

Cerebral Seepage

Part of a balanced breakfast

August 2008
Issue 4

Contains full-frontal child nudity

Twice!

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"Believe those who are seeking the truth. Doubt those who find it."

Andre Gide

A Word From

The Almighty Guru



Yes, I know there has been a long gap in time since my last issue, but then, like everything I do, this is a half-assed project. By now, you really shouldn't expect updates at regular intervals.

One of the things that I've been having trouble with in this magazine is filling up an entire page's worth of introduction. I mean, this magazine is pretty tiny compared to an issue of something like *Glamour*. That thing's like a friggin' phone book! Not that you should assume I read *Glamour*, because I don't. Sometimes I can't help but notice it at the newsstand and I'm just a little curious to see what Liv Tyler is wearing and... wait a minute! I don't have to explain myself to you! Right, so, in the interest of taking up space, I've decided to write an entire paragraph to explain how I have a hard time coming up with things to write in the introduction. I

now return you to your regularly scheduled introduction already in progress...

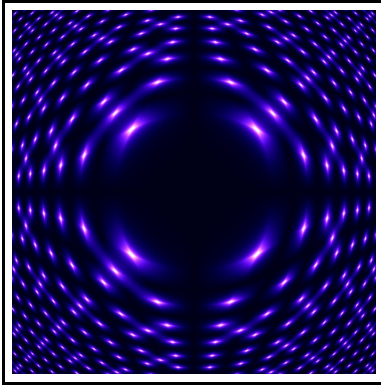
In other news, for the first time in this magazine's incredibly long illustrious lineage, I've decided to allow a contributor to play a role in this magazine. A new ~~hack~~ writer has been given free reign to compose an article of their very own. From this point on, all out-sourced articles will be noted so that when the blood-sucking lawyers show up—like they always do—they'll know who to target with their class-action lawsuit. All the other articles are perfectly and humbly written by yours truly. If you would like to write an article for future issues, get a hold of me and we'll work something out.

By the way, don't I look like a BA in this issue's picture? I mean, I wouldn't want to run into that mug in a dark alley! I'd just throw my wallet down and high-tail it. Which is exactly what you should do if you ever see me—FYI.

There are plenty of great articles in this issue (no really, I wouldn't bullshit you!) including some attacks on sexism, advertising, more dating advice (this time from a woman's perspective), the joys of cannibalism, a hatred of our president, some online game reviews, and of course an Ask A Guru response. So, prepare to be amazed!

www.thealmightyguru.com/Publications

To Be Filed...



Lots of animals were harmed in the making of this magazine. Especially the cute ones.

Chuck Norris' tears cure cancer.
Too bad he's never cried.

This issue is brought to
you by the letters Ω , ゼ ,
and by the number \aleph_0 .

"What worries me about religion is that it teaches people to be satisfied with not understanding." — Richard Dawkins

666 °F — Oven temperature for roast Beast.

It's not who you know, it's *whom* you know.

Quotation marks are "not" for emphasis!

What Would Jesus Do?
For a Klondike Bar?

HONEY, YOU HAVE THE PRETTIEST FACE I'VE EVER COME ACROSS.

**You can wish in one hand and crap in the other and see which hand fills up first...
but what if you're wishing for a handful of crap?**

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Who says that men aren't supposed to have a lot of shoes? Any well-dressed man will assure you that this is purely an ignorant remark used by guys who wear shirts where not just the sleeves are cut off, but a huge gaping hole exists from the shoulder to the waist so that you can see every inch of their hairy, sweaty side-moobs. Either that, or by skanky wenches who have become so indoctrinated in the stereotypical masculine look that they are only attracted to guys who won't remove their sunglasses even in dimly-lit rooms and only tuck in the front-center of their shirt so that they can show off their over-sized, over-priced belt buckle that's shaped like an eagle, a gun, a wolf, *and* an American flag all at the same time. Well, despite what these paragons of manliness tell you, men are allowed to own more than one pair of shoes. I'm not

exactly what you would call GQ, but I still have several pairs of footwear, and here they are:

Sneakers — Just your typical walking around shoes. Informal, comfortable, and extra cheap at Payless.

Old Sneakers — My previous pair of sneakers that have become too worn out to be comfortable for everyday use, yet still cover the feet and work fine when I need to do chores like mowing the lawn, laying some carpet, cleaning out pipes, or any other home-improvement task ripe with sexual innuendo.

Sandals — For the beach. Or, if you're a hippie, for everything, all the time, forever and ever.

Work Boots — Just your typical khaki

work boots. Some people think they're a style—they're not. They are also not comfortable. However, they do have safety steel toes, which are perfect for when you're helping a friend move and they inadvertently drop an entire dishwasher on you.

Black “Badass” Boots — (AKA ass-kickin' boots) If you are wearing torn jeans and a black T-shirt with your favorite metal group on it, you can't wear anything but badass boots, it's the law. Some people supplant these with cowboy boots, which is okay provided they also wear a matching hat, and own a horse and/or motorcycle. Otherwise you're just an “urban cowboy” which is basically the same as a cowboy masturbator because you're not going “all the way”.

Hiking Boots — If you ever plan on walking through the mud and rocks and thorns of a path not well-traveled, you'll need a pair of these. They're actually my most expensive footwear. Well, second

to my vintage 1964 go-go boots autographed by their designer André Courrèges himself! Uh.. I don't read *Glamour*.

Running Shoes — For when you're doing that annoying athletic crap that everybody says they'll do as soon as the weather gets nice, which, thankfully, never happens.

