

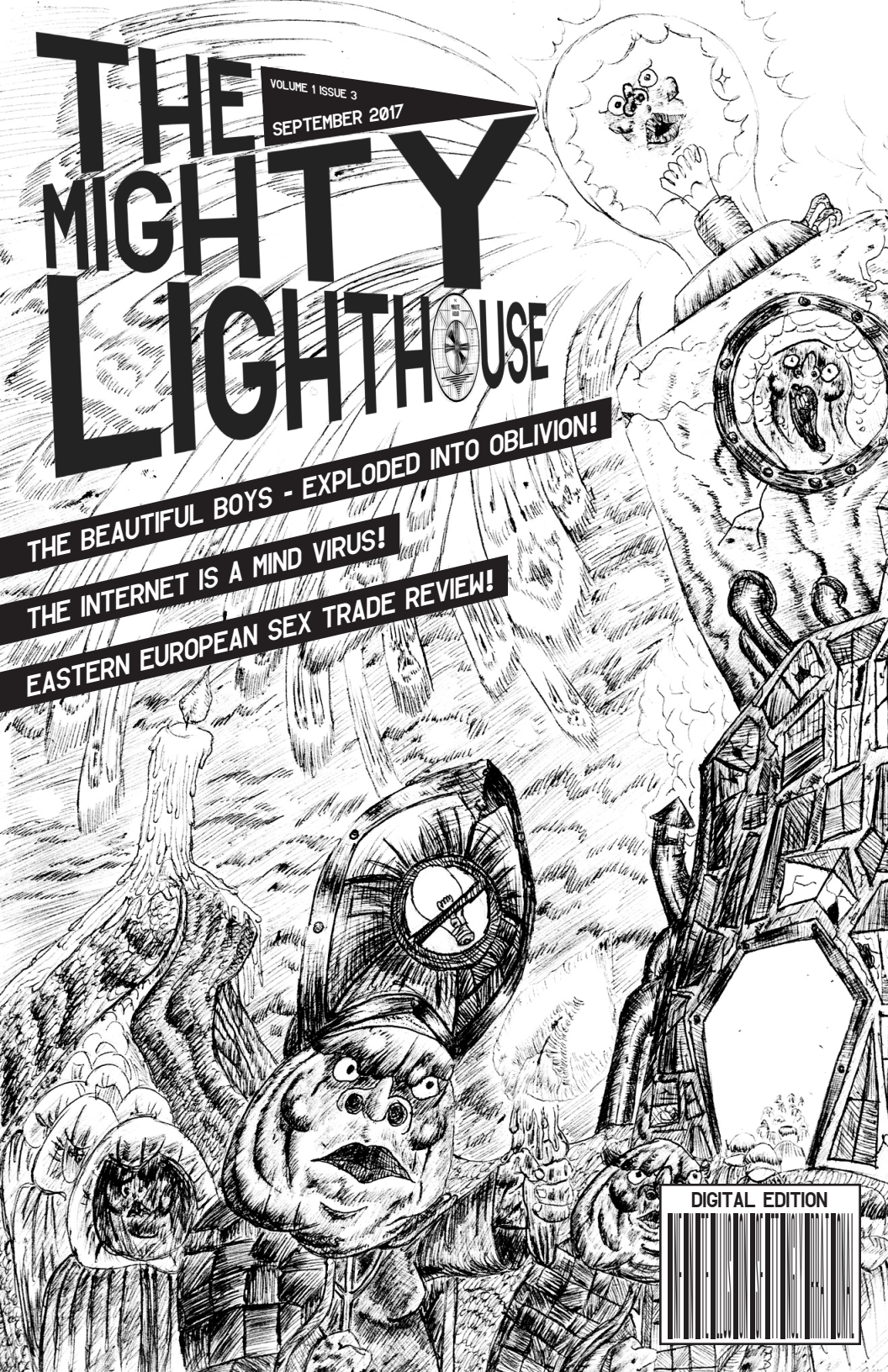
THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 3
SEPTEMBER 2017

THE BEAUTIFUL BOYS - EXPLODED INTO OBLIVION!

THE INTERNET IS A MIND VIRUS!

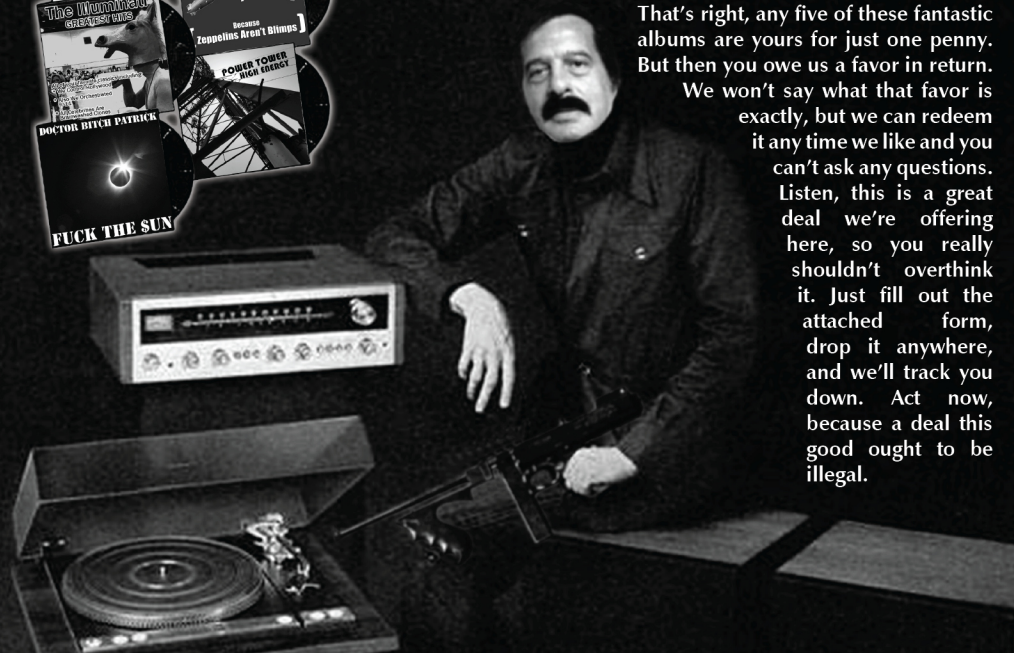
EASTERN EUROPEAN SEX TRADE REVIEW!



