

THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE



VOLUME 1
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**MARCH MADNESS
EDITION!**

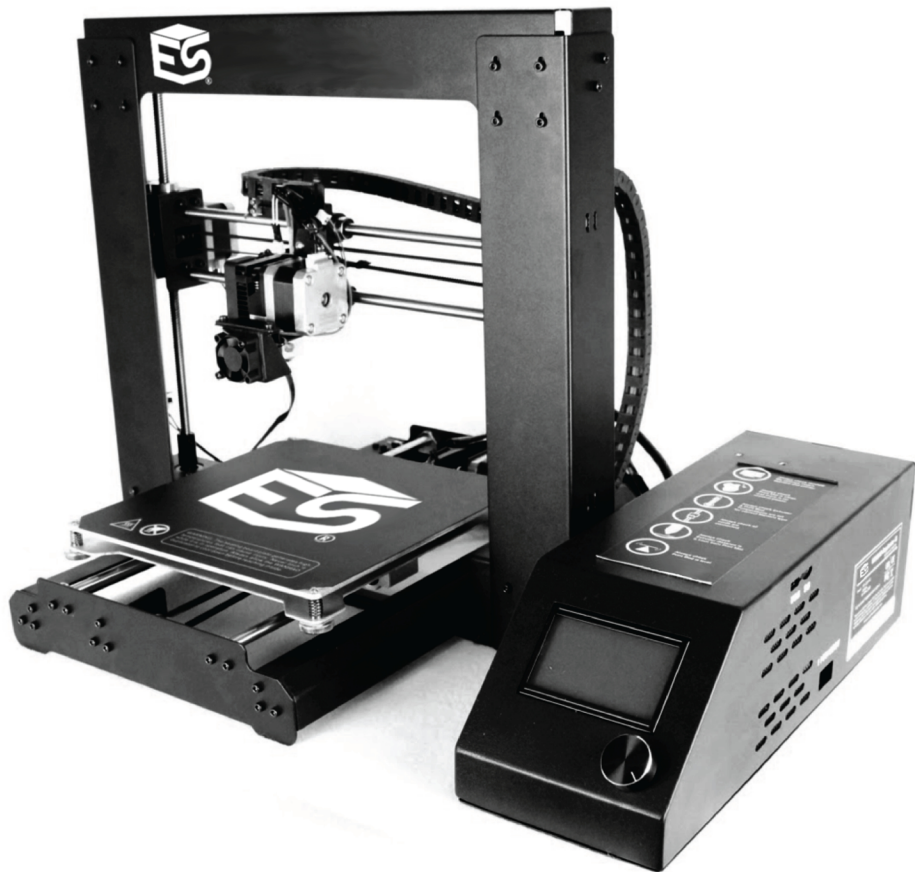
**THRILLING
TALES!**

**MY ONE TRUE
CELEBRITY CRUSH!**

**ART FOR THE
EVERYMAN!**

DIGITAL EDITION





You know what you are, deep down inside? A **MAKER**. You're a special type of creative who sees the world differently and has the power to change it. Because unlike everyone else you now have the ability to print a little plastic wizard, or whatever stupid nerd stuff you're into. I guess that's fitting, because much like the wizards of yore you can now summon matter into whatever shape you see fit.

An entirely new world is at your fingertips. The ability to mold lumps of plastic into anything the mind can imagine, from a custom housing for an electronics project to a replacement part for that piece of vital production equipment that was discontinued a decade ago. And yes, even that stupid plastic wizard we talked about earlier. The sky is the limit from now on (as long as it can be made out of plastic).

The important thing to remember is that owning a 3D printer automatically makes you better than everyone else. Only *you* have the creativity, the motivation, and most importantly the \$399.99 to make your most mundane dreams a reality.

So what are you waiting for?

The Executive Science ThingMaker Platinum Pro XXL 3DP 2.0.1. Available now.



THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

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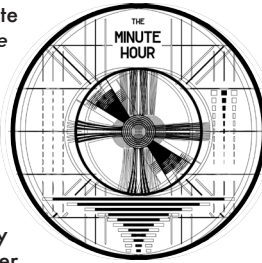
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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS

As you know, dear readers, *The Mighty Lighthouse* prides itself on complete journalistic integrity, but lately the sensationalist tabloid *The Humble Windmill* has been hurling baseless accusations about our periodical. Now, as anyone can plainly see, these accusations are so wildly off-base that they don't even deserve a response, but in order to cover ourselves from a legal standpoint we are required to print the following rebuttal:



Nuh uh. Liars. You're the ones. You bunch of losers couldn't write a magazine half as good as ours if your jobs depended on it (which they clearly don't because your magazine is dumb and bad). We're number one, you're number two. And just to be clear I mean that like doo doo, not like you're second best. Second worst maybe. Except that would mean something is worse than you, which isn't even possible because of how bad you are.

Stupid says "what". I bet you actually said it, didn't you? Oh man you guys are so dumb and lame. I never say "what" to that trick. One time I almost did but I caught myself and said "who" instead so I looked like the smart one, but you guys definitely said "what". Who even falls for that anymore? Definitely not people who are good and not the worst.

I was once at the dentist's office and they had a copy of *The Humble Windmill* on the table. And that was easily the worst dentist in town. I wasn't getting any dental work done or anything, I just went there to check their magazines and sure enough they had it. That's how bad you are, your readers are all basically just really bad dentists and stuff like that.

In conclusion: Liars Liars pants on fire. You guys are just jealous because we're so great and you're so dumb that you wish you were us. But you can't be so we win. Smell you later lamewads. ☹️

IT'S BEEN A LONG SEASON IN THE SLUSH FIELDS

Everyday, the same brown slush and drudge that gunks up the mainways and highways...well long story short I shovel that gunk for cash. Cold, hard cash. Cold like the slush, but hard as ice. You have to be hard as ice to work them fields. Cold as it too. I'm a cold motherfucker. I've got a permanent chill runs down my spine. I shock people with my coldness. I can shoot an icy look that sends shivers through the air. I can make a baby cry by doing nothing but tossing a shovel full of slush in his face. The Slush Fields take your warmth.

People rarely want to talk to me. They know they won't get through. People think me a waste of time and energy, and they're right. My frozen soul is a fortress of solitude, and I like it that way. That's why I keep going back to The Slush Fields every season, all that muck and gunk, nothing but a nuisance to the world...I can relate. ☹️

LISTEN HERE SNOOP



You're a joke. A loser. And sooner or later, you'll have to wake up from your little fantasy world. No one likes you. You're an obnoxious dick to everyone. Your owner and all of his friends. You think you're so cool, but you're a middle-aged dog trying to fit in with a bunch of children. Trying to pose as a fucking college student with those stupid fucking sunglasses while you hit on little girls. That's some creepy-ass shit, man. Pretty sure what you're trying to do with Peppermint Patty isn't just morally wrong, it's illegal. ☹️

THE GOOGLE'S AT IT AGAIN

BY MAUDGE THROMBLESON



I told my grandson I didn't want him putting that fire fox game on my computer. Mabel told me that's the one that has all the viruses. But he didn't listen and he put it on there anyway. I tried to tell him I didn't need it, just last week I clicked the button that said "free virus scan" and it came back clean. These youngsters think they know everything but they haven't been around as long as I have.

He did it anyway and broke my google. My google used to say Bing but now it looks all different. He took away all my toolbars too. He told me he put all my recipes somewhere but I can't for the life of me figure out where. And whenever I try to go to my favorite

web link, www.FreeHolyChristianBibleQuotesDailyDotCom.ru/GuaranteedVirusFreeBibleQuotes/SafestBibleQuotesDaily.php, it says that the site has been blocked. I've always suspected he might be a satanist, ever since I heard him listening to that death metal band "Switchfoot" on his I-pod, but this is just unbelievable. I called his mother and she said she'd give him a talking to, but I don't think she's all that devout herself.

