

Madman Days by unknown

Note: This article and the hacks were originally supposed to be featured on badhacks.net. However, due to unknown reasons, the owners of badhacks.net have not yet uploaded these items. As a result, they will be uploaded onto Zophar's Domain instead. -1/29/09

If you watch badhacks.net closely you may have noticed that at some point in time, the n00d Raider Gold hack and any mention of n00d Raider was wiped off of the site. This was due to legal problems. One might ask, "What kind of legal problems? Did the original makers of the game find out that you reverse engineered their code and throw a hissy fit?"

It is actually something much more frivolous and absurd than that.

For legal purposes, fictional names for people, places, and institutions will be used for describing this incident.

Disclaimer:

1. Any comments made in this article are from the author and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Dimi Glivver, Jomb, the owners of badhacks.net, or whatever website this article winds up on.
2. The concepts expressed in this article are protected by the basic human right to freedom of speech, as guaranteed by the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, reaffirmed by the U. S. Supreme Court as applying to Internet content on June 26, 1997.

Prologue: All the Vile, Disgusting Aspects of Humanity, IN ONE CONVENIENT PLACE!

This incident takes place in “Pacific City”. Pacific City is known for having high crime and is considered to be one of the most depressing cities in the state. As strange as it may sound, it can be described as a “ghetto-redneckville.” On one extreme you find the ghetto gangsters, thugs, and drug dealers. On the other extreme you find rightwing white racists and extremist Christian fundamentalists. It is just like how Obi-Wan Kenobi describes Mos Eisley: “You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy. We must be cautious.”

Pacific City is so dangerous, that before this incident occurred, a transvestite couple next door got into a domestic dispute, and one of them tried to set the entire block on fire. Luckily the apartment complex I was living in at the time was gated and they couldn’t get in. The police had to shoot one of them to take them down. Afterwards, some other people moved in and it sounded like there was even more trouble brewing. I could hear yelling, cussing, and people threatening to kill each other. My landlady had to call the police on them a few times.

Within Pacific City is a major university called “University of Pencey”. University of Pencey is a very expensive private university, and it is very difficult to get accepted there. You would think that because of this, the people at University of Pencey would be classy and civilized. The sad truth is—University of Pencey is virtually a giant 24/7 adult daycare center for rich spoiled brats.

This is where my story begins.

Chapter 1: The Springtime of Youth, and other Faggy Romanticist Clichés

During my first year I lived in a dormitory dominated by typical alpha-male-jock-frat-boy types. These guys would make noise all night by playing loud music, wrestling in the hallways, and shooting people with pellet guns. Of course they were also doing drugs, underage drinking, and all sorts of **illegal** stuff. Why is the word “illegal” in boldface? Well, it will be a keyword later on in this story.

These frat boys would frame me for pulling a fire alarm, throw food at my door, sneer and shoot their pellet guns at me whenever I walked down the halls, and enter my room whenever I left the door unlocked.

Finally, I had enough and contacted the University of Pencey Housing Office about all this. The most this Housing Office ever did was “talk” to them. No police officers showed up and no one was ever forced to leave in the middle of the semester. I suppose that the authority in this school thinks that being “talked to” is a frat boy’s greatest fear and will set them straight.

Well, despite these boys receiving a hard talking to, they kept doing what they were doing all the way until the end of the school year—even on finals week. During finals I got very little to no sleep. I wound up failing my finals (and thus my classes) due to lack of sleep, and my GPA dropped so low there was no way I could transfer to another university. Of course, there was also the option of transferring to a community college, but that is a one-way ticket to a dead end job.

The next year I returned to University of Pencey, and this time I lived next door to a white supremacist. This guy was completely obnoxious and even turned my roommate against me. Unfortunately, this guy also had a lot of connections in University of Pencey because he just happened to be the guy who would put on the school mascot costume during sports games. He had connections in the school’s internal “Judicial Affairs Committee” and enough friends that would kiss his ass and lie for him. I’ve even seen him call an Asian guy a “chink” and then punch him in the stomach afterwards, and him and his buddies would pressure the Asian guy into forgiving him a few minutes later.