DIGITAL EDITION



Pick **any five** of these albums for just 1¢



That's right, any five of these fantastic albums are yours for just one penny. But then you owe us a favor in return. We won't say what that favor is exactly, but we can redeem it any time we like and you can't ask any questions. Listen, this is a great deal we're offering here, so you really shouldn't overthink it. Just fill out the attached form, drop it anywhere, and we'll track you down. Act now, because a deal this good ought to be illegal.

The Colombian Record Cartel®

Kidz Bop: Harsh Noise

silent violent: lowercase punk music (vol. 1)

Bitch Kid Supreme's Latest Hits

Professor Octagon's Wacky Lecture Hall

Public Domain Favorites The Cheapskates

Music to Scream To Various Artists

Fuck Da Brothabood Nut City's Notorious

MIDIations: A SoundBlaster Symphony For IBM Compatibles

Love Songs for the Asexual Various Artists

Listen To This Shit No. 21

Covers of Popular Songs "Normal" Al Vragovic

ASMR Tingles Binaural Beats Live at Madison Square Garden

#1 Collection of #2 Hits

NOISE Vol. 4

Just One More Form Taxman Crothers

Audio Magic for the Visually Dumb MC ElectroChrist

Gregorian Chant for the Modern Man

Destroy All Sound: Punk Rock for the Angry Deaf

Sexual Encouragement For Men

Grill Me, Don't Kill Me Real Greasy Ghost

Straight Outta Toyland LMFAO Schwarz

Who Dropped The FUN? Tommy, Johnny, & Jimmy

SCUDs Bop 25th Anniversary Edition

Motivational Music for the Suicidal (Second Attempt)

The Very Dumb Poet Reads His Dumbest Poems

Amish Hymn Ciptune Collection

Yes, I would like to take advantage of this exciting once-in-a-lifetime offer. By redeeming this offer I attest that I fully understand what I'm getting myself into, and I agree to do whatever is asked of me when the time comes. I also understand that once I submit this form I can no longer back out, what's done is done.

Please send the following albums: _____

Enclosed is a check or money order for \$50.00 (1¢ for the albums and \$49.99 for shipping and handling).



THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

- What does Mod Paul say this time?.....Page 3
- Not Tommy, Johnny, & Jimmy! Please say it isn't true!.....Page 5
- I've got a lot of money and a simple request.....Page 7
- I've figured it out! The truth behind New Coke!.....Page 9
- Are you miserable and pathetic? These exercises just might help.....Page 14

Mod Paul Says

BY MOD PAUL

Mod Paul says...OPEN YOUR EYES PEOPLE! Every time you use the internet, you inch yourself ever closer to the OPPRESSIVE AND IMPENDING INTELLIGENCE STATE! STOP YOUR CONNECTIONS, PLEASE! The only safe way to browse the web is with a rig so expensive and secret that I can't even finish this sentence. Will you just think about this for one g'ddamn second? WHO is it benefiting when you maintain a profile of your interests, a list of locations you frequent, and up to date facial scan information? YOU???? WHAT TA FUCK????

Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, Amazon, Google, Alphabet whatever the fuck - these are psyops designed by the elite to train Everyday Joes (and Mods) into willingly handing over our secrets. Our tastes, our faces, our motherflippin' converSATIONS! Facebook started trying to sell me SOCKS cause I was talking with my good buddy Gus about SHOES! FACEBOOK, FUCK YOU! It's shit like that that makes me wanna go into town with my shirt ripped open and my balls hangin out, screaming "INVAAASION! INVAAAAAASION!!" - just to get people to turn up from their g'ddamn phones and LOOK with their EYES and see the same thing I'm seeing!

Nobody sees it. That's because we're living in the NOW, NOW we can still get away from it - WE THINK. The internet. The internet is this thing that you are "on" or "off" of. Nevermind the fact that the little geolocating recording device that you make sure to keep in your pocket and charged at all times is ALWAYS "on the internet." That little blackbox in your pocket. It knows where you are, who you talk to, what you look like, what you sound like AND WITH THE LATEST, GREATEST TECHNOLOGY...IT HAS YOUR EVERLASTING FINGERPRINT. Think about this. A wallet used to contain 99% of a man's identifying materials. What's in your wallet? ID? Insurance card? Maybe some of those green slips that can be exchanged for everything? A business card for New England area actor Gian Carlo Durland?

Now, your *phone*... think of all the shit on your phone. Really, really think about it. It's not just the money you'd be worried about. It's not just replacing that all seeing, all knowing blackbox. It's erasing it. When people get their phone stolen, FIRST thing they do is call the carrier, get it wiped. And that calms them down a bit. *Well at least my information is safe.* And though it might feel that way...what is your information safe from? Some phone thief? A two-bit nobody who's gonna buy a \$900 pair of speakers off your Amazon account? Well I say good luck buddy cause AMAZON IS OPERATED BY THE FBI. We think what we do on our phones is private, cause it's this tiny little thing and it's ours and it's the internet and it's not real - WRONG.

