

\\ CAUTION \\ satire \\ fake news \\ we made this shit up \\ misinformation inside \\ CAUTION \\

# OH FUCK OH MY GOD 420ft CATBOY JACKSON DESTROYS CAMPUS

*Hey look at this, don't read USA Today. Pretend everything is normal.*



## Back in the glory days: cumblast from the past

by The Alltrueist

In the heyday of America, when Garfield just debuted and it was secret to be gay, there was a 'glorious' feature on our campus. Let me tell you, dear reader, about the Founder's Hall Glory Hole. This bad boy first came on the record around the 1970s. When a Lumberjack journalist uncovered this lead: Homosexual people were on campus, and they had lives and clubs, even cultural centers like the Founder's Hall Men's bathroom stalls.

What we know comes from Lumberjack records spanning half a century. The glorious hole was in the bathroom adjacent to the Green and Gold room between the second and third stall. It was there as early as 1975, and the last record of the hole is in the 1990s. There was a second hole on campus on the third floor of the Library, but this article tells the tale of the beloved hole in Founder's Hall. A hole so beloved the Lumberjack reported on it four five times. In the hole's first media appearance, a business major named Joe gives



Artist's rendering of the Founder's Hall Glory Hole

the lowdown on what being gay in the 60s was like. The article describes joe as the quintessential homosexual stereotype.

"Joe is almost typical of the stereotype homosexual," the article reads. "His parents are divorced. He's not sports-minded, and he's conspicuously gregarious to both sexes." It is so easy to forget that this campus was once full of mostly straight people. It is a stark contrast to the queer gendered, and sexualitied students that roam the halls today. Joe describes what queer life was like on campus and the favorite spot of promiscuous straight men who wanted to get in on the 'culture.'

"A favorite ploy is the 'glory hole' gambit. There's one up in Founder's Hall. The wall between two stalls is conveniently cut through at about penis level. All you have to do is stick your penis through, and viola,' Joe said while shaking his head and mumbling, 'Pathetic'."

**SEE GLORY HOLES • PAGE 3**

## The Arcata Bottoms are full of tops

by Faggot Maggot

*Researchers conduct study to find top conservation methods*

Nature is a delicate balance between those who hunt and those who are hunted, those who fuck and those who are fucked. Predators have their prey and those prey can also have prey; each species depends on others in a complex interdependent web of give and take. Just as wolves cannot survive without the continued existence of the antelope, the various species of the human gay community thus depend on each other.

The Anthropocene has had its consequences for the ecosystems of the world, throwing some of their balances to one side or another and collapsing the relationships species had developed before human

interference. Any gay person knows that this has also affected their ecosystem. Simply put, the amount of tops and bottoms in any given community is not always proportional. What would the tops of Arcata do without their bottoms, or bottoms without tops?

It is the plight of the lonely bottom to spend forever searching for a top, in the same fashion as the Kaua'i 'ō'ō (Moho braccatus). The last of this bird species spent its final days searching in vain for a female, its melancholy mating call echoing through the Hawaiian forest without an answer.

**SEE BOTTOMS' TOPS • PAGE 7**

## Polytechnic plans for new Bong Graveyard

by The Alltrueist

*Campus designates \$2 million to resurrect of the bong graveyard*

Cal Poly Humboldt is entering its next phase of the polytechnic transition. \$433 million to go towards technology improvements and broadband support that is vital for this rural campus. Funding for lab and classroom renovations, equipment modernization, and infrastructure for mixed-use space for housing and other basic needs, academic instruction, and the support of students' success.

Admin feared the change might be a culture shock to students currently enrolled. To ease the feeling of change a few campus culture staples will be brought back. The project that has stu-

dents buzzing is the reinstating of the Bong Graveyard. The original Bong Graveyard lived behind the canyon complex. A shrine to every broken bong to grace the campus. A memorial to the times students got super fucking zooted. The project to restore the site to its former state will cost \$2 million.

"It will be hard to recreate the forlorn feeling of shattered bongs hanging from trees," a Facilities management representative said. "The crushed cans of PBR and ratio of roaches to cigarette butts needs to feel authentic."

**SEE BONGS • PAGE 4**

# THE DUMBERJACK

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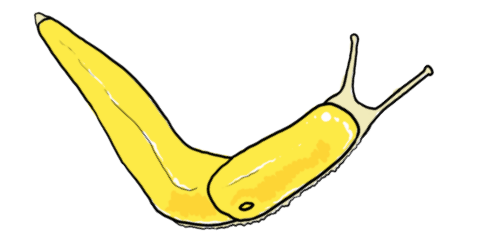
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# Polytechnic Piety

*A message from God and a reverent administration work toward a better academic experience*  
by Beans the Nefarious

As Arcata churchgoers attended Easter services Sunday, Cal Poly Humboldt’s administrative team released a report citing The Lord Almighty as the original architect for the polytechnic takeover. The message came from President Tom Jackson, saying he has had several conversations with the Father about plans to make the school more appealing to STEM students. Starting in early March of 2020, Jackson said God has communicated with him through a bush near the Jolly Giants parking lot.

“It was incredible,” Jackson said. “It was after a long day figuring out how to address the new coronavirus pandemic when I noticed an odd haze coming over the lot by the JGC. I thought it was a purple urkle— or maybe a nice OG... but then I saw it.”

According to the president, the bush, adorned with the large HSU abbreviation, had been set ablaze, although he noted the bush didn’t seem to really be on fire. Putting his hand near the dancing flames, the angel of the Lord spoke.

“Tear everything down,” He purportedly bellowed. “I want parking lots and high returns for property investors. No man shall stand in my way.”

This was only the first of many meetings with President Jackson. He excused himself shortly after, citing work-from-home pandemic measures

to pursue a life of penance under His guidance. It was during this pilgrimage that Jackson left his administration to soothe concerns from school faculty about his absence.

“If I wouldn’t have left for nine months, we wouldn’t have nearly the amount of money we have in the bud-

get now,” Jackson said.

Student reactions to the announcement vary. Resident atheist and wild-life major, Slaten Fitz, said the news changed his perspective on where his alma mater is headed.

“I never was a faithful person to begin with,” Fitz said. “But when I heard Jackson spoke with God himself, I wasn’t going to be the only one standing up in community feedback meetings saying that the parking plan

is short-sighted.”

Before the weekend, Fitz had planned on attending the next open forum to voice concerns with the amount of students expected to attend Cal Poly Humboldt and the lack of parking spaces for them. However, Fitz told us that heavenly intervention discouraged him.

In contrast to the STEM students stunned by the announcement, the philosophy club said they had anticipated the announcement for some time. Club president Alisha Pretnae noted that until now her class discussions about transitioning to a polytechnic had been below the standards of her field.

“Well when you really think about it,” Pretnae said, “anything as dramatic as a school rebranding has to be preceded by divine intervention. I could have told you that.”

Although, when asked about the details of the plan, Pretnae said they just thought the school just got a new name.

“I don’t know why God would want anything to do with it,” Pretnae continued. “It’s not like we’re doing anything different than before.”

