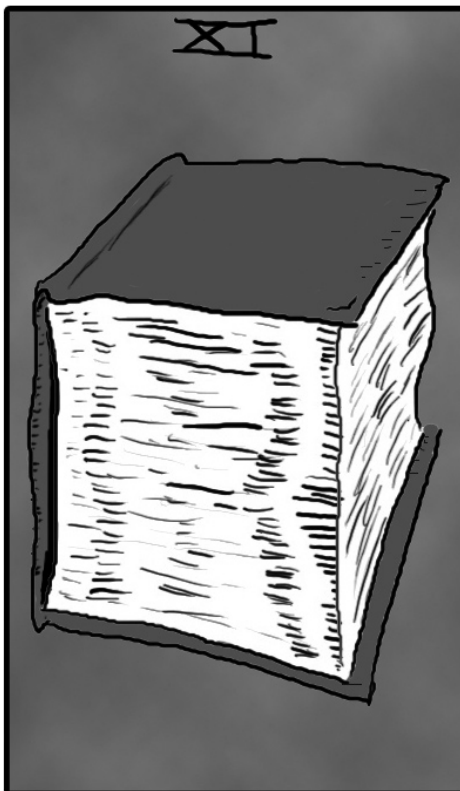


element of the wilderness infringing on your precious social isolation- *No, young lady, that's not a snake in my pants. I'm just happy to see you. Oh wait, no, you were right the first time. Help!*

**XI. Textbook-** The Textbook card is odd in that it is sold separately from the main Jackot deck, and yet experts agree that its purchase is required for a proper Jackot reading experience. Also of note is the card's high production cost, over three times as much as the price of all the other cards combined. Perhaps this is related to the following message, written on the back in golden ink:

*Know ye that when ye bring this card back to the gates of Wheelock, that the vile cashier shall offer to exchange it for coin far in wanting of what you paid for this same card not three months earlier. Do not bother to keep it, for next year's edition will contradict it in every way. Wail, and weep, for your money departs you and your tears shall ink the press.*

**XII. The Drunk-** The Drunk represents... Oh shit, dude, where'd this guy come from? Man, we've got to do something, S&S could shut down our party if they see this. Should his leg be bending like that? Oh Christ. Wait, what is that on the ceiling? How did he boot on the ceiling? Ugh, never mind, help me prop him up in that chair over there. No, don't just draw on him, help me! Okay, I guess you're



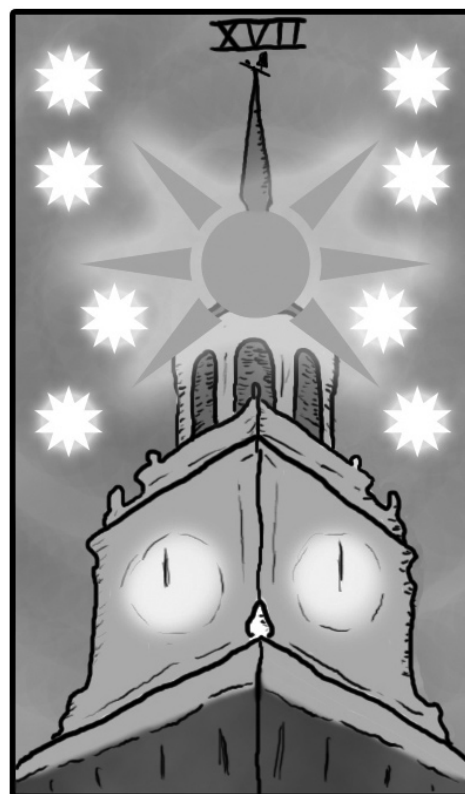
right, that does look pretty funny. Here, let me try. Ha. "Weeners."

**XVII. The Light-** The Light represents something. No one is sure what, exactly. Some people think it shines when the trustees are convening. Some believe that it means that the legendary Dartmouth unicorns have finally returned to graze in the shimmering crystal caverns deep beneath the green. Only one thing can be known for certain: unicorns are extremely magical.

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**“I blame gay marriage.”**