

# THE SPOOKY LIGHTHOUSE

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 4

OCTOBER 2017

*Halloween Edition*

**FUN & FREAKY  
HALLOWEEN ADVICE**

**AWARD-WANTING  
ART**

**VERY SHORT  
STORIES!**

**CROWDFUNDING FOR  
A WORTHY CAUSE**

DIGITAL EDITION





# SPOOKTOBER

## PARANORMAL CLEARANCE EVENT

It's that time of year again: We've got all kinds of haunted, possessed, or otherwise supernatural electronics that need to go to make way for new stock.

Our loss is your gain, you'll scream at these prices!

### SONY TRINITRON WIDESCREEN TV



- 32" Widescreen CRT
- Cable Ready
- Your dead relatives appear in shows and movies instead of the actors
- Sometimes it seems like *they're* watching you
- Picture-In-Picture

### DEEP DISCOUNT ON ALL VCRS



- No matter what tape you put in they will only play *Ghost Dad*
- Any tapes stored nearby will be overwritten with *Ghost Dad*

**Financing Available!**

### SLIGHTLY HAUNTED CORDLESS PHONE



- 150 foot range
- Feels like someone is spying on you
- Occasional mystery calls
- 6 hour battery

**Visit our store for  
even more deals!**

### IBM APTIVA MULTIMEDIA PC



- Somehow running Windows Vista
- 400mhz Pentium III
- 32MB RAM
- SVGA monitor
- Not necessarily *haunted*, but Vista is pretty spooky



## THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

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## THERE ARE NO GOOD DRONES

BY FED LATITUDE

Perverting not only our streets but the area 12-250 feet above our streets! These DRONE GANGS have been tolerated for too long! Why just last week I saw a pair of adorable old ladies being straight up *terrorized* by a juvenile DRONE GANG and I couldn't believe it! Little boys, who should be sweet and kind, if not that then swift and strong, but no! These were FAT little boys, with dark controllers in their hands, snickering and screeching like the monkeys of my nightmares!

I don't understand these DRONE GANGS and I demand they be outlawed! There are no good drones! I must say it again there are no good drones!! There will be a day of reckoning for all those who allowed this!! Down with Drones! Even the Med-Drones! They are unnecessary! I'm sorry but if you get hit by a goddamn bussss... you were probably meant to die. I know that's crass, but come on, a bus is HUGE. If you get hit by a BUS... that's more than a mistake, that's a problem. A problem which is solved by you dying from being hit by a bus. If my child watches you la-dee-dah your way into a morning street splat, they learn *not* to la-dee-dah their way through life. If my child *then* watches a team of buzzing little Med-Drones bring you back to perfect health in 2 minutes, see you skip off like nothin' ever happened, THEY LEARN NOTHING! AND NEITHER DO YOU! ETERNAL FOOL! ALL OF YOU, ETERNAL FOOLS! A GREAT AND TERRIBLE HEX HAS BEEN PLACED UPON THIS NATION!

DOWN WITH DRONES! THERE ARE NO GOOD DRONES! THERE ARE NO GOOD DRONES! 🙄



## HOT TIPS FOR THE NEW DAD

BY HORACE WINTERS

- Get your child a loft bed and remove the railings so that they learn not to roll over in their sleep
- Gummy vitamins are for pussies!
- Start learning now how to effectively hide your porn
- Teach your child to be aware of their surroundings by leaving small objects on the floor for them to trip on
- Video games may teach eye-hand coordination, but that's expensive and juggling is free!
- Don't feed your child very much to inhibit their growth so they'll appear younger and sexier
- If your child misbehaves, instead of hitting them put them into The Cube and use the free time to watch your Babylon 5 DVDs
- Teach your child the value of money by offering to pay them miniscule amounts of money for their Halloween candy and then eating it in front of them
- Teach your child independence by refusing to drive them to any of their friends' birthday parties and telling them *You've got feet, fuckin' use 'em!*
- Mom is always wrong 🙄



## JONAS NEUBAUER IS MY CELEBRITY CRUSH

BY JEZ SUMPTER



My Celebrity crush is Jonas Neubauer. When I see him gaze intently at the screen, sweat glistening on his defined cheekbones and fire blazing in his intense eyes, I become incredibly aroused. I must admit, when he performs a T-spin to clean up his playfield while licking his lips and furrowing the skin above his almost invisible eyebrows it drives me completely bonkers. I just can't help but imagine him sweeping his hair to the side and unbuttoning his Old Navy shirt before coming at me with a LVL 29 speed and intensity, skillfully building up my sexual libido until finally he hard drops a long-bar into my well and brings me to Tetris. Oh god. Jonas Neubauer is my celebrity crush. 🙄

