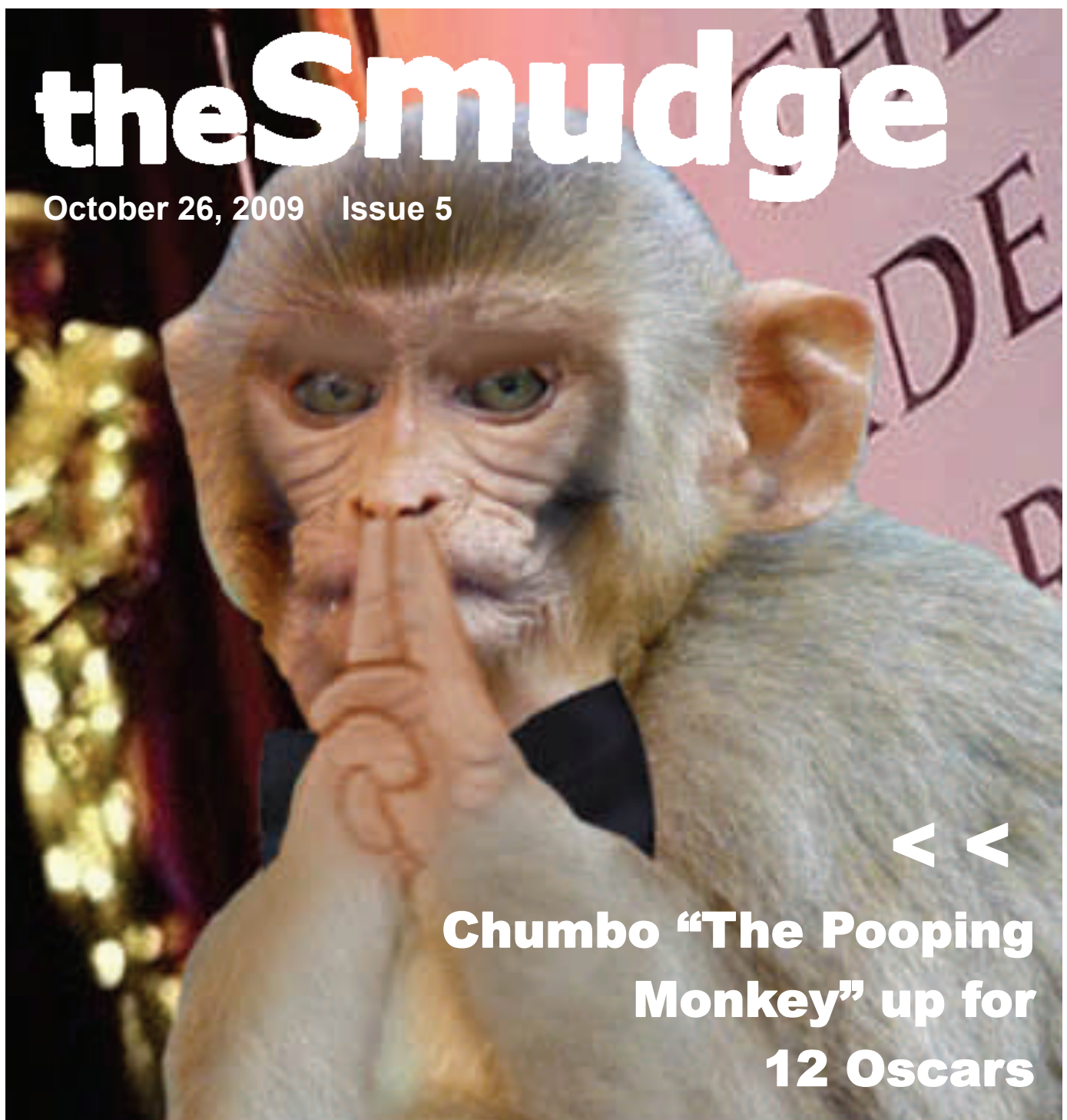


# theSmudge

October 26, 2009 Issue 5



**Chumby “The Pooping Monkey” up for 12 Oscars**

## Headlines

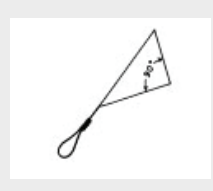
**CONTENT ADVISORY: We're totally BA**



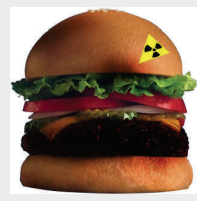
Macgyver 1 Paperclip Short of Cure for Cancer



