

THE DUMBERJACK

FAKE NEWS!

Students gaslighting the Humboldt State-Cal Poly Humboldt Campus since we bothered to get out of bed
Wednesday, November 2, 2022

“Shit, not these guys again!”
–Admin

Find out how we're healing our inner child.

See Tom Jackson's BeReals.

Get scientific insight on Arcata dating.

\\ CAUTION \\ FAKE NEWS \\ WE MADE THIS SHIT UP \\ MISINFORMATION \\ CAUTION \\

Arts Department marooned at sea with two days of water and a single bullet

by Your Mom

Cal Poly Humboldt President Jom Tackson has announced that in order to focus the polytechnic university further on STEM, the entire College of Arts, Humanities & Social Sciences will be abandoned on a desert island with two days of water and a pistol loaded with a single bullet. Tackson refused to comment further to the press, instead throwing a blanket over his head and pretending that if he can't see us we can't see him,

so damage control specialist Grant Scott-Stoprightthere explained the decision.

“The liberal arts are not being killed, so there's absolutely nothing to worry about there,” Scott-Stoprightthere said. “They have two whole days of water plus whatever they can scavenge on the island, so what happens from here is really up to them.”

When asked the significance of the

loaded pistol, Scott-Stoprightthere winked and said, “Oh, you know,” before throwing a blanket over his own head.

While the administration is confident of the College's survival, many students and faculty are less sure, particularly history students who claim to know “how these things tend to end.” Music major Tom Bone expressed concern for his fellow students as well as the university as a whole.

“There is not a single tree on the island, so we don't have any shade or sources of firewood,” Bone said, crafting a rudimentary fish hook out of a three-ring binder. “Sure, we're used to getting paid in exposure, but that doesn't mean we can't still die from it.”

SEE MAROONED • PAGE 4

Trader Joe's location announced on Campus

by Veggie Burger Girl

During the Cal Poly Humboldt dining and facilities open forum on Nov. 12, faculty and staff announced new plans for a Trader Joe's coming to campus.

The meeting also consisted of efforts to master the perfect powdered egg recipe and how to stop mold from appearing on the dining hall sandwich bread. When the news was announced, students jeered with excitement, one attendee even hollered “Hoes for Joes!” from the back of the room.

Evan St. Peters, VP of student success, feels introducing a Trader Joe's to campus would aid in making students forget about the dining hall travesties presented this semester.

“It's like a nice band-aid of watermelon jerky and Popcorn in a Pickle,” said Peters.

The plan is to open Trader Joe's in the previous space of the CPH campus store above the SAC. Students seem pleased with the accessible location on campus. Third-year wildlife student Eric Marsh felt the location was a perfect fit.

“Who needs scantrons when you've got Scandinavian Swimmers?” Marsh said. “I never liked the bookstore there anyways, I absolutely love running to G street to pick up a blue book before my 8

am lecture.”

Biology student Sasha Loins was one of the student leaders who began the “Hoes for Joes” campaign last fall, which consisted of clipboard signatures in the quad for a new grocery store in Arcata. Loins seems overjoyed with the news.

“I mean, I didn't expect this to happen

so quickly,” said Loins. “We all expected the proposal to be swept under the rug, but I guess another opportunity to steal students' money will actually come in the form of good snacks.”

SEE TRADER HOES • PAGE 3

Turning Point USA is Decadent and Depraved

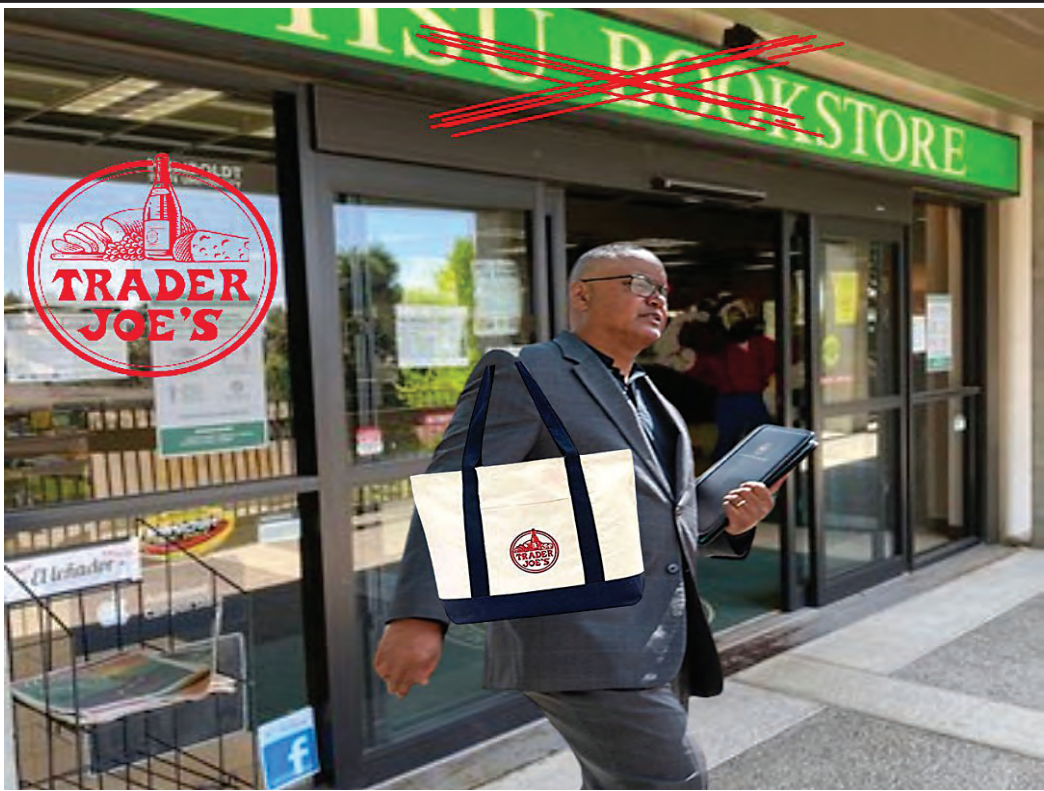
by Tunter H. Sompson

The following is an account of a Cal Poly Humboldt Turning Point USA meeting attended by a Dumberjack reporter. Mr. Sompson has been missing since he turned in this story, and anybody with any information as to his whereabouts should contact us immediately.