## MY DREAM JOB

BY LOBSTER BEETHOVEN (GRADE 3)

When I grow up I want to be the best rag-and-bone man this town has ever seen. I'll wake up early every morning and collect all the rags and bones in my greasy bag before any of the other rag-and-bone men can get to them. Eventually I'll be able to buy myself a handcart and collect even more rags and bones. If I work real hard I'm sure I can become this town's master rag-picker and train all the street kids to be rag-and-bone men too. Maybe they'll even call me 'Uncle Beethoven'. I'd like that. I'm already learning how to make donkey stones with my dad and learning the streets riding along with the postman. For as long as I can remember my dream job has been to be a rag-and-bone man. 🙄



## A MESSAGE TO CARLOS

BY KIKAZARU



I'm shocked at you right now my dude. I heard you say that terribly offensive joke at the staff party. It's one of those Internet jokes people are doing now wasn't it. You thought I wouldn't hear it just because I'm deaf in my only functional ear. Nahh my dude, I got one of my dudes to spy on you. We like to call him *ommitted*, and let me tell you, *ommitted* has the best hearing this side of the great canal. When *ommitted* puts his mind and ears to something, *ommitted* gets it done. You've probably seen him, he's the guy with the dark shades, the white cane, and the two eye patches. He usually hangs around with my other dude, his name is Karlos, just like you, but he spells it with 'K'. Karlos is that guy that keeps accidentally super gluing his hand over his mouth. Now before you fucking say it, we are NOT like those three monkeys, you know the ones where they cover their eyes and mouth and shit. We're not fucking monkeys so stop bringing that shit up. It's offensive to deaf people, blind people, mute people, and black people probably. Now listen my dude, we are representing and defending those groups of people, but we're not part of them. I'm not deaf my dude, I've just become partially deaf several times. My dude *ommitted*, he is not blind, he just likes rocking his two designer eye patches. Karlos is not mute he just keeps mixing up his Chapstick and his super glue. It's an honest mistake to make five times a week. So Carlos my dude, can you just fucking shut up, stop looking at me at the office, and stop listening to the Internet. 🙄

# Reader Submitted HALLOWEEN TIPS & TRICKS

• Everyone does toilet paper in the trees, don't be so obvious. Try toothpaste in the AC Unit, or just lotion up the porch. -Seth, 17

• It's not illegal to steal candy from a baby, that's why there's that saying. -Devin, 13

• I don't want Nerds, I want Nerds Rope. I am not a deer, I do not nibble nerd feed from the hand. I twirl it around and slurp it down, one rope at a time, like a goddamn civilized human being. -Eric, 42

• I don't give out small candy, I just have a bunch of 1lb hershey kisses that I got from Hershey Park last year. When the bell rings I just toss one out onto the lawn and let the little fuggers scramble for it. Beats workin'! -Liz, 31

• If you don't like the candy at that house smear it on the door as a warning to other kids. -Matt, 12

• I'm not going out this year. I hooked up my bag to my drone, dressed the whole thing up like some kinda freaky ladybug. Gonna hit every house in a 5 mile radius tonight, all from the comfort of my fuckin' dope race car bed. -Tabitha, 68

• Don't feel bad about smashing jack o lanterns, that's what they're there for. Adults will make a big fuss about how you are "ruining Halloween" but it's all just an act, it's like a rite of passage. -Joey, 14

• DON'T say "Trick or Treat!" That's an old, disgusting phrase that has something to do with PROSTITUTES! Instead say, "Sweets, please!" And then I say "Sweet, Delicious, Treats! For Sweeties, with no Teeth!" and then you all show me how many teeth you lost this year and the kid with the least teeth gets a special, full sized candy bar and everybody else gets werthers. -Martin, 55

• If you see candy smeared on the door of a house that usually means that they don't have anything good there. -Mike, 11

• Trade your Cookies 'n' Creme bars first. They're made with stolen cookies and you don't want to be arrested for having them in your possession! -Takahashi, 77

• I keep a broom handy by the door for teenagers. I'll tell you like I told my wife, Julie: I do not work every goddamned day to satisfy some budding psychopath's unresolved eating disorder. If that piece of garbage wants sugary treats, he can get a job at McDonalds and BUY some sugary treats. Candy is given to KIDS. TEENAGERS, GET FUCKED! -Frank, 44