Phantom Limb Turns Out to be Bruce Willis All Along



Mathematician Hangs Self with Hypotenoose



Cancer Burger May Cause Obesity, Cancer



Sausage Fest Turns out to be Real sausage fest

## Transformers Director Michael Bay Set to Direct *Schindler's List 2: Revenge of the Fallen*

After the enormous box office success and nearly universal critical acclaim of Steven Spielberg's Oscar winning 1993 film *Schindler's List*, director Michael Bay has been attached to direct the much anticipated remake, *Schindler's List 2: Revenge of the Fallen*. The movie is sure to be an edge of your seat thrill ride, with a shot-for-shot retelling of the heart-breaking, harrowing story of the Jewish suffering during World War II. "I want to stay true to the original emotional impact of *Schindler's List*," said Bay at a recent press junket, "only with huge explosions and more Shia Laboufe screaming *No!*" The movie set has been shrouded in secrecy, but insiders say the remake revolves around an evil race of giant Nazi robots, 'Das Decepterkanner', enslaving and eventually trying to exterminate 'Der Ottobots'." Megan Fox is also rumored to be involved in the project, as "Sexy Anne Frank". While the movie is sure to do well at the box office, the Jewish community has had some complaints, saying, "How come you never call anymore? What, are you too good to call your poor old mother now?"



Picture of a Bear With a Hat for No Reason

## Meet the Staff

Curt Oren..... Regional Manager

Ben Crouse.....Amateur Cup Stacker

Tom Ewing...Didn't he graduate?

Jacob Sluka.....Picture Words

Kate Feldmann.....Pigeon Arse

Mr. Finn.....Mr. Finn

theSmudge

## Call Girl Gets Laid Off

In another sign of a sluggish economy, local pimp Slowhand Brown has been forced to lay off one of his best workers. Slowhand says he saw this coming for a long time. "My first quarter profits simply didn't reflect the growth I wished to see in the back alley sector," Brown says. "I thought if I used a fixed price business model and adjusted it for inflation, I'd be able to sustain myself until my next fiscal year. However,

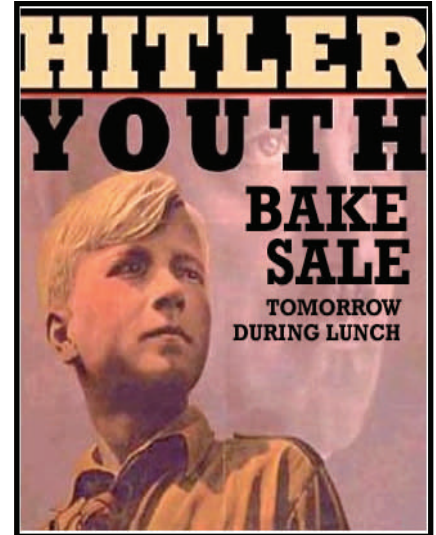


I've had to resort to incentivizing my workers with backhands- cuz you know, them bitches be trippin." Kris Starr, the worker that was laid off, says she couldn't be happier. "I'll be fine. I can always fall back on my Harvard Law Degree."