I stumbled into Turning Point's cabin headquarters at around five in the morning, still buzzed from the bourbon I had for dinner and the shaking from the poison I probably had in my veins (from the berries I found on the way.)

The people inside turned to look at me. Grinning at the sight of a long haired (haha liberal) man covered in twigs and bird shit, they said things carnal and violent that I was glad I couldn't make out over the poison-induced chattering of my teeth.

SEE TURNING POINT • PAGE 3



The Dumberjack

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THE ALLTRUEIST

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CHICA SEXY WOW WOW

Misdirection Statement

The misdirection statement of this satire masterpiece is to fairly misinform and share the stories of the Cal Poly Humboldt campus. We strive to report with lies, humor and disdain. Make an admins life miserable.

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12 | DINING

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The yassification of Cal Poly Humboldt

by Chica Sexy Wow Wow

Gym shirts, shitty food, giant letters and actually pretty good musical performances aren’t the only things that Cal Poly Humboldt (CPH) is spending the recent polytechnic windfall on. CPH’s newly appointed majority-furry Marketing Taskforce has recently issued a press release about their plans for the university that addresses how they will be allocating funds throughout the academic school year.

Dark Kitten is the furry marketing director of the Girl Boss Babe Project (GBBP). This project is aimed at promoting the sustainable culture of the university by yassifying everything! And oh, we do mean everything. Pink glittery OZZI boxes, glow-in-the-dark lab coats, and disco LED lights in all lecture halls are just some of the ideas to be implemented in order to promote yassified sustainability on campus.

“Sustainability is an important part of the culture of our students and campus, so why not girlboss it up?” Kit-

ten said. “We are also partnering with Cookies to create burgers made of all-natural stems and leaves. You can smoke it, too.”

The furry Marketing Taskforce came to be after students filed complaints about the past marketing lead, Tom

McOldpants. Rumor has it that he ran around in circles with fiery Sketchers and refused to upgrade his 1999 iBook G3.

The girlbossing doesn’t stop at marketing for the university. The GBBP also announced an exciting new major

coming to campus in the fall. The major offered is Girlboss Studies, and will add a varity of courses that would promote girlboss mentality. These classes include:

- GB 100: Introduction to Slaying
- GB 125: The Ultimate Baddie Discography
- GB 390: Theory & Methods
- GB 420: Mastering the Art of Girlblunt Rolling with 10-Inch Acrylics

Britney Marie Cake is excited for the new marketing plan from GBBP. Cake is a certified girlboss and has an online furry persona. They are most excited to finally be able to fully express themselves and study a subject that is right for them.

“I am super fucking excited to be adding a double major in Girlboss Studies, in the fall,” Cake said. “Did you hear about the glow-in-the-dark lab coats? All I am going to say is, the lab after hours is going to be a real hoot.”



Photo by Autism Creature

\\CAUTION\\FAKE NEWS\\WE MADE THIS SHIT UP\\MISINFORMATION\\CAUTION\\



Graphic by Autism Creature

Depot announces all-werewolf staff, adjusted hours

by Autism Creature

There are no humans that work at The Depot. There have never been humans that work at The Depot. The werewolves have always worked there. The werewolves will not eat you. You like the werewolves. The werewolves like you. The werewolves are more efficient at rolling burritos than your average always-high college student. Do not report the werewolves to Chartwells Higher Education Dining Services.

Due to increased student enrollment this semester, security protocols in The Depot have been cranked up a notch. Gone is the disgruntled college student who asks “if you really bought that yerba maté,” and replacing them is the ghostly nun that usually haunts the KRFH booth! She has found gainful employment under The Depot’s new bloodthirsty management.

The continued absence of the nun from the broadcasting booth means that KRFH is now proud to announce that DJs can be in the booth by themselves after midnight again. Ever since The Incident of 1982, all KRFH DJs have had to be in the booth in sets of two. You don’t want to know what happens past midnight if you’re alone in the booth. All four surviving members of KRFH are excited to try out this new broadcasting opportunity.

DJ Your Mom reports an absence of the unholy presence from the booth as of late. “I haven’t even had to bring my holy water to the booth!” they said.

Coinin Gerwulf, The Depot’s new manager, barked and snarled for ten minutes during our conversation last Wednesday.

He then promptly coughed up a wet hairball onto the table we were sitting at, and ran off to go tackle a student who was making a break for the front doors with a stolen burrito. I was appreciative of his time anyways.

While enjoying a burrito in the quad, bong studies major Always High told me his thoughts on The Depot’s new hours.

“I really appreciate that the werewolves have expanded the open hours of The Depot,” High said. “I’m almost nocturnal myself!”

A nearby werewolf on their 15 minute break snapped at him shortly after his last remark, and High got back to working on his burrito.

“Sure, you almost get eaten every time you order your burrito, but it’s a lot better than closing at 4 pm,” High said. “What kind of monster closes the only place to get decent food on campus before dinnertime? That’s just evil.”

The Depot is now open from sunset to sunrise, with hours being affected by the seasonal shifting of the sun and moon. Get your burrito, leave, and be thankful that your sleep-deprived self can get a burrito after midnight. Don’t listen to what the nun tries to tell you as you leave. Don’t look at her.

TURNING POINT

FROM PAGE 1

The sight of the rifles on the walls was comparable to looking at a man in a cheap gimp suit. Thank God I had my press pass.

“This is the Turning Point cabin, right?” I asked the half-dozen very pale faces that loomed out of the gloom at me. I really hoped it was. I had spent about eight straight hours farting around the community forest trying to find the cabin my sadistic editors at The Dumberjack had sent me to investigate.

“It might be,” replied a 20-something so thin his face looked like stretched out gum over a lump of cartilage. “You must be the guy from that newspaper. I still can’t believe we agreed to talk to you.”

I had missed too many deadlines to be valuable. My only role was cannon fodder for the faceless masses. Could I make a story about the conservative cult in the woods without becoming a sacrifice for whatever god they worship?

I saw a poster of Ben Shapiro on the wall, illuminated by a wick stuck deep in what was probably lard. If I was ritually murdered, I hoped at least it wouldn’t be at that altar. The only person keeping any real tabs on me out here was myself, and I only had a few left.

