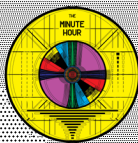


# THE MIGHTY Lighthouse



VOLUME 1 ISSUE 5

NOVEMBER 2017

UNFORGETTABLE  
THANKSGIVING RECIPES

ONE MAN'S SEARCH  
FOR PUMPKIN

CAPTIVATING  
TALES

EVEN MORE  
LOBOTOMIES!



DIGITAL EDITION



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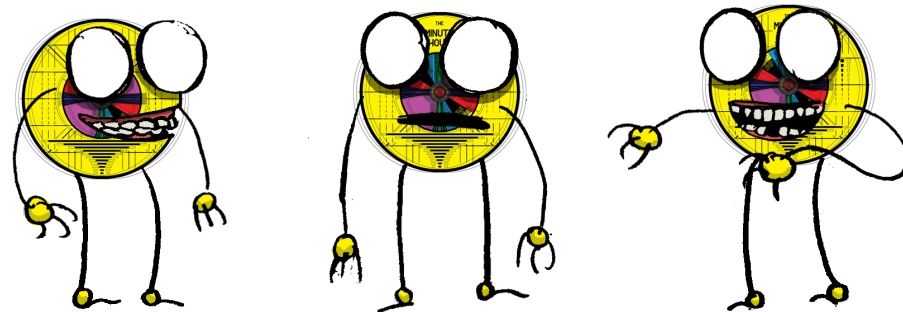
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Pumpkin Spice World



## THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

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Teeth? Yeah, I can definitely draw teeth.....Page 7

You've had *how* many lobotomies?.....Page 8

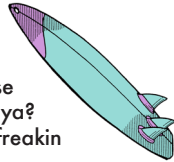
Where could this mysterious map lead?.....Page 9

## ONLY TWO THINGS YOU CAN TRUST, MY FRIENDS

BY CURLY MAJORS

- 1) the lord
- 2) the board.

we start with the lord. obey the lord's rules, he made those stinkin' rules cause he's lookin out for ya. man can't ya see that the lord just wants what's best for ya? he just wants your deepest, most inner self to be at peace. So just follow his freakin rules and make him happy!



but we never forget the board. as the lord will welcome us in death, the board will guide through this life. we live by the board. the board has no care for us. the board has no design or conspiracy, it cannot betray you. you must keep a pristine board. you must have a board so clean and fresh that I should be trying to put my bare ass on it whenever I get a chance. And I get lots of chances, during prayer time.

so go now, go to the prayer room and talk to the lord, in your head. make contact with him and ask exactly what it is he wants of you. if you really commit yourself to the lord, he will speak to you. I will stay in here with the boards, inspecting each and every one, ensuring that your devotion to them that give you life is the same as them that sustain it. 🙏

## OPEN LOVE LETTER

BY LOVEL CLIFTON

My sweet wife Gladys and I have been married for over fifty years. We've worked hard to stay healthy, taking supplements and going for long walks with each other every evening. In fact, we both still fit the clothes we were married in, and we pull them out every anniversary to share a slow dance while listening to 'our song'. We raised three beautiful children, and a couple above-average looking ones. We've had our ups and downs, sure, just like any other couple, but we never stopped loving each other. With hard work and dedication we've weathered through it all. And finally, after over fifty years of marriage, the accumulated weight of the cum I have shot in my wife outweighs her body weight. Sometimes now while we're eating breakfast together I imagine her as a body made entirely of cum, and I'll chuckle to myself. And she'll just giggle and blush because she knows what I'm thinking. She always knows what I'm thinking. We're connected like that. God, I really do love my wife. She truly is my best friend. Gladys, I love you. Happy fifty-fifth anniversary.

With everlasting love,

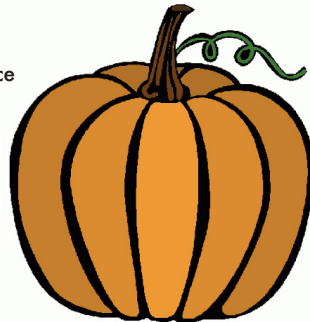
Lovel Clifton 🙏

## THE PUMPKIN JOURNALS

BY WALTER SCHULZ

December 29th, 2009. Tuesday.