Which of the amendments to the polytechnic prospectus are God’s has been left up for interpretation. Though, Jackson was adamant that the name and logo investments were his ideas alone.



Graphic by Beans the Nefarious

## Cal Poly’s longest tenured professor reflects on momentous ten-month mark

by Beans the Nefarious

Professor Juliet Hors makes history as Cal Poly Humboldt’s longest-tenured professor, reaching the ten-month mark last Tuesday. The school’s leadership celebrated the English professor’s tenure by naming its new family services center “The Hors House.” In a speech made by Hors at the naming ceremony, she said that she was shocked by the amount of support given by her peers.

“When I took the job at Cal Poly Humboldt,” Hors said, “I thought of it more like a jumping-off point. But now that I’ve re-signed my lease for another six months, we might as well set another record.”

Well before the polytechnic transition stunted the long-term vision of the school’s leadership, the NorCal university was a place faculty came to retire. Ex-HSU soil science professor, Katherine Hogul remarked that the biggest change has been the teacher-student ratio.

“Humboldt was just a smaller place back then,” Hogul said. “We were a lot different from the other CSUs but that was a good thing. I remember back before Lisa Rossenbacher [the school’s president before Tom Jackson] and the chancellor started making everything a uniform experience, we really had something cool to offer.”

After hearing about Professor Hors’ tenure recognition, Hogul chuckled, adding that one of her colleagues was put on leave for longer than ten months.

When asked about the recognition ceremony, Hors said she was only really excited about the money that came with it. Along with the family services center being named after her, the accredited professor received a salary increase.

“You know, this will be the first time in ten months that I won’t have to borrow money to pay my rent,” Hors said. “I guess I didn’t realize that everyone that was here when I showed up left for better pay. Not to mention administrators that will actually listen to them.”

[UPDATE 04/19/22- Professor Juliet Hors has since taken an offer from the University of Colorado, Denver. Responding via email, Hors cited a higher salary and less volatility in median home prices.]

## Souls of students trapped in Cal Poly Promo photos

by The Altrueist and Paid Thinker

These students’ souls reached out to us from a permanent fugue state somehow contained within photos. When you look at the photos they look normal at first, you can view them on Flickr from your phone, tablet, or laptop. In the photos, happy-go-lucky, diverse (but not too diverse) college students participate in activities with smiles across their faces. The result is an uncanny valley feeling that the photos aren’t quite right, like perhaps they were generated by an A.I. with an undying love for this campus.

“We are trapped in a permanent state of enthusiasm for Cal Poly Humboldt,” they collectively said. “It’s just like a gimmick-y college-themed Black Mirror episode.”

Upon further inspection, the photos’ subjects have tortured looks in their eyes. No one seriously throws a corn hole sack with that much fervor. These students have a real hard-on for being in the chem lab at 8 a.m. It looks like they popped molly for the club fair on the quad. Every photo depicts a scene that feels too good to be true.



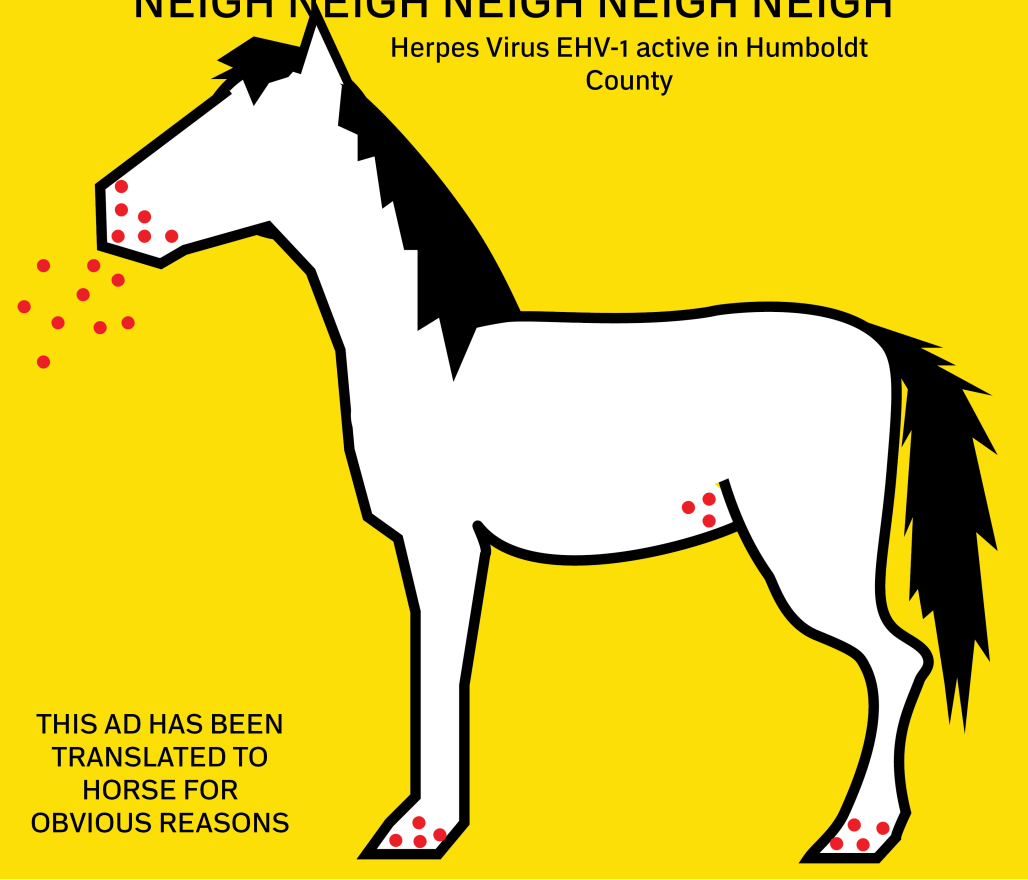
Photo by Cal Poly Humboldt

When confronted about the fate of the trapped students, Cal Poly Humboldt event photographer and resident eldritch horror Bugg-Shash, The Black One, The Filler of Space, He Who Comes in the Dark said to reporters, “You really shouldn’t be poking your nose where it doesn’t belong. Those students all signed release forms before they agreed to have their photos taken. It’s not my fault they didn’t read the fine print that specifically says ‘My soul is now permanent property of Cal Poly Humboldt’s brand and subsidiary assets.’ Maybe somebody should’ve

taught these kids a little bit of media literacy.”

Dumberjack reporters tried to free the trapped souls by downloading the photos, but there was a permissions issue with the metadata so it looks like they’re just stuck there. A quick search on Quora recommended that we grab a Ouija board, however, that seems like a lot of work. The file space these photos take up is enormous but we are unsure of the ethical implications of moving the photos and attached souls to the trash bin. If anyone knows how to exorcise a JPEG file, hit us up ASAP.

