

THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE



VOLUME 1
ISSUE 2
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THE POWER OF EXECUTIVE SCIENCE!

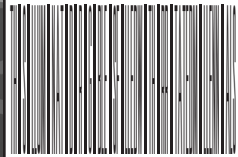
SAUCY CULTURAL CRITICISM!

HIGHLY EVOLVED ART!

PIPING HOT CLASSIFIEDS!

COMICS FOR THE CONNOISEUR!

DIGITAL EDITION



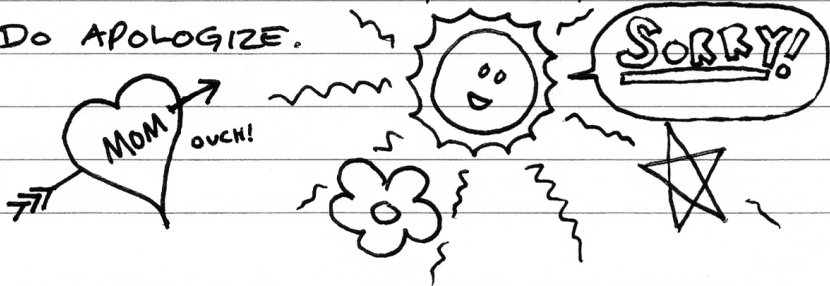
♡ ♡ ♡

DEAR MOMS,
 WE HERE AT THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE
 ARE VERY SORRY AND WE APOLOGIZE
 THAT YOUR SONS HAVE SEEN CONTENT
 WHICH IS INAPPROPRIATE FOR THEIR
 AGE. ☹️ 🌸
 PLEASE DO NOT GROUND THEM AND
 TAKE AWAY THEIR VIDEO GAMES. OUR
 MOMS DID THAT TO US AND NOW WE
 ARE ALL DEGENERATE LOSERS WHO
 ONLY HAVE ONLINE FRIENDS AND A
 WARPED SENSE OF MORALITY. ☹️
 IF YOU REALLY WANT WHAT'S BEST
 FOR YOUR SONS YOU SHOULD BUY THEM
 THE NEW PLAYSTATION 4 PRO AND A
 NICE LUNCH AT ARBY'S. IF OUR MOMS
 HAD DONE THAT FOR US WE WOULD HAVE
 BEEN GOOD BOYS, I GUARANTEE IT. 100%!!



WE'RE SORRY!!

WE TRUST YOU WILL DO WHAT IS BEST
 FOR YOUR SONS AND, AGAIN, WE REALLY
 DO APOLOGIZE.



Look at that, Phil! He can fit his whole body in there!

Wowie, I gotta get myself one of them Killa Grillas™



THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

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Drinking Coffee is a Ritual

BY ZANE BROOKES

Okay, that's it. I've heard enough. Let me just set the record straight: Drinking coffee is a *ritual*, not an addiction. I do not have a physical dependence for caffeine. I drink coffee two, maybe three times a day because it is an important social experience. I know you, with your narrow mind, will not understand the importance of this social ceremony. After all, you live for work and think only of 'success' in terms of money, whereas I, and many of my peers, more so value *experiences*. And one of those cultural experiences I embraced with loving arms was the Ethiopian Coffee Ceremony. This 2-3 hour ceremony changed my life in such a way that I have taken it upon myself to adopt (NOT APPROPRIATE) this ceremony into my own everyday life. But you stingy, pigheaded, bigoted FUCKS don't seem to get it.

If the average Ethiopian can afford to partake in this beautiful daily ritual with a net salary of less than \$8 a day and I can't even afford to live alone in a hip and artistic neighborhood in one of the cultural centers of the world on my paycheck and tips from working at Philz Coffee (let alone drink coffee three to five times a day *even with my employee discount*) that's a problem with the system, don't you think? And NO, the reason I can't afford to pay off my crippling student loans and invest toward a small business or a down payment on a house isn't because I spent four years at university fucking around and don't know how to cook, budget, or cut my own hair. It's NOT because I work as few hours as possible so I can spend my time bouncing around all the gastropubs in town tasting new sour beers and playing Pokémon GO. It's because *your* generation is out of touch with the modern world and refuses to acknowledge that you're keeping us all down with your unrealistic expectations. Eggs don't cost 59 cents at Vons anymore. Get with the times.