## Hitler Youth Holds Bake Sale *Tom Ewing*

The fall air, chocolate chip cookies, and *heils* were all crisp last afternoon as the California chapter of the Heimbefestigung Truppe Hitler Youth held their 71<sup>st</sup> annual bake sale in San Francisco. The sale was designed to raise funds for the repair of their clubhouse, which is firebombed almost weekly. “It’s for the kids, it really is,” said Oberleutenant of the Youth Herman Ahmed, “with all the scary music and *Facebooking* kids are doing nowadays, it’s really rare to find a group of youngsters with their hearts in the right place as much as these. God bless ‘em.” Trademark Youth treats such as *Goebbel’s Gobblers*, *SS Squares*, *Reich Krispies*, *Swaskeroos*, *Aryo’s*, and “*Das Fuhrermuncher*” were flying into the often unwilling hands of passersby with a precision and ruthlessness that injured several bystanders. When questioned about his organization’s historic ties to Hitler’s brutal Nazi party, Ahmed grew tense, explaining that “this organization has renounced genocide and racism; I’m really not sure why we haven’t changed the name yet— just busy I guess.” According to Ahmed the new Hitler Youth is becom-

ing more family-centric, “we believe in God, country, and assaulting unarmed immigrants like normal Americans.” As the day came to a close, the kids packed up the remaining treats and marched back to their headquarters, the charred remnants of which had been rightfully firebombed again in their absence. Counting the \$12.80 earned from the day’s travails, Ahmed smiled and remarked that it would be just enough to purchase new uniforms for next week’s military parade with the Boy Scouts. “This is a wonderful country,” explained Ahmed as he took a bite of a freshly-baked *Luft-waffle*. “Only in America can radical unmitigated hatred be so delicious!”



## Loser Kid Didn’t Even Want to Go to Homecoming

While all the cool kids were busy partying at homecoming, local loser Curt Oren was sitting at home playing videogames. “Whatever, I didn’t even want to go,” Oren says. “Why would I even wanna put on my favorite formal sweat pants, hang out near cool people while pretending to be with them, and potentially even dance with a girl on a dare from her friends? Lame.” Oren had planned to go with his “Canadian girlfriend” he met at Niagara Falls, but she apparently had a modeling job for “*Victoria’s Secret Super Sexy*” lingerie line, for uh, underage Canadians only— and

you can only get it in Canada so don’t even try.” *The Smudge* attempted to locate the nameless Canadian model girlfriend for a response, but were unable to do so at the time of publication most likely due to the fact that she is Canadian. Oren’s mother had this to say of her son’s decision, “I really wish he would have gone. He looks so handsome in that little suit of his!” Chet Sexton, quarterback and all-around cool guy, said that homecoming was great. “Dude...*everybody* was there. “ When asked what he thought of Oren’s decision Chet replied, “Who? Is that the kid who farted while doing sit ups in gym class?” Oren also missed the awards ceremony, in which he was given the award for least missed if died in a car accident.

## Janitors Retreat at *Battle of ShoeScuff Island*

Forces from North Janitoria have recently withdrawn from a dispute at Shoescuff Island due to the mounting losses of Janitor lives. "Also we were out of multi-surface cleaner," says Lt. Karl. Even the Wet-Ones-of-Mass-Destruction were no match for the island's harrowing amount of blackened linoleum. "You can't imagine the scuffs," says Col. Steve, "it was like a thousand 5<sup>th</sup> grade orchestra concerts." The battle is said to be the worst since the naval clash at Prom Puke Pass and the stand-off at Non-Returned Lunch Tray Mesa. "We just had too much to deal with," says Gen. Jason, "I have men working on an ornery VCR in Teacher's Lounge Republic AND men unlocking doors for the oppressed Freshmanian people who have forgotten their Geometry textbooks." The Model U.N. is planning a peace conference between the Janitors and the Shoepeople, which is being carefully planned so as not to conflict with the recently approved Karl-Go Fill-the-Paper-Towels-Act. Janitorial President Josh says future

disputes can be avoided by banning the possession of lunch food in international hallways and recognizing the dishevelment of desk rows as a terrorist act. However, radical Art and English teachers are protesting these executive decisions. "No blood for Lysol! Everyone respects our men and women in jumpsuits," says picketer Ms. Plunkers, "but basically we're protesting because we want to ride those cool floor wax zamboni-looking things." Despite the controversy, all sides are supportive of a giant "Wet Floor" sign that is being erected to remember the sacrifices and the cleaning that was made.

