

Frankly, my dear, you can just go fuck yourself sideways



JOHN
CONNOR

A lot of people have been fucking up lately, and it's time for them to cut the horseshit and clean up their goddamn acts. First and foremost, it's high time that the letter X fucked right off. It's the most goddamn useless thing in the alphabet, and is easily replaceable with either a "K" or a "Z." I don't even know who decided to put it into the alphabet anyways. When you learnt that shit in kindergarten, it's not like you ever used the fucking letter any time in the next six years. The only goddamn word it was in was xylophone—which, by the way, if you play, you can get fucked too; learn to play an instrument that's not made by Fisher Price—and how often does that come up? And to those who say you need it to spell "sex," it's time to realize that you're either fucking, making love, or boning like leopards in heat. Any kind of vegetable that's preceded by "baby" is a crime against nature and needs to be stopped. I'm not eating a damn corn-bortion, and neither should you. Besides, I don't like the thought of a young carrot being dragged screaming from its family, papa carrot holding mama carrot back, attempting to console her but knowing in his heart that their only child is doomed to be slaughtered

by a hungry vegan—that's right, you socially conscious bastards; you're no fucking better than me just because your diet makes you anemic. And pickling anything but cucumbers is fucking wrong and makes you some kind of goddamn gypsy. I don't care if it's eggs, ham, or beets—that shit is disgusting, and you're wasting precious resources that could be used to make a science fair volcano.

"I'm not sure if I can get angry enough about *Speed 2* to talk about it. Sure, the script was likely based off of a clever pun they came up with, but Sandra Bullock was going through some rough times."

STEVE KIRKHAM
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

If you have a coffee order longer than six words, you deserve to be sterilized with a milk steamer. If you have such a refined palette that you order a drink that's more complex to assemble than a nuclear warhead, then you don't get to reproduce. And to coffee shop employees: stop being such fucking cunts. You know what your pretentious equivalent of a large is, so when we say large, don't act dumbfounded because we didn't order in fucking Spanish.

Next, sport hunting needs to be re-imagined so that it actually suits its name. A drunk fat guy with a rifle versus a deer is about as sporting as Stephen Hawking playing double-Dutch. I'm not saying that we equip deer with laser cannons—I don't believe in giving hand-outs to nature. If an animal is endangered, it just means that it doesn't want to survive bad enough. Rather, the weapons should be toned down to suit the game. For example, you would hunt a deer with a sack of rocks, a rabbit with both hands tied behind your back, and a bear with a Gatling gun. People need to stop using magenta as their go-to colour. I don't care if it's the one crayon that you never seemed to lose; I'm sick of it being the one colour that everyone seems to name off the top of their head. Just fucking go with something simple like blue—you aren't fooling anyone into thinking you've got some grand understanding of the colour wheel, you shits. Finally, the following things can fuck off: bobbing for apples, high-priced fair-trade junk, squid, people writing press releases who think they're being scooped, musicals, toy dogs, toy robot dogs, sleet, space stations, the lazy asshole who named oranges "oranges," geese, zebra animal crackers, pricks who eat all the m&ms in the trail mix, those same assholes when they eat all the marshmallows in a box of Lucky Charms, pandas, speed walkers, slow walkers, touch talkers, *Speed 2*, pirates, zeppelins, using squash to make a political point, and finally, Bobby Samuel for not returning my calls. You told me you loved me, you bastard.

Chocolate rain a hazard

If you want to know what the story's about, then fucking read it, asshole; I'm not a damn summary



ANAL
PIERCING

Though significant efforts have been taken in recent years to reduce the emission of sulphur and nitrogen compounds into the atmosphere in order to combat the problem of acid rain, there's still a glaring omission from our environmentally friendly initiatives. I'm talking, of course, about the problem of "chocolate rain." Chocolate rain is the result of candy-oxides mixing with racial oppression in the upper-lower-middle chocosphere, and is tied with the elderly as the leading cause of diabetes in most species of ducks. It makes our streets sticky, degrades the earth's cookie crust, and while we stay dry, it's the lactose intolerant who feel the pain, confined to their homes out of fear of debilitating diarrhea. But despite the surging size of our loons and the chocofication of our water supply, we choose to ignore this issue entirely. We're all too content to just lie back, open our mouths, and let the chocolate goodness that falls from the heavens fill our bellies to accomplish any real change. If you

look out over the horizon, you can see the rainbow-coloured smoke rising continually from the smokestacks of Willy Wonka's Everlasting Gobstopper factory, which is free to operate as it pleases without restriction. And because they provided us with a connection to the west, we ignore the copious amounts of racial oppression that have been generated by the Canadian Pacific Railroad over the years. Ignoring this issue won't make it go away. It's the overweight elephant in the corner who's eying our children, and if we continue to ignore it, we'll be left with a generation haunted by acne that grows up never knowing what it's like to not wear a T-shirt while swimming. Sure, there are no noticeable side-effects at present, but if we're not careful, "fatty fatty fat fat" will soon become a term of endearment, and when they move their mouths away from the mic to breathe, it will be laboriously, struggling under the weight of their heavy jowls. Only through protests and lobbying can we hope to bring about lasting change. We need to introduce emission standards, including minimum requirements for "helping a brother out," and hefty fines for companies that fail to meet them. Unless we take a stand against the Nesquiks and Walmarts of the world, there will be no hope for anything but a browner tomorrow.

THAT FUCKING CAT

Stop fucking mewing at me, you goddamn cat. I'm not your fucking owner, and it's not my goddamn job to feed you. If you want some fucking food, you can goddamnwell wait. It's not my fucking fault she forgot to feed you; though even when she does, there seems to be no end to your hunger. Not only do you still pretend you're hungry after you've been fed, but you also eat our goddamn bread off the counter. And that's not even the worst part. I wouldn't mind if you just ate one or two bagels—that's a loss I can handle. But you see fit to chew through the bag and then take a bite out of every fucking bagel there is. You fucking muffin-top-eating whore, we should have left you to die in the fucking SPCA. And it's not like you don't know that what you're doing is wrong. When I catch you on the counters, you fucking bolt because you know you're doing shit you're not supposed to do, so why the fuck don't you just stop doing it? We should've just bought a dog.

BIFF THURSTON

That fucking cat is a regular nuisance who pisses me off to no end. No actual cats are harmed, but you bet your goddamn balls that I yelled my fucking head off at that ungrateful bitch. I am this close to leaving you outside in the goddamn snow to fucking freeze to death, Violet.



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