I'm tired of you boomers always calling us lazy. So sorry I want to change the world with my anti-capitalist electro-Gregorian chant albums instead of working in a filthy coal energy plant! I'm trying to *change* the world, not *destroy* it. Honestly, this world would be better off if you Baby Boomers would just blow your stupid fucking brains out and let the world finally be rid of your hateful and obstinate opinions and let a younger, more enlightened and loving generation take the wheel. You're living in the past, sucking down Folgers crystals, and organic Fairtrade coffee is the future. Mark my fucking words, grandpa. ☹️

I STARTED MY GRAND PLAN TODAY.



2 tablets of immodium with every meal, from now on. Eating nothing but buffalo chicken and bleu cheese. When I have reached full form, I will finally make the 10 story leap off the top of my apartment building that I keep telling my mom about. Weeks worth of orange muck and bleu slime will spray in all directions. People will be scared. People will be scarred. They'll speak of the Bleu Buffalo Bomb that dropped from the sky that day. My Grand Plan will be complete.

DAD'S CHILI WISDOM CORNER:

Brown the meat! Whatever that means to you, buddy. Browning is a feeling, not a goddamn science experiment. Besides, it's inappropriate for one man to tell another how to brown his meat, and that's some extra Chili Wisdom for you - on the house.



Brian, you think you can fight me.

Seriously. Brian. You think it all the time. I can see you right now, looking out the window, watching the trees and rockwalls go by, turning up to the far away mountains and thinking "I could totally fight Amanda, and win." Oh, Brian. What a foolish little lamb you are. I could fight *you*, Brian. Do you understand? I could fight *you*. And my God, it would be brutal. I would brutalize you, Brian. You would never be the same.

Formerly: Poor, Sweet, Brian

Currently: Mangled, Mashed, Briona

I will beat the boy out of you. I will beat the boy out of you, Brian. I will hit you so hard it splits your personality in two. I'll punch your dick inside you so it makes a little vagina for you Brian. You'd fucking love that.

Come here. COME HERE, BRIAN. You see...you're a little baby lamb who's wandered too far from the herd. And I'm a wolf, Brian. I'm a hungry, hungry wolf. Any time, any place, you name the fuckin' day. I'll rip you to shreds, Brian. Then I'll eat the shreds, one by one. And when I'm full of you, Brian, I will release your soul into the ether with a mighty howl that will bring tears to lovers and widows for a hundred miles. ☹️

Some choice words for Brendan Gleason

FIVE SIX FIVE SIX FIVE SIX, BRENDAN GLEASON I'M TIRED OF YOUR TRICKS. SEVEN EIGHT SEVEN EIGHT SEVEN EIGHT, BRENDAN GLEASON :: YOU FILL ME WITH HATE.
STOP TRYING TO HIDE, I WILL NOT ABIDE, BRENDAN I WILL KILL YOU, BRENDAN YOU WILL DIE.

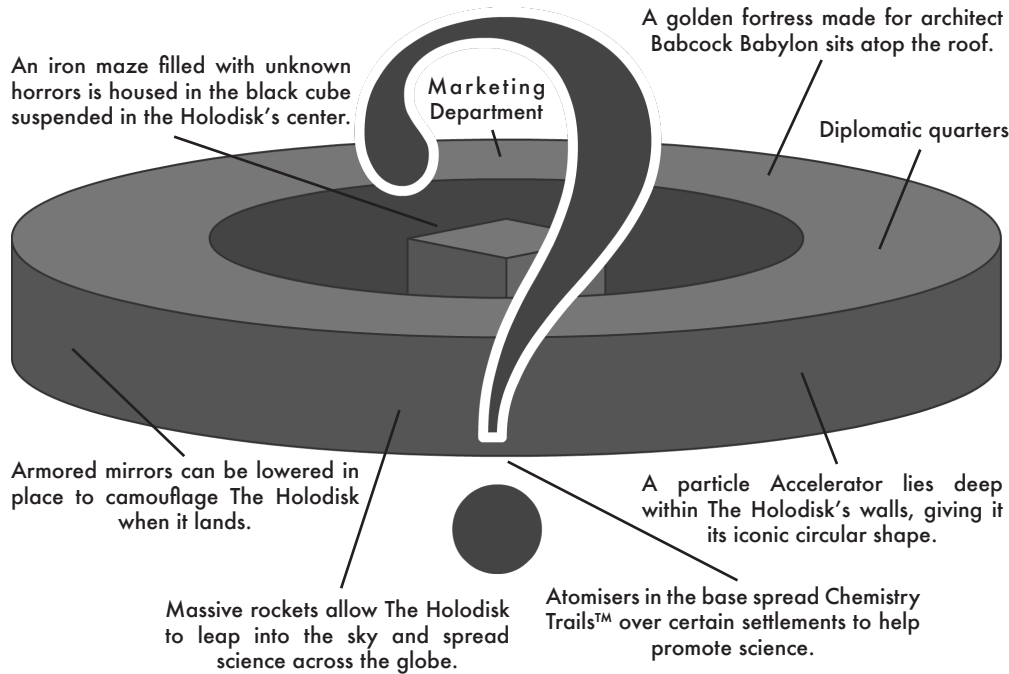
Brendan's small brain, fits in my big brain. We act the same, we talk the same, and we finally do everything together. I play dota now! I call it Dota too!

