

HSU ADMIN ON CURRENT ISSUE: “HEY, LOOK OVER THERE!”

by a burnt out student journalist with dead dreams | SEE APRIL FOOLS • PAGE 9



Illustration by Elasma Kelly

HSU Bookstore moves to the moon!

Humboldt State admin: “It’s all in the name of accessibility.”

by Elasma Kelly

In an announcement that left many students shocked, the Humboldt State administration went public with their plans to move the HSU bookstore to the moon. This unprecedented location opens both new challenges and new possibilities for the Humboldt community.

“It’s all in the name of accessibility,” said noted Public Relations man Bant Bott-Boforth. “I don’t see what all the fuss is about. You can usually literally see the moon from campus. Can’t be that far.”

When asked about transportation to and from the moon, Boforth made a noncommittal wave and muttered something about the Jack Pass before hurriedly leaving the Zoom call.

Students with moon-accessibility issues are questioning the intentions behind this move. Accessibility advocate Sharon Selene says she’s not sure how some students are going to get to the moon.

“Students are discouraged from bringing our space launch systems to campus,” said Selene. “And even if you did, do you really want to lose your spot on the launch pad? You can only use super heavy-lift expendable launch vehicles once. You’re not even going to have

a spot to build a new one by the time you get back from the bookstore!”

Selene acknowledges the potential for public transportation to the new location but isn’t impressed with the current offerings.

“Yeah, I don’t trust that Elon fella. His earth-moon hyperspace loop seems like a con,” Selene said. “It’s a totally non-issue anyway. We can just leave the bookstore on campus.”

A man who was foaming at the mouth during his interview disagrees with Selene. Bobson Dugnut considers himself an avid promoter of progress, explaining how much Reddit gold he’s given out in the name of advancement for some of mankind.

“You’re all getting in the way of progress! If you can’t get to the moon, maybe don’t hold the rest of us back,” Dugnut screamed, stray bits of foam flying from his mouth. “Maybe you don’t, like, deserve to go to the moon if you can’t afford infinite billion-dollar space launch systems.”

Asked if he himself could afford the kind of space launch system needed to get to the moon on a regular basis, Dugnut seemed dismissive.

“I’ve got student loans already,” Dug-



Illustration by Elasma Kelly

nutt said. “I figure a society where every student takes on the equivalent debt of a medium-sized nation is just the next step for mankind.”

Regardless of student input, the bookstore move will happen by next semester. In its place, HSU Admin plans to build a ball pit that will smell vaguely of

urine before it even gets used, a punching bag labeled “HSU Admin,” and an empty room specifically designed for students to conveniently lay face-down and cry. It will not be wheelchair accessible.

Joke

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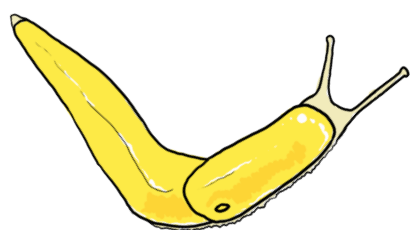
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Bike thefts plague HSU and we at the Dumberjack have no idea who’s responsible

On a totally different note, check out our new bikes!

by Elasma Kelly

On-campus bike thefts spiked sharply last month. Stolen bikes are nothing new to HSU students, but the dramatic rise in bike related crime has some students on edge. I have a new bike, though, so does it really matter? Chemistry major Alison Huston thinks it matters. With all the thefts, Huston doesn’t even think it’s worth having a bike anymore. “I’ve had two bikes stolen and I don’t think I’m going to bother with another one,” Huston said. “I just don’t know what to do anymore.” Although Huston doesn’t know the identity of the thief, she recalled seeing a couple of shifty looking students with notepads, pens, cameras, and microphones milling around the bike rack

before her second bike was stolen. “They seemed sus, but I didn’t really think too much of it,” Huston said. Huston’s nice, expensive looking bike was gone not ten minutes later. “I’ll just walk to class,” Huston said. “They can’t steal my legs. Wait. Can they steal my legs?” Hmm, interesting idea, Huston. Anyone who has information about these bike thieves, please contact The Dumberjack. Don’t contact the police. Officer Derek Kevinson of the University Police Department is investigating the recent thefts. He spoke the The Dumberjack in an exclusive, off-the-cuff interview at our newsroom last week. “You’re all under arrest,” Kevinson said. When pressed to respond to our urgent questions about his investigation, Kevinson only said to “save it for the judge.” The Dumberjack will keep our readers updated on the ongoing investigation after our court date – uh, I mean – exclusive interview with a member of the local judiciary. This new bike theft trend started right after everything on campus got boring. The virus shut everything

down. Snooze-worthy digital conferences make for terrible stories and screenshots of zoom meetings make for terrible visuals. Students stopped doing dramatic, juicy stuff. Now there’s nothing to write about. “Sure, people are doing important stuff like winning awards and expanding the scope of human knowledge,” said a Dumberjack writer who shall

remain anonymous. “But it’s just not interesting enough to bother writing about. Do better, folks.” After much deliberation, we at The Dumberjack editorial board are taking a hard stance in favor of the bike thefts. We need something depressing to write about and IT WON’T STOP UNTIL YOU ALL GET OFF YOUR ASS AND HAVE A NICE, HEALTHY SCANDAL!



Definitely not a journalist looking at a bike that didn't go anywhere. Allegedly. Photo supposedly not by Thomas Lal.

Oregon has fallen off the face of the Earth

by Donald Trump

The state of Oregon vanished from the world today. I know because I was there. For the past several months — ever since all drugs were legalized — life has been unpredictable here. My account of things should come with the caveat that my perception is probably skewed — did I mention all drugs are legal here? After leaving the White House, I plotted a direct path to Oregon to get a jump start on the party that would begin when the law legalizing all drug possession went into effect on Feb. 1. Spending the rest of my savings before the IRS could get their hands on my tax records, I invested in 100,000 pounds of premium crack rock. I opened a “pharmacy” out of the apartment I commandeered, but I wasn’t accepting cash. Instead, customers would commit to joining me in forming an uprising, from which I would once again emerge as the fearless leader of the free world. Unfortunately, 100,000 pounds of crack disappears faster than you could

possibly imagine. All accounted for, after the overdoses and the draft dodgers, my army ended up 23 men and two hardcore broads strong. Even if I had the cash to re-up with my plug, the entire state of Oregon was dried up and strung out. So, regardless of the disappointing turn-out, we decided to proceed with operation Snuff Sleepy Joe. But we never made it out of Oregon. The night before our departure, Oregon was struck by the storm of the century. For two weeks, we were stuck inside, suffering from withdrawal, while the sky emptied itself above us. By the time the sun finally broke through, the sopping soil had become littered with psilocybin mushrooms and by noon of that day, the entire state of Oregon was, once again, operating on an entirely different wavelength. Naturally, I picked a handful of caps off the ground and tossed them down the hatch. I discovered they’re much easier to tolerate when still fresh — this information is of course better off not known. An hour and around a pound of shrooms later, I was swimming naked in the ocean with the otters, when all of the sudden, I felt it. For the first time in my life, I knew that I wasn’t alone.