Black Dress Shoes — They're really uncomfortable, but they're shiny. Fancy people are all about shiny. Shiny is like their god or something. All hail Lord Shiny the Benevolent, may his sparkles never dim.

Brown Dress Shoes — It's very important not to wear black shoes when brown shoes are necessitated. And for crying out loud, make sure your socks and belt match, you slob!

And just in case you haven't seen it yet... what's wrong with you?
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wCF3ywukQYA>

dating FOR dorks

A Woman's Perspective

By: Jackie Knoll

Move over, global warming. Adios, pollution. Apparently, the latest threat to our species is pornography. According to the most recent research, all of you young men out there have seen so much porn in your short lives,

you would prefer to hole up in your darkened bedrooms, jerking off to the latest installment of *New Wave Hookers*, than try to talk to, much less have sex with, a real live girl. Maybe you're on to something. After all, it didn't take long

for me to figure out that porn didn't compare to reality. You will never come home from work early only to find your beautiful, blonde, big-busted wife in bed with your beautiful, brunette, big-busted neighbor. And, if you do, they will not be overjoyed if you drop your pants and join in. Nor will they look up at you with slack-jawed ecstasy, eagerly waiting for you to coat their pretty faces with your male issue.

Nope, sex is nothing like that in the real world. For instance, in the world of porn, the cat never jumps on the bed, no one has to take a bathroom break, no one ever loses an erection or gets dry, and no one ever, ever passes gas.

Maybe that's what scares some of you about trying real live sex with a real live girl. Maybe you're not sure how to handle those awkward, real-life situations. Porn teaches you nothing other than to go in there and bang—a tactic that is likely to land you on the sex offender registry in the real world. Even if most of your friends are there already, chances are good that's not a list you really want to be on. So let's talk a little bit about sex and dating before your palms grow hair and your eyesight is gone.

Where do you meet girls? Specifically, where do you meet girls who have, as Otter put it in *Animal House*, “a certain moral flexibility”? If that's all you're interested in, and you've got twenty bucks, I suggest you hit the red light district and keep an open mind. On the other hand, you might prefer to lose your virginity to a girl who does not have half a dozen STDs. Or a penis. Tried and true places to meet girls include school, work, the gym, and the mall. Also, remember that your

friends and family know many people you don't, including single girls. Never turn down an invitation to a wedding, open house, bris, or funeral. Like your girls smart? Go to Barnes & Noble. Want a woman a little on the wild side? Biker rallies, Megadeth concerts, and the visiting room at the local jail are all good possibilities. Want an older chick to show you the ropes? Try Bob Evans, bingo halls, and pinochle tournaments. The Internet is a good choice for you shy computer nerds. Resist the temptation to log back onto hotnastyteens.com and check out sites like match.com and eharmony.com. Bad places to meet girls include strip clubs, “live” chat rooms, VD clinics, and court.

Ok—you've met a girl. You've exchanged some small talk about the weather, local news stories, whatever. You like her, she seems to like you. Time to ask her out. Don't ask “What are you doing Friday night?” That forces her into a corner. Maybe she does want to go out with you, but if she says “Nothing,” she risks getting stuck with a trip to the demolition derby, or a night sitting on the couch in your mom's basement watching the *Star Trek* marathon on the Sci-Fi channel. Also, don't say “Wanna get a drink (have dinner, catch a movie, rob a bank) sometime?” This is too open-ended and casual. She'll think that you are either just trying to be polite or that you say this to everyone. Try something like “Would you like to have dinner with me on Saturday?” or “I hear the new Drew Barrymore movie is fantastic. Would you like to go see it with me this Friday?” This lets her know that you're planning ahead and she isn't risking an evening spent twiddling her thumbs while you spend three hours trying to

decide where to go that doesn't cost more than \$8.75. If she says, "I'd love to, but I'm busy Friday" or "Actually, I'm not a big Drew Barrymore fan," don't give up—offer an alternate date or different activity. However, if you strike out again, she's probably not into you (or just too busy to date at the moment). Be friendly, and remember that, if she has your email address, phone number, or prison number, *she* can contact *you* if she changes her mind later or her schedule opens up.

You've struck gold—she says yes! Follow my colleague Dean's advice on good grooming (*Cerebral Seepage* #1) and pick her up right on time, neither early nor late—chances are she's making an effort to look good for you, so give her a chance to change her mind a few times about her outfit/shoes/earrings/personality. On the other hand, don't be more than a few minutes late, or she's likely to change her mind about *you*.



During the date, try to keep the conversational ball rolling, but don't be frightened by the occasional moments of silence. It is only when those moments of silence streeeeetch endlessly that you have problems. However, resist the temptation to fill those silences with long-winded descriptions of your twelfth-level paladin, or how close you are to completing your WoW guild-quest. Ask her questions about herself. Let her talk about her family, her job, her school, her hobbies. Try not to get too personal on the first date. Asking her if she has any felony convictions, if she's ever had an STD, or if the carpet matches the drapes is likely to result in the sudden onset of diarrhea/cramps/malaria/tennis elbow. Similarly, avoid revealing too much about yourself. She's likely to get suspicious if you are too quiet, but confiding that you masturbate six times a day is probably not your best bet.