Life as brendan has of course been hard, I have to try my best to keep up his habits of chain smoking and heroin abuse, but it really is all worth it in the end.

The sad truth that I haven't told you yet, my dear reader, is that brendan is in fact a Sociopath. (Or in popular culture, "psychopath") Which means that, long story short, he's a f***king freak. ☹️

The Holodisk Revealed!

Most non-scientists who gaze upon The Holodisk up close lose their minds, but our anonymous source claims to be familiar with all the nitty gritty details. While we still aren't certain as to what it looks like, here is what we do know about it:



Architect:	Babcock Babylon	Diameter:	At least a mile, maybe two
Cost:	10,000 tons of gold	Weight:	Probably 100,000,000 tons
Purpose:	Science	Interior volume:	Unfathomable

Here comes the Holodisk kids! You all know what to do:

- 1) Get on the lawn!
- 2) Look to the sky!
- 3) INHALE THE FALLING CLOUD WITH THE MONSTROUS GAPING BREATHS WE PRACTICED!

Chemistry Trails™ fill our lungs with SCIENCE and keep our blood RICH with WONDER and CURIOSITY.

WARNING!
 DO NOT APPROACH THE HOLODISK.
 YOU MAY GAZE AND YOU MAY MARVEL - AT A DISTANCE.
 YOU MAY BEHOLD THE MIGHT OF ITS THRUSTERS.
 YOU MAY CONTEMPLATE THE AWESOMENESS OF ITS KNOWLEDGE.
 YOU MAY PRAY FOR ITS CLEANSING RAIN WITH HOPES OF FUTURE GREATNESS
 - BUT -
 DO. NOT. APPROACH.

Executive Business Office Lifestyle Augmentation, LLC

SPONSORED CONTENT!

Are you a desk jockey, maybe a code monkey? Perhaps you're longing to one day step out of your Wal-Mart slacks and hop into the executive lifestyle where red tape is the new velvet rope? If you answered yes, you might qualify for something *executive*.



Hi, my name is Horatio Crazytaxi, and I made it into the Lifestyle™ practically overnight with the Executive Business Office Lifestyle Augmentation, or EBOLA for short! Now think about it, stockbrokers and gladhanders are living a nonstop life of luxury. It's an endless parade of pedicures and botox and jacuzzi rimjobs that keep them in the Executive Elite. I'm talking full big boy massage with a Chinese woman while ordering hard drugs online with cryptocurrency. I mean, what could get better than that? One thing - EBOLA!

With EBOLA, we aim to give your life a total luxury upgrade through intense nanotechnological augmentation! Got a weak face? Get prepared to wake up to a pair of titanium cheekbones once the barb coma wears off! Keep falling asleep at your desk? We'll augment your brain stem to be injected with binaural beats and smooth R&B whenever your heart rate goes over 90BPM! Just sign the liability waivers and let us propel you to bureaucratic stardom!

Here's an anecdote for you: There's average Joe, you might have heard of him, and then you got sub-par Jim. Jim was the kind of kid you'd forget was there in all of those teenage misadventures... he was not necessary to complete the picture. Jim was a disgusting fat suck of a man, he was an alcoholic who slept on a mattress on the floor and watched videos of people dying on the internet. He also happened to be working in an office environment, fetching coffee for the same tycoons and fat cats who snort rails of coke off of his high school sweetheart's rack in the penthouse floor above him.

Inches away from ordering a helium tank off of Amazon, he gave us a ring and explained his pathetic situation, and we assured him that we would see what we can do. Now let's take a look at the present day. Ever hear of Porcus Stercoris Industries Inc? Probably not, because the business is so successful and innovative that the NASDAQ refuses to list it because the stocks are 10 times that of the Dow Jones and the New York Chamber of Commerce has spent millions in character assassination of its existence. Regardless, it's ran by the one and only Jim. After stopping at our offices and getting himself some retinal acupuncture and a manipedi so intense that he filed his fingers down to the gory knuckles, he would go from cubicle lackey to king of the key party in just days!