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH  
HERPES  
NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH  
Herpes Virus EHV-1 active in Humboldt County



THIS AD HAS BEEN  
TRANSLATED TO  
HORSE FOR  
OBVIOUS REASONS

BONGS  
FROM PAGE 1

It may be hard for new students to understand the profound impact the Bong Graveyard had. It was a universal fixture of campus life. Over the pandemic, this likely biohazardous smoke spot was removed, and now boring dumb nature is there. The loss displaced stoners cam-

GLORY HOLES  
FROM PAGE 1

The glory hole ended its career in the 90s, but not before establishing some stellar records. In 1978 there were four arrests within the year. UPD pleaded with the gay community for a solution.

“I think the gay community needs to know we’re doing what we can. If a representative of the gay community wants to talk with us about the level of enforcement, we’re available.” then University Police Chief Vanderklis said. In 1990, UPD was accused of entrapment and the

puswide, but now the opportunity to create community space and an authentic college experience returns to campus.

Senior Thomas Tokes reminisced on the spot in its former glory.

“There were so many different types of glass,” Tokes said. “People would take the shattered necks and hang them from branches. The light would shine through the colored glass and light up. Just perfect for a wake and bake bong rip.”



Werewolves develop a taste for wildlife majors

UPD warns students to stay out of the woods during full moon nights

by A Gay Person

A thousand unblinking eyes stare back at you, seeing both everything and nothing. They are all terribly bloodshot, and it feels like death itself is staring back at you. Your body tells you to run, but you are glued to the spot. The eyes then start blinking rapidly, all at once, all in different patterns. You don’t understand what it means now, but you will soon. All will become clear during the next full moon.

This is the life of Hugh Weiner, a senior wildlife major at Cal Poly Humboldt.

“There’s been an unmarked black van following me for weeks,” Weiner tells me. “It all started when I stole a burrito from the Depot 23 days ago.” Like any other student that frequents the Depot, Hugh loves to grab a burrito after his Wildland Management class on Wednesdays. One time, he was out of flex points after class, but still hungry, so he left without paying for his burrito. That’s when he started seeing the van. At first, it was only once a day, but he says that van sightings have increased.

I interviewed Weiner on March 13, five days before the full moon, and he said that his paranoia was growing as the moon waxed further into the sky.



Photo courtesy of UPD security cameras

He kept asking me if I “saw the van too,” and told me that he wakes up in the middle of the night with messages, and has covered the wall of his dorm in Morse code.

When I talked to Weiner’s roommate, Harry Bush, about the whereabouts of his roommate, he said that the last time he saw his roommate was March 18, the night of the last full moon. He “ran out in a frenzy,” and

was shouting something about the werewolves following him.

“I mean, I thought he was kidding, because who actually believes in werewolves?” Bush said.

Bush showed me around the dorm, showing me his former roommate’s side of the room. It looked incredibly unkempt, and there was the same message in morse code frantically scrambled on the walls. When I asked what

it meant, Bush told me that it read “HELP ME”. In addition to the Morse code scribbles, Weiner had written cryptic messages about how none of the Depot workers had ever been seen outside of the Depot.

“I mean, it was all he would ever talk about!” Bush sighed, shaking his head. “He would run in here, screaming about werewolves and the Depot workers. He did wash most of the dishes in our dorm though, so I do kinda miss him.”

It’s now been almost a month since Weiner’s disappearance, and Bush still isn’t sure how to break it to Housing and Residence Life that his roommate got kidnapped by werewolves.

In an email sent out to students last Sunday, UPD sent out a photo from wildlife cams in the Arcata Community Forest showing Bush getting dragged across the forest floor with a bag over his head. They have denied that it was a werewolf, and claimed a “masked assailant” was the perpetrator. Despite UPD claiming that there was no werewolf involved in Bush’s disappearance, they have since asked students to stay out of the woods on full moon nights.

Chartwells has not responded to a request for comment.

69-story skyscraper to be erected on campus

It’s been coming for a while

by Rando

Administrators at Humboldt State Uni - uh, Cal Poly Humboldt - made a unilateral decision last week to bulldoze Bret Harte House, the hub of the Journalism & Mass Communication department on campus.

The university plans to erect a 69-story skyscraper in its place. The bulging girth of the Behavior & Social Sciences building will be dwarfed in cum-parison by the forthcoming edifice.

President Tom Jackson assured concerned students and faculty in the Hyflex meeting on Zoom that the skyscraper won’t have hydraulic elevators that cause acute vertigo like the BSS elevators do.

In fact, there won’t be any elevators. Or stairs.

“The idea is to reduce foot traffic on campus,” Jackson said. “If we start with a building, that will create a ripple effect out onto the rest of campus.”

The only ways to travel between the different floors is to free climb on the outside and crawl into the windows with help from the climbing club or to hitch a ride on a decrepit laundry chute in the building.

A student representative from the Student Disability Resource Center tried to raise concerns about accessibility during the meeting. He was drowned out by lackey administrators who lauded Jackson’s ingenuity. He promptly muted himself and turned off his camera for the rest of the Hyflex meeting.

As we know, it’s obviously the responsibility of people with disabilities to overcome the strictures of ableism on their own accord and grovel at the feet of able-bodied people who lick their chops and clamor over inspiration porn to make themselves feel better about doing the bare minimum for people with disabilities.

Anyways, back to the building.

“I couldn’t have thought of it myself,” an administrator who doesn’t want to be named said. “He raises the bar higher than your average Cal Poly Humboldt student who sneaks into the community forest to burn some green, if you know what I’m saying.”

A student visibly grimaced and rolled their eyes at the out-of-touch Gen X administrator’s attempt to satirize his narrow-minded perception of Gen Z college students’ sensibilities.

The purpose of the skyscraper is to create housing for an alleged plethora of incoming STEM students that Jackson projects will double in the next ten years, even though Cal Poly Humboldt’s enrollment has been on the decline in recent years.

The original idea was to build a structurally unsound skyscraper in the Arcata bottoms - which is located in a tsunami hazard zone - but Jackson

conceded to sense after an administrator pointed out that the bottom half of the building would either be submerged or destroyed if an earthquake and tsunami double combo battered the bottoms. Moving it to the campus was more logical.

Faculty and students from the JMC department took voracious notes during the meeting and constantly badgered Jackson and the other administrators about their concerns regarding the university’s plans to bulldoze their beloved building.

“All I have to say is that the building design is atrocious,” a JMC lecturer said. “No one is talking about that. Whoever came up with it should be fired. I could design it better in Illustrator in ten minutes max and I’m not even an architect.”

# There’s one haircut in Arcata and we all have to share

by The Alltrueist

Across our little indie campus, one haircut can be found in any classroom. The hairstyle that rules our campus. It can be found on straight forestry majors, cis LAX bros, trans art majors, and twice in any one lesbian relationship.

The haircut is acquired in a range of ways, no one has the same start. For some, it is the grown-out result of a mutated pixie cut grown out over quarantine, while some bring pictures of niche TikTok micro-influencers to the hairdresser. More often than by a professional, this haircut is often produced by the nearest queer with a pair of scissors, often while under the influence of more than one drug.

Sometimes it is an impulsive game-day decision because it pairs well with pit vipers sunglasses and that sad little attempt at a pornstache that every guy has been hiding under their mask.