The date's over, and now you're sitting in her driveway trying to figure out what to do next. Don't count on an invitation inside for a "quick cup of coffee." If such an invitation is made, accept it, but take her at her word and expect nothing more than a quick cup of coffee. Avoid whipping out Mr. Happy the moment you're inside. If she doesn't invite you in but seems reluctant to get out of the car, she's enjoyed the date, but probably isn't ready to get physical yet. A kiss, however, is possible. How close is she physically to you? If she is within kissing distance, she's probably not entirely opposed to the idea. Turn your head so that you are making eye contact as you tell her how much you enjoyed your evening together and that you hope you can do it again sometime. The

best kisses happen naturally, when neither person is trying too hard. If this is your first kiss, relax and let her take the lead. Avoid shoving your tongue down her throat, groping her breasts, or dry-humping.

So, you've spent a whole month's worth of Pokemon-card money on one date, and all you've gotten is...a kiss? Count yourself lucky, sweetie. If you like her, and she likes you (and manages to avoid meeting someone better), let

things proceed naturally. Chances are, you'll find that getting to actually know a real, live girl is a lot more rewarding than staring at an endless procession of photoshopped tits and asses on the Internet. Ok, so you still have no idea what to do once you get to the bedroom/couch/backseat. Relax. We'll resume this discussion in a later issue. In the meantime, give your mouse (and your hand) a rest and enjoy actually dating.

Casual Internet Games

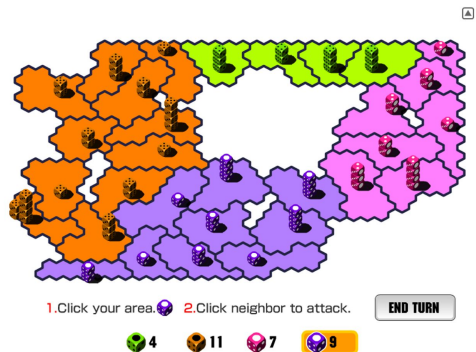
Rather than just rattle off the really well-known Internet games like *Bejeweled* or *TextTwist*, I'm going to mention a few that you may not have heard about yet that you can play online. These are casual games, which means they only take about ten minutes to play.

Dice Wars (www.gamedesign.jp/flash/dice/dice.html)



Dice Wars is what happens when you take the classic board game *Risk*, toss out the map of Earth, ignore the army placement, and instead focus solely on the tactics of combat. Your armies have been replaced with piles of dice which you use to invade your opponent's territory. Reinforcements are added as you conquer more land. You can learn

to play in a few seconds—which is good because it doesn't come with instructions—but it will take much longer to figure out an effective strategy. The game is hyper-addictive, but it unfortunately you're always stuck fighting the AI because only one player can play at a time.



Desktop Tower Defense (www.handdrawngames.com/DesktopTD/Game.asp)



They come in waves of armored creeps, fast creeps, flying creeps, creeps that spawn smaller creeps when they're hit, and many more. How long your defense lasts is relative to how well you manage your resources and how complicated your maze of towers becomes. You'll definitely get hooked on this game, but just be careful that you don't get caught playing at work!

Sound the alarm! You must protect your fortress from an invading army of creeps! They slowly work their way across the playing field and your only defense against them is to build a maze of towers to shoot them down. Your arsenal is composed of pellet towers, freeze towers, water squirting towers, and many more. You must use those towers to combat the various creeps.



Samorost (www.analogik.com/multimedia_samorost.asp)

If you love adventure games full of clever puzzles and beautiful serene artwork, you'll adore Samorost. The game doesn't bother with a story or instructions, it merely puts you in a predicament and lets you figure it out from there. Half of the joy of the game comes from experimenting with the environment. Using your deductive reasoning, you must prevent the bizarre spaceship of a tiny elfin creature from colliding with another spaceship. The game is completely devoid of interfering dialog and inventory, and instead uses wonderful animation combined with meticulously altered photographs to make an satisfying gaming experience.

Frustration is alleviated by making death impossible, but I was still a little bummed that the game is so short.



SOYLENT YUM-YUMS

"I'll have the soylent green with a slice of soylent orange and some soylent coleslaw." - Futurama, Roswell That Ends Well

Each culture handles its dead a different way. Some bury, some burn, some break out the cutting board and barbecue. Am I making light of the seriousness of death? Duh! I find humor in even the most morbid of situations.

Although I completely understand why most people can't stomach cannibalism (stomach, ha!), cannibalism should not be simply dismissed by the government to an illegal status without giving reasons. Most people have such a taboo view of cannibalism ingrained into their heads that they can't even conceive that a human could ever want to do it. Sheep, every last one of you. Baaaa!

Rather than waste time with actual research, I just pulled several reasons why people are weary of eating human

flesh out of my ass (kind of gross, I admit). These reasons include:

- Transmission of diseases
- Mental instabilities
- Violation of religious codes
- It promotes murder
- It's just plain gross!

Diseases — Especially kuru, a brain disease, can be carried over from eating human flesh. So what? Diseases can be contracted from eating cows, pigs, chickens, lemurs, and cats but we eat them. We cook meat to kill bacteria, and we have very good testing facilities for meat. Diseases are not a problem.

Mental — Okay, some people who want to be eaten aren't exactly in their right mind and maybe some people that want

to eat humans are a bit on the crazy side too. Still, we have psychologists who can figure out if you're insane, and if cannibalism is mainstream, it won't be considered crazy anymore.

Religion — Does that whole separation between church and state thing sound familiar? Keep your crazy Voodoo chants and arm swaying to yourself you crackpot. Nobody is forcing you to become a prime rib dinner; it could be purely optional.



Murder — I'm not talking about hacking up your children, I'm talking about people who have died on their own: old age, car accidents, shootings, whatever. Actually, the car accident

victims would probably be the best because they'll already be tenderized. If someone is dead you may as well do something with their body. Stop being so wasteful. Reduce, reuse, recycle.