I wasn’t surprised when Turning Point accepted my request for an interview, despite their professed hatred of the media. No one else bothers to talk to them. When they advertised down on the campus below, they were an object of hatred and ridicule. Every organization, regardless of depravity, needs some sort of outreach.

“Why’d you guys make your headquarters out here anyways?” I said. “Seems a bit far away from just about everything.”

“To get away from the fucking snowflakes and liberals, you dirty fucking journalist,” one of the nameless figures in the back snarled. “I know you’re only here to make us look bad, I know how you work. Every conservative in the news now is written to look bad. All the way out here we can’t be criticized so much.”

This tickled me mightily. I still wasn’t sure what kind of story I was going to write, but this helped clarify things.

I nodded. “That’s fair. I’m here solely to keep up the pretense of journalistic integrity. Now let’s get down to it.”

Blank stares all around. What exactly was I there to do, way the hell out in the middle of the woods with a group that was probably a cult? What did they do out in this forest that required them to keep so far away from everything?

My journalistic senses tingled.

A day passed. I spent it all in the company of the Turning Point group, watching them attempt to eke out a pathetic living in the forest. Various traps were set around the forest in a vain attempt to catch animals, but all came up empty. Rain water barrels were jammed under trees, but collected only moldy leaves. Foragers set out through the forest, searching for anything that had even the most meager of calories.

It was to little avail. These so-called mountain men thrashed and screamed their way through the underbrush, chopping through ferns older than they probably were and generally just flailing around. The party returned to the cabin with several twigs to gnaw on and a heavy air about them. Teeth gnashed. Men cried. Their hunger was biblical.

I turned to one of the faceless horde. “How are you even surviving out here?” I wondered aloud.

He spun and faced me. I could count the bones in his skull. Without a word of reply he took one of the guns off of the wall and began banging it against the floor repeatedly, with a kind of sick rhythm. His face contorted wide and his jaw unhinged, teeth stretching up to his ears. It hungered.

The others began to wail. The smallest and weakest was shoved to the front and killed in a way not fit for print, then consumed as whole as was possible.

Shocked, I screamed, “This is disgusting!” One of the hungry mob, his face smeared red with the poor little fella’s innards, looked at me and frowned.

“Why? We’re the real victims here, aren’t we, boys?” Several others looked up, seemingly perturbed by my horror. “After all, we have to eat this guy! That’s disgusting. He just gets to lie there. We’re doing the real work.”

I choked back bile. Another one of the creatures sat up and frowned at me, his mouth agape. I could see inside of it, seemingly all the way down to the gaping, reeking maw that was his stomach. How many others had been consumed this way?

He shook his head. “You pussy. I knew you wouldn’t get it. I’d say we did this guy a favor anyways! He was tiny. Never would have survived here for long anyways. This is the place where it all matters, the real world. He’s not worth anything. We’re bigger. We deserve him.”

I left soon after. I hadn’t expected that gruesome of a metaphor.

Campus Bathroom Review

by The Alltrueist



bowl is three feet off the ground for some reason, which is terrible for ergonomic pooping.

Gist Hall, Men’s: 0/10. Rancid vibes always smell of acrid piss, and the urinals always have a solid three inches of stagnant something. A toothbrush from nights spent in the newsroom sat there for two weeks, disgusting. I do like the little soldier who stands guard atop the second and third stalls. Thanks for watching my ‘6, buddy. The mirror placement is very low, perfect for a short king like me.

Music B lobby, Women’s: There is a cage full of drums for some reason. The yellow tile compliments the tone of your dehydrated piss. If you have a fear of heights, don’t use the last stall. The

Gist Hall, Women’s: It’s a good bathroom. I like the windows in this one. I love the tag of some guy in the corner in the mirror.

Gist Hall, Gender Neutral: This seems like a bathroom transgender people have sex and do drugs in. Its proximity to KRFH confirms this thought. The label says, “you can poop alone or with friends.”

Art A Men’s, upstairs: My favorite art gallery on campus. It hardly smells of any piss. Graffiti tags adorn every corner of every stall. The last stall is my favorite for the “Wizards is an animal” tag. I cry every time.

Bret Harte House, Gender Neutral: If you don’t mind a trip up some creaky stairs, you’ll find the best bird-watching and autumnal vibes from this homey restroom.

Science A, Men’s, second floor: What I like about science A men’s second-floor bathroom is the upscale green and white green and white tile that the trees outside give a beautiful mint green cast. The long foyer space from the first door to the second adds a sense of anticipation.

Library third floor, Women’s: I threw up in there yesterday, cursed enough that you are always alone, so you never have to worry about anyone walking in on your fit check.

Nelson Hall second floor Women’s: I love the giant full-length mirror. The self-breast exam is good viewing and very informative.

Student Health Center (either gender): Good spot to continue crying after your 45-minute therapy session with a grad student.

Founder’s Hall basement, Men’s: Eerily warm and cozy, teal tiles with aged gray grout. There’s a vintage feeling to this bathroom which makes sense given the history. If these walls could talk, they probably tell a history of anonymous sex (see last semester’s Dumberjack Glory Hole Article).



TRADER HOES

FROM PAGE 1

Many students shared in the forum that the lack of grocery stores in Arcata was unfair to their 12 am munchie runs. Grad student Justin Williams was tired of the options at Wildberries and the Co-op after three semesters at CPH.

“What’s a man gotta do to get some chili lime rolled tortilla chips around here?” Williams asked. “I’m sick of the gluten-free, spelt flour, keto cookie morsels I gotta pay an arm and leg for every time I smoke.”

Many students also shared that this executive decision will help stop their loved ones from spending \$30 dollars on shipping fees so that they can get their Joe-Joe’s fixings.

Arcata locals seemed opposed to the “Hoes for Joes” campaign last fall and weren’t too happy with the news of this new addition. A small group of local community members were present at the forum, arguing this new endeavor would take away from local businesses.

Shelly Sandoval, a 30-year Arcata resident and avid co-op goer, was appalled at the decision.

“I’ve only been to one of these ‘Merchant Moe’s’ places once in Redding and it was all sugary snacks and frozen bullshit,” said Sandoval.

“It’s for the working girls,” interrupted Loins. “I don’t wanna cut vegetables after my 12-hour day of classes and work.”