What are you waiting for, do you work in retail or something? Be at the top of your after-work yoga class! Be at the top of the corporate ladder! Be the next step in the trials of humanity playing God! Call us now and set up an appointment! ☺

私はいじめだ listen up
weeb

BY TYLER JUDD

Alright. Listen up weeb. I'm a very busy guy. You gotta tell me why I should bully Kpop fans instead of you, anime fuckboi. I wanna bully both of you, but I just don't have the time now because of my remedial classes and football practice. I already talked to one of those guys who jerks off to Kpop idols and he made some very compelling arguments.

First of all, and this is a pretty major point, his idols are actual living, breathing human beings. You're gonna have to explain to me why you think your impossibly busty and smooth skinned middle school battleship cartoon girls are better than highly athletic and vocally talented (human) kimchi cuties. That Kpop music might be gay as fuck, but I do respect physical prowess (I'm the star quarterback for the varsity football team, or did you forget that, fucker?). He also said a lot of stuff about tight asses, smooth legs, 'delicious' tummies, and short bleached hair and, to be honest, I got a little bit hard listening to him. So keep all that in mind and choose wisely your response.

You have until Sunday to gather your arguments and convince me how great anime is. I gave Brady (the Kpop guy at school) an extension to next Sunday because he's finding some more videos of his favorite performances to give me, and I'm willing to offer you the same deal. Give me some of your favorite anime girl art and I'll delay the bullying for a week. *And don't give me any of that tentacle/NTR/rape shit! I want pure-hearted vanilla romance, okay?*

I gotta be honest, I just can't believe that you dweeb jerk off to cartoons and singers. You could just fuck one of the sluts on the cheerleading team. All you gotta do is have a nice car and work out a bit. Shit, buddy, with the amount of money you've spent on PVC figurines and Blu-rays you could have bought a sweet car by now and pounded some loose whores. It's easy, I do it all the time! I mean, sure, there's no emotional connection and you feel a little dead inside every time, but surely it's better than flapping your stack to anime or Kpop idols, right? It's gotta be. Everybody's trying to get laid!

But why do I feel so empty inside? Why does it seem that, no matter what I do, no matter how high my social standing climbs, that I can't be happy? Are you happy? You always look happy chatting with your loser friends at your lunch table, drinking chocolate milk and swapping manga. You don't have a care in the world, do you? No expectations, no football practice, no pressure. You just do what you want and no one cares. You just get to live in your merry little world.

Okay needledick, this is my ultimatum: Meet me and Brady at the IHOP on South Mooney Blvd on Sunday at 8:00pm unless you want me to bully you. And you better bring some fucking drawings of anime girls! DVDs or Blu-rays are okay too, we can go to Brady's afterward and watch them there on his 4K TV. Bring a flash drive if you want any of the videos Brady's bringing. *You better not be fucking late!*

I can give you a ride home if you need one. 🚗



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA I AM HERE TO STAY. I AM A BEAST. A FREAK. THEY SAY I DON'T SEE ANY REASON FOR YOU... TO NOT OBEY... TRY TO GET IN FRONT OF ME. BOOT IN MOUTH. AND LICK. YOU MAY ONE MORE TRY AND CLICK! BULLET FIRES ASTRAY -- INTO YOUR BEATING HEART -- AND YOUR LIFE GOES AWAY.
I AM BRENDAN GLEASON. I JUST TOOK OVER.

I've got some advice for you, Brian: Fight Me.

Literally try Brian. Literally try. You cannot. For you literally know, Brian, that if but ONE of your pathetic and so called "muscles" even BEGAN to FLINCH in my direction - I would fully engage into nighttime wolf mode. And I tell you as I warn you, Brian. You would cease to be. You would cease to be - delicate, fragile, Breakable Brian. You remember when we used to call you that? Like a little porcelain doll you were. Creamy, shiny, Breakable Brian.

