

# THE YETI

SEPTEMBER 2006

## ONE

I have a new theory about why girls don't like me. It's a bit more sophisticated than my previous attempts at explaining this phenomenon, which ran along the lines of "girls don't like me because they're stupid," or, "girls don't like me because they can't understand that leg-humping is just my way of saying 'hi.'"

While these remain valid points to consider, I think my new theory really hits the nail on the head.

Girls don't like me because I make them think. Contrary to popular belief, girls don't actually like it when you're unique, or interesting, or when you ask them questions and then listen to their answers. Every single time I meet a girl, once we get past all the "what's-your-major-where-are-you-from" crap, and I steer the conversation towards something deeper like politics, religion, sex, anal sex, etc., she unfailingly loses all interest in me.

For example, take this girl I met during orientation. We'll call her Fido. During our first advisory meeting, I teased her a few times, and we giggled loudly for most of the meeting, much to the annoyance of our advisor, the hilariously named Patti Berger.

Then I spent the remainder of summer break sitting on the floor of my unfurnished, dark apartment, fantasizing about being friends with Fido. I can remember more glorious days when I used to fantasize about having sex with all the girls I met in class. Now I get off on the idea of making a friend.

Anyways, the week of obsessive exercise and joyless masturbation went by, and school started. My prayers were answered—I have two classes with her! And she wanted me to sit with her! We got along really well, at first. We discussed our mixed feelings about CU, our screwed up parents, why we wanted to be psychologists, and other interesting, engaging topics.

That's when I noticed the girl sitting on my other side. We'll call her Cookie. Cookie is

very pretty. She smiled at me. I was filled with euphoria. She and I chatted briefly, but I mostly was interested in Fido. Cookie stayed quiet, and every once in a while I would turn and say something friendly to her, which she would excitedly gobble up.

I enjoyed this moment of popularity as best I could, even though I knew that once we actually got a chance to talk I would ask them really personal questions and tell them my nightmares and, eventually, give them a play-by-play of my preteen homoerotic experiences.

It's like I have Tourette's, only worse.

Our break between classes lasted forty-five minutes, but it only took about ten for both of them to stop liking me. I noticed the first marked decline in my popularity when they asked me if I drink a lot, to which I responded that I don't drink at all. They began to regard me with suspicion. Fido proudly stated that she likes to black out almost every night. This put Cookie at ease, somehow. My abstinence must be more off-putting than her alcoholism simply because it is less common.

Fido asked me if I didn't drink for religious reasons. I said I wasn't religious. Cookie, a Catholic, nervously shifted closer to Fido, and asked her if *she* was religious, but Fido was an atheist, too. Cookie looked like the Pope at a gay bar.

Now they didn't like me or each other. The atmosphere had become quiet and uncomfortable, so I decided to lighten things up with an anecdote.

I told them about the time that my freshman-year roommate at CSU went to the director of housing and told him that he wanted me to be kicked out of our room because he thought I was watching him sleep and trying to see him naked when he got dressed in the morning. Fido and Cookie apparently failed to realize how funny my story was. Instead, they looked at the ground uncomfortably.

As I sat between them, in awe of the

unbelievable discomfort I had just caused them, some guy waved to Fido from the steps in front of our classroom. She waved back. Fido was excited and relieved to see him. She introduced us. His name is Ass-Head. We shook hands. I instantly hated Ass-Head.

For some reason, probably because I have no friends, I sat with them. Ass-Head immediately started talking. He talked about himself, and movies he's seen, and TV shows he's watched, and classes he's taking, and parties he's been to, and he just talked and talked and talked. The girls were completely entranced, and they didn't pay any attention to me at all during his monologue.

I was fuming. My mind was going a mile a minute, wondering how this complete tool could possibly be more interesting to any girl than me. He didn't even treat them like human beings: he didn't make eye contact with them, he didn't listen to anything they said, and he never

even asked them a single question.

That's when it hit me. Girls like Ass-Head *because* he doesn't ask them questions. They're more comfortable with him *because* he doesn't listen when they speak. There's no pressure on them to think of interesting things to say because he doesn't want them to say anything at all. They just have to sit there and point their breasts at him and smile that fake, toxic smile.

And then I could see why, in a world where women are powerless objects, it's easy for Fido and Cookie to seek approval from Ass-Head, a guy who expects them to be objects, and hard to talk to me, a smart, attractive, funny, sensitive, attentive, honest guy who pushes girls to think and asks them questions that are hard to answer, like "What do you want to do with your life?" or, "Can I borrow some of your dirty underwear?"

That's right, friends and neighbors.

I can't get chicks because I'm a feminist.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. When my dad called me in Massachusetts and told me he'd found me a place next to a sorority house on the Hill, I immediately bought a telescope.*

*2. How is it that literally eighty percent of the girls here all have the exact same sunglasses? How can you tell each other apart? Or does it not matter?*

*3. Don't go to sleep. They get you in your SLEEP.*



QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

EMAIL ME: YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM

# THE YETI

OCTOBER 2006

## TWO

I am afraid of black people.

I mean, I don't cross the street or anything when I see one coming, but they definitely make me uncomfortable. Especially black men. Especially the real dark ones.

I'm not sure why. I've never been in a fight with a black person, or an altercation of any kind. And when I was a kid, my best friend was black. And my first kiss was with a black girl!

We were seven years old, huddled under a big tire on the play ground that always smelled like pee. It was very romantic. She told me she wanted to French kiss, except she didn't really know what French kissing was, so when I stuck my tongue in her mouth she totally freaked out. But I guess most of my sexual experiences end up with me doing something unexpected and a girl running away screaming.

Anyways, the idea of me being conditioned to fear black men simply by seeing scary pictures of them in the media makes me feel like a lab rat. So I've come up with some other possible reasons.

The first thing I think about when I see a black man is anger. See, I am an angry person. I am actively angry for around a quarter of each day. There are many causes for this, and most of them are rooted in my childhood (I'll tell you about it later), but one thing that really pisses me off is when people treat me badly. I hate people that are inconsiderate or uncivil.

But I know that no matter how much I stare at people and creep them out, no matter how many annoying newsletters I write, and no matter how much my beard makes me look like an Al Qaeda terrorist, I will *never* be treated as badly as a black person.

If I was black, I would be a never-ending nuclear explosion. I would be ready to fight anyone, for any reason. I would be like King Kong, picking up tour buses full of white people and throwing them at sorority houses.

I wouldn't be able to get out of bed in the

morning if I got treated the way black people are treated, and I know it's far worse than I can imagine.

So, if black men are as angry as I think they are, that scares me. And when I meet a black man who shows no anger at all, that scares me, too, because then I assume he's even angrier than most, and repressing it all.

Since I don't want to be scared of black men, and since I want to understand their experiences instead of using my imagination, I try to talk to them. This presents a whole new cause for my discomfort—a language barrier. A lot of black people simply don't speak the same language that I do, and it makes conversation awkward and jerky.

For example, this girl said to me the other day: "So you 'bout to get wifed up real fast." She meant that I was going to quickly acquire a girlfriend, but it took me several seconds to understand what words she had actually used, and then I had to decode them.

It's these tiny but very noticeable pauses that break up the flow of many conversations between me and black people. They are constant reminders that they are black and I am not.

I believe that my education in a town obsessed with its liberal doctrines played a huge part in the development of my fear of black people. My training in political correctness was extensive and relentless. Each year we were re-taught the gruesome, and eventually boring, details of American slavery.

My white teachers referred to slave-owners and the white people of early America as "us." They taught us to feel guilty about slavery. Kids were made to believe that white people today are responsible for the situation of black people today, and that we are all racist, either overtly, or in some small, unintentional way.

My teachers completely missed the important lessons that slavery can teach us about the relationship between money and hatred, the power of developed countries over those that are

less developed, and human nature. Instead, they turned slavery into a magic word they can pull out when they want to make black people feel recognized, and they taught all of us white kids how to survive in our new sanitized, politically correct culture—flout your self-indulgent guilt for things that happened hundreds of years ago, and do nothing today.

What's worse is the way that this forces black people into the role of victim from such an early age. By not differentiating between the children in the classroom and the people hundreds of years ago who looked like them, teachers cause black children to think of themselves not as individuals, but as typical members of a race of slaves.

Given that I've been taught that I am a member of a race of evil slave-masters ever since I was five years old, it's a wonder that I can even look a black person in the eye. It was only by slowly learning to separate the lies from the truth that I was able to connect to black people. I realized that I haven't done anything wrong. I am not racist.

Even though I was taught that I am the same "white man" who sailed to Africa to collect slaves, I eventually understood that the black people I meet today know absolutely nothing

about being slaves, just as I know nothing about being a slave owner.

It comforts me to know that, while many people think that white people sailed to Africa to yank black people out of their perfect lives, in reality, they came to Africa to buy slaves from their African masters.

Both black and white people were responsible for slavery. There is no correlation between color and character. Most people, no matter what they look like, are unhappy, heartless, and willing to profit from the misery of others.

My fear has diminished in the three weeks since I began hanging out with black people. I've been thinking about race less and less when we're together, although sometimes I still find myself staring at them in awe of how unbelievably dark their skin is.

My dad says that the only cure for racism is incidental contact, and I think it's also the only cure for the fear of black people. Actually, it's the cure for pretty much any fear. It works for Asians, Latinos, whites, gay people, spiders, snakes, vaginas, and public speaking! Everyone should follow my example and better themselves by confronting their fears. Do you know why?

Because fear is the path to the dark side.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. Why, when I distribute issue #3 in two weeks, I'm even going to confront my fear of being naked in the UMC!*
- 2. I grew my beard out so I'd look more Latino or Arabic or something. Trust me, black chicks dig it.*
- 3. Black chicks also dig being called "black chicks."*



QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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# THE YETI

OCTOBER 2006

## THREE

Good afternoon, boys and girls. Today, we're going to talk about sex. More specifically, we will be discussing the myth of the female orgasm.

It has recently come to my attention that many young people believe that women can have orgasms. This is simply not true. I know that probably comes as a shock to you liberals, with your "MTV" and your "masturbation" and your "free speech," but I have *proof* that women are physically incapable of having orgasms.

"What proof?" you may wonder. Scientific experiments? Anonymous surveys?

No. Personal experience.

I was sixteen years old the first time I had sex. I've been watching hours upon hours of pornography ever since I was eight, so I pretty much know what I'm doing. Nevertheless, once I started pounding away, my girlfriend winced and complained that it didn't feel good.

I didn't take this obvious attack on my manhood very lightly. It made me feel unappreciated, and even insecure. I couldn't figure it out—I had done exactly what the guys in pornos do! Why didn't it blow her mind? I thought it was all my fault. Then I did a little research, and I found out that a lot of porn actresses actually fake their orgasms.

So then I thought to myself, if a trained professional with a nine-inch penis can't make a woman have a real orgasm, who can? The answer is no one. If porn actresses have to fake, all women must fake. Therefore, women can't have orgasms.