Is it a mullet? Is it a wolf cut? Doesn’t matter, because it’s mine now and you all have to change.



# This isn’t the Batman you are looking for

by Dirty Dan

## The climax never cums in Gotham

Struggle is the enemy, but weed is the remedy. Can’t we all just grab a bong and get along? I smoked two bowls before I smoked another two bowls. Until tonight, I did everything but drink the bong water. Fuck it. I mean it’s 4:20 somewhere right?

As I astral projected from the Nether realm, I realized that it was my turn to host movie night. My imaginary friend Snuffleupagus and I couldn’t decide whether or not we should watch Batman or Sonic The Hedgehog 2. We created a fictitious government to debate the merits of each film.

A pirated version of Batman on my Android won the vote. The link looked pretty promising. The movie opened with the Riddler tying Batman up and dragging him into the Joker’s lair. Batman called for the help of his trusty sidekick Robin. Tsk tsk. The room bursted with maniacal laughter. Robin was also within the clutches of the criminal masterminds.

“There you go again underestimating me,” said Robin. “You won’t get away with this so easy.” Batman corrected Robin because his statement wasn’t proper grammar.

Catwoman walked in and caressed Batman’s chest.

“You look so sexy when you’re mad,” said Catwoman. “And so dashing under that mask. You owe me one.”

After Catwoman freed Batman from his restraints, he believed there was still

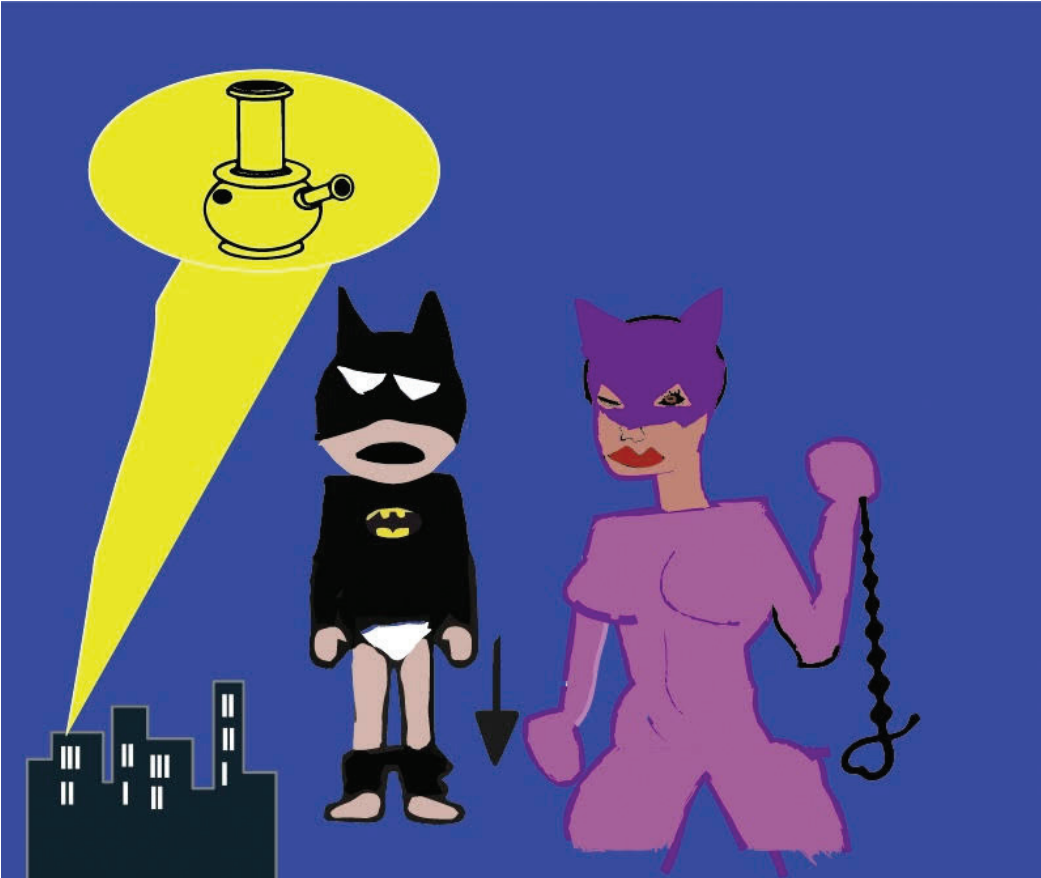
a strand of goodness in her moral fiber. Batman urged Robin to show the feline criminal leniency, without giving up their moral principles.

“Well we must give credit where credit is due,” said Batman. “She may be evil, but she is quite attractive.”

It was only after suits started coming off that I realized this might not be the The Batman I was looking for. I must say that this isn’t too out of character for Robert Pattinson though. At first I thought it was just major suspense before an action scene, but the climax NEVER cums.

Not all heroes wear capes, but mine does. And apparently latex too. Supervillains aren’t the only things that our caped crusader is up against. The Gotham streets are crawling with crabs and syphilis.

What can I say? Batman can really ride a Harley. After the Dark Knight goes down, he has risen not once but twice. Riddle me this. Riddle me that. Who’s afraid of the big black bat? You’d be surprised. There were a lot of jump scares. I HIGHLY recommend not pirating Batman off of the internet.



Graphic by Dirty Dan

# Legend of the Jolly Giant

by Hairy Bowls

The origin of the mist, and the namesake of the creek that babbles in the woods

The trickle of the Jolly Giant Creek through the community forest and the misty haze that passes through like a phantom bong rip are both hallmarks of our campus. The mist weaves through the redwood forest loom like the tapestry of fate, and the creek teems with salamanders and skinny-dipping students.

But do you know where the creek got its name? From who doth the fat rip blow? Deep in the forest, in a cave beneath a massive redwood stump is a giant bong. And here is the story of its welder.

Once a giant stomped through our mighty redwoods, resting once he saw the bay. He watched the sunset the end of a long day, sitting upon a fallen tree on top of the hill that would one day be founder’s hall.

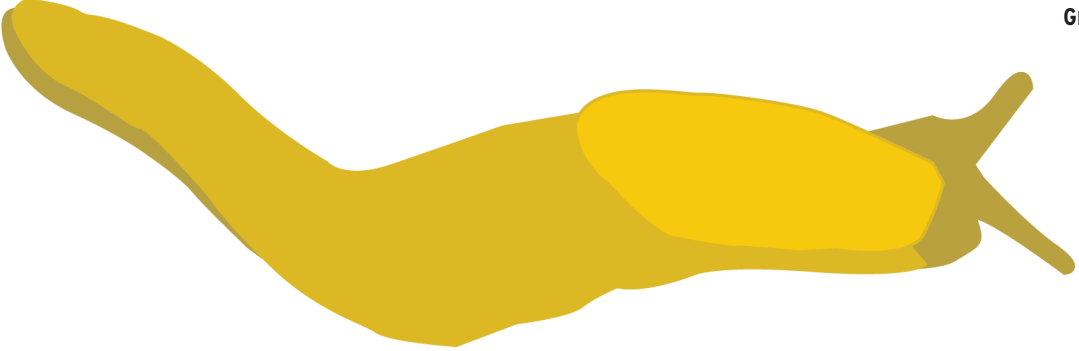
He loved the view over Humboldt Bay, the water sparkling in a rare day of sunshine. And so he reached down into the underbrush and picked a fresh dank bud. He ground it up using a few large boulders, and pulled out his giant bong. It was 100 feet tall!

