

THE MIGHTY Lighthouse



VOLUME 1 ISSUE 6
DECEMBER 2017

JUMBO YEAR-END MEGAZINE

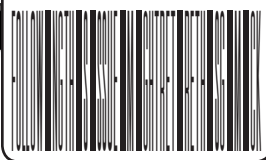


FANTASTICAL
FICTION!

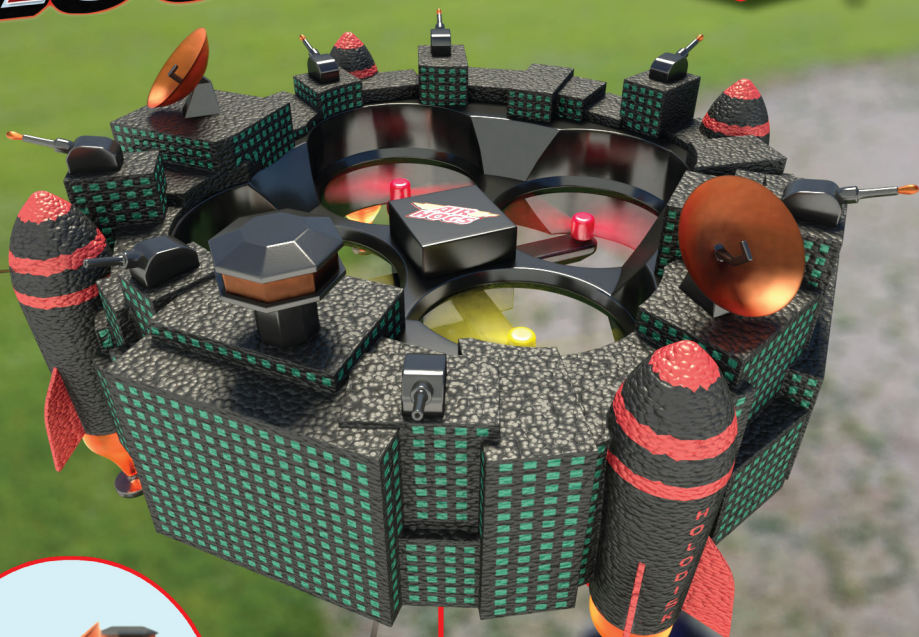
ART
FOR DAYS!

GRODY
ODES!

DIGITAL EDITION



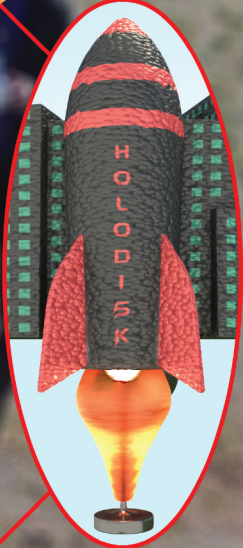
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THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

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EVERYDAY BEARS A NEW CHALLENGE WHEN YOU'RE TRYNA HAVE A FAMILY OFF THE BOOKS

It hasn't been easy, it hasn't been pretty, but goddamn does it feel good. Feels like the way it's meant to be. No social security numbers, no birth certificates, no records of their existence at all. A beautiful, loving family, totally off the books.



No smartphones. No dumbphones, neither. No communication. They can speak English, but it's just the stuff that's relevant to us. I taught them everything they need to know. Do my wife and child need to know about the friggin isotopes in icicles? Or the capital of Poland? Or the current year? Nope. Not necessary. They know about the wood. They know her back to front, inside and out. They know her moods. They know that the wood doesn't care about you. They know that the wood is just waiting for you to die so it can suck out your nutrients and use you for DIRT.

And they love it, by the way. They are the happiest little bouncing balls I've ever seen. you see, they can enjoy the simple pleasure of a sunrise on a crisp morning. They don't jump and scream when Brunson Rathbone belts out a number one hit on the holobox cause they don't know what any of that is. Rather, they jump and scream when they find a bushel full of red berries. Is that not wonderful? Is that not delightful?

I had a family on the books once, what a nightmare that was. She had control of the books (because I hate the books) and wouldn't you know it, when things went south she COOKED the books! Tried to ruin my life but I showed her because now nobody knows where I am and they never will. ☹️

WHERE IS ALL THIS LINT COMING FROM?

Every goddamn day I wake up drenched in sweat and dread. I trudge to the bathroom in the dark of the morning, rubbing my weary eyes with palms moist with a cold sheen of perspiration. As I step into the shower the sweat begins to wash away, but the dread soaks in ever deeper, burrowing through the physical flesh deep into my soul and psyche. The scalding water runs over me as I soap up my hands and breath deep the hot, muggy air. The time has come. I close my eyes and plunge my suds smothered hands deep into the crack of my ass and begin to fish through the tangled web of hair. The sweat and grime from the last twenty-four hours washes away, but the dread remains like a grease stain on a favorite shirt. Slowly I lower my head down and open my eyes to see the clumps of lint tumbling down my legs in streams of water, like dark clusters of spider eggs birthed from my ass. Time almost seems to slow to a crawl. And then, after pushing the lint down the drain with shaking toes, I break down and cry until the water begins to run cold, and I swear I will never tell another soul about this, my shame. I have lint in my ass. And every morning I wash it out. ☹️

NORM DUKE IS MY CELEBRITY CRUSH

BY JEZ SUMPTER

Norm Duke, the sprightly elf of the PBA, is my celebrity crush. At five-foot-five he is certainly a man I can see eye to eye with on the physical plane, but in the *Kama-Loka* of the bed room I'm sure he could show me a trick shot or two which would put me in my place. Oh Jesus, I'm sure he'd expertly determine the ice and rug of my lubed up alley and convert my 7-10 split with ease, then tease me through a clean game of wombats and dime store conversions before hitting the back three in the tenth frame. Fucking hot! I would do just about anything to see him use his familiar towel to lob his balls around the alley while flashing me his impish grin. Norm Duke is my celebrity crush. ☹️



Tip of the day!!

If you think you might be **currently having a nightmare**, take a picture on your phone! When you wake up the next day, you can check your phone and then you'll know that you are **still in the same nightmare**

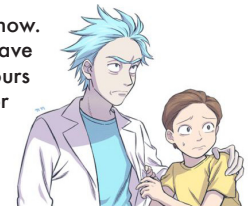
DINOSAURS AREN'T FUCKING PURPLE

I'm sick and tired! Not only because I was recently diagnosed with Pseudopseudohypoparathyroidism (Its real, stop asking), but also because i'm fed up! Not only because I've been eating copious amount of mayonnaise cubes, but also because i've had it up to here (Imagine me holding my hand up real high (I'm very tall)) with the fucking ridiculous colors that people impose on to dinosaurs in the mainstream media. Just a simple google image search with show ya. Do it now... yeah that's right, what do ya get? ya get a fucking rainbow of colors. My god people! Mesozoic era natural history is not a goddamn gay pride parade! GOD I'M SO HOT RIGHT NOW! This would be at least bearable if they were consistent with the colors. BUT THEY'RE NOT! I saw a green Triceratops on the History channel, I switch the channel to Discovery, and the same dinosaur is fucking purple. Un-fucking-believable! We don't fucking color any other animals in media like that (Don't get me started on Clifford, that big red fuck). And this asinine shit gets even worse when you talk about dinosaurs aimed at children. Is this what we're teaching our youth? That the baby blue Aralosaurus is going to go play hopscotch with the lime green Velociraptor. Get out of here with that shit! Dinosaurs are ferocious animals. They should scare your kids! You should scare your kids, with dinosaurs! That'll teach them some real lessons about natural history. Dinosaurs are the ancestors of chickens and birds you retards! I want all the dinosaurs in movies to have feathers and not skittle colored skin. And in that garbage film, jurassic park where the T-Rex roars like a tiger or a bear, fuck that! I want the the T-Rex roar to be replaced with a majestic turkey gobble. That's fucking realism. ☹️



THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW

It has been 4 hours since I watched Rick and Morty. Things are different now. As soon as the credits rolled I felt a shockwave through my mind. I have reason to believe I have super intelligence and psychic powers now.. 3 hours after that I noticed a van parked on my street but no one has entered or exited the car since its arrival. I fear for my safety, I'm not sure what sort of power I may have stumbled upon but it's possible that the government has found out. ☹️



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Tired of not having a direction in life? Do you have a passion for GAMING? Well if you're still reading you must be a dedicated GAMER who will do whatever it takes to get to the next level. That next level is Hamtown University. Where you'll struggle, be pushed, challenged.. just like those games you spend all day playing. Whether it's learning that none of your skills earned playing competitive Overwatch have anything to do with development. Or trying to convince your parents to pay another hundred thousand dollars to fulfill your dream of playing even more video games. It's nothing you, as a GAMER, can't handle. Sign up now and see if you have what it takes to earn a non-transferable associate's degree. ☹️

while i was waiting for my lyft to arrive.
 cars stopped in front of me at the crosswalk because of the red light
 drivers looking at me
 i'm looking at them
 silence
 then i crouch down and pick up my sandwich
 and start eating it again
 fuck these people
 i'm never going to see them again
 don't fucking judge me
 i don't even judge myself
 love thyself 🍌