Before I got all fully engaged Brian, perhaps then I still could've seen you for the little porcelain boy you once were. The little porcelain boy I once shared a quart of chicken lo mein with on a warm rainy night. But I can't... I am a WOLF, BRIAN. And NOW I realize the TRUTH. "BRIAN" IS NOTHING! "BRIAN" IS NOTHING BUT A PSYCHIC MIRAGE THAT CHARACTERIZES A HOT, STILL-BEATING SUNDAY DINNER. THE FRESHEST MEAL THAT EXISTS. A LIVE SACRIFICE THAT WILL ASCEND MY SPIRITUAL CREDIT SCORE 120 POINTS!!!! FIGHT ME BRIAN AND I WILL EAT YOUUUU!!!! 🍴



A Working Man's Toes

BY EMMETT HENDERSON



What's that? You wanna play billiards with us? Heh. Well, no offense, but I don't think you got what it takes. Oh, you think you do? Take off your shoes then. Don't look at me that way, I just gotta check your toes. Yes, your toes. We gotta see if you got a working man's toes, see? We don't play with nobody unless they got a working man's toes. See Terry over there? *Terry! Take off your boots!* He's got a real set of toes right there, just look at 'em. Lost the big left toe in an industrial accident. Put his kid through college, it did. Chuck over there made it big. He invested his oil rig wages in *what was it called again?* Bitcoin? Invested his wages in Bitcoin, whatever that is, and made a real dime. But he

never forgot us, never gave up the Miller Lite, and never stopped working those rigs. His toes are soaked in pitch black crude, they are. So, sorry for me doubting you, but your bleached tips and skinny jeans don't instill me with confidence in your toes, boy. Nor do those gauges in your ears. Look at those! Those floppy holes are so big I could fuck 'em, and my cock is big. *Boys! Tell 'em how big my cock is!* They know how big it is. We're close in this here bar, y'hear? And I've got a real set of working man's toes too. Damn straight! Look here, boy. See this toe? The one that looks like a chipped, yellow tooth? The front end of a cabinet fell on it, fucked up the nail real good. Now it don't grow back properly. I gotta trim the nail back so the flesh underneath don't get swollen while I'm on my feet all day. We all got some working men's toes here. So, sorry kid, but either show us some toes which have seen some action or come back after you've worked a good, hard day in your life. Until then, I'm afraid we must decline your request to play billiards with us. You can join in when your toes are as fucked up and miserable as ours. Hell, if that day comes I'll personally buy you a Miller Lite and put in the quarters for the first game. ☺

Brian, I have a confession to make.

Alright, Brian. It's time for me to come clean. All that talk before...I was just playing tough. But I was playing tough for you, Brian.

You see, I've been thinking about it...and things just aren't the same with Michael. I guess our relationship just isn't what I thought it was going to be, you know? It's like we were just headed in different directions...and when the middle ground we were comfortable in became harder to maintain...Well, Michael... what I'm trying to say is that I don't want fight Michael. At all. Or eat him. I don't care much at all about what Michael does. When I look at him I just become tired thinking of all the time I spent shuffling along, him wandering nearby but never by my side.

When I look at you, Brian, I do not become tired. Quite the opposite. I become filled with a pulsating energy that makes my ears hot and my feet wet. A spark ignites a gasoline trail from the centre of my brain, deep into my inner-plumbing. A hunger awakens in me, Brian. I become stricken with a primal sense of urgency. There is only survive. I must eat. And Brian, you look like like a 5'8, 150lb hunk of prime rib to me. ☺

Brendan gleason; I shalt Find thee. for whom? for mine I Shall RAZE thine!; Clever You may be, but, none of that has shrine on me. Brendan gleason I WILL murder you -- however, it might be to your best interest to STAY AWAY from my teamspeak for the time being. I think that, contrary to all your urges and instincts, what you do is, simply, unfruitful. you will never reach a position of power over a community which has none. cant obtain higher ranks when there's NO hierarchy. brendan whatever you do, wherever you are; remember that i WILL find YOU and YOU WILL die UNDER MY HAND BRENDAN. LEAVE! LEAVE! Do NOT come back Bren -- -- -- Who am I Kidding, Brendan I can't stay like this anymore. I hopelessly and completely Need you. You have been in my life, no, you have been My Life for the last 5 Years and what happened to you -- what that Miserable F*CK "Christopher Watol" Did to you is unforgivable. I need to find you back. As I said, For whom? For thine. For Mine. For you Brendan, i Shalt Raze Watol and Rip Him Apart like He did to you. Limb by limb.

When You come back brendan All the Woes You Thought we had will be over, we can go wherever you want. But Alas i Have not forgotten, as you may have thought; reading my Pathetic Letter, your twisted ways and manipulative tricks... You see, blackmailing, threatening, and even assaulting me won't work anymore. You could try it on some Weak Animal like Chrisopher Watol but now i am Stronger and Braver than you ever thought i Could be. I have obtained higher ranks where there's no hierarchy Brendan. I have reached a position of power you could never dream of... Power over my soul and emotion, power over my willpower and thoughts.