Another devoted Trader Joe’s defender and English student Marty Farzan interrupted the discourse between Loins and Sandoval with a final argument.

“Listen, this plan isn’t gonna take away from any local business,” Farzan said. “Any loyal TJ’s supporter would know you always have to spend a rack at a regular grocery store after Trader Joe’s. Their produce quality sucks bro, it’s just for the snacks.”

Sandoval didn’t comment in response to Farzan.

The forum wrapped up with a special guest, CPH president Jom Tackson, emerging from behind his impenetrable wall of faculty and staff to quickly hand out Trader Joe’s tote bags, avoiding questions from student media and any other questions or concerns.

Tackson ended the forum by announcing his plans to name the new location “Trader Jom’s”.

Students and Faculty didn’t comment or applaud. Construction for the new location shall begin Nov 24, 2022.

SWAP MEAT



Jovember 32nd

EVER DREAM



THIS MAN?

FAKE OPINION

Short Kings and Queens of-fended by objectively taller people calling themselves “short”

by That One Bitch

If you are under 5ft, you are the ONLY one allowed to call yourself short. This decision comes from the higher-ups.

In a decision that shocked the nation, Danny Devito advocated that only people who carry the official “short person card” and therefore meet the requirements of being under 5ft tall can call themselves short. This new proposal has launched the burgeoning movement of “The Short Kings and Queens.”

Now, this does not apply to children, though some proponents argue that it should. The height requirement only applies once you turn 18, and your card can be revoked if you reach a height of 5ft or over.

People have been attacking this new proposed order by calling themselves

short when they do not have the card and exceed the “short person” height requirements.

This rigorous attempt at gatekeeping height has become an epidemic in recent years. As people grow, so does their height. However there remains an unfortunate few who have never been afforded this luxury. They stopped growing at a young age and have been frozen at this height, adults in tiny human bodies.

These “tiny humans” have been the subjects of jokes, ridicule and mistreatment. People have used them as arm rests, have constantly brought up their height and their lack of it, and have been mistaken for children. They suffer every day having to hear “oh my gosh, you’re so short,” “Oh my gosh, you are so tiny,” “Oh my gosh, where

did you go?” and “Hello, hello? Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t see you standing there.”

You are not short if you have to mention to people that you are short. If you are 5’6 and have to go around telling people you are short, then I have got some news for you: This does not make you short.

Shortness is something society places on you, it is something that others decide for you, and when others try to then label themselves that, it is like a slap in the face, well actually, my face is too short for you, so you can’t slap it.

This heightism has pervaded the lives of short people everywhere, and now they cannot even have their label. If it is “short” and “tall”, as Starbucks suggests, then there should be a medium height. Anyone who is between 5’ and 5’11” would fit into this category.

This Newspaper was approved by Napoleon



Profile: Local mold shepherd “wows” with fungal frocks, sweaters

by God’s Favorite

It’s that time of year again– the time of year when a chill is in the air, yellowing leaves crunch under your shoes, and the mold in your house starts looking extra shaggy. Arcata resident Anbjørnias Schafer has taken advantage of the long-hair varieties of molds that thrive here, cultivating them for fungal ‘wool’ production. His storefront, “Fungal Fibers,” opens on the Arcata Plaza this Sunday.

For the past few years, Schafer has been rearing a bountiful crop of mold. He shears the colonies’ flowing grey-green, yellow or black locks and spins the tendrils into thread. He then deftly weaves the strands together, bringing to life some luxuriously ephemeral knitwear.

Schafer’s passion for fungi is wide-ranging; his mold farm located in the Pneumonia Gulch neighborhood of Sunny Brae is home to more than 10 different species of fungus: “It’s the more merrier,” Schafer said.

“I love them all, and they’re all so different from one another,” Schafer said. “I would have to say, a favorite of mine this season has been Spinellus fusiger– the wool is just so easy to work with and comes in a wide range of colors, depending on what it’s growing on.”

Schafer ensures the quality of mold fiber through maintaining an environment of high humidity, low temperatures, and daily affirmations.

“The house does most of the work

for me,” Schafer admitted. “My shady three-bedroom has proven to be a better petri dish than any greenhouse. Each of the different species that I raise thrive here perfectly.”

Other than the characteristic Arcata moisture, the key to Schafer’s resounding success may be his regimen of positive-thinking. On any given morning Schafer can be found devoting at least an hour of his time to whispering empowering affirmations to the clumps of mold growth clinging to his home’s baseboards.

Schafer, recovering from a coughing fit that took place halfway through our interview, explained that the mold has a noticeable impact on his lungs and airways, but that it’s “worth it.”

“I’ve definitely developed some sort of allergy to them [the mold],” said Schafer. “But they keep me company, and now I have this business, so I really should be thanking them.”

The sweaters and scarves you’ll find at Fungal Fibers are more accessible than traditional knitwear made of sheep’s wool, and boast a miniscule carbon footprint when compared with similar garments composed of synthetic materials.

For those of you whose nth roommate is a lively and fruitful mold patch, consider setting down the old spray bottle filled with bleach solution and welcoming a helpful, even fashionable, friend.



Photo by Autism Creature | Anbjørnias Schafer tends to the various molds in his flock while wearing a hand-cultured sweater.

Prodigy ceramicist controlled by rat

~Oh shit, a rat~

by Fitinal Dissdik

Scandal struck the Cal Poly Humboldt campus this week when a ceramics student was found with a rat under his hat. The ceramics major, William Ratthews, said that the rat was controlling his arms and legs by pulling on his hair strands.

“I was in the ceramics lab late one night and I caught the rat making a pot,” Ratthews said. “It was absolutely beautiful. I kinda suck at ceramics so we struck a deal.”

The rat is responsible for all of the work that Ratthews has produced this semester. 15 intricate pots and other ceramic works now must be attributed to the rat.

“I should have known that something was going on when William started wearing an Abraham Lincoln-style top hat to class everyday,” said ceramics professor Sarah Sculptor. “Honestly his work improved so much, I didn’t even want to ask what was up with that stupid hat.”