I patiently explained to her that the romantic image of sex as portrayed in the movies and in books, with all the women moaning their heads off, is completely inaccurate. Women aren't supposed to like sex. Once she understood this, we got along much better. She learned to be quiet and lie still while I made love to her.

Eventually, I began to feel a little guilty that I was having all the fun. I told her to perform oral sex on me every day instead of us

having intercourse, because it was a lot easier for me to enjoy myself when I didn't have to see her face.

Our relationship continued happily for a few months. But then something weird happened. One night, I was awakened by what seemed to be an earthquake. I was terrified at first, but after a few seconds I saw that my girlfriend was doing the shaking, not Earth.

Then I noticed that she had her hand firmly planted on her thingy.

"What the hell are you doing?" I shouted.

She froze, wide-eyed, and meekly responded that she was trying to have an orgasm.

My anger quickly softened to pity. My initial fear that she was trying to have sex without me, or that maybe she was a witch, disappeared. I suddenly realized that she had probably seen a woman touching herself in a porn movie, and had thought that this perverted, godless behavior would turn me on.

But I wasn't turned on. I was disgusted. I told her that I appreciated the gesture, but that I didn't want to ever see her lowering herself to acting out this sick male fantasy again. She agreed to stop, but there were several repeat offenses, and, in order to preserve her dignity and self-respect, I ultimately had to resort to physical restraints that would limit her hand movements. This, too, proved ineffective, as I later awoke to find her contorted and upside-down, feverishly struggling to reach her vagina, so I bought some ankle-cuffs, too.

We have been happy ever since.

Now, I realize that I'm not Superman: I wear glasses, I blink a lot, and I generally have a dorky, hairy, awkward appearance. But these things do not matter in bed. It's all about technique.

So, in the following paragraphs, I present to you My Official Men's Guide To Sex:

First of all, do not compliment your partner about her body. This will make her

think you are a sissy and then she won't want you anymore. If you want to keep her interested, try to look at her breasts like you're evaluating them. Pretend you're a doctor.

Also, during the sex act, you should avoid communicating with your partner. Don't ask her any questions about how she's feeling, or what she would like you to do. You should try to keep her mind off of her sensations and emotions, because thinking about them will only upset her more than is necessary.

Now, onto the physiology of sex.

There are several areas of the female body that you can just disregard right off the bat, as they are basically useless to men. These include: the earlobes, the neck, the inner thighs, and the clitoris. The clitoris especially can be ignored because it has no function at all, like an appendix. As far as I can tell, it just sits there.

Lips are a mixed blessing. They can bring you great pleasure, but they also allow women to express their thoughts and feelings, and this can be unpleasant to hear. If you feel like being a sucker, you can play out her stupid romantic fantasies by kissing her on the lips. You might as well try to time it with the spaghetti kiss in *Lady and the Tramp*. And then you can go try out for the Buffs.

Breasts can be cool to look at and grab. They don't really have any nerves in them, so you can squeeze them as hard as you want, so long as you don't pop them. They're basically

just milk-balloons. Unless you are a baby, there is no reason to kiss or suck on them, other than to reminisce.

This brings us to the final and most important part of the female body: the vagina. Or, alternatively, "the receptacle."

Women generally prefer that you jam your penis into their vaginas as quickly as possible during sex, ideally before it is wet at all, so they can really *feel* it. They will express their appreciation for this by saying, "ow."

Once you wriggle your way in, just pound away as fast and as hard as you can. You can tell women really like this because they get this distant, pained expression on their faces as if they are desperately trying to escape to a dream world that they constructed when they were eleven years old and their breasts started to grow and they realized that they're going to be treated like blow-up dolls for the rest of their lives.

That's when you're really hitting the spot.

If you do exactly as I've told you, every girl at CU, excepting the occasional dork or lesbian, will sleep with you. If they complain of discomfort or boredom, just remind them that sex is designed for men, not women.

I mean, think about it scientifically: if men don't orgasm during sex, it's the end of the human race. If women don't orgasm, who really cares? Saying that sex should feel good to women is like saying that it should feel good to a trash can when you throw garbage into it.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. Remember: You are the jackhammer and she is the sidewalk. You are the asteroid and she is the dinosaurs. You are the oil drill and she is Iraq.*

*2. Do not read the "Three Important Things To Think About" before you read the actual body of the newsletter. They are dessert. You must eat your vegetables before you can have dessert.*

*3. I'm going to stop writing these as soon as I get laid.*

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

EMAIL ME: YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM



# THE YETI

OCTOBER 2006

## FOUR

Girls who don't masturbate are stupid.

Rather than blabber on and on about all of the reasons why this is true, and then have to spend the next week responding to all of your boring emails, I decided to just skip straight to the part where I answer all of your stupid questions.

What follows is a female masturbation FAQ, where I address what I feel are probably going to be common questions among my readers. I hope this helps us to nip any possible controversy in the bud. Enjoy:

"Mr. Yeti, what if I don't feel like masturbating?"

*Then there's something wrong with you. Go to therapy. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti I tried masturbating and it didn't work."

*When you were learning to walk, could you do THAT on the first try? Are you a quitter? Good masturbation takes practice, make a few evenings of it. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, I don't need to masturbate because I have a boyfriend and we have sex all the time!"

*So you only get turned on when your boyfriend tells you to? Do you only eat when he tells you to, also? Actually, do you even eat at all?*

"What? Of course I eat!"

*You're anorexic.*

"No I'm—"

*You're anorexic. Go to therapy. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, my vagina is gross."

*That's because it's a pulsating mucous-oozing hole covered in hair. Get used to it, god knows I have. Lie down with your legs spread, bust out a hand mirror, and stare at your vagina until you love it.*

"Ew, no."

*You're retarded and you hate yourself. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, masturbation is against my religious beliefs."

*It's worth going to hell for. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, I keep trying and trying but I just can't orgasm!"

*Do you REALLY keep trying and trying?*

"Yes!"

*Really?*

"Yes!"

*Okay, fine, buy a vibrator, but make sure you work back to just using your hand. If you only use vibrators you won't be able to show your partner how to make you orgasm by hand or mouth. Don't rely on battery power. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, I want to masturbate but I just can't figure out how!"

*Rub your clitoris and play with your vagina.*

"Rub my what?"

*The pink, hooded gargoyle perched atop your vagina. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, I do masturbate, but I like to do it lying face down. Is that weird?"

*Yes. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, if I masturbate too much, will it stop feeling good?"

*Will making girls cry ever stop feeling good for me?*

"What?"

*No. Masturbate as much as you want. Next.*

"Mr Yeti, I always orgasm when I masturbate, but never when my girlfriend goes down on me."

*Don't you mean your BOYfriend?*

"No. Girlfriend."

*I don't follow.*

"Um, I'm a lesbian."

*You're a what?*

"A lesbian. I'm gay."

*I'm sorry, do you see a GLBT Safe-Zone sign on my newsletter?*

"Excuse me?"

*Just kidding. You need to just lie back and try to relax, and don't think of orgasm as your only goal. Talk about it with your girlfriend and let her reassure you that there's no pressure to perform. Focus on enjoying it. So, is she pretty hot?*

"What?"

*Does your girlfriend have a nice body? I bet she does.*

"Um, yeah, I guess so. Why?"

*I dunno, I was just wondering. Next.*

"Mr. Yeti, my boyfriend won't go down on me. He says it's gross."

*Try drizzling some chocolate syrup onto your vulva, to cut the taste.*

"Seriously?"

*No, just dump him. Next.*

**"Mr. Yeti, will you go out with me?"**

***Do you masturbate?***

**"All the time."**

***Do you have big boobs?***

**"Not really."**

***Whatever. Do you have any eating disorders?***

**"No."**

***Have you ever tried to kill yourself?***

**"No."**

***Do you smoke cigarettes?***

**"No."**

***Are you religious?***

**"No."**

***I don't mean to sound like a loser, but is this some sort of trick?***

**"Um, no."**

***Then yes, I will go out with you. Next.***

**"Hello, Mr. Yeti, I'm a concerned father of a freshman girl. When I sent her all the way up to Boulder from down here in Colorado Springs, I never thought that some low-life, degenerate, hook-**

**nosed Jew-boy from Massachusetts would take it upon himself to pressure my beloved daughter to masturbate! What makes you think you have any right to do that?"**

***You're not a happy man, are you, sir?***

**"Now you wait just a—"**

***ARE you?***

**"Well, I guess I haven't really thought about it in a while."**

***It's okay to cry.***

**"I think I love you."**

***Go home to your wife.***

**"But she's so cold."**

**Well, that's all the time we have to for today's show, folks. Thank you all for tuning in, and remember: be safe, have fun, and don't get drunk and have sex with people you don't care about because it makes you feel empty inside, even if you pretend it doesn't.**

## **THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:**

***1. So I walk into the Women's Resource Center the other day with a fifty dollar bill, looking for a little in-and-out, but all they have there are some pamphlets about breast cancer and a jar of hard candy! How the hell do they expect to make any money?***

***2. Girls don't poop.***

***3. My dad wants me to put some sort of warning label on this, so that people will know to look for sarcasm. Where's the fun in that? That would be like labeling the razorblade brownies I'm handing out on Halloween.***

**QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?**

**EMAIL ME: [YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM](mailto:YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM)**

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: I made a rap album. I'm distributing 500 copies of it on November 13th, in the UMC, from 10-12. This is actually happening. This is not a drill.**





## SIX

I am a white ally of colored people.

Wait—I mean, people of color. Sorry.

Anyways, I do everything in my power to help them. Well, not “them.” You know what I mean. Dark people. Wait.

Okay, let me start over.

I identify as a white person who identifies as an ally of people who identify as people of color, and I do everything I can to stop racists from hurting them.

See, things are worse than you think. You don’t know what it’s like to be a person of color. You have white privilege. You use it every second of every day, whether you realize it or not.

You are a racist pig. You’ve been sitting in first class your whole life, and you don’t even know what it’s like to worry about leg room. You’re a pepperoni pizza that has never had to be a regular pizza. You’re a non-retarded person that has never had to be Barbara Kulton.

And please don’t make jokes about race. You’ll make them cry. They don’t know how to fight back. Except for that Martin Luther King. And Denzel Washington, too, I just love him.

If you ever want to become a white ally, that’s the first rule. No jokes, and no laughing. Every time a white person laughs, a black person cries.

If you really care about our brothers and sisters of color, you will take these matters seriously.

The second rule is equally important, if not more: call other white people racist. This is crucial because it leads people of color to believe that you are not racist.

It also lets white bureaucrats know that it’s safe to hire you to work at their institutions, even if the entire faculty is white, because if you use the word “racism” enough, you basically count as a black person.

Okay, the third rule is pretty much an extension of the second rule: only call people racist who are less powerful than you, or you

might have to actually substantiate your claims. Just stick to students.