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### Dumb Criminal Makes People Who Follow Rules Feel Superior

The Tennessee-Cut-Their-Head-Off-Replace-Their-Eyes-With-Mirrors-Make-A-Scarf-Out-Of-Their-Skin-Put-On-Lipstick-And-Write-His-Real-Phone-Number-On-The-Walls-In-Blood-Killer, also known as Killer-Karl, has struck again. Only this time, he made a mistake. According to police on the scene, Karl tried to dissolve their bodies in 1 molar hydrochloric acid! The officer, who preferred to remain nameless, chuckled, "Everyone knows human bones only dissolve in 50 molar or higher hydrochloric acid! That's kid's stuff man! Now, what we would've done is slit the victim's throat, hang them upside down in the shower to drain the blood, cut them up into steaks, freeze the body, then gradually eat the chunks over the next 3-6 months. Everyone knows that the police can't find humans once they're turned into poo!" We asked the Carolina-Cannibal-Crapper for his opinion, "Oh, That's a rookie move. He really should be arrested for wasting his food! By the way, if you want a delicious recipe for human teriyaki, you can find it on my blog, [CannibalConundrums.blogspot.com](http://CannibalConundrums.blogspot.com)."

## I Lost My Thesaurus!



good book?

This is bad thing. I lost thesaurus. It is good book for me, and I learn words from it. I need more words, or I bad write. I lost long word book before, and mean boss man said my write bad. Have you seen? You see mine

## O gracious day! Nevermore am I Replete of My Aforementioned Referential Tome!



Take heed, countrymen, for I have procured my talisman of polysyllabic utterances. Henceforth my journalistic endeavors accrue a function of minimal technicality and lavish semblance. Zounds, said I upon the dispossession of this literary lexicon, and—oh no, I lost it again. This is bad. This is bad thing. Boss man will be—why, canonize the stars themselves! Invalidate the former statement, for the bountiful relic was obscured by surplus papers, deeming my temporary bereavement a terminological inexactitude. I envisage unduly stupefaction effectuated by my rangy usage, predominately from (hold on, I have to look up a good word for hot ladies) fleshly matrons. And presently my officious manager verges upon my precinct of servitude and...uh...he says I can't use word book no more. This is bad. Me no like.

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Excellent

## Switch to HDTV leads to Teletubbie holocaust

Most Americans would agree that the nationwide switch to digital resolution was a bit of a hassle, but overall a good thing. However these sentiments are not shared by the older residents of Teletubbyland as their tummies, nay, their entire existence is rendered obsolete. New HD-Tubbies are migrating to the region, with wider bellies that boast crystal clear picture and surround sound capabilities. Original Teletubbies are being forced out of their weird grass dome houses, forced to live without Tubbie custard and Tubbie toast. Some have even resorted to selling Tubbie crack or even their own bodies. “I see it as the wave of the future,” says Blubbum, a young HD-Tubbie, “I mean, who wants to play *Call of Duty* on a tummy from 1998?” As Teletubbies never even made the change to DVD, they are marginalized by the Blu-Ray equipped HD-Tubbies. Teletubbies are looking for help from the only form of government in the other was anarchistic Teletubbyland- that weird sun that has the baby face, but sadly, it only giggles at them. “Dude I’m a sun with a baby’s face,” says the baby sun, “what am I supposed to do?” Additionally, Po’s scooter and Noo-Noo the vacuum cleaner have been repossessed. “I have never known such injustice,” says Tinky Winky. “Again again?” asks Laa-Laa. No Laa-Laa, never again, never again.