Gross — Actually, this is the primary reason people give when the topic is brought up. Most people don't know about kuru or any of the criminal cases involving cannibalism. Now, honestly, if we were to ban anything simply because it's gross, we'd have to get rid of smoking, spitting, hippies, babies, and women with hairy armpits. As much as we'd all prefer that to happen, it won't.

Laws are supposed to be made to protect people, not to prevent people from being grossed out. If both parties involved in cannibalism have come to an agreement (and are sane), then why shouldn't they be allowed to eat each other? I would gladly give my carcass to feed a starving family. Since I eat so much candy, I'll bet I'll have a natural honey glaze.

I may not be a cannibal, but I still support cannibalism for the same reason I support gay rights even though I'm not... you know... one of "those" people. You'll be dead; you won't care if people eat you. Think of all the starving children that could get a nice juicy steak, quite literally, because of you. There's also a bonus because you won't have to worry about those annoying vegetarian animal rights wackos. They'll be pleased if you eat humans because they already think that humans are worthless cold-blooded killers that deserve to die anyway.





Q: Why are there 24 hours in a day?

A: Because if there weren't then we wouldn't be able to have these nice long, informative (not to mention boring) answers for taking up space in this magazine.

Trace history back far enough and you'll find a lot of bizarre things. One such thing comes from the Egyptians who used a base-12 (duodecimal) counting system. You may ask, why use base-12 when humans have ten fingers making base-10 the obvious choice? Did the Egyptians have horrible mutated hands? Probably.

The interesting thing about how they counted was that they used the individual segments of their fingers to count with. Picture using your thumb to

touch the base of your index finger. This is one. Then, move your thumb to the second segment. That's two. The tip of your finger is three. Four is the base of your middle finger, and so on for all four fingers. This allows you to count to three on each finger for a total of 12 numbers per hand. Creepy isn't it? So now instead of 1 to 10 with two hands, they counted from 1 to 24.

Sundials and obelisks unearthed from ancient Egypt show how they divided each day into 24 hours; 12 units for day and 12 for night. Well, technically, there were 10 for day, and 2 for the twilight hours of dawn and dusk, but why complicate things that are already complicated enough?





The Egyptians had one of the largest and longest empires of the ancient world. Their great influence caused their time system to take precedence, and thus, it is still with us today.

Actually, their base-12 system is arguably more effective when it comes to math than our base-10 system. Ours is nice on calculations involving 1, 2, 5, and 10 because they all divide evenly into 10. However 12 is evenly divided by 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 12. This makes it easier to perform math in your head. Well, once you're used to it anyway.

The Egyptians are also responsible for there being 12 months to a year, and 30 days to a month. Hark, I hear you questioning us about there not actually being 30 days in each month. Well, the Egyptian year at the time was only 360-days, which was a few days off, but close enough for governmental work. Astronomers down through the years realized their error and slowly adjusted by adding more days to the calendars.

Note: The Egyptians are also the reason a circle has 360 degrees, so if you failed geometry you have them to thank.

You're probably about to ask the next obvious question, "Why are there 60 minutes in an hour?" Well just hold on there tiger.

The Babylonians, another major player in the ancient world, used a base-60 (sexagesimal) number system that they acquired from the Sumerians (this no doubt led to most of their school children failing math). By this time the 24 hour day was mainstream, but not accurate enough for precise calculations. By breaking down each hour into smaller units the Babylonians could get better results on equations dealing with time. And, of course, they had to use their annoying base-60 system because that's just how they roll. Hours were broken up into 60 minutes, and then, for even further precision, minutes were broken up into 60 seconds.

We've come a long way in calculating time and the modern world requires calculations that use nanosecond resolution. In fact, there's even a metric system for time approved by the International System of Units (SI) which uses the second for its base unit. International seconds are defined as, "the duration of 9,192,631,770 periods of the radiation corresponding to the transition between the two hyperfine levels of the ground state of the cesium 133 atom." Useful right? Sure. Actually, the second is the only measurement of time used by SI. Minutes and hours are derivative units, and therefore ignored. However, it'll probably be a long time before you hear anyone saying, "I'll be there in one kilosecond."

I Prefer to Be Called...

Homosexuals prefer to be called gay or lesbian, not fag or dyke. The handicapped prefer to be called differently-abled, not crippled. The mentally challenged prefer special, not retarded. Black, not nigger. Unemployed, not porch-monkey. Mr. President, not inbred idiot.

Well, you know what? I'm sick of calling you what you want to be called. I couldn't possibly care less! I live in America, and in America I should have the right to call you what I want—offensive or not—and likewise, you should be able to call me whatever you want. Do you want to live in a country where the first amendment of the US constitution is ignored and diversity is mandated? Should you have to live in fear of losing your job just because you can't remember the latest euphemism you're supposed to use for every single culture, race, and ethnicity of the world? Speech is supposed to be free in America, and that includes racial slurs, pejoratives, and insults.

It's your American right to create derogatory names for Christians, Mexicans, blacks, women, left-handed people, and mimes... especially mimes. Oh how I hate mimes! They're so freaking creepy. I mean, where do they get off painting their faces like scary clowns and then refusing to talk? It's wrong I tell you, WRONG! Wait, where was I? Oh right, derogatory names. Are we going to continue to trying to regulate which minorities get to have a legally enforced title? A black man calls a white man a "cracker" and that's

acceptable, but when a white man is stupid enough to call the black man a "nigger", well, that's a cultural excretion, a hate crime if you will.