No one else had the testicular fortitude to stand up to him. There was this one black guy who would always complain about him being racist, and that he wanted to “get that bastard!” In the end the black guy would kiss up to the Neo-Nazi so that he would fit in with the Neo-Nazi’s circle of friends. A black man who kisses up to a white supremacist? Now that’s what I call a double nigger!

Years passed by and the white supremacist graduated as valedictorian, and the double nigger graduated and became a lab teacher’s assistant. This should give you a general idea of the type of virtuous, honorable, open-minded people who rise up the academic ranks here at University of Pencey.

And there is also this school dormitory, which I shall call “West South”. Every time you walk by this dorm it always smells like pot. If you go into the nearby engineering building to do some homework, you can still smell the pot fumes coming from West South. Even if you live off-

campus on the street adjacent to West South, you would still not be able to get any sleep at night because of all the rowdy noise. Why is this particular dormitory worth mentioning? Well, some serious drama crap is going to go down near West South.

So living in a crime-ridden city while attending a school that allows students to act like wild animals, I usually equip myself with 2 pepper sprays and a taser for self-defense. I match the stereotypical description of the scrawny-glasses-wearing-nerd with an ectomorph body type. In addition, I have a serious medical condition that makes me physically weak. So if I am in a bad situation, I can't exactly defend myself by throwing kung-fu kicks like Jean-Claude Van Damme in Timecop. Being physically weak, I depend on these items for self-defense. I didn't think it would cause any controversy since you can buy them without any background check.

I attended University of Pencey for a few years and took a year off. When I returned, I decided to live in an off campus apartment near the school so I wouldn't have a repeat of this "*academic campus experience*" that I've mentioned. This apartment was just a bit across the street from West South.

When I made this decision, the University of Pencey Housing Office was not pleased. A bimbo with a stick up her ass ran the Housing Office, and kept insisting that I signed a contract to live on campus. Then she started threatening to send the school's lawyers and attorneys after me.

Yeah, that's right. The only time they start throwing the book at people and using the arm of the law is when they have to protect revenue.

I had to dig through some financial records to prove to them that I am incapable of paying for two apartments (the one on campus and the one off campus). I am living off of student loans for fucksake! They finally broke the contract, but I was forced to pay an \$800 contract termination fee.

Chapter 2: Sentimental Graffiti (No, not the hentai game.)

So at this point, I am pretty fucking pissed off at this school. To add to this pissed-offedness, the school raised tuition to build a new “University Center”. The new University Center was a combined bar and cafeteria, and would replace the old cafeteria. This new place served food that was either identical or inferior to the old cafeteria food, but more expensive. On countless occasions I’ve had to stuff my mouth with paper towels during a meal so I can run to the nearest bathroom (or garbage bin) and vomit. Cause nothing says “good morning” like eggs mixed in with a substance that is somewhere between cheese and rotting milk. Oh, and there are big screen Samsung HDTVs in every fucking corner. Apparently, the faggot who designed the place thought that it was necessary for people to see a big expensive HDTV everywhere they look in order buy food and eat.

The school also took the money from the raised tuition fees and spent thousands of dollars buying virtual land to recreate a scale replica of the campus in Second Life Safari. Yes, *that* Second Life Safari. A game played by furfags who enact their weird yiff fantasies in a virtual environment.

Since I would be finishing my final year, I thought I should take some revenge on the school before I leave. This school took so much away from me, emotionally and financially. I had no intention of doing anything drastic or violent and becoming an hero. I just wanted to do something small.

I noticed that there is a lot of graffiti on the bathroom stall walls. Some of the graffiti says “[insert name of fraternity] RULES” and “[insert name of another fraternity] ARE FAGGOTS”. I even saw one where it was a giant tongue giving cunnilingus to a naked woman. Then there is even some rightwing Christian graffiti on the walls bashing non-Christians and atheists and quoting Bible verses. This stuff is usually written in pen or carved into the walls.