The rat has

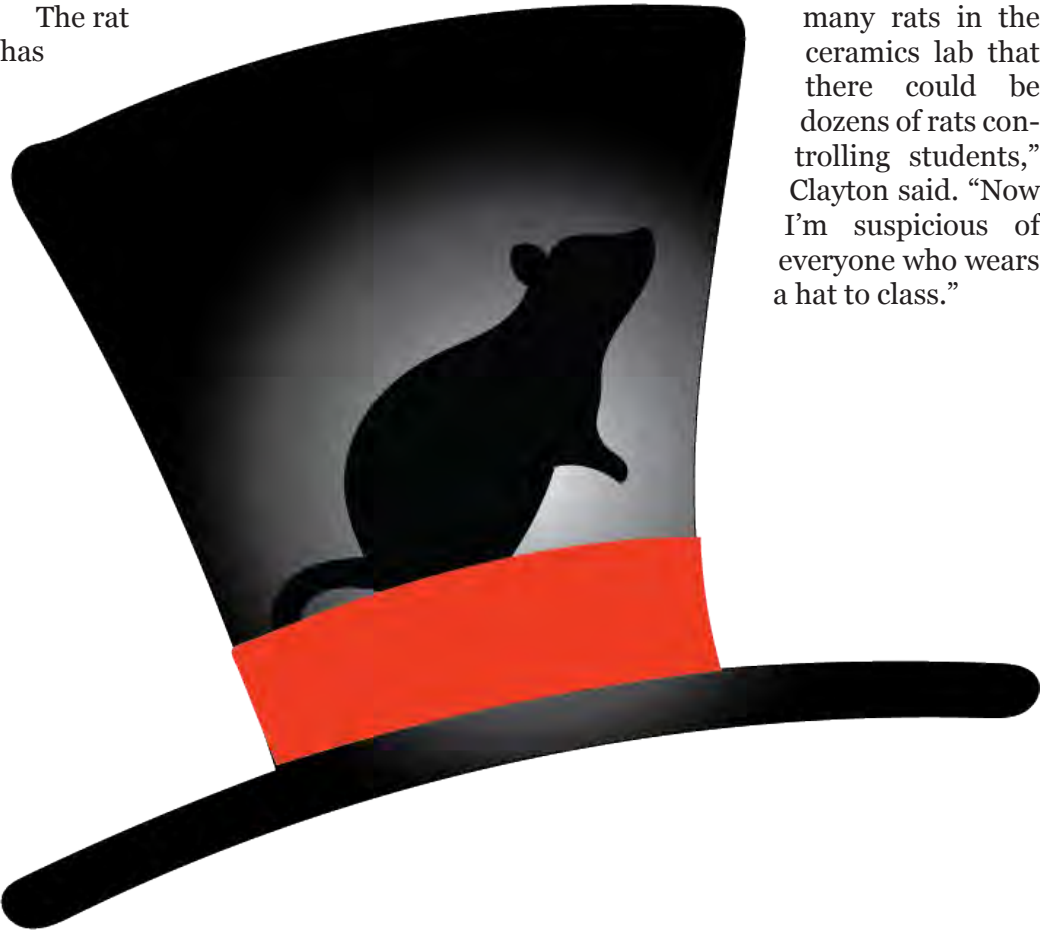
not been available for comment on the situation. When approached by reporters, the rat scurried away and slipped through a hole in the wall. From the sounds of scurrying in the walls, he wasn’t alone.

This scandal came to light after someone brought a particularly fragrant piece of cheese for lunch. The rat smelled the cheese, leaped from Ratthews’ head, and sent wet clay flying around the room.

“I made William recreate one of his pots,” Sculptor said. “It was so bad that I asked him to crawl into the wall and tell the rat to come back to my class. He tried to climb through the rat hole and got stuck.”

Ceramics students are disturbed by Ratthew’s story. Many of them are now distrustful of their peers. Student Cindy Clayton now feels like there may be more students who are hiding rats under their hats.

“There’s so many rats in the ceramics lab that there could be dozens of rats controlling students,” Clayton said. “Now I’m suspicious of everyone who wears a hat to class.”



Graphic by Fitinal Dissdik

MAROONED

FROM PAGE 1

Others are much more optimistic. Theatre major Dee Valdez, who is minoring in sustainable food systems, expressed excitement for what she considers the opportunity of a lifetime.

“Every single year, I’ve hoped that the department would put on Sweeney Todd, and that I could play Mrs. Lovett,” Valdez said. “We may not be officially doing a musical this year after we were forced to eat the director, but I consider this my personal form of method acting.”

The fine arts majors have collectively attempted an escape attempt, spearheaded by lecturer Stella Night, but faced difficulties in completing the as-

signment as a group without sacrificing artistic integrity.

“What we have here is a found-object sculpture utilizing everyday objects to make a statement on consumer culture,” Night said, gesturing to a raft made of garbage salvaged from the tide. “Unfortunately, it was rather derivative of Marina DeBris’ sculpture work, so we’ll be remaking this with more focus on our own voices as artists.”

Reportedly, the money saved by stranding the Arts and Humanities will be used to hire a new graphic designing firm for the Cal Poly Humboldt re-branding efforts.

FREE SLOPPY

@THE DEPOT

Arcata courtship rituals: a study

by The Alltrueist and Boy Parts

It's cuffing season, and in every corner of Arcata, you'll find students doing their best to impress their fellow singles and lock in a cuddle buddy for the cold rainy months ahead. Hurry! Once the seasonal depression hits, people will stop responding on dating apps. Attracting a perfect partner is a challenge for any Arcata single. Everyone dons their Docs to let the world know they're on the market. Like tropical birds, they try their flashiest fits in an effort to impress.

It starts with a dating app. Tinder, Grindr, or Hinge lead to vastly different ecological niches. For the Arcata single, knowing your audience is essential.

Next comes the profile picture choice. Some singles choose to display their obscure interests and interesting hobbies. A film photo of rock climbing hits all the bases. Hoes love to post a picture of themselves at Cafe Mokka. Don't forget to make a joke about your height (I'm 6'2" if it matters.) However, singles must be wary of the unicorn hunters which abound.

The Arcata single plays it safe on a date at Northtown or Jitter Bean. Let's hope they have good conversational skills because their date has been here four times this week. How's that \$5 coffee taste? The Arcata single quickly dismisses the barista's "oh hey, you again?"