Ever been hurt & not known what to do,
 When a bully at school would come up to you,
 Steal your lunch & make you eat glue?
 Well Uncle Sam & you've got your rights!
 Don't be a bitch, son, learn how to fight!
 Nobody cares for you. No one in sight.
 No one is coming to help with your plight.
 Not the police, not Batman in tights,
 To fix what is wrong & do what is right.
 You're really got nobody. You're all alone.
 If you should call they won't pick up the phone.
 You could just break down, hoping to die.
 The Retard of Fagtown, having a cry.
 Or you could do the American thing.
 Stand up for yourself & let freedom ring!
 This is the U.S., your Dad has a gun.
 Just take it to school, son.
 To have some fun. 🍌



DADDY'S HOME 2
NOW PLAYING!




i dunno wtf u guys are talking about
 daddy's home 2 is advertised at carl's jr
 so it must be good
 carl's jr is where adults eat
 last time i was in carl's jr i found a dirty needle in my napkin holder
 that's an adults restaurant
 and they promote adult movies
 if u go see daddys home 2 ur gonna get laid
 for sure
 because youre adults
 ad thats what adults do
 tell u what
 take her to see the movie then go to carl's jr afterward
 get a \$5 box to share
 one hot dog for her
 one hot dog for you
 share the tried and drink
 give her the cookie cuz ur a gentleman
 (mlady)
 and then u FUCK
 u fuck right there in the carl's jr on top of the dirty needles
 rolling around in ketchup and napkins
 and then thats it
 ur adults 🍌

Look at them, sitting in
 their skype chat room all by
 themselves. I know they need
 me, and I don't need them. I
 am the best and funniest guy in
 the world, and they just don't
 understand. Those cretins will
 get it one day, and then they'll
 invite me back to their skype
 group, or they'll be sorry. 🍌




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- 


Rockstar Energy BOOM! Octane Booster And Carburetor Cleaner, Whipped Strawberry - 15 oz (Pack of 12)
by Rockstar Automotive
★★★★★ (29)
\$82.20 prime
In Stock. Offered by Amazon.com.
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Item added December 1, 2017
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- 


Pennzoil Platinum Diet Cherry Lime 5 quart 10W-30 Full Synthetic Motor Oil (SN/GF-5 Jug)
by Pennzoil
★★★★★ (4)
\$22.47 prime
In Stock. Offered by Amazon.com.
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Item added November 23, 2017
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- 


500 Piece Assorted Loose Gluten Free Bearing Balls 1/8", 5/32", 3/16" 7/32" & 1/4"
★★★★★ (215)
\$7.50 prime
Price dropped 5% (was \$7.95 when added to list)
In Stock. Offered by WebDealz.
8 Used & New from \$5.95
[Add comment, quantity & priority](#)

Item added November 12, 2017
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Dr. Scholl's Pain Relief Whitewall Tire For Men, Set of 4, Size P225/75r15 (Discontinued Item)
★★★★★ (16)
6 Used & New from \$756.76
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Listerine Ultraclean Cool Mint Antiseptic Windshield Washer Fluid and Bug Wash, 1 Gallon
by Listerine
★★★★★ (445)
\$10.19 prime
In Stock. Offered by Amazon.com.
64 New from \$6.42
[Add comment, quantity & priority](#)

Item added October 9, 2017
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AmazonBasics 3" Blue Fuzzy Dice with White Dots (Unisex)
★★★★★ (105)
\$6.99 prime
Only 1 left in stock - order soon. Offered by Amazon.com.
[Add comment, quantity & priority](#)

Item added October 2, 2017
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Neosporin + Pain Relief Dual Action Rust Remover Cream, 1 Oz
by Neosporin
★★★★★ (446)
\$7.97 prime
In Stock. Offered by Amazon.com.
4 New from \$4.75
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Item added September 29, 2017
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- 

Oral-B 8 Pack Wire Brush for Rust, Plaque, and Tartar

Item added September 29, 2017
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ALIEXPRESS RUINED MY LIFE

Aight so this year I thought I'd be smart. I'd buy my christmas shopping way ahead of time, in october you know, from china. It's cheap as dirt there, and the chinese don't really care about all that copyright stuff. So I think to myself yeah buy some knock off plushies n shit, they're only like 3€ each. So then I realize alie gives you points for buying something everyday, which I as a good consumer do I split my orders to daily orders, I shop for deals, I GOT FUCKING 111 packages on the way. I lost control, I had to tip my postman 20€ because he looked at me funny when he said hey dude theres another 5 chinese packages here please sign. I got 4 copies of Pokemon Cock edition. Theres 10 fucking pickle ricks lying on my floor. I don't need any of the crap I ordered I got a shiiton of anime shirts coming now. God I open packages and dont even remember whats in them anymore. I just throw them on the pile. The chinese know the temperature in my room because is a smart home now. I got stickers so many stickers all over the place but they were cheap like really cheap so I had to buy them. Look the pickle ricks were only 3€ each and they are an ironic gift ok why don't you get it. Look here an original LEPIN Morty from rick and morty haha ironic. I spent about 700€ on chinese stuff for christmas. PLEASE HELP ME EVERYTHING I OWN IS A CHINESE KNOCKOFF NOW. 🙄



I'VE GOT THE WORST CHRISTMAS PLAYLIST

BY CHUDD DUGMOND

I've been in the muzak biz for nearly four decades now. I've sold everything from orchestral versions of jazz standards to dubstep remixes of country songs, and over the years I've collected a lot of Christmas songs. You know when you're at a store mall and you just hear the worst Christmas playlist you've ever heard in your life? Chances are that's my handiwork.



You see, the holiday season is the busiest time of the year for a lot of businesses. Store owners want to pipe in Christmas music to keep people happy, but if they're too content they'll stick around and crowd up the store. I figured out that if you only play bad Christmas songs people will want to get out of there as soon as possible, making shopping more enjoyable for everyone. It's a very delicate balance: if the mix is too awful, like that album that's made up of nothing but fart noises, people will catch on and leave. But on the other hand some songs will get people's attention and then they'll start asking questions. One of my first experiments was to put Joseph Spence's "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" on a loop, and everyone just stopped what they were doing and called their friends to come and listen to it.

That's what makes this job so challenging and rewarding. I've put years into perfecting a list of the songs that are just the right amount of terrible. You name it, I've got it: Pop country versions of jazz standards. SoundCloud trip hop remixes of Bing Crosby and Ella Fitzgerald. 1990s Adult contemporary songs that feature childrens choirs. Honestly, anything that features a childrens choir. Every christmas song by Chicago and The Beach Boys. I've even got a demo of a Christmas album recorded by Nirvana (post-Cobain). The band thinks it was destroyed, but I'm just waiting for the right chance to unleash it on the world.

You know Paul McCartney's "Simply Having a Wonderful Christmastime"? I've got exclusive rights to the original plus nearly two hundred cover versions. I don't know why anyone would want to cover that song, but there's actually a guy in Tucson who owns a chain of drug stores and he refuses to play anything else. To be honest that guy is pretty unstable, I kind of get the feeling that he might be a real-life serial killer, but he pays good money for that playlist so I'm not about to turn him in.

There's a dark side to this job, though. They say the holiday season has the highest suicide rates of the year, and deep down I know part of that is because of me. Whenever I get a new client I warn them to give their employees lots of breaks and encourage them to wear headphones, but I know my playlists have probably caused at least a few untimely deaths. I try not to think too much about it, that's just the cost of doing business in this industry. Someone has to do it, who better than me? 🙄



No



How did you find me



please



Not now. My daughter is visiting soon.

It wasn't this soon for anyone else.



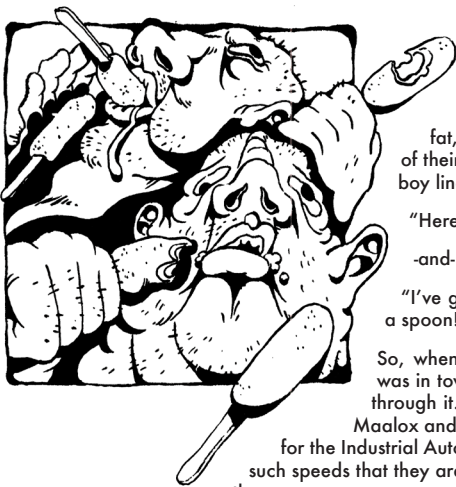
I'll kill anyone you want. You won't even have to pay this time. Please just leave me alone.



