



# “RID OUR CAMPUS OF THESE STUDENT VERMIN”

*Admin release new bridge housing options, including rooftops, treetops, bridges.*

by God’s Favorite and Boy/Girl

“Boo CPH >:( ! Rah! Cal Poly Homeless!” These are chants that could be heard at the semester’s various housing protests, after announcements by the University that they, “Vehemently hate every single student currently living in campus dorms.”

Yesterday, the university accidentally announced an array of new “bridge” housing options for returning students. This happened via premature release of the school’s fleet of messenger pigeons.

Sissy Vacation, Vice President for Enrollment Management & Student Success, clarified in an apologetic follow-up missive today.

“We are excited to announce the addition of four new options for returning students this fall,” Vacation wrote. “We hope you’re as excited for these Humboldt.™ experiences as we are.”

These options include an authentic Humboldt experience: camping in the canopy of our beloved redwood forest.

“Illegal logging could happen at any moment,” said housing director Adam St. Augustine. “We recommend this option to students interested in hands-on activism.”

Another option is dubbed the “Premium Library sleepover package.” Students who choose this option will

live many bookish childrens’ dreams, curled up among classics or falling asleep in the Fishbowl.

The school also suggests that Arcata homeowners consider pitching tents on their roofs for student housing, effectively doubling the amount of available housing.

In the meantime, carefully-worded PR packages (or leaks in local newspapers) continue to reveal whatever the newest plan is to handle the 60,000 students enrolled for fall.

“That’s uh, a lot of students,” said disgraced ex-Arcata Mayor Brett Watson. “I hear my [ex] colleagues

are scrambling to accommodate this three-time population increase. How will the Open Door clinic accommodate thousands more trans people?”

“Shoo...git,” said St. Augustine, cantering away nervously and throwing up his arms like he’d just opened the lid of the trash can to find a family of rabid raccoons. “Get outta heaaaah.”

# Arcata local subjected to tragedy of lost vape, millions weep

by I.R.A Glass

Authorities have released the information that an Arcata local has lost their vape. According to victim Tim Stewart, you might be sitting on it. The community has waited with bated breath and tearful eyes for any updates in this heartbreaking saga.

“Can you just stand up really quick?” said Stewart, Arcata resident and notable cloud bender. Stewart searched under their couch cushions, took the sheets off their bed and even checked under their car seats. How could it not have been there?? “I don’t wanna go back to the smoke shop. I literally got

that thing yesterday, it’s still mostly full.”

The vape, which according to the most recent information is a strawberry-kiwi Elfbar, disappeared just a few minutes ago. Are you sure you haven’t seen it?

“Tim’s my friend, and I like them a lot,” said Candace Meung, Stewart’s roommate and forestry major at Cal Poly Humboldt. “It can get pretty fucking problematic when they lose their vape though. Last week they took a hammer to the drywall and squeezed through the crawlspace like a rodent. I

don’t know what I’m gonna tell our landlord.”

If the vape isn’t found soon, Stewart could experience life-long consequences, including loss of appetite, heartache, phophetic dreams, and frantic attitude. “Should we go back to Safeway?” asked Stewart, taking a seam ripper to the upholstery of his lazy chair. “It’s literally the last place I think it could be.”

The Dumberjack will continue to provide updates as this situation unfolds.



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Strange rumblings at the Marina

The first of us

by Tunter H. Sompson

The sun in Jakarta has teeth and a powerful jaw, and dammit does it bite. Every second in the medieval heat mauled me, but it was nothing a pitcher of the local rotgut could cure. I had no desire to be stuck in this jungle, but my sadist editors at the Dumberjack had enticed me with stories of glistening opium, and a hefty advance. I was stuck in Indonesia until I could board the barge.

I wasn't fully unprepared. I had a bag full of chemicals worthy of a laboratory with me, and I only had to give one or two reacharounds to the TSA guys to get it on the plane. I was depending on them to get me through the next god-knows-how-long while I toured this damn barge, the future dorms of poor landlubbers who should be living with the mold in their spot on campus instead.

My translator and I met up with a local who owned a boat and who said he'd take us to the barge out in the docks. There it was, the Bibby Renaissance. The vessel everyone back in Humboldt had been hearing so much about. We boarded a wooden boat with a washing machine motor for an engine and a roll of duct tape for a floor. I figured that if it sank, at least I'd be dead and I wouldn't have to worry about it any more.

The local started saying something to me, but over the pulsing roar of the engine I couldn't hear shit, and neither could my translator.

"WHAT'S HE SAYING?? SOMETHING ABOUT GHOSTS? I THINK HE SAYS IT'S HAUNTED!"

Our brave pilot nodded, his whole head vibrating up and down, still yelling unintelligibly.

"HE SAYS ALL WHO STAY ON THE BARGE ARE DOOMED TO ETERNAL DAMNATION!"

I had figured as much. The fatcats back home were always looking to cut costs, common sense be damned. Ghouls would be a small price to pay for these people, as long as they were still making enough money to not give a shit.

We began to approach the barge, the evil sun overhead illuminating the azure waters of the marina where it was docked. I had no trouble believing it was haunted. It was the color of rust on the outside—probably because it was rusted to hell and back. I wasn't too scared of eternal hell for stepping on the boat. I figured I was already destined to spend eternity waltzing with Satan for all the things I'd done.

I turned to my translator, his linen shirt glued to his chest with impossible amounts of sweat. His eyes were wide and vibrating, and I was a little worried he wasn't going to make it much longer if he didn't relax. I proffered him a pipe with a healthy chunk of glorious opium, but he didn't seem too interested. More for me. I pulled in a smooth hit and let the endorphins wash over me while I steeled myself for some actual work.

We finally pulled up to the barge. It stretched to the heavens, and I couldn't see a way to board the thing until we circled around to the other side and found a rope, a spindly little thing that would bring us up to the deck. Our brave captain had said he'd stay until we were back, but I wasn't too sure how firm he was on that promise when he kept the motor running. I began to climb all the way to

the sky, pulling hard on the rough rope while my translator followed. We were halfway up when our ticket back gunned his little craft and left us hanging high and dry. My translator gagged, and as if on cue the rope between us snapped, and he fell, fell all the way down to the water, where he instantly disappeared.

Huh. Kinda odd. I climbed on up until I clambered over the rail and was on deck. No one else was in sight; it was desolate, an industrial hellhole, a floating dystopia. If yachts were the penthouses of the boat world, this was the slums. The cabin was full of holes, the paint was so chipped it looked like a trim, and the pipes sticking out of the deck—god only knew what those were for—were making noises like a whispering. I leaned closer, putting my ear directly in the pipe.

"GEDDA FUCK OUTTA HEEEE-AAAAHHH!!!"

My head snapped back like a crisp backhand. I panted, absolutely shocked. The ghosts (one of them at least) had Jersey accents? I knew this boat was a portal to hell, but I didn't expect it to be quite that bad. I readied my notebook for an interview.

I didn't get too much out of him.

"THIS IS MY BOAT, PAL! MINE! I DON'T WANTCHA ANYWHEAH NEAH HEAH!"

"Are you the only ghoul haunting this boat?"