Cafe Mokka. Wow, hot tub on the first date, brave. The willow trees surrounding the duckweed-laden pond

give a romantic advantage. The single shows its soft underbelly to demonstrate vulnerability. It's better not to think about what people do in those tubs other than awkwardly sitting five feet apart from each other in swimsuits.

Oh, they're actually just gonna play chess? Hopefully, their date is impressed by superior intelligence, the nerd.

Moonstone: let the natural beauty of Humboldt woo your date for you. Like Gentoo penguins, the young Arcata single will present their date with a cool rock they plucked from the tide as a token of their affection. Hopefully, their date appreciates the sentiment and doesn't forget the token in their cupholder for a few months.

Karaoke night at Richard's Goat, where many hopefuls fluff their mullets before taking to the stage. The single hopes that another rendition of an ABBA song, with that hip 70s flair, will make them more attractive to potential mates. Hopefully, it's not Our Last Summer.

The smoking patio at Everett's, who knows how many Acrata flings have started here. The Arcata single feigns intimacy and esotericism by sharing a cigarette. Ah, the indirect kiss. While they're usually an Arcata eight, comparison with the Everett's crowd bumps them up to a solid Arcata ten. The single avoids eye contact with their 60-year-old and very divorced professor at the bar. A slice of pizza from

Don's Donuts will seal the deal.

At the local house show, the single will have to fight tooth-and-nail in the mosh pit to show physical prowess and sturdy base. There's no chance they're the indie-est in the room. They'll have to make up for that in other ways. Oh no, their date is talking to the bassist, who has a fringe leather jacket and a mullet that could make you weep. Better luck next time, Arcata single.

In the Community Forest, the Arcata single fails to disguise their labored breathing as they trudge in their platform Docs up the hill. They'll sheepishly maneuver around the freshman doing a terrible job at hiding they're smoking weed.

SciFi Night at Arcata Theater Lounge is where the Arcata single bluffs knowledge of classic sci-fi to dazzle their date. They'll never survive the trivia challenge. They flaunt Star Trek facts learned from their previous dates and pretend like the movie is scary enough to justify grabbing their current date's hand.

The dating ecosystem in Arcata often leaves the single with little option for either choice of partner or of dating venue. If they do not find a partner soon, they will be condemned to eternal residence in the Humboldt Tinder void. But the Arcata single should not lose hope, there are a lot of college-aged fish in this small pond.

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One imagines that dissection specimens are happy

by Boy Parts

By day, the specimens in Cal Poly Humboldt's anatomy and zoology classrooms are poked and prodded. Their muscles are pried apart, the connective tissue which held them together in life teased away with scalpels and tweezers. Their insides examined and outside peeled, the dignity left over from when they were living creatures fades with every cut.

Eyes squeezed tightly closed and tongues thrust out in permanent grimaces of death, they suffocate, marinate in plastic bags. Packed in plastic bins in cupboards, they wait for the day that they will know peace, decomposition. For when they will be allowed to finally and gracefully exit the undecaying undead that our preservative chemicals have given them.

But they do not wait idly.

After the last students have left the lab each evening, the final keys having been turned in the final locks by building monitors, at first there is a blessed and reverent silence. And then a jubi-

lant rustling of specimen bags as the nocturnal residents of Science A stir.

The first to wriggle out are the frogs, their sallow, mucus-covered skin allowing them to slide through the fastenings. Orange and jelly-like intestines sag from their small, ruined bodies, but they move with joyful vigor on torn and skinned legs, for it is time to dance.