The fattest rip ever seen soon bloomed from the Jolly Giant’s bong. Out into the woods he blew, and created the mist. And that’s why it smells dank in the forest all the time (not the students, we’re busy studying).

After he had exhaled into the forest with the ferocity of a gale-force wind, the giant was indeed jolly. The Jolly Giant then poured out his bong, full of clear and pure mountain water. Down the hill and into the bay it flowed, and to this day the creek streams from it endlessly.



Graphic by Hairy Bowls



# Students experiment with slug smoking

*There’s a new strain and boy it is slimy*

by Dee Z. Nuts

Students at Cal Poly Humboldt have created a club dedicated to studying the effects of smoking banana slugs, called Slug Stoners. Through rigorous research, they have found that despite their slimy texture and flaccid form, banana slugs are incredibly enjoyable to smoke. Those who smoke slugs recreationally say that one can commonly expect the subtle flavor of banana.

“When I take out my lighter and light up a fat, slimy slug I just get so excited,” said Mollusk studies major, Gus Tropod. “It’s such a unique experience, I can barely describe it but that smooth, banana-y flavor is delicious.”

The term “banana slug” refers to several slug species within the genus *Ariolimax*. The slugs are native to the forests all along the Pacific coasts. Common species include the California banana slug (*Ariolimax californicus*), the Pacific banana slug (*Ariolimax columbianus*), and the slender banana slug (*Ariolimax dolichophallus*).

Banana slugs have been historically used as food sources by the Yurok tribe and by German immigrants to the area in the 19th and early 20th centuries. The slugs were often fed corn meal or soaked in vinegar to remove their slime before being eaten.

“Banana slugs were already being utilized by multiple groups of people,” said professor of slimy foods and re-

sources, Sue D. O’Science. “The students here have been innovative and creative enough to come up with a new way of using banana slugs to benefit humanity.”

O’Science is a faculty advisor for the club. She says that the students have noted many properties of banana slugs that can only be observed when they are smoked.

“The students are incredibly diligent with their research,” O’Science

said. “Some are so dedicated that they are constantly lighting and smoking slugs to observe their effects.”

Common effects of smoking banana slugs include, euphoria, relaxation, serenity, and boosted confidence. More negative effects include anxiety, paranoia, nausea, and a numb throat and mouth.

“The slime actually has a numbing effect that is meant to deter predators,” said Slug Stoners member Sally Slime. “If you don’t remove the slime before you smoke the slug, your entire mouth will be numb for hours.”

Members of the club have also experienced more extreme effects as a result of smoking the slugs. Several of them have experienced reality distortion and hallucinations.

“One of the first times I smoked a slug, I had hallucinations that there were slugs all over my body that

were slowly eating me,” Slime said. “I thought I could actually hear them chewing on me, it was disgusting.”

Recently, members who have been smoking the slugs for long periods of time have begun to observe long-term effects from the practice.

“One of our members actually started to secrete their own slime and their skin started to turn yellow,” said Tropod. “Another member started to grow eye stalks after he had been smoking the slugs consistently for like a month.”

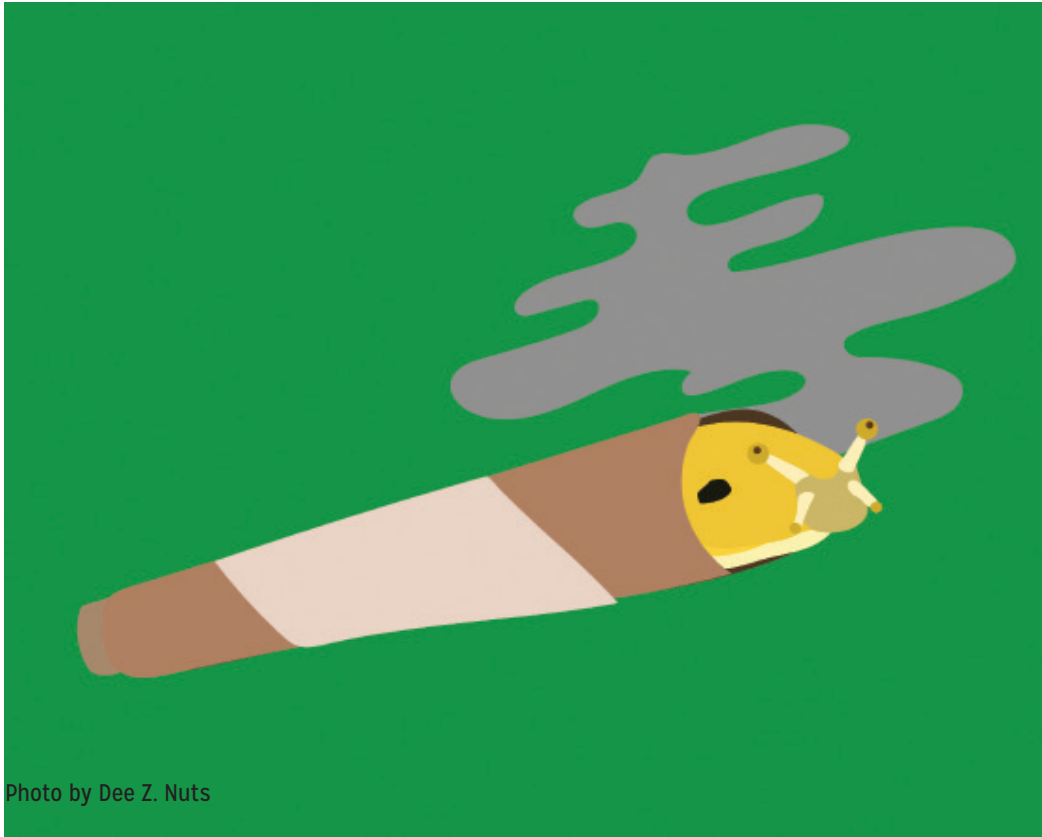
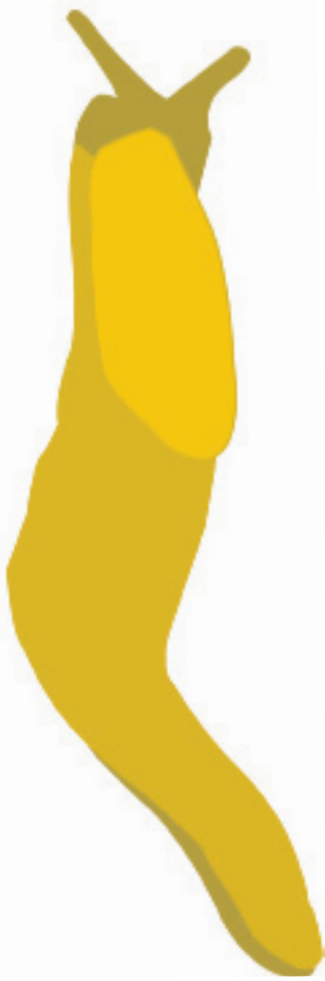


Photo by Dee Z. Nuts



# Where do babies come from?

by Dirty Dan

In September 1942, Robert Oppenheimer theorized that babies came from nuclear warheads launched from the moon. Of course, this stoked curiosity in nations across the world.

