

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT



From The Files of Police Blotter!

Police Blotter: Seven Deadly Sins



Now, a lot of the stuff you read in the newspapers today can be proven to be just plain garbage. But here at *Daily Nexus* Special Supplements, we encourage a free press to express truthful, informative and relevant statements. Indeed, we hope that with our help, everyone can live together in a world free of deceit and corruption.

But law enforcement officers every day can't know this kind of world. They slave to deal with the wicked element day in and day out. Sometimes it becomes difficult to tell the difference between crazed criminal and cooperative citizen. Some of these incidents are too serious to expose to the public. Luckily, cops always keep a record of what they do down to the minute. Piles and piles of surveillance tapes go unmonitored in a sheltered location, awaiting nosy reporters.

Here, now, is a choice selection of Police Blotter, taken from the dusty archives and unearthed for your amusement only. These are of course purely phony falsehoods, and some of these opinions aren't held by anybody, and certainly not our advertisers. It is for this reason that this opinion is rated



for funny.

—Compiled by Steve Austin



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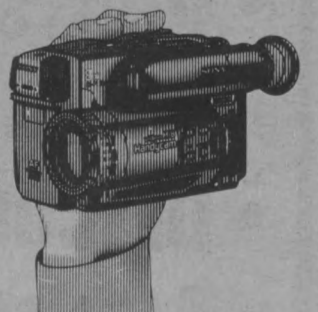
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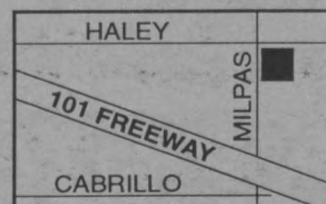
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WRATH

When I woke up this morning, I had a ringing headache, blood on my hands, and no idea how I wound up with ether.

Well, that isn't exactly true. I had some fuzzy recollection of an alcohol-soaked afternoon and then a party that lapsed into ... what, I can't remember. Darkness. And then -

The beach. Before dawn.

I opened my eyes and threw up. Then I saw the blood on my hands. My first thought was that I'd vomited it up, and that I was in serious trouble. But then I noticed that it had already dried. It was only after I rolled to my feet and staggered to the stairs to my house that I was in serious trouble.

Bloody footprints on the stairs. *My footprints.* On the deck outside my house. Inside my house. Blood on the walls. Blood on the ceiling.

On the ceiling?

Oh. shit.

Thank God not one of my twelve roommates was home.

How in the hell did this happen? What did I do last night? I did a quick search of the house. No body. I couldn't have lost that much of my own blood and lived.

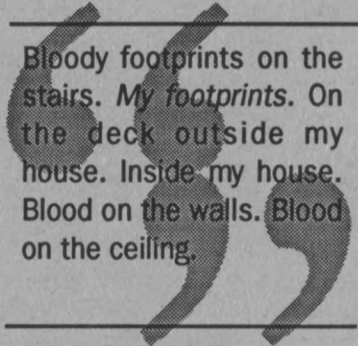
After awhile I sat down and stopped hyperventilating. My roommates weren't going to be away forever, and I damned sure didn't feel like explaining any of this bizarre shit. So I busted out an armful of cleaning products.

I scrubbed the stairs outside first. Luckily, nobody saw me. Then, after the sun rose, I hosed off the deck,

mopped the floors inside the house (thank God for hardwood floors and industrial strength Pine Sol). Then I went to work on the walls. There was so much blood, my hands hurt from scrubbing.

Finally, after cleaning the ceiling, I was done. I decided to go to the bathroom to wash my hands and splash some water on my face. I hadn't been in the bathroom yet.

I opened the bathroom door and almost passed out.



The bathtub was encrusted with blood. And in the toilet - the toilet - wrapped in black plastic -

Oh God.

Whatever it was, I wasn't going to unwrap it.

I cleaned the bathtub and the floor and took the thing in the toilet out to the deck, where one of my roommates keeps his weight set.

