

THE DCI MONITOR

The Monthly Newsletter for Dude Corp., Inc. and Subsidiaries Worldwide

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Chiachfeld and Crew Hit Another Gusher in Sudan

by Susan Chalmers

It was a sweaty day in the fields for Alloicious Q. Chiachfeld and his band of petroleum seeking merrymakers. They had just erected a giant drill bit to penetrate deep into the Sudanese earth as the African sun was setting. "We'll punch this hole tomorrow. My boys need a break." Said Chiachfeld. As the DCI workers left, the Sudanese Army made their way in for the night to protect the field from local tribesman who claim it's the sacred burial ground of their forefathers.

I asked Chiachfeld about the military presence on the oilfield and if their work was perhaps in opposition to the popular sentiments of the Sudanese people. "Hell no. Wherever you go it's always the same. People gotta playerhate. You see, in the States, if you got bling bling, sip Chrissy, bed hoes, and roll on 24's, niggas be up in your shit, saying you sell the crack rock or pimp your baby's mother's sister. They can't see that I'm diggin oil wells and hittin big time black gold. It's the same in

of west Texas, sweating out any remaining moisture from his body. He would then begin hallucinating and look for a trio of Mexican choirboys. Their strict Wagnerian harmonies would trigger Chiachfeld's bowels to release the full charm of its load and put him into deep sleep. His crew would come in a day later, look for the buzzards circling Chiachfeld's sunburnt body and strike it big.

The Sudan Project is the latest in a series of DCI ventures in Africa. Others include the Beer for Water project in Ethiopia, AK's Are OK project in Cote D'Ivoire and UN Supervised Elections in Angola.

The crew seemed to be in good spirits as they drove on out to base camp. High fives abounded, cigars were lit up and a pony keg of High Life silently appeared. The guys started to get a little randy, poking my breasts and grabbing my ass as if they hadn't seen a woman in months. Then again, oil is oil and boys will be boys.

Sudan. They think cause I'm tight with the State Department and Halliburton that I can't get mine by mine own. I'm money as hell. They're just jealous because the bitches love Chiachfeld and Chiachfeld loves oil." He explains

Chiachfeld's reputation in the oil business is legendary. One of the earliest stories comes from his days in Houston as a landman. Commonly referred to as "Hunter," Chiachfeld would insert a jalapeno into his rectum and jog for miles in the badlands

"The labor is cheap, the crude plentiful and the women loose. Sudan rules." - Jack Thompson

CEO CHAT ROOM



Dr. Billeam J. Steubine

Corporate Ethics, Public Disclosure and Workers' Rights: Scourge of an Era

Andrew Carnegie once told me that striking workers were no better than communist thieves who cheat on their wives and hate God. I didn't fully understand this until years later when lying in bed with Ayn Rand. Perhaps it was the way she pulled out each hair one-by-one from my withered, pasty chest or how she pronounced "fornicate" as others would say "balance sheet." Whatever it was, she made me think of Carnegie. I saw him first, sexually, then, as a grown man dressed as a little girl. His smiling visage emitted a radiance of dappled sunshine so overwhelming that the cries of the picketing machinists soon faded into oblivion.



P/N: 98475

Dude Corp Unleashes New Products

by Shelly Jensen

The Tickle Me Elmo doll sat quietly atop the tree as the morning dew collected on his fuzzy orange fur. The birds chirped softly, welcoming us to their zen retreat. I wondered to myself, "If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one to hear it, *OH FUCK! Jesus, FUCK?!*"

Dude Corp. weapons specialist, Trent Smith had just pumped five rounds of ammo straight past my head and right

into little Elmo, tearing him apart like a modern day Sodomite. I howled with joy for the show of technical bravado and marksmanship.

Tucked away in the Swiss Alps, lies Chalet Dude, a mountain top research facility for the design and testing of the world's most powerful civilian weaponry. As one wanders through the compound of gingerbread-like houses, one can see dark

men in lab coats scurrying about, talking passionately about the science of arms and drinking coffee from Pyrex beakers. The atmosphere is collegial, but the brain trust means business.

Twenty five of the world's most brilliant gun engineers have played midwife to a weapon of holy distinction, the P/N: 98475. It shoots bullets, spits fire and scares the crap out of anyone stupid enough to look it in the eye. Never leave it alone with you wife and don't let your daughter date it.

The P/N: 98475 will hit the shelves just in time for deer season and is expected to sell upwards of 120,000 units in the first two months. Thousands have been pre-ordered by civilian militias and neighborhood gun clubs across the country as well as a few Marxist groups in South America. There will be a lot of happy campers in Chiapas come Cinco de Mayo.

The first 500 buyers will receive complimentary shooting goggles and a free copy of *Girls Gone Wild Cancun*. You can't go wrong with the F'k'P/N.



Sable Endangered: DCI Profits Rise!