This has motivated an era of efforts for superior spaceflight capability between the US and Soviet Union. The Space Race is most known for its political motivations and yet history seems to forget the scientific inquiry that prompted the necessity for spaceflight achievement. Where do babies come from?

In 2015, the Hubble Space Telescope picked up on what appeared to be an infant’s face forming the craters of the moon. It is not in fact a man’s face on the moon, but the round smiling face of a baby. The Hubble Space Telescope also showed what appeared to be babies falling from the stratosphere like meteors, having rode in on nuclear bombs from interstellar space.

There seems to be no explanation of the source of these little critters. However, ancient astronaut theorist Giorgio A. Tsoukalos suggested that the reason that we don’t see the nuclear warheads is because they explode on impact when they hit our atmosphere. Tsoukalos also pointed out that it was in fact overworked aliens that were sending these bombs.

The babies were merely a byproduct of climate change created from

subatomic particles of the shrapnel known as midichlorians. In a galaxy far far away, midichlorians were found to be intelligent microscopic life-forms that lived symbiotically inside the cells of almost all living things. When an ample amount of midichlorians are present, a Sith Lord is then able to create life out of thin air, which brings us these little demon spawns.

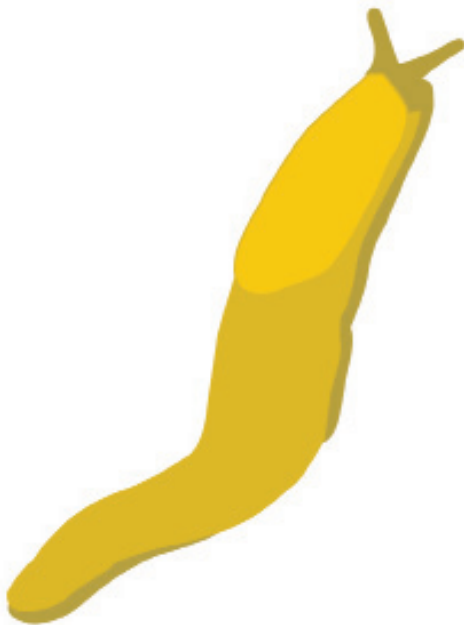


Photo by Dirty Dan

# BOTTOMS’ TOPS

FROM PAGE 1

“It’s been two years since I’ve seen a top.” said Sunnybrae resident Luke Skywalker. “Let alone one that isn’t knee-deep in bussy already.”

The lack of tops globally has lead some scientists to rigorously study the issue, fearing that if the gays cannot reproduce they will cease to exist. This existential threat to the very lifestyle of homosexuality is dire, but in the quiet Arcata, California neighborhood known as the Bottoms, residents experience no shortage of tops. The Bottoms is full of tops, in fact.

A team of researchers based at Cal

Poly Humboldt is studying the phenomenon, lead by Dr. Ben Kenobi in collaboration with top top conservation efforts based in the San Francisco Bay area.

“What we’re doing is systematic surveys of several areas in the Bottoms that are ‘hotspots’ for top activity,” said Kenobi. “We use data from Grindr and on-the-ground wildlife observation to plot the density of bottoms vs tops in different areas, then assess what environmental factors could lead tops to congregate there.”

According to Kenobi and other re-

searchers, some factors that correlate with high top density are low lying areas, godawful shitty apartment complexes, and locally-owned but slightly overpriced grocery stores.

The inner workings of tops’ minds are so mysterious and complicated as to stump researchers, and yet so simple that any bottom can analyze them with ease.

“The explosion in the top population we’ve seen in the Bottoms is astounding,” said researcher Moff Tarkin. “If we can apply the factors that we’ve seen here as conservation

measures elsewhere, we could have a real breakthrough in top populations worldwide.”

This research is vital for the gay community’s continued existence. However, it has proven to be dangerous for several of the researchers posing as bottoms on Grindr for data-gathering purposes.

“It was necessary, but it really made me feel for the minority of bottoms in the Bottoms,” said Kenobi. “I felt hunted. I’ve never seen so many dicks.”

# Soccer game against Catboy University goes away

*Human/cat hybrids bring a unique perspective to the game*

by Faggot Maggot

The Cal Poly Humboldt Men’s soccer team faced an unusual opponent this past Friday as they played against Catboy University.

The Catboys have maintained an unbroken losing streak over this season, with Jacks team mmmbers Jackson Futbol and Mario Mario describing them as ‘pushovers, but they make me kinda horny?’ and ‘weird, but there’s something about them.’

The story of the Catboys’ soccer team starts in a lab deep underground, where mad weaboo scientist Honey Bare dedicated her life to the profane and illicit experimentation necessary to engineer cat/human hybrids. As they’ve grown up, Bare educated them herself, and has now created Catboy University.

Staying true to their roots, the Catboys’ uniforms consist of revealing maid’s uniforms, their numbers embroidered on the back with the utmost care. Many of the Jacks were seen giving lingering looks to the hems of their opponents’ skirts.

“I’m so proud of my little cat boys,” said Bare. “I never expected them to develop an interest in sports, but as a parent you have to be prepared for your kids to have their own passions.”

Despite designing her catboys to be cute and cuddly above all, Bare has unintentionally produced the perfect athletes. They possess incredibly fast reflexes, flexibility, and mesmerizing cuteness from their cat DNA, but also the reasoning and strategy skills that only a human brain is capable of.

Unfortunately, the Catboys often get distracted during games, as happened during Friday’s match with the Jacks. The final score of 10-2 reflects this.

Several Catboys team members took off across campus and disappeared into



Graphic by Faggot Maggot

the community forest (in search of native bird species to decimate) before the first goal had even been scored.

Additionally, a few stray balls of yarn made their way onto the field through unknown means, although sabotage by fans of the Jacks is suspected. A time out had to be called until all the balls could be collected from the Catboys, who had dropped everything to roll around adorably on the ground playing with them.

“Yarn balls are just irresistible, nya,” said Nico Neko, one of the affected players. He was noticeably affected by the upset, his fluffy striped orange tail puffed up to three times its original thickness.

Catboy goalie Miaou LePaw needed medical attention halfway through the game when he started coughing up a particularly nasty hairball, and had to be replaced with their second-stringer Connor Kitty.

In efforts to welcome the visiting team and to adhere to Title X accessibility standards, the Cal Poly Humboldt campus placed a litterbox in every bathroom on campus. Designated scratching post areas have also been designated, so that the Catboys don’t ruin all the furniture.