The holidays are over. I returned home from mom and dad's place yesterday and I'm already feeling homesick. I went to see *The Lovely Bones* on the Tuesday Special hoping that watching a movie about a teenage girl being raped and murdered would change my mood, but it didn't work and I didn't like the movie very much. I thought maybe I would make some of mom's creamy pumpkin soup and went to Safeway after the movie, but they didn't have any pumpkin in stock. Maybe I'll check Lucky later. I think that pumpkin soup would really help with my homesickness. 🙏



## ATTENTION: TRANS ROLLER BLADERS



Hey I don't wanna blame all my problems on *Trans Roller Blading Gangs*, I respect anybody's right to form a gang, but they need to take it off the streets and onto the sidewalks. Streets are for driving. It's downright dangerous! Plus I can't get to work on time when I gotta gotta spend 15 minutes weaving in an out of these sexy athletes. Get onto the sidewalks! That's where the roller bladers go! I'm home late everyday cause I'm starin' at your freakin' hot asses as you travel 10 abreast at 5 mph! Traffic is traffic I don't care what kind of made up genitals you have! 🙏

## KRAZY GEORGE HENDERSON IS MY CELEBRITY CRUSH

BY JEZ SUMPTER

It's impossible for a woman to ignore a man with authority, and boy oh boy does Krazy George command authority. There's something about the way he saunters around a stadium with his drum and cut-off jean shorts leading the audience with his gravely voice in spirited cheers which gets me going. The first time I laid eyes on George I was at a San Jose Giants game buying a licorice rope from the vendor with a Bill the Cat tattoo on his calf when I saw from the corner of my eye what I thought was a senile old man climb onto a wall and start shouting at the audience. *I invented The Wave!* he shouted as he thumped his drum repeatedly. *Let's get one going now!* he commanded, and sure enough a wave began to cycle through the stadium. And a wave gushed forth from my loins. I couldn't help but bite my lip in that moment and imagine Krazy George tying my licorice rope around my neck and pulling back while whispering cheers into my ear and letting out a wave in my flesh-colosseum. Oh Jesus. Krazy George Henderson is my celebrity crush. 🙏



## THAT WEIRD GUY DIED

BY REGULAR JOE

Hey do you remember that weird guy? Lived in a fully furnished mini house that he built under the Sixth Street bridge? Always hanging out at the dollar theater shouting spoilers? I remember you met him at Dave and Sarah's party like three years ago. Yeah, that's the guy. Well it turns out he died. Oded on Crystal. Crystal Pepsi. Apparently he loved the stuff so much that he injected it into his eyeballs, and let's just say he did not go peacefully. I wish I could say it was unexpected but, well, you met him. He was a weirdo.



I was talking to some people at the funeral. Did you know that he would wait in line for hours every Black Friday and didn't even buy any of the doorbusters? He'd just buy all the discounted PlayStation Plus and Xbox Live gift cards and sell them for a loss on Craigslist. He once called Avatar a "total game changer". Julie said she saw him teaching a blind kid gang signs in enemy territory. His favorite sport was tennis, he'd paint his face and go tailgating and everything.

Last year he literally ate an entire Buick because of a Facebook dare, and it turns out the person who dared him to do it was just a fake account that he created. Back in high school they caught him huffing paint thickener. Basically corn starch and water. I mean that can't be good for your lungs but it certainly won't get you high. And to top it all off I once saw him at a pizza buffet and he definitely had a slice of Hawaiian pizza on his plate. You know what? In a way I'm actually glad he's dead. Such a weirdo. 🙏

## CRANBERRY PIE, MADE WITH GRAMMY'S SCABS!

Oh the kiddies do love my Cranberry pie. "Grammy!" they say "Make us a pie for our visit!" and of course I say yes and I watch them cheer and dance. Oh how they dance...always. Always making the pie. Always watching them. The same reaction... "Mmm mm! Thank you Grammy! We love your Cranberry pie so much!" well they might have a different reaction *this time*... Old Grammy has been scraping her knees on the sidewalk you see...she's been scraping and waiting...she's been COLLECTING a secret ingredient for her delicious Cranberry Pie....and by golly I think the reaction from the kiddies will be A BIT DIFFERENT INDEED! 🍷



## THE PUMPKIN JOURNALS

BY WALTER SCHULZ

December 31st, 2009. Thursday.