All at once, I understood how much of an utter waste and nuisance my life has been. I sat on the beach as the sun set into the horizon, contemplating every decision I’ve ever made. Then, as it disappeared behind the waves, the land on which I lay began to rise from the Earth. The clouds in the sky opened up above me and a beam of golden light beckoned me to surrender to its gravity. Then, as quickly as it began, it was over. Which brings me to now. For the past 11 hours, I’ve been waiting in a line that stretches as far as the eye can see. Hardly anyone speaks — we all know what awaits us at the end of the line. Not until now, have I ever felt genuine fear for my life, or whatever’s left of it. The Pearly Gates part and an angel ushers me into a room where a woman sits comfortably on an armchair with a cup of tea resting on a plate in her lap. “Hello Donald,” the woman says. “I never imagined I’d be seeing you here.” “Why am I here?” I say. “And who are you?” “I’m God of course.” the woman says. “It doesn’t surprise me that you were expecting a man. And to answer

your first question: you are here because, as you may have deduced, Oregon and everyone who was there when the sun last set are no longer a part of the world that you know.” I try to interject, but the woman impatiently waives her hand and carries on speaking. “I’ve been at this all day Donald, I don’t have the time or the patience to give each one of you the juicy details on how it happened. The important thing is that you’re here and we need to get you back home before it’s too late.” “So, you’re sending me back to Earth then,” I say, and a wave or relief crashes over me. “No, I’m afraid it’s too late for that Donald,” the woman says. “You’ve made your bed and now the time has come for you to lie in it. I’m afraid you’ll be spending an eternity in hell.” The woman snaps her fingers and I wake up. I’m back at my desk in the Oval Office. I must have fallen asleep watching the fake news again. “Mr. President?” There’s a knock on the door, then Mike Pence pokes his head into the office. “America is ready for your second inauguration.”

COVID-19 has finally found its way to Bikini Bottom

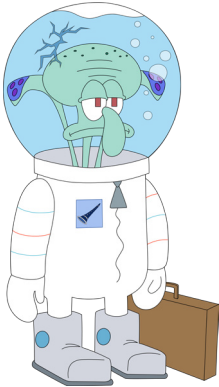
by Squidward Tentacles

On March 30, the diary of Squidward Tentacles washed up on Moonstone Beach, revealing COVID-19 has changed Bikini Bottom forever. Feb. 11: Well, I’ve finally done it. I quit my job at the Krusty Krab to pursue my dream of playing clarinet in the Philharmonic Orchestra. Tonight, I shall bid Bikini Bottom farewell — which means, goodbye SpongeBob! Feb. 13: I made it to the surface today. I stole one of Sandy’s suits to use as a portable squiddtank before leaving Bikini Bottom, but the damn thing only has two legs. To say the suit is uncomfortable would be an understatement, but the real trouble is maintaining a center of gravity. Two steps out of the water, I face-planted onto a reef and I thought my journey was over — luckily Sandy sprung for the extra thick glass after what Patrick did to her last helmet. Feb. 15: I got my ticket to New York, but it wasn’t easy. It took me longer than I’d care to admit to realize that no one can hear me through this suit — no matter how loud I scream. To add to that, the land-people hide their faces

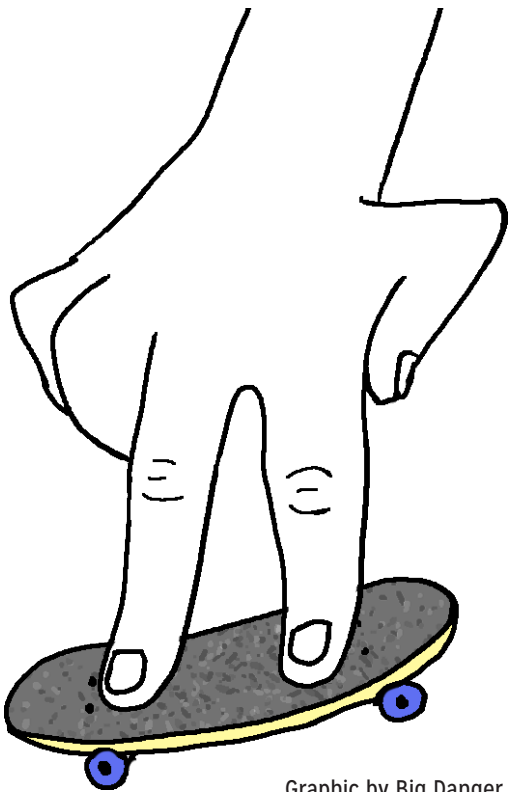
behind masks and carry sticks that they poke you with if you get too close. I had to steal a little girl’s light-up rectangle just to get directions. Feb. 17: I never should have left Bikini Bottom. I knew I could survive outside of water long enough to perform my audition for the Philharmonic, but I forgot to take into account the different acoustics on land. I’ve got 24 hours before my audition to relearn the clarinet. Feb. 18: Today has been, without a doubt, the worst day of my life — the only thing missing is SpongeBob. I arrived at the audition early, but I felt so good about the day before that I didn’t bother to warm up. I got on the stage in front of the entire orchestra and the first note I blew set my overworked throat on fire and I broke down in tears. They gave the position to Squilliam Fancyson. March 4: I sold my house to Mr. Krabs for enough money to purchase a one way plane ticket, which meant hitchhiking home. It took 2 weeks to get back to California — two weeks that I fear will bring with me to my watery grave. Before I return to Bikini Bottom, I’ve decided to seek out my birthplace,