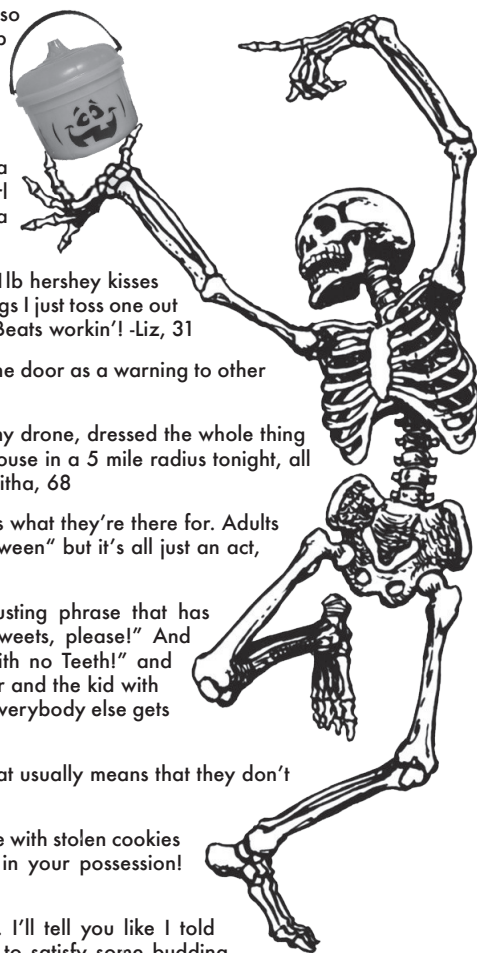
• YOUR LIFE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR CANDY. EVERY CHILD MUST WEAR A HEADLIGHT AND REFLECTIVE LIFE JACKET. -Edith, 53

• If you have a paved path to the front door and a clear, illuminated sign on the lawn that says "DO NOT WALK ON LAWN," then legally, *legally* you are allowed to set bear traps on that lawn. You have a have right to protect your property. You cannot bait the traps. That would be entrapment. -Howard, 37

• When picking out a Halloween costume make sure to get one with a mask. With a mask you are free to be who you really are. No one can see you or recognize you and you can finally let down your defenses and have fun for once in your miserable life. If only we could always wear masks. -Emmet, 32

• Razor blades in candy bars are just an old wive's tale. If you're looking for a payout be sure to bring your own. -Vinnie the Rat, 53

• Remember to be home by nine. -Maude, 48 ☺



**"Steamy Creamy  
(Powdered Cream  
Product)"**  
Sam Bakker, 2088

You absolutely NEED to try a Steamy Creamy. You can try it in any form you like because they are ALL delicious. This here is a Steamy Creamy in a box, it's basically a marvel of modern science and you could be eating it whenever you want, wherever you want, for cheap cheap cheap! Do it quickly, now!



**"The Chairman Rests"**  
inivekin, 2083

A rare moment of rest for the hardest of hardworking men among us. Here, The Chinguard use their Tone Muscle Control to provide The Chairman with ultimate relief. A saucer of blessed milk for his beloved BimStar, pictured here perched upon his shoulder. This commissioned work captures the everyday humanity The Chairman brings us.





# SWIFT COMPLETION



I got nowhere to run in this line of work, so I may as well vent it out here. I'll start off by saying the warm and elusive embrace of a night's slumber is the only comfort left in this twisted world, that is depending on how much of it I can get. Of course, the uncertainty of it all is in the job description so I suppose that one is on me.

I'm a man of the cloth. That is, blue cloth with polyester of course. When I was a younger runt I always heard "Chicks dig a man in uniform". Well now that I have the burden of sliding out of bed and marching out the door ready for duty before the woman I married and our children can even crack their eyeballs, I really wish I hadn't lived by that tidbit.

I start my day off like any hard-boiled gov'mint boy, whiskey and cigar breakfast while I play old jazz records. I don't find myself worthy enough to don the uniform until I have a BAC of 0.22 and a semi-erection for Billie Holiday. Then it's off to climbing into what I call the "Federal Transportation Device". Gets me to point A to point B. The dame calls it an hybrid but I tell her to stop being a cunt and as long as I'm bringing home a 4-figure paycheck every two weeks I can call it whatever the fuck I want, stupid bitch.

On the way to the old grind I feel my stomach quaking, I guess the usual morning lung pollution wasn't sufficient enough and I got a good half hour until my shift starts so I pull into a local deli. I waltz in with blue on my back and chin up like I own the place, as I recognize a familiar face behind the counter. Mr. Raymond Hernandez, lives off Hammond and Sycamore. Light stubble, mole behind the ear and a lazy eye.

