Santa Cruz Selects Perfect Site for Food Not Bombs’ Charity

By Vera Way

“I don’t see what the fuss is all about,” stated Santa Cruz Chief of Police Andy Mills in response to the sea of internet memes making fun of his selection of a big mud puddle as the perfect place to situate the Santa Cruz chapter of Food Not Bombs’ decades-old tradition of feeding the poor. “These folks are pretty sturdy. A lot of them sleep outside so they must be used to getting wet.”

Critics objected that people who are unhoused or who live in cramped, unheated quarters have a high ratio of medical vulnerability but were dismissed by Chief Mills, who pointed out that Food Not Bombs should rise to the occasion and provide a program of water sports.

Oil Storage Needed: Call Out for All Available Swimming Pools, Jam Jars

By Laurie Turn

Economic experts agreed that it is a very good time right now to buy oil.

“They’ll pay you about $30 a barrel just to take it off their hands,” noted one stock market expert watching the markets gyrate wildly. “The main difficulty is where to put all of the oil while you pocket the dough.”

Thousands of coronavirus pandemic-ready volunteers in homemade masks stepped up to help challenged oil industry executives by offering their empty swimming pools, extra Mason jars, old paint cans, and rowboats in a community effort to safely harbor the oil which continues to pump copiously out of the ground.

“I could fill up my chicken coop if it was airtight,” suggested a farmer in a rural county of California watching the pump-

Discrimination Moratorium Rejected by City Council

By Silas S. Golden

Councilmember Cheryl Davila’s effort to address the special burden of discriminatory legislation on the poor during the coronavirus pandemic died for lack of a second at the council meeting April 21st.

“We worked so hard so long on that discriminatory legislation,” explained Councilmember Sophie Hahn. “Hours and hours. Maybe 100 hours.”

“It was brutal,” echoed others on the council. “We have no plans to use it anyway unless we decide to use it, so no moratorium is necessary.”

How to Safely Give A Haircut From Six Feet Away

By Tim R. S. N. Tenuous

Step 1. Tell your customers to grow their hair really, really long.
Step 2. Invite them to your shop when the shelter in place order is over.
Step 3. Have them stand outside while they put their hair through an open door or window.
Step 4. Wear a mask and gloves.
Step 5. Cut their hair while making small talk so they are not nervous.
Step 6. Make their next appointment in approximately another year or two when their hair is long enough to safely cut again.

Suggested Slogan for the City of Berkeley

“Give me labradoodles or give me death...”
LENNA DEETER knows the answers to everything forwards and backwards.

Dear Lena, remember when we were all afraid of killer bees? It all seems kind of quaint considering the pandemic. What happened about the killer bees?

Dear reader, experts agree that killer bees miss the big press they used to get, and are reorganizing their public relations departments uncertain they should launch their new campaign during an election year compromised by a pandemic. I recommend their website, which is very informative.

Dear Lena, is it safe to play music?

Dear reader, it never was.

Dear Lena, I don’t see why I can’t play golf because I rarely get anywhere near the idiots I play with.

Dear reader, please do play golf and mingle with others of your kind.

Dear Lena, I was up all night worrying about whether or not this virus will ever go away and whether I can ever have a dinner party again or my kids can have a birthday party with other kids or maybe just a pinata?

Dear reader, go to bed.

Dear Lena, I don’t want to wear a mask. The only one I have looks terrible. And what is the point of lipstick?

Dear reader, you’re probably right. You will look better dead.

Dear Lena, so what is your favorite sanitizer cocktail.

Dear reader, I drink motor oil.

Dear Lena, when will it all be over?

Dear reader, I used to wonder, but according to the song it’s all over now.

Ask Lena about obligate molecular parasites and how to update your contact tracing at cdenney@igc.org.

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Off-leash Dog Pandemic Eludes Authorities, Defies Common Sense

By Audrey Sponses

“The dogs are cooperative,” commented one county health official about the strange behavior of dog owners who refuse to leash their dogs despite city and county orders during the pandemic. “The dogs are always happy to comply.”

“The dog owners, or guardians, have a sizeable ratio of people who see leashes as some kind of dog bondage,” stated a researcher from a local think tank exploring the off-leash dog vector issue making local parks unsafe to use. “It seems to be a mix of Tea Party and libertarian thinking.”

Dogs themselves, indeed, appear to have no particular issue with being on a leash.

“We’re kind of happy most of the time,” stated one local terrier. “We don’t muse a lot about life and we don’t think that much about leashes.”

“We love just being out here with the wind and the leaves and stuff,” barked a poodle wearing a cunning sweater. “It’s a highlight of my day smelling a freshly adorned urn of urine-soaked bench.”

The dogs insist they are not organized against the county’s the city’s or the East Bay Regional Parks’ clear guidelines.

“We’re kind of stuck with what our people do,” confided a small yorkie. “Our job is pretty much to go along for the ride. It’s a dog’s life, you know.”