I went to Lucky on the way to the mandatory New Year's Eve work party tonight, and they also had no pumpkin. I asked one of the employees when they'd get more and she started crying and said that they wouldn't before she ran away. Really weird. Another employee saw the whole thing and came over to tell me that there was a canned pumpkin shortage from two poor growing seasons and that there were severe pumpkin rations for all the grocery stores and that I might have better luck at a smaller grocery. Really nice guy. Really knew a lot about pumpkin harvests.

I didn't have a lot of fun at the party. Betty kept making advances on me. I don't really find her attractive, but since we work for a tech company I think it might actually be sexual harassment for me *not* to finger her. I don't know, I'll have to ask the HR department what the company policies are. I tried being a huge dick all night so she'd leave me alone, but I think she might be a masochist or something because she just came at me even harder. As soon as my mandatory 30 minutes of attendance were up I excused myself to use the bathroom, stamped out my punch card, and snuck out. 🍷



## BACON-SLATHERED HARD-FRIED TURKEY WITH SEASONAL WHIP GLAZE

BY ROBERTHA WALLARDY | EPICURIUS | NOVEMBER 2017

3.7/4!!!!

REVIEWS (374)

88%

MAKE IT AGAIN



This easy-to-follow recipe will give you the most delicious, moist, and crispy fried Thanksgiving turkey you've ever tasted. This recipe has been passed down through my family for decades, perfected by generations into the masterpiece you see today. I remember Thanksgiving '87, when Great Aunt Marie made this recipe, the last time our family was truly together. This was before the unpleasantness, you see.

November 26, 1987. *Planes, Trains, and Automobiles* had just opened the day before, and most of us had gone down to the cinema to see it.



was just every where. Needless to say the police were called and our family gatherings were never quite the same again. Years later after he got out on parole Uncle Charlie came by during Easter Brunch to apologize. A few listened to what he had to say but dad nearly broke his jaw. I never did see Uncle Charlie again after that, last I heard he had moved in with his weirdo son in a makeshift shack under a bridge.

Whenever I taste this recipe I'm instantly transported back to that cold November day, the last day we were still a real family.



SAVE RECIPE ADD TO MENU PRINT

ACTIVE TIME: 1 3/4 hours  
TOTAL TIME: 7-8 hours

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 (20- to 30- pound) turkey with neck and giblets
- 10 gallons whole lard (for a healthier option use skim lard)
- 2 pounds thick-sliced bacon
- 1/2 gallon heavy whipping cream
- 1/2 gallon mayonnaise
- 2 cups dried custard flakes
- 2 cups marshmallow fluff
- 1 1/2 cup ketchup
- 8 tablespoons cinnamon
- 4 tablespoons Red Robin seasoning

CLICK HERE TO BANISH THOSE DEMONS OF FATNESS

OR YOU WILL DIE

President BinStar doesn't want drivers in document.getElementById("City"); to know about this one simple trick for lowering your car insurance payment.

Select your age:

A: -0 to null  
B: 20 to 25  
C: Both A and B  
D: \$int  
E: 20 to 30



There are a lot of artists out there in the world, but many of them don't know how to draw teeth. Hate to say it, but it's true. They just don't get it. Well, here are some quick tips on how to draw teeth from a passionate expert who draws hundreds of teeth commissions every week. Hopefully after reading this you too will help rid the world of thoughtless and badly drawn teeth.

First of all, teeth aren't all the same size and shape, so don't go around drawing them all looking the same. These are *teeth* man, not kernels of factory farm GMO corn! Each tooth is unique, just like a fingerprint, and they should be drawn that way. Don't you dare draw a whole row of teeth at once, unless you're drawing a really cute cartoon character. Yes, in some styles of art it is acceptable and appropriate to draw teeth in this way. The character the teeth belong to matter, which brings me to the next tip.

Secondly, you need to think about the subject the teeth belong to. Are they the type of character who would have large incisors? Are they missing teeth? Are their teeth in braces or tobacco stained? You need to think about these things! The condition of a character's teeth can speak volumes about their personality. The more you can show the personality of your character through their physical appearances the better, and teeth go a long way toward that. For example, if an anime character has a cute little fang (we in the business call them 'canines') it shows that they are a bit of a mischievous character who's a tad rough around the edges, but are also fun and likable. She may tease the main character, but she does it because she likes him and she's a good girl at heart. If you don't like a cute anime girl with a fang you're a fucking asshole.