Except that nearly all the weights were missing.



This was getting entirely too weird. But I wasn't going to let a little weirdness make me lose my head.

I took some rope and tied the thing in black plastic to the weights that were left, then went back down to the beach, swam out a few dozen feet, and let her drop.

Then I went back inside to shower up. When I got out, the phone was ringing. It was Brodie.

"Hey man, wild party last night," I said, trying to keep my wits about me.

"Whatever, man. You seemed pretty pissed off the entire time. And wasted."

"Yeah, well, I'd had a few. Funny thing is, I can't even remember where the party was or why I was pissed off or anything. Woke up on the beach."

"Damn, you walked all that way? Weird, man. Hey, do you know what happened to Candy?"

Candy was his girlfriend. Really high-pitched, whiny voice. Annoying as all hell. I never could see what Brodie saw in her.

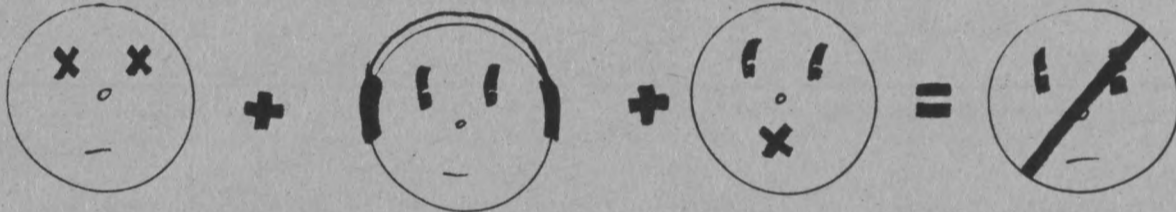
"No, why would I?"

"Aw, she went after you when you stalked off drunk, man. I would've followed her, but I was pretty wasted myself."

"Ah, well. I'll give you a call if I see her." I hung up the phone.

Just sitting there, the silence buzzing in my ears. I got up and went to the bathroom and cleaned my hands again, paying special attention to my nails.

I never liked her anyway.



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SLOTH

Some people don't deserve to live. You know the type: lazy bums, the kind who watch daytime television and Jerry Springer and never leave the seedy apartment they "occupy." That's why I killed her (and all those others); she probably likes the shallow grave near Campus Point she's in because now she *really* doesn't have to move at all.

They call me "Retribution." I'm employed by a top-secret government organization that recruited me when the FBI came to campus. My mission: to kill off the free-loading, welfare-receiving, I-don't-even-wipe-my-own-ass nobodies who rape the system — and no one ever even notices that they are gone. I love my job. I'm a patriot doing America and the world a favor.

But she was definitely a prize. You see, I like to feel out my victims, to make sure my assignments are warranted. And this one took the cake — she was the laziest, stupidest, saddest excuse for a human being that I'd ever come across, and

believe me, I've seen some big winners. For some reason, a lot of them come from Isla Vista ...

Penelope (not her real name) lived on Picasso Road, not far from a great deal of fast food joints that make up the center of the ghetto that is I.V. But that didn't stop her from consuming a steady stream of delivered breakfasts, lunches, and dinners, and that's not including the in-between meals. She had in-between-meal meals, late night snacks, and late-late night snacks. The hole she called home was

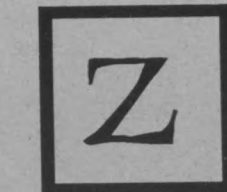
Wake up on couch. No need to turn on TV, it's already on. Smoke dope. Order Domino's. Sell weed out mail slot in door (She's got to make money somehow!) Couch again ...

stacked to the ceiling with pizza boxes, styrofoam cups, sandwich wrappers — she never cleaned. Her roommates inhabited this

pile of filth and the kitchen cabinet, and they used their six legs to scuttle and hide whenever she turned on a light. Penelope's bedroom was her couch. In front of it was a big-screen TV. Three different remotes occupied the "coffee table," actually hundreds of microwave popcorn bag bricks stuck together with Cheez Whiz mortar A putrescent and lethal odor filled the air.