The fourth rule is an easy one: give an almost undetectable wince whenever you hear a black person use the “n-word.” If a white person uses it, gasp.

The fifth rule: when referring to an immigrant’s country of origin, especially if he or she is present, always pronounce it the way it is said in the language of the country. For example, when saying the name “Nicaragua,” say it like “NEE-kah-DOG-wah.”

The sixth rule: if you accidentally make eye contact with a person of color, un-focus your eyes and stare past them. They’ll think you’re looking at something in the distance, or just spacing out.

The seventh rule actually just gives more detailed instructions about the first rule, but it’s a technique for the advanced white ally only, as it can get you into trouble. So read carefully.

If a person of color makes a joke, which probably won’t happen, but if one makes a joke, it is okay to laugh at it, but *only* if other people of color laugh first. Also, finish laughing before them, or they’ll think you’re racist.

The eighth rule may seem irrelevant, but I assure you it is vital to becoming a white ally: You need to become completely desexualized.

For women, this means wearing a baggy sweater, some scarves, and a long skirt over a pair of jeans, so that you look like a shapeless marshmallow with no bodily orifices.

If you’re a guy, just try to talk in a soft, calm tone that suggests that your penis has never been hard in your life.

The ninth rule: if you offend or upset a person of color, or if they tell you they don’t want your “help,” you are no longer being an ally. You are being racist.

This may seem like a confusing rule at first, but that’s because you don’t understand the true nature of people of color. They are a hive mind. If one of them has a thought, they all

have it.

That's why they all look the same.

The tenth and final rule is of utter importance to anyone wishing to be an ally: talk to black people in public. Please note that I didn't say "people of color"—Mexicans or Asians won't do the trick, they really need to be black (the darker the better).

Having lots of black friends on Facebook doesn't count.

Now, these are merely the rules of being

an ally. You must understand that simply following them *does not make you an ally*.

In order to receive your white ally certification, you need to obtain the signatures of ten black people, you need approval from Ron Stump, and you need to have a two-hour interview with the Black Student Alliance.

If they like you, they will then teach you the Secret White Ally Handshake.

Until then, you are racist and we hate you, because we do not tolerate intolerance.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. The Women's Resource Center is changing their name to The Yeti Cheerleader Center. You should see their little outfits.*

*2. Have you ever noticed that laughter is often an expression of anger? That's why 13-year-old black girls laugh so much. Because who's angrier than a 13-year-old black girl? Nobody.*

*3. Do you ever wonder what it's like to have a penis? It's like having an extra finger that hates women.*

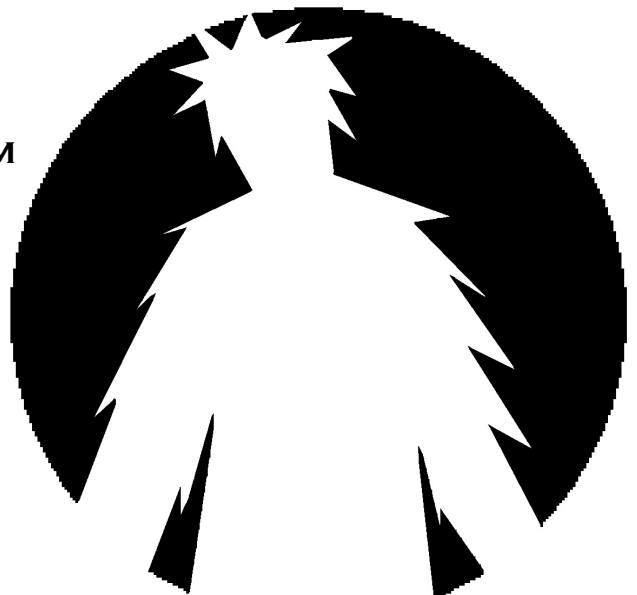
QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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BACK ISSUES: [WWW.YETIPAPER.COM](http://WWW.YETIPAPER.COM)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

THERE WILL BE A PUBLIC READING OF THE YETI, BY ME, FOLLOWED BY AN OPEN DISCUSSION. IT'S ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, IN CRISTOL CHEMISTRY 142, FROM 6:00 TO 7:30 PM.



## SEVEN

There's nothing wrong with being gay.  
In private.

Look, if two dudes want to kiss each other, that's fine. I don't see any problem with that. It's when they have to make a big show out of it that I get uncomfortable. That's what crosses the line.

We've all seen it, right? The gay guys hugging by the fountain as if it were the most normal thing in the world? The smug lesbians walking around holding hands and smiling, just to make a political statement? The football practices?

I'm not saying we should expel all the gay people in the school. That would be impossible from a logistical standpoint anyway—how would we find them all? But it would also be un-American. It's a free country, and gay people are allowed to do whatever they want. However, I believe this freedom is being used irresponsibly.

My dear gay readers, I ask you, why must you display affection for each other in public, knowing full well that it will offend the rest of us? Is it really an infringement of your "gay rights" to ask you to be a little more conscious of the effect you're having on the university's atmosphere?

Can't you just postpone your make-out sessions until you get home? Or to a gay bar? Or a toilet stall?

Again, I realize that I can't make you stop. I can only try to appeal to what Lincoln would call "the better angels of your nature." Hopefully after reading this essay you will realize that what you're doing is harmful, and not just to straight people. By acting out and bringing negative attention to the entire gay community, you're also inadvertently shaming all the good gay people—the ones who act normal in public.

Of course, not all of my motives for writing this are as lofty and idealistic as I make them out to be. Yes, I do want to help create a safe environment for everyone at CU, but, to be

honest, gay people just sort of gross me out.

I'm not homophobic, I just don't want to be subjected to a boy-on-boy sex show every time I leave the house. Is that too much to ask?

For example, just last week I was sitting on the steps in front of the library, reading *The Yeti* and snickering to myself, when these two guys (we'll call them Tyler and Brendan) practically come floating down the stairs in front of me. Holding hands, no less.

While this was a pretty bold gesture on their part, it didn't sick me out too much, so I ignored it and went back to my newsletter. But then a few moments later, when I had to look up from my reading to reflect on my own brilliance, they were kissing! I didn't want to believe it, but I could clearly see Tyler's long, pink tongue caressing Brendan's lips and tenderly snaking into his mouth.

It was gross, and I was deeply upset.

That's one thing I really can't stand about openly gay couples—the way they almost force you to imagine them having sex by doing practically everything else right in front of you. Especially these two. I had the image of them kissing burned into my mind all day, even while I was having sex with my girlfriend later that night.

It's not fair. Our campus is made up of good, hard-working Christians, and some Jews, most of whom have probably never been exposed to things like violence and alcohol and heroin and homosexuals.

So then, who here wants to think about gay sex all day? No one. No one wants to think about Tyler yanking down Brendan's sweat-pants and underwear and his three-quarters-erect penis springing out and grazing Tyler's cheek, and maybe leaving a trail of pre-cum in its wake, still clinging to the tip like a dewy spider-web.

You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Think of all the people you're upsetting!

If Brendan wants to spread a thick coat of KY Warming Jelly on his big tan penis and gingerly slide it into Tyler's waiting, trembling anus, whispering and moaning in his ear, he should definitely do it in the privacy of his own home.

I mean, especially if Brendan's going to keep thrusting, faster and faster, his wet balls slapping against Tyler's perineum, until he finally shudders, pulls out, and squirts his hot love syrup all over Tyler's sweaty, muscular back.

But what about Tyler? He still hasn't come yet.

So, Brendan, being the hormonal 19-year-old boy that he is, catches his breath and matter-of-factly plunges his reddened face into the crack of Tyler's ass, his tongue tracing circles and darting in and out.

This has Tyler as hard as a crowbar in seconds, so he flips over onto his back, his penis

bobbing.

"What do you want me to do?" asks Brendan in a husky voice.

"Suck it," Tyler replies.

Well, Brendan loves to suck dick, so he takes his time, starting with Tyler's balls and working his way up. After giving Tyler's frenulum a few playful licks, Brendan grabs the base of Tyler's penis and takes the whole thing into his mouth, pumping up and down.

Tyler gasps, and Brendan, familiar with Tyler's body, knows that this means the end is near. He steadily increases the speed of the pumping motion, and uses his left hand to lightly tickle Tyler's balls. This is too much. It sends Tyler screaming over the edge.

Tyler's erection pulses fiercely in Brendan's mouth, filling it with liquid warmth. Brendan swallows it happily, and rises to give Tyler a big, wet, sloppy kiss.

Ew.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. Did you know that when the Campus Press stopped publishing hard-copies, I became the only student-produced newspaper? THIS is the school paper!*
- 2. You know what's great? That incredible surge of inspiration that hits you just as you're having an orgasm, and you start thinking things like, "I'm gonna write a book!" Or, "I'm gonna learn CHINESE!" But then, as you clean yourself up, you remember that you're a loser.*
- 3. Uh-oh, all this kissing has brought Brendan's wet, lifeless penis back from the dead. What happens next? Find out in issue eight!*

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# THE YETI

JANUARY 2007

## EIGHT

My mom is a writer, so I learned the power of language early in life. I began to write short stories when I was six years old, and continued to do so until I was fifteen.

That's when I started writing newsletters, because I realized that my writing could serve some greater purpose other than entertainment. Ever since then, I've always tried to help people by writing about the social ills I see around me.

There is so much injustice at CU, and it comes in so many different forms. I never know what I'm going to write about next. One day it's racism, another day it's sexism, and another day it's fat girls.

Today, it's fat girls.

It deeply concerns me when I see a pudgy girl carrying a pile of pizza back to her seat. And then when she goes and gets a big soggy piece of cake for dessert, it makes me want to throw up. Which is what *she* should be doing.

I know a lot of people frown on this practice because they see it as self-destructive, but what harm does it really do? If a girl needs to bring her food back up in order to stay trim, why does everyone try to stop her? It's her body—her choice.

\_\_\_\_\_ You know what's even worse than watching a fat girl eat, though? Watching skinny girls eat hamburgers and pasta and stuff. I can't stand it, it's so much worse for some reason.

It's like, if a fat girl is eating a lot, it's the same as wrecking a car that's already pretty beat up to begin with. But when a nice bony girl starts eating rice when she should be eating salad, it's like pissing in the gas tank of a brand new Ferrari.

You can see these women at their saddest in the rec center. I go there a lot. Sometimes it's to work out, but usually it's to take a look at what's on the elliptical machines and do a little window shopping. The idea is to get myself hard, but more often than not the trip ends with me snickering under my breath at all of the blubbery whales trying to sweat themselves thin.

The most pathetic part is that they only work out for an hour or two at a time.

Please, if your belly is still sticking out between your tank top and your sweatpants, stay on the treadmill.

Guys aren't really helping things either. Their standards are way too low. I see guys walking around holding hands with girls that weigh 110, 120 pounds. Not cool. We need to work together to let fat girls know that they need to shape up, or ship out.