* * * *

How to Give a Tattoo

From Six Feet Away

By Tom Furdiner

1. “Borrow” the darts from your neighborhood bar’s dart board, preferably darts from several bars’ dart boards for faster tattoos.
2. Drain lots of ink from stray pens that have fallen behind the sofa and put in a large bucket.
3. Spray yourself or your tattoo recipient with Purell.
4. Launch the darts at your tattoo target area in either a guided design or a merry salute to abstract art.
5. Enjoy either the desired or the unexpected effect!

* * * *

ORGANIZERS OF THE OFF-LEASH DOG PANDEMIC, especially the stout women with plates reading 6RVJ406, claim their dogs’ freedom is more important than the health.

PST’s Favorite Coronavirus Myths

* but what if they’re true?

By Stacy Cure

1. Coronavirus is an early 1980’s punk band.

2. Coronavirus is a drink made with tomato juice, vodka, and motor oil.

3. The coronavirus was accidentally created by Girl Scouts trying out a recipe for homemade marshmallows.

4. Coronavirus will undo anything put together with superglue.

5. The virus is spread through the internet by the widespread abuse of cliche’s.

6. The virus, if survived, runs the risk of damaging your lungs but also improving your diction.

7. References to coronavirus were first found in Mesopotamia in relation to Nergal, the god of plague and war.

8. Coronavirus spontaneously generates out of perversity where libertarians and Tea Party confederates congregate together to insist that the virus is a hoax.

9. The coronavirus is capable of infecting your memories unless regularly sanitized.

10. Coronavirus will make you smarter but only after you are already dead.

* * * *
God Gives Special Seats in Heaven to People Who Died Going to Church on Easter

“It was the least I could do,” said God about giving special front-row seats in heaven to the large group of Christians who died of coronavirus after they went to First Baptist Church in Sutherland Springs, Texas, despite Centers for Disease Control (CDC) guidance on avoiding gatherings of more than 10 people in early April due to the probability of coronavirus contagion. “They apparently died for me and you know, there’s a kind of a thing about all that where I come from.”

Critics objected that the least God could do is bring them all back to life since in God’s neck of the woods that’s apparently what’s in the contract, but God pointed out that the contract was written in very loose language and the special seats reserved for the coronavirus infected group were really nice ones in a special wing. “We don’t want anyone else infected,” explained the Almighty.

Religious experts sparred about whether or not God should have just spoken to the Pastor of First Baptist Church about postponing in-person church services for a bit, but God dismissed the option. “It’s the funniest thing,” said God. “I talk all day, I show them signs, I send them warnings from the CDC. But people do whatever they want.” God pointed out that Pomeroy was kind of a headstrong dude and may have been influenced by the publicity showered by news crews on religious groups determined to carry on with in-person services despite the risks. “I don’t remember planning it this way,” said God. “But it sure helps cull the herd.”

* * * * *

GOD STOPPED BEING amazed long ago by the idiotic things people do in his name.

* * * * *

Trump Advises Drinking, Injecting Disinfectants

GIVE IT A TRY! AFTER ALL, what have you got to live for or lose?

Sanitizer Cocktails

By the Oval Office Cocktail Division

Ingredients

- 6 ounces vodka
- 3 ounces pure pomegranate juice
- 1 1/2 cans motor oil
- 1 1/2 ounces fresh lime juice
- 1 cup bleach

Instructions

Combine vodka, pomegranate juice, and motor oil in a large shaker with ice. Shake vigorously for five to ten seconds. Add lime juice and bleach. Pour into two martini glasses. Add twists and serve immediately.

* * * * *

We Can’t Draw Comics

by Franz Toast
Coronavirus Deniers Club

By Sheldon Peeled

“We don’t have a lot of members,” acknowledged Glen Kohler, one of the organizers of the new Coronavirus Deniers Club trying to hand out fliers to frightened, masked social-distance-keepers moving quickly away on a local sidewalk. “But just as soon as I can find somebody to publish my opinion piece I think we’ll sell a lot of my ‘Coronavirus Is A Hoax’ t-shirts.”

Kohler’s group claims that hospitals are empty and nobody really has the disease upending the world, pointing out that he personally doesn’t know anybody who has it or who has died.

“What more proof do you need?” he sniffed. “This is just a conspiracy against our civil liberties.”

Kohler’s neighbors, edging safely away, acknowledged that there remain unknowns about the virus since it’s new, but were trying to maintain a distance without insulting him. “It’s not easy,” stated one neighbor. “He thinks John Prine is faking it.”

Next Issue: Drinking Bleach with celebrities!

I Want My Present Now

by Juan Nathan Undergod

Social distancing getting stressful?

Not at all.

I hate people and I have nothing to say.

Sounds like it’s all working out.

I know! Finally!

Pepper Spray Times is made possible by the natural comedy inherent in the local political landscape and all its inhabitants, best exemplified by (see below)... Want to help distribute? Contact us for copies.

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During a crisis brought on by war, the changing climate, or a deadly virus, industry magnates perk up, salivating at the banquet of opportunity.
On April 3, 2020, while the COVID-19 pandemic raged nation-wide, the State of California approved 24 new fracking permits.