Text Message

Send





Everybody wants to know about The Fucked Up Cock Twins. It's a story old as night with a lesson clear as day. It starts with the brothers Marcus and Minkus spending an afternoon at a visiting carnival. They heard tell of a cotton candy twirl a whirl and deep fried corn dogs with deep fried relish balls. The brothers Marcus and Minkus were very fat, you see. This was known by all in the town. It was a staple of their personalities. They would often enter and exit rooms on fat boy lines such as

"Here I am and what a fat mess I am! *fart**"

-and-

"I've gotta go out to get more dips because I ate all the dips with a spoon!"

So, when the brothers Marcus and Minkus heard that the carnival was in town, they decided right then and there to eat their way clear through it. They started "pregaming" the outing by drinking a liter of Maalox and strapping on industrial strength diapers. These were diapers for the Industrial Autobots, who press metal sheets and drill precision templates at such speeds that they are regular shitting out the glowing isotope sludge that powers them.

Marcus and Minkus owned one of these Industrial Autobots, after they inherited it from their father, a man who made his fortune in New Data. It was given to him as a gift from a wealthy client in the ValAtlantic Pincer trade. The father named him Gerbeaux and the boys renamed him Grunch Buddy. Father would always say "Industrial Autobots are *not* toys!" to discourage the boys from touching Grunch, but he had little use for the giant machine outside of being an impressive monument for house guests to gawp at. So most days Grunch would do nothing but stand completely still in the main hall. He didn't mind the rest. "BEATS MAKING PINCERS AND GRABBING METAL ARMS ALL DAY." he would always emit. But when Father went to bed and the Brothers went to play, they would always take their Grunch Buddy with them. They had many adventures while Father was still alive. These days the Brothers spent most of their time in The Compound, spying on their neighbors with minidrones and watching 360 degree VR snuff films. The visiting carnival presented a rare opportunity for the boys to get some fresh air while still indulging their fatness.

And so with Grunch in tow they arrived at the carnival, ready to tear the whole thing down and stuff it into their mouths until they shit themselves and/or vomited. This was a game the Brothers would play called *Chuck or Shit* (pronounced "Chuck Horseshit"). First to *Chuck* loses, but if you *Chuck* after you *Shit*, you have to take off the diaper and huff the poop fumes until you either pass out or *Chuck*, in which case you lose again. The brothers were fat, disgusting, grown men. Their antics were not appreciated by the town when they were boys, and by now they were considered D-class Suburban Terrorists. But who could stop them? Nobody else in town owned an Industrial Autobot like Grunch, who could so easily turn a detractor into a perforated mess. And the brothers had no problem using their buddy as an enforcer...

The closest match to Grunch was a handbuilt scrap robot born out of the crazy mind of Crazy Macintyre, who actually wasn't crazy, just smarter than everyone else and very bad at communicating. Crazy Macintyre's robot was a seven foot tall judo trainer called Kent. Kent ran his own Judo Studio in town. He mentored three olympians in the past 10 years. One silver medalist. Grunch turned Kent into Jelly. Nobody can explain it, but it happened before our very eyes. Kent made some series of clicks and clacks at Grunch and in no time at all Grunch turned Kent into Jelly. Crazy Macintyre packed his bags and now the Judo Studio is a TGI Friday's. Guess who was quite pleased with that?

About six hours into the carnival, both Marcus and Minkus had shat themselves, so the stakes were raised. The first to Chuck would be getting a faceful of terrible, there was no way around it. With that in mind, the brothers decided to take a brief respite from gorging to check out a nearby tent marked "Madame Buvaria's Psychic Imaginarium."

"You should get your fortune told, Minkus." Marcus said. "I wonder if Madame Buvaria would know that you wanted to screw our Grunch Buddy."

"Shut up, Marcus." Minkus said. "I wonder if Madame Buvaria would know that you killed Father!"

"Keep your voice down, Minkus! Someone could hear!" Marcus peered over his brother's fat shoulders, then whispered, "Besides,



you were the one who came up with that plan! I was just following orders..."

"You make me sick, Marcus. You are truly a coward." Minkus declared.

Suddenly Marcus's eyes went ablaze and he lunged at his brother with Killing Hands. Minkus awkwardly dodged the attack and Marcus's momentum sent him crashing to the ground. Minkus sensed that he should take advantage of the situation and fell onto Marcus's back, shattering it. But after bouncing off Marcus and onto the gravel, Minkus felt a snap in his legs and ten thousand tiny rocks travel into his shitty asscrack. Both brothers screamed in pain and cursed the other's name.

"MARCUS!!! MINKUS!!!!"

Grunch returned from patrolling the grounds and surveyed the ruckus, unsure of what to do. When Minkus noticed Grunch, he called out "Grunch Buddy! You have to kill Marcus! He killed Father and now he wants to kill me!"

Grunch's siren wailed as he flashed on his shoulder mounted red floodlights. This sent Marcus into a panic. He knew that Grunch loved Father, and the punishment for killing Father would certainly be death.

"Wait!" shouted Marcus. "Kill Minkus! He's secretly in love with you and will convert you into a prostibot when I'm dead!"

Just like that, Grunch's metal hands began spinning to life. It looked now as if he had two industrial strength electric mixers for hands, and it didn't just look that way, he did.

"ORDERS CONFIRMED"

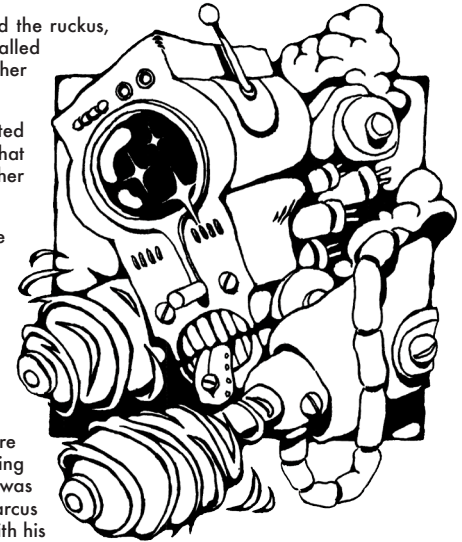
He slowly began inching them towards the brothers, who were now totally powerless to move. He was jittering and jaggng about, it appeared that all this new data and instruction was turning his motherboard into cream cheese, figuratively. Marcus and Minkus looked on in horror as he approached them with his mighty mixers. Grunch let out a metallic shriek as he moved the spinning hand attachments just inches away from the brothers' swimsuit region.

Marcus and Minkus looked to each other with recognition. They knew their bond was about to become deeper than ever before. They knew that if they could somehow escape this day with their lives, they would never be the same. Everything would need to be different. In that recognition, they saw the bad decisions in their life floating like projections in between them. They recognized their selfishness, and the pain that it brought upon others. They recognized their fatness, and how it possessed their thoughts. Then, at the exact same moment, they recognized that this situation was their own damn fault. There was no one in the world left to blame. Grunch thrust his egg beating super spinners into the brothers's crotches and mangled their cocks and balls to bloody near oblivion. There were no screams. Marcus and Minkus saw only darkness.

But the darkness only lasted for a moment. When they awoke, Grunch was nowhere in sight. Marcus reached down to touch Minkus's crotch, then lifted his hand to eye level: blood. Minkus did the same to Marcus: blood, and also bits. They both started to hyperventilate but once the extra oxygen reached their brains, they remembered the moment they shared before they blacked out. For all the painful realizations they had in that moment, it was not pain that they were feeling now. It felt like for the first time, the brothers knew who they were, and knew what they needed to change. They were right, their lives never would be the same. Not just because they've had their twinkies totally mangled and mashed by their own beloved Industrial Autobot, but because today felt like the first day of their lives that they could actually see.

Madame Buvaria emerged from her tent, and she was disgustingly ugly. Absolutely hard to look at. Very bad in the face and all over... but the boys didn't care. To them, she was the most beautiful thing they'd ever seen. More beautiful than a mountain or a tree or a volcano. They looked at her with adoring eyes from the ground where they laid, bloodied and broken and with diapers full of shit. She smiled at them and said "I can see your future, and it is with us." as she motioned to the bustling Carnival, "You can work and live in the Freak Pen. You can eat Carnival food every single day till you burst. You can be yourselves, for the rest of your lives." Marcus and Minkus shared another look of recognition before shouting "Heck Yes!" in unison. And so became The Fucked Up Cock Twins. You can still see them today when the Carnival's in town. A roadside freakshow with a lesson to be learned, that lesson being: *Industrial Autobots are not toys*. Don't ask the brothers about it though, Madame Buvaria erased their minds with opiates and hypnomediation years ago.