I know it's tempting at our age to just have sex with anything that moves, but if a girl is coming onto you wearing size 3 clothing, don't do it. If she keeps pushing, tell her that no means *no*.

Trust me, we'll see some results once these snackophiles realize that if they don't lose weight, they might as well start using their vaginas as coin purses.

And although the other men around here might be weak-willed, don't expect to get a date with me if you're putting dressing on your salads and scarfing them down like a garbage disposal.

And, yes, as picky as I am, I *do* go on dates. In fact, I've had a long string of happy, loving relationships, with beautiful thin girls.

Of course, when it's your own girlfriend who has the weight problem, you have to encourage her to lose weight using more subtle means.

For example, try frowning every time she takes a bite of food, or, point out skinny girls and say, "Isn't she pretty? Gosh she's pretty."

You can never just come straight out and tell your girlfriend how fat she is. If you do, her friends will probably say something stupid like, "stop trying to make her anorexic."

People talk about anorexia like it's a *bad* thing. They even refer to it as a "disease." And why? Because it has a scary, alien-sounding name? Why not call it Beauty? Or Self-Control?

How many other "diseases" have upsides to them?

Not many, but anorexia and bulimia have plenty:

Anorexia will help you to lose weight a heck of a lot faster than any diet. It also saves money. It *also* saves you the trouble of having to deal with your Monthly Mess.

I shouldn't even have to explain the benefits of bulimia. Imagine yourself, or your loved ones, curled up on a comfy bathroom floor and shaking while your pale, sweaty chest heaves with each stinging, vomity breath. What's not to like?

Uh-oh, now I'm getting turned on.

There are so many self-righteous morons who prance around high schools and colleges flapping their gelatinous double-chins about how girls won't eat because they hate themselves. That's a load of crap—they've got it totally backwards. Girls hate themselves with good reason: they're still eating too much.

Young women are told that they're fat and ugly by the media already, but the message is obviously not clear enough.

Perhaps organizations within the university could step up to the plate and help spread the word.

For example, the Women's Resource Center could offer free body evaluations and

ippecac, the UMC Dominoes could stop serving women altogether, and the Women's Studies Cottage could become the Women's Studies Liposuction Clinic. Those "self-respecting" girls could use the extra help.

Of course, the University can't solve the obesity problem on its own. Parents need to start taking responsibility, too. All too often I hear people telling their daughters "You don't have to be perfect," and, "You'll always be our daughter, no matter what." It's comments like these that make girls fat.

When I have a daughter, I'm going to name her Skinny and bring her to Central America so she gets intestinal parasites.

Everyone should do their part in debunking the 2000 calorie myth. I mean, there are still girls at CU *today* who honestly believe that it's attractive to be "curvy," or, "womanly."

It's not. When I have sex, I like to feel like I'm thrusting into a woman, not diving into a hot tub. If I don't hear bones breaking, I can't come.

I know a lot of girls have made New Years' resolutions to lose weight, and I think that's great. But talk is cheap. If you're reading this in the UMC food-court, take the first step right now.

Stop eating.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. Have you ever heard James Bond say, "I'm offended"? No. Malcolm X? No. Me? No.*

*2. It's true, I do hate women, but only because I empathize with them. Because it rips me up inside to see how hard their lives are. I do what I do out of love and respect.*

*3. Now what's a guy gotta do to get some hole around here?*

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## NINE

I am sickened by the state of race relations at CU.

This community, if you can even call it that, is infected with racism and intolerance. It desperately needs help.

Although I am generally regarded as a hero and a saint, I feel that I need to do even more for social justice at CU. I refuse to stand by and watch while everything falls apart.

So, over the past two weeks, I have used my training in psychology to conduct a research study on how students of different races interact with one another. I hoped that if I submitted my research data to the Office of Diversity and Equity, they would be inspired to make changes to university policies regarding race.

As you will see, I met with success.

I conducted the bulk of my research in the University Memorial Center, both observing and talking to students. Here are some of my notes:

- All of the black and Latino students sit together, and they're noisier than the others.
- All of the Asian students sit together, and they communicate in strange, quiet tongues.
- The white students and the students of color ignore each other.
- I want to bury my face in that Chinese girl's cleavage.
- Why won't anyone talk to me?

During the interview phase of my study, I used my racially ambiguous appearance to infiltrate groups of minorities.

The first thing black people do when they meet me is decide if I'm white or not. If they see me as a fellow person of color, they are immediately friendly. If not, they speak to me in short sentences and grunts and generally regard me with mistrust.

I found that Latino students tend to be less angry and disenfranchised than their black cousins. This might be due to Colorado's large Latino population, or maybe they're simply

more relaxed around me because I sort of look like one of them, despite my best efforts to appear white.

I attempted to speak with the Asian students, but as I neared their tables I received a severe electric shock—apparently they used their advanced Asian technology to set up some sort of invisible force field.

Fascinating.

My final interviews were with white people.

When white people see me wearing my glasses and holding a clipboard, they assume that I'm white, too. But if I'm working at a restaurant cooking or busing tables, they come up to me and start speaking Spanish.

Anyways, when I asked several white people if there is a problem with racism at CU, they all said yes, but when I asked if they had any solutions, they were baffled. All they could come up with were lazy non-answers such as "We just need a more multi-cultural curriculum." Or, "Well, *I'm* not racist!"

That's what I love about white people—they don't even pretend to care. They don't even pretend to pretend.

Just as I had hypothesized, my research showed that CU students are comfortable with members of their own or similar races only, and they fear interactions with other racial groups.

Unless there are some radical policy changes, this horrible discomfort will continue to be an unavoidable daily struggle.

For example, take the awkward tension between a black student and a white student simultaneously approaching a drinking fountain. Should the black student, knowing he is outnumbered, allow the white student the first drink? Is the white student morally obligated to practice affirmative action and let the black student go first?

And what about the awful silence when a black guy and a white girl walk into a room holding hands? Is that fair to anyone, including

the couple?

These sorts of interactions foster racial hatred. Although the “melting pot” is a well-intentioned concept, my research proves that it is impracticable and delusionally optimistic.

Thus, after carefully reviewing my recommendations, the Office of Diversity and Equity has issued the following memo:

To All Students and Faculty:

Beginning this fall, the conference room on the third floor of the UMC will be reserved as a TV lounge and snack bar for people of color only, from 9am to 5pm weekdays.

There will also be separate drinking fountains for people of color. In the meantime, we request that all people of color use the shorter of each pair of drinking fountains.

If you aren't sure if you are a person of color, please use the shorter fountain.

“People of Color Only” bathrooms will be installed over the summer. Until they are completed, we request that all people of color just hold it.

As we move further into the spring semester, similar policies will continue to be implemented.

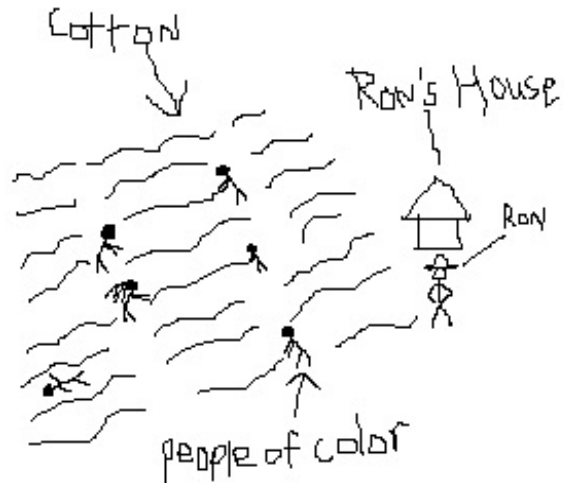
However, these are merely the first steps of a greater process. So deep is our concern for the welfare of students of color that we have devised a long-term plan aimed at permanently eliminating racism from this campus.

The predominately white (and generally racist) atmosphere of CU is clearly detrimental to the

psychological health of students of color. For this reason, in 2009, CU will open up a new campus just for people of color. It will mean the end of racial tension and the beginning of a strong community of students in a place where they will no longer be “minorities.”

The University of Colorado for People of Color at Greeley will be superintended by Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs Ron Stump, who said of the new campus, “There will be an emphasis on internships and work study.”

Here is the final plan from the Landscape Design Committee:



Look for frequent updates as this project nears completion, and please come see us if you have any questions or concerns. Our office is located in the Regent Administrative Center, Room 206.

Sincerely,  
The Office of Diversity and Equity

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. Just kidding, CU NEVER exploits black people and make millions of dollars off of them without paying them a cent. Oh yeah, except for football players.*

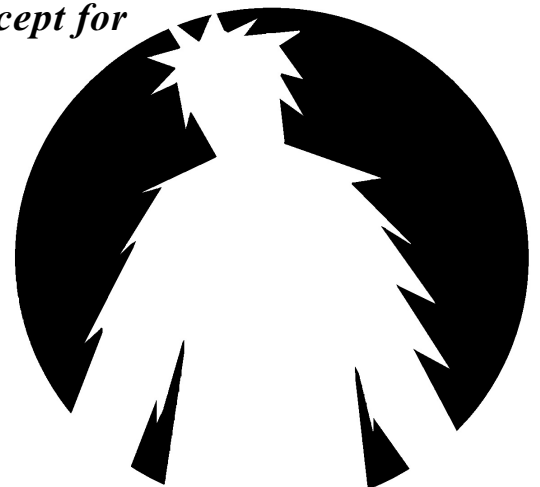
*2. I'm launching a clothing line: Yeti Apparel.*

*3. I am sexually attracted to horses. Actually.*

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On September 10, 2004, David Irving, a well-known Holocaust denier, came to CU as a guest speaker.

He was invited by a junior, who is now a graduate student in the creative writing program.

His name is Josh McNair.

Although the David Irving story was reported in the *Camera*, and there's a photo of Josh and David Irving shaking hands posted on Irving's website (fpp.co.uk), Josh is probably best known, on the internet at least, for his essay entitled "Organization, Cooperation, and Action."

You can find it on stormfront.org, a popular forum for white supremacists (Josh's pen name is "Deadmansdeeds.")

The essay contest is only open to white people. David Duke, the founder of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and the most prominent white supremacist in the United States, sponsors the competition. "Organization, Cooperation, and Action" won first prize: \$1,125 of scholarship money.

Josh writes, "Once we have eliminated the tireless sickness that has burrowed itself within us, the problems our society faces will suddenly become manageable. . . For years patriotic Whites have been sitting back and stomaching all the miserable progress of our society, complaining amongst themselves and talking about the day we take our society back."

Despite Josh's careful and ambiguous language, his true intentions become clear half way through his essay: ". . .can you imagine the change in our society if instead of Feminists and Communists in the universities we had real White Patriots? . . . a member of the faculty or admissions staff at any of our universities can be invaluable to our future."