Thirdly, you must remember not to be too technical when drawing teeth. They're not dead pebbles in the mouth, they're living tissue, and it's important to keep that in mind. Teeth are organic. Don't be so rigid in how you draw your teeth. You're creating art, not a medical textbook. Instead, let their shape and spirit flow through you and your drawing instrument onto the page. And I will also note that you must be mindful of the gums. Many people forget about the gums when drawing teeth. You may not want to draw them, and in many situations it is not necessary to do so, but you must keep in mind that they are there while drawing your teeth so that the mouth appears more natural.

They say that the eyes are the window to the soul, but I would argue that that honor goes to the teeth. After all, people without eyes still have souls and live fruitful lives. Yet when was the last time you met someone without teeth? You probably haven't because most people who lose their teeth also lose their will to live. I hope that after reading this handy little guide that you will pay more attention to the teeth you draw in the future. And if you ever need more mentoring you can find me on Fiverr. 🍷

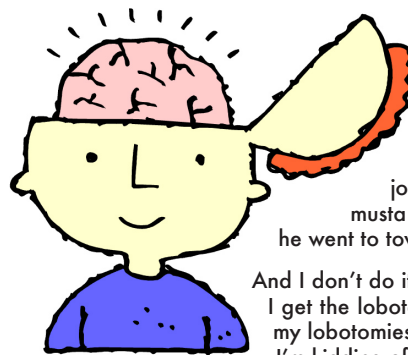
## THE PUMPKIN JOURNALS

BY WALTER SCHULZ

January 12th, 2010. Tuesday.

I have given up on finding canned pumpkin. I was getting pretty frustrated and depressed about not being able to find it, but after seeing all the news today about the earthquake in Haiti and all the death and destruction my problems seem so small. Fuck. They're saying death toll estimates are over 100,000. So much destruction, and I'm bitching about not being able to find canned pumpkin and Betty being a bitch. I'm just going to buy some *Totino's Pizza Rolls*. That's another meal my mother made a lot. 🍷

## 24-25 LOBOTOMIES



WHOA! Now excuse me, I don't wanna gloat but EXCUSE ME... there was something pretty special about that last lobotomy. I mean WOW! I feel jacked to the tits! Goddamn!

They really rattled around the stick this time. Yessir they rattled that stick good. Whew! There's nothin' like it! It's a jolt! It's a stick! In your brain! Through your eyes! And woo I musta said somethin rude to the doc while he put me under cause he went to town! Nothing like it.

And I don't do it with anesthetic. I stopped feeling pain 20 lobotomies ago. I get the lobotomy for the experience...I learn things about myself during my lobotomies. Like during this last one, I learned that I LOVE lobotomies! I'm kidding of course, I learned that so many lobotomies ago, I can't even remember what I'm talking about.

I feel great! Like a brand new man!

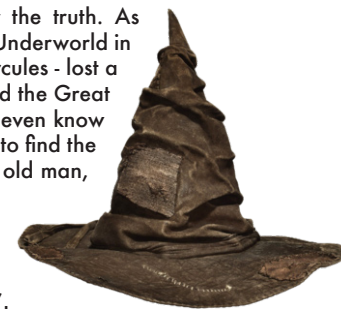
You know what I don't feel? You know what I feel totally devoid of? Violence. No more violence in my brain. No violent thoughts, no violent actions. Which is a good thing, ya know it came in the nick of time cause I was starting to get some violent, violent thoughts. They were comin in red hot. They were comin locked and loaded and ready to RIP! Ah man I remember now, right before this last lobotomy, right before I go under, the doctor says makes some off-color remark about Italians to my mother, and I'm like "what the FUCK do you mean by that? Nononono what the FUCK are you trying to say? You wanna fuckin fight me? Ya lil bitch? Ya lil BIIIIITCH!"

Whew....wow. I know this is gonna sound ridiculous but I think I need another lobotomy. STACK EM AND RACK EM DOC, **AN DON'T FORGET THE STICK!** 🍷

## LOST

I have always been driven by a burning desire to discover the truth. As Hercules did in his pursuit of Persephone, so I, too, walked the Underworld in search of answers. I found what I was looking for, but - like Hercules - lost a part of myself in the process. Now I, a person having discovered the Great Truths of the world - the answers to the questions many do not even know to ask - have no-one to share this knowledge with. I come home to find the world not as I remembered it. Just as I have become an wilted old man, so too has this place been ravaged by time and loss.