"HUH? GOO? WHAT KINDA GOO WE TALKIN ABOUT HEAH?"

A sound escaped my lips like somebody had belted me in the stomach. I wish I still had my translator. I couldn't believe the selfish bastard had the smart fucking idea to drop off the face of the earth. If there was a god, he certainly wasn't there.

"No! Ghoul! Ghost! Specter! That kinda shit!"

I heard a "ooouuah?" through the pipe. I was getting pretty tired of just standing around in the sticky paste that passed for air here. I told the fella I'd be down in a minute and then tried to find a way down. A ladder in a hole in the deck was what I had. It was missing half the rungs, but I made it down fine. I looked around. It was dark in the pit of the barge, dark enough to be completely void of meaning or purpose or life. I saw nothing, at least until I grabbed my flashlight from my bag and found a dude laying on a lawn chair with a half-finished 30 rack of PBR and a ham and cheese sandwich.

"YOOOO! Whadda fuck ya doin heah? This is my bahge!"

His gut strained through the thin cotton of his stained wifebeater as the lawn chair creaked.

"You know people are saying you're a ghost?"

The phlegm at the back of his throat gurgled.

"Duddn't bother me none," he said. "I just like bein heah. It's quiet."

The questions I had could fill a library, but I thought it was fitting. Here was a man from Jersey, inhabiting an Indonesian barge meant for students from all over California that was going to be parked in a bay in the middle of nowhere. I wasn't sure what to make of it, but it made sense. What else could I say? The whole situation was patently ridiculous. I had nothing else.



Photo by Hugh Jass | The average Humboldt mold zombie.

Orphanage going to be destroyed for ten parking spaces

by I.R.A. Glass and Tunter H. Sompson

In an only somewhat unexpected move, University President Thom Yaxon has announced that St. Boniface's Orphanage, located on 12th and K street, will be demolished this summer to provide 10 new parking spaces for Cal Poly students. The 200 orphans, ranging in age from only a few months old to older teens, will be moved to a farm upstate.

"I think this is an excellent decision that will make it immensely easier for students to get to campus," Yaxon said. "I've never been a very big fan of children anyway, so maybe this will motivate me to come within a 20 mile radius of campus a little more often."

Others are more circumspect concerning the demolition of St. Boniface's, which has been a staple of Humboldt culture since John Orphan II raised its walls in 1887.

"What's most confusing about this to me is that the parking lot is going to be over a mile from campus," said celebrity Tom Hiddleston, who happened to be passing by. "What's even the point of it, then?"

The orphans aren't happy.

"I come from a line of orphans going back six generations," said Stephanie Key, orphan. "That's my home—that's where I was raised."

"I hate orphans as much as anyone, but what I hate even more is autocratic infrastructure," said Terry Armstrong, CPH student and bike commuter. "I've been knocked off my bike over 600 times this month. The last thing we need in this fucking city is more spaces to park your car and rip your bong between classes."

One of the drivers who knocked Armstrong off of his bike this month, local redneck One-Eyed McDoingus, said he had absolutely no regrets, and was very happy these parking spaces were being added.

"Fuck orphans, fuck cyclists, fuck them commie liberals who want that orphanage to stay up," McDoingus said. "What are they even doing in there anyway? Bein' kids? Useless wastes of space. By the time I was six months old,

infected. University officials have responded to the situation.

"Just ignore it and it'll probably go away," said University President John Baxton. "Look on the bright side, we'll have way fewer returning students to house in the Fall. We'll have a place to put all those incoming freshmen and transfers."

Professor of Mycology, Stephanie Chanterelle, believes that the issue is caused by the sheer volume of mold that the students are exposed to every day.

"They're just breathing in so much mold every day," Chanterelle said. "It's compounded in their bodies and the result is an infection that takes over their nervous system."

Student life in the dorms has changed drastically. The entire top floor of Redwood Hall has been taken over by infected students. Those living on the floors below have barricaded the stairwells to try and prevent the spread. The hallways are empty, the building is silent and every door is locked.

"We took basically all of the furniture and piled it on the stairs to make it hard for them to come down," said Rebecca Johnson, the student who led the efforts to contain the infected. "We still have to be really quiet all the time so that they don't try to come down. Last week, someone dropped a glass plate and three infected students tried to come down and attack us."

Only one infected student was available for comment. They simply made a clicking sound before turning to chase another student down the hallway.

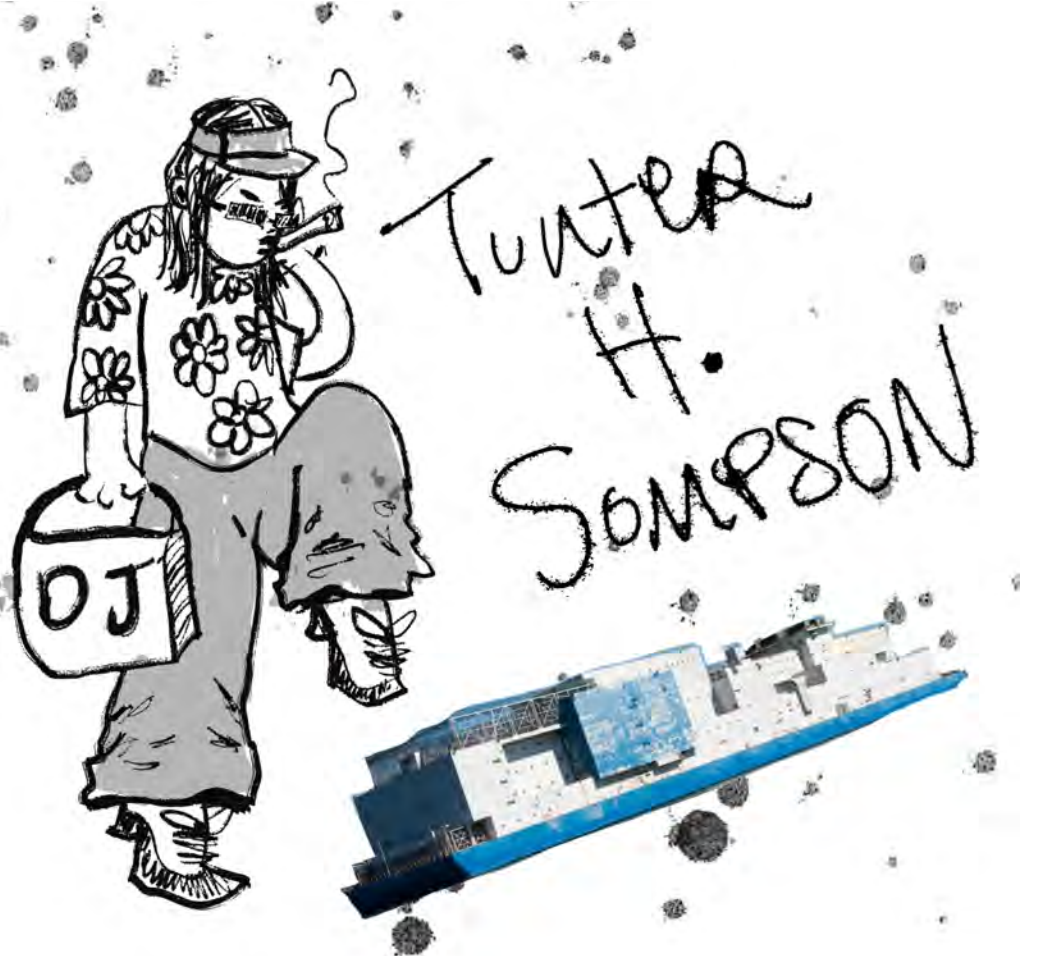
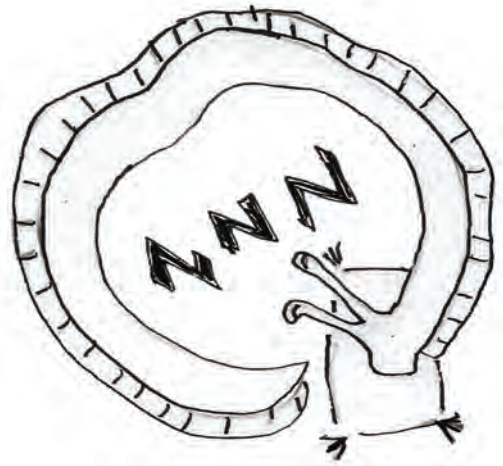
I already had a job tearing down trees with my bare hands. Sure, I lost all my limbs and one of my eyes, but dammit it made me tough. I need space for my Dodge Child-Crusher 2500."