Pableo de Fountainebleau has scored yet another coup for the DCI fashion house. Long the *bete noir* of the Paris runways, Pableo first came to notoriety for his handcrafted evening dresses made from

fine Aleutian sealskin. He shot straight to the top of PETA's ten most wanted list and became a permanent fixture on the international cocktail scene.

While hobnobbing with the prominent and well disposed, he forged a close friendship with exiled Russian oligarch Boris Berezovsky, who happened to have a monopoly on the sable industry in Siberia. Berezovsky was desperately trying to resuscitate the industry and knew that Pableo was perhaps the only designer capable of redefining "endangered chic" and making sable a hot item once again.

The resulting joint venture backed by DCI and Berezovsky has made sable the most popular skin of the season and put it back on the endangered list. Supply and demand continues to drive the price through the roof and bring \$miles to Dude Corp., Inc.

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH



RAJ PURNAMI

Raj is a shipping manager in DCI's Bangalore office where he oversees a staff of 5 and handles robot snakes. He's a hemophiliac and loves Italian shoes.

CALENDER
OF
EVENTS

January

- 03- Birthday Party
- 09- Nat' Diamond Day
- 15- End 1st Fiscal QT
- 23- Court Judgement
- 26- Steubine Turns 35
- 29- Ski Weekend

February

- 01- NRA Week
- 05- Diamond Conference
- 11- Sexual Healing
- 17- Hot Rod Show
- 22- Pay Day
- 27- Miami Boat Races
- 28- Chiachfeld's Home

March

- 04- Gun Show
- 06- SEC Investigation
- 12- African Art Auction
- 16- March Madness
- 21- Company Picnic
- 23- JaiLai Tournament
- 26- Flu Shots



MIAMI OFFICE EMPLOYS NEWER TECHNOLOGY FOR A FASTER SMUGGLE

by Ted Hogan

Sonny Crockett is a man on a mission. After serving 20 successful years as detective on the Miami Police force, he is now part of the DCI family. He brings to the table an intimate knowledge of smuggling and a kickass pastel wardrobe. As an insider on the right side of the law, Sonny developed an impeccable list of contacts prominent in the narcotic business community.

Already securing an annual budget of \$12 million, the Miami office has purchased a helicopter, cigarette boat, submarine, '59 Impala, donkey painted like a zebra, and Nepalese sherpa who fits easily into a suitcase.

The Miami office was created in response to a growing 12-18 year old narco-demographic. "The government did a study on the acceptability of drugs and found that many more kids would use them if they were easier to procure. I said to myself, damnit Crockett,

this is the opportunity of a lifetime to finally make a difference. I look at my own children and they'll take smack, coke, ludes, reds, whatever the can wrap their little hands around. It just made sense to go with DCI." relates Crockett

He will be working in tandem with Jorge

Luis Rosario, son of infamous drug-kingpin Jose "Hey that's a big fucking mustache" Rosario.

Jorge attended The Andover School and then Harvard for his undergraduate studies. In '97 he earned his JD from Yale Law School and has worked the past five years at Pinkus and Whitehead, LLP in



Washington, DC.

DCI welcomes them into the fold and hopes that success will breed success. We also hope that they move a shitload of powder. Vaia con dios, puchachos.

YAKUZA CRIME BOSS WAGES GANGLAND WAR AGAINST DCI PACHINKO PARLORS IN TOKYO

by Cindy Johnson



Dude Corp., Inc.'s cozy relationship with the Tokyo Yakuza ended on Friday in a flurry of gunfire which left nine Japanese tourists wounded and thirteen Hello Kitty pachinko machines in flames. There are whispers about a power struggle between local warlord Yakamuri Shinto and his teenage son, Todd. Sources say that Todd, who is addicted to American underwear, really hates his dad.



Back Page Opinion

“DIAMONDS DON'T FUND BLOODY AFRICAN CIVIL WARS, MONEY DOES.” by Ira Levin, DCI Diamontaire, Amsterdam



Now I'm not one to make masturbatory overtures to the altruism of my work, but I will say that I feel damn good when the day is done. Mr. Fluffers feels good, too. He's my puppy and he loves diamonds. We don't believe we're saving the world by selling diamonds whose origins can be traced to a one-armed, glue sniffing Congolese bandit, but then again, we're not really hurting anybody. Are we?

Napoleon wore effete uniforms and smothered himself in cheap perfume. He also tried to conquer Europe. Oh, and he

married his cousin, I think. My point is that there is something called the Balance of Power that allows you to do certain things like ride a dirt bike through your parent's living room and feel absolutely no shame in doing it.

“Diamonds are forever but conflicts seem to come and go. Longterm profitability is in everyone's interest.”

I apply these principles to my professional life by listening closely, keeping a clean desk and dating

DCI interns in two week intervals. Fair is fair, and that's not necessarily communist. One must govern the soul as one governs the mind; with a diamond in one hand and a sword in the other. Otherwise, we might as well sell a box of happiness.



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