I decided to put a satirical twist to my anger and join in on this mess. Instead of promoting/bashing a fraternity or a religion, I would simply write the URL of the fabulous n00d Raider hack since I was kinda sorta involved in it.

I would write this down on the bathroom stall wall in the biology department:

badhacks.net/n00draider

No one cleaned it up. No one called the cops. No one gave a damn. And why should they? I was not being violent towards anyone. It is just writing on a bathroom wall. It can be removed with some Windex ®.

And life went on as usual.

I would write this down on the bathroom stall wall in the chemistry department:

badhacks.net/n00draider

No one cleaned it up. No one called the cops. No one gave a damn. And why should they? I was not being violent towards anyone. It is just writing on a bathroom wall. It can be removed with some Windex ®.

And life went on as usual.

And I would write this down on the bathroom stall wall in the engineering department:

badhacks.net/n00draider

No one cleaned it up. No one called the cops. No one gave a damn. And why should they? I was not being violent towards anyone. It is just writing on a bathroom wall. It can be removed with some Windex ®.

And life went on as usual.

I was doing this for so long to the point where it became a habit. Whenever I used the john, I would write down this URL on the stall wall since the school (warning: pun) pisses me off.

Remember that new University Center I mentioned before? I would eat their overpriced food (since there was no other cafeteria on campus anymore) and use their bathrooms after. One evening after eating dinner, I went to the bathroom only to find that one of the stalls I was going to use didn't even have a lock. I guess the people who made the place think that having a big screen HDTV in every corner is more important than having locks on the stall door for when someone is taking a shit.

I used the next stall over and was writing the n00d Raider URL on the wall when it sounded like someone heavy rushed in and used that stall next to me. I assumed that it was just another student who was probably some big frat boy.

This guy was taking a massive shit and you can definitely hear it (and smell it). Since he was going #2, I assumed that he would be in there for a while and I could leave without him seeing me. So I finished writing on the wall and did my business. When I opened the stall door—immediately after—the door in the stall next to me swung open and the guy left the stall. It turns out he wasn't some big frat boy student after all, but an old fat redneck janitor. I was not expecting a janitor to be in the building after 5 pm, since they usually clean up in the morning.

While walking to the sink I noticed in the mirror that the guy was scrutinizing me. I didn't make any eye contact, washed my hands, and left.

I began walking back to my apartment, and got as far as the street between the apartment building and West South. There was a police car parked next to West South, but I didn't pay attention to it.

I tried to cross the street but no one would slow down (people in Pacific City aren't exactly the friendliest people in the world). I stood in the street just a little bit away from the sidewalk waiting for someone to let me through, when I heard the police officer in the police car behind me yell over his speaker phone "HEY YOU OVER THERE!!! GET OVER HERE!!!"

I thought the nice police officer was just going to tell me to not stand in the middle of the street like that. Boy, was I wrong.

Chapter 3: Drama Crap Hits the Fan

Because I have the utmost respect for a person in uniform, I obediently complied with the officer's command to "GET OVER HERE!!!"

There were two police officers in that car: one in the driver's seat and one in the passenger's seat. For ease of retelling this event, I will call the officer in the driver's seat "Pig A" and the officer in the passenger's seat "Pig B".

Pig A had summoned me and made me hand over my driver's license and student ID. He then said, "I'm going to step out of the vehicle. Put your hands behind your head, I gotta search you for any dangerous materials. Do you have anything on you that I should know about?"

I said, "Just some pepper spray and a taser." While he was searching me, he found the pepper sprays and taser and put them on the top of the police car. While my hands were forced behind my head, I asked Pig B who had gotten out of the passenger's seat "What's going on?!? Do I look like a drug dealer?!?"

Pig B replied, "We received a report of someone matching your physical description marking graffiti on walls."

When he said that I thought he meant gang members putting up their gang signs on the sides of buildings or something. I said, "No."