It's not like these titles are set in stone either. Every ten years or so each group feels the need to come up with a new euphemism so not to offend the latest generation. "Differently-abled" is yesterday's "disabled" which used to be "physically challenged", but before that it was "handicapped" and further still, "special", but prior to that, "crippled". A person could lose their mind just trying to keep up. As I write this, "people of color" is the new *politically correct* term, but let's not forget the earlier connotations of "African American", "Afro-American", "black", "colored", "negro", and "nigger". Remember that "nigger" did *not* begin as a racial slur.

A lot of these names don't even make sense. African American is incredibly closed-minded. Not only are the majority of Negroids not American, a great deal of them don't have recent African ancestry. Of course, if you really want to be technical, everyone of us is African since *Homo sapiens* originated in Africa 250,000 years ago.

You know what? Maybe I'm just being a little too liberal. Maybe I should embrace my neighbors' desire to feel good about themselves. Maybe all of us should just respect each other and allow every major group of people to choose the name that they prefer and change their name, without warning, whenever the urge strikes them. Then,

we'll make it against the law to call them anything except what they want. That way, everyone will be happy, and nobody will ever have to worry about having their feelings hurt again and we'll live in the land of magic rainbows and candy gumdrops. Of course, that creates a new problem. Not just the obvious one of, how in the world are we supposed to remember thousands of constantly changing names, but, who decides how big a group must be before they get their own name? If the law says that any group with over 1,000 people gets to pick their name, every group with 900 people will cry oppression. So then, you'll have to respect the rights of groups of 900, then 800, and so on, until groups of 2, or even 1, are demanding equal name-choosing rights. You'll need a degree in anthropology just to hold a basic conversation. Somehow I don't think that would fly.

Or how about this solution? We allow any group that has been oppressed to pick their own names. Of course, then we need to define how bad the oppression must be to necessitate a name. The Africans had to endure the horrors of slavery for many generations throughout the world, but the Jews faced the genocide of World War II and centuries of stigma from what they supposedly did to that Jesus fella. Who had it worse? Who gets to pick their own name? Homosexuals are mocked in many cultures all over the world, but women have been oppressed since the dawn of time in nearly every culture imaginable. Does that mean that women get to pick their new legally protected name, but the less oppressed homos have to endure more slurs from ignorant breeders? I was a nerd in high school—ridiculed and scorned; that's

gotta count for something dammit! Nerds should be allowed to pick their own special name too! Personally, I want to be called "GOD" (note that it's in all caps).

Obviously, these solutions are ridiculous. They would be impossible to regulate or control, and yet some people are just so set on never offending anyone, that they actually give ideas like those serious thought. If we continue to punish people for their words we will always be punishing unfairly. For every person vilified for calling someone a nigger, hundreds will be ignored for calling someone too short, or too fat, or too ugly. Names can be hurtful, but name calling is unstoppable. You may as well let the name-calling continue and grow a thicker skin.

Here's a thought. Each time you feel the need to be treated special and demand that people call you a specific term, all you're doing is reminding everyone that you're different. Your requiring a cultural segregation, putting up walls, creating a schism, expanding the divide; use what-ever tired phrase you like. If you want to be treated fairly, and if you want equal rights, try referring to yourself, not as a religion or a race, or a culture, but as a person.

In closing, you're all a bunch of dykes, niggers, slant-eyes, wetbacks, limeys, dagos, honkies, faggots, kikes, yanks, queers, wops, jigaboos, rednecks, dwarfs, towel-heads, crips, injuns, tuna-eaters, hajis, crackers, darkies, chinks, dinks, butt-pirates, spades, beaners, hill-billies, krauts, midgets, camel-jockeys, cake-eaters, gringos, retards, coons, gooks, bible-thumpers, whities, carpet-munchers, hebes, pillow-biters, spear-chuckers, gyppos, nips, cripples, spics, and fatties. Did I leave anyone out?

Idiotic Advertising



As a frequent consumer of caffeine, I often suffer from an inability to sleep at night. I don't use the term "insomnia", because I think that would cheapen the suffering of those who actually suffer from insomnia through no fault of their own. It's like when alcoholics talk about their "disease" in front of people dying from cancer; even I'm not *that* inconsiderate. Anyway, after downing three glasses of iced tea before bed, I often find it difficult to stop my mind from racing and I end up sitting on the couch in front of a flickering TV watching one of the most dreadful inventions that ever spawned in the human brain: infomercials.

Although, I have to give infomercials credit; while they contain some of the lamest products and the worst acting, they do provide a wonderful target to lampoon. Take those bogus

smiles for example. They're even worse than the ones we reserve for high school reunions. Or what about those incredibly stupid co-hosts. "Taste this slice of bread Judy," "Wow Bob, this is the best piece of plain white bread I've ever tasted in my life. I would gladly sell my children to a Cambodian child-prostitution ring to get my hands on that bread maker!"

However, I think the thing I love best about infomercials are their terrible advertising lingo. It's English-as-a-second-language bad. But no matter how incorrect the grammar, no matter how improper the syntax, they still sound impressive. I have to give the writers credit, when it comes to exploiting the stupidity of the common American, infomercials demand respect. The FCC can bitch all they want about the degradation of our moral fiber

because of sex and violence on TV, but they don't hold a candle to infomercials.

While the cynic in me is impressed at their ability to use an idiotic statement to sell products, the anal-retentive nerd in me feels compelled to point out how wrong the statements are. So, below are some of the more common blurbs used by various advertisers, with explanations why they're wrong.