the stoner’s paradise of college campuses: Humboldt State. March 5: Coming to HSU was a mistake. One of the stoners immediately recognized me and dragged me back to her dorm to watch the show with her roommate. When I tried to leave, they threatened to turn the crack in my helmet into a crack in my head. Fortunately, I still had the little girl’s light-up rectangle and against my better judgement, I sent SpongeBob an SOS. March 6: He brought Patrick. Why did I not tell him not to bring Patrick? We would’ve been eating Krabby Patties right now if it weren’t for that stupid starfish. Instead, we’re dragging a sudsy SpongeBob back to Bikini Bottom. The escape was a free-throw. The kids were so baked that SpongeBob and Patrick walked in the front door without them noticing. I gestured to the bong sitting on the floor, then SpongeBob reached into his pocket, pulled out a bottle of bubbles and dumped it down the stem. Then we waited. The next time that vegan liberal took a hit, she swallowed a mouthful of bubbles and immediately emptied her guts on

the floor. I lept to my feet and we were home free — until Patrick saw himself on the TV. Patrick stopped in his tracks and called out for SpongeBob to witness the miracle. Then, the stoners snatched him. SpongeBob went back and they grabbed him too. They used him to mop up the puke, then they tossed them both out the window. March 8: We returned SpongeBob to the comfort of Gary and his pineapple, but it’s not looking good. He hasn’t woken up since yesterday. What if he never wakes up? What if I never get the chance to tell him that I love him? March 9: SpongeBob is dead. I have nothing left to live for. It should have been me.



Local man begging for attention finally gets article about him



Graphic by Big Danger

by Big Danger

Local HSU sixth year psychology junior and self proclaimed “chill guy” Kyle Howser has been begging us to cover him and today we finally caved

“I just think you guys have been really overlooking all the cool shit I’m doing,” Howser said in our exclusive interview. “Between school and work, I still manage to post on Twitter for six to eight hours a day, and I just think that’s really impressive.”

When we explained that that amount of posting isn’t impressive, Howser was confused. When we continued to explain that arguing with people for that many hours was probably unhealthy, Howser changed the subject.

“Alright, hey, check out these dope tricks,” Howser said as he tried to fit his finger skateboard ramps into the frame of his Zoom window.

Howser proceeded to show us several fingerboard tricks that the Dumberjack editorial board has decided are actually pretty sick. This included one that Howser came up with himself, dubbed the “Double Sucklet Extreme.” Unfortunately, we had to break the news to Howser that cool fingerboard tricks don’t count as a news story for our publication.

As this impromptu fingerboard show had lasted 45 minutes, it was at this point we informed Howser that his allotted hour long interview was about to be up. Howser got a bit frantic at this point and took his laptop and our Zoom call into his bathroom where several cans of beer were waiting.

“Ok there’s no way you can not publish this if I shotgun all four of these,” Howser said before he assured us that his laptop was safely balanced between his shoulder and one of the shelves in his shower.

Halfway through his third can Howser coughed and dropped his laptop, shattering the screen and leaving us in a voice only Zoom call. It was at this point we decided we should put an end to this interview and gave Howser some advice.

“TikTok is probably the best place for you to demonstrate your skills. They love this kind of stuff on that app,” we explained to Howser. “If you still really want to get some news coverage, you might be able to get Vice to talk to you if you could do those Tech Deck tricks while on ketamine.”

Howser was distraught but seemed to understand what we were getting at.

At time of publication Howser has sent us an email with the subject line, “I got this guy to deactivate his account, are you sure this isn’t news?? [screenshots attached]”

HSU student develops online shopping addiction just to feel something again

Sources close to local student Robyn Banks report that she is once again ordering more random junk off the Internet.

by Arson Commiter

“I’m doing pretty good lately,” Banks said, scrolling through Amazon’s recommended, surrounded by empty cardboard boxes and unwashed dishes. “Self-care, right? I’ve been treating myself.”

In the past month, Banks has spent over \$15,000 on “self-care.” She has reportedly already blown through her entire stimulus check on such necessities as thirty new pairs of earrings, a life-sized cardboard cutout of Danny DeVito, a taxidermied warthog and a certified possessed (or your money back!) Victorian doll.

“Plus, like, I’m supporting small businesses, you know?” Banks added as she hit the purchase button on a 3D-printed frog in a wizard hat. “I’m really doing my part for the pandemic. The economy. You know.”

Those close to Banks report a different side to her shopping.

“I just feel like it’s a bit much,” said Amanda Lynn, Banks’ roommate. “Like

it was pretty cool when she ordered that bouncy castle, but like, this is a dorm, where are you supposed to keep it? It’s excessive. And don’t get me started on the alligator. By the way, apparently it’s legal to mail an alligator.”

“Oh, Mister Bites is pretty chill,” Banks said when questioned. “He just hangs out in the bathroom most of the time. I think I’m gonna get him a suit. Do you think he’d look better in charcoal or navy?”

“What I don’t understand is where she keeps getting the money,” said Helen Highwater, Banks’ stepmother. “We’re pretty solidly middle-class, and she works at Burger King. This can’t be healthy.”

Banks assured us that it’s fine, her money was acquired through totally legitimate sources, really, and she can, in fact, stop any time she wants.

“I’m just taking care of myself, it’s been a rough year,” Banks assured us as she picked dried food off the shirt she hadn’t changed out of in two weeks. “Like, I’m coping. I’m fine. Self-care.”



Graphic by Elasma Kelly

A glance inside her fridge revealed an empty milk carton, half a can of tuna, and a single Mike’s Hard Lemonade.

“I don’t have a problem. Who has a problem? Not me,” Banks said, laughing hysterically and not breaking eye contact. “Maybe you’re the one with a problem. Maybe you’re the one who’s in debt, huh? Huh? I’m doing so good, like really good, and it’s good for the economy. The economy. I’m going to buy a hurdy-gurdy and God can’t stop me.”

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II

Music of the moment: Certified Classic

Kendrick Lamar and J. Cole finally release their collaborative album



Graphic by Dakota Cox

by Dakota Cox

Throughout the entire history of collaborative hip-hop projects, only “Watch the Throne” by Jay-Z and Kanye West has come to be embraced by the culture as a classic – until today. Kendrick Lamar and J. Cole shocked the world Thursday night by surprise releasing their collaborative album “Certified Classic.”