He then said, "Are you sure? You can't lie to us."

I then remembered my little habit of marking down the n00d Raider URL on bathroom walls and began to suspect that was what he meant. I asked, "Can you describe the graffiti?"

He said, "We received reports of someone marking up graffiti on the bathroom walls in the new University Center. Do you know anything about that?"

I thought to myself about this situation. They already have my student ID number and a witness to place me at the scene. If I said no, they can always ask one of my professors for one of my handwritten homework assignments, do a handwriting analysis, and find out I did it. After all, at this point someone out there is really *that* concerned about a bathroom wall if they went as far as calling the police. I wouldn't be surprised if they went as far as requesting a handwriting analysis. That, coupled with the witness account, I would eventually be arrested later in my apartment for both the graffiti *and* lying to a police officer (which can be charged as "obstructing a police officer").

I could plead the Fifth, but since they can prove that I did it anyway, it would just be a waste of time and money, going to court and paying legal fees and all.

In an attempt minimize damage, I admitted that "Sometimes I write down a video game website on bathroom walls."

Pig B tells me the following; the graffiti counts as vandalism, can be charged as a felony, and I could go to a state penitentiary.

Then Pig A explained to me this little technicality; if I had just written down the URL on a piece of paper and taped it to the wall, it would not have been vandalism, but since I actually wrote it on the wall it counts as vandalism.

In other words, if you write on a bathroom wall, you will go to jail. Um, I guess that's fair and reasonable punishment for harmless writing on a bathroom wall? I don't know.

Before I know it, there is an entire **convoy** of police cars behind me.

They put my pepper sprays and taser into a plastic evidence bag as if I murdered someone. Then Pig B tells me that I am only allowed to carry 1 can of pepper spray, not 2. He also tells me that although tasers are legal, they are not allowed on any campus. Then he says, "So you're carrying weapons into bathroom stalls and marking up graffiti?"

I replied, "The two are completely unrelated!"

He then holds up the plastic evidence bag with my pepper sprays and taser and says, "Pal, if I didn't know any better, I'd say it looks like you're ready to take someone down!"

I pleaded to the ~~pigsty~~ police convoy behind me, "This all one big misunderstanding! I am not part of any gang!"

Pig B replied, "Even though you are carrying weapons into bathroom stalls and marking up graffiti?"

They kept asking me if I was out to hurt anyone. I kept telling them the truth: that I wasn't and that I kept those items purely for self-defense. If I was out to hurt someone, I'd be carrying handguns and a shotgun, not pepper sprays and a taser.

But they wouldn't listen to me.

Then Pig B told me that "carrying weapons into bathroom stalls and marking graffiti" was "suspicious" and I was detained in the back of that police car while they finished their investigation.

When they finally let me out, they told me that University of Pencey's internal Judicial Affairs Committee would handle the vandalism.

As for the weapons, Pig B (if you haven't realized this by now, he's a mean little piggy) says, "I gotta send this to the DA. You're not gonna get this back, you hear? This is suspicious." And I was told that the District Attorney would handle the weapons charge.

At this point I realized that the authorities were just trying to screw me over in every possible way like an anime schoolgirl.

Afterwards, they told me that the school could either expel me, or press charges for vandalism and have me sent to a state penitentiary.

I got to my apartment, called some friends and family, and then e-mailed Dimi Glivver to remove n00d Raider Gold and all mention of n00d Raider from the site. If the Judicial Affairs Committee or the police found the n00d Raider hacks, they would take it the wrong way, think I was some sort of sexual deviant, and use it against me. Dimi Glivver really saved my ass when he did this—because as it turned out, eventually they **would** use this against me.

Chapter 4: University of Pissy

The next day I spoke to a professor about this and they told me “This isn’t a big deal, but the school is going to make it a big deal because it cost money to clean up.”

After visiting this professor, I went to the Judicial Affairs office and spoke with someone regarding what would happen to me. I offered to help clean up the mess and pay any damages, but the angry response I got was “The new University Center is a multi-million dollar facility! What were you thinking?!? You are not getting out of this!”