"Hey man, I know you!" he said. "I just wanna say thanks for always showing up right on time at my house when I need ya, you're a real poster boy so tell you what, I'll whip you up something on the house!" Bribery of a federal official, this situation is addressed clearly in the handbook. Shocked, I knew I had to take action to defend myself from corruption. I immediately jumped over the counter and pinned him to the ground, feeding him my hardened knuckles. After giving him another lazy eye, I hurried out of there and hit the gas. Next stop, work.

It's a hard day's work, I tell ya. This job ain't about glamour, it's about guts and glory. I saw one of the rookies have a dog sicked on them a week back. The world is a fuck, and we are a Midwestern college girl on Tinder. I pull up and make my way inside the place, check myself in and find myself waiting, just waiting for shit to inevitably go down, be it here or in the confines of my transport. Soon enough, a woman comes in. 30s, nose piercing, witty graphic t-shirt. She seems to be clutching a package to her chest as she makes her way to me. I wait with bated breath to see how I can help this poor, fragile woman with whatever she must need our help with today, to do my duty for the fed and for honor. I invite her to my assistance with a calm greeting. "Hi, thank you for choosing the United States Postal Service." 🍷

## HEY IS THIS GUY BOTHERIN' YOU?

BY ANTHONY



First of all, Miss, you look lovely tonight. Is this fella here botherin' you? I've been watching him and it seems like this guy is going around botherin' people, don't worry I'll take care of him. HEY BUDDY, GETOUTTAHERE AN STOPBOTHERINPEOPLE! You hear me buddy? You friggin deaf? Do I gotta give you a smack? Oh we got a no talkin tough guy here!

Are you gonna make me take off my casual nighttime sport coat? Is that what's going on here? Are you makin me take off all these beautiful rings? Am I gonna have to slip on my stylish MMA fighting gloves right now? Is that what's happening? Is it time for me to put on these body pads and pad-braces on my joints and my special protective punchproof vest? Am I doing that right now? Do you see where I'm going with this, buddy? Now, are you gonna get outta here, stop botherin' this lady, or are you gonna square up, and get this party star-OH FUCK

YOU WERE SITTING DOWN THIS WHOLE TIME?? AND NOW YOU'RE BEATING MY ASS?? ARE YOU BEATING MY ASS??? ARE YOU FUCKIN' BEATING MY ASS INTO OBLIVION RIGHT NOW?? IS THAT WHAT'S HAPPENING??? YES!! YES IT IS!!!! 🍷

## THE REGULAR

'I don't think you understand,' he said as he crossed his legs and laid a bony hand adorned with several man-rings on his knee. 'I'm a **regular**.' A wry, toothless smile crawled across his face. 'I'd like to speak to your manager.'

**Sarah** shuffled back toward the kitchen, the blood draining from her face and her career flashing before her eyes. A **regular**. She had just offended a **regular**. She had proudly worked at **Chili's** for six years and now, the very day she changed locations, had offended a **regular** and threatened her continued employment. Could she afford to lose this job? She had grown accustomed to the \$1.60 per hour in raises she had earned over the last six years and was unsure she would be able to go back to living a **minimum wage** lifestyle.



She plodded into the kitchen. **Theo**, the stereotypically black line cook, looked up from his griddle, cigarette hanging from his mouth, spatula in hand, and hollered over to her. 'Ay, what da fuck happened to you? You look like a fuckin' ghost, girl.' She replied, with dead beady eyes, that she had offended a **regular** and that they wanted to speak to the manager. 'Oh fuck, girl! You 'bout to get fucked for real,' he yelled in a crude but lovable yelp as cigarette ashes fluttered down onto the eggs over medium frying on the griddle. 'R.I.P., **Betty**,' he yelled after her as she exited the kitchen and entered the **offices**. She hadn't even been there long enough for the line cook to learn her name.

She sheepishly knocked on the **manager's** office door. There was no reply. She slowly opened the door. 'Uh... **Mr. Hayden**? Sorry to bother you-' He looked up from his computer and impatiently replied, cutting her off. 'Super busy. What?' Her heart pounded and her voice cracked. 'There's a **regular** in the dining room who would like a word with you.' He leaned back in his chair. 'A **regular**?' Sweat began to stream from **Sarah's** hairline and spoil her heavily applied makeup. 'Yes. An older man with a straw hat and lots of gold jewelry,' she clarified. The **manager** let out a chuckle and, maybe for an instant, allowed a small smile to sit on his face. 'Tell him to get fucked. That's **Curt**, and he's just fishing for a free slice of chocolate cake. He does this shit all the time.' **Sarah** clutched at her chest with one hand and let out a single relieved laugh. All the weight of her worries were in an instant pulled from her shoulders. 'By the way, **Betty**,' the **manager** said. 'Welcome, and enjoy your time here at **Chili's**.' 🍷

Samanthew was just about to superglue his 50,000 poster to a car windshield and end his 48-hour shift when he caught something out of the corner of his eye. Directly under the synthtic-paper sheet he was adhering to the glass was a man sitting in the passenger seat, smiling at him. The man mouthed, “Open the door,” and Samanthew obliged.