Brendan I might want you here, with me, forever, but do you Want to return home? You might not really want to after all. If you are not brendan and are reading this letter; what do you think? I personally think brendan will have a hard time integrating back into my world but would be worth it in the long run. As you might've guessed, he's a Dreamer this brendan Boy. At only the young age of 16 he is already one of the highest rated Defense of the Ancients 2 (DotA2, as he liked calling it, just "Do - Ta - Two", Barbaric if you ask me.) of our country. Him playing those games inspired me to try it out myself, but, much to my dismay it only turned out to be a disgusting pile of mere Trash. Hot Garbage! (Brendan -- I wouldn't recommend playing it again after your return, despite it still being on that computer of yours I still keep in your room)

Back to the main point of the letter, brendan and I will live together, and die together. This is me. That is My dream. What's that? Brendan isn't coming back? Don't try to be funny. You're not cool. You're not smart. You will not outperform me, you will not outsmart me, You will not.

Ah, Ah, at last the day has come; where I get to write this to Brendan B. Gleason (B. for Brenbren), after 2 years of absence brendan Will be back after reading this letter! I can't begin to describe the joy I'm in! He's coming back! Brendan! Bren! Dan! Bren-Dan Glea-Son is BACK! ☺

OPEN INVITATION: Homosexual orgy at the back of Wilson's Bakery. Mexicans preferred! Contact Danny Slepstrini for time and date. CHip 2-1981

Next Friday morning I swear to god I'm going to go around the entire frat house and shoot every person who uses the bathrooms without closing and locking the doors. I am sick and tired of walking in on half-chub douchebags taking a fat morning shit when I want to brush my teeth. You have been warned; lock the door.

HEXES, CURSES, FRIGHTS AND SCHEMES!

So you got yourself into a jam, eh buddy? Don't worry! We have plenty of NASTY TRICKS disguised as SWEET SURPRISES that you can spring on the unsuspecting DOLT - and you're welcome to each and every one of them...for a price!! Just scratch this text while **whispering diabolii diabolii ravioli until it starts to smell like Mama's Red Sauce.**

Handsome, young salesman. Looking for partner between ages 23-40. Must enjoy skiing, roaring fireplaces, and communal living. All interested applicants, please meet me in the conference room at the back of Denny's (South Hempridge). Presentation will be from 6:00pm-9:30pm.

PROSPECTING - ONE (1) VASE FULL OF JINGLEBELLS
I cannot enter the 8th level of the Kringle Kavern Kingdom without ONE (1) VASE FULL OF JINGLEBELLS, acquired through either might or wit. This is merely to put some feelers out. Send coordinates GAnde 1-1121

Looking for someone to cut off my dick and eat it with me. Willing to pay up to \$600. Call: ROsevelt 7-9925 [do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers]

HELP! A drug addict has stolen my baby and insists on releasing it to the ocean! If you see a man with long, dirty dreads and an infant, please call me! Call: WEstsea 5-2998

Got hold of a hairless AND toothless sea otter and looking for a foster home. When I threw it in the ocean it just REFUSED to swim, so keep that in mind if you're looking to purchase. This young, hairless otter can be your for it's weight in zinc (Zn) or cocaine (C17H21NO4). Call: WEstsea 1-7214

You seriously need to lay off the KitKats or else someone's going to get hurt. I don't need to name any names, you know who you are.

Hello I am looking for a group of DUDES to fight with so that I can improve my brawling ability. This is nothing related to anything sexual, I simply want a group of highly athletic and very physically fit young men to spar with me so that I can FIGHT them and thereby IMPROVE MY FIGHTING. I am a 38 year old man who is very tall and handsome (unrelated) and I am needing to gather experience and new abilities for fighting. If you are in fighting condition then private message me on Facebook on my profile: Anton Hornman. NON SEXUAL!!

Jesus Christ, mom, I swear to god if you close my laptop one more time while I'm watching *Bowling Revolution P*League* I'm going to slit your fucking throat in my sleep. This is the only thing which brings me happiness anymore and I don't think *any* jury in the world would convict me after they hear that you shut the lid on *Ayumi Kobayashi* (the bowler, not the JAV actress).