Rumors of a Lamar and Cole collaboration originally surfaced over a decade ago, with each of the artists confirming a project was in the works in separate interviews from 2011 and 2012. Until now, the only official collaborations we’ve received from the two have all come with caveats. Lamar appeared on the track “Forbidden Fruit” from Cole’s 2013 album “Born Sinner,” only to assist with the hook. For their most notable collaboration, Cole produced the beat to Lamar’s “HiiiPower,” however, his voice is entirely absent from the track. The only times Lamar and Cole have both rapped on the same songs, until now, have been as guest appearances on other artist’s tracks.

In the time since a project was originally rumored, Lamar and Cole have

become unanimously regarded as two of today’s most talented rappers. Lamar continues proving with each project he releases to be perhaps the most talented artist to ever grace the genre, regarding the execution of concepts on individual songs and especially carried over entire bodies of work. Cole, meanwhile, has been widely referred to in the past as the next Nas, because of his high-calibur songwriting and storytelling abilities. Following significant hiatus in each artist’s solo discography, we’re not only receiving this collaboration at each artist’s respective peak, we’re receiving it in a time when demand for new music from each artist is at an all time high.

Nearly four years have passed since Lamar released “DAMN.” to a degree of commercial success eclipsing all of his previous projects, with every single track on the album landing on the Billboard Hot 100 Chart. Less than a year later, Lamar served as the lead artist on the critically acclaimed Black Panther soundtrack. Since then, sparing a handful of features, this has been the longest we’ve ever gone without new music from Lamar.

For Cole fans, the past few years have

been significantly more substantial. Following the 2018 release of his previous album “KOD,” Cole invited dozens of producers and artists throughout the industry to be involved in the third installment of his label’s “Revenge of the Dreamers” series. The album was released in the summer of 2019, with a director’s cut edition following at the top of 2020, including a total of 30 tracks. Given the sheer volume of guests on the project, however, Cole only makes appearances on eight songs, feeding fans just enough content to keep them hungry for more. This combined with the incredible string of features he delivered between 2018 and 2019 has left fans clamoring to hear another project from Cole.

With legendary executive producer Dr. Dre and a large supporting role from R&B icon Frank Ocean delivering several of the project’s hooks and bridges, “Certified Classic” achieves exactly what Lamar set out to accomplish with “DAMN.” Each song is the sonic embodiment of an emotion.

In addition to Ocean’s contributions to the project, Lamar and Cole also managed to convince Lauryn Hill, Beyoncé, and Rihanna, not only to appear on the album, but to sing remixed versions of their classic songs “If I Ruled the World,” “Irreplaceable” and “Take A Bow,” with Lamar and Cole’s raps reflecting on the current state of their careers and the current state of the world.

While the album was no doubt created with the goal of projecting an experience, hardcore fans of rap were not forgotten on this project. Following the album’s spoken outro is a single track featuring the entire rosters of both Cole’s Dreamville record label and the Top Dawg Entertainment label Lamar represents. On the track, a member from each group is put head to head against the other for 32 measures each, to lay down their most impressive lyrics, before the beat flips and the next pair face off. The track is ordered so that the performances of each artist is better than the last, resulting in over half an hour of pure hip-hop.

With two of today’s most introspective mainstream artists contributing to this project, along with the supporting contrast of Ocean and the others, Lamar and Cole have conceived a much more cohesive display of the human experience than either have ever been able to convey on their own.

The origin of Bigfoot

Such a silly goose

by a duck

Bigfoot has always been a mystery. While many hunt for the so-called beast, none can prove its existence. However, an odd theory is starting to gain traction among the Bigfoot hunting community.

Based on data gathered solely from geese, the story of Bigfoot likely originated from geese born with abnormally large feet and the proposition to be pranksters. It is believed by the geese population that a white goose was born fitting both the large foot and prankster agenda, thus receiving the name Gunt-er “Silly Goose” Goose.

It wasn’t until the human population began imagining things that Silly Goose found his calling. One day, Silly Goose went to the weed farm like he did every Tuesday and smoked a joint with the local Bigfoot enthusiasts. Scientists determined that only exceptionally high geese can understand English. What isn’t known is how geese developed a method for decarboxylation. All we know from recent data is that a high goose did in fact learn about the human idea of Bigfoot. The Goose Theory posits that this was the birth of modern Bigfoot.

The human idea of Bigfoot consists of a large beastly human/ape mix that lives in the forests of North America and Canada. Not in fact, a goose. That didn’t stop Silly Goose.

Goose whisperer Alma Dup believes she’s figured out how Silly Goose carried out his master plan.

“We have pieces of the suit that have fallen off, strung together with goose feathers,” said Dup. “We asked the sober geese and they revealed what Silly Goose had done.”

Silly Goose then made history. His

plan: to be on a trashy Bigfoot hunting TV show.

Doctor Ide Diot believes in the controversial Goose Theory of bigfoot sightings.

“There is obviously no other option,” said Diot. “Bigfoot is just a suit, and there has to be a goose inside it.”

The majority of scientists believe otherwise, but that’s never stopped a TV show.

When Silly Goose discovered an episode was being filmed near him, he knew it was his chance to make history. The suit came on, he built a few traps, and prepared his sound effects. He smacked trees and made random howls. The hunters believed every bit of it.

The Bigfoot hunters, a gang of ludicrously heavily armed men in “I’m with stupid” t-shirts, entered the forest, dead set on proving the Goose theory. Within seconds they claimed Bigfoot had made a call. Skeptics say it was just talking in the distance.

“Look at this pile of leaves! This is definitely a nest. And see that stick, that’s where he went,” said Bigfoot hunter Rick “Muddy” Johnson.



Hey look, it’s a Silly Goose!! Photo by Elliott Portillo

Got politically affiliated milk?

What a person’s choice of milk says about how they vote

by Lactose Lady

The next time you order a latte with oat milk at your local coffee shop, you might as well just tell the barista that you voted for Bernie.

Due to the recent demand for a wider variety of milk options by millennials, political scientists have come up with a political mapping on the matter. Whether a person sticks to traditional whole milk or has made the switch to plant milk could be one of the biggest indicators of how they vote.

Choosing oat milk, for example, is directly linked to being a raging leftist. If oat milk is one’s beverage of choice, they have not only voted for Bernie Sanders in the past two elections, but also still post about Black Lives Matter on their Instagram even though the rest of their followers got lazy and stopped doing that in November . These are the people that spend the weekends downing Four Lokos and smoking Camel Crushes at a kickback, but the thought of half and half creamer in their coffee makes them utterly nauseated.

Joe Nutmilk, the director of Non-Dairy Democrats, believes that there is a direct correlation between drinking almond milk and being a Democrat.