I staked her movements for one day from an apartment across the street. They were the following: Wake up on couch. No need to turn on TV, it's already on. Smoke dope. Order Domino's. Sell weed out mail slot in door (She's got to make money somehow!). Couch again. Bathroom (uses Coke can). Smoke dope again. Order Sam's. Brush roommate off leg. More weed selling. Bathroom (uses part of coffee table to store it). Sleep. Order Déja Vu. Check fungus growth on body. Sleep.

It was a pleasure to end her life. I get my kicks out of doing it sneaky-like. The easy part was getting



into her place — she slept so much, she probably wouldn't have noticed if a bulldozer came through and cleaned her house. The hard part was getting over the stench, a redolent medley of garbage, excrement, and bong water. Expedience now being a necessity, I quickly took action, spreading the bait I had brought over her obese, comatose body. I returned to my stakeout apartment to watch the fun.

Within minutes, the cockroaches were crawling over her in swarms, eating the rancid meat and her. She didn't notice until they were at least a half inch into her skin. Penelope's drug-induced slumber then ended abruptly, and for the first time in years, she moved fast. Knocking over boxes and garbage, squishing insects under her bare feet, and bellowing like someone being eaten alive by roommates, she exited her apartment, only to die horribly of exhaustion in the middle of the street.

Beware, lazy Isla Vistans, or you too will rest in peace!



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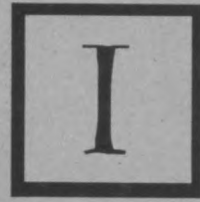
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PRIDE



I did it because it had to be done. He wasn't worthy of living, and he thought he was. His subtle pompousness required stifling, and I was the only who could do it.

We'd been rivals for years, or at least he thought he could rival me. While we were on the college track team, he would always brag about how talented the track team was - when in reality everyone knew I was the driving force behind our victories, and to give the team any credit was a personal insult. I don't take insults well.

Then, he followed me to New York, where my talents for business and people skills propelled my name to the top firms of Wall Street within a year. When he came out to work as a public school teacher in a rundown neighborhood, he kept calling me and telling people I was his friend. How could he think himself an associate of mine, working in the slums as I conquered the big city?

Then came the war. Still possessing a virile, spry

frame and strong bones, I volunteered for the Special Marine Corps, among the first to enter enemy lines when the invasion was executed. When I was wounded, he came to haunt me like a foul ghoul, serving as a medic in the ambulance that brought me back to the base. He spent the entire drive holding my bloody hand and spewing rhetoric about how "together our nation's people will be victorious." Was my pulpy face not evidence enough that it was I who was winning this war? I almost didn't pull through because of those careless words.

After months in intensive care, I was able to return home with minimal disfiguring injuries. I moved out to Isla Vista, and when my business affairs after the war became prosperous, I decided to enter the world of politics, as my illustrious background almost dictated. After becoming a city councilman, he wandered back into my life. He came to my office and asked if I would consider supporting a bill that helped impoverished orphans, since my reputation was so pristine.

Imagine the nerve! Not only was this horrid man mocking me throughout my whole life, now he wanted to use my accomplishments towards his own selfish political agenda! Enough was enough!

I did it using utmost caution and found his disposal to be quite satisfying; in fact, I'm quite impressed with my ingenious methods. Noe I can continue to succeed without his pesky nattering. I've done a favor for society, but don't worry - you needn't thank me.

Was my pulpy face not evidence enough that it was I who was winning this war? I almost didn't pull through because of those careless words.