Did I mention Josh is on the university staff, teaching writing to undergraduates?

He continues by suggesting that whites

follow the example of the Jews: ". . . we cannot ignore the tremendous success of that most solid, focused, and thus most powerful group in our midst today and how they amassed the supremacy they now enjoy."

While he does not explicitly use the word "Jew" in his essay, if one reads in it context with some of my other favorite Josh-isms from Stormfront, his fear of Jews is quite apparent.

For example: "The reason why White Nationalists do not like Communism is because we, seemingly unlike the rest of the White public, do not want to be slaves of the Jews . . ." Another good one: "By the way, if you're so hot to learn a non-White language, why don't you scrap Mandarin and put that effort into learning Hebrew? We could sure use more dedicated White Nationalists keeping a closer eye on the Chosen."

That last one always cracks me up. Josh continued to post these little tidbits of wisdom all the way into December of 2005.

Anyways, Josh ends his essay with an eloquent and off-putting finale: "It is necessary for our people to begin working with one another for our future, through meticulous, systematic cooperation and organization. Only then can our influence reach such formidable might that we can implement our third and most crucial task: action!"

Josh avoids detailing what "action" he's referring to, except to say that it will require "formidable might." This sounds like violence to me, but who knows? Maybe he's one of those nice white-supremacists.

I guess we'll find out once his brilliant plan springs to life.

When I read Josh's essay and his poetry featured in *Illiterate*, I could tell that he's intelligent. But I also get the sense that he has no idea what he's doing. He isn't the next Hitler. He's a mixed up kid who wants to feel like he's part of something.

Josh also suffers from paranoia. Not only is he convinced that Jews have taken over the world, he also uses the terms “Jew,” “Feminist,” “Communist,” and “Leftist” totally interchangeably. Josh is surrounded by his imagined, shape-shifting oppressors.

A year after Josh brought David Irving to CU, Irving was put on trial in Austria for denying the Holocaust. When he realized he was going to be sent to jail, he completely reversed his views and said, “I am not a Holocaust denier. My views have changed.” However, the court was not convinced, and he was sentenced to three years in prison (he was released after one).

I worry that Josh will try the same tactic, so I want to make this clear:

Regardless of whether or not Josh still believes that whites need to eliminate “the tireless sickness that has burrowed itself within us,” the fact remains that he wrote an essay advocating “action” against people of color, and he brought an international racist historian to CU.

Josh’s latter effort was destructive in particular to CU’s small Jewish community, but it also contributed to an atmosphere of racial hatred among all CU students.

Apparently not many people read the 2004 story about Josh in the *Camera*, or if they did, they didn’t care. But I care. I’m pissed off, and I don’t want Josh to get away with letting this blow over and disappear into the past. I want him to answer for what he’s done.

My initial emotional response to hearing about Josh was to wish for him to be kicked out of CU, ostracized from the Boulder community,

and forced to live in the mountains until he died old and alone.

But now I’ve changed my mind. While I don’t think every racist person on earth should have their pants yanked down, I do think that a racist *activist* like Josh can be challenged fairly in a public dialogue.

Josh, as amusing as it would be to watch you try to teach a class after this, I don’t wish you any real harm. But I do want you to explain yourself to everyone at CU so we know where you stand. Sort of like how sex-offenders have to register.

The *Colorado Daily* would be a good forum for your response. If you’d rather send it to me, I will happily print it in my next issue, but it has to be under five words.

I disagree with most of your beliefs (namely that all non-white people are conspiring against you), but you should still be able to say and think whatever you want. You were right when you said that the First Amendment is only invoked when it’s convenient for the powers that be. Free speech laws were created to protect people with controversial beliefs—popular ideas don’t need protection.

Someone once said to me, “I think you’re an asshole, and I don’t agree with anything you say, but I would die to protect your right to say it.” That’s how I feel about you, except for the dying part.

The First Amendment hasn’t always been there for me either.

But now you’re the one in trouble. Big trouble, young man. So what do have to say for yourself?

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

1. *Josh, if you can manage to keep your job after this, I want you to be my PR guy.*

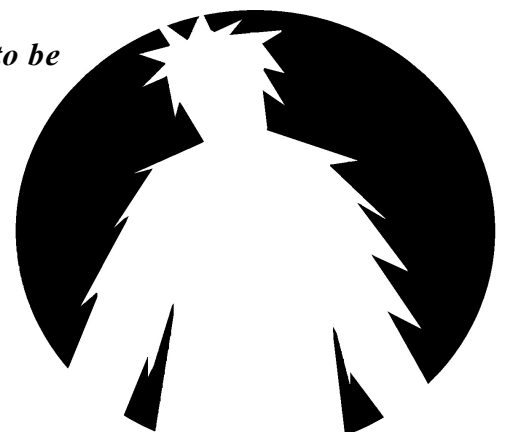
2. *“Joshua” is a Hebrew name, you shmuck.*

3. *I don’t want to call anyone out without at least making it fair. My name is Max Karson, and I am a homosexual.*

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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# THE YETI

MARCH 2007

## ELEVEN

Women are pussies.

Tell me, what animal cuts itself in a middle school bathroom? Have you ever heard of a squirrel taking diet pills? Do you see monkeys covering their ugly faces with even uglier makeup?

You can't find such shame and self-loathing anywhere else on Earth, not even in the filthiest cockroach.

Don't get me wrong—I don't think women are born pussies. As a psychology major, I firmly believe that our personalities are shaped by our environments.

Women are made into pussies from the very beginnings of their lives, starting right when those busty, lipstick-wearing nurses wrap them in tiny pink blankets and bring them to their mothers who exclaim, "What a pretty little girl!"

How could anyone be raised on doll houses and forced violin lessons and turn out healthy? It's not women's fault they're pussies.

And yet, I hate them all the same.

I'm sure that everyone agrees with me, but I think it would be fun to belabor the point.

So now we're going to play a game!

Here are the rules: I tell you a story about someone I know, and then you guess whether the main character is a guy or a girl, based on their behavior. In order to keep their genders ambiguous, I will change their names to weird Martian names and I will refer to them using the pronoun "it."

Are you ready?

Once upon a time, Trogbox got sexually harassed by Wenis, a male coworker. Wenis made frequent innuendos to Trogbox, and he told it his explicit sexual fantasies involving female passers-by.

When Trogbox asked Wenis to stop, he simply stopped targeting Trogbox.

While Trogbox's personal problem has been solved, Wenis still continues to foster an uncomfortable sexual atmosphere in the

workplace.

But no one has told the manager.

I told Trogbox that it should report Wenis, but Trogbox said it didn't want to. When I asked Trogbox why, it said "If Wenis gets a sexual harassment charge put on his record, it's going to follow him around for the rest of his life! I mean, all he did was say some things that made people uncomfortable. I don't think there should be permanent consequences for that."

So I called Trogbox a coward and yelled at it until it started crying.

The End.

So. What do you think? Is Trogbox a guy or a girl? Any guesses? A girl, you say?

Why, yes! That's exactly right! And how did you know? Because she acted like a total pussy? Good work. You should become a psychologist, too.

Let's play again!

Ready?

Once upon a time, when I was seventeen, the principal of my high school (named Mr. Wehrli, which I don't need to change because it already sounds Martian) wanted to meet with my parents (Peenstar and Gynalus) and me to "discuss" the latest issue of my newsletter.

I told my parents not to come, because I knew that Mr. Wehrli was just going to suspend me again and there would be no point in them being there. But they insisted on tagging along.

So, the next morning, we went to Mr. Wehrli's office. Everyone shook hands and smiled their stretched smiles, and then we all sat down at a table.

Mr. Wehrli began the meeting by saying, "We've decided to suspend Max for a week, for obscenity."

After a brief silence, Gynalus sat back in its chair and sighed in disappointment.

But Peenstar sprang to its feet. "You're a fucking Nazi!" it shouted.

Mr. Wehrli turned bright red. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave." His voice was

shaking.

“You’re a fucking Nazi.” Peenstar said again.

“If you don’t leave, I’m going to call security,” Mr. Wehrli said. He scampered to the back of the office and picked up the phone.

“Security? Go ahead.”

My parents and I watched as Mr. Wehrli called the superintendent, who in turn called the cops.

After being escorted off school property by two police officers, Peenstar was trespassed from Amherst Regional High School for the rest of his life.

The End.

Okay, it’s quiz time. Was Peenstar my mother, or my father? Was this the brave, defiant display of a man, or a woman? What do you think?

Hmm?

Peenstar is my father, of course!

And who was Gynalus, sitting meekly in her seat while Mr. Wehrli trampled all over my First Amendment rights? My mother—a woman.

Want to play again?

Once upon a time, Ogg’s girlfriend Gloopy came all the way from Colorado to visit Ogg in L.A. They got in a fight one night, and they went to bed mad at each other.

The next morning, while Ogg was at work and Gloopy was waiting for Ogg, Ogg broke up

with her over a text message.

The End.

Is Ogg a guy or a girl? Ogg is a guy.

I am Ogg.

Well, that settles it. Women really are pussies. But if those stories didn’t convince you, if you need some real, in-your-face-proof, just take a look around and watch your female friends as they read this. Are they smiling? Or laughing, even? I bet they are.

You might find this surprising, but most of my fans are actually women. In fact, they’re even lining up to date me. Do you know why?

Because they have no self-respect. They hate themselves even more than I hate them!

Women laugh at my writing because they like to pretend to be in on the joke, to hide their humiliation. They want to believe that I’m talking about “other” women.

But I’m not talking about other women. I’m talking about you. And if you weren’t so pathetic, you wouldn’t be laughing. You’d be outraged.

In fact, if you weren’t a walking, talking vagina wearing a “Colorado” sweatshirt, you’d rip this into little pieces and throw them in the trash. You’d write me angry emails and throw things at me. You’d stand up for yourself, for once in your miserable little life.

But you’ll never do that. You know why?

Because you don’t have the balls.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. I don’t know if this is relevant, but when I was little I had a dream that my mom turned into an elephant-monster and tried to eat me.*

*2. Beethooven? More like GAY-thooven.*

*3. I’m lonely.*

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AND A HILARIOUS SHORT FILM I MADE!

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Hey kids! Welcome to the wacky world of CU, where you never know what's going to happen next! One minute you're trying to figure out where Muenzinger is, and the next some insane man is stabbing you in the neck! There's a surprise around every corner!

I know what you're thinking—"Who the hell are you?" That's a great question! My name is Max, and I am the little monkey that will sit on your shoulder, nibble on your earlobe, and whisper advice to you for the next nine months.

In future editions, I will lecture you on more specific college issues—but for now, I'm going to answer those extra tough questions that the student handbook doesn't cover:

**Q:** My roommate is a real jerk—what should I do?

**A:** Antagonize, antagonize, antagonize. If you play your cards right, you'll have a single within a month. That's what I did.