“You don’t know how happy I am to see you. I’ve been in here for 8 minutes! I seem to have lost control of both of my arms, would you mind driving me to the hospital?”

Samanthew hesitated for a moment and was about to say no, but after further consideration he realized it would take him closer to the storage unit he had been sleeping in and hell, he might even find something salvageable in the medical waste bin to sell at the tissue scrap-yard.

He climbed over the man and sat down behind the wheel, pressed the ignition button, and stated “St. Splicer Hospital, Acute Paralysis Unit” when prompted by the GPS. The smart-vehicle moved forward, self-navigating it’s way to the hospital.

“What happened to your arms?” he asked.

“Not sure,” the man responded, “I was injecting my L-Amphetamine dose, like I do every morning, when both of my arms went limp.”

“I wouldn’t be too worried about that, I’ve been through it a few times myself. You just need to do a bigger shot, the paralysis is your body’s natural way of telling you it needs more drugs.”

“That makes sense. I was beginning to think it was the non-organic banana I had for breakfast, I just don’t trust those factory farms man.”

The two rode on in silence for several blocks before the man turned towards him.

“What were you putting on the windshield?”

“A promotional flyer for the next presidential debate. Sharevote.net is offering a 20% discount on all future viewings if you register as authoritarian within the next week.”

“That’s not too bad, anything that cuts down on my monthly bills gets my vote. I know politics doesn’t matter, and the election is just entertainment, but it’s damn good entertainment. Plus it’s all that’s on after work besides gaming livestreams. That and the SCUD Bowl, but I don’t know anything about sports... can’t tell my sixes from my twos, don’t know who’s winning or who’s losing.”

“You’re not missing out on much, only 1154 SCUDs have been seriously injured or disfigured this season, with less than 200 murdered. The FSPC just doesn’t put as much effort into it as they used to.”

They arrived at the hospital and the disabled stranger was ejected onto the sidewalk, two fleshy noodles flailing at his sides.

“Thanks for the ride, pal!” he shouted. “And you can keep the car!”

“Are you serious?” Samanthew’s eye’s widened.

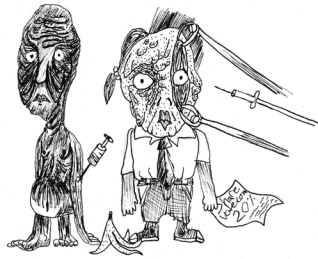
“Sure, I don’t care. It’s not mine.”

The door slammed shut automatically and Samanthew said “Home.”

The engine made a whirring sound as it kicked itself into gear. Two metal prongs came out of the dashboard, gathering a DNA sample from his retinas to match to his place of residence. .

Samanthew gave in to the temporary blindness, and watched as patterns of light swirled around the inside of his eyelids. In 8 hours he would start his next shift, but until then he would catch up on some much needed sleep.

“I should be getting paid for this shit,” he exhaled, and drifted off into the welcome escape of unconsciousness. 🧘



By Greg Redding  
First created

## HELP! I broke up with you! Help me apologize in the best way possible!

To sincerely apologize to my exes, who are all so special to me in very different ways.



Project We Love Art Books Seattle, WA

Campaign FAQ Updates 0 Comments 37 Community

### About this project

Hey, it's Greg. I hope things have been going well for you, I'm sorry we haven't been in closer contact. I've been taking some time to think about my life. Specifically I've been thinking about all the wrongs I've done to people who loved me. I have been doing this for the past six months. I've been writing down all these wrongs, trying to figure out the deep seated problems that cause them for me. These constant mistakes, that I make over and over again...

And after a long ponder on all these bad things, I began crafting beautiful, handwritten apologies. Exquisite, thoughtful apologies, inked in magnificent calligraphy. The sort of apology you can show your mother. After six months of rigorous soul searching and diligent papercraft, I have compiled the apologies into a handmade book, which I'm hoping to publish under the name "The Book of Apologies."