I’m pretty sure that the biology, chemistry, and engineering buildings cost a pretty penny as well, but the cops didn’t show up those times. Apparently, they are not as vital to the academic function of a university as a shiny new bar/cafeteria.

Then they said something along the lines of “We want to make sure that the people who graduate from University of Pencey are responsible and functional members of society. We don’t want people graduating from University of Pencey and going out into the world defacing property. That is not the image we want for a University of Pencey student.”

Huh? Really?

University of Pencey is well known for being a wild party school. If you are a prospective student and take the campus tour, the tour guides will put a lot of emphasis on the fraternity and sorority houses and their history, and not spend as much time on the academic side of University of Pencey. Actually, have you ever seen the movie *Dead Man on Campus*? University of Pencey is **exactly** like that. But perhaps University of Pencey is such a high and mighty institution that they can redefine what “responsible and functional members of society” means if they want to.

Almost two weeks later it was time for my trial in front of the Judicial Affairs Committee. Instead of being charged for just vandalism like the police officer had said, I was also being charged with “carrying firearms and/or objects resembling firearms”, “display of firearms and/or objects resembling firearms”, and “engaging in felonious activity.”

Yup, I knew it. They were trying to screw me over in every possible way, like a young Haley Joel Osment locked alone in a room with Michael Jackson.

When they asked me why I was writing on bathroom walls, I gave them a plea that I have anger management problems. This really isn’t deceitful or dishonest, considering how I get fucking pissed whenever I remember the crap I endure while attending this school.

Then one of them asked, “These weapons, tell me about these weapons. *What are they for?*”

I told them that I carried these “weapons” because I lived in a rowdy dorm during my first year and the people there were wild and unpredictable, and now I live off campus where there are some incidents (the ones I mentioned before).

Then they started interrogating me about badhacks.net.

One of the board members said, “Physical plant has reported that they have been cleaning up this web address off of the UC bathroom walls for about a month. What is this website? What is this badhacks.net?”

I replied, “It’s a video game joke website.”

Then one of the board members countered my statement, saying they visited badhacks.net and claimed that it is a pornographic website.

Do not adjust your monitor and do not bother rereading the sentence above because it is not a typo. According to these people, badhacks.net—a video game parody website dealing with potty humor, gay jokes, and Wilford Brimley—is actually a bona fide **pornographic website**.

I must really be out of the loop when it comes to current porn trends, because I had no idea that naked Mario hacks are considered primo masturbatory material.

The interrogation continued.

“Do you own badhacks.net?”

“No.”

“Do you have a web page on badhacks.net?”

“No.”

“Do any of your friends own badhacks.net?”

“No.”

The trial eventually ended and they would not tell me my punishment until the next day. The wait was an experience that was nerve racking as Hell.

Chapter 5: Bathroom Walls. Serious Business.

The following day at 12:30 P. M., I was given the letter describing my punishment. The board members claimed I did not have any reason to be carrying what they call “multiple weapons”, despite the fact that I told them why. Then they kept inferring that what I call a “joke” website is actually a porn site, quoting this from the original home page:

“This site solely caters for crass mutilations that nobody else wants to deal with. 8-bit nudity and foul language for everyone!”

Furthermore, the letter went on to state that the board members were “disturbed” that I did not show any “remorse” for my actions. I would feel great pangs of remorse if I ran over a puppy or a small child, but supposedly writing on a bathroom wall is just as evil, so I am a monster for not realizing that.

I was banned from campus “effective immediately” that day, and can only return if I go to a psychiatrist who can prove to the school that I am not a threat. Because nothing screams school shooting like non-lethal self-defense equipment and video game comedy hacks.

I was only allowed to return to campus temporarily to speak to professors, talk to people in the financial and registrar offices, and sell back books. Even then, I was required to call the nearby police station to let them know when I was coming back onto campus to avoid legal entanglements.