What are your thoughts on my wand? 'Profile' me based on what you assume from my the aspects of my wand. In case you can't see the link; it's Beech with Unicorn Hair, 10 3/4 inches, Brittle. More about me: - Ravenclaw - Horned Serpent - INT-P-T - Lazy - Have a temper



I am a grown woman, so the fact that I am weeping over the loss of a website is faintly ridiculous. But I am really upset.

I know it is ridiculous. I went to visit the website today, something that I had been putting off because of the other reactions to it that I had read. And I feel actually quite devastated. I mean, logically I know that we were incredibly privileged to be part of Pottermore, we didn't have to pay for it or anything - but I was one of the beta users, I had friends on Pottermore - i was genuinely proud of my collection of objects, I wasn't that great at duelling, but I tried for the sake of the House Cup.

I do understand that there were reasons behind the change - and I wouldn't admit to feeling this many emotions about the changes in any other forum - but I know you guys know what I mean! I mean, do you? Am I overreacting? (The answer is probably yes, but dang it, I still feel it!) 🍷



So a mysterious map salesman came to my school the other day. In addition to buying some "westervale" map from Game of Swords (is that what it's called? I don't watch TV. It'll brainwash you) for my sister's upcoming birthday, I bought two more maps for \$10 a piece. Not a bad deal right? So the first was this pretty normal looking treasure map. The X had a few words next to it - Ancient Treasure. Neat.

The second was tiny, like pocket sized. As I opened it, I realized I KNEW this location. The contours and shapes were instantly familiar to me. The map didn't have any words on it, but the salesman had put it in my hands and promised me UNKNOWABLE SECRETS.

So After school I traveled to where the mark was on the map, shovel in hand. Trudging through the swamp behind my house I came to the cliff where I used to play as a kid, so many years ago. I climbed down and stood over you. The shallow dirt still showed as an entirely different shade of brown from dry clay in the shadow the cliff. Holding down my stomach I let my shovel take the first bite into soft mound where we buried...

There wasn't a body. Where you were, only a muddy note remained.

*How could you HOW COULD YOU!? YOU LET ME DIE AND KEPT ON LIVING! YOU MURDERER! YOU MURDERED ME!*

and I cried out NO! I Tried I TRIED to save you and I couldn't and I've spent all this time trying to make up for it! Not one day has gone by that I haven't thought of you and-

The note SPOKE back:

*You should suffer. You DESERVE to SUFFER!*

And I saw for the last time your smiling face as if flashed into sour rage. And you were gone.

An OVERWHELMING migraine turned my mind white hot. At first I couldn't process what was happening and as I fell into your once-grave my right hand dug at the beige clay but failed to find purchase as my left hand splayed across my face in agony and bliss. Fingers dipped into my eyes and mouth.

I couldn't avoid it anymore - the knowledge filling my mind was at first insignificant. Where I'd lost my keys, the name of a stray cat, that my ancient treasure map led to the empty chests of an already claimed treasure.

The pain grew indescribably hot. I knew anything and everything I never could. Things impossible to know. Aliens built the Pyramids and why, all who meet me hate me, you were still alive when we buried you.

The sunset on the horizon had given way to a moonless night when the pain stopped and I reclaimed my body. I pulled my body out of the pit and climbed home. I knew everything I couldn't - like what you thought of me, but I still couldn't figure out what happened to you, or where that map came from. Who was that map salesman?

And for the requests:

Have: Everything you've ever wanted to know

Want: Treasure, preferably Ancient.

Don't bother calling, I will KNOW if you want to contact me. ☺



i cannot afford cigarette plz help me sir

# WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

hi, i used to be just like you. raising two kids who spend their time snapchatting vacation photos to e-celebrities and married to a girl i dated in high school who swallows handfuls of pharmaceuticals but cant be bothered to take two boulders from a man's second shoulders (if you know what I mean)

## I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE SUFFERING

Like our lord and saviour in heaven Daniel once stated,  
**"Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, who has sent His angel and delivered His servants who put their trust in Him, violating the king's command, and yielded up their bodies so as not to serve or worship any god except their own God."**  
 - Daniel, 3:28

how important is it to know the height of a building you plan to jump off of?

welcome to the future, you are living in it, and that's not a bad thing. the entire world library is at the tip of your fingers, you have the ability to manifest any material possession through a series of clicks and letters, there are HUMAN WOMEN who shit in holes and consider basic commodities most of us take for granted alien technology.