We don't notice when our information is stolen, because it's always been stolen. Since the day you first logged on, you have been robbed blind by the Pantheon of Internet. Your social media profiles will outlive you, stored on a variety of databases, being bought and sold by computers in an endless bidding war for your soul. This is the last form of human proliferation. That is the sacrifice these Gods demand, complicity in your own mugging, aka YOUR EYES! LIGHTNING FLASH! THUNDER CLAP!

Oh, and the "wiping" I mentioned earlier? That doesn't actually exist, no matter who or what tells you it does. Your data *belongs* to the Pantheon and they have got absolutely no reason to delete it.

Mod Paul says...NO! ☹️



Michael van Gerwen is my Celebrity Crush

BY JEZ SUMPTER








Michael van Gerwen, the tall, beefcake of a dart player first caught my attention in the 2014 European Championship against Raymond van Barneveld. With a flick of the wrist and a jiggle of his tits he captured a stunning nine-dart finish, and he captured my heart. I have been following his career ever since. Oh god, when he throws a ton-eighty and turns back to the crowd, pumping his fists and yelling with an intense fire in his eyes, I can't help but imagine he is looking straight at me mere moments before sexual conquest. Watching a Michael van Gerwen match is a physically and sexually exhausting experience, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Michael van Gerwen is my celebrity crush. ☹️


a fart in a jar
will turn into a star
if it's left in the car
on a hot summer day



WHAT DO WE WANT??
CANDY CORN!
WHEN DO WE WANT IT??
OCTOBER!!

An open letter to

BY JUDD BUGGARD

 , you disgust me. You claim to be the ULTIMATE DRINK STOP®, offering whatever the heart desires, and you even emphasize the sheer variety of possibilities in your *hilarious* TV spots (featuring the comedic masterminds T. J. Jagodowski and Peter Grosz), yet whenever I order what I truly want I am shunned and treated as a monster by your waitstaff. One day I ordered a Chocolate Frozen Limeade with ^{Poppi's} Candy and the man in the box asked me if he was on *The Jamie Kennedy Experiment*. On another occasion I attempted to order a Watermelon Cranberry** Pineapple Diet Cherry⁺  Ocean Water® and was informed that "we can't do that many flavors". I heard audible gagging when I ordered a Mango⁺  Raspberry⁺  Peach⁺  COKE ZERO®, and when I asked for a Vanilla Grape BARQ'S® Root Beer with Lime I was told that the soda machine had burst into flames.

I'll freely admit that I was out of line the time that I attempted to order a corn dog Slush, and I apologized for that repeatedly. I am also *truly* remorseful for asking for a Pumpkin Pie Custard Concrete with Ched 'R' Peppers® mixed in. But those honest, human mistakes don't excuse your refusal to make the Route 44® Blue Coconut Diet Green⁺⁺ Tea with POWERADE® and  that I so desparately craved after working a long shift at the Bitcoin mine.

So shame on you,  . Shame on you for your high-and-mighty attitude, shame on you for your misleading advertising, and most of all *shame on you* for no longer offering  as one of your Candy Ad-Ins. I admit that I will continue to patronize my local Sonic, as your Happy Hour drink special is a bargain that can't be missed, but know that I am doing so with the utmost disdain and disappointment. ☹️

THREE BRILLIANT SHINING STARS, SNUFFED OUT, MURDERED ONSTAGE BY A COLD AND CRUEL POLITICAL TERRORIST

Unnamed and Unseen, With Hatred in His Heart and a Gut Thick with Jealousy. The Coward Triggered Some Crude and Homemade Explosive Device Inside The Spectacular Bomba Prop, Instantly Ejecting the Pop Stars In All Known Directions.



THEN HUNGRY, FRANTIC FLAMES!

They Spring Madly From the Bomba to Create A Magnificent Fireball. A Damned Burning Star That Hangs in Mid Air For a Moment, Then Exhales A Terrible Fate. Down On the Amphitheater Audience Rains Ten Thousand Pounds Of Fiery Confetti. The Flames Leap Madly from Patron to Stagehand Alike, Encircling the Towering Canvas Projection Screen In Its Ravenous Embrace from Pinnacle to Foundation. Leaping Higher, Higher, Higher, With Desperate Desire, Until The Blazing Screen Collapses onto the Panic Stricken Masses.

The Mighty Lighthouse Sends a Special Team to the Scene to Gather Full Details of the Terrible Disaster. Arrival of the Excited Fans and Unfortunate Victims at the Destroyed Amphitheatre - A History of the Perished Pop Stars, Tommy, Johnny, & Jimmy - Plans to Replace the Entertainment Icons - Particulars and the Supposed Motives of the Attacker. ☹

Tommy
6' 2", 200lbs
(hard muscle)



The front man. Stylish and sassy. He will be remembered for his high jumps and higher kicks. The kinetic fighting style he used during his brotherly days would eventually inspire the controversial and spectacular Dangerous Dance, a routine known for hospitalizing onlookers who tread too close. He will be missed and remembered.

Johnny
6', 170 lbs
(lean muscle)



America's favorite son. Deadly handsome and deadly capable. Johnny was a vicious bitch on a clean streak, and we all loved him for it. Once an orphan living on the streets of Old New York, Johnny Pickpocket was his name, and you could imagine the sort of things he got up to. He was eventually taken in by The Brotherhood, there he developed his natural physical/mental swiftness, transforming him into the tricky little bitch we all knew and loved. He will be missed and remembered.

