

Proof I Need Stronger Medication

Back by irrational demand.

Volume four, issue four.

Greetings Readers. I hope this proof finds you like The Terminator finds Sarah Connors. Or short that, that you have most of your original limbs still attached, though if something bad did happen, that would be quite bad, I do say. I had a winter break. It was decent, or as decent as Duluth gets in winter.

Two big pieces of news in the Klaus Report: first, I passed my calc 2 class. Somehow, I got an A-. which means that I either guessed lucky, or they got the bribe. Or both.

Oh yes, and then we got to the whole three-person structure of greater confusion. Well, it has settled itself. Which is expected, as it had been an entire week. I'm fine, thanks for asking. The outcome was also expected, and if you have no clue what I'm talking about, ask around. Its all out there. I honestly don't care.

Okay, I need money. I'm not going to lie. I owe my parents quite a bit. And I have no job. This is my job. It's like a tip: if you like this issue, a little recognition is good. It's only fair to cover the costs of all the smack that goes into one issue.

I now present a series of mistakes that have been made in the history of the proof, in an event to both provide the entirety of the truth, and to cover my ass. Damn Lawyers. Well, here goes:

-Rashade Coleman did not fail every class. He did get a mix of D's, and a few C's. However, he would have been ineligible to play. -ignorance is not bliss. Idiots are actually less happy than they ought be. -Bob Dylan's song was incorrectly spelled in the last issue: it is actually "blowin' in the wind" and he is a god, so how dare you mock him. -Iraq did have WMDs. -No it didn't. -Shut up. -No, you shut up! -Make me, you pansy. Oh that's right, who has the guns? -Badfinger does not rock. -The ford excursion is not the most polluting: that honor goes to this truck Dodge makes. Or if you want to be correct, the international CXT 7300. -my website still looks like the Geocities template. -not being selfish does pay off -slinky is a registered trademark of itself, not Hasbro or Mattel. -whether or not Ted Kennedy wears underwear is not of concern to me. -stop being so self-depreciatory, darn it. Its mostly your own fault. Why not smile?

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Random Thoughts: gravy on your porkpie hat

I like that phrase "I don't trust him as far as I can throw him". I mean, you can always trust small, lightweight people. and if they try to turn on you, you can just throw them.

Its really difficult to write a good love limerick. When you get down to it, you're professing love to "there once was a man from Nantucket"

At Blake, I saw the people who work at the fine restaurant Manny's Steakhouse order domino's Pizza. Delicious irony, no?

I think I may be on AIM too much. I was getting up from the table and had to stop myself from typing BRB into my soup.

My wish isn't Peace on earth. It's all the assholes on the moon.

New airplane restrictions allow people to carry nail trimmers and eyeglass screwdrivers, which were previously not allowed because it was thought possible that people could, um, make a bomb out of fingernails and small screws. Now they just suspended Macgyver's passport.

The camera doesn't add 15 pounds. I took a photo of my wallet, and I'm still just as poor as I was before.

Comedy clubs have open mike night. Do strip clubs have open pole night?

What I really want to see is a murder mystery where the crime is solved at page three. I'm really interested in what happened after the police left: did they keep partying?

One other thing: every British murder contains 1 character that's the relative of some sort of earl or duke or something. I guess only rich people kill. Or else the title doesn't mean anything.

In order to prevent people from stealing these thoughts, I write down 1 or 2 words that jog my memory. It reads like the most fucked up shopping list ever. Windex, flies,

Walgreens sign saying "we have sudoku wonder bread. 1.99" That'd make for some really puzzling toast.

Tetris was the original WMD: weapon of mass distraction. I think we can solve terrorism with sudoku. Drop like 50 books in a village.

Let's see Al-Qaeda plan something while they're trying to find the 6.

Museums feature nude sculpture, as it is art. But why do they force you to wear clothes in the museum? Its not like they hide the nudes.

Someone tried to sue David Letterman, alleging that he psychically harassed her with marriage proposals. I'm thinking of suing

Angelina Jolie for bombarding me with images of her gyrating torso.

I think my neighbor may give her four year old son pot brownies, but it's hard to prove. He is unusually quiet for his age, but he probably loves ho-hos as much regardless.