The google just hasn't been the same since. Whenever I type in "check my emails" it never takes me to the old place. I've tried putting my password into at least seven or eight of the sites, but none of them showed me my emails. He said to use gmail, but even I know it's called email. He said it's the google mail but I tried to tell him *all* email comes from the google. He wouldn't have it so I just pretended to listen until he left. Now all my emails have vanished into the eNet and I'll probably never see them again.

The worst part is that right before he broke everything those nice people from the online pharmacy sent me another message. They said my prescriptions are ready, and that I just needed to send them the payment information and a copy of my ID and social security card. I did what they asked and they hadn't gotten back to me yet, now I'm worried I'll never be able to get my medicine. The young man from the Duane Reade called and said that I needed to refill my prescriptions but I told him he was mistaken and the Internet people had already taken care of it. After this mess happened I thought maybe I should call them back, but then I figured out that it's probably a scam: the Duane Reade is trying to trick me into paying twice. I'll just wait until I hear back from the online pharmacy, my grandson should be back next week and I'll make sure he puts everything back the way it was.

I can't believe the headaches that boy has caused, if I had known before I definitely wouldn't have given him that \$2 bill. ☹️

I'M NOT GAY

I just want everyone to know that I am not gay. Yes, I kiss men on the mouth. Yes, I suck men's penis. But this is just people telling you that it is gay. I think of girls when I do this and when a man explodes his good tasting juice into my mouth I think "I am recycling animo acids" not whatever gay people think because I am not gay. Not that there is anything wrong with being gay, but I am just not gay myself. ☹️

Tip of the Month

Women love being called "dude," especially women who want to have sex with you. It's because women are gay and want to feel like they are a guy getting fucked by a guy. But they want to feel like the only guy that you've ever fucked.

DRUMMERS ONLY!!

BY TEEK JACOBI

Okay, *that's it!* We're done. We're done with this shit. We're sick and tired of all these dumb, white motherfuckers coming to our shows and clapping against the beat. You clap *with* the beat you stupid sacks of shit! Do you realize just how much you're ruining the concert? Do you have *any* idea how bad our live concert DVD is going to look with half the fucking audience flapping their hands together like a school of retarded, rhythmically challenged seals?? From now on all non-drummers are **banned** from attending our shows. If you want to see our band live you better be prepared to show your *National Association of Rudimental Drummers* certificate, 'cuz you better believe we're going to have people at the door checking for *NARD* papers. Sorry, but you brought this upon yourselves. We get up on stage and we clap for two bars to get you going, but then you can't keep it up when we start playing. What else can we do? We're not going to play a fucking metronome all night. Do you know how embarrassing is for us as a band when we see clips of us on YouTube and you're all terrible clappers? Other bands look at us and laugh! *Their fans* can keep a beat going! Hopefully someday you'll all get better and we can remove the ban, but for the time being it must stand. To attend one of our concerts you must have some form of certification indicating that you are a competent drummer. Members of the *Disabled Drummers Association* will be granted free entry. We're not going to get angry at you for not standing during the show or any of that shit, but please show a bit of energy. You're getting free tickets, asshole. 🙄