Free Gift

The last time I went to my nephew's birthday party I presented him with a lovely gift. However, before he was allowed to open it I demanded \$15.95. Why? Because although it was a gift, it was not a “free” gift. Some people have this foolish notion that all gifts are, by definition, free, and therefore the term “free gift” is redundant. Obviously, they are wrong.

Quantum Leaps the Competition

I covered this in issue 2, but it's so fitting that I had to use it again. People use the term “quantum leap” when they're talking about—to use another annoying buzzword—a paradigm shift. A scientific term like “quantum leap” somehow became synonymous with a huge change in the fundamental way we do things. In actuality, a quantum leap is an unfathomably short distance, less even than an Ångström (the diameter of Mark McGwire's testicles), when an electron jumps from one energy level to another in an atom.

Limited Time Only

How many products that sell really well are available only for a limited time? You'd like to buy milk and eggs? Sorry, they were available for a limited time only. A house and a car? Nope, limited time only; we don't make them anymore. Please! If something *can* be sold forever, it *will* be sold forever. The only reason to make a product available for a limited time only is because it isn't good enough to warrant making it for a longer duration. Would you believe someone if they said their product is so great that they couldn't even justify selling it?

Space Age Technology

The first human-made object to ever make it past the Kármán line (the internationally agreed upon edge of space which is 100 km above the Earth) was the German V-2 rocket, which left the planet on October 3rd, 1942, and officially entered us into the “space age”. Therefore, all technology made after this date can accurately be called “space age” technology. Thus, to claim that something is made with “space age” technology means that it is on par with VHS tapes, LP records, the Atari 2600, and the 8-track. Very impressive.



New and Improved

For crying out loud, pick one! It's logically impossible to have both. If something is new, it can't yet be improved, and the only way something can be improved is if it already existed,

therefore negating any chance of being new. It's called English. Learn it.

Not Sold In Stores

Do you know why it's not sold in stores? Because no store would ever be so incredibly stupid as to actually sell it.

20,000 Actual Miles

You see this on used car ads all the time; actual miles. Actual miles? You mean compared to the non-actual miles? The miles that don't exist? Or are you trying to say that all your other vehicles have their miles tampered with? I already trust car-salesmen as far as I can throw them, should they really be using these shark terms?



Push the Envelope

I'd like for you to take a moment and think about what it would mean if you were to take this phrase literally using the commonly thought of definition for the word "envelope". It's a lot less impressive when you think of yourself giving a small nudge to a piece of folded paper.

Team Members

Oh yes, team members. Businesses don't have employees anymore, now they're all team members. Members who are proud to be part of the team. "Our team members are capable and willing to answer your calls." I just have one question for you then. If these members are part of your "team" then why do you have to pay them?

Light-years Ahead

Okay, repeat after me, "light-years are a measure of distance, *not* time." A light-year is the distance that light can travel in one Julian year, which is just shy of ten trillion kilometers.

When you're trying to say you have better technology than the competition, saying five years ahead makes sense, but unless you're in a footrace, five kilometers ahead of the competition doesn't quite fit.



One of a Kind

This is another way of saying, "we're the only ones stupid enough to manufacture such worthless crap!"

A \$100 value for only \$2.95

When you're looking at the facade of an oily salesman with a huge grin that shows 400 pearly white teeth, you can always believe him when he says that something originally costs more than what he's going to sell it for. I mean, you guys are best buddies, right? Obviously he wants to make you a great deal. He won't be able to feed his family, but you'll save money, and that's what counts. Trust him.



Immense, Gargantuan, or Monstrous?

Sorry, the old way of descriptive sizes like small, medium, and large actually showed an obvious contrast and made them useful. Useful things

aren't chic. Let's use foreign languages instead! We'll use the Italian words that present an obvious (at least in Italian) scale. But wait! That's not chic either. Let's smash English and Italian together, and use words that make no sense in any language!

A small is now a *tall*. Apparently five inches means "tall" in coffee-speak. I've never seen a liquid, which by its very definition is formless, that was tall, but I guess that's why I don't work for Starbucks. A medium is a *grande*. It's completely inaccurate to use a word that means "big" for a medium size, but hey, at least *grande* can be used to refer to liquid. Finally, a large is a *vendi*, which is Italian for "twenty". Say that out loud and realize how stupid it sounds. "I'd like a twenty coffee." Of course, it's called a twenty because the cup holds 20 fluid ounces. Sure, that naming convention has nothing in common with the previous sizes, but at least it's descriptive—that is, unless you order a cold drink—in which case a 20 is 24 ounces of liquid. Confused? Good. That proves it's chic.



All Natural

This was explained in issue 3, but it's important to reiterate. First of all, just because something is natural doesn't mean it's good, or good for you. Mercury and lead are natural, but you probably won't be feeding it to your children any time soon. Your husband yes, but not your children. Fine, be picky and only accept "natural" when

referring to plants. Okay, then try some of this poison ivy and hemlock. Still not "natural" enough for you? Well, then how about ricin? It's a plant extract that also happens to be one of the most toxic poisons known to humans. An amount the size of a grain of salt is enough to kill a full grown adult, and it's all natural!

Of course, if you really want to get technical, *everything* is natural because everything that humans make comes from natural resources if you go back far enough. Take plastic for example. It comes from petroleum which is extracted from the earth from the naturally occurring crude oil that comes from geologically pressurized organic matter. You can argue that something is unnatural if it has been processed, but *everything* goes through some form of processing before getting to the consumer. Food is cooked; does that make it unnatural? What about using purified water to wash raw vegetables? What about the picking, packaging, and distribution of fruit? Are all of these unnatural too? No. Everything is natural.