“There is overwhelming evidence showing that almond milk drinkers are generally Democrats,” Nutmilk said. “Typically, these people voted for Joe Biden in the last election and have at least ten houseplants in their apartment.”

Many almond milk drinkers are millennials and use their houseplants to replace the children they will never have because they are eco-conscious and not financially stable enough to support a family. The “Coexist” sticker on their Subaru Outback goes well with the slightly culturally insensitive dream catcher hanging from their rear-view mirror. Hemp milk drinkers have almost always spawned from some-

where in Humboldt County. They were making their own hemp milk before it became mainstream. They are typically socialists who wish they were living in the Woodstock era and only own two pairs of shoes: Birkenstocks and Chacos.

Humboldt County native Mary Jane said drinking hemp milk directly coincides with her Socialist ideologies.

“I started making my own hemp milk in 2008,” Jane said. “Shortly after this, I realized that we must eat the rich.”

The polar opposite of hemp milk drinkers are those who drink whole milk. These people are the most conservative of the categories and have shamelessly sported a MAGA hat at their local WinCo. If prompted, they can recite the Second Amendment word for word.

The most moderate of the milks is 2% milk. Those who choose 2% don’t want to get “too political” at family dinners and have probably never voted. They think Joe Biden is the host of a famous podcast called “The Joe Biden Experience” and George W. Bush was the first president of the United States. They know climate change is bad, but tend to toss trash out of their car on the highway.

When asked about their thoughts on this year’s presidential inauguration, 2% milk drinker John Smith tried their best.

“The what? Oh...Obama seems cool,” Smith said. “I think he will make a great 67th president of the United States.”

If a person’s milk of choice is goat milk, experts say they should seek immediate therapy.



Graphic by Sam Papavasiliou

SLUGS GONE ROGUE

by Slug Girl

It’s time to evacuate the forests and all towns surrounding them. Banana slugs have taken over all the way from Alaska to Costa Rica, trapping people within their slime and devouring them slowly as the mucus slowly disintegrates them.

The best way to combat one of these beasts is to run, but they can surround you quickly. They leave paths of slime everywhere, so be careful the gluey texture doesn’t stop you in your steps.

News station reporters have given up their jobs of informing the public and receded into bunkers. Too many have lost their lives tragically.

The slugs are growing, almost quadruple the size they originally had been, with thicker paths of mucus and multiplying at a much faster rate than normal.

It is believed the takeover is based on a chemical imbalance from the carbon dioxide trapped in the atmosphere, entering the slugs’ bodies and enlarging their stomach as well as the DNA that makes them grow. This reaction affects the hunger of the banana slugs, with human flesh being the only satisfying food that remains on this earth. This Little Shop of Horrors similarity is taking over the planet one slug at a time.

This is the start of how climate change will slowly kill us all- Except the banana slugs, who will outlive every other animal except, oddly enough, koalas.

All that’s left to do is evacuate to concrete bunkers where hope is the only thing keeping you alive, while the slugs slowly evolve to the size of elephants and eat all remaining life.



Photo by Dakota Cox
Girl being eaten by slugs, trapped in slime



Graphic by Elasmu Kelly

Top 4 most intense sports you have never heard of

You won't believe number one is real!

by Justin Celotto

Golf

Golf is a very intense game that doesn't become intense until it is intense. But when it is intense it's not really that intense because of the intensity. So when does it become intense? I have no clue. I have never watched one game of golf because when I try to, I just end up waking up on the couch two hours later. All I know is Tiger Woods is always on SportsCenter and everybody calls him one of the greatest athletes to ever play a sport. So golf has to be interesting to someone and that is enough to write about.

Beer Mile

Now this sport is so intense that it should replace the actual mile in the Olympics. It's simple, 4 laps and a beer every time you start a new lap. This race comes down to who has the most guts literally and figuratively. I wish I could say only the best athletes can finish the race but that is probably not the case as I've seen a few on YouTube that definitely did not fit the "athlete" part.

Underwater Basket Weaving

The name of the game is quite literally in the name. Top athletes from across the country are dropping out of their sports and starting to become weaving rivals. The rules are simple. One must weave a basket that is within the standards of the judges while also staying under at least 20 feet of water the whole time. At the moment the world record in the Large Savannah Utility Basket Division, or LSUBD, stands at 22 hours and 32 minutes. The holder of this record, Decoldest Toda Hawtesd, loves that he switched over to this sport from Division 1 Golf. "I love the intensity," Hawtesd said. "I love that I get to be underwater and test the limits of my breathing for the fans. I create these baskets day in and out for them and if I didn't have the support I have now then I don't know where I would be."

Extreme Thrift Shopping

This sport is even more intense than all the other intense sports combined. So intense that the top athletes only last for around 3 years before they are cut by their universities. There is too much competition for the shoppers to stay in the game. The sport is like that show Storage Wars, but not really. You get the gist. Only the top 1 percent make it pro into the USETS (United States Extreme Thrift Shopping). Dsetwah Adot Tsedlocated, an athlete that switched from Division 1 Golf and LSUBD, is a top athlete in Extreme Thrift Shopping. "The intensity is great," Tsedlocated said. "I first came into this sport not knowing what I was doing. Then I bought this lamp that turned out to be made of stuff most lamps aren't made of so I won the competition. Yeah it was pretty great."

Super Sports Budget Merger Madness

The new sports merger has gotten off to rocky start

by Patrick Thornton

A Humboldt State soccer player was struck by a rogue line drive this Saturday. The offending softball left Haley Suter's bat at roughly 70 mph before striking men's soccer player Marco Silveira as he was breaking through Chico State's defense for a shot on goal, completely blindsiding the senior forward.

As Chico cheered for the unintentional save, Humboldt State basketball took the opportunity to score a sweet dunk on their opponents behind home plate all while the Jacks stole home to win the game in extra innings. The score finally ended a seven-hour-long stalemate between Humboldt Softball and their rivals Chico. The game ending run broke the tie for a final score of 712-711 with aggregated combined score totals.

The incident occurred during the first merged sports event held on campus, following President Tom Jackson's decision to merge all Humboldt State sports into a single super-sport in order to save money. Teams will now all compete on the same playing field simultaneously.

"I think it really was a success to see all of our sports come together like this," Jackson said. "I think we saw today that the strategic plan we made to control the budget is really paying dividends on the field."