## YOU CAN END IT ALL RIGHT NOW

Through various untapped business ventures, I have aquired a large stockpile of vietnamese mail-order brides. Currently I have no way to utilize their abilities, and all three of the bedrooms in my warehouse are occupied at over 10,000% max capacity. I would love to hold on to my girls but recently my warehouse's floor manager has been making complaints because she needs the space to house our children.

## I WANT TO SELL YOU MY SEXY ASIAN SLAVES \* FOR \$500 \*\* EACH

\*I use the word "slaves" but if you don't pay them fairly they will band together and turn on you. It's not much, maybe a few ramen noodle packets and some laundry detergent every week or so.

\*\*Some items may require the additional purchase of a visa to function legitimately ;)

**EAZ-E MEDITATION CLASS - LAX TEACHER:** Aloha, young padawans. I am a Mindfulness Leader and Thought Expansion Worker who goes by the pseudonym EE-ZEE-EE. I offer you my very own meditative course to keep you cool and calm every single beautiful day. Come to my house at the blue of the morn (4:00am) and learn the ancient secrets of wellness that I have divined from cryptic spirits. These astral wanderers, who speak to me between the hours of 7:00pm and 3:20am in what some call "SLEEP" or "SLEEPYTIME" and perhaps others call "DREAMS". The course is free but you must bring a breakfast item • Egress 3-0098

**12TH ANNUAL BLACK FRIDAY BBQ BRAWL**

Come on down to the Nut City Megamall parking lot this Thanksgiving for a day of smoked meats, rap metal, and full-on no-rules MMA-style combat. Last man standing wins a year's supply of Faygo, *Call of Duty WWII* for Xbox One, and a rain check certificate for a 39" 4KTV from Best Buy. Also be sure to check out the horse eating contest and don't forget to cast your vote for Jiggliest Juggalo.

**FEATURING MUSICAL GUESTS:**

- Insane Clown Posse
- Slipknot
- Korn
- Limp Bizkit
- Kid Rock

**WITH EXCLUSIVE PERFORMANCE BY WHAT'S LEFT OF LINKIN PARK**

**FREE PSYCHIC THERAPY:** You don't even have to tell me your problems because I will pluck them out of your mind just like I pluck the scabs off my son. You may not even recognize the problems that I find. You might say "Hey wait, these aren't *my* problems!" Yes they are. You are saying that because you are so blind to life that you don't even know what your own problems are. That, is your first, biggest problem. I can see all your problems as soon as you walk in the door. I could see them even if I had never met you! If I just knew what you looked like I could tell you exactly what's wrong with you! That's how psychic I am. And it's free. I just ask that you entertain my son for a few minutes.

**DAD IS HAVING A TURKEY LEG,** but mom is on a diet and only wants to eat white meat this Thanksgiving dinner. First one of our children to call with a good reason for why they deserve the turkey leg will get it. Flattery will not work. Jared, don't bother calling since we both know you're not going to be chosen. DAd ross 2-6700

**I LOVE FOOD,** and the only thing which will change that is if you put a bullet in my head. Simple as that. Do you have the guts? I don't think you do, Sheryl. Well, let me tell you something: I DO. If you EVER try to force a diet on me again I will put a hot piece of lead in your dumb fucking skull. You have been warned, Sheryl. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

**SALE IN UPPER ESSEX:** Rubber butts. Some are stamped with OLD NAVY, who denies any association. Quality material, I'd think they'd be proud of the craftsmanship. Vintage stuff. Polymer, real nice sheen, dishwasher safe. You can eat off these things! Variety of colors, only one shape. No hole. Very sturdy. You can sit on it, mount it over your truck's hitch-testicles, use it as a pillow or lumbar support, make a jiggly butt monster (& fight it!), or just slap'em! JAy 2-0916

**LOOKING FOR EXCUSES:** I really don't want to spend a whole evening with these horrible people so I need some help creating an airtight excuse. Maybe you could mug me, or hit me with your car, or burn down my apartment building, dealer's choice. You actually have to do it though, because they'll know if it's just a lie. They always know • POdunk 3-3810

**SOMETIMES PEOPLE ASK ME WHAT MY GREATEST FEAR IS**

That's a big question. But if you were to ask me *right now* I'd say it's that I made this macaroni and cheese *too* creamy. So, sorry Oliver and Betty, but I must cancel our dinner • EMily 2-1981

**I BOUGHT ALL THE LEFTOVER HALLOWEEN CANDY:** Yes sir, every year the fools spend their hard-earned money on overpriced bags of candy, but I always wait until the first week of November when they're practically giving it away for free. *This* candy is all for *me*, not for those annoying little brats.