Had Enough? I know I have. Understand that stopping this plague of lame advertising isn't going to happen overnight, but there's hope. If enough people read this article and tell their friends about it, then maybe, just maybe, people will stop buying late-night crap, and the advertisers will all get fired, or better yet, ritualistically murdered, raped, and eaten (in that order).



It's often difficult for people to know when is the right time to start dating after a bad breakup or divorce. Sometimes you have feelings of revenge or jealousy, and occasionally ill thoughts towards the entire opposite sex. Well, rather than waste money on a psychologist, why not trust a magazine to give you advice? Hey, *Cosmo* does this bullshit all the time, and their idiotic readers believe them. Just pick the group you belong to, answer the questions truthfully, total up your score (1 for each a, 2 for each b, and 3 for each c), and then use the charts below for your results.

For Straight Men

- 1.) I'm looking for a woman who will...
 - a) Cook and clean for me just like my mother
 - b) Bring me another beer
 - c) Let me beat her to show my love
- 2.) Most women's lib supporters remind me of...
 - a) Lizzy Borden
 - b) Queen "Bloody" Mary, the First
 - c) Julius Streicher at a Nuremberg Rally
- 3.) A nice gift for a woman is a...
 - a) Vacuum cleaner
 - b) Second car insurance policy
 - c) Jumbo bottle of diet pills
- 4.) A nice first date would include...
 - a) Steak for me, salad for her
 - b) Monster truck rally
 - c) Oral, and possibly anal
- 5.) Women are special because...
 - a) They have boobies
 - b) They do that thing with their tongue
 - c) All of the above

For Straight Women

- 1.) I'm looking for a man who will...
 - a) Give me money then leave me alone
 - b) Give me children then leave me alone
 - c) Give me money and children then leave me alone
- 2.) Men are most useful as a...
 - a) Footstool / lapdog
 - b) Means of disposable income
 - c) Scapegoat
- 3.) A nice gift for a man is a...
 - a) Dog's chew toy
 - b) Magazine with lots of pictures
 - c) Life insurance policy and a bottle of beer filled with rat poison
- 4.) A nice first date would include...
 - a) Dinner, a movie, and a men's ball-gag
 - b) A fancy restaurant and someone else
 - c) A courtroom, an alimony check, and a restraining order
- 5.) Men are special because...
 - a) They spend hours drooling over anything with an engine
 - b) They think sex has equal trade value with a house and car
 - c) Special is the P.C. term for the mentally retarded, and men are very "special"

For Homosexuals

1.) I hate myself because...

- a) My lifestyle is offensive to God
- b) I've destroyed the lives of those around me by *choosing* to be gay
- c) Magazines don't make room for my sexual preference in their quizzes

Results

Men's Results	
Score	Description
5-9	You are definitely ready for dating! We suggest using blonde jokes and pickup lines that mention goats to woo the bitches.
10-12	You're a little rough around the edges, but thankfully, some women will find your utter stupidity enduring. Remember, transmission grease is a good substitute for cologne.
13-15	Maybe you should work on some of your interpersonal skills before dating. Pay close attention to the fact that you're a sexist asshole. While this is normal for men, you're slightly more sexist and asshole-ish than what is deemed normal.

Women's Results	
Score	Description
5-9	You're ready for the exciting world of dating! Remember, guys like dominant women, so step on their testicles with your stilettos.
10-12	You may be a bit too evil for dating normal men, but don't fret. There are plenty of losers out there who are so pathetic that they'll date pretty much anything. Even you.
13-15	While the "battleaxe" persona was popular in the 1990s, the men of this decade are a little too fearful now. Ever since we convinced them that they have feelings, they're all about nurturing women and, let's face it, you would rather boil their flesh and eat their souls.
16-17	Typical female math skills.

Homosexual's Results	
Score	Description
1-3	Don't worry, there is no God and the lives of those around you are meaningless. Have a nice day.



I'd like to start this article with a quote from George W. Bush: "The government can't move on wiretaps or roving wiretaps without getting a court order." He made this statement in 2004. A year after that, we learned that our government *was* performing wiretaps illegally without a court order, and that Bush himself had been authorizing those wiretaps since 2001! Bush lied to us again because it has always been more effective than telling us the truth.

Before I go any further, let me recap what wiretapping is. Most people are familiar with the older style of wiretapping. Basically, the government gets a warrant from a judge so they can listen to all of your phone conversations. In the past, wiretap warrants only applied to a single phone. However, some criminals wised up to this process and they began using cellphones, which they could quickly swap out whenever they suspected they were being tapped. This made things difficult for the government, because they'd have to get a new warrant every time the criminal did this. To combat this practice, the government created a roving wiretap warrant, which allows them to tap each new phone without needing to renew the warrant. The modern wiretapping used today goes beyond just phone conversations

and includes reading your emails, text messages, etc. If that sounds scary it's because it is. Luckily, in order to protect the privacy of the innocent, wiretapping is only *supposed* to be used on suspected criminals, and only if there is evidence to help prove their guilt; even then, the warrants are not supposed to be handed out lightly.

Well, our fearless leader, President George W. Bush, decided to blow his nose with the US Constitution yet again. At the end of 2001, Bush gave the National Security Administration (NSA) the authority to use the lines of AT&T, Qwest, and Verizon to listen to any number of conversations. Your conversations. He did this in violation of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA). The involved telecom companies, who should have stood up to the NSA, also broke the law by going along with it. Our government spied on us for **four years** before, finally, Attorney General Alberto Gonzales spoke up and told the truth. When the *New York Times* received the information and prepared to publish it, the Bush administration tried to get a court injunction to block them from telling everyone (freedom of press, what's that?), but *The Times*, fearing the injunction, hastily published

the story on their Web site.