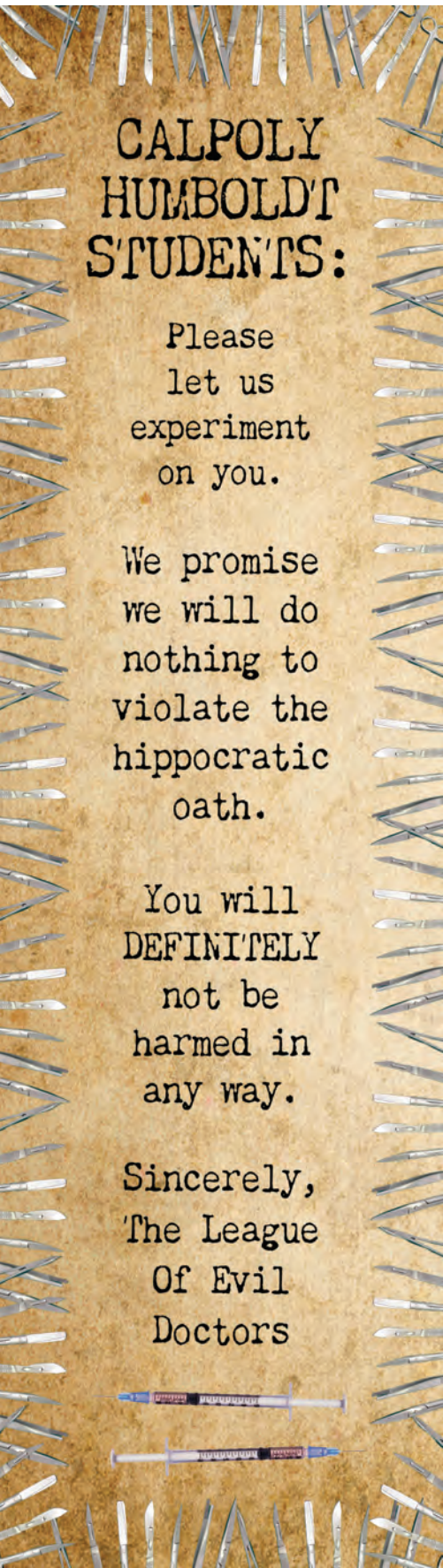
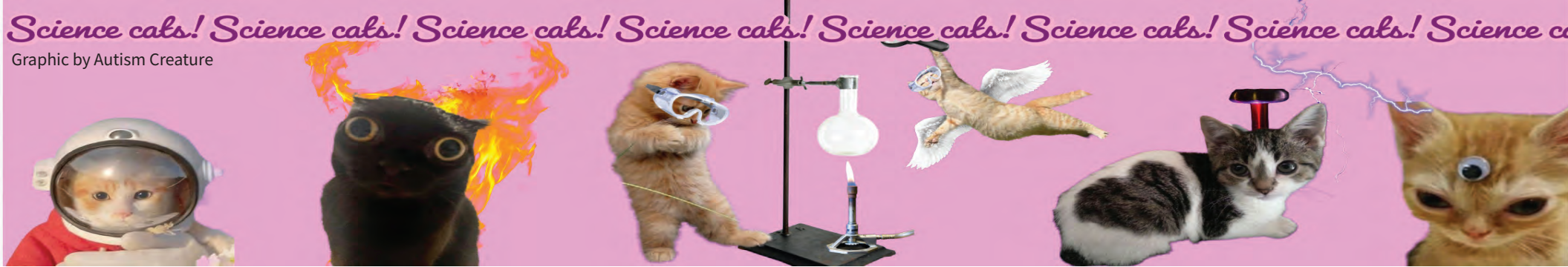
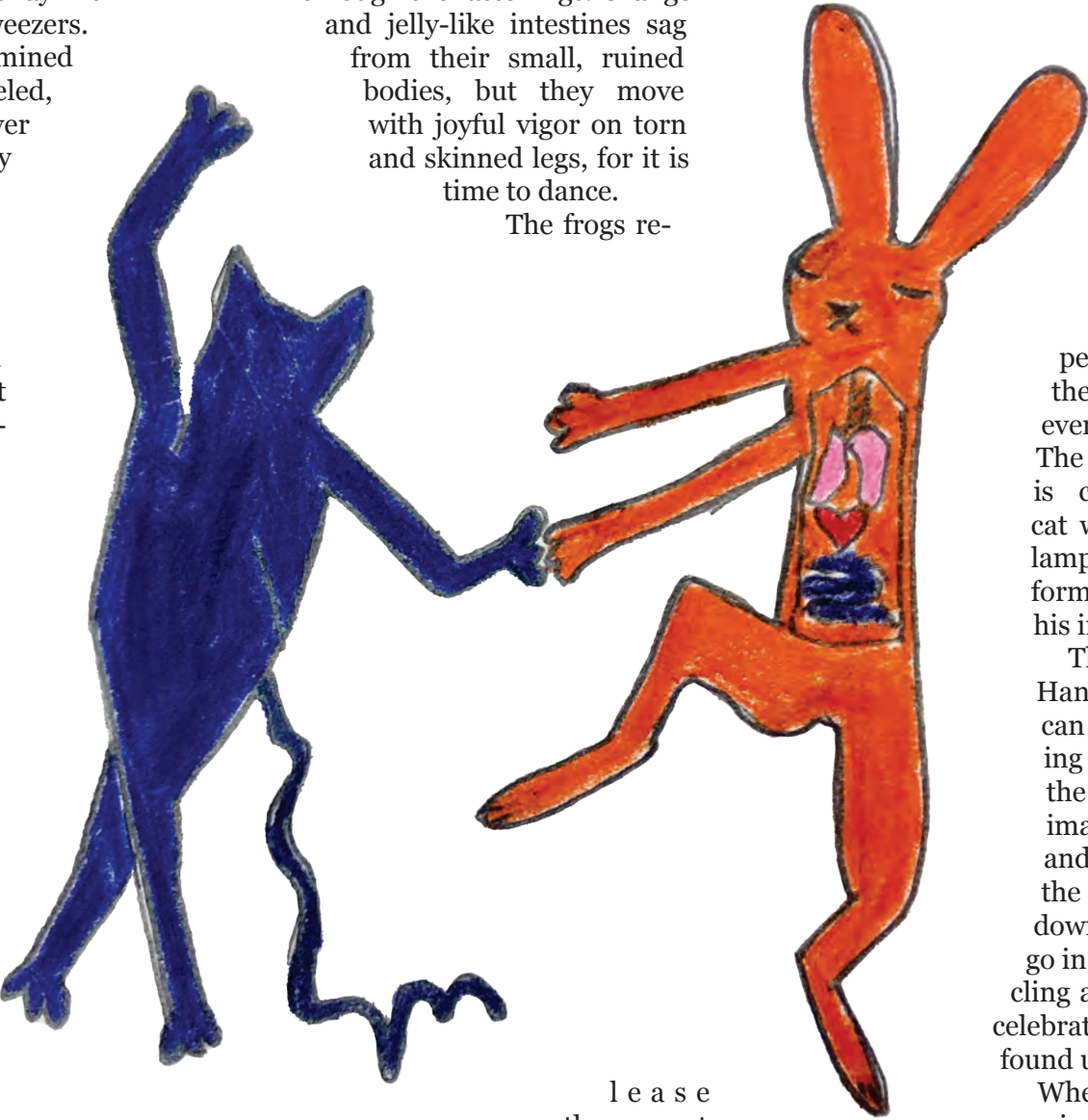
The frogs re-

tiful, alive and well.

A floor tile in the hallway lifts up, revealing a collection of instruments sized for animals. The rabbit that students named 'Thumper' bends at her bisected waist to deftly pick up a ten inch-long trumpet, and one of the frogs grabs an even-smaller tuba. The four-piece band is completed by a cat with a violin and lamprey on oboe, his form echoing that of his instrument.

Their strains of Handel and Strauss can be heard drifting dreamily down the hall as the animals join hands and dance through the building. Up and down the stairs they go in their revelry, circling and weaving with celebration at their newfound un-life.

When the orange of sunrise begins to peek through lab windows, specimens replace their instruments, zip themselves back into specimen bags, and resume their duty of death. But they will dance again, and again, every night until they are disposed of to finally rest.



New and interesting genders discovered on the Cal Poly Humboldt campus

by The Alltrueist

New and interesting genders have been discovered on the Cal Poly Humboldt campus.

A recent ecologic study of Cal Poly Humboldt discovered that the campus is host to a plethora of genders not yet documented. The intersection of interesting people and rural culture has created a petri dish of gender exploration.

A Creature Gender was found in the Science A Building, crawling around in the pipes and leaving gender fluid everywhere. It was witnessed by horrified BIO105 students defying all they knew.

The rural aspect of Humboldt gives a strategic advantage to the Rodeo Clown Gender. Identified by their fringe jackets, camo pants, and interest in Y'allternative music. Often found in the mosh pits of Blondies or lounging around the Art Quad.

Cribbage, floral jacquard layers, and eyeglass chains indicate the Grandma Gender. These trans folks seem prematurely aged in their style and interests.