If you're a guy, I recommend using homophobia to destroy your relationship with your roommate. It's easy: if he's straight, act gay—you know, sit around in your underwear, or leave a little gay porn open on your computer.

If he's gay, do a little gay-bashing. I'm not saying you should start throwing vicious slurs at him, just things like, "Oh, that movie was SO gay," or, "Dude, Ted is such a fag." You know, acceptable gay-bashing. Remember, as long as you don't really mean it, it's okay.

Female roommates are a little harder to break, because girls are so used to being treated like crap that they'll put up with almost anything. Honestly, you're going to have to act like a sociopath. I'm talking about sleeping with her boyfriend, calling her parents crying, half-heartedly trying to kill yourself—the works. Also, borrow and steal as much stuff as possible, and the more personal, the better. Pens, laptop, toothbrush, underwear, diaphragm, tampons, vibrator—you name it.

**Q:** When and where should I masturbate?

**A:** There are a few different approaches to this problem. First, there's the doing-it-quietly-while-your-roommate-sleeps method. This always seems workable at first, but as you get closer and closer to orgasm you'll stop caring and end up grunting and panting as though you had a dazzled audience, which you probably won't. It's okay to do in an emergency, because your roommate will never confront you about it, but don't make it a habit—unless it's part of your campaign to get rid of your roommate, in which case you should scream your roommate's name at the top of your lungs right when you orgasm.

Another option is the shower. Although dorm showers are private, they're also shared, so it's important to conduct your masturbation session in a clean and safe manner. Girls just have to remember to rinse their slime off of everything when they're done. Guys, on the other hand, should use a lot of soap to clean up after themselves—contrary to popular opinion, semen doesn't just harmlessly wash away with hot water. It turns into scrambled eggs.

Your best bet is to go to the stacks in the Norlin Library late at night and do it there. Be sure to go to a section that will be empty, preferably Women Studies—that way you'll also have some material handy if you need a little "inspiration."

**Q:** How do I get a girl to have sex with me?

**A:** Get an annoying haircut and quote Will Ferrell a lot. Then, once she's charmed, get drunk and show her how much of the movie *Borat* you've memorized. She'll go nuts.

**Q:** If I'm a girl, do I really need to make sure I have trusted friends with me whenever I drink? And should I really turn down open drinks from strangers?

**A:** No. Date rape is just a myth that old people cooked up to try to keep us youngsters from having fun. The way the idiots at freshman orientation tell it, Boulder is practically

Rape-Town, U.S.A. But do you remember when your grandma said that masturbation would make you go blind? And D.A.R.E. told you that weed would kill you? Did either of *those* things happen? No. This is the same thing. You'll be fine just as long as you don't run naked into a football recruitment party with a sign on your back that says "rape me."

**Q:** I don't know how to give a good blowjob. Can you give me a few pointers?

**A:** Yes. First off, confidence is key. There's nothing worse than a sheepish blowjob, so watch your teachers' facial expressions and try to copy them. It's also important to take your time—far too many people rush straight to the rhythmic sucking stage, which is a big mistake. A lot of times, the anticipation is the best part, so don't ruin it.

Don't be afraid of hurting his balls. They can withstand firm licking and even some sucking—just don't bite or twist them.

If it's your first time together, make sure

to ask him to warn you when he's going to come. Different guys ejaculate at different velocities, so it's important to know when it's going to happen. Otherwise, you could choke or get blasted in the eye, and we all know how much *that* stings.

**Q:** Should I really drink as much as possible every time I go to a party?

**A:** Yes.

**Q:** What's the deal with Adderall?

**A:** Take it whenever you do your homework and it'll increase your productivity by 1,000%. If you snort it = 1,000,000%.

**Q:** I'm scared. Where's my mommy?

**A:** She's blowing your dad for the first time in eighteen years.

**Q:** I'm taking a women studies class with Michelle Miles, and sometimes we get into discussions about pretty controversial topics. If she asks me a provocative question in class, should I answer it?

**A:** No. She will have you arrested.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. Too bad you guys didn't do a background check before you hired Freddy Krueger. You must feel really stupid! But if it makes you feel any better, I'm always up for another night in jail.*

*2. Here are some real-life quotes from my ex-girlfriends:*

*"You're the worst thing that's ever happened to me."*

*"Don't ever contact me again."*

*"Let's shave our pubic hair and have naked baby sex."*

*3. When I was fifteen, the principal of my high school walked into my math class and told me and my friend to stop talking as he passed us. Being as witty then as I am now, I pointed my finger at him like a gun and made a shooting sound effect followed by a splattering sound effect and a hand gesture to go with it.*

*He said, "Was that my head exploding?"*

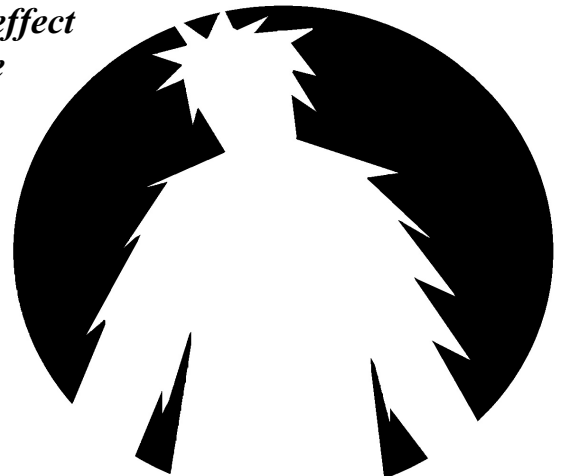
*"Yes," I said, and he laughed and walked away.*

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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## FOURTEEN

There is no such thing as separate but equal.

That's what we learned from the civil rights movement, right?

So how come public restrooms, locker rooms, changing rooms, and dorm rooms at CU—a state institution—have signs on doors that say “men” and “women?”

Perhaps you think it's a trivial issue, since there are only a few places where access is restricted by sex. Would you think it was trivial if the signs on the doors said “white” and “colored”?

Segregation is not only inherently unequal, it's also arbitrary—the more people cross-dress and get sex-change operations, the more the lines between genders become blurred. What makes someone a woman? Is it someone with two x-chromosomes? Someone with a vagina? Someone with high heels and a purse?

If I walked into the women's locker room at the rec center, on what basis would they kick me out? My stubble? My deep voice? The “M” on my driver's license? Or would they actually yank down my undies and look at The Muse?

No, of course they wouldn't. In fact, every time I try to show my penis to the girls who work behind the equipment check-in counter they get uncomfortable and look away. Even the Asians on the tennis courts won't look at it.

I would get kicked out of the women's locker room simply because I fit people's general idea of what a man looks like—not for any practical reason. If I looked like both genders, I'd get kicked out of both locker rooms. That's probably why I've never seen a transvestite at the rec center.

Categorizing people is typically a bad idea, especially when it's for no reason. With that in mind, I hereby officially request that the University of Colorado desegregate all on-campus facilities, in the name of equal rights.

I've shared my vision of integrated bathrooms with several women, and almost all of

them think it's a bad idea. Here are some of the stupid things they've said, along with my intelligent responses:

Them: “I wouldn't want to walk into my dorm bathroom in the middle of the night and find people having sex on the floor.”

Me: “People wouldn't have sex on the floor of the bathroom just because it was coed.”

Them: “The guys would get turned on.”

Me: “You are aware that lesbians are allowed to share your locker room, right? Should we kick them out?”

Them: “The guys would rape the girls.”

Me: “I'd much rather rape a girl in an all-girls bathroom than a coed one with other guys around to stop me.”

Them: “Guys would get grossed out if they saw a used tampon.”

Me: “Then I guess girls would have to stop holding those used-tampon mouth-only relay races.”

But those aren't real reasons. The closest thing I've heard to an actual answer is: “People would be uncomfortable.”

God forbid anyone should be uncomfortable. While we're at it, let's make the Mexican students use port-a-potties to protect the rich kids from the Denver suburbs.

Integration always makes people uncomfortable. If the black schools hadn't been so much crappier than the white schools, do you think that black people would still have rallied and marched for the right to go to school with a bunch of white people who hated them? No—schools would still be segregated, the division between blacks and whites would still be reinforced by the government, and racial hatred would still be as frisky as ever. And nobody would do anything about it.

Even the hairiest feminists I know get uncomfortable when I tell them we should desegregate public bathrooms. That's because feminists don't really want equality—they want to hold fun little meetings in the Women Studies

Cottage, sell rape-themed T-shirts in the UMC, and hold silent vigils in downtown Boulder.

Let me explain something to the confused, tiptoeing woman who doesn't want to make anyone uncomfortable:

The reason that bathrooms are segregated by sex is the same reason that they were once segregated by race—women and black people are second-class citizens. That's right, toots. For every dollar I make, you will make three quarters. For every rack of ribs I eat, you will eat a salad.

I registered for the selective service when I was eighteen, but you did not. That's because you aren't strong or aggressive enough to defend your country. But it's not your country—it's my country.

I'm allowed to be the president, you're allowed to be my closeted-lesbian wife. I'm allowed to have a funny newsletter, you aren't even allowed to be funny. I can walk down the street alone at night, and you have to call NightRide. And that's because you're a woman, not because you're smaller, or because our genitals are more weapon-like. If men had vaginas and women had penises, we'd still find a way to rape you.

And like all second-class citizens, you are required to dress and behave in ways that designate you as such. Your makeup and your sweatpants with "P.I.N.K." written across your

ass may as well be Stars of David on your sleeves. Only instead of actually putting you in the ovens, we just put you in front of them so you can bake us cookies!

In reality, women aren't particularly attractive when they're doing everyday things like changing their clothes, brushing their teeth, or taking a crap. That's why women are ashamed of eating, peeing, pooping, masturbating, sweating, farting, menstruating, and everything else that implies that they have a real body with real bodily functions. They're not even supposed to talk about them. Even the sign in the drugstore says "Feminine Products." It should say "Twat Corks."

If we ever desegregated public restrooms, it would destroy our idea that femininity is mysterious, delicate, and beautiful. It upsets us that women have real bodies—we want them to be inhuman. We want it so bad that we ignore the fact that the pressure we put on women makes them less appealing, not more.

When I walk around CU, the girls I see are skinny, weak, incompetent, opinionless, and more concerned with looking and smelling like supermodels than anything else. We have turned women into boring cartoon characters, and, sadly, I'm barely attracted to any of them. I haven't had a girlfriend in a year.