I loved winter and taking long walks. Then my dandruff cleared up.

I think instead of tasers, cops should carry spring-loaded punching bags. Lets be honest, I challenge you to look down the barrel of a loaded fist, and keep a straight face. Then everyone would have a good laugh at how absurd crime is, and feel better about themselves. And let me tell you, those things don't look like they hurt, but they do.

Nodal... yeah, you get the idea.

Rarely has the question been asked, "Klaus, how do you become popular?" not because there's any grammar errors involved, but because people assume that I'm not popular. Okay, they're right, but that doesn't mean I don't know how one can acquire social status. I just don't want to have to give up my ethics/wardrobe. I like myself (and polarfleece) too much for that.

Ok. Here's the condensed 'how to become popular in 30 days or less' lecture: you need to be three things: assertive, helpful, and on the good side of a lot of people. You can only do 2 of those things successfully at any given time without losing your soul. Most important, in a way, is the assertiveness one, because people assume that you either give a shit, or that you know what the hell's going on. But if you're reading this, that may not be entirely true for you anyways. My advice is to fake it: they are too. Nobody actually knows what's going on, and if they get it, they don't care because it really doesn't matter.

Okay, here's what the nodes thing means. It's another paradigm for popularity: being linked to a lot of people. Because when you think of it, the traditional pyramid structure fails in two respects: the number of truly popular people is not that much smaller than the truly unpopular, and moving up a rung does not place you in line with the same people always. Its not like 1 group rules over everybody. High school is a democracy dammit! Where you get to elect the dictator of your choice.

To be popular, you gots to get a lot of connections. That's what it's all about: connections. And you got to keep most, if not all of them: there are very few links that you can sever without repercussion. Or at the very least, without percussion. (ba dum kish). Aside from that, you network, you schmooze, you tell people what they want to hear. You become an ass kisser, or if you have poor depth perception, a brown-noser.

If you're asking "is that it?" then you should know that of course, that's NEVER it; I have to fit these things on a single page. I cut a lot of the boring parts (read: facts) to make it fit. And you wonder why I get sued so often. Ok, remember to be on the good side of people, you have to be helpful. Or, more precisely, you have to fake it. Do things for people. If you can't do that, get other people to help you: its what makes the world go round. Of course, to maintain standing, you've got to take credit where it isn't due, and some other lying to one group, but not another, and all that other petty dramatics that make up high school. Its all just a lie.

Well, if I'm so smart, then why am I not popular? Wardrobe aside, it kind of makes you more aloof than I want to be. Besides, anyone can be an asshole, but not everyone's cut out to be a nice person. It's probably a bit more work with slower dividends. Not being selfish, or even being less selfish, isn't as easy as a crack ho. Not that I would know. But in the end, it's the only thing that not only pays off, but also leaves you with that warm fuzzy feeling.

Like polarfleece for the soul. My soul is thusly rendered uncool.

As Seen on TV

Well, its time for another segment of real-life adventures with Klaus. Or at least as real as things get around me: I swear, it gets more and more surreal by the minute. Why, I've believed as many as three impossible things before I finish my history tests. So when I heard that I was going to be interviewed by none other than Kirsten Stinar of KSTP channel 5 Eyewitness News, my first thought was something like 'im gonna be on tv, I'm gonna be on tv. Hot damn!' Here's what happened.

After the email, I danced around like a spastic 8 year old. Which is how I dance, ok? I can dance if I want to, I can leave my friends behind. Because if you don't something, you're no friends of mine. I then calmed down enough to explain to my parents that 1. I was going to be on tv and 2. I'm not on drugs, that's just how I dance.

Ok, here's the point in the essay that I point out that I was going to be on TV as a 'dumpster diving expert'. My degree in hobonomics is paying off. And they said that it wouldn't be a wise career move. I called and emailed and smoke-signaled good friend Zach, to tell him about the show, and encourage him to get a slice of the television pie. He caved in eventually and the trash duo was re-born.

Now, at about this time, I was busy focusing on not looking like an idiot on local television. I did my research, looked for my haul, and briefly danced a little jig. I had it narrowed down to my golf clubs and Jimi Hendrix record. I mean, much as floor vents are cool, they're.... Wait WHAT? Floor vents aren't cool. Even if they *are* covered in lead paint.