Jackson's comments suggest he may have some interest in private healthcare as the reported medical bills from this weekend's first game already eclipsed the money saved by merging athletics into one combined super-game. One athletic trainer spoke on the condition of anonymity.

"I've seen things that you people wouldn't believe," they said with a



Photo by Thomas Lal
Freshman pitcher Taylor Culp delivers a pitch during the Lumberjacks' second game of a double-header against Sonoma State on Feb. 29 at HSU Softball Field.

blank look on their face as they stared out at the modified athletic superdome that was specially constructed to house the new sporting events. "So many joints popped out of place... all of the bruises..."

We tried to get more information out of the trainer, but they just continued to look off with a thousand-yard stare, so we decided to leave them to it.

At the end of the combined match, 27 players had been removed due to injuries and a further 12 spectator-substitutes were removed after being drafted in from the stands as replacements.

"It's important that we maintain the amateurism of student-athletes, so drafting in students from the bleachers is really a best case scenario," CSU Chancellor Joseph Castro said. "Substitute players are chosen randomly from the students

in attendance and then assigned to a sport regardless of their desire to participate."

Jimson Boplar is a studio arts major who was drafted to fill in for the lacrosse team and played for a full five minutes before being knocked unconscious when he collided with another player. Despite the briefness of his time on the field, Boplar was excited to have gotten to play.

"When I got there I didn't even know I could play so I was stoked when I got drafted!" Bolpar said in the emergency tents behind the stadium. "I just got in there and man did it feel good! I'm definitely going to have some new art ideas after this."

It is unclear at this time if Boplar was simply inspired by his newfound sporting experience or just suffering from mildly severe concussion symptoms following his injury.

The first annual Ganja Games are coming to HSU

by Chad

Following nearly five years of preparation since the use of recreational marijuana was legalized in the state of California, Humboldt State University has announced the first annual Ganja Games will be coming to campus on April 20. #420BlazeIt

HSU President Jon Tackson inherited the project from former President Ross Bacher and has been eager to see it through.

"This has been my main focus ever since I took over," Tackson said. "Pretty soon we'll be the greenest campus in the CSU system."

The games will be divided into three main categories: creation, conception and consumption.

"We organized the events so that contestants have to earn their high," Tackson said.

For the first task, contestants will participate in a farming competition. Nurturing plants in various stages of their life cycle, participants must demonstrate all the steps required to bring a clone to harvest, in order to move on to the next round.

"How often do you get the opportunity to exploit some free labor," Tackson said. "And with all the leftovers, my garden is going to be extra green this fall."

In the second round, participants are tasked with tapping into their creative sides to find original ways to get baked. Ideas will be judged both based upon creativity and effectiveness.

"Whether it be using an apple as a pipe or a candy wrapper as a rolling paper, desperate times call for desperate measures," Tackson said. "Real stoners keep a trick up their sleeve."

For the final event, contestants will participate in the smoking Bee. Each



Graphic by Chad

will receive a mystery nug to smoke and identify. Incorrectly identifying a strain or failure to smoke the entire nug results in elimination -- the last person literally standing wins.

With the competition only open to Humboldt State staff and students, wildlife major Charles East transferred to HSU specifically to compete in the games.

"I dropped out of Berkley and moved back to Humboldt when the pandemic began," East said. "When I heard about the competition my stash was all dried

up, so I signed up for classes to secure my spot competing for that sweet prize."

The winner of the games will receive 100 pounds of last year's trim and a one way ride in a time machine back to the first Woodstock. Physics professor Alberto Newton donated the defective time machine.

"The time machine can only go backwards," Newton said. "Which means it can't get back to the present. Since we've only got the one use, I thought we better make it count."

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OPINION

One year inside the walls

A retrospective on shelter-in-place

by Jane Gilman

As of this writing, I have spent one year inside of the walls. I do remember my life before at times, my life on the outside. I had friends once. A family. Oh, but now such things are alien to me. All that I truly need is here. I press my back to the smooth of the wall and begin to glide, creeping ever so carefully within these barriers I call a home.

You think me mad. Mad? Such accusations only amuse me. You must know that from my position, it is you who seems the mad one. Don't think I do not see you, going about your day as if nothing is amiss. As if you are alone. As if you have a life that is your own, a life that belongs to you and does not exist simply to be seen. I see you. Sometimes, it seems, you see me. A glimpse of a reflection in the bathroom mirror. A faint scratching sound in the ceiling. Perhaps even once you saw my eyes watching you from a crack in the vent or heard the ragged whisper of my breath. Oh, but that was only your imagination, wasn't it? You think yourself the rational type. Certainly you would have noticed a stranger living within your home.

We are not dissimilar, you and I. You have learned to fear the outside world as I did. It has been months since you've seen your loved ones, and weeks since you've turned on the camera on your laptop. What are you so frightened of? That people will see you,

greasy-haired and poorly groomed? That they will notice the unwashed clothing strewn about your furniture and the stained dishes accumulating upon your counters? You sit on the couch with eyes glazed over, paying the sitcom hijinks on your screen no mind. Oh, but I know what it is you fear, my dearest friend. I know you better than you know yourself. You like this, don't you? Deep down, there is a part of you that craves this solitary squalor, and every single day it claws itself further out of you, threatening to one day rip you open and spill forth from the bubbling gash that was once your throat.

I do apologize, dear reader. You came to experience a retrospective, and here I am rambling on about you. I do not think you a narcissist, utterly incapable of reading anything not involving yourself. I assure you that my year has been very similar to yours. I wake up. I creep to the vent in your ceiling to watch you awaken, then follow as you forage in your refrigerator. You could have sworn there was leftover Chinese food in there last night, but it's gone. I watch you as you pace like a tiger in a too-small cage, from desk to chair to bed, always circling and never finding the exit, and I creep closer. I run my long fingernails along the thin material that separates us. You start, looking around desperately, and I permit myself a smile. Every day inside is the

same, but your terror, your moments of pure adrenaline — those are rare treats indeed. I watch you sleep before I pull aside the walls and begin my night.