So, please, desegregate the bathrooms. I want some real women.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

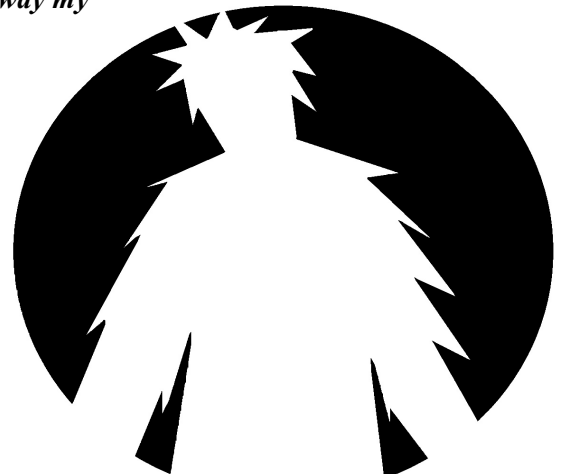
- 1. If there are any women on campus who are interested in getting involved in this project and want to practice peeing in front of a guy, shoot me an email.*
- 2. When I was ten, my parents sent me to summer camp and then gave away my pet bird Freddy while I was gone. True story.*
- 3. My mother is coming from Massachusetts to visit in two months. PLEASE don't tell her about my newsletter.*

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

I HAVE UPDATED MY WEBSITE. I ADDED A NEW SHORT FILM (IT'S PRETTY VIOLENT), AND I CREATED A FORUM WHERE READERS CAN DISCUSS THE YETI ONLINE!  
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Calm down.

Take a deep breath.

Relax.

Do you ever feel like you might explode?

Do you ever sit and think about all the bad things people have done to you? Do you ever have violent thoughts?

If the answer to any of these questions is “yes,” you may be suffering from anger.

But I can help you, if you’ll let me in.

Envision my words as a cleansing waterfall, rinsing away all the stress and negativity. Please, keep your heart open as you read on—by the time you finish you will be in a state of harmony, and you may never feel angry again.

Anger, like sadness and fear, is an extremely harmful emotion. It won’t help you to walk around grinding your teeth, and it won’t do your friends any good to have you yelling at them. And if anger goes unchecked, it can even destroy entire communities.

My dear brothers and sisters, we need to get anger out of our CU family before it’s too late. In order to help facilitate this healing process, I have created a simple three-step program, called Share, Care, and Repair.

Step One: Share.

Think of your emotions as rivers. In order to be happy and clean, a river must flow freely. Similarly, you must be open with others and let your feelings flow through you. But when you feel insecure, or scared, or defensive, a herd of beavers comes along and builds a dam across your river. The river soon becomes a stagnant pool of dead fish and beer cans. Then, when the dam bursts—Hurricane Katrina.

This can be avoided by letting the pressure out every once in a while. There are many different ways to do this. Some people like to go for a walk when they feel tense, others enjoy an aromatherapy bubble bath, and still others like a nice, slow, soothing masturbation session by the fireplace.

Don’t punch your pillow. Don’t play

violent video games. And if you do masturbate, don’t fantasize about tying up sorority girls and then taking them from behind. And if you *do* fantasize about that, don’t also fantasize about their weeping fathers watching you do it.

These types of thoughts and actions will only fuel the fire—they won’t make you feel any better. Trust me.

Step Two: Care

Some truly repressed individuals don’t express their anger overtly. Instead, they try to make other people angry so they can sit back and laugh sadistically to themselves. They often do not even know they are doing it.

If we are ever going to heal our community, we have to learn to care about each others’ feelings. Part of being responsible is not provoking anger in others.

For example, if you are a disenfranchised black man, and you are considering writing a provocative rap song, you should think about the fact that it might stir up angry feelings in your white companions. Instead of making a big fuss about how someone called you the “N-word” and dragging everyone else down with you, why don’t you just join the football team and get your aggression out on the field instead? That way, everyone will be happy.

Or, say you’re an angry female student who wants to hold some loud, obnoxious anti-rape demonstration. Before you do so, think of how disruptive such demonstrations are. Would you like it if the KKK marched through campus while *you* were trying to catch some sun by the fountain? Probably not—it would make you angry. So instead of wasting everyone’s time, why don’t you take all of that cute ferocity and work it out on the elliptical machine at the rec center? That way we wouldn’t have to listen to your stupid whining *and* we wouldn’t have to look at your flabby androgynous ass anymore.

Step Three: Repair

Before we can repair our community, we have to repair ourselves.

You know, I wasn't always a healer. Believe it or not, I used to be a pretty angry kid. Even back in third grade, I remember I used to run around the backyard with my toy guns and swords and pretend I was a ninja that had to decapitate a hundred bad guys in order to save this girl Devon from my class. And when I started making friends, we would play Mortal Kombat II every day for hours. By the time I was in sixth grade, I was writing ultra-violent horror stories and passing them around the lunchroom. Can you imagine that?

Yep, I thought that it was healthy to express anger. But now I can accept that I was sick, and I was calling for help.

Once, when I was six, I got yelled at by a teacher for pulling my pants down on the playground.

At the time, I was very angry with the teacher. Why did she have to berate me? It's not like I was hurting anyone. Where does she get off humiliating a 6-year-old in front of all his classmates?

But I have learned to let it go. By empathizing with her, I can finally understand that she was sexually repressed, possibly even abused, and she'd almost certainly never had an orgasm in her entire joyless life. In fact, since she was quite old at the time, she's probably dead by now.

See? Instead of getting angry, I process things with a clear head.

In high school, I was suspended four times because of an angry newsletter I used to write. I was also called racist, sexist, homophobic, and anti-Semitic in a letter to the school paper that was signed by fifty teachers.

I was furious. I couldn't believe that I was being punished and publicly smeared by people who were supposed to be guiding and educating me.

But, in reality, they were just trying to do their jobs. Sure, they failed, but it's not their fault they need to squash every last bit of creativity out of their students. And it's not my fault they can't do a shitty dead-end job that even a retarded person could do.

That's why I'm not mad. I just think it's funny. I think it's funny that every school I've ever gone to has tried to shit me right back out into the fucking toilet that is my life.

Can I ask you people something? What the fuck did I ever do to any of you? Do you assholes really think you can possibly make my life any shittier than it already is? Give it a fucking shot, cocksuckers.

**BE MY FUCKING GUESTS.**

Anyways, I'm just saying that the best way to help CU is to help ourselves. I've done my part. Can you do yours?

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. I tried therapy once. The therapist called me an asshole in our third session and I stopped going.*
- 2. In the past year I've been called to Ron Stump's office the same number of times I've had sex.*
- 3. When I was in jail in April, I climbed into the top bunk and said to my cell-mate, "What time is it?" He answered, "Why?"*

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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# THE YETI

OCTOBER 2007

## SIXTEEN

*Dear CU Students,*

*Hello. We've been doing some soul-searching over at the Regent building, and we realized that very few students are actively involved in campus politics, save for the Muslim Student Alliance barbecue or the occasional Women's Studies Cottage sex toy party. Why are all of you so apathetic and disenfranchised? Our dedicated on-staff psychologists believe that your apathy stems from the fact that you are desperately bored and unhappy, yet you still believe that your role in life is to be coddled by your parents. As a result, you aimlessly wander around campus talking about your drinking plans and pretending to laugh at your friends' stupid jokes in the hopes that they will return the favor. You act like side characters on a bad TV show.*

*So we have decided that it's time for you to grow up, take control of your lives, and start working to change our community for the better. We understand that expressing your thoughts and ideas makes you feel uncomfortable and angry, but, frankly, we'd love to hear from you!*

*We've been wondering—are we doing our jobs well? Are we providing you with a safe learning environment? Do you like dorm food? What about getting punched in the face by a tripped-out naked guy who thinks you're his mom? We'll never know how you feel unless you tell us!*

*To make it easier for you to say what you think, we've developed this multiple-choice questionnaire. Clearly circle your answers with a No. 2 pencil. If you change your mind about an answer, you must COMPLETELY erase the mark you wish to change. If you fail to do so, the computer will recognize both marks and the question will be counted as wrong.*

*When you are finished with your test, turn it in to the Office of the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs, in the Regent Administrative Center, Room 307.*

*Go Buffs!*

*-The Administration*

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

*1. What is the best way to get students interested in class material?*

- a) PowerPoint presentations
- b) Poorly-written \$150 textbooks
- c) miserable droning teachers
- d) assigning the same homework over and over again
- e) all of the above

*2. Multiple-choice tests are good because \_\_\_\_\_.*

- a) they accurately test your knowledge of the subject material
- b) they are easy to write and can be graded by machines
- c) they closely simulate real-world situations and thus prepare you for post-college life
- d) they are well, written and, easy understand to

*3. Why is it important for us to grade you?*

- a) if we didn't grade you, you wouldn't know when to feel good about yourselves
- b) you aren't capable of understanding why you have to memorize random facts and then repeat them later—it's simpler to teach you that you must get A's
- c) sometimes the pressure makes you kill yourselves and we get to keep the tuition money
- d) sometimes the pressure makes you kill each other and we get to keep the tuition money

*4. Who is the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs?*

- a) Ronald McDonald
- b) Ronald Burgundy
- c) Ronald Stump
- d) none of the above, these names are all made up

*5. Which of the following student resources should we spend the most money on?*

- a) new equipment for the football team
- b) a half-million-dollar locker room for the football team

- c) strippers for the football team
- d) lawyers for the football team

*6. We've all heard that the University of Colorado celebrates diversity. But how?*

- a) by being one of the whitest schools in the nation
- b) by giving scholarships to black athletes who would never have come here otherwise
- c) by putting photos of only two black students on their entire website, one of whom, Mebraht Gebre-Michael, received multiple racist death threats and doesn't even go here anymore
- d) by hiring Mexican construction workers and janitors

*7. What do black people really want?*

- a) to take our jobs away from us
  - b) to be white
  - c) we already gave them Black History Month—what more could they ask for?
  - d) to taunt us by using cool slang like the “N-word” when they know we’re not allowed to use it
- e) a spot where real G’s can kick it

*8. You should be able to freely speak your mind, but \_\_\_\_\_.*

- a) you should be responsible, good-natured, sensitive, careful, and polite
- b) you should be referred to a psychologist for evaluation if you do
- c) only if you like eating soggy bread with white gravy and watching the sunrise through a concrete window the size of a shoebox

*9. Anybody who says they've never thought about killing 32 people is \_\_\_\_\_.*

- a) lying to themselves
- b) trying to stay out of jail
- c) a pussy
- d) an over-privileged American who can't empathize with oppressed people who are forced to defend themselves against tyranny in developing countries—and in oppressed communities in the U.S., too

*10. Max Karson is \_\_\_\_\_*

- a) sexist
- b) racist
- c) homophobic
- d) angry enough to kill
- e) gay

*Congratulations, and thank you!*

*That wasn't so bad, was it? You just have to let the creativity flow out of you. Maybe on the next test we'll even have some fill-in-the-blank questions.*

*As soon as we get these back we will compile our database. Then we will helicopter in a team of scientists from all over the world. They will analyze our data and write up a proposal for a democratic solution that incorporates the needs of as many students as possible.*

*Then we'll submit the proposal to a committee, and a subcommittee, and then it will probably undergo some revisions—but eventually it will be passed on to the Regents, who will cast their final votes with the same honor and integrity that all white people possess.*

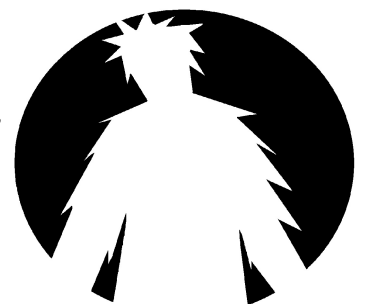
*Now all we have to do is wait.*

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. Apparently there has been some concern that the guns used in the short films on my website are real. While I suppose it would be a relief to just shoot myself in the face, unfortunately I don't have the guts. Those guns are no more real than the dinosaurs in Jurassic park. (Meaning, they aren't real.)*

*2. Why is it okay to do a British accent, but racist to do a Chinese accent?*

*3. Yesterday, as I was walking to the Hill, I couldn't help but notice the Colorado Daily's front-page headline, which read, "PRETTY IN PINK?" I am now officially declaring war on the Colorado Daily. I can deal with your sound-bite layout style, your wishy-washy editorials, and the fact that three quarters of your news isn't even written by your staff. But this time you have gone too far—and you must be stopped.*



## SEVENTEEN

### SPECIAL LONG-WINDED HALLOWEEN EDITION

If you are reading this, I am dead.