BABY CHICKS WITH BABY DICKS - NAME YOUR PRICE:

Oh you read that right. I don't know what happened, I don't wanna know. God I hope I never understand what caused this unholy mischief. What were once normal, bright, bouncing baby chicks, are now depressed, lethargic baby chicks - who when they walk across the chicken coop floor, they in tow, drag small baby dicks. And balls. A little human baby ballsack, dragged between their little baby birdie legs. It is very, very disturbing. I showed one to my wife and she hasn't stopped crying. It is not ok. Please take these abominations so I don't have to drown them in my tub.

IT'S ME, JUMOIS - THE VANISHING NANNY: POOF! That's what I do! POOF and I'm gone! I've had this gift since I was very young and I have always been good with children so I figured it was time to pair the two. The little ones love the vanishing, makes them wild. Seriously, they can't get enough of it. They love the POOF, they love the sparkles, they love the way I shout my name JUMOOIIIIIS! Now I know what you're thinking and NO, I will not vanish your kids. Honestly, the vanishing realm...it's freaky. It's full of freaky, full on psychosis, nightmare nonsense, and a child would not be prepared to handle it. Jumois can handle it. He has to. But he knows not to vanish for too long...or else POOF! JUMOOIS VANISH ETERNAL. For services, punch a fist in the air and sing out the name that hides the pain, JUMOOIIIIIS!

GLUTEN FREE PICKUP! - Now I should specify that the pickup itself is not gluten-free, but rather I have an assortment of gluten that is free to come pick up. My kids are on this wacky loopy-doodle diet where they only eat pure™ and whole® foods and have been lecturing me about all of this gluten they're eating. Gluten flour, gluten trail mix, hell I'll give you pure condensed balls of the stuff, just call me up and I'll give ya what I scraped out of the frozen pizza boxes and granola! • HEston 3-6234

FIDGET SINNERS:
Like fidget spinners but worse. Free to a good bad home.

NATIONAL IDENTITY GARAGE SALE

Hello friends, or as I would formerly say: g'day mates. I am an Australian man who has seen the light and converted to Americanism and got my citizenship there recently, and as such I feel I need to remove all former outback mementos. Visit me by my apple pie American garage and please take a look at my Men At Work and AC/DC CDs, I must banish them from my home. Please deprive me of my un-American glutton and buy some fairy bread and Golden Gaytimes from my ginger beer stand. Special guest musical appearance by King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard • Abbot 1-1901

SEEKING TATTOO ARTIST: After befriending many lukewarm Christians in my suburban mom book club and several visits to Hobby Lobby I have decided to get down with the Lord and get a nice bible verse tattoo to boot! I think Leviticus 19:28 would look great on my arm! Will pay up to \$150 an hour depending on experience • DOuay 6-2534

REQUEST FOR BOOKWORMS: I just got with this chick from the Italian Hip-Hop Fellowship club at my university, and she won't stop flappin' her yap about Harry Potter. She keeps telling me to read it or else she's not gonna lemme get down to business. I'm gonna need you to dial my number and spoil it for me. Just tell me every juicy detail, who dies, who gets the big sword, all that shit. As a bonus, you could also spoil Infinite Jest for me because that book report is due next Wednesday. Give me a ring • PErcy 2-5905

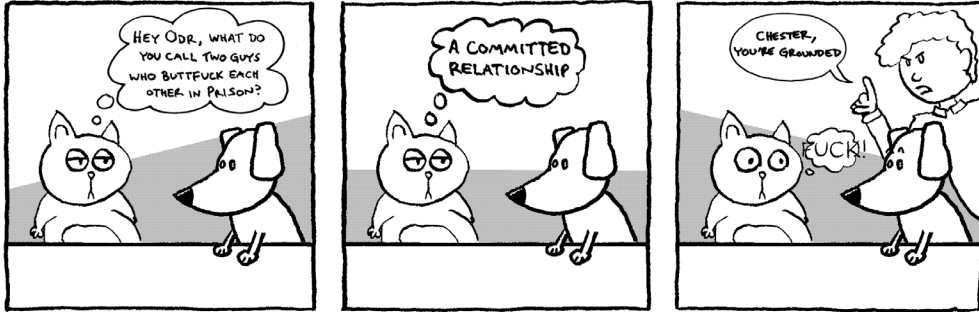
CHEAP CAT MEAT!!!
Call: SAlem 9-0407

rapper tryna spark some new shit - to start, my name is Yung EBT Card, you can find me on soundcloud but you have to add a 001x at the end of card because some fake ass nigga took the url first. anyways, i'm an aspiring rapper in the underground post-progressive technogoth rap scene, and i'm starting to get pretty big. i got at least 11 followers, and i gotta start standing out. all these posers are taking xanax and codiene, well i ain't about that shit. for me, i'm looking to bring jenkem back. if you're out of the loop whitebread, jenkem is that south african shit; where you put feces and piss in a jar and have it sit for a few weeks and inhale it when the time comes. i need a test group of at least 10 to check its potential of taking off. when i make it on the top 40 and i roll down the old block, i wanna see my nigga huffin their own shit out a 40 bottle. DM me if interested.