The issue came to a head in the community on Saturday the 15th, when a group of a dozen or so protesters from Save the Orphanage formed a picket line to prevent sheriff's deputies from serving a notice of eviction to St. Boniface.

"We're out here defending our community," said Root, one of the protesters. "Just because those kids are useless doesn't mean their home should be parking."

The standoff lasted for over an hour, until over a hundred counter protesters from local advocacy group Fuck The Orphans began arriving one by one in their own vehicles, most of them three-axed trucks and surplus military Hummers. Outnumbered and pelted by rotten lunch meat from the crowd, the Save the Orphanage group was forced to flee. The eviction notice was posted shortly after, to a cheer of, "Hip hip hooray!" by the crowd.

"This parking lot's going to be the only place I can park my F-9000," said Kevin Brockington, resident of Arcata. "I'm always pro-parking space, whatever the cost."





# Hark! The toadstone

by I.R.A. Glass

Sunday, April 9th, was one of the first days which truly felt like spring. Laurie Shepard was taking advantage of the good weather by going beach-combing with her boyfriend, Steven Stephen.

“It was early,” said Shepard, an anthropology student at Humboldt. “Probably 6:30 or 7 a.m.. We were the first ones there and Steve just runs up to me from down the beach like, ‘babe, you’ve gotta see this.’”

Steven led her down the beach to an object sticking out of the sand. It was a statue carved from dark stone, depicting a toad of unpleasant aspect.

“When I picked it up it felt oily to the touch,” said Shepard. “It didn’t look like a Yurok artifact. It didn’t look like anything that I’d seen before.”

Shepard wrapped the statue in a towel and took it home before calling Dr. Sandra Marlborough, one of her anthropology professors.

“I got back in my car and there were mushrooms growing on the towel, which was pretty weird, so I put it in a trash bag instead,” says Shepard.

It was late on Sunday evening when Laurie and Dr. Marlborough met in the darkened halls of the Behavioral and Social Sciences building. They were also joined by Dr. Chris Smith, CPH professor of geology, who Dr. Marlborough had called in for a geological perspective.

“As soon as I laid eyes on that statue, I knew it was important,” said Dr. Marlborough. “I knew there was so

much we could learn from it. And now, I know I was right.”

After comparing the statue against samples in the geology department catalog, Dr. Smith identified the stone as komatiite, a rare type of ancient basalt which is no longer produced by modern geological processes.

“It’s an extremely unusual specimen which I felt lucky to behold,” said Dr. Smith.

On Monday morning, students at the BSS began to notice that all the taps in the building were running salt water. Several plumbers have been called to address the problem, but at time of writing no problems have yet been identified.

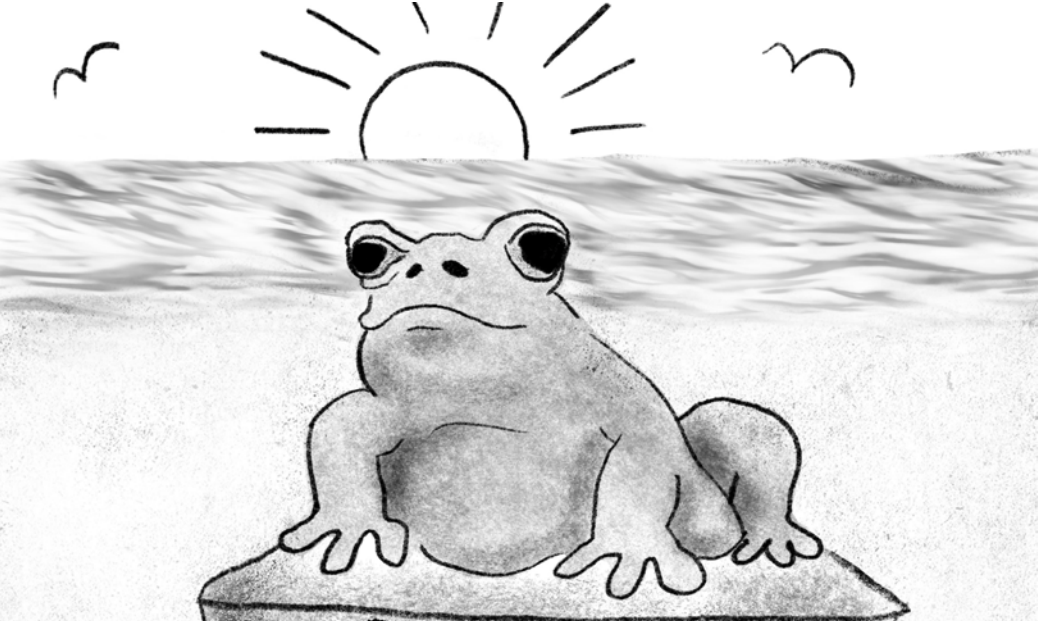
“I brought a hydroflask on Tuesday morning,” said Alejendro Valdez, a mathematics major. “But by noon it had gone salty too.”

Students are advised not to drink water at BSS.

Dr. Marlborough has formed a work group to study the statue to see what insights it may glean into some prehistoric epoch. She was vague about when exactly they met, and exactly for how long, but they seem to have made quite a bit of progress.

“We don’t have much in the way of funding, but that’s all immaterial. We’ve already learned so much from the toadstone. What matters is devotion. What matters is our faith.”

Students are advised to hark the toadstone.



# New cannabis studies program found to be conducting secret weapons experiments

by I.R.A. Glass

For over a year now, the Humboldt cannabis industry has been in a steep decline. Oversupply and increased competition from other growing communities have cut deeply into the county’s pot business.