I will spare no expense on the final printing of this book - pages bordered with gold, silverfoil lettering with velvet embroidery - I want every single apology to be so stunning and fantastic that it is automatically elevated to a level of *Maximus Sinceritus*. You just need a confirmed email address and of course mailing address so I can mail everything to you. The Book of Apologies will make an extraordinary piece for your coffee table or office desk.

If you're getting this message, it means that you have been included in The Book of Apologies. Hopefully this all isn't too much for you. Please, before you reach back into your mind to think about that day that I called you, and you barely said anything - please think of the heartfelt, soul bearing apology that awaits you in this book. We both know that the moment I did you wrong was a moment you learned great strength. In all the mistakes I've made, lessons have been learned. Not by any thought or conspiracy of my own, but by the beautiful way that life moves on. Ultimately, buying this book is the final step getting towards closure. And if you join the UberMega Tier, I will record a short, personalized apology voice mail for you monthly. 🧘



### Support this project

Make a pledge without a reward

\$ 10

Pledge \$2,500 or more

#### The Book of Apologies

The Big Beautiful Book of Sorries That You Always Deserved, Here At Last To Make You Realize...I Really Didn't Mean It.

INCLUDES:

- Book of Apologies

ESTIMATED DELIVERY

Dec 2019

SHIPS TO

Anywhere in the world

0 backers

Pledge \$2,600 or more

#### UberMega Tier

This is the Ultimate Apology Package. In addition to The Book of Apologies, you also get a Sorry Sticker Pack, and 250 sheets of my brand new Apology Letterhead. You can use this beautiful paper to write even longer, more thorough apologies from me to you - mail them to me, and I'll sign my name at the bottom. That's how sorry I am.

INCLUDES:

- Book of Apologies
- Sorry Sticker Pack
- 250x Apology Letterhead
- Monthly Voicemail Apology

ESTIMATED DELIVERY

Dec 2019

SHIPS TO

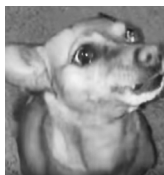
Anywhere in the world



**ALRIGHT BROTHERS AND SISTERS, IT'S TIME TO BUILD A MOAT.** We've waited too long and our defences have weakened. Our prize guard tower destroyed by raiding hordes. Our barricades lay in tatters. How can we consider ourselves men of Honor and Virtue when our precious gold and women and children lay on the line, helpless? I say it is time we build a moat. 14 fathoms deep and 100 strokes wide! A moat we can be proud of! A moat that when people look at it, they'll go "Is this a moat or a Goddamned sea??" A moat so impressive, those same people will pay money to see it! This will cover the cost of the moat. Moat workers may become Moat Tour Guides after the moat is completed. The moat will protect this guild whilst giving it fresh life! Long Live The Moat!

**I THINK I WET THE BED.** The bed is wet, so maybe I should just face the facts here. It's not like I spilled water in my sleep. Windows closed, not rain. And I was dreaming about taking an endless piss off an endless cliff until all time become one with my gushing stream. And my underwear is really wet.

## DOG GONE



That's right, my wife's dog is gone, but I'm sure as hell not 'missing' him haha! If you see this dog don't you fucking dare try to bring him back.

**MISSED CONNECTIONS:** I saw you window dressing in Macy's, and I couldn't help but be mystified by the way you dressed your mannequin. The way you pulled the blouse on, the way you gently kissed their thigh, I was transfixed. You probably noticed me standing there for the entire 45 minutes you dressed that beauty. Anyways, I was hoping you'd be interested in going on a double date with me and MY mannequin. You're just the kind of couple we've been looking for. If interested, call: MAnneking 7-0955

**FOR SALE:** Hundreds of packs of chewing gum. Bunch of flavors. CHEAP! Buy in bulk and save. This is CHEWING gum! YOU CAN'T BLOW BUBBLES WITH THIS! Don't make the same mistake I did • T0mas 7-6621

**Have new meat grinder and looking for meat to grind.** Give me any of your old meat. Cow, chicken, horse, or dog, I'll take it all. I want to grind all the meat together. I will buy ALL your old meat, fresh is not a factor. Please • LA 3-5550

## Just had body modded and no longer need old legs or lungs

Looking to sell as set. \$23 or best offer  
HEmbridge 9-0410

**I'M BUILDING A ZEPPELIN:** They say it can't be done but I'll show them. I'll need at least a thousand men, including engineers, mechanics, and welders, as well as a few hundred tons of raw materials such as steel and helium. I can't afford salaries, so you will be paid in zeppelin rides once it is completed • GEode 8-9783