## Restaurant review:

### *Battered Women Not as Delicious as it Sounds*

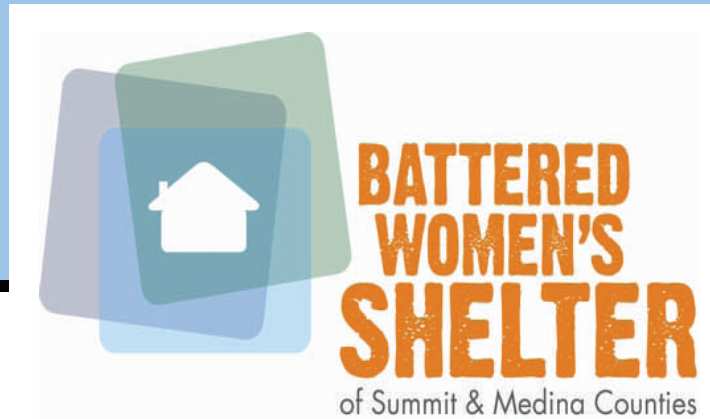
Let me tell you, I have discovered a challenging little bistro called the “Battered Women’s Shelter” and it is a confusing and disappointing dining experience. I was expecting a fun family eatery, and I supposed the “battered women” was some kind of signature fried appetizer. Imagine my surprise when I walked in only to find rows of cots with sleeping and crying women. Talk about poor atmosphere, but I assume this is some kind of a quirky theme. So, I played along with one of these themed waitresses and asked for the chef’s special and a large basket of their world famous “battered women”. She looked at me with disbelief and disgust and started bawling! All of the clientele responded in this rude fashion (I’m pretty sure the soup of the day is not “you’re an asshole”). And I must note that the regulations on employee tidiness must be pretty relaxed since I saw plenty of ripped clothes and unsightly body marks. Next, a waitress with nicer clothes and a nametag came up to me and asked what I was doing here. I laughed, amazed at the work they put into this show. “I just want some food,” I said. I waited for “Gotcha! Welcome to *Battered Women’s Shelter!* What’ll it be?” but she said to get out. I sighed and asked her to just direct me to the bar and then she threatened to call the police. As much as I wished to choose from their doubtlessly zany menu, I grew weary of playing along with this joke so I left. What is the secret, I ask! How do I get food here? Anyway, if you’re looking for a bleak concept restaurant where you’re pretentiously expected to understand how to order food from unresponsive sensitive waitresses then by all means visit the *Shelter*. Oh, and why no men’s bathroom?

Food quality: 0/5 (Um, where is it?)

Employee quality: 1/5 (Is crying their answer to everything I ask?)

Atmosphere: 1/5 (Pretty depressing.)

Originality: 3/5 (Odd theme! Still don’t get it!)



Above: The restaurant logo I saw on the little menus they were handing out.

## Sorry Man, I Can’t Make It, I Have to Make Sacraments to the Cricket Lord Ak-Alagah



Yeah I know you were going to have all the guys over for the big game, and I’d love to be there, but I have to appease the glorious cricket lord Ak-Alagah. It’d be great to share a couple of beers, watch the Patriots kick some ass, but Saturday is the first day of the seventh cycle of internal suffering and I must anoint my shrine with rosemary and powder of lamb skull. Ak-Alagah, blessed be his scaly wings, must receive my blessings, or my soul essence will be devoured by Ba’arzog, the dark sage of fire and bone. And I was sure you would still want those bacon-wrapped little smokies I always bring, so Shirley will bring them over. I will be busy confessing my sins to the merciful mantis as he travels through U’ukda’arsh and Pærpür, the cosmic wheat fields of degradation and ineptitude, respectively. In fact in the Cricketerial Texts, Yim-Yim the Forest Prophet condemns all forms of organized game play and fraternization, so I really shouldn’t even consider coming to watch the game. But Ak-Alagah is a forgiving god, except not really. If you even think about thinking about using his name in vain, he will send a sprite of foulest mischief to reap your harvest for the rise of sixty suns. True story, it happened to me. But really, enjoy your game and tell me about it later (I have no TV or computer, as Ak-Alagah demands an annual bonfire of all technological possessions). May his locusty grace be with you.