“For a while, everything was on the up and up. It seemed like every week there was a new dispensary in Arcata,” says Kerry Bustier, a cannabis studies graduate from CPH. “Since the crash, we’ve had to diversify our business quite a bit. It’s not all about recreation anymore,”

It really isn’t. Today Bustier is taking me on a guided tour of the Raytheon-Cheech Center for Psychochemical Warfare, located on our very own campus.

Bustier leads me up B Street to the front door of Jenkins Hall, recently renovated with its blacked-out windows. She flashes her ID card to a little camera above the door and it clicks after a moment with a solenoid gunshot.

“Raytheon takes security very seriously here,” says Bustier, waving me through. People in pale green lab coats flit through the halls, walking quickly and saying nothing to us as we pass. I expect the building to reek of terpenes, but the only scent in the air is the chemical tang of hospital cleaner. On the floor above, someone is moaning in distress. Bustier catches my eye as we begin to climb the stairs at the end of the hallway.

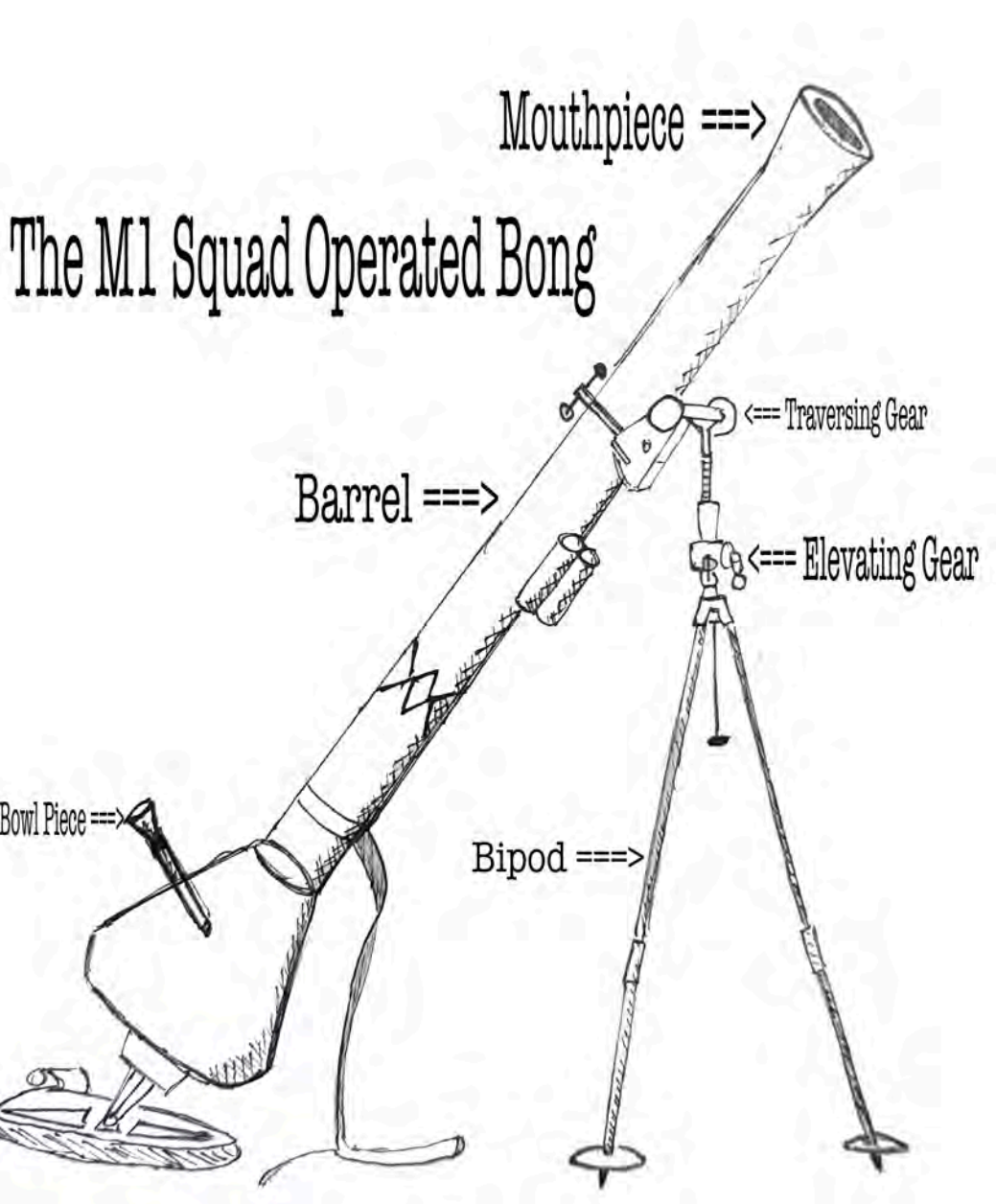
“Some of the strains we’re testing are a little... intense,” she says, leading me into a darkened observation room on the second floor.

Through the pane of glass that forms one wall I can see a uniformed marine

lying in a hospital bed, thrashing weakly against his restraints. A pair of lab coated scientists in the observation room with us watch with rapt attention. Someone in a blue hazmat suit stands

beside the marine, vainly attempting to drop cheetos into his open mouth.

“Private Hillman has been intoxicated for approximately ninety hours,” Bustier tells me. “We call this strain



‘Agent Orange,’ and it’s showing a lot of promise for crowd control applications. Each strain comes with its own battlefield doctrine.”

A few minutes later we reach the machine shop. Jumpsuited technicians bend at the waist to work on half-assembled prototypes strewn about the tables. A four-foot bipod-mounted bong catches my eye as we pass. Math rock is playing on someone’s bluetooth speaker.

One of the technicians looks up at our approach and smiles, gesturing to the device on the table before us. It looks like a matte black pressure cooker with backpack straps and little valves in a belt around its circumference.

“This is my baby,” says Liam Anderson, masters student of mechanical engineering at CPH. As he speaks, he straps the device onto his back. “The M2 Squad Automatic Hookah. Ports for four hoses, so you and your team can toke up in the middle of a firefight.”

Dr. Ernst Oberhauser Von Steuben is the director of the Raytheon-Cheech Center. We sit in his dimly lit office. Behind him on the wall hangs his doctorate in chemical engineering from the University of Buenos Aires, Argentina.

“Vith ze rising tensions between ze United States und China,” says Dr. Von Steuben. “As vell as ze var in ze Ukraine, ve sink it is only prudent to research all of ze potential veapons systems available to us, ja? Ve have to use all of zat Cal Poly money somehow.”



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## Campus Dining innovations continue for Fall 2023

A letter from Dining Services to the Cal Poly Humboldt campus

Cal Poly Humboldt has enjoyed a wide variety of exciting foods and fun dining events this academic year courtesy of Humboldt Dining. Through conversations with guests and dining feedback, we know that Cal Poly Humboldt prioritizes quality, value, sustainable dining, and wants to see dining innovations campus-wide.