**LOOKING FOR MY WIFE - OLD AND FAT!** Hello, has anybody seen my wife, Rheba? She is an elderly fat woman with white hair and a cane. I took her to the diner earlier today, and like usual, we both fell asleep in the time between ordering our food and receiving it, except when I woke up, Rheba was gone! Nothing but a sweat spot left on her seat. Please help me find my fat old wife the police are all crazy here!! FRemont 8-0821

**GRANDSON & GRANDSON COMPUTER REPAIR:** Do you have dozens of tabs open that you just can't close? Need to figure out how to upload a picture to your favorite social media site? Most importantly, are you over the age of 55+ and willing to give me a \$20 bill in my next birthday card? Then Grandson & Grandson Computer Repair are the boys for you! We specialize in performing trivial computer tasks for the elderly and technologically inept, and we'll get it done faster than you can melt down that Werther's Original in your mouth! Call now, but you have to promise you'll take me to GameStop afterwards and buy me a new video game when I'm done • FRost 8-4233

**HEROES REBORN WAS THE PINNACLE OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT:** I've discovered a mathematical proof confirming that, despite universal negative reception from critics and viewers alike, *Heroes Reborn* is the greatest artistic achievement in human civilization. I'm looking for like minded individuals with whom to discuss my findings • EMerald 2-0349

**YOU'RE GOING TO HELL!!!!** These young'uns and their ENDLESS WHINING about GOVERNMENT SURVEILLANCE! Back in my day, whenever you were naughty you could feel the judging glare of Santa Claus burning into your back. Every time you looked up, you'd see Jesus smirking knowingly from the clouds! And the tooth fairy...And we liked it! Kids these days just don't know what they have. Shut up, you avocado-munching FUCKS. We know where you live • MEade 5-3735

**Seeking Exterminator:** Seems that a group of Egyptian scarab beetles have conjugated in my basement where they have formed some ceremonial circle, constantly chanting "eem-ho-tep" or something of that nature in an attempt to evoke some ancient and evil diety into a coporeal form so that he may subjugate and enslave mankind. Looking to get this taken care of ASAP because I need the basement for poker night on Saturday • GUiseppe 4-4048

**Alright all you CEOs and Hollywood IDIOTS,** your days are numbered. The next big thing is here and it's ME, Buck Futtters. All you executive types best mark your calendars, because TODAY is the end of your careers. No one will be taking you seriously when BUCK FUTTERS hits the scene. If anyone DARES to be a worldwide success, you better call ME or else you're going nowhere. Look out world, my time has come! Colorado 1-2289

## HELP!!!

I was banned from my favorite soul food restaurant last week when I mispronounced 'nibble' and I need to find a new one to eat at! LOuisiana 6-1478

**LOOKING FOR EXORCISM:** I was rummaging through my mom's nightstand looking for loose change to buy some much needed grub after a series of small green arsons in my attic and my mother back massager turned on and attempted to attack my ass. I'm willing to pay \$20 for you to fix it, or \$50 for you to tame it for my own use • WHitelaw 8-8869

**FREE VCR:** I bought one of those haunted VCRs from the Spooktober sale because *Ghost Dad* is my favorite movie, but it turns out it's a weird creepy version of Ghost Dad that isn't anywhere near as funny • SHamble 8-8094

**WTB: A lot of chewing gum.** Like, hundreds of packs of chewing gum in a variety of flavors. NOT BUBBLE GUM! I DON'T WANT BUBBLE GUM! Am also willing to trade bubble gum for chewing gum • HEctor 2-1194

## IS JUDY OVER THERE?

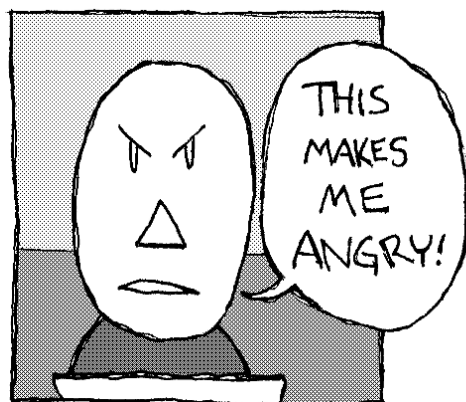
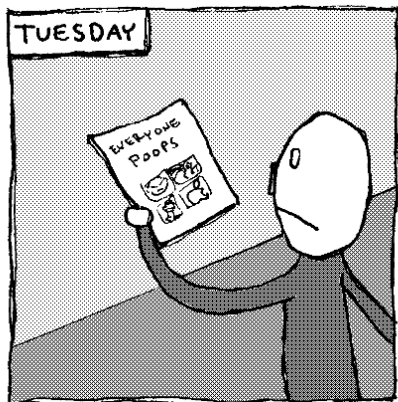
She said she was going to stop by there to see her grandnephew but I thought she'd be back by now.