Jimmy
5' 1", 205 lbs
(thick, dense meta-muscle)



Although the smallest of the bunch, Jimmy had the biggest heart. That's not sentiment either, the autopsy revealed a 35 lbs hunk of red meat inside Jimmy's chest cavity that is still astonishing Executive Scientists today. Somehow, without aid of bodymods, Jimmy was able carve himself to 1% body fat and 99% meta-muscle. His incredibly dense body and low center of gravity made him nearly indestructible, unfortunately he become trapped under the burning projection screen after the Bomba exploded. Reports say his body burned like a propane tank for 9 hours. Eventually a homeless jamboree formed round the body to play music in memory and reverie until the flame eventually died out. Thank you for your service, Jimmy.

There is an ongoing Celibacy Vigil in Porter Sq 02, all are welcome. Please honor our beloved asexual heroes by freeing your mind of impure thoughts. They were beautiful, and we would have fucked them, that is why they were killed. We killed them with our wanton lust. We are hereby declared guilty on 3 counts of MindRape, and as punishment we must resign ourselves to a lifetime of celibacy. Shame on us. Shame on us, forever. ☹

Feeling sad about the death of Tommy, Johnny, & Jimmy? Is this latest flare of violence in the world making you feel like life is nothing but a series of cruel lies built on top of each other, until inevitably you must either sell these cruel lies to children...or die? And what kind of music are you going to listen to now?

Now wait a second! There's a great a new boy band that JUST started up, and they've got a fresh new sound like no other! From the producers of Tommy, Johnny, & Jimmy, here comes....

Baloney & Figgs!

It's the totally poppin, 100% rockin fun of Baloney & Figgs - the first two man band designed exclusively for your living room. Baloney on the keys while Figgs sings his little heart out. These cuties do all kinds of records! Just type your favorite song into Baloney's SelectaCenter, then choose a style of music by poking Figgs in the belly. Don't worry, he likes it! One poke is polka, two pokes is punk, three pokes is pop! (for more styles of music please join the Baloney & Figgs Music Rewards Club! Where your pokes earn points which you can exchange for new styles of music or REAL TOKENS!)

Got a birthday or grad party coming up? Who wants to set up karaoke or hire a rock band? It's a hassle and it's tacky. Baloney & Figgs doesn't have to be set up, because they *live in your house.* You don't have to spend all day setting up a party playlist - Baloney & Figgs does that automatically! And not just based on your selections, but on your behavior! Baloney & Figgs discreetly watches you around house, internally logging the music you listen to, and even the music you idly sing to yourself!

In fact Baloney & Figgs is a known ear for talent! In our six month pilot program, B&F isolated three of its owners with designate "EGREGIOUS STAR MATERIAL." Figgs recorded some samples of these unknowns singing in the shower, and Baloney mixed them into the No. 1 Pop Single of the past 12 weeks, "My Big Ol' Buttheeks"

Look, we don't want you to forget about tommy, johnny, nor the other guy neither. In fact, we want you to remember exactly how much you loved them, and exactly how much their music meant to you, and to realize that Baloney & Figgs can do amazing big band covers of all their hits. With dynamic pricing from \$9.99/mo all the way to \$199.99/mo. *You absolutely need to get Baloney & Figgs.*

Let Baloney & Figgs into your life...they might change it forever. ☹

DAD →



AN INQUIRY FROM A VERY RICH MAN

FROM C. SERGE AMOPPOLOUS

Hello. Let me start by saying I have lots of money and though it was originally my parent's money, as of August 14th they are fully dead and as of August 15th their money was fully transferred to my accounts, officially making it my money.

Now, on August 15th I purchased a very high end custom hacked VR rig from the Dark Web (along with many top of the line computers, fully decked out, fully loaded) and since then I have experienced a brilliant, vibrant, childlike excitement at the limitless possibilities of the Virtual Realm... unfortunately, all the VR worlds *currently available* are shit. Total dogshit. I've played through them all a hundred times and the magic inside me is already dead.

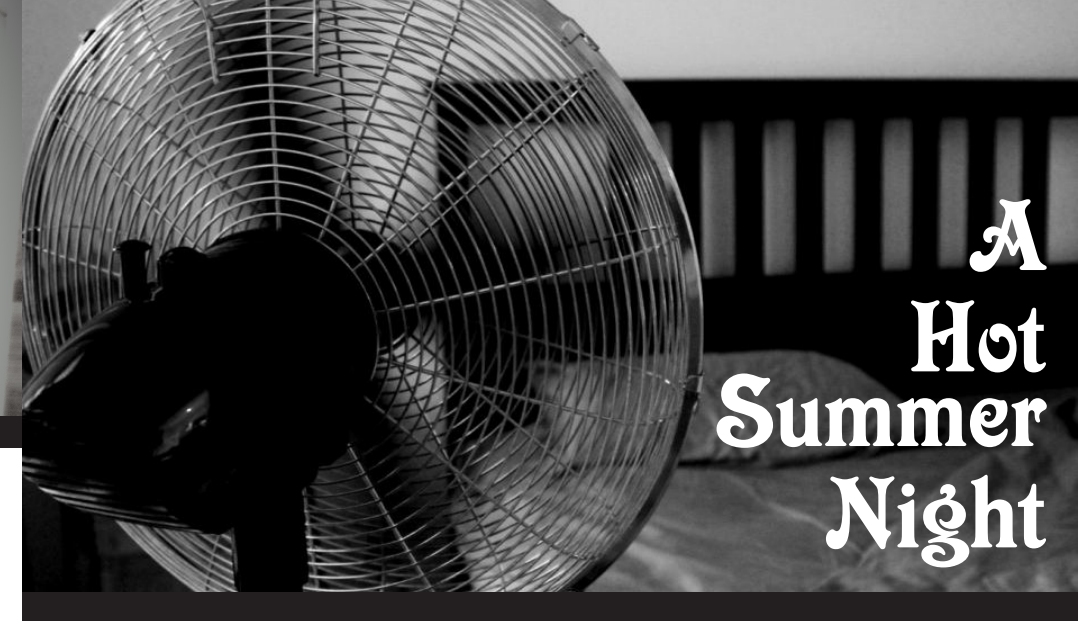
This is where all that fancy money comes into play. I'm looking to hire a game developer, or small indie game studio, to design and build a functioning VR paradise, made specifically with my interests in mind. I'm willing to arrange a deal wherein I pay by some measure of virtual distance in the game world? Perhaps balanced with additional payments for working gameplay mechanics? Our lawyers will sort it out.