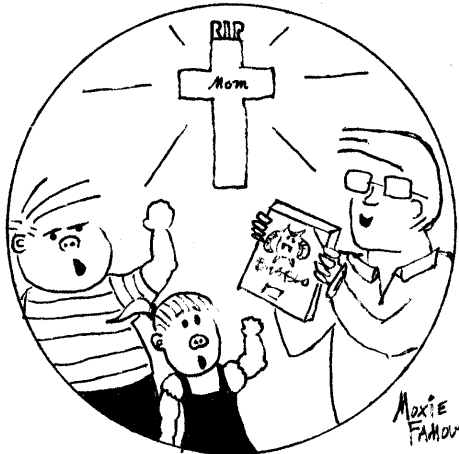
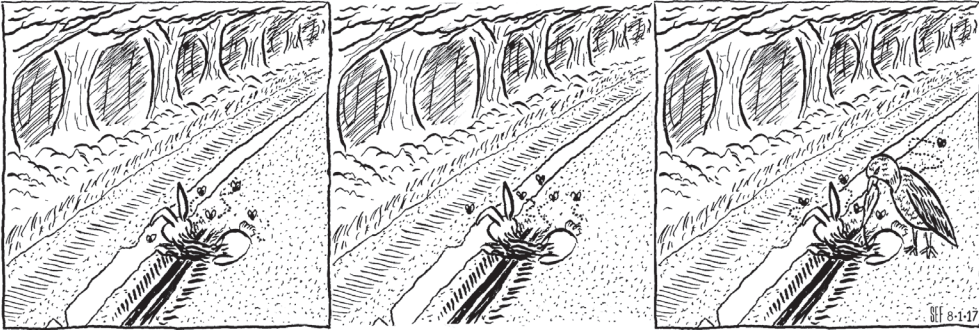
My name's Tucker Daley. I go for a hike every morning (the 'Tucker Daily') and I would love to fuck someone every night (the 'Tucker Nightly'). If you're a nympho who likes to hike give me a call at DEwalt 4-6621

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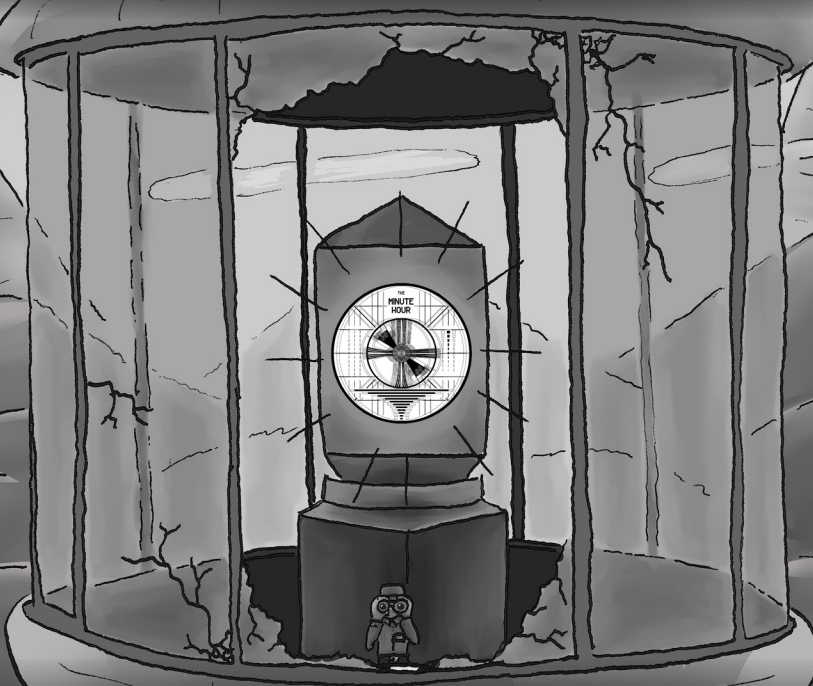


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