The day arrived like a mail order bride: coming from the east, cold and unusually manly. I had to pick Zach up from his performing arts school, which as I learned, is not the hippie school. Arriving at the station, we signed in at the desk, which was headed by a woman who clearly thought that Kirsten Stinar was losing it for doing the segment. We got little badges that said that we had reason to be there, and weren't terrorists. And in the event that we were terrorists, they'd have to take those little badges back. Because society needs rules like that.

The interview was uninteresting. Questions were of the sort where we covered the basics, but my degree work into advanced trash theory wasn't going to ever come up. Oh, and one of the workers decided to throw out a swivel chair. Needless to say, we were all up on that one like a drunk frat boy at a headshop. Zach has it now. I thought it was too convenient.

We ended up going on a dumpster diving expedition. It was as minimally invasive as possible, for much as Kirsten Stinar likes to be fashionable, those boots of hers had as much heat retention as wrapping your feet in newspaper. Or maybe she just likes complaining.

The haul was dismal: chair aside, Zach got some girl boots, and I got a festive container and a caribou coffee moose. Its probably good we didn't find anything expensive, or else we'd have to put up with lots of new divers looking for new finds. And then I'd have to find a new hobby.

Dance comes to mind.

War (HUH!) God's good y'all.

Well, with every blogger east of everywhere weighing in on the whole 'war on christmas' lie, I figured that I might as well join in too. I mean, hey, even if I may not be the most well known pundit, at least I'll have the best application of the word 'fuck' in my opinion.

I love the phrase 'war on Christmas': it sounds like we're firebombing manglers or something. (Which would give a whole new meaning to the term 'Bloody Mary') Now, we all know there is no truth to the statement; it's about as much a war as it is a banana. People are protesting the changing of Merry Christmas to happy holidays, because inclusion disperses the true meaning of Christmas, which is... ah... buying shit and putting up a tree. But it's a Christmas tree, dag nabbit.

Now if I were a lesser pundit, I would be saying that the religious right could suck my cock. I'm not going to say that, Ultimately, it is their decision. I am going to say that maybe they're getting a bit testy about it all: do they really need to claim domain over all Douglas fir, balsam or white pines erected after thanksgiving but up before new years? Maybe I just hunt trees and I want to display my best catches in my living room. Does that automatically make it a Christmas tree? No way, Fernando. (José's sick) So what if I want to call it a holiday tree, or a seven point tree or Phillip: it is my choice, after all.

And I don't think it's all that bad to say "happy holidays" to people. It is a lot nicer than saying fuck you. And isn't that what his time of year's all about? Everybody's got their own little holiday, and they're all saying 'a pox on you for not celebrating MY holiday' to each other. Watch: Merry Christmas (may He smite you, heathen, lest ye not believe the same thing as me). Actually, sir for me, it's Happy Hannukah (oy vey. Somebody please slap this jerk). Oh, I'm sorry, Rabbi. I should have known better. Silly me. Happy Hannukah. (heathen). Thank you. Merry Christmas. (Ass)

See? Saying happy holidays makes you not look like an ass. Even though you very well may be an ass, it's not always a good idea to flaunt it. The license plate "IMN 455" was a bit of overkill. As was the subscription to "smug Bastards incorporated", which I believe is also known as "Minneapolis/Saint Paul Monthly"

So what are we to do? Well, bloggers have suggested things varying from 'kill them all' to 'suck me off' to 'praise the Lord and suck me off'. This is because blog pundits are all sexually frustrated men with no chance of getting anything vaguely resembling action. At least, not with anybody else. I'd recommend we do the exact opposite of what they suggest: namely, we don't do a damn thing. In fact, not listening to bloggers could solve all the worlds problems. I mean, the religious right can do whatever the hell they please, because let's face it: it IS rather amusing to watch Pat Robertson's neck veins do that thing they do when he starts yelling. In any event, there isn't too much they can do that WON'T be funny. They're about as threatening as that rainbow afro wig john 3:16 guy. (Ask your parents)

The War on Bloggers however, is a whole 'nother banana.