**HUNTING MOOSE, SEEKING SPOTTER:** The Moose infestation has reached critical levels. Already the Moose outnumber the Man by 7:1, and very soon the Moose will engage local level political and civic institutions. In just a matter of years, Moose will attend school with your children. Some will say "Moose are people too." I say, ABSOLUTELY NOT!! We must strike now while the Moose still plays dumb! I'm an excellent shot, but blind as a sand granny. I need an intelligent and skillful spotter, who knows that cursed outline and can seek it out endlessly. If we spend all day, every day, for the rest of our lives killing Moose.... we may be able to prevent that terrible future. LOdgepole 2-1090

**CURB ALERT**

I made pancakes for breakfast, but it turns out I'm just not feeling it. I ate half of one pancake, but all the others are untouched and up for grabs. First come first served. 1750 Hamner Ave.

**DON'T FEED THE ELDERLY:** We've all been in the supermarket when some old bint coughs at the end of the aisle, hunched & shaking, looking at you from the corner of blind eye. I know what you want. Food. Top shelf food. You want it handed to you. Like everything else—you won't ask, you just expect it done. Tall people don't exist to feed you. You can't raise your hands above your shoulder, you don't get top shelf food! Mid-shelf at best. Use your cane, or buy one with all those Social Security benefits you gave yourselves which we all pay for, but will never receive.

**I NEED TO PROVE BATMAN IS BETTER THAN SUPERMAN!** I've been having an ongoing argument with my ex brother in law over who would win in a fight. its obviously batman! I MEAN COME ON HE'S BATMAN! He doesn't care about any green fucking rocks. If you have any leads or proof to batman's superhero superiority over that super-dork superman, please call me. I CAN'T LET JEREMY WIN! • MARvle sucks 9-2323

**LOOKING FOR PUMPKIN SPICE STUFF:** I just love pumpkin spice flavored things, but they're so hard to find lately. If anyone knows of any stores or websites where I can buy pumpkin spice items in bulk please let me know. MUDville 9-7953

**HOLISTIC BRAIN SURGERY:** Hole in your heart? Hole in your soul? Hole in your brain! That's what you're missing! Matching holes! Holistic holes. They're all connected, or can be. Open your eyes! Open your mind! Open yourself! We all have holes. Some don't have enough! No children under 1. Pets allowed. Parties under 25 • HELpinghole 0-419

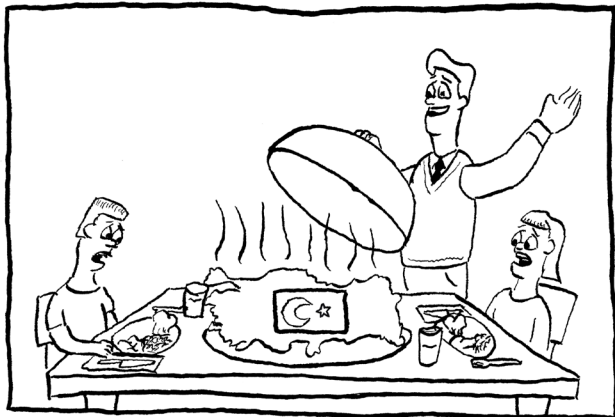
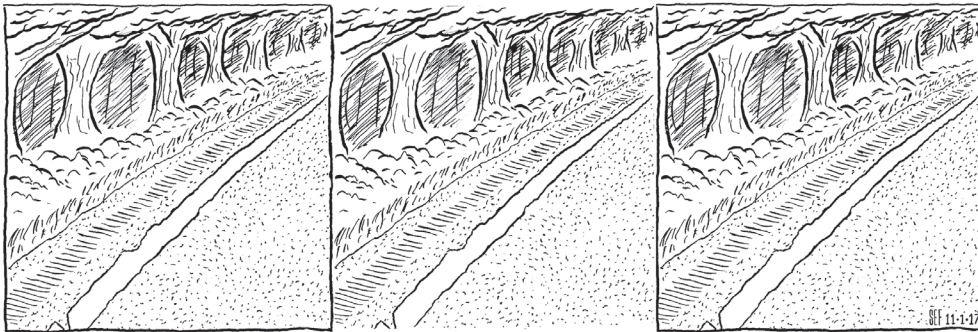
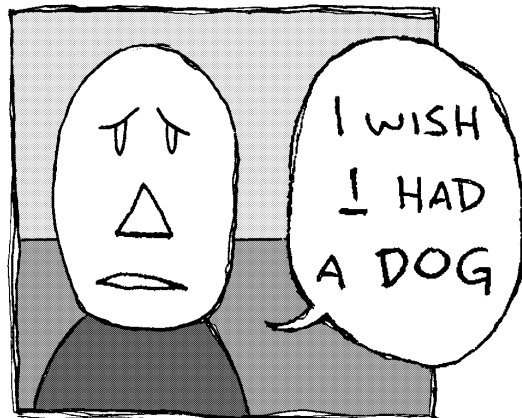
**I FOUND JUDY**