It is hard to believe at times that a year has passed. A year since you got the email telling you not to bother coming in this week. a year since either of us saw another human being in the flesh. Truth be told, when I see you, you are not yourself anymore. Perhaps you never were. You are me, I see that now, as you take slow, deliberate steps in this empty house, so careful not to wake anyone. I see myself in your eyes, wide and glittering with a familiar termination as you run an experimental hand over the cool smooth of the wall. In a sudden fit of inspiration, your fingernails tear into the wallpaper, pulling a ribbon free to drift to the floor. You set to your task with an uncharacteristic motivation. Perhaps you seek to free me, is that it? Or do you seek to become me? I am only as trapped as you are, my dearest friend. Your hand forces its way through a gap between boards. Yes, this is it, this is the moment you've waited all year for. Your skin is torn, your body is slick with your own blood as you pull yourself in to join me and press your body against the insides of your home. The warps of the space fit you perfectly, you think. You begin to glide, creeping ever so carefully within these walls you call a home.

OPINION

Letter to the Editor

Pokémon is corrupting our youth

by Karen

I found myself at a loss for words yesterday when I discovered the beloved games my son Junior has cherished all his childhood to be an extremely demented dystopia that should be kept nowhere near the developing minds of our youth.

After spending two weeks in quarantine, I packed my suitcase this weekend and flew to the East Coast to support my only child and meet my new grandson. While Junior sat in the hospital waiting to welcome his newborn into the world, my 8-year-old granddaughter Misty introduced me to the wicked world of Pokémans.

I was excited at first when Misty asked to use my phone to play a Pokémon game while we took a stroll around her neighborhood. We booted up the game and she began directing me to different locations where she would spin coins that would spit out berries and Pokémon balls. What I witnessed next made me question every decision I've ever made.

Using the berries as bait, Misty captured a Pokémon that was sitting on the roof of a McDonalds along our route. Concerned for the poor thing crammed into that tiny ball, I asked her what she planned to do with the creature. The answer she gave nearly broke my heart.

I confiscated the phone and deleted the game, then we walked back to the house in silence, without the ice cream I'd promised her. That night, we celebrated the birth of my first grandson Ash and nothing else seemed to matter. The next morning, however, was a

much less pleasant occasion.

I awoke to the sound of loud, obnoxious music emanating from the living room, where I found Misty playing Pokémon on the flat screen. She froze like a deer in the headlights when she saw me and my anger from the previous day came rushing back. I sent her upstairs to fetch her father who joined us several minutes later, still half asleep, with dried spit-up on his t-shirt. I sat him down on the couch and demanded he explain to me how he could allow my precious granddaughter to be exposed to such vile filth.

Skipping past the part where Junior blamed me – rightfully so – for his disgusting addiction, he assured me that I would also come to love the games if I only gave them a chance. So I sat back and held my tongue, except to ask questions along the way, while Jr. gave me a terrifying tour of his childhood home away from home.

The concept is immediately troubling, as each game begins with an old man sending prepubescent children into the wild on their own, with nothing but an adorable pet to protect them. The games immediately cross the line to unredeemable when the children begin battling their pets with others' and gambling on the outcomes. For crying out loud, the entire economy is literally built upon the concept of dog fighting – if only dogs were put in the ring against dragons and dinosaurs. This is not to mention the trainers who also battle wild Pokémans, simply for the experience.

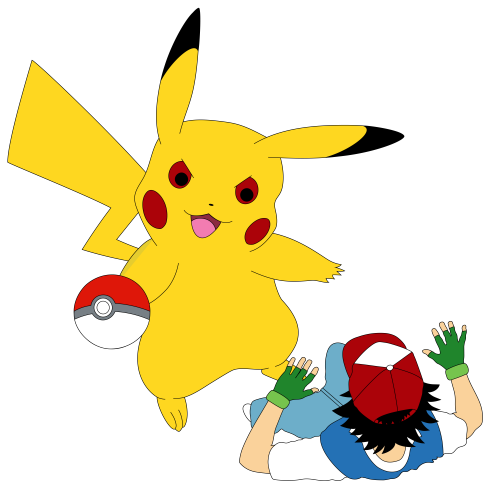
Making matters worse, these so-called "Pokémon trainers" are encouraged to juice their battle-pawns with performance enhancing drugs, on top of frequently feeding these poor creatures potions and other medications to relieve their wounds. Taking things a step even further, the "best trainers" go to the lengths of spending months breeding Pokémans until they've achieved the "perfect Pokémon."

It doesn't stop there, of course. These "trainers" also spent countless hours searching the wild for the overtly fetishized shiny Pokémans that make

up an incredibly small portion of the population just because if it sparkles, people will dig to the middle of the Earth, or in this case, run in circles for hours on end, to get to it.

For the overly ambitious "trainer," the ultimate achievement of the Pokémon world is to catch them all. With "trainers" only able to carry as many as six Pokémans in their party at once, this means keeping hundreds of the poor creatures locked away in a computer storage system. Catching them all also involves capturing one of a kind legendaries that are essentially Pokémon Gods, and according to Junior, using them on your team is "easy mode," so they are also doomed to a life spent inside of a computer.

When the nightmare tour finally ended, I told Junior I no longer disapproved of the game and sent him back to bed – I would take the children for a walk so he and his wife could sleep in. Following the exhaustion of the day before, by the time they woke, I was already back on the other side of the country. I've chosen to hide in a small, stinky location called Humboldt County – where my grandchildren will never have to endure the evil trappings of the Pokémon.



Graphic by Karen

Top 5 Best and Worst Presidents (to fight)

by Leon Czolgosz

Historians say there are many ways to judge a president. I say there is only one, and that is whether or not I could take them in a fight

Presidents I could fight:

1. James Madison
The man was 5'3", sick his entire life, and weighed 90 pounds soaking wet. I would simply get a running start and tackle him, shattering his entire skeleton instantly.

2. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
I would feel bad at first, as I rolled his wheelchair up the hill. He is an old man who can't even use his legs. Honestly, the only reason he isn't number one is because I'd feel kind of bad about it. Not bad enough to stop me shoving him down the stairs, however.

3. Ronald Reagan
Simply seeing Ronald Reagan would instantly fill me with the necessary rage to kill Ronald Reagan.

4. William Henry Harrison
Good old William Henry Harrison. Best president we ever had, was only in office a month before dying of pneumonia brought on by his refusal to wear a coat. I wouldn't even have to fight him, just leave him unsupervised for a couple days. He'd find a way.

5. JFK
While he had so many health problems, he was also on so many drugs. This one could be difficult. He might pull through with some drug-fueled super strength before having a heart attack and collapsing. Fortunately, we know he's weak to ranged attacks, so I have that going for me.
Presidents I cannot fight

5. George Washington
George Washington wasn't just in charge of the Revolutionary War, he actively fought in the Revolutionary War. Most presidents are pathetic babies who could be disabled with a good kick to the shins, but Georgie boy here? George could not only take it but respond with enough pain to convince an Empire to abandon a continent. No thank you.