A few days later I visited the police sergeant (who was a very nice guy, I might add) in that police station and asked him if the District Attorney was going to have me thrown in jail for the weapons charge. He looked at the police report and reassured me, “This is no big deal. Don’t worry.” Of course, since he is a police officer he told me “not to do it again”.

8 days later the police sergeant calls back and tells me that the DA decided not to file charges this time, and then warned me to “behave” from now on.

During my trips back to campus, I told any classmates I would come across about what happened and said my goodbyes. Some of the responses I got were:

“There’s all sorts of writing on the bathroom walls in the movie theatre in Downtown Pacific City. Why won’t the Pacific City police arrest someone there?”

“*OH NO!!!* Pepper sprays and a taser! You can seriously inconvenience someone!”

“Wait, they kicked you out of school for *that*?!? Why didn’t you just offer to buy the Windex ® and clean it up yourself?”

Funny thing, I did just that and they wouldn’t consider it. I actually reviewed the list of punishments I would of received, and among them were reparations and community service. But

they decided to just ban me from campus. I was told by one of the board members that this ban was to prevent me from “being around campus property, especially the UC.”

I’ve pondered about why the school took such harsh actions to protect bathroom walls, and now I can understand their point of view. Monty Python said it best; every bathroom wall is sacred and every bathroom wall is good. Unless they were singing about sperm. I don’t remember.

I was forced to move back in with my parents and am a college dropout now. My family life is in shambles because of this, along with financial problems since it will take longer for me to graduate. My life is a living Hell now because some fat fudge-packing redneck janitors decided to throw a hissy fit.

Epilogue: Questionable Things in the World, Like Tom Cruise's Sexuality

Looking back at this incident, it still boggles my mind.

Living in that dorm the first year, there were all sorts of illegal activity that harmed me physically and was invasive of my privacy. Yet the authority in the school did nothing. No cops showed up, and those frat boys were allowed to stay until the end of the semester. However, all I did was write on bathroom walls, and I am apprehended and detained by police (next to the dorm that smells like pot all the time, of all places), and then forced to leave the school mid-semester “effective immediately”. It’s ridiculous that a school values a bathroom wall more than the living conditions on their campus.

On top of that, the school allows students to act like wild animals—in a city that is already crime ridden—but I am **not** allowed to have the means to protect myself. I understand this comes from the school’s need to protect their frat boys (a source of tuition revenue) from a school shooting, but it’s pretty much impossible to pull off a Virginia Tech with pepper sprays and a taser.

Then the school infers that badhacks.net is a pornographic website. This is just a hunch, but somehow I get the feeling that the people who make hacks like Megafag and Dick Tales do it for shits and giggles, not masturbatory purposes.

I know there’s a lot of screwed up stuff on badhacks.net since the site is dedicated to that sort of thing. But keep this in mind: the screwed up stuff on that website **is happening inside of fucking video games, not real life**. The screwed up stuff that happens at University of Pencey happens in **real life**, and the authority there does nothing. But when they see badhacks.net on their precious bathroom wall and the 8-bit depictions of similar screwed up stuff (intended for comedic and parody purposes) then they get serious and act like it’s a big deal.

It’s possible that I’m being unfair by just picking on University of Pencey, because stupid crap like this probably happens in other institutions that advertise “higher education”. But anyone with half a brain should be disturbed when they realize this; these institutions are giving out prestigious degrees to some of the most primal, neanderthalistic, assholeish douche bags out there. When these shaven primates use their degrees to climb up corporate ladders and gain power in the world, I doubt the results will be pretty.

So alpha-male-jock-frat-boy types can do drugs, deal drugs, use drugs to date rape naïve girls, and harass and intimidate those weaker than they are, and the police won’t show up. However, a mostly harmless scrawny nerd writes a video game shock humor website on bathroom walls, and a whole **convoy** of police cars shows up. Even though the University of Pencey has mandated that I see a shrink, I ask: Am I the one here who is crazy? Or has the entire world gone completely mad?