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Jack Harlow joins the Marching Lumberjacks

by Him

No, you were not dreaming when you saw Jack Harlow on our campus. He is officially enrolled as a freshman at Cal Poly Humboldt in Fall 2022.

Harlow drew interest a couple of months ago when he heard about the Marching Lumberjacks, the school’s marching squad.

“It sounded like a new way to express myself,” said Harlow. “I knew they’d look forward to having someone that’s been involved with the music industry on board.”

For the few people who don’t know who Harlow is, he is a famous rapper who has gained a lot of traction since his viral hit “WHATS POPPIN” in 2020. His latest album, “Come Home the Kids Miss You,” was released in May 2022 and features several songs that have gone viral around the world.

“This phrase has been used towards me every time I walk down the street lately,” said Harlow of the album name. “The album name made it sort of an autobiography.”

For those not in the know, “Come home the kids miss you” is a Gen-Z phrase of flirting.

According to Harlow, his experience with the Marching Lumberjacks so far has been “splendid.”

As for his talented teammates, they enjoy the fun side he brings to the

group.

“We’ll be playing a song as a group and then out of nowhere he’ll start rapping lines he used in his past songs,” said Thomas Francisco, a senior Composition major who is in his second year with the group.

Some of these lines include: “You can find my name besides smooth in the thesaurus,” “Girl you’re poison, poison, poison, poison. But the good kind,” and “You don’t love me, you just networkin’.”

With the basketball season approaching, players are excited to see Harlow take his talents courtside and use his instrumental talent to get them in the mood for gametime.

“I’ve been listening to Jack Harlow since late 2019, which was actually when my first semester at Humboldt was,” said Shelton Oviedo, a senior on the men’s team. “They need to play some of his songs, and I absolutely do not mean the mainstream ones.”

Sophomore Ana Kamakshi of the women’s team is thrilled to have Harlow here, but doesn’t care what songs of his they play.

“That man has never made a bad song,” said Kamakshi. “If anything I need an autograph.”

Harlow is reported to have joined a frat on campus. Maybe he took people calling his music “frat rap” seriously.

How-

ever, his answer on the matter when asked if this was true was a bit confusing.

“Don’t be a silly goose,” said Harlow. “I’d be making a mistake to tell anybody where I live or who I associate with, considering how many times I’m followed around per day.”

It seems that even with the inconvenience of not much privacy, Jack Harlow fits in at Cal Poly Humboldt. With a personality like that, it’s no surprise.

Photo by Mac Downey



The Bike King Rises

by Tunter H. Sompson

Arcata resident Swipe Eer has risen to prominence after winning four different cycling races in the span of a week, all of completely different disciplines. After winning a BMX race, a 100 mile road race, an enduro mountain biking competition, and finally a trick-riding event to cap the whole thing off, Eer was elated about his feat. How did he accomplish such a super-human exploit?

“I’m not sure how it happened, really!” Eer said, posing thoughtfully on top of a mountainous pile of detached front wheels. “I just have so many bikes and so much time. I’ve got plenty of money from flipping bikes on Craigslist, so I just figured I might as well just focus on actually riding them.”

Eer is an interesting character; a man of many talents. His collection of angle grinders and wire snippers is unmatched, and he can cut through a thick chain with ease in less than a minute. He is also very strong and possesses unmatched endurance, which he accounts to loading things into his very large, unmarked white van all day. He is also fleet of foot; other competitors

at one of his races noticed him sprint away from the start line at an incredible speed when he saw a police car drive by.

“This is really exciting for me,” Eer said. “I spent a lot of time practicing with all of these bikes I just happen to have. Most of the time I just sell them, but it turns out actually riding them is really fun!”

Eer has earned the nickname “The Bike King” among Arcata locals, commanding respect from all. All bicyclists who wish to operate within the city limits pay tribute to him as a sort of god, bringing offerings of handlebar tape and warm gloves. Non-believers who shirk the King his due find their bikes missing within a fortnight, taken by providence.

Eer has an extensive collection of bicycles; every variety from \$4,000 speedy road machines to children’s BMX bikes is represented in his spacious and yet filled-to-bursting garage. The only commonality between all of them seems to be the missing serial numbers.

Athletes share drug test cheats

by Tunter H. Sompson and Him

How do Humboldt athletes beat the drug tests? We asked some to find out!

Increasing Fluid Intake: When drug test season comes around, the water bills in the dorms are reported to increase by nearly 10 times as much of the usual amount of money. How has the school not made the connection between these things yet? To be fair, even if they did, not much can be done.

Excuses: Some of the best excuses that have been used this year include “My friend was using THC over the weekend and I shared a piece of gum with them,” “It’s my ibuprofen,” and of course the infamous “Those bagels at Los Bagels sure have a lot of seeds don’t they? Maybe try this on a different day.”

Synthetic Powdered Urine: If your urine isn’t clean, why not use somebody else’s? This artificial urine does not make itself obvious.

Shaving Their Head: This is probably not even effective, but athletes still insist on doing it for whatever reason. Who’s gonna tell them that a hair sample can come from places other than their head?

Asbestos Detox Pills: Though dubious, some athletes swear by special pills that rid their bodies of any trace of illegal chemicals. Ones made of asbestos work great, according to several athletes. “My piss can’t be tested if my urinary tract isn’t there,” explained

one of them.

Leeches: Found in the bottom of some ponds around Cal Poly Humboldt, these are an easy way to filter out any evidence of that weekend binge! Place directly on the genitals for best use.

Bloodletting: Long a favorite for 18th century doctors, this ancient practice has found new life as a way to beat drug tests. Although several hospitalizations have been attributed to this practice, some athletes swear by it. “The less fluids in your body, the less they can test,” one athlete explained.

Trepanning: Although this prehistoric technique was probably formerly used to excise demons from the body, now it’s used by athletes to beat drug tests. Although cutting a hole directly into the skull is dangerous, no other method so thoroughly confounds the testers.

Grey Market Chinese Research Chemicals: Not easy to get ahold of, but pretty much all of these drugs won’t even test positive for any categories the testers throw at you. As long as you can convince the vendor online you’re using them for “research purposes” (and you can pronounce the powders you’re probably boofing), your weekend is saved!

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