Now I don't want to be stingy with this money, cause there is plenty to go around, but I don't want to get scammed by some do-nothing nobody just out to get a piece of my action either. So before I ask you to design me the **Tropical Big Bird Hunting Island** of my dreams (which has dozens of NPCs with hundreds of side quests that I have outlined in detail), first I'll need you to design me just a single room. This room can be designed however you like, but you must include... at least one tray of donuts. and I have to be able to pick up the donuts and consume them. And don't be afraid to add extra touches, like say, different types of donuts could trigger different satisfied sounds. Really add as much fun stuff as you can think of. Think of this as a test for you, because it is because I have multiple applicants. Also could there be a day/night cycle in the room? I'm all about *immersion*.

This has the potential to be a long term gig. If your work is exceptional and we have great synergy, perhaps we could figure out a live-in arrangement? You can sleep in my old room, as of August 15th I am fully moved into my parent's room. I had been slowly moving in for awhile...I knew they were going to die eventually.

Okay yeah so just send me the game file! This money isn't gonna spend itself! *not anymore...* ☹️

ME →



A Hot Summer Night

It's one of those nights. A hot summer night. You're sitting in your bedroom in nothing but your underwear, a reciprocating fan blows with a faint hum, and you take another sip from your drink and think to yourself: *Why, oh why didn't I buy that glass dildo last time?* Yes, the last time you sat in your room on a hot summer night, sipping down glass after glass of Keystone Light on ice (a combination you affectionately refer to as a 'white-trash motherfucker'), you had the idea to purchase a glass dildo to keep in the fridge. It was an idea you ignored at the time, but now it consumes your mind.

Why not buy a dildo to keep in the fridge or, even better, the freezer, for a hot summer day? After all, what could possibly be more cooling than an icy hunk of glass up the ass? Hell, since it's glass and cleans up well you could even use it to keep your drinks cold when it's not hot enough for a frigid anal pillage. A real multi-tasker. Shit, it's not even weird. They make cooling condoms and lube, and you saw some ice cube play in that 'game' Sex on the 3DO. Taking a cold one up the ass is practically natural.

You nod your head as a drop of sweat drips off your chin and falls onto your boxer shorts, where it is absorbed immediately. You pull up Amazon.com with the resolve to buy a glass dildo this night so that next time you won't be filled with regret, as you are this night. There are many to choose from, but what dildo should you get? Do you get one of those weird ones with spirals and bumps and shit, or do you get one shaped like a cock? Getting one shaped like a big fat dick seems kind of gay, but getting a fruity looking one with streaks of color and hearts and shit seems even more gay somehow. You mumble to yourself, *Not that there's anything wrong with being gay...* just in case someone's hacked your webcam and is trying to get dirt on you to prove that you're on the wrong side of history.

You decide to get a big cock shaped one. *But wait!* Out of the blue you get an idea, a brilliant idea. *You'll get a dildo which is the same size as your own dick!* If you ever get a girlfriend, you think to yourself, you can try to goad her into doing anal by saying things like: *Wow, I can take this up the ass but you can't? Guess men really are better than women or Here, you can practice with this babe. Let me know when you're ready for the real thing *wink*.* This one dildo could be a cooling device for both your body and your drinks and a tool for manipulating the girlfriend you're sure to have some day. Truly a multi-tasker. Alton Brown would be proud.

You spend the next twenty minutes finding just the right dildo and submit your order. This heat wave is expected to last for another three or four days and, lucky you, you bought one with FREE Two-Day Prime shipping. A thin smile starts to creep over your face as you lean back in your chair and resume drinking your white-trash motherfucker, now thoroughly diluted. This is the beginning of the rest of your life. ☹️

On March 16th, 1985, Terry A. Anderson had a very bad day. He had just finished a jaunty set of tennis in the west end of Beirut and was about to head back to his hotel for a cool shower when he was ambushed by members of the Islamic Jihad Organization, hastily stuffed into the trunk of a car, and whisked away. Anderson, who had been merely covering the escalating civil war in Lebanon as chief Middle East correspondent for the Associated Press, had now become very much a part of it.

Shortly after the abduction of Anderson a surprising development came to light. A ransom letter dictating conditions for his safety were received, of all places, at the headquarters of Coca-Cola in Atlanta, Georgia. The Jihadi, growing frustrated at the increased involvement and interference of the United States of America, had decided to wage battle on the most iconic symbol of America known throughout the world: Coca-Cola. This ransom letter, which has never been made public, demanded that the original formula of Coca-Cola be altered, or Anderson would be killed. Many scholars in the ensuing years have posited that the Islamic militants' desire was to weaken the American spirit by tarnishing its most beloved and historied beverage.