Nobody knows exactly what happened to Grunch, just that he split as fast as he could after the incident. Probably for the best, poor Grunch was always getting the short end of the stick. Hopefully he lived out the rest of his power supply in the peace and quiet he always wanted. 🍌



NOBODY CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO

I got a serious problem with people tellin me what to do. I got a serious problem followin the rules. Does that make me a trendsetter? Does that make me a trailblazer? Am I friggin vaping every single day, every single free moment? Suckin up that damn fine vape oil smoke? Fillin up my lungs and activating my brain and friggin gettin all in it? achieving my true potential? hell yeah. every damn second. vape it til u make it baby. cha. 🍷



MICHAEL'S MOTHER

Knock knock! I'm coming in! Oh sweetie, Michael, it smells like cum in here. Oh, don't give me that look. I know what cum smells like. After all, your father and I had to go through quite a bit of cum to conceive you. Think about that for a bit with that imaginative teenage mind of yours real quick. Stop making that face, young man! Now, I understand that it's natural, that your body is going through all sorts of changes right now, and that your mind is constantly consumed with the thought of fucking and cumming. I get that! I know how much a teenage boy can cum every day. Remember, your father and I were high school sweethearts! And if you have even half the vitality your father did it makes sense your room would smell so heavily of cum. Anyway, I understand all that, which is why I didn't come in here to ask you to stop masturbating so much. I'm just here to talk to you about the laundry. It's really become quite a burden removing all the cum stains from your sheets, underwear, and t-shirts, honey. I was going to give these to you on your birthday, but I simply can't handle it anymore. Here, sweetie, a brand new set of Cum Socks. The nice lady on Etsy told me that one sock will be able to handle three or four loads before needing to be washed. I estimate from the laundry stains that you shoot the goop three times a day on average, so I bought three pairs so you can cycle between three one day, three the next, and not run out of good socks before laundry day. They're really quite comfortable, here feel them. They're the 'super plush' version. They cost more, but it's worth it if it's for our little guy. Besides, it's the least we can do after having you circumcised as an infant. Just like your father. Be sure to use those socks! If I don't find those soiled socks in the hamper this week I'm going to have to take away your video games. Alright, I'll leave you alone, Michael. Love you, sweetie. I'll be sure to add scented candles to the shopping list as well. 🍷

DEATH & TAXES

Every major global culture mandates its citizens to whore thyselves for an hourly wage or salary & minimal to no benefits & no vacation time. No worker is entitled to their day of rest. Following this, citizens are subject to immediate wage garnishing. Annually citizenry shall receive another taxation. On each daily purchase in between, a variable tax shall be levied. Lo, the money supply shall be inflated another >4-5% annually in acts of 'quantitative easing' to reallocate national wealth from the middle class & devalue their savings without direct theft of funds. All citizen savings are taxable & banking account maintenance/use will accrue additional fees. Should any large properties be purchased by a citizen, they too are subject to a separate annual levying of taxes, for it is a privilege to be allowed to pay to continue to own what you have so diligently worked & saved against for so long a time. These things being known to all good & righteous Global Citizens, it remains a foolhardy venture to evade or defraud the Tax Man. Earnest transgressions against its Service is felonious & without mercy of limitations statutes in their prosecution.



Death & taxes, my friends. 🍷

Dementia Dave's Galactic Weather Report

A broadcast from the scientists at the forefront of the **Gildeberg-Phonomenes barrier** (translated from new-galilean): *"I mean, come on, guys. This is messed up. Why is there a thing that explodes us if we step too close? This is just ridiculous. Come oooooooooooooonnnn. Why don't we just not go near it? I'm tired of doing tests on it. I'm tired of space. It just keeps trying to kill us. I'm done. I'm just done. I'm going to go start an orgy."*

Positions for physicists specialising in nucleatic bonding are now open to be filled.

The eternal blood wave in sector ZS32-JF1 continues, unsurprisingly. Entirely consisting of the entrails of the warriors of planetball, the eternal blood wave has drowned many civilisations in its wake. Lifeforms on planets Earth, 1000110111000 and Neo-earth are next at risk. 1000110111000 inhabitants to evacuate to planet 0111001000111 (we'll see how that goes, I guess). Humans unlikely to get over themselves in time to work towards a solution. Ultra-humans likely to remain on Neo-earth during impact citing this to be 'too metal to pass up'.

PSA: *While up to 50% of blood can be metal, there are currently no viable methods to efficiently extract it. Don't be a neo-human. Don't risk drowning in the eternal blood wave.*

GALACTIC CATASTROPHE: PICKING UP THE PIECES

Nyamo'nxatha has another bowel movement, 1.3bn dead, 3.4 bn missing

This week's chances of universal annihilation				
Montau	Tuetau	Wedtau	Thurtau	Fritau
4E-34%	7E-34%	6E-29%	50%	3E-23%

Another bright megatau day in **sector JJ33-GF2** as the several supernovae burn on. Many families spending their newly found free time in the sun together outside in the unending daylight. Common activities being murderous rampages due to insanity induced from the unstoppable light they cannot escape.

The nebulae are especially angry in **sector JJ56-LP4**. We keep asking why, they reply they shouldn't have to explain it. Further questions will likely just make them angrier. It is recommended to circumvent them during interstellar travel. 🍷

AS DICTATED BY DR. SWANK DELUXE

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEWOMEN!

I have acquired a new measuring device.

Prepare yourselves to be examined under my micro-grope instrument, for I have attached a minuscule claw to my pinkie; more accurately, I have sprouted a claw from my pinkie.

Just last week, as I wandered through the Sciencemen (and Sciencewomen) convention in East-Windleton, I happened upon the unattended booth of one Dr. Double-Moist; the contents of which were a serum labeled "CLAWS!" and a horrifically be-clawed heap, wrapped in a crusty white lab coat.

As a man of Science, my curiosity overwhelmed me.

I discretely applied a drop of the serum to the tip of my littlest finger, and behold! A young claw sprang forth!

A man's finger is no place for a claw to be. At least, that is what nature would tell you.

But I do not deal in nature; I DEAL IN SCIENCE, and Science does not care what should or should not be. Science just does. It acts first and asks questions later, usually when everything is on fire and the police are involved.

I must also tell you that it hurt. It hurt so terribly. Upon receiving the serum, I collapsed to the ground in utter pain, shrieking and wailing (this being a Science convention, my howling merely blended into the usual din of screams, maniacal cackling, and bellows of "Behold!"). I must have rolled on the floor for half an hour, but by the end of it I had a new claw to treasure, and I do treasure it.

If only I had been less cautious.

I could stand before you with an enormous chest-mounted claw.

I could clamp tables in twain!

My claw could quash nay-saying with its thunderous clacking!

"CLACK CLACK CLACK!

I AM SPEAKING NOW, SILENCE YOUR MOUTH!

CLACK CLACK CLACK!"

And why stop at one?!

Why I could have a dozen, a dozen giant claws!

I could scuttle across the planet!

I could climb towers!

I could devastate bridges!

The world we be as a helpless minnow, snared betwixt my powerful claws!

...

Anyway, as it currently stands, I can take the most delicate of readings, and penetrate the most minute of crevices. Sensors in the palm of my claw allow me to feel the world in new and bizarre ways; I can feel things that were once the sole privilege of crayfish, shrimp, and small crabs.