As cuisine trends continue to evolve and through continuous campus feedback, Humboldt Dining would like to remind the campus community of some of our programs and newer initiatives:

- **The J Dining Hall** remains a top choice for all-you-care-to-enjoy meals, featuring a range of comfort foods, vegan options, soups, salads, sandwiches, grilled items, and desserts.
- **College Creek Marketplace** has seen significant improvements, with Humboldt Street Subs offering custom, made-to-order sandwiches, Urban Revolution offering daily Value Meals, and the Marketplace Café is serving complimentary coffee to all students, faculty, and staff when you bring your own mug.
- **Bigfoot Burgers** is now open for lunch during the week.
- **The Depot's VedgeCraft** is now offering fresh made-to-order fruit smoothies.
- As we look to the year ahead, Humboldt Dining worked closely with the university for meal plan pricing for the 2023-2024 academic year. Those rates can be found at [www.dineoncampus.com/calpolyhumboldt](http://www.dineoncampus.com/calpolyhumboldt)
- Meal Exchange will be offered at **Bigfoot Burgers**, **Humboldt Street Subs & Urban Revolution** in College Creek Marketplace, **Marketplace Café**, **VedgeCraft & Kinetic Koffee** in the Depot, and the Library Café.

We are focused on continuing to provide a valuable dining experience for the Cal Poly Humboldt campus community rooted in feedback. You can share your thoughts and suggestions by visiting

<https://dineoncampus.com/calpolyhumboldt/contact--feedback>



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# Hippies meet for the 69th annual ecstatic dance competition

by Vendetta Lamborghini

Local hippies gathered at Cal Poly Humboldt’s West Gym for the 69th annual Ecstatic Dance Competition on Saturday. Ecstatic dance is a form of movement where dancers completely abandon themselves to the rhythm and move as freely as their chakras let them, leading them to a state of trance. The bleachers were filled with various forms of hippies, from white people with dreads and old tie-dyed Deadheads, to shanti yogis and festival bros. The competition began with a sage burning and group throat singing before the lights were dimmed and ethnically appropriated tribal bass music reverberated through the gym. Participants got five minutes to wiggle, fling, flail, twirl, oscillate, and jump as ecstatically as possible, all in the hopes of winning a trip to Guatemala to participate in an ayahuasca ceremony led by a white person from Los Angeles. Judges at the competition based their ratings off of a few criteria. “We’re looking for the most freely moving dancer,” said judge Agate Fern.

“Whoever is the furthest from form, most tapped into the pulse of the universe.” Everyone gave it their all, but professional ecstatic dancer, Rainbow Song, stole the show by lying down and vibrating her body for five minutes. “It just came to me,” Song said. “I let divine source energy possess me and take control.” One contestant was disqualified when he was found to be using crystals to cheat. Judges say they fell out of his pocket during the performance. “Crystals are powerful tools, and harnessing their powers in your dance is like taking steroids,” Fern said. There has been some backlash from certain sectors of the hippy community, who smoked weed in protest outside of the competition. “The vibes here are wack,” said local ecstatic dancer, Sunflower Bug. “You can’t judge someone’s ecstatic expression, man. Like, this whole thing doesn’t even make any sense.”



Graphic by Girl/Boy

# Sacramento Kings visit Humboldt County to celebrate playoff berth

by Him

No, you weren’t imagining it or dreaming when you saw NBA stars De’Aaron Fox (nicknamed Swipa) and Domantas Sabonis (nicknamed Lithuanian Lasagna) walking through Downtown Arcata last week. The Sacramento Kings went on a vacation to celebrate making the playoffs for the first time since 2006, and they decided to stop at the unique tourist location known as Humboldt County. Whether in Arcata or Eureka, “light the beam” chants could be heard all over the local area from the team, even in the middle of the night at times. “I love it here,” said Lithuanian Lasagna. “This is my first time visiting and it’s nice being in a place where you’re not surrounded by people who just want a picture with you. It feels like people in a town this small actually want to talk.” The amount of talking that Humboldt residents do isn’t ideal for everyone though. Sacramento forward, Trey Lyles, is sick of everyone asking him outlandish questions. “It’s always ‘Why did you start a fight with Brook Lopez’ or ‘How did it feel to be stared down by a seven foot person,’ like first of all you’re under six feet and I’m almost seven feet so you

can’t be talking, second of all why does nobody here wanna ask how the fuck I’m doing?” said Lyles. However, Lyles has been having some good experiences with food in Humboldt County. “I love The Burger Joint and The Larrupin’ Cafe,” said Lyles. It’s funny hearing about someone coming to Humboldt and food being what they praise out of everything, but if you’re going to luxurious meal spots like this, praise should be far from surprising. The team spent their two nights here at Bear River Casino Resort, which also got some praise from several players. “The resort we stayed at was absolutely gorgeous, up on a hill,” said Sacramento guard Kevin Huerter (nicknamed Red Velvet). “It’s definitely not like other places.” “Bear River was a good place to stay,” said Sacramento guard Malik Monk (nicknamed The Lethal Microwave). “The casino was cool but why did it smell so much like fucking cigarettes?” With the whole Kings roster came some of their romantic partners/spouses, Fox’s son and beloved NBA commentator, Mark Jones, who announces

on television for the Kings, who “just tagged along.” Jones made his presence known, being the life of several parties, according to his teammates, and hyping the team up at every club. “Being away from work for a few days was fire,” said Mark Jones. “I felt like him this week, and that was my only goal.” Jones is best known for making wild statements on air, such as quoting a famous Drake song, repeatedly chanting, “First name De’Aaron, last name HIM,” and everyone’s favorite, “Deep in his bag, like the fries are at the bottom!” While in the area, several of the players could be seen on Tinder, the well-known dating app. “They have more rizz than any of the guys at this univer-

sity,” said a Cal Poly Humboldt senior, who wanted to remain anonymous, probably so all of the guys that go here don’t avoid her after that absurd level of disrespect. Since the trip, Sacramento have won their first two playoff games and taken a 2-0 series lead over the Golden State Warriors, which should probably make you happy. Anything to keep Golden State from winning again.



Graphic by veggieburgergirl

# The gladiators are coming!!!

by M&M's

It was 2 a.m. on a cold Arcata morning, no one in sight. It was so quiet, not even a mouse could be heard. That all changed when from the distance, students dressed in battle suits walked towards Downtown Arcata. It was the Cypress Worms. About 20 student residents marched through the streets towards the plaza armed and dressed to battle. Opposite of Hotel Arcata stood the past victors and rebels from the Hunger Games, waiting. Once reached, Cypress Worms came eye to eye with their opponents. “So,” RA Ruby acknowledged. “We can settle this the easy way or the hard way. You decide”

Katy rolled her eyes. “We have done everything, what more can you ask for?” “Are you serious?!” Annie yelled from behind Ruby. “We demand to be heard. No one listened to us. No one is hearing us.” Approaching Katy, 4’3 Annie stared with fire in their eyes. “You guys are so busy guarding Jacky that you are not seeing the big problem here. Students are going homeless, housing security is doomed...” said Annie. Annie was interrupted by a pie to the face thrown from one of the rooftops! “FIIIIIGHT!” yelled Ruby as the Worms and Victors went head to head. Swords clanged and hit metal armor. Bows were thrown from the roofs from both sides hitting both the students and victors alike. The sounds of gladiators punching one another echoed. “HOUSING FOR ALL! HOUSING FOR ALL!” yelled the Worms as they each took their opponent. The Rebels dodged each swing and hit laughing. “You guys are insane, get your shit together,” commented Looki.