**Wow, you're doing really excellent work.** Not buying or selling anything here, just wanted to take a second and say "Hey, you've been doing really great work in the world, and we've been noticing." This moment is about allowing yourself to reflect on all those good things you've done, cause there's been a lot. We know, we've been keeping track. For a long time. We know that you're doing good things. And when the time comes...when we make ourselves known to you...you're gonna do great things for us.

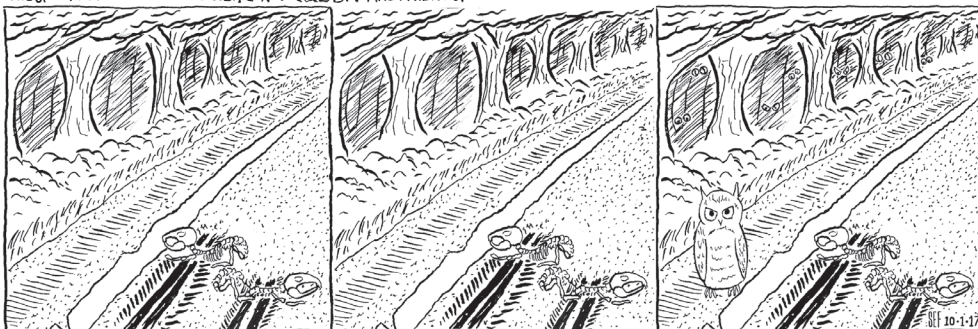
**I NEED YOUR PISS!** - Alright lemme explain myself before you start judging the subject title. I had three boxes of Pasta Roni earlier today and I just took an angry shit and plastered the whole toilet bowl with feces. Now whenever I flush and there's still some stubborn streaks and specks of doodoo latched to the bowl I like to go into number one mode afterwards and use my precision peepee aiming to hose it down and clean it off. I got most of the job done but there's still this one little spot covered in shit and it's driving me nuts! I need anyone who has drank at least 8 glasses of water today to come over to my house and use my bathroom and finish the job • Llon 1-0498

**LOST: My \$1000 IPHONE.** I managed to lose my new IPHONE that I paid ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for. I think I lost it somewhere in between my afternoon stroll at the MERCEDES DEALERSHIP on Brookfield Avenue and the MICHELIN TWO STAR RESTAURANT on main that I went to for dinner last wednesday.

**LOOKING FOR A PROFESSIONAL CHEF:** I've been craving mom's classic shredded beans for ages. I have a recipe to follow but I'm not a good enough cook to do it justice, so I'm hoping to hire someone who is up to the task. If it's as good as I remember you'll be rewarded handsomely • GHoul 4-9384



THE SPOOKY ADVENTURES OF Roadkill Rabbit AND FRIENDS!





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### **SALAMANDER SAM**

GRAPHIC DESIGN  
SPOOKTOBER AD  
HALLOWEEN TIPS  
ROADKILL RABBIT  
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT  
CLASSIFIED ADS

### **CAP'N REDACTED**

CLASSIFIED ADS

### **HUGO HATCHETBACK**

CLASSIFIED ADS

### **EZ**

A MESSAGE TO CARLOS

### **DROOPY MCCOOL**

BACK COVER ART  
PARALYZED ART  
CLASSIFIED ADS  
STICKER

### **INIVEKIN**

CHAIRMAN ART  
STICKER

### **ANGELBOY DISCOMAN**

THE MINUTE HOUR  
THERE ARE NO GOOD DRONES  
HALLOWEEN TIPS  
IS THIS GUY BOTHERIN' YOU?  
BOOK OF APOLOGIES  
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT  
CLASSIFIED ADS

### **JAUNDICE JONES**

SWIFT COMPLETION  
CLASSIFIED ADS

### **MOXIE FAMOUS**

FRONT COVER ART  
CELEBRITY CRUSH  
TIPS FOR THE NEW DAD  
MY DREAM JOB  
HALLOWEEN TIPS  
THE REGULAR  
COMIC  
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### **SAM BAKKER**

VOTE BIMSTAR  
STEAMY CREAMY

### **OHNODINOS**

NO BURN SPRAY

### **ODIN ODANG OBIE**

JONAS NEUBAUER ART  
CLASSIFIED ADS  
STICKER

### **SEAFLOORED**

PARALYZED

### **SCSF**

CLASSIFIED ADS  
FREE MARTIN