After sharing the letter with the upper echelons of the United States government and confirming its veracity the chemists at Coca-Cola began to develop a new formula. They had little time to redevelop their flagship beverage before the blood of a US citizen was on their hands. The hands of Coke were tied. After a month of furious development and supply chain overhauls a new recipe was developed and delivered to supermarkets the country over. Coca-Cola waited with bated breath. Their internal taste tests had determined that many people actually preferred the new flavor of Coke over that of the old; but what would the people of America at large think? 🤔

Dr. Flat Top's Cola Reviews

- Coca-Cola: Bad
- Pepsi: Good
- RC Cola: Really Good
- Diet Coke: Bad
- Diet Pepsi: Bad
- Diet Rite: Good
- Diet Coke Sweetened with Splenda: Good
- Coca-Cola Zero*: Bad
- Coca-Cola Zero Vanilla: Good
- Diet Coke with Lime: Okay
- Diet Coke Cherry: Okay
- Wild Cherry Diet Pepsi: Awful



DOCTOR'S NOTE!

Coca-Cola Zero was replaced with a reformulated soda named **Coca-Cola Zero Sugar** in mid-August. The Dr.'s review?

- Coca-Cola Zero Sugar: **VERY BAD** 🤔



Georgeous Georgiana

(Wunderschöne Georgiana)

By **Sugar Daddy**

Translated from German
by **Herbert Mann**



Actually found a new girl for me: Georgiana or something like that. Blackhaired rumanian, 24 years, 160 cm, thin blessed with natural d-tits, which sag a bit. For that reason and because she was animating me quite nicely I decided to take her for half an hour of sex (no condom oral, frenchkissing, sex) into my room. She retained her nice spirit sadly though oral was over quickly, even with me encouraging her. She kissed my body and my neck though, which I quite enjoyed. What happened next will always stay in my memory. We fucked like there was no tomorrow. Whenever it was possible with her soft but handy natural kneading in my hands. In the beginning I asked her to saddle me and during the fuck she always leaned back so that we could watch our fuckmachines during their work while also looking each other in the eyes. We continued on with missionary during which allowed me to kiss her neck and face. I decided the fuck tempo just the way my lust needed. She didn't mind that.

Through that I was able to controll my horniness and contain my lust on the boiling point, which made me decide during doggy to extend our session for another 30 minutes. No I had to extend. We continued with sideways fucking (very recommendable), missionary and for the grand finale I took her while she lay in front of me. In this position I fucked her for another half hour, while she produced lust sounds. Superb to have such a hottie lie in front of oneself, she was supporting herself politely by herself on her elbows so that I could hold her magnificent tits and knead them during the fuck. During this I could feel how much I was filling her young pussy out. Of course I was kissing her shoulders and neck and her gorgeous back, her ears and her cheeks and snuggled my upper torso onto her back. Infinitely horny to fuck like that. And I think at some moment it was good for her. I decided to fuck her doggy style again to end it all which

made me enjoy my orgasm after 45 minutes of steadyfucking. Enjoyable afterfucking, good endcleaning and a nice smiele. Of course the fucking was too long for her, she also said multiple times that I should cum and how big I was and that I am filling her up so good, that she can't do it anymore but as an experienced fucker I knew what to do with those exclamations. Due to this I extended our fuck without remorse for another half hour which after the fact was a wise investment.

To sum up: She is something for admirer of young, slender, good looking girls with double d natural tits without girlfriendsex ambitions. I get that from elsewhere. But maybe someone already experienced her differently. She's in house until 20.7. The atmosphere there was enjoyable, the girl animate friendly, and I could relax on the lounge outside and even fell asleep. Incredible to wake up and see naked sexy girls in their high heels and fall back asleep again. 6 hours relaxation for me!!! 🤔

LOOKING FOR ADVICE: I've been talking to my chakra doctor and he told me some very concerning things. So I decided to treat my body like a temple as he suggested, but now these Aztecs won't leave me alone! Can anyone hook me up with any good viruses or plagues? MOnica 6-5777

WHO WROTE THIS NOTE AND PINNED IT TO MY TREE?? Alright one of you bastards better FESS UP! This note is vile! It's disgusting and heinous! It says such horrible, awful things about people whom I care about! Whom I love, dearly! What kind of a sick...brainwashed.... MANIAC...WHO WOULD WRITE SUCH A THING?? And to answer the vile question you posit in this deranged and nauseating note... NOOOO!!! NOT IN A MILLION YEARS YOU FIEND!!!! YOU PSYCHO FREAK!!! I WOULD NEVER, EVER LET YOU DO THAT TO ME AND MY OWN!!!! AND ON VIDEO?? THIS MUST A CRIME! THIS MUST BE A CRIME!! I DEMAND THAT THIS BE A CRIME! If you are POLICE, call EDighton 2-8730

HOMELESS MAN WALKING ON THE STREET WITH A CRUTCH let me hug you let me heal you let me show you God's love. Do you like mcdonalds? Number five with cheese? Let me feed you homeless man we'll go to walgreens. I got that employee discount. I'll hook you up. Cause Jesus works through me through all eternity it's amazing. I'm just along for the ride.

I WANT TO WORSHIP AT THE ALTAR OF YOUR BUTT: I've got a mobile shrine and I'm looking for a butt to park it at it. A plump butt that has never known neglect is the kind of butt I pray to, and there can be no substitute. Not trying to beleaguer the point but DO NOT CONTACT ME if your butt is not heavenly. If I prayed to a blasphemous butt, I expect my entire goddamn life would burst into flames. That is because I believe so strongly in the Big Butt's Power over me • TLaeHdhies 3-3333



All my dearest handsome friends
Many more of you dears chatting me on my inbox really,, can't replay to all but promise will replay to all of you dears
THANK YOU

I HAVE DEAD IN MY HOUSE
 i have dead. please remove.
 DUnkelman 9-0029

FISH
 I can't be the only one. I've got a barrel of fish and a 9mm. If you, too, are among the uninitiated few, we can embark on this voyage of discovery together. Call me. MEmphis 3-5295