He grabbed Seven’s hair with one hand and tried to reach for his sword with his free hand. Seven was too quick, dodging him as he went under his arm and grabbed a lock on Looki, putting it over his shoulder. Jane walked around looking for a fight and spotted her target. She tried to inflict her vision of pain, but was knocked down by Nikki. Frustrated, she attempted an attack, failing due to Lucy shielding her with her mind. Nikki flipped over her, snapping Jane’s neck off and throwing her body down the drain. One of the Worms, Lexi, saw that their team was losing. They went to the top of Hotel Arcata to join the others. Once there, they raised their hand, made a fist, and threw it down to the ground. Arcata Plaza trembled, the earth splitting open down the middle. People fell in, left and right. Some jumped out just in time. Ruby raised their hand in the air and began making a huge tornado. Both Rebels and Worms were being swept up. Ruby tried to save their fellow comrade, but to no avail as they lost their roommate Leike and their dog Ash. Night Sky turned into daytime as the sun rose, shining light on the plaza. The aftermath of the battle ground was a bloody mess. The Worms had built a huge fire pit in the middle of the Plaza, with flags being raised from all the rooftops. Sprayed in yellow across the broken windows and doors of the shops, restaurants and remaining cars were the words, “NO MORE SHALL WE BE IGNORED! NO MORE SHALL WE BE IGNORED!” Ruby looked around and saw the Worms still standing. There were only a few Rebels left behind. Ruby and the Worms walked past them while chanting, “DOWN WITH IGNORANCE! DOWN WITH IGNORANCE” on the way to the President’s house.





# Fucking all the majors

by veggieburgergirl

Have I actually had sex with all of the majors or am I just writing this to be a bitch? The world may never know.

If you're not on the list but wanting to join then let me know. I graduate in a year and need to conquer all the majors before then.

- Anthropology, B.A.
- 7/10 - If they're into the archeological aspect of the major, then hell yea! The dust of all the old dead people they dig up that layers all their belongings makes for a fun time. Five is better than one – especially if it's the ghosts of ancient kings and shit.
- Art, B.A.
- 2/10 - Absolute worst head you'll ever get. Always wanting the equal take and give, probably due to the fact their parents are paying for all of their things. They are never munches and will probably give you some type of oil paint poisoning cause they rarely wash their hands... how can people tell they study art if they wash them?
- Biology, B.S.
- 6/10 - The study of living things is surely applicable to the exploration of each other's bodies. They are always drowning in work, so unless you're into that library exhibitionism stuff, then maybe they aren't for you.
- Botany, B.S.
- 8/10 - The ability to remember 200 plant species is super impressive, and you used that photographic memory to memorize all the positions in your tween years. Also, being able to keep a plant alive is hot. Although, you can water your array of houseplants perfectly, but can't seem to wash your sheets routinely.
- Business Administration, B.S.
- 8/10 - The sexual performance is always consistent, so I just can't seem to get you guys off my list of hookups to return to. I am however getting a little sick of the Robinhood notification going off on your phone everytime I see you, though.
- Child Development / Elementary Education (see Liberal Studies, B.A.)
- 1/10 - I don't know if being around kids so much rubs off on them but their motor skills in the bedroom definitely seem to be most affected. They touch boobs like they're tuning a radio or doing some Montessori hand strengthening exercise.
- Communication, B.A.
- 7/10 - Dirty talk is yall's game. I love

it. I will say, you tend to be a bit argumentative, but only verbally which can really throw off the sexy moment. I do feel for you though, because most of your hookups probably have some negative cliché to say about your major.

- Computer Science, B.S.
- 2/10 - You approach sex like a code you're trying to crack, but the problem is I'm not a puzzle or line of code, and the clit or gooch is always in the same spot, be serious.
- Critical Race, Gender and Sexuality Studies, B.A.
- 5/10 - What's a CRGS major without "sex." The sex is amazing and you're all so sweet... docked five points cause it's hard to not catch feelings.
- Dance Studies (See Interdisciplinary Studies, B.A.)
- 4/10 - The flexibility is such a plus, but major pillow princesses. You can't just throw your legs over your head and call it a night. All that physical exertion in the studio makes for a slow evening.
- Economics, B.A.
- 3/10 - All the notifications you get from your google sheets survey for class makes me too insecure to hook up with you... seems like you're seeing other people.
- Elementary Education (see Liberal Studies, B.A.)
- 9/10 - Most of yall are sorority girls, but you're still hot so it doesn't really matter. I just don't know if I can support all of that philanthropy shit that seems to control your schedule. I can see you taking inventory of how many pink cowboy hats you need to order for you sisters when we hook up.
- English, B.A.
- 4/10 - I can always count on a fun night with you to be followed with an Instagram post linking your blog post of some heartbreaking personal essay about our fling. Get a fucking diary.. with a lock.
- Environmental Studies, B.A.
- 8/10 - Can't give you too much shit with the sheet game, but please just wash your barefoot feet and beanie hair before you lay in my bed.
- Film, B.A.
- 2/10 - If you wanna spend half of your night being explained why Taxi Driver is significant to them, then I'd say film majors are worth the fuck. The whole 'elusive' thing they have going on just makes them so sexy, but just remember that project they want you to star in shirtless for their "film class" is

a lie and not gonna be your 15 minutes of fame!

- Fisheries Biology, B.S.
- 0/10 - Can't do this one cause I don't fuck people who wear camo unironically.
- Forestry, B.S.
- 1/10 - If you're into big trucks and erectile dysfunction, I'd definitely swipe right on the forestry majors. The self-identifying male population completely consumes the major, so there is never a drought of dick. Most are virgins though – I mean the chainsaw and forest obsession says enough.
- French and Francophone Studies, B.A.
- 10/10 - I think all of these majors are studying abroad or something cause I have yet to cross paths with them... but you should definitely call me when you come back to campus. Je suis Chade ;).
- Geology, B.S.
- 9/10 - Although they may seem boring, looking at rocks all the time especially on their field trips makes them ravenous for sex. Being stuck between a rock and a hard place makes something else rough and hard too.
- History, B.A.
- 3/10 - The role playing really threw me off and not in a fun way. I'm talking full WW2 regalia. Also, why is it always WW2? I mean, I am Polish, so I guess you can invade me.
- International Studies, B.A.
- 4/10 - I wouldn't say the sex is bad, but you're so flighty it's hard to hunker down. Your brain runs a mile a minute and you're easily distracted. The sex is good, but you'll be abroad in a semester, so I need to detach.
- Journalism, B.A.
- 10/10 - This is definitely not a self-serving rate. I will say you're really good at interrogating your promiscuous partners in bed. You have the skill of making everyone talk about themselves for 20 minutes, while simultaneously sharing nothing about yourself. Makes the sex fun when I get my brain picked before, during and after. I love attention.
- Kinesiology, B.S.
- 3/10 - Honestly, really disappointing you guys. I mean your major is literally the study of movement and bodies. Yeah, you can name all the bones in the body, but can't have foreplay last longer than a radio infomercial. Fire massages, though.
- Mathematics, B.A.