It turns out she was here the whole time, watching her stories. Sorry for bothering you nice folks.

**NO.** No, I don't think so. I should think not. Not here. Not this time. Not anymore. It's too much. You've gone too far. You ask too much. This will not stand. Did you think you could get away with it? There's no way. The gall. You should be ashamed. You've done it now. You, and you, alone. You're out of line. You've crossed a line. I've had enough. We've all had enough. I don't know you anymore. How could I? How could you? After everything. I still can't believe it. There's nowhere left to go from here. There's nothing left. It's all over. It's through. Is this what you wanted? I hope you're happy • ENd 4-9680

**COALITION OF INTERNET LOSERS (C.O.I.L.):** Do you share memes that are months or years out of date? Do you get into heated online arguments about your social or political views? Do you like a certain TV cartoon a little *too* much? It sounds like you're an internet loser. We are the Coalition of Internet Losers, and we're looking for more losers just like you. We don't care what *kind* of internet loser you are, all are welcome here. Facebook, Tumblr, Reddit, 4chan, we'd even consider a LinkedIn loser as long as you promise not to send us any invites. We meet every other Tuesday at the Prescott Mall food court. We're usually over by the Sbarro, but you'll know us when you see us. Just look for the table full of internet losers.

**GET READY FOR THE JUMP KICK!** Sunday November 5th at Arrowhead Stadium, I'm doing a jump kick. One night and one night only. Tickets go on sale for 60 dollars. Don't miss this once in a life time event. Bring your dog, bring your uncle. Run, don't walk, to Arrowhead Stadium on Sunday November 5th. I'M DOING A JUMP KICK!



"No, dad! Not that kind of turkey!"





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THE MINUTE HOUR  
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TRANS ROLLER BLADING GANGS  
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24-25 LOBOTOMIES  
ADDITIONAL TEXT  
CLASSIFIED ADS

**EZ**  
SUBATOMIC GASTRONOMY MENU  
WEBSITE STORY  
CLASSIFIED ADS

**ODIN ODANG OBIE**  
FRONT COVER ART  
CELEBRITY CRUSH ART  
I DRAW TEETH ART

**SEAFLOORED**  
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

**SCSF**  
LOST

## CREDITS

**SALAMANDER SAM**  
GRAPHIC DESIGN  
PUMPKIN SPICE AD  
THAT WEIRD GUY DIED  
EPICURIOS  
ROADKILL RABBIT  
TURKEY COMIC  
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT  
CLASSIFIED ADS

**MITCHELL FIELDER**  
SWEET LITTLE KEVINS (TOC ART)

**SAM BAKKER**  
SQUIGGLELY BOYS (TOC ART)

**OHNODINOS**  
MINESWEEPER

**MOXIE FAMOUS**  
BACK COVER ART  
OPEN LOVE LETTER  
CELEBRITY CRUSH  
THE PUMPKIN JOURNALS  
I DRAW TEETH/ART  
DOG GONE COMIC  
CLASSIFIED ADS

**LAWFUL**  
CLASSIFIED ADS

**MIKE GALLAGHER**  
MAP STORY