4. Ulysses S. Grant
Ulysses S. Grant? ULYSSES S. GRANT?? If Washington was bad he has NOTHING on Grant. Jesus, this man was credited with winning the Civil War for a reason. He had brute strength and tactical genius on his side. I'm not picking a fight with the dude literal slaveowners thought went overboard with excessive force.

3. Abraham Lincoln
Oh there is no way I'd get into a ring with Lincoln. This man is taller than he has any right to be. He once won a debate simply by standing up and scaring his opponent half to death. Before he got into politics, this man was a champion wrestler. Hell, he has an official award from the WWE. John Wilkes Booth might have taken his chances, but I most certainly will not.

2. Andrew Jackson
No. Scary. Too scary. I was scared. 0/10 stars.

1. Theodore Roosevelt
I can't do it. I cannot fight him. He would simply obliterate me with a firm look. This is the same Theodore Roosevelt who took a bullet and kept delivering a speech. The same Theodore Roosevelt who overcame asthma out of sheer force of will. The exact Theodore Roosevelt who won an Old West saloon fight with his bare hands. Please do not make me fight Theodore Roosevelt.

Astrology may be fake, but so are your hopes and dreams

Over the past year, I've done my best to bring you all the worst possible advice. As the title for this little column suggests, I don't believe in astrology. I don't believe the stars you were born under control your fate. I don't even believe in the archetypes the signs capture. I do this because it's fun. And I must admit I do this because it is a blast to mock people who love or hate astrology. But this April 1st, I found out the fool was me. The stars really spoke to me. All these horoscopes are 100 percent true!



Aries



(March 21 - April 19)

You have grounded, coherent reasons for doing the things you do. I congratulate you on having a functional moral compass. But I know sometimes you lay awake at night, wondering if all your decisions led to the best course of action. All those showers spent repeating events in different ways. Did you do all the right things? The stars have an answer for you: No! You did not make the right choices!



Taurus



(April 20 - May 20)

For a science experiment, I once took a swab from behind my ear and attempted to isolate a single type of bacteria from the sample. I was never able to isolate a single species. A strange fungus kept taking over the petri dishes I used to grow my ear bacteria. So, take it from me that you'd rather lose your ears than know what horrors lurk behind them right now. No, don't touch them. Washing them won't help.



Gemini



(May 21 - June 21)

I legally must state that you should, under no conditions, do anything that authorities could consider vandalism. I know you can't help being a Gemini but try to resist the urge to cause general mayhem. I'm serious, don't direct your destructive aura toward institutions that abuse their power over the masses. Don't learn to integrate your more erratic impulses into a larger plan of action aimed at the liberation of yourself and your comrades!



Cancer



(June 21 - July 22)

I think I could take you in a fight. That's not a challenge or anything, I just could. The stars are telling me you'd put up a good fight, but fate's fate, bud. Have I actually taken a swing at anyone before? I'd like to think I flail in the general direction of my opponent. Have I been in a real fight? Not on honorable terms, no. But that's even worse for you because I will win. And the worse I fight, the worse you look for losing.



Leo



(July 23 - August 22)

I'm targeting a specific Leo, so this is probably not for you. OK, now that the other Leos are gone: Kevin, you've made a big mistake. You know what it is. Got your bug-out bag ready? Let's see what you've got. Just one bottle of disinfectant? Hmm. Oh yeah, you're going to need more bandages. In fact, ditch all that food and water. I knew this was going to be bad. Kevin, I cannot emphasize enough that you are not prepared for tomorrow.



Virgo



(August 23 - September 22)

I tried to talk to the stars about you, but all they did was look at each other awkwardly and mutter some incomprehensible prophecies in my direction. Then one of them coughed, looked at their watch, and deliberately did not make eye contact with me on their way out. The others went back to their nuclear fusion. If you want my advice, don't sweat it! It's probably fine. And if it's not fine, there's not much you can do about it, is there?



Libra



(September 23 - October 22)

Hey Libra! You're looking great! Oh, your horoscope? Your stars were, like, super chill. Yeah, you're totally going to be super fine. Nothing, uh, nothing bad. Definitely not. No, all positivity. Certainly nothing about getting eaten by a wild herd of elephant-sized banana slugs that you could not possibly hope to outrun! Hah, that's so funny, why would that even occur to me? Anyway, live it up tonight. Just not, you know, near me.



Scorpio



(October 23 - November 21)

Your friends don't like you. Wow, yikes! Anyway, that's it for this week's horoscope. All I've got for yah. But the layout of this page looks awful if all the horoscopes aren't roughly the same length. So, lets see... Oh, you want solutions to your problem? Hate to break it to you, but there's no way to fix the friendship situation. I guess you could just hang out with other Scorpios and then you could all dislike each other in a reasonable fashion.



Sagittarius



(November 22 - December 21)

The stars are telling me you should eat this entire paper. For legal reasons, I'M not telling you this, the STARS are telling you to eat the paper. Maybe the paper you're reading is still fresh and crispy, looking like a nice snack. Or maybe the paper is beat up, looking a bit like delicious news jerky. Maybe you're reading this online, in which case, you can't tell me your screen isn't looking scrumptious right now.



Capricorn



(December 22 - January 19)

You know what, Capricorn? I've had it up to here with your continued Capricorn-ness. I won't lie, I know exactly what's going to happen to you. I know the answers for all the tests you'll ever take. I know how you could win all your arguments. I know every mistake you'll ever make and how you could avoid each one. But do you honestly think I'd tell you after you had the sheer audacity to be born between Dec. 22 and Jan. 19?



Aquarius



(January 20 - February 18)

You're going to be a professional gamer. But not in a glamorous, \$20 million in prize money sort of way. You won't even be a streamer who makes a decent living off delivering fun content to a loyal audience. No, you're going to be the kind of professional gamer who is just really good at Donkey Kong. No one knows how you make money off it, and they don't want to know. You'll wish you didn't know either.



Pisces



(February 19 - March 20)

The stars say it's time for you to join them. The ship is leaving soon and you'll miss it if you wait any longer. You don't need to bring anything. You've always had your ticket. You know where the ship is. You just need to board it. Please hurry. They can't keep waiting for much longer. You can still make it if you break a few traffic laws! (They're not real laws anyway. You'll understand when you get here.)