Attendees to the game were also asked to leave any laser pointers at home, because of the undue influence they may have on the visiting players.

The game was a fan favorite among Humboldt students; many people in the stands said that this was their first time ever attending a Jacks game. Chief among the new communities was the campus’ anime club, which arrived in droves sporting fake cat ears and waving paw-shaped light-up signs to cheer the Catboys on.

The Cal Poly Humboldt Women’s soccer team’s next game will be against Puppy Girl University.

# Spectral HSU football team wins big

by Your Mom

Despite protests from admin that the football team moved on from this mortal realm in the fall of 2018, the tormented souls of HSU’s football team have risen again, clad in chains forged by their sins, and defeated challenger Sophronia Annaliese Walsham, a young girl with stringy hair and dark, haunting eyes that died of mysterious causes in 1853.

“It was a close one,” said a member of the crowd that asked us for a ride home, only to vanish from the backseat of our car in front of a house where the owner told us her daughter had died in a car crash 20 years ago this very night. “I really wasn’t sure how they were going to make a comeback after the first half, but they gave it their all.”

Coach and spirit medium Miriam Graves believes that the team’s success is all due to the hard work they put in practicing.

“Oh, thank god, you can see them too,” Graves said, weeping. “I thought I was going crazy, my mother had warned me about the visions, but I never thought that this was real.”

After some consolation from the reporter, Graves continued.

“When they first appeared to me on a stormy midnight in 2018, I thought they were going to call on me to avenge their deaths,” Graves said. “Turns out they just needed a coach. They’re nice boys, so long as they stop suddenly slamming the doors in my apartment and knocking glasses off tables.”

With Graves’ assistance, the quarterback, Alastor Thorne, agreed to an interview via Ouija board and appeared as a silent, blood-stained apparition in the candlelight.

“Since the university disbanded our team four long years ago, the field has lain empty to the mortal eye,” Thorne spelled. “Our unearthly games, however, continue. Heed my warning, mortal, lest you join us in the eternal end zone.”

The planchette flew out of our hands as the candles suddenly extinguished, ending the interview early.

The kickoff was a rough start for the Lumberjacks, whose feet passed directly through the ball, leaving an ectoplas-mic residue. The ball now in the hands of the dead Victorian girl, Walsham slowly sang an ominous nursery rhyme as she carried the ball to the end zone, disappearing and suddenly reappearing twenty yards down the field.

“I’ll admit, they had a strong offense,” Graves said.

At the end of three quarters, the score 62-35, things were looking grim for the Jacks. Wide receiver Sir Godfrey Plumette was injured after a tackle from Walsham caused his decapitated head to go flying into the stands, bringing a blow to team morale. However, with less than 15 minutes left on the clock, the Jacks started to make a comeback.

Walsham was hit with a penalty after reaching through a bathroom mirror to strangle Graves, who had said her name three times in a dark room. This spurred on the Lumberjacks to recover from their earlier losses, even as several team members ascended into the light as their unfinished business was resolved. After a particularly inspired touchdown from Thorne, who sent the ball through the field goal with his powers of levitation, the team came shrieking back for a comeback. The Lumberjacks won the game 65-62, just barely eking a victory over the dead Victorian child.

“I’m really proud of what we managed to do here today,” Thorne wrote in blood on the locker room wall. “We really couldn’t have done this without everyone.”

Walsham was contacted in a seance but refused to comment beyond revealing the name of her murderer.

The next game will take place in the ruined estate of a wealthy man with a dark secret on a moonless night.

# LJ STAFF FIGHT BRACKET

by Dee Z. Nuts

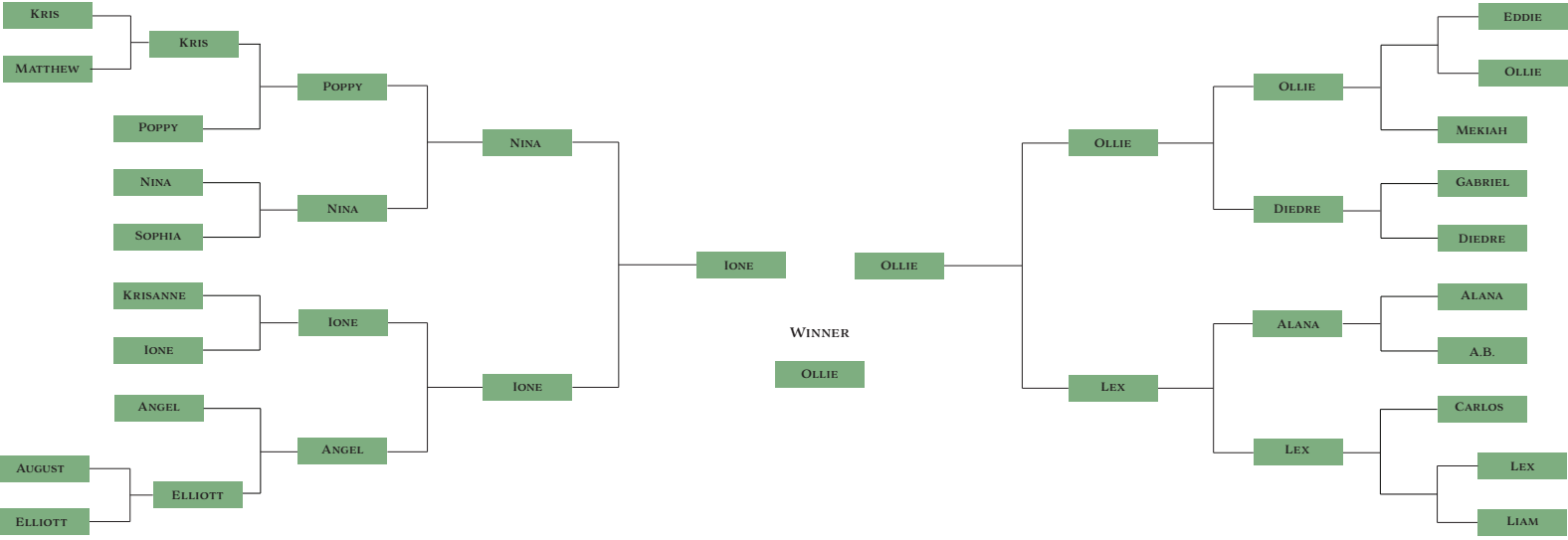


Photo Illustration by The Altrueist | Mid air capture of Greenfinches fighting.

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# Don’t tread on me (a banana slug)

by Colonel Ingus

The Waldo club held an event in the community forest on April 20. They sold shirts with the ‘Don’t Tread on Me’ Flag with a banana slug replacing the snake. The goal of this event is to spread awareness of banana slugs becoming more and more abundant during the rain season.

The idea came to Steve Capper, the club president, while on a walk in the community forest after a heavy rain. After only a couple steps he stopped short. His eyes filled with sadness as he saw two banana slugs, one crushed and the other slug looking at their fallen friend.