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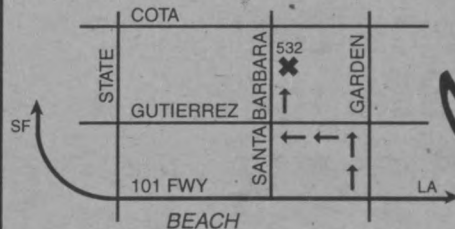
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LUST



"No, no, it's okay if you record this. I maintain my complete innocence - it was an accident, see? What? You want me to start from the beginning? Sure. Whatever. Wait - how far back? Like, the beginning beginning? Alright. I guess I could start from the moment we laid eyes on each other ...

"I could tell by the way she moved my baby was a talented one. I could tell by the way my baby carried herself she was built, and likes it that way. I could tell by her breath and by her electric skin who my baby's happy to see. I could tell by that tongue down my throat just how happy happy could be ...

"It was one of those instant-psychic-humping-mammal connections, one of those burn-your-mouth-on-the-Pop-Tart-cuz-you-just-can't-wait liaisons. You know what I'm talking about ...

"It had to happen. She was a steamroller on fresh asphalt paving her way to the promised land, and I was an ant in her sugar bowl. She was my Godzilla, and I, her Tokyo.

"Resistance was like driving a tricycle down the train tracks, like throwing powdered magnesium on a grease fire. Man, when she dropped those luv torpedoes in my Coral Sea, I was the friggin' U.S.S. Lexington.

"Even from halfway across the Pudding Pit, I

could tell it was gonna happen. That look said it all. Well - that and the speed with which she doffed her underthings. Whe-ew. Man, oh man ..."

(Long pause in the recording ...)

"Huh? Oh yeah. My story. Where was I? Did I get to the part about the aardvark and the rat pheromones yet? What about the part where she straddled the ... hey, man really could use a cigarette. You got a cigarette?"

(The listener thought that sounded like a good idea, too, lit up, then started fast-forwarding to the good part.)

"... piled in the jacuzzi to play my second favorite game, 'Helpless Albacore Tied Up in Luv's Long Driftnet.' I was gonna play the Tiger Shark! That's when all the

bouncing made the girders give out. Damn Isla Vista construction! That's when the balcony fell. The tide was in and the surf was rough. I dunno. I guess she must have ..."

(Oops. Too far. Rewind)

"... twenty warm avocados! I'm not kidding! So I figured now that I had her all buttered up, it was time to take her back to the harem ..."

Bingo. The listener grinned with delight, planning to eventually share the tape with one or two or possibly up to two dozen "friends" at a future rendezvous. But not just yet. No, not just yet.

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COOL DAY!
 =
HOT SOUPS

Silver Greens
 YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE
 BY LINDA C. BLACK

To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19)—Today is an 8—For the next month or so, it'll be easier than usual for you to learn. You're always inquisitive, but now you'll be voracious. You could run into problems, though. What you're learning conflicts with what you already knew. Actually, there's a way to compromise. Keep looking.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 7—You're entering one of the few times all year you feel like wasting money. Why does this happen? Well, maybe it's just to get you to lighten up a bit. Sometimes you can be pretty closed-fisted with your pennies. Celebrate this season by buying yourself something frivolous.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 7—It looks like the problem you're up against has to do with your home or family. Getting it handled will make your life a lot easier. Just one more push, one more difficult part, and then ... voila! You'll break through to the other side!

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 6—You're always sensitive, but now you're downright awesome. It'll be easy for you to figure out what's bothering a neighbor, for example. Point out the obvious in a gentle way. Your input will be greatly appreciated.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 9—if you work for somebody else, mention that it's about time for your annual review. If you are a freelancer, send out bills and make phone calls. You may have been putting this off because you didn't want the confrontation. But today, you might be pleasantly surprised.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 7—Conditions are rather unsettled. You might even stir things up, if nothing interesting is happening. Today should be absolutely fascinating, if somewhat confusing. Hold on to your agenda, and have a great time while you're at it!