It was out. The NSA had been spying on us. The telecom companies had broken the law. Bush had been lying all this time; he even admitted to violating FISA. Since the Bush administration is effectively above the law, the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) filed several lawsuits against the only group they could, the telecom companies involved. So, what happened? Did the NSA stop illegal wiretapping? Did the telecom companies get fined? Did the Bush get impeached?

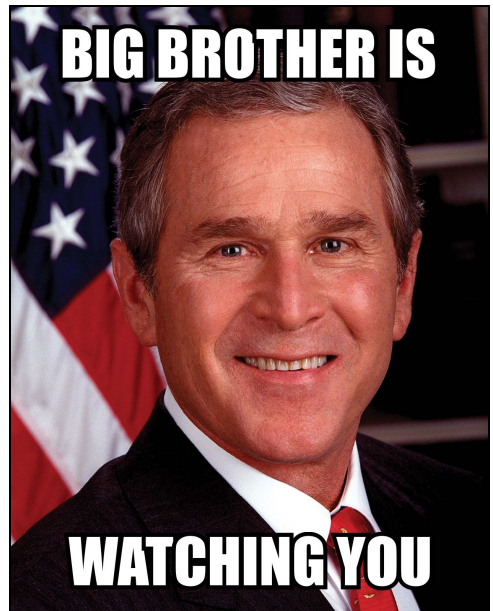
No.

The NSA continued listening in on our phone conversations illegally, the courts threw out the ACLU's lawsuit because they couldn't prove which individuals were affected by the NSA, and the Bush administration received no disciplinary action of any kind. In fact, in 2007, the Bush administration made warrantless wiretapping legal due to the Protect America Act of 2007, and they are currently trying to pass another law to pardon the culpable telecom companies and make them immune to further litigation.

There are many people who aren't very offended by the actions of the Bush administration. Some claim, "Sure, they broke the law and lied to us, but they only had our best intentions in mind. Crazy dictators, drunk with power, only exist in the movies; we can trust our government." Yes, I'm sure that's what the Third Reich and the Bolsheviks thought as well.

Our founding fathers knew better. When they created the US Constitution, they realized that government cannot be

trusted to run the lives of citizens, so they crafted the Fourth Amendment. The Fourth Amendment's purpose is to prevent the government from being able to search your property or read your mail without a damn good reason. And, I'm sorry, but the slight possibility of there maybe being a terrorist who just might bomb something, perhaps, is not a strong enough for me to put my life in the hands of Bush.



I can still hear some of you saying, "It's okay to give up some of our personal freedoms because we are in a war on terror." Really? Last I checked, "terror" was an insubstantial concept, not an army. Will the war on terror be anything like the war on drugs? That war has been going strong since 1971 with no sign of stopping. And just what is a terrorist? Has the Bush administration ever given us anything more than a vague definition as to what a terrorist is? They have so many people terrified of being nuked by Iraqis that

US citizens actually buy into their make-believe generic terrorist threat. But they're not just trying to stop terrorism, they're targeting *suspected* terrorists. Anyone can be a *suspected* terrorist: you, your friends, your grandmother.

Currently, the Bush administration claims to only be listening to phone calls originating from outside of the country. And with their great track record of telling the truth, I believe every word they say </sarcasm>. However, who is going to stop them if they suddenly decide that they want to listen to all our domestic calls? All they have to do is mention Timothy McVeigh or Ted Kaczynski and they'll have the sheep of America eating out of their hands. And with the power of the computer age, we are more than capable now of sifting through *every* phone call and email that makes it way through our country.

You may be thinking, "So what if the government listens in as I talk to my mother? I don't break the law." But, you do break law. Everyone does. Most of the time it's minor infractions like exceeding the speed limit, downloading music, littering a candy bar wrapper, smoking before 18, or drinking alcohol before 21. A lot of times people break the law and they don't even know it because there are so many bizarre laws. Spitting on the sidewalk is illegal in some states. If someone were to monitor everything you say and write they will eventually find you guilty of a crime.

Now, I'm not a conspiracy theorist. Even if the government could start cracking down on every underage teenager who plans a kegger over the phone, I doubt they're going to. An Orwellian future seems rather implausible. However, I didn't expect to have my president lie to my face about

warrantless wiretapping either.

Here's a question to ask yourself: When the terrorists are brought to justice, and everything is back to normal, do you think the government will stop the wiretaps? Before you answer that, try this one: Has our country ever been without terrorists? There has always been a threat to our country, and there always will be. There is nothing special about our recent times. Yes, we're at war, but our country has been in and out of wars since its conception. Yes, we have terrorists coming from other countries, but we have them born here as well. That won't change.

I love my country, but my government continues to disappoint me. They use a tragic event like September 11th as a reason to take away our personal privacy. Where do we draw the line? Will we let them read our letters, put cameras in our homes, or tracking devices on our cars?

As you watch your freedoms slowly being leached from you, you may feel justified in blaming the government, but the real fault lies within ourselves. It is our fault, and we need to take responsibility for our own inaction. We need to write to our congressmen and remind them that we run this place, and that we want to be free. Not just free to do what the government allows us to do, but free to do what we dream to do. So many people are quick to give up their freedoms just so that they can sleep soundly at night. Well wake up people! Giving up your freedom is what lets the terrorists win. Giving up your freedom is the only way that the USA will fail.



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