2/10 - You spend hours on solving a single problem with more letters than numbers in it, but can't seem to last longer than 5 minutes. Also, your hands are always dry from exclusively using wooden pencils.

- Music, B.A.
- ?/10 - Percussionist, yes. Guitarists. No. Bassist. Yes. Wind instrument. No. That is all I will say.
- Nursing (RN to BSN), B.S.N.
- 8.5/10 - Nursing majors are freaks. The degrading thing kind of throws me off. How can you wanna help people, but know where it hurts. So vicious.
- Psychology, B.A.
- 6/10 - I'm all for the brain picking, but stopping mid stroke to question why wanting to be choked is a sign of some childhood wound of mine is so annoying. The Freud worship is a red flag.
- Religious Studies, B.A.
- 4/10 - Y'all have taken my ass to church many times in the bedroom, but I'm agnostic and can't tell if you're studying this major in the religious trauma way or youth leader way.
- Sociology, B.A.
- 9/10 - All those stairs you walk up on your way to class at the BSS really give you some stamina. I will dock you one point for the fact you use sex to distract you from all the fucked up shit you have to read in class.
- Spanish, B.A.
- 9/10 - Constant pronunciation work really strengthens the tongue. You know how to put that work in, so I give you a solid rate.
- Theatre Arts, B.A.
- 2/10 - The sex feels so scripted with you. I can never tell if you're running your lines or just actually use "whom" that much in bed. Also, you stood up and bowed when you finished.
- Undeclared
- 10/10 - Undeclared sex is always the best. They may be unsure about their future career plans, but they aren't unsure of how to throw it down that's for damn sure. Also, their schedule is usually so packed with advising meetings that when you are able to have the mid-night tango, it's always worth it.
- Wildlife, B.S.
- 7.5/10 - You all fuck like animals. Guess it's the close proximity thing, but your emotional feelings tend to burn out as quick as they come. Monkey brain. You're into scratching, which ups you to a 7.5.

# Trend alert: students living Shakespeare

by Vendetta Lamborghini

A new trend hast cometh to Cal Poly Humboldt campus and hath influenced the style and speech of its students. Perhaps in response to the dire state of the world and overwhelming anxiety of this generation's impending doom, students are reverting back to the 16th century to find solace in the simplicities of the Shakespearean world.

"I bethink yond Shakespeare is of very much merit. I feeleth liketh I wast b'rn in the wrong era," botany major

Photo illustration by Vendetta Lamborghini

Desdemona Zosimos said. "Times w're so much simpl'r then."

These Shakespearean zealots, who have been calling themselves, "the Bards," can be seen around campus eating meat stews and porridge, playing panflutes, sewing their garb, and scribing.

"In mine own free time I liketh to maketh cheese, hunteth in the community f'rest, widdle, and playeth mine own lute," forestry major Othello Erpinham said. "At which hour I gradu-

ateth, I wanteth to beest the town cobbler, or w'rk the local tav'rn pouring ale."

The english course Special Topics in Shakespeare has been filling up with trendy Bards and the waitlists are bulging. English majors needing the course to graduate are fed up.

"Look, I like Shakespeare just as much as the next guy, but this is out of control," English major Suzy Blanchard said. "I'm waitlisted for a class I need to graduate next semester because all

these freaks want to get off on him."

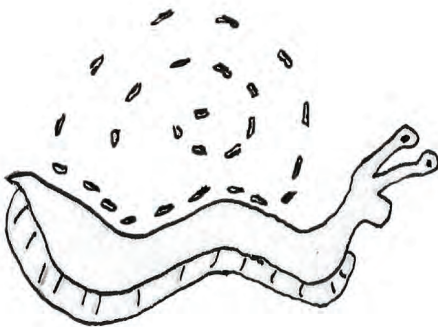
Trend analysts have been tracking the steady rise of the Bards for the past year, with at least one expert dubbing the fad, "cottage core on steroids." Climate change, war, inflation, mass shootings and abortion bans have been taking their toll on Gen Z, and experts see this reversion to early modern peasantry as a coping mechanism.

Parents are worried about this new trend, considering that Shakespeare is known in part for his tragedies and prolific bloodshed.

"Juliet is a recently converted Bard, and is dangerously in love with her new boyfriend Romeo that she met through the scene," said Martha Miller, a Cal Poly Humboldt parent. "She has become so dramatic and I barely understand what she's saying half the time. I want my daughter back."

For their part, the Bards have felt misunderstood and attacked by the larger community.

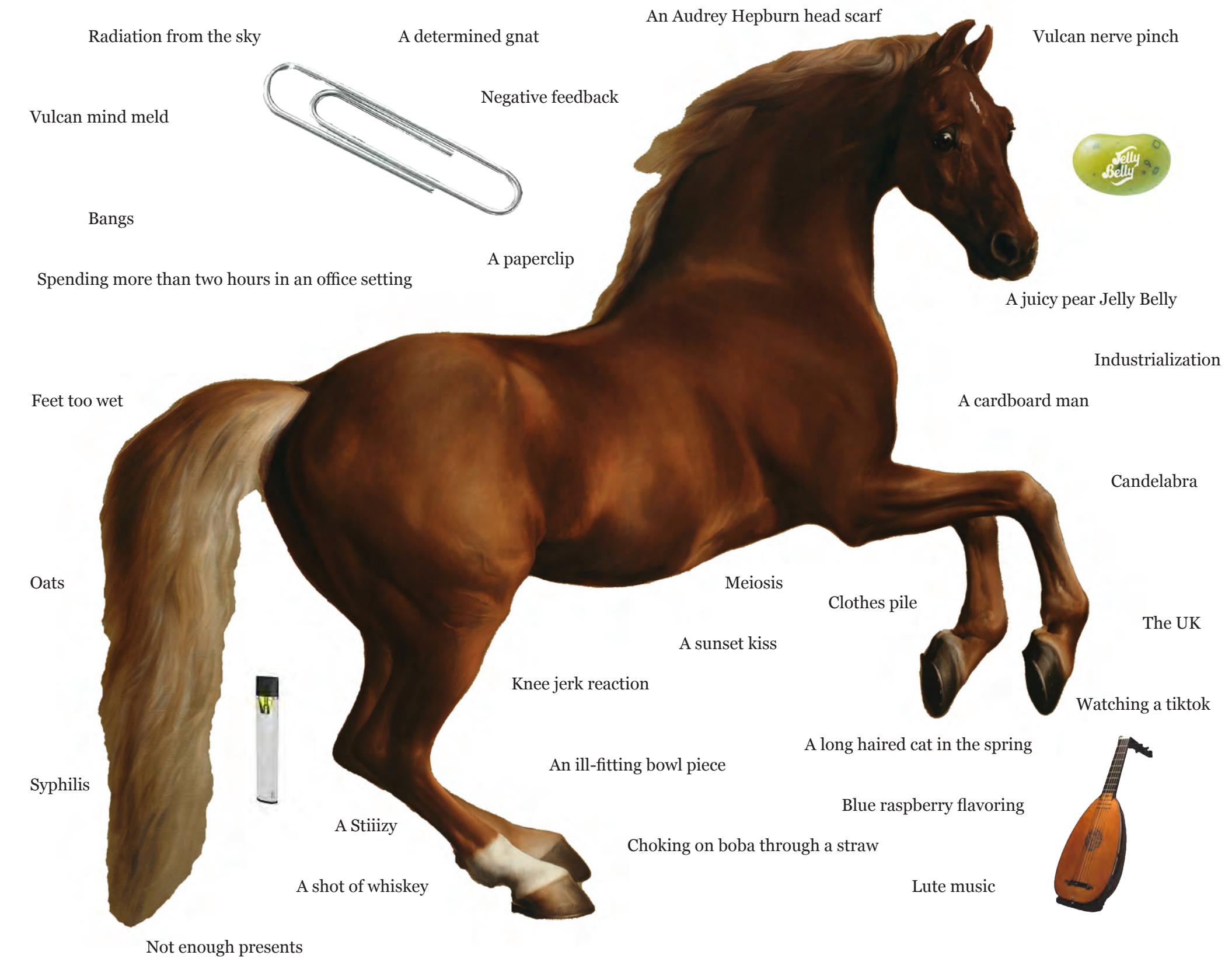
"Nobody maketh excit'ment of the people who is't liketh to weareth vintage robes and hark to vinyl," art major and Bard Corbin Antony said. "We art just very much vintage."