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 7—You're starting to think about traveling. Have you got plans for the weekend? If not, make a few phone calls this afternoon. Money will still be tight, so don't plan anything expensive. Do figure out a way to get a change of scene, however. A friend would love to see you.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is a 7—You could make quite a bit of money in the coming phase, as your attention focuses on other people's wealth—and creative new ways to make it your own. You're good at negotiations, so don't worry. This could turn out to be a great day, though a little nerve-racking at times.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 7—You're being pushed to succeed. That could be due to the fact that there's something you want for your home. It's almost like the baby needs new shoes, so you have to get the money together. That's OK. This is beneficial, not only for the baby, but also for you.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is a 7—New orders or assignments are coming in, but there could still be brief moments of ecstasy available. Don't leave it all to chance. Trust your intuition, too. That's going to be a valuable source of information, especially where romance is concerned.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is an 8—It's a good time to buy gifts. Most people don't think of a new couch as a present, but you and your sweetheart might, if you've been wanting it for a long time. If you don't have a sweetheart, then go get a gift for yourself.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is a 7—Change things around at home. You might even want to move to a different city or change roommates or get a dog—something that disrupts the status quo. If you haven't already figured out how you'd like your life to look, do that first.

Today's Birthday (May 20). You're steady as a rock this year, and compassionate, too. You can do a lot of good for those who've lost hope. Align with the right group in May and become a leader by June. Study in July but stay home in August. A child needs your support in September, and somebody else needs your money in December. You'll gain status by passing a test in February, and love by providing stability in March. Learn from an older woman's experience in April, and avoid a potentially difficult situation.

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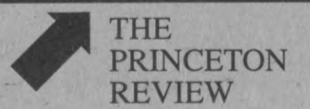
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GREED

"Hey man, you hear anything?"

The game of dominoes was interrupted; beers and bongos were stashed behind opaque objects in defense.

"Naw, man, 's only the wind."

"Hey, yo, there's someone out there."

"No, seriously, there's someone out there stealing your bike, Potter! Fuck him up, man! Yeah!"

Dissent rose in the ranks. "No way! He's stealing that one bike with the u-lock around the handlebars! That bike's a piece of shit ... it's been around Isla Vista forever."

Potter jumped to his feet. "Yeah, but it's my piece of shit since I stole it from this guy's house on Pardall. That greedy bastard'll pay for this outrage."

The gathering proceeded at high speed toward the would-be thief, who was fumbling to sit astride his falsely-acquired steed.

"Hey, that's my bike!" Potter yelled.

"Sorry, dude!" The disheveled street urchin started pedaling away faster and faster. But Potter had God on his side.

"Hell no, you're no pulling this shit today, pal." In a few short strides, he had overtaken the felon and thrown the bike aside. The thief looked to run, but the crowded Del Playa street was full of partiers. Anonymity was his, but ... would the crowd help or hinder his escape?

Without saying so much as see-ya-later, the punk took off through the crowd. Weaving and moving past FT regiments and wastoids, he searched for an alleyway to Sabado that would throw his pursuer off his scent.

Someone yelled, "Fight!"

Potter and his cronies took off after the guy. The cronies were just there for the fun and the drama. Few things amused them more than blood, and they were screaming bloody murder at this scoundrel.

Finally, the hunted one ran into a full-on block party. Thousands of UCSB's finest flooded the streets, in front of the local favorite house with a DJ. The crowd became too dense to be navigable. The thief tried to look nonchalant, to slip into the crowd and avoid justice.

To his surprise and horror, he got popped right upside the head! Potter glared at him.

"Why you wanna steal my bike, punk? Why you messing wit' my emotions?"

"What bike? I didn't steal no bike?"
 "Don't give me no lip, boy. My pals here saw the whole thing. You're a dead man."
 "Where's the bike then, if I stole it, huh? Where's your proof ... call the cops, asshole. I'll tell 'em you're just real drunk."
 "We're *all* real drunk, pal."



"What bike? I didn't steal no bike?"

"Don't give me no lip, boy. My pals here saw the whole thing. You're a dead man."

"Where's the bike then, if I stole it, huh? Where's your proof ... call the cops, asshole. I'll tell 'em you're just real drunk."