“Seeing the crushed slug broke my heart,” Capper said, “The goal of this event is to spread awareness of these beautiful creatures that are becoming more and more abundant during the rain season.”

The banana slug is one of the slowest animals in the world, moving a whopping 6.6 inches a minute. They are a big part of the ecosystem, eating anything and everything they find. Banana slug

excrement is important in nourishing the dirt as well as clearing the forest floor.

One thing that some misinformed students don’t understand is the slime on banana slugs. The slime has a numbing effect to deter any would be predator or curious students. It is detrimental if students kiss or lick a banana slug. The banana slug cannot survive without their protective coat and die soon after.

Dave Reddix, Vice President of the Waldo club, came up with the idea to replace the snake with a banana slug on the Gadsden Flag.

“While death spiraling on Twitter I found a tweet about how only “true” Americans embody the rattlesnake on the Gadsden Flag. We will not attack unless tread on. We lie in wait, waiting to strike, and so on,” Reddix said. “After hearing the banana slug story from Steve, I immediately thought back to the tweet. The banana slug perfectly embodies modern day key board warriors claiming to be patriots. They chill



Graphic by The Alltrueist

around all day, add nothing to society but shitty takes and their sweat has the same repelling effect as the poisonous slime on a banana slug. “

The Waldo club hosted this call for awareness deep in the community forest, at 4:20 p.m. They met where the most banana slugs had gathered that day. For the students that could track banana slug slime it was a breeze. For the less talented, they followed the smoke.

Half the proceeds from shirt sales

will be donated directly in cash to the banana slugs, and the other half will be donated to help right wing keyboard warriors change their hanging flags from slugs to snakes.

“We want to give the slugs the tools to have the presence of a rattlesnake. We also want to give misguided souls with an identity crisis the tools to become what they tweet about,” said Jeffrey Noel, the official joint roller of the Waldos.

# Most hotboxable rooms on campus

## Someone had to do it

by Rando

**Gist Hall 227: Get red-eyed in the newsroom**

Student reporters have it rough. Once every week or month, they have to churn out up-to-date, well-reported content that most people end up either skimming or not reading at all.

They bust their asses constantly and get slim stipends at the end of every semester, so they barely get compensated for their tireless work. They need to take the edge off somehow, and in what better way than to hotbox the place they know best?

The newsroom in Gist Hall is the ideal room to hotbox. There are four tall windows with crappy plastic blinds and thick curtains, as well as a door that remains locked from the outside at all times. Shut the windows, turn the handles tight, draw the curtains and turn off the lights: you’re good to go.

Hotboxing the newsroom would take a lot of time and effort due to its large size, but the student reporters at Cal Poly Humboldt know all too well how to work on a team to get stuff done. Here’s to getting red-eyed, and not from staring at screens for hours at a time.

**Founder’s Hall 177: Light up green in the Green & Gold Room**

Green is in its name, so this iconic room on campus is a prime candidate for being hotboxed. It’s also located in the original building on campus, Founder’s Hall. It would be the ultimate homage to the only university in Humboldt, a county known for its massive weed production. The smoke would float up to the tall ceiling so it would be hard to truly hotbox the room, but at least your thoughts can float up along with it as you light up.

**Behavioral & Social Sciences 420: It’s self-explanatory**

BSS 420. Enough said.

**KRFH booth:**

You’ve probably seen chic hot pink ‘Hot girls listen to KRFH 105. FM’ bumper stickers crop up on cars, water bottles and laptops in Arcata recently. It’s true: hot girls (and sexy people of all genders, for that matter) listen to the student run radio station. Plus, the studio is so hotboxable. What’s there not to love about KRFH?

Some of the coolest people on campus make their way in and out of that small, sticker-covered room between 7 a.m. and 2 a.m. every day of the week, busting out an endless stream of high-quality live radio broadcasts.

The sound of groovy music, podcasts and other programming coupled with the overall aesthetic of the booth create a transcendent vibe that’s conducive to hotboxing. On top of that, it’s a small, airtight space, so it’s easy to fill up.

Tune in to 105.1 FM pretty much any time on any day of the week and roll one to the student-curated beats.

**Honorable mention: Dennis K. Walker greenhouse**

The large domed greenhouse near the Wildlife & Fisheries building on campus is said to have inspired the design for Sandy’s house in Spongebob. It’s the ideal place to put the ‘green’ in greenhouse and fill it up to the brim via a rotation among the tropical plants. Plants smoke weed too!



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 **ARIES**  
(March 21 - April 19)

You think that attempting to out-smoke everyone this 4/20 will make you look cool. It won't. It's just gonna make your oddly large head look bigger hypothetically and physically. Yes. Big-head.

 **TAURUS**  
(April 20 - May 20)

The classic clog crocs in the color celery. Reflect on that

 **GEMINI**  
(May 21 - June 21)

You're either super high or tripping so much your walls

 **CANCER**  
(June 22 - July 22)

Stop telling everyone Yerba Mate causes cancer. You have an accent wall of vapes in your room.

 **LEO**  
(July 23 - August 22)

The stars told me you need to adopt a 400 lb echidna and change your name to Clarence. Start making a run for it. Don't ask questions and your memory will be erased in 3..2..

by veggieburgergirl and A Gay Person

# MY MOM WROTE THESE SO THEY MUST BE TRUE

 **VIRGO**  
(August 23 - September 22)

Reminder you don't have to micro-manage the blunt rotation anymore, especially if you aren't smoking. Maybe actually take a hit while you're at it. If anyone needs to smoke some weed. It's you. You ruin everyone's high.

 **LIBRA**  
(September 23 - October 22)

Baby girl, you have the most mysterious leg bruises I have ever seen.

 **SCORPIO**  
(October 23 - November 21)

Is the end of the semester stress starting to get to you? Feeling like your grip on reality is slipping further with every day, and you can't hammer it down enough to keep holding on? Listen to Silk Chiffon by MUNA and you too will realize that life's so fun, life's so fun... got my miniskirt and my rollerblades on... bag on my side 'cause I'm out 'till dawn... keeping it light like silk chiffon. Sit with that for a minute.

 **SAGITTARIUS**  
(November 22 - December 21)

That is SO Wii Sports of you. That is just SO Wii Sports Resorts of you.

 **CAPRICORN**  
(December 22 - January 19)

All signs point to a hand-to-hand combat battle with Tom Jackson (loser has to become University president).

 **AQUARIUS**  
(January 20 - February 18)

On Aug. 14, 2023, you are going to be put into a machine that turns people into wild horses and set loose into Appalachia.

 **PISCES**  
(February 19 - March 20)

Are you sad all of the time, my gentle little emotional pisces? You probably lack proper enrichment in your life. Try eating a parked car. Feast on those plastic hoses and tubes, and channel your inner weasel.

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by Faggot Maggot

## Interview with President Jackson:

I [REDACTED] understand [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] you [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED]  
beloved [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] a single 18-year-old [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] (laughs).  
[REDACTED]

Yeah.

[REDACTED] I hear [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] KHSU [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED] as much as we  
[REDACTED] buried on [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] with their friends  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] (laughs).