FLAMING HOT LAWSUIT (!!) HOP ABOARD!! (?) These spicy chips these days are way too hot! I tried to sneak one at my boss's funeral and I immediately launched into a coughing fit, spraying hot red flecks in all directions. I looked a damn fool in front of forty two big league investors from all over the world, not to mention THE GOSHDARN MOTHERHECKING BOARD!! Now that boss was dead, I was gonna be boss! I had all my new boss outfits picked out - I was gonna wear hats on rainy days! I was gonna have new boss catchphrases like "You gotta be yankin' my girdle with this productivity!" and "The charts say..." and I would be holding my thumbs out in front of me, like, oscillating between thumbs up and thumbs down, then I would say "Business is GOOD!" Anyway if you're like minded like me and wanna hop on this lawsuit, phone WEstern 9-0026

Download my dating app, Quarantine!
 The first dating app that let's you list (and rank) your sexually transmitted diseases. With Quarantine, you can seek hot singles in your area who won't be freaked out by your urethral swab collection. Customize your "I'm A Hot Mess" list with "Showing Symptoms Thumbnails" and stickers! Within minutes of creating a profile you could be chatting up some hot humans who share your same freaky problems, on the road to having totally safe sex without a condom. Obviously if there's a girl in there and she gets pregnant she can take plan B or get an abortion or whatever. That's not part of Quarantine.

You know that weird sound coming from the handicapped stall of the men's room at the Dalton Multiplex? That's me. I've got a nice setup in there with a microwave and a crate of Pop Secret from Costco. I'm there most evenings and if you knock the secret knock (shave and a haircut) I just might sell you a bag of popcorn for \$5. Sure, it's highway robbery, but compared to the prices those mooks at the concession stand are charging it's practically highway charity.

I'M TERRIBLY LOST AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO: I used to have a really well thought out plan for my life but everyday I wake up realizing how dumb I was the day before. All my plans have unraveled into nothing and my crushing fear of being a nobody is slowly being realized. So if you have some drugs or wanna fuck me or know of a webshow I can binge, please reach out • HAtchi 0-0024

WTB: Legit grape flavored floss. I don't like the mint or cinnamon stuff. I tried making my own using Kool-aid powder, but my dentist says it fucked up my teeth • MArtin 7-9043

LOOKING TO SMASH: Hot cuties, old garden sheds, you fucking name it buddy. Name a time, place and tool and I'll fucking smash. Looking to get rid of some old kitchen tables? Get me a fucking hammer and smash it into chunks for you! Scared you're not pleasing you wife? Lemme smash her like you never fucking could! Psychiatrist giving you shit for stopping the medication? Lemme smash his fucking brains out! Hit me up but don't be long, I'm tempted to smash this fucking phone right fucking now! FUCK! • THatey 5-0123

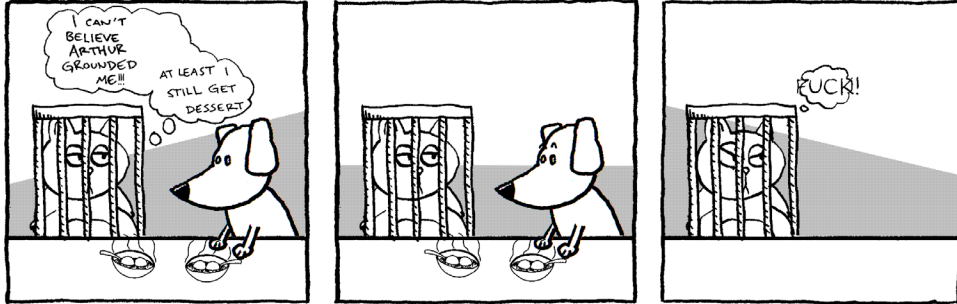
IT'S THE END A TIMES AND I GOT ME A HAMMER!! Oh lordy there's just about a thousand things I could do with this hammer I mean first off I could really just smash something and I mean to death, yeah? A dog or a raccoon or a snake even if I had the dexterity and honesty, I've probably been drinking so I probably don't. A man? Hellyesforsure. It would be best if I could get the jump on em though, right? I don't really want to *fight* a guy with this hammer...that sounds difficult and traumatic. But yeah if he was watchin' tv or something and I could just lay down one gigantic WHAP on the backadahead, oooooo badabing badaBOP! I could also use this thing to build you a broke ass deck. A real plum machine of backyard fun and relaxation. With railings and a built-in bench if the price is right, eh? I won't let you down. Call my cell, FURmont 5-5600

TRIDENT
 Got a Trident? It needs to be a *real Trident*. I'm not some cosplay dweebathon....I'm going to be an actual Sea Wizard. FRankus 8-1867

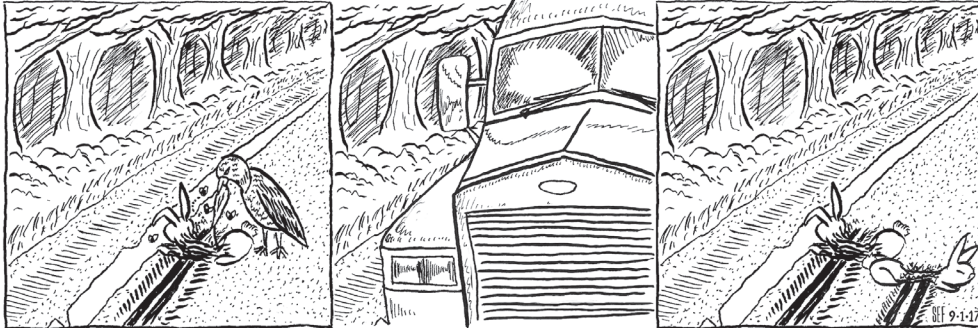
MISSED CONNECTION: We were waiting for the train. When I caught you looking at me, I saw your face was all red. You fidgeted in your seat and itched at your wrists as I came closer to you. The breaths you took started to quicken when I sat next to you. It's likely you have atopic dermatitis and I recommend you contact me immediately to get it treated. ALexa 1-2478

NEW GARBAGE DELIVERY SERVICE: Yeah just put out your garbage one day early and we'll pick it up for free. Stop paying those other gaboons when you don't have to pay nothin' at all. Slight catch, we gotta deliver somebody else's garbage to you. You hold on to it, in your garbage can, we pick it up next week with the other garbage? Easy. We call it "The Perfect System." No need to contact us we'll be bringing the garbage this week.