"We're *all* real drunk, pal."

The crowd surrounded the two, and was liquored into a frenzy. That chanted, "Fight!" and no Foot Patrol was about. Potter could see that the boy was not giving it up. Potter would have to take matters into his own hands.

The crowd cheered as Potter thrust his chest in his opponent's face.

"Hey sucker, you want to get hurt or something?"

A thought lingered on the thief's mind, then passed. He swung and connected with Potter's nose. Blood gushed everywhere, staining the crowd's party clothes, auto paint jobs, and making the road real slick. Making Potter's face real red, too.

"Oh, that's it farmboy. You don't know how shit is done with my homies, the Chachos. Once I get my hands on you, boy, you're going down. Say your prayers, son."

He grabbed the kid and threw him into the custom grill of a Honda Accord. The boy tried to stand, but Potter kicked him in the head.

Two of Potter's friends pulled him away, ripping his shirt. Blood was still flowing freely from his nose, but he didn't care any more. He started hocking up big fat loogies of blood and spitting them on his rival.

His rival tried to get up, but then Potter's friend Kelly came out of nowhere and rolled him into a little ball and pushed him back between the cars.

The hoodlum got up and sprinted toward the alleyway. But he had gone the wrong way. Nobody blocked his path, and the cops hadn't shown up yet. Potter tore himself loose from his restrainers and raced after him. The thief had run towards the oceanside houses, not toward Sabado, as he had intended.

The alleyway he dodged into shared space with a property that was hanging off the edge of the cliff. There was no way out.

If only, if only the thief could jump over the fence to the neighboring property, he could delay his pursuers.

Potter was getting closer. The thief jumped. Then the tide washed his body out to sea.



Yes Indeedie!

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NOT SINS

runny noses running mascara cross country runners old-school country music hall marys
 hall mary touchdown passes mad libs rechargeable batteries hairnets on food workers skate-
 boarding (not a crime, either) baby bibs killing your television putting bumper stickers on other
 people's cars waxing on, waxing off chilling out movie hopping bar hopping skipping rope
 liking the Grateful Dead being a Bobby fan doing stealth laundry in your next-door neighbors'
 machines whistling while you work sliding into first base writing "Hey Ory" without a bona fide
 sexual issue passing things to copy lighting my fire masquerading as the caped crusader
 replacing your old folks' teeth with more economical stainless steel (remember braces?) dropping
 a conversation, as long as you start it phoning home watching the grass grow high laminating
 your homemade fake I.D. with your high school newspaper facilities yawning in public underwa-
 ter damp dusting pureeing all your meals into an easy-to-drink foamy liquid hating "road rage"
 hating those stupid Calvin-taking-a-pliss car decals hanging toilet paper the wrong way mailing
 magazine subscriptions to random addresses forging Monopoly money burning bras roasting
 marshmallows taking the fifth giving a damn if it's worth your time buying fuel efficient cars
 upholstering your footlocker with astroturf sending postcards home to Boston instead of letters
 sharing your stash donating to charity spelling and pronouncing your native language correct-
 ly bustin' loose not caring about Microsoft (also Seinfeld, also Lakers) talky an manny no sen-
 sel splitting a spillff with some friends on the cliff making up words smelling the roses smelling
 like a rose winning trophies nudity playing with lassoes twiddling your thumbs splitting
 counting to one hundred thousand million billion silently to yourself Danny Safety surfing the
 earth letting your fingers do the walking joining the merry men of Sherwood Forest

Proceed as Planned


THE BIRTHDAY BOX...

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Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Happy B'day now
that you're
22!
Love,
YBF



dis HO
over
the
hill?
NO
WAY!

TODAY...
Pookey,
Lets Celebrate
-4 months, 2 days
1hr!
Happy
anniversa
SNOOKS



JAE-
Hope you feel
better. We all
miss you!
Get Well Soon
So we can
boogie!
LOVE-THE OFFICE