# 1000 things that would kill a horse

by Girl/Boy



## Student influx doubles dating pool

by Vendetta Lamborghini

While some are worried about the ways Cal Poly Humboldt’s recent proposal to increase the student body will affect housing, local singles are excited about its impact on Arcata’s tiny dating pool.

“I’m sick and tired of my options on Tinder,” geology major Trisha Storm said. “It’s just a bunch of guys holding fish, dirt bikers, weed growers, and white guys who think they’re gangsters. I’ve literally run out of swipes. I can’t keep expanding the miles or age range.”

The miniscule dating pool has long forced students to tiptoe around prospective cuties to avoid making things complicated in their social circle. Students are looking forward to being able to date others without having to worry about whether their friends have already.

“Everybody knows everybody in this town,” said Cooper Lucas, an environmental studies major. “If I see someone new, three of my friends have already hooked up with them, or had their heart broken by them. It’s rough out here.”

While singles celebrate the new influx of students, monogamous couples are feeling threatened.

“I feel good in my relationship because my partner is out of options,” said art major, Calvin Soto. “All these new students in town means they could meet someone way cooler, hotter, and better at frisbee golf than me.”

Meanwhile, local polyamorous couples are excited for more romances to fill their already busy schedules.

“The more the merrier,” forestry major Bethany Zikakis said.



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# Jizzman’s top 5 on-campus humping spots

by Jizzman

**5: First Floor Library Bathroom**  
Starting with number 5, we have the most shitted-in, anxiety-ridden space on campus. While the ambience may not be up to your usual standards – let’s not lie, they’re not that high – your peers are too busy with their 7 page essays and botany homework to hear you getting railed in the stall next door. Plug your nostrils with your spare butt-plugs and have some fun!

**4: Redwood Bowl**  
Classic 90s movie move, bro. You’ll feel like you’re in high school again, rolling around on the football field that’s used for everything but football. Try not to get gravel up yours or your partner’s gooch or cooch. Let’s see if we can get a touchdown, amirite?

**3: Founders Hall Steps**  
Halfway through your journey up or down the Founder’s Hall steps, you may feel yourself getting horny. That’s because the founders embedded the stairs using sex pheromones with the intention of populating Humboldt. To this day, you are fully allowed, with direct permission from our esteemed university, to drop your shorts and just start humping on the steps.

**2: The Cal Poly Humboldt Sign on LK Wood**  
If you really want a story to yell out at a family dinner when you’re old and unhinged, make sure you get your shit rocked behind the main CPH sign. Just be careful of the ditch directly behind you... can be very easy to fall in.

**1: “President” Tom Jackson’s Office**  
Don’t worry about it, no one’s ever in there. Especially not Tom Jackson. Like, ever. Despite having a salary of \$396,150. Rumor has it, Tom Jackson himself only uses it for sex, too. Still empty, though. Tom Jackson is a virgin.

# FAKE NEWS

## New zonin lws bring chaohs to council meating

by Tunter H. Sompson

At a cihty council meating lasst nite, Council membr Your Mom—HA! Jusst kidding. His names Ralph. Cant rember whut his last name is thogh. Anywayz, there may b some neww zohning lawz. I think therez a streeet where there alow-ing some new buzinessez. Sum ppl R mad about it.

Fuk. I’m wayyy too drunk for this. This arrtle is due in like an hour. ANY-WHO

Lots of peopl at the meeting REAL-LY diddnt like this. One dude said that itd deztroy the local carakter of hte nayborhood. Honeztly I don’t think itll matter too much. Whats the matter? How coud that effect anything? fr.

Coupll people therrr agree with me. One of them sayd itd allow him to open his new buysiness. Or somethin.

To Be Honesst, Imm writting thiss att a party. IM playing Edwrd 40 hands and I can’t tipe. Very Well. legit. Im bangin on the keyboard with a bottl of Mickeyz in both hands and its a deadlin in likk an hour and IM DOING MY

BEST OK!! Itz really harrd to type ok :(

One dude said something like “This decizn is TERRIBLE! I donnt want they’re to be more places to buy things neer where I livv. it;ll be raiz the prices or whatever.”

WOW this ihs hard. There are TEW giant glass botles on my hands. With DUct tape. Yu have no Cloo. Cann hardly seeh straiht. Ther R lihk fourr keyboard. MBe five. CLank clank clkan go the mickeyz. man i hop e I can fin-ish thiss before the dead—line. Cood be out of job. I am gettingg my ass kiked at this game. I need to piss sSO bad. Woow. It’s like an exploshun in my bladdr. That I can only releaz with the bathroomm. Wooow.

Raight. Zoning. Honestly that was about it four the meeing. Sum peopple said some things. Some people did-nt like it. I honesttly can’t remmeber much about it. They’re all the samm. The meetings. Talking and sitting. My notes are at home anyways. Fuck. Wish I haddt had to go.

FUCK gotta drink fазter. Getting beat. Still hav like another half a bottl left. It tastes so bad. UUUURRP. Thas what my burp soundd like. Heh heh. GLug glug Glug. Nom nom nom. hope my editor likes this story. I give it my all.

UUUUH. Did they pass the mo-tion?? Honeztly not too sure. fuuuk. they re not goin to like this at the pap-pr. WUTever. sumone elss probabbly already wrought abbt it. The rezidents of arkayda will be satisfied. They gon-na like it. Its so cool like WOW. article here. just put er here. Yuh. Yuh. Yuh. so far so good. YEP. This beer tatses like horse urin. Gottta finsh it though. need to win. In my blood. OORAH. uh. yeeeah.

aaalmost done. chug chug chug. it goies donw. mE likey. this stories so boned. it dont matter. i alreddy lost the ddam game. im so sad. this was all i was living forr. fuck it im done. no more. need to focuz on teh game. no more wriing. UG.

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### Cal Poly Humboldt event DJ (Arcata) MUST BE VERY BAD NO GOOD MUSIC ALLOWED

Cal Poly Humboldt

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2