FAT CAT COMIC



THE ADVENTURES OF Roadkill Rabbit AND FRIENDS!

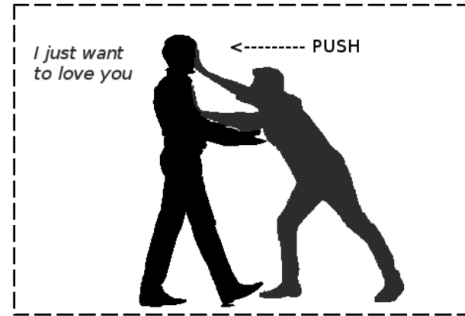


COMPLI-COMIX



**IMAC, IPOD, ITUNES...
I CAN'T KEEP TRACK OF IT ALL!**

Simple Exercises for Depressives

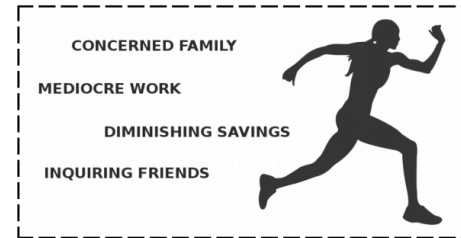


1. Use your arms to push the ones you love away!

Get right into your workout by clearing your immediate area of friends and family - you wouldn't want to get in their way. It often helps to repeat mantras, such as "YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND ME, DAD!" or "MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE THE ONE GOING TO THERAPY!". It can take a while for this exercise to take effect so make sure to be persistent otherwise you will be letting everyone down, including yourself.

2. Work those legs by running from all your problems

This activity is most successful after allowing your problems to amass into something impossible to tackle (You'd be surprised what a little incentive can do!). It is important to recognise your limits here, you wouldn't want to think you have the courage and strength for personal growth and give up on this.



3. Strengthen those abs by screaming through the pain

This task can often be done throughout the day: towelling off after your morning shower while imagining the day ahead of you, in your car at the office parking lot, lying in bed trying to sleep with your face buried in your pillow. Get creative with the ways you muffle the sounds - towels, cars and pillows are just the tip of the iceberg that you are unknowingly cruising toward. You will know it is working when your chest hurts.

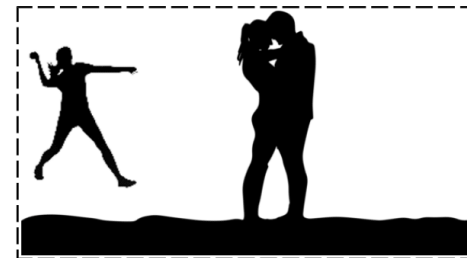


4. Throw rocks at happy couples in the park

This will combine the previous exercises into one high-energy all-out workout. Make sure not to attempt this one until you are advanced enough with the previous activities that your bitterness will compensate for the regret of negatively impacting someone else's day.

5. Don't forget to cooldown

You've done a lot! Time to calm down and disassociate from the world around you. Feel free to waste the rest of the day. It doesn't matter what others think of you because they aren't real anyway. Supplement this with a diet of such non-nutritious garbage you'll just shit it out anyway, or just don't ever eat anything at all!



The Mighty Lighthouse is a production of THE MINUTE HOUR. For more find THE MINUTE HOUR on YouTube, SoundCloud, iTunes, or theminutehour.com.

Want to contribute to The Mighty Lighthouse? Send submissions to theminutehour@gmail.com or join our Discord at discord.gg/zx5PYst. If your submission is used you'll get a free copy of that month's issue.



CREDITS

ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

THE MINUTE HOUR
MOD PAUL
TOMMY, JOHNNY, & JIMMY
AN INQUIRY
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT
RECORD CARTEL ALBUMS
CLASSIFIED ADS

INIVEKIN

BACK COVER ART
TABLE OF CONTENTS ART
SIMPLE EXERCISES
CLASSIFIED ADS

DROOPY MCCOOL

FRONT COVER ART

JOHN DOUGH

CLASSIFIED ADS

SALAMANDER SAM

GRAPHIC DESIGN
RECORD CARTEL AD
AN OPEN LETTER TO SONIC
ROADKILL RABBIT
COMPU-COMIX
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT
CLASSIFIED ADS

SEAFLOORED

RECORD CARTEL ALBUMS
CLASSIFIED ADS
STICKER

OHNODINOS

MOD PAUL ART

SCSF

CLASSIFIED ADS

MOXIE FAMOUS

CELEBRITY CRUSH
A HOT SUMMER NIGHT
NEW COKE
DR. FLAT TOP
FAT CAT COMIC
RECORD CARTEL ALBUMS
CLASSIFIED ADS

ODIN ODANG OBIE

MICHAEL VAN GERWEN ART
TOMMY, JOHNNY, & JIMMY ART

HERBERT MANN

GORGEOUS GEORGEANA

JAUNDICE JONES

RECORD CARTEL ALBUMS

CAP'N REDACTED

CLASSIFIED ADS