MAN SEEKING WOMAN

I've a missed connection for you. You're the girl next door & the babysitter. At least, you were the sitter years ago. I had completely forgotten you. I hardly recognized you when you dropped by your parents' place this year's yule-time. I saw you from behind but when you turned around, damn. It all came rushing back. How you used to walk up to me in that red Christmas sweater, just a bit too tight for your body, then smile, lean in close, & I'll never forget what you took from me that night. You said I'd thank you later & not to tell my parents. It was for my own good? I had so much to look forward to. Then you stole my candy, you fat piece of shit. Ten years later & you're fatter than anyone in a 5 block radius, but I'm still rail thin. Your fiance is also ridiculously obese. I hope you steal your future children's meals & candy so they stay malnourished & abhor all you sit for. I shouldn't be surprised, your father always introduced himself to others as "Bill Boehmer....DOCTOR Bill Boehmer" like he was James Bond's personal field-surgeon, but he's just a podiatrist. I demand ≥\$1K in various quality candies (you should remember which ones I liked, fatty) or I will begin legally incentivizing strangers to dismantle the lives of your loved ones. You know where to deliver the goods, you fat bitch. This is only because you got fat by stealing candy from children, you godless hedonistic butterball. 🙄

CRYPTOKITTY ARG



No, not that eTCG. This is no RPG either. Enter a high-stakes deep wilderness ARG tournament where the hunt is on. A feral CryptoKitty is implanted with a standard sub-dermal pet-tracker. A Ledger Nano S hard-wallet containing .25-BTC, 1-ETH, 1-LTC, 1-ZEC, & 1-DASH is wrapped tightly in cellophane & dipped into silicone. The silicone container is encased within a small titanium cylinder on a chain around the CryptoKitty's neck. The Ledger passkey is 00000000, just like the old nuclear activation codes! The funds for the Ledger are generated by a pool wherein contributors receive tracking data cryptographically bound to their receipt metrics. Tracking data is placed on a slight delay proportional to each investor's Proof-of-Kitty-Empathy. Bonus prize awarded for live, safe, & humane return of our beloved CryptoKitty who will live its life in luxury. www.CryptoKitty.ARG 1-888-ARG-MEOW felinifamiliAR-6369 🙄

I ONLY FUCK WITH DRIVING GLOVES ON



Get ready to take my dick for a spin, honey. I wear driving gloves during sex and it keeps me totally in control. I keep a leather tight grip on all your essentials and accessories and baby if I can drive you once, I can drive you wild. I have the sort of gloves with the holes cut out for the knuckles because my knuckles need to BREATHE, BABY! You ever have sweaty knuckles during sex? It's entirely uncomfortable and totally unsexy. Specifically because you become very aware of your knuckles being like many small little bony boobs on your hands

and that's freaky and unpleasant. Never happened to me though cause I think ahead.

Speaking of thinking ahead, let's turn this into a recurring thing, yeah? I'm not talking about taking you to dinner or the movies, I mean me coming over, taking off all my clothes (except for my driving gloves) and plowing right through your sweet bumper. I wanna play dirty dirty bumper cars with you every Sunday until you can't stand me anymore. 🙄

WE NEED TO START A CONVERSATION

With all that has been going on lately I think we as a group need to sit down and open a dialog. We've tiptoed around this subject for far too long, but it's a conversation that needs to happen if we're going to move forward: What are we going to do about dinner? I've already made it abundantly clear that I'm ok with whatever, but in order to reach a resolution that we can all live with an open and honest discussion needs to take place. It's a difficult issue that will involve compromise, reflection, and maybe even a few radical ideas, but we won't get anywhere until we actually talk about it. Suzanne is vegan and Hank is still into the whole paleo thing, so we need to come to some kind of solution that will work for everyone. And don't forget Gene's alcoholism, so it can't be any place with yard margs or all-day happy hour. Ultimately I think we can solve this thing, but it starts with us all sitting down together as a group and sharing some uncomfortable truths. 🙄

I'M JUST AN AVERAGE, RED-BLOODED, HARDWORKING PATRIOT

So after a long day at my blue-collar nine-to-five, I plop on my porcelain throne, and I've been holding it in for like a day and a half, multiplied by berries and fiber, right? So I just unload in this bowl, with some real earth-shattering shakes and sputters and what-have-you, and boy oh boy did it come quick and did it come in strong. It was like landing a Airbus in the Hudson, man, there was just