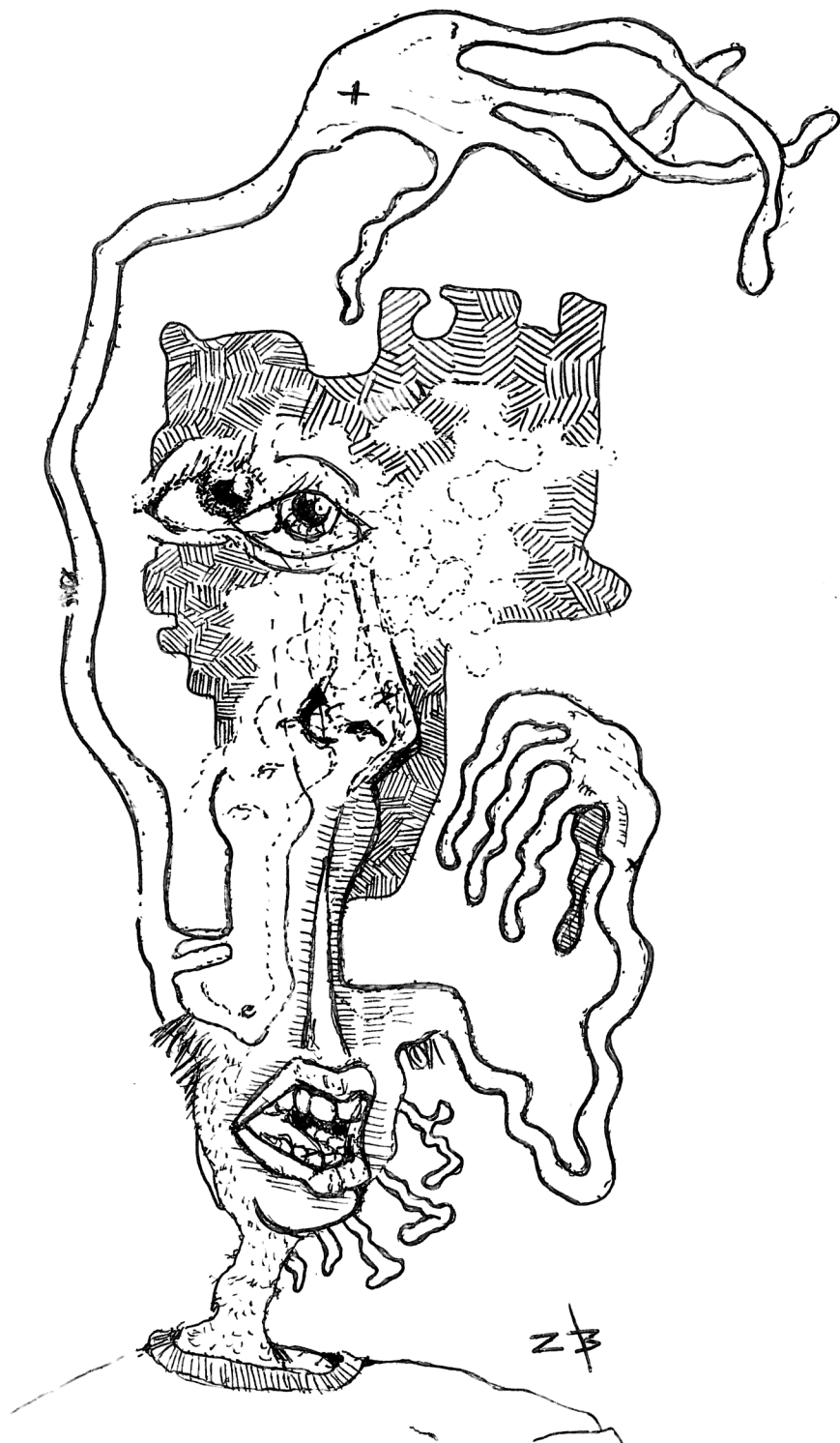
IT IS EXHILARATING!

So Science-folk, I say: render unto me your flabby margins, so that I might clamp them, and understand the world that much better for having done so!

Let us embark into this new frontier of tactile understanding together!

(Additional note: Yes, I still eat shellfish, shellfish do too). 🍷





DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know? I didn't know. I know, I know. Surprise, surprise. No one told me. Didn't know to ask. Not my field. Not common knowledge. Not exactly common sense. Know what? They don't teach it anywhere. Not exactly allowed. Unknown to any school of mystery & thought, order, or philosophy I've asked. Nonsense. What do you expect from us? Are we all to sit about reading abstracts, apologetics, epistles, goetia, grimoires, hermetica, treatises, & other assorted esoterica to solve the World Riddle for you? Shall I pioneer novel brain surgeries aboard my proprietary rocketship? I'll simultaneously engineer self-correcting self-aware supercode for the starship's OS. Astride reality's edge, allow me to orchestrate an impromptu original composition of musica universalis for the deaf, blind, & dumb. Humbly accept my bending of light itself to eradicate all shadows which beset your path. Let me, by will alone, forge your crystalline throne aside the right hand of God. You punk. 🍌

HEY, CLOWNSTICK

You there, the one currently reading this text at 2:30 in the morning- Have you heard mysterious rustling noises outside your window that are somehow able to overpower your constant loop of the "Puzzle Bobble" theme on full blast? That's some bad fuckin' juju, chief. That just-so-happens to be a SHE-ELF, and boy, are they a doozy. "But wait," you're probably asking again, "if I'm to base my interpretation of these SHE-ELVES on the gracious artists impression you've provided, then what's so dangerous about them? They're kinda hot, actually."

CORRECT. BUT, these SHE-ELVES are gunning straight for your SACRED ESSENCE. The Deepest, most Primeval Nut able to be conjured out of your lil' sack. AND BOY, you wanna hang onto that. That Sauce is a guaranteed Grade-A SCUD tribute, and the FSPC's Newborn Remuneration Program will more than cover the cost of the precisely FOUR Cesareans your wife is gonna need to deliver that sucker. Giving your most precious batch to a SHE-ELF is basically dooming you to a genetic legacy of <200 Subscriber YouTube Cartoon Review channels.

"How do I defend myself against this threat most-foul?" You probably ask, now on-guard and no-doubt grippin' ya grapes, and the answer to that question is another question; The Healing Power of Prayer. Join us this Sunday at the New Lost and Found Church, where our youth pastors will provide helpful tips for combating SHE-ELF incursions into your pants.

God Bless America and the FSPC. 🍌

MICHAEL'S FATHER

Hey big guy, I'm coming in. Are you feeling better? Boy, it really, uh, *sucks* that you caught a cold during winter break. I remember back when I was in high school how much I looked forward to the breaks. Oh yeah, here's your iPad. You left it down on the couch after watching *Modern Marvels*. I, uh, I saw your search history, and I just want to say that, uh, I'm proud of you. I really mean it. I'm really proud to see that you've matured so much. What am I talking about? I'm talking about the '*is it okay to masturbate when sick?*' Bing search on your Safari browser, that's what I'm talking about! It's great to see that you've finally grown up to be a man and to, uh, be so mindful of your health. It really shows your maturity. Tell you what, after you start feeling better what do you say we go out together and have dinner at Outback Steakhouse? I have coupons. That's right, just you and me, no women allowed! No mom, and *definitely* not your fucking *sister*. Sorry, excuse the, heh, *adult* language. And after we have a big honkin' steak dinner we can go to Cabela's and look at the guns. Heck, maybe we'll get some different jerky flavors to try too! How's that sound, sport?

Oh yeah, uh, I just have to ask. You're *using* those socks your mother gave to you, right? She's been bugging me to talk to you about it and, uh, she's kind of being a nagging bitch about it. If you could do me a favor, *man to man*, and just spout the grout into those damn socks a couple times so she'll get off my back I'd really appreciate it. And really, just jerk off instead of, uh, getting a girlfriend in high school. Believe me. Just jerk off. Well, I'll shove off now, bucko. Keep watching your health. I'm glad to have another *man* in the house. 🍌

Gook food makes me sick. Which is why when my wife came home from our son's soccer practice carrying a white plastic bag with red lettering that read "thank very much", I became visibly angry. "Sorry... we were going to get Outback... but Friday nights are always busy, you know..." she said as she clutched her purse with one hand and set the white plastic bag-full-of-shit on our expensive dining table with the other. I could see the grease dripping from the bag onto the perfect rose wood of the dining table, and for the first time ever, I wanted to strike my wife. I didn't do it. But thinking back, I probably should have.

I checked the fridge in hopes that there was a bit of cheese, maybe just enough to make a grilled cheese sandwich. Nothing. I then peered through the cupboards looking for some noodles. All I saw in the empty cupboard were some rat-droppings. I shut the cupboard very hard on purpose. I wanted my wife to know I was upset.

I had Pork Lo Mein with some white rice that night, the most inoffensive thing I could think of. But when I awoke this morning I heard my stomach moan, and a pressure began to build near my rear end. I didn't even make it to the bathroom in time, and soiled the carpet at the edge of the bed. I was horrified, not only by the in-tact noodles and rice that I shat onto the floor, but by the fact that I HAD to go to work today.

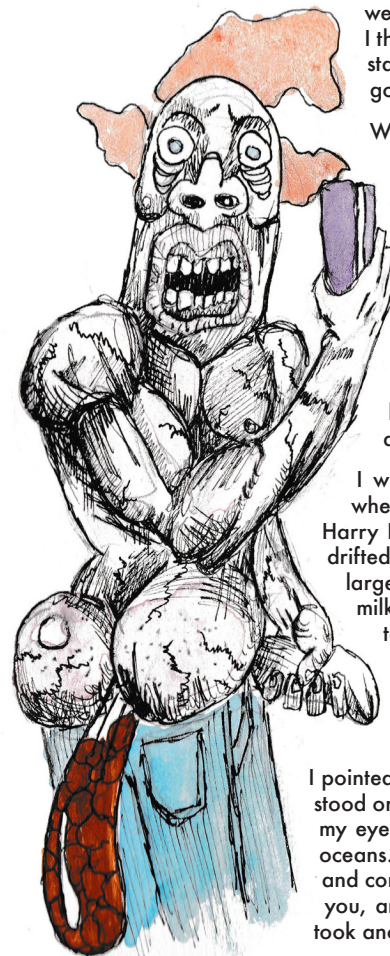
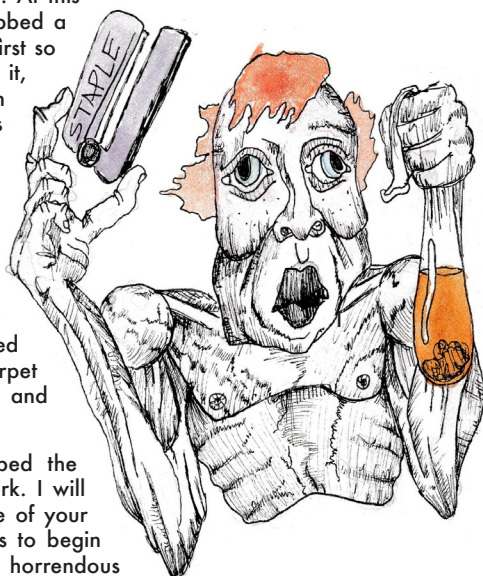
I work at a video-game, music, movie, and comic book store called "Vintage Stock". And before you think I'm some sort of minimum wage loser, I'm actually the manager, the Big Kahuna of the V-Stock team. Saturday's are always the highest earning, and we're training a new kid named Michael Kofron right now so I needed to be there to help him through it. He looks intelligent enough but barely knows anything about comic books or movies, so I guess his looks deceived me. I evacuated myself as much as possible and got dressed.

But as I walked out the front door and to my car I felt a warm droplet of diarrhea crawling its way down my right thigh. I could feel it slipping through the hairs on my thigh as it travelled all the way down to my sock. I lifted up my pant leg to see that the top of my sock had absorbed the shit, turning a yellowish-brown color. I went inside and took out my cell-phone, ready to leave a message for my assistant-manager that I wouldn't be able to make it today, and to schedule someone else. But then, as I stared at the screen of my Nokia, I had one of the greatest ideas that had ever wormed its way through my mind.

I opened the nightstand next to my bed and took out a strip of condoms. My wife asked me what I was doing with the condoms and said "if you think you're getting any that easy then you have another thing coming" but I was too engrossed in thought to reply. I went into the bathroom down the hall and without hesitation dropped my pants, turned around, bent over, and craned my neck to look at my hairy ginger asshole in the mirror. At this point I started feeling sick so I hurried up, grabbed a condom, and shoved it in my ass, opening end first so it lined my asshole completely and hung out of it, making me look like I had a rubber tail. I then stood up right, and to test out my idea, shat as hard as I could into the condom. Immediately it fell to the floor and I soaked myself and the bathroom completely in Chinese shit-water.

A solution then popped into my head and I ran down the hall into kitchen where we keep most tools and stuff. Once again I was so caught up in thought I didn't even realise that was running down the hallway waist-down naked with shit sputtering from my asshole onto the carpet and walls. I grabbed the single object I needed and went to the bathroom again.

I shoved another condom into my ass, grabbed the stapler I took from the kitchen, and went to work. I will say, it is very difficult to staple a condom inside of your bunghole, but I've always had very stretchy ass to begin with so it wasn't much issue. The pain wasn't horrendous but there WAS a lot of blood, which ran down my asscheeks



and down my thigh to my socks just like the shit did, so my socks were covered in both shit AND blood. Not the greatest feeling. I then tested my idea again and shat very hard, but this time the staples worked against the downward force of my shit-water. I got dressed as quickly as possible and headed to work.

While it was very uncomfortable, most of my day went by just fine. I helped out the new kid and walked the floor asking people if they needed help. I heard people keep saying they smelled something bad but I was walking around so fast that no one could pinpoint it to me. When I'd feel the shit coming on I'd let it out slowly, so as not to add too much force against the staples. By about 4 O'Clock, 3 hours until my shift's end, I had a sizeable water-balloon of diarrhea peeping out of my ass cheeks. I looked behind me and the balloon was so large that it was puffing my jeans outward, so it looked like I had a bubble-butt. So many benefits to this new invention. That is, until this one girl came along...

I was at the center of the store working with an old woman when this big brunette bimbo interrupted me and asked where Harry Potter movies were. Immediately as I turned to her my eyes drifted down towards her massive rack. Her tits were insanely large. I'm talking jagungas, aglunga junga, sarunga jugs milky-milk juggalugs, Double-D jarangas, real barunga tungs. I was so taken aback by them that I shit a massive load into my stapled ass-condom, and I could feel that it was at maximum weight. The staples were starting to buckle under the immense downward force of my shit water. I remained as calm as possible.

I pointed in the direction of the Harry Potter movies and the girl then stood on her tippy-toes to look for herself, bringing her jugs almost at my eye level. Her every movement reverberated through her milky oceans. As I continued that line of thought my penis began to twitch and come to life. The brunette bimbo then turned around, said thank you, and touched my arm. Instantly my penis shot upwards and I took another massive shit into my ass-condom.

This was it. Not only did the staples begin to pop loose as a result of the massive load they were bearing, but my boner was so intense that it released some of the tautness of my asshole, making it open up instead of remaining puckered like an asshole with a condom in it should be. I guess somehow the boner tendons and the asshole tendons have some relation because my boner continued to grow which increased the amount my asshole opened. Time stood almost at a stand-still as I felt the final staple break and the condom begin to slip from my brown-eye. I wasn't wearing underwear OR a belt, so when the funk-balloon fell onto the in-seam of my jeans, my jeans fell with it, bringing everything to the floor. I heard a single scream, and then silence.

There I stood, in the center of MY store, with a pool of shit-juice surrounding me, my boner proudly waving in the air, with the brunette bimbo and the rest of the store stopped in their tracks. I stood completely still with my hands in the air. I don't know why I had my hands in the air, that's just how I reacted to all of the pain and emotion I experienced as the ass-balloon came from my grip. As I stood there the smell began to waft through the store, so intense I could almost see it drifting over the aisles.

I stood there motionless, in that statuesque position for almost thirty minutes, as the store was evacuated and ambulances arrived. Part of me still can't believe how bad this day has been.

I should have called in sick. 🙄

HEY YOU

Hey you. If you're reading this on a Saturday night hiding in your fap fortress at mom's house.. Pay attention. What I'm about to share with you is so powerful, so unbelievably game-changing that you will probably never stay at home a single night again. I'm going to share some of the techniques that I've learned in over four years of consuming pickup material. While you were at home playing DOTA 2... I was also at home. Listening to over 700 hours of pickup content on cd. I've invested thousands of dollars into increasing my success with women. And logged over 2000 hours of practicing my own proprietary method in my head. And yes, I've kept a detailed log. Almost 70% of these interactions ended favorably.

Look, I used to be just like you. I know what it's like to be ignored by females. I know what it's like to cry yourself to sleep every night for 20 years. I know what it's like. it's rough and I don't want that for anyone... So how do I do it? And how can a regular guy like you pull girls? I'm going to share some simple but effective tips with you. Right here, right now. No charge!

1. **WIDESTANCE.** When standing in a group always ensure that you have the most dominant stance. I recommend standing with your feet at least 2x your shoulder-width apart. However, if someone in your group is already doing this you'll need to go at least four inches wider.

2. When talking to a girl, make eye contact but don't look directly at her. Instead, tilt your head down until it's nearly parallel to the floor and raise just your eyes up to meet hers. This shows that you're engaged but not overly interested.

3. When engaging in physical contact to "break the ice" avoid the typical "hand on hip. shoulder, upper arm, or lower back motion. If you plan on touching her always go for the joints (e.g. elbows, knees, etc...). I recommend placing all of the tips of your fingers together and gently swirling them on the already mentioned regions. It is also recommended that you approach from behind when performing this tactic.

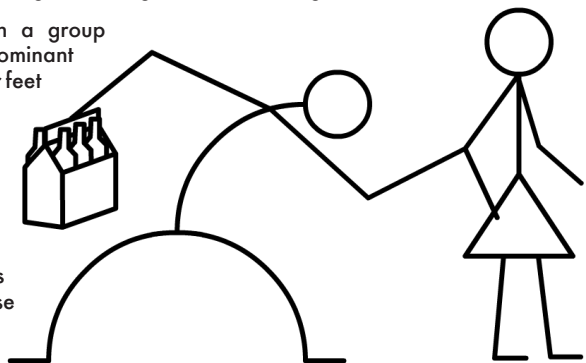
4. In fact, you should just get in the habit of always approaching from behind.

5. What you drink says a lot about you, your personality, and your success with women. You don't want to come across like some total bro pounding Jagermeister all night do you? Of course not. Show you're in touch with your feminine side by drinking Smirnoff Ice, but demonstrate your masculinity by slamming at least 10-12 of them back to back. Make sure you do this right in front of her - otherwise your efforts are wasted.

6. As a newbie you're going to need to accept that your pickup skills alone might not be able to carry you just yet. This is why you peacock. You need to wear something that makes you stand out. This is all about breaking the norms after all. Tripp pants are a great place to start but make sure they have at least ten visible straps or zippers. If you're practicing your game at work and have a dress code, just go with a falconer's glove.

7. Finally, after 30-40 Smirnoff Ices, you need to end the night with the ultimate display of dominance. Get in a fistfight. For this to work you need to go after the most dominant man in the room - besides you, of course. Do not hesitate. Just do it.

Any single one of these tips has the potential to up your game tremendously. But let's be honest, the real power in these comes in combining them. If you can mangle all of 7 techniques in front of once girl at the club, I think it's safe to say, she's yours. Good luck my friends. We're all gonna make it. 🙌



Wow. I'm so excited. It'll be you and me, just like old times.

I know. It's been so long but playing it safe will have been worth it.

Hey can you send me the address again?

I couldn't find that piece of paper.

Andrea are you there?

I swear it is me.



Andrea that isn't funny.



Don't take her.



Please don't. I'll do whatever you want. Just think of what it'll do to her!



RUN! I REPEAT, DO NOT RUN! I REPEAT, DO RUN! I REPEAT! I REPEAT! I RUN! CALL NOW! PRESIDENT BIMSTAR IS UNFIT FOR OFFICE! DO NOT VOTE BIMSTAR, DO NOT LET HIM RUN! REpeter 8-1444

LET'S DO CHRISTMAS OVER EMAIL THIS YEAR: We did it at my house last year, Susan's house is still a mess from the storm, and I really don't want to do it at Henry's house again. No offense, Henry, but you understand. Why don't we try doing Christmas online just this once? Fire up a nice Yule Log video on YouTube, order some Chinese take out, and exchange our e-gifts electronically. No need to get dressed up or decorate, no slaving over a hot stove all day, and best of all I won't have you look at all your ugly faces. Let me know what you all think, via email of course.

PSA

Ay dog, when it come to bitches and hoes they's only one thing I give a shit about: LIPIDS.

Markovian Parallax Denigrate. ! Class disruption. T-1 minute to Midnight Climax. Monster with 21 Faces to Room 39 re: Brood of >3300 cicadas near our tree by Station #. Somerset Sr. to enact Losing Game, do not play. Enable the Gadget. Disseminate Eldritch Data. Fat man Jimmy Deesh is not sleeping. Bluebird often chatter by the pond, Naomi. XXXxxxxx#-####

FEEDER WANTED: My loving wife, Linda, is 647 lbs of pure love and is in need of a caretaker while I leave the trailer to run errands or work. Duties will consist of feeding, bathing, powdering crevices, and rolling her to prevent bed sores. This means you must have a very strong stomach, work ethic AND muscles. She is on a **very** strict schedule as her blood sugar gets low, so it is expected that utmost punctuality and reliability is to be considered. Her favorite meal includes raviolis, potato crispers, chimichangas, a tostinos pizza, a king sized M&M's and gummy worms for dessert. Feel free to bring your own treats! If you think you can handle this big load of responsibility then please call 555-FAT-LOVE for further details and payment discussion - **SERIOUS INQUIRIES ONLY. NO WEIRDOS**

"CAR FOR SALE" IN BOLD LETTERS: Then below that put "1991 Sterling 827SLi, blue, 130,000 miles. \$2400 OBO." Maybe put the mileage in bold too, that would probably look nice. I don't have a picture of it so just find a generic one on Google or something. Send me a proof of the ad if you can so I can make sure it looks right, and be sure to call me if you have any questions • HARold 7-4204

ATTN: Whoever keeps leaving large animal & human remains with steel crossbow bolts through their hearts & heads in my driveway, please stop. Everyone's asking pointed questions & frankly, I've become somewhat concerned as well. If you need to talk, please call me at MRbob 2-6849

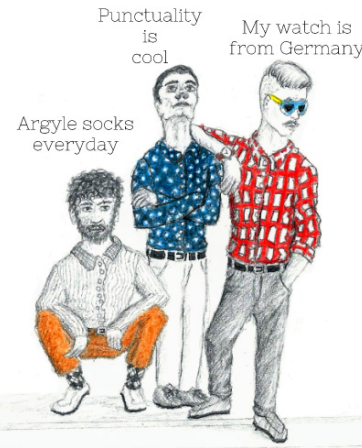
WANTED: Looking for some good clinics in Tangiers. The ones I've been to are full of fucking gimmicks. I just need a good clinic with no gimmicks in Tangiers. If you know of any good ones can you please give me a call? Thanks! • CERtified sister 2-1981

KICK CHRIST OUT OF CHRISTMAS: What did Jesus ever do for me? A big fat load of nothing, that's what. But this Santa guy? I like him. He brought me a PS4 Pro last year, and I've got it on good authority that there will be a Nintendo Switch waiting for me under the tree this year. And the music! All the churchy music is so lame and boring. I'll be honest, the Santa stuff is usually pretty awful too, but at least it's better than the hymns. Music that's just about the Christmas season or Winter in general, that's where it's at. So in conclusion: Jesus, get lost. You're just bumming everybody out. Santa, stick to the toys and movies. Stay off the radio. Dead crooners, it's your time to shine. Let's make this the best Christmas ever!

sexy asian grils in your are single man for love?? look for no further!

<http://www.abortionscausecancer.com>

Call The Tucked In Shirt Boys!



Just a gang of good and hard working boys who let us know how organized and punctual they are with their tucked in shirts. Nice belts, nice pants. Nice shirt? Only if it's tucked in. The Tucked In Shirt Boys will walk around your neighborhood, patrolling for Loose Pants Hooligans and other undesirables. They wish to be paid in hamburgers and hot dogs. REdford 6-0933

I don't speak Mandarin. Not Vietnamese, Nipponese, Chinese traditional/simplified, nor Laotian (I do speak bad Corean) so when you send various Asiatic men & women to deliver hurried messages then publicly commit sepuku in front of me each Tuesday, well, I don't understand their dying words. They all seem very concerned, as am I. My fast-paced lifestyle of investing, nanobrewing, & competitive sex does not afford me the time to learn the gamut of Asian tongues. I would normally outsource a translator, but the situation's nature prevents it. If you could send a bilingual Corean to kill theirselves this week, it would be greatly appreciated. If you need to talk, please call me at MRbob 2-6849

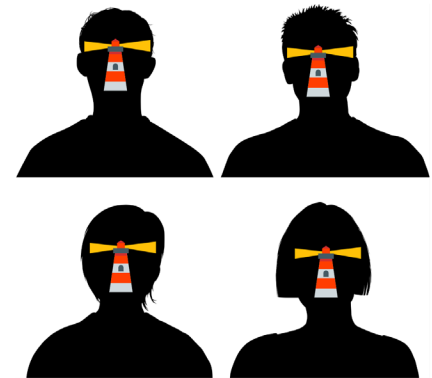
I'VE BEEN BURGLIED! My belongings pilfered right under my very... what are you laughing at? No, it's *not* a funny word, this is serious. Well then what word would you suggest? No, not robbed, I was definitely burgled. I CAN STILL HEAR YOU SNICKERING, CUT IT OUT. BEING BURGLIED IS NO LAUGHING MATTER! BURgled 9-3847

OH shiiiiit

I got CLAPS and now I WANT more! MORE CLAPS~~~! CLaaaaaaps 6-1561

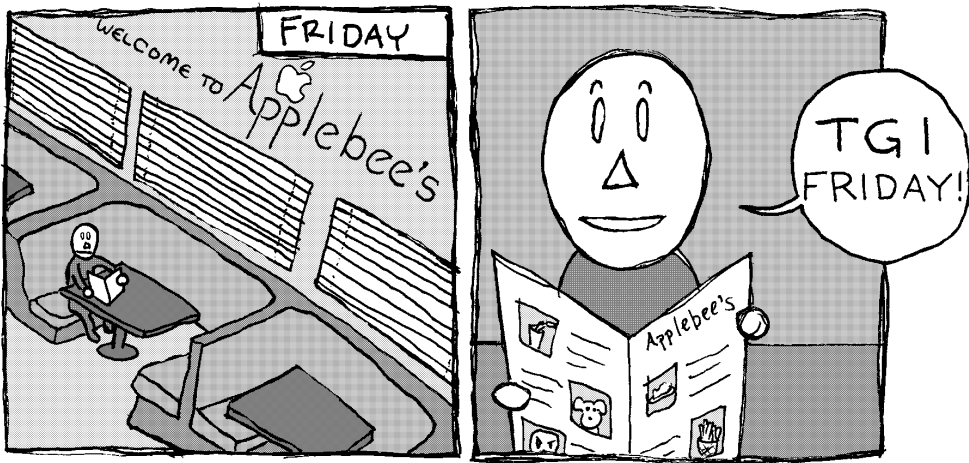
HELP WANTED: Here at Golden Corral we pride ourselves on having the slipperiest carpets around. When customers walk in our goal is for them to say "wait, why is this floor so slippery? How is it even possible for a carpet to be slippery?" Unfortunately not as many people are spilling their food all over the floor like a bunch of big fat slobs, causing the floors to become dangerously stable. I've only seen seven people fall face-first into their mashed potatoes this week, and we can't hope to stay in business with those abysmal numbers. We need to hire a full-time carpet butterer to get our carpets back in shape. You will be in charge of keeping the carpets properly buttered at all times, as well as minor upkeep like spreading barbecue sauce on seats and dipping all the serving utensils in maple syrup. This is a lot of responsibility, so don't expect a cakewalk (except for Sundays, when you will be stomping cake into the floor with your feet). Qualified applicants are invited to submit their applications in person to the nearest Golden Corral.

HAVE YOU SEEN THESE PEOPLE?



CONTACT THE FSPC IMMEDIATELY

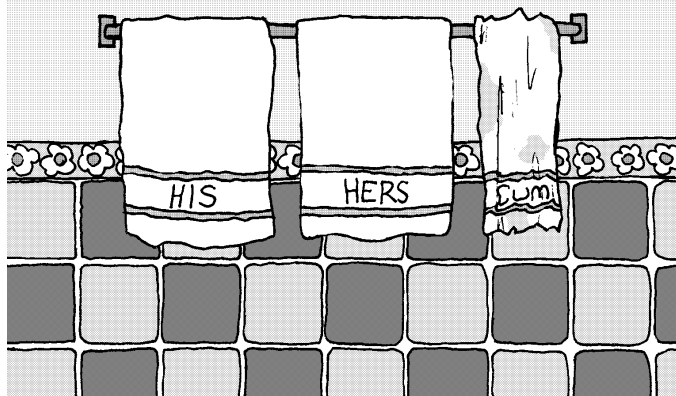
Visit your local fspc branch and protection will be provided. The terrorists should be considered armed and dangerous. DO NOT approach them or trust what they say.



THE ADVENTURES OF Roadkill Reindeer



RELATIONSHIP GOALS 2018



The Friend Zone
WITH YORE FRIEND BEN



I am dismayed when people confuse irony with Justice

why are all my fans gay nazis?
why can't i get over my lack of skill?
why do i get up?
why can't i like myself?
why do i not know what i need till its gone?
why can't i make a poll on instagram?
why do i not hit on cute girls i see?
why am i so dam sexy?

I LIVE AT HOME!!
WITH
MUM
AND
DAD

DONT TELL NO ONE

1. cut out

I'm not shore if is a appropriate thing to ask but do you what me to stay on unpaid? I'd love to keep working and helping

2. suck

place on tongue

3.

this world is a utopian world it has enough for everyone everyone is to many and is not them



Aw thanks, but not thanks

but no thanks*

I don't like that Aw I'm a hi test alpha male

I don't do Aw

Okay, goodbye

humon and happy i need to make a new wold with a bigger fammly and then i can come back for her but im not who i need to be i need to be some one that can see what makes thern happy and ghet it no bull shiot no fem shit. I need to stop and think look and what i have and say IF THIS IS NOT NICE I DONT KNOW WHAT IS.

My plan right now is to keep working on this game

And create an animated TV show like Rick and Morty for Amazon

Get motion capture pipeline working

Find out if P***** another girl will get Angelina off my mind

I thought girls that look like you only existed in Greek tragedies

Ye 1 sek

DYSLEXIA CORNER

I keep looking foe miining in things in songs i see somthing that looks like its made my me ore has a feeling or a work in it i can hook on to but i dont see any thing that fixis me i dont hink im helling my sellff my looking and tring to call her i need to look for something more then the idar of love i need to make thigns im a man and thats what we need to do to be

ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

THE MINUTE HOUR
FAMILY OFF THE BOOKS
NOBODY CAN TELL ME WHAT TO
MARCUS AND MINKUS
ADDITIONAL TEXT
CLASSIFIED ADS

INIVEKIN

COVER ART
BACK COVER ART
TEXT MESSAGES
MASK AT THE LIGHTHOUSE (ART)
CUBICLES ART
GALACTIC WEATHER REPORT
TUCKED IN SHIRT BOYS ART
LIGHTHOUSE AD
STICKER

EZ

DINOSAURS AREN'T PURPLE
ANDREA TEXT MESSAGE TEXT
CLASSIFIED ADS

AUSTIN CHAMPINE

DR. SWANK DELUXE

SAM BAKKER

ASIAN GRILS ADS

HERBERT MANN

ALIEXPRESS RUINED MY LIFE

MIKE GALLAGHER

CLASSIFIED ADS

SALAMANDER SAM

GRAPHIC DESIGN
HOLODISK AD
CARMAN'S WISH LIST
THE WORST CHRISTMAS PLAYLIST
ROADKILL REINDEER
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT
CLASSIFIED ADS

SCSF

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW
LYFT POEM
SKYPE POEM

LAWFUL

UNCLE SAM POEM
DEATH & TAXES
DID YOU KNOW
CLASSIFIED ADS

AUTISTICUS_MAXIMUS

HAMTOWN UNIVERSITY
HEY YOU

MITCHELL FIELDER

TIP OF THE DAY

BEN LUNATO

THE FRIEND ZONE

MICHAEL KOFRON

I HATE GOOK FOOD

MOXIE FAMOUS

WHERE IS THIS LINT COMING FROM?
CELEBRITY CRUSH
CARL'S JR POEM
MICHAEL'S MOTHER
MICHAEL'S FATHER
TGIF COMIC
RELATIONSHIP GOALS COMIC
CLASSIFIED ADS

DROOPY MCCOOL

CONTENTS ART
ART
GOOK FOOD ART
STICKER

IT

HANDFACE
STICKER

ODIN ODANG OBIE

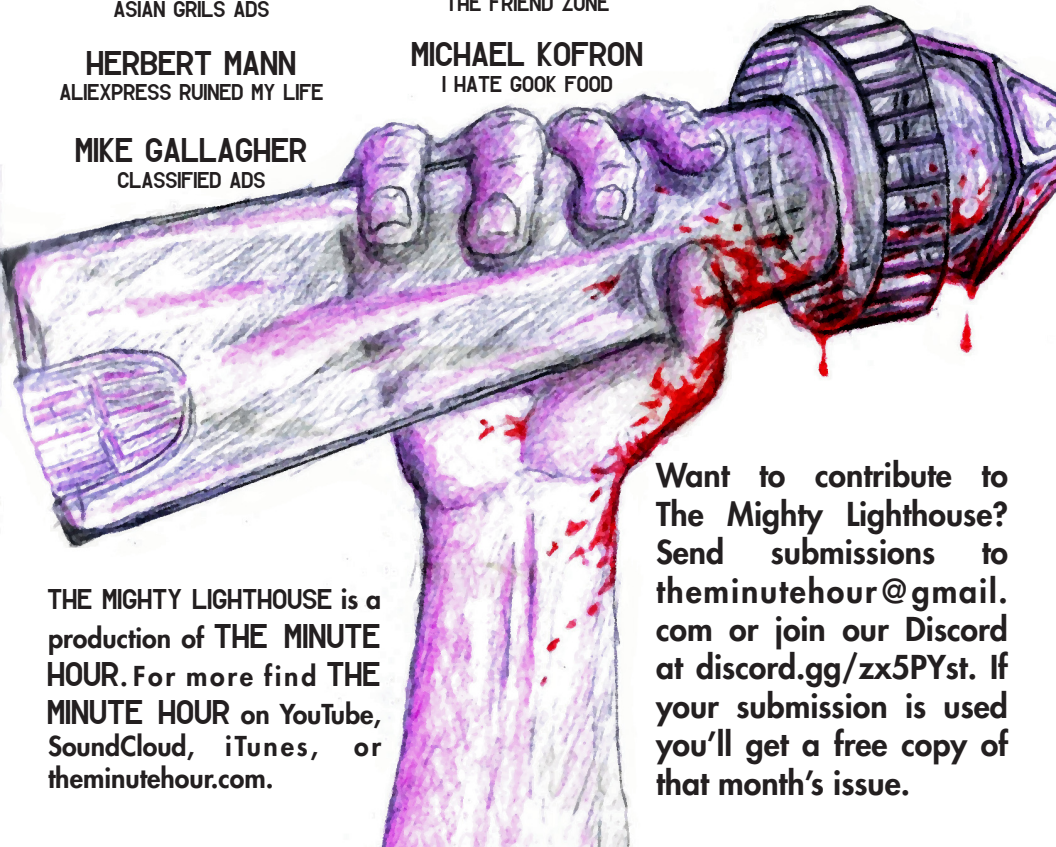
CELEBRITY CRUSH ART

OHNODINOS

MARCUS AND MINKUS ART

JACE BOBIUS

SHE-ELVES



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