At 9:30 this morning I ingested a slow-acting but fatal mixture of ammonia, rat poison, and peanut butter. You can probably see my awkward and uncoordinated gait—that's the poison destroying my central nervous system.

At 2:00 PM, when I have finished distributing this newsletter, I will go to the Norlin Library and crawl to the back of the stacks. There I will fall on my face beneath the black history section, convulse, and die.

This isn't one of those eleven-year-old-girl suicide attempts where I secretly hope to wake up in a hospital bed with a tummy ache and a weeping, repenting mother at my side. I know that no one will miss me.

My mom won't care because she replaced me years ago with a cat named Thelma. But that's okay, because I replaced her with Ron Stump.

My dad will pay for me to be cremated with \$300 from my college fund, and with the remaining \$8,000 he will go on a Disney cruise with his girlfriend.

My brother Ethan will feel a pang of guilt at having set a bad example for me when I was in middle school by writing a play called "Slavery: The Musical."

After I'm dead, I don't want my family to go around whining, "But why did he do it? We had no idea!" They won't be able to pretend they didn't see it coming, because I'm not going to leave a typical, vague, poorly-thought-out suicide note.

I'm going to be very specific.

When I was seven, my dad pulled my pants down and spanked me in front of his friends, as a joke. It wasn't funny.

When I was eight, my mom took away my cowboy gun because I pointed it at her. This taught me to repress my anger towards her, which seriously backfired later on.

When I was nine, my brother gave me some of his condoms so I could practice putting them on. They looked unimpressive and droopy.

Then my parents got divorced, which taught me that everything is a lie.

Then my mom married a woman, which threatened my masculinity.

After that, my dad told me about masturbation, which led to the destruction of my academic career and my subsequent enrollment at CU.

And although I know that my childhood played a big role in making me want to kill myself, CU was the gummy bears on the sundae.

As if the humiliation of going to a second-rate school weren't enough, I'm having the worst year of my entire life.

My depression has reached the point where I can no longer hide it. Two weeks ago, in my anthropology lab, our assignment was to identify twenty primate bones—the exact same twenty bones we'd identified the week before. As soon as I realized it was the same assignment, my heart started pounding and my skin got hot and sweaty.

I said to my lab-partners, "Hey, do you guys want to commit suicide with me after we finish identifying these bones?" They laughed and said yes. My teacher pretended not to hear.

On Tuesday I walked into my poetry class one minute late. My teacher stopped what she was doing and said, "Max, why are you always late?"

I said, "Because I'm an asshole."

Every time my alarm goes off in the morning, it feels like someone is squirting Cholula sauce into my soul's urethra with an eyedropper.

And let's not forget my finals from last semester, which I still haven't taken because I was barred from campus during finals week. I don't think I'm going to do so hot, either—right now I know about as much Spanish as Speedy Gonzales.

I fantasize about dropping out every single day. But then I think of all the sad adults who have told me that college was the best time of their lives, with a twinkle of nostalgia in their sunken, bloodshot eyes.

So I started thinking, why should I only drop out of school when I can drop out of life?

My roommate Stephanie told me to go to therapy. I responded with, "Why don't *you* go to therapy, you bitch?" Then I started laughing hysterically.

She tried again. "I think you'd be a lot happier if you talked to someone."

By then I was laughing so hard tears were streaming down my face. "What are you talking about? Look how happy I am!"

"Max, I'm serious." I was suddenly angry.

"Why can't I talk to you? Isn't that what friends are for? Or do you not give a shit anymore?"

"Max, you don't even try to talk to me!"

"Because I don't want to talk!" I was screaming by now. "If I wanted to learn to cope with my crappy life, I'd go to therapy or take anti-depressants. But I don't want to cope. I don't think someone in my situation should be happy. I don't want to be satisfied like all those other brainwashed idiots!"

And that's the last reason I'm committing suicide: I want to shake the spineless whitebread losers out of their complacency. I want to inspire

them to rise up against their tormentors. But I don't want to do it like Gandhi—Gandhi was a pussy. I want to be a badass like Malcolm X. He knew he was going to get killed.

Actually, I've always hoped that someone would assassinate me, but it doesn't seem like anyone's going to bother. So I'm assassinating myself.

It's a strange feeling knowing that you're going to be dead in three hours. I can already feel the poison eating away at my brain. It hurts, but in a relaxing way, like a deep massage.

When I was a kid, I was terrified of death. I'd get so scared that I'd scream for my mom in the middle of the night. She would come to my room and climb the ladder to my loft in her nightgown and listen while I cried and told her how I wished I could live forever.

Then she would hug me and say, "Oh, honey, you're not going to die for a long, long time. You've only been alive for eight years! Doesn't that seem like forever?"

"No," I'd say. Then she would hug me again and tell me not to worry about it, and I'd

fall asleep after she left.

But sometimes, even though I always clearly enunciated the word "Mom," my dad would come. He'd stand in the doorway below me in his pajamas, and I'd lean over the loft railing and say, "Dad, I don't want to die."

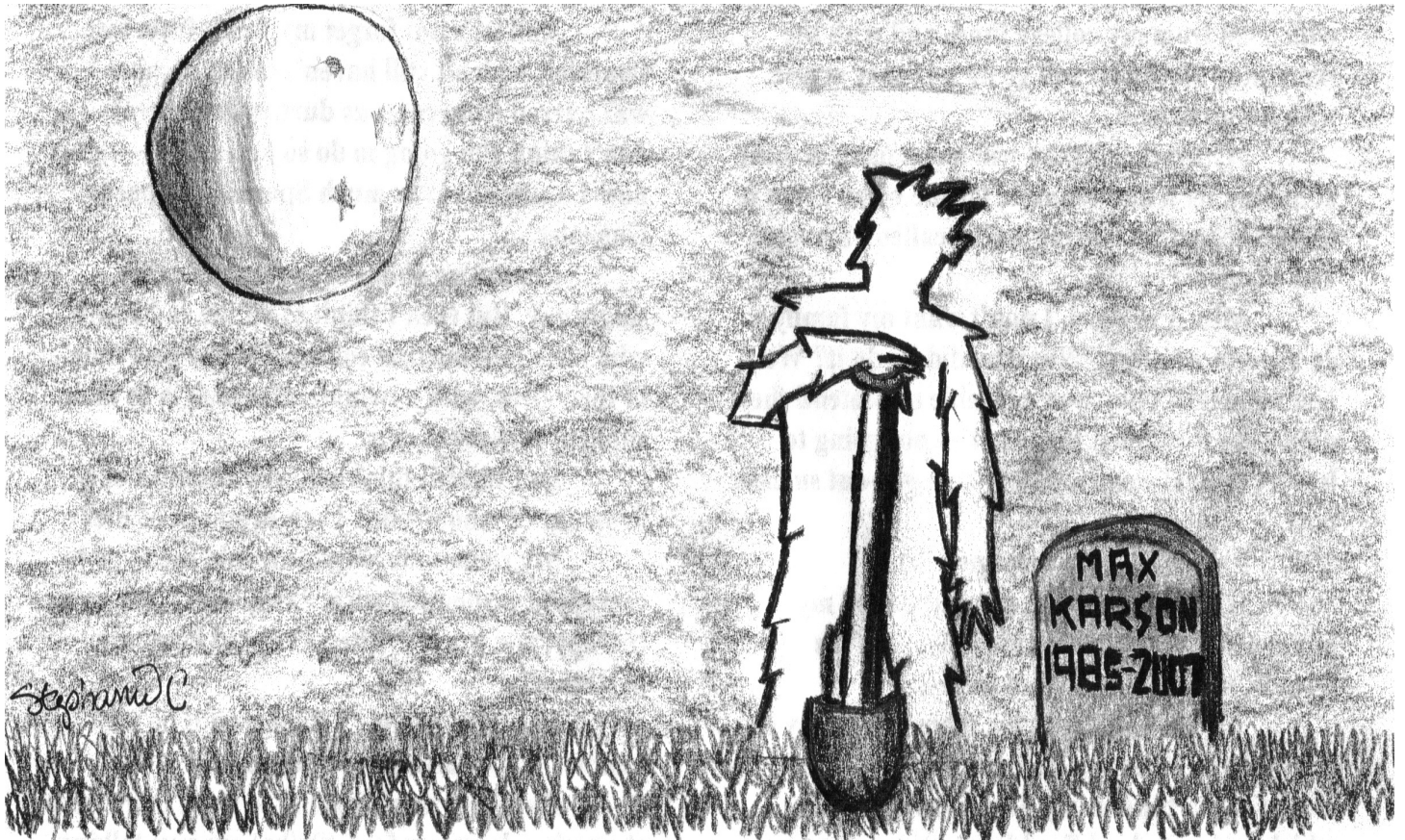
And he'd always say the same thing: "Think about clouds."

I wish my parents had just told me that I was going to go to heaven and be with Jesus so I could be happy like the rest of you retards.

Then I wouldn't bolt upright at three in the morning, hyperventilating and obsessing over all the precious time I've wasted identifying monkey bones. Twice.

My time wouldn't be precious at all. I would play beer pong and go skiing and get blowjobs from drunk girls, and I wouldn't be constantly wondering when I'm going to blip out of existence forever. I would be one of the guys!

But I'm not one of the guys. I'm an atheist with a stomach full of peanut butter and rat poison. And if you'll excuse me, I have a newsletter to distribute.



## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. Stephanie and I were supposed to pick my mom up from the airport on Sunday, but I guess I won't be coming. They're gonna have such an awkward week.*
- 2. Are there any wide-hipped ladies who want to meet me in the library for a quickie? I need to pass on my genes.*
- 3. I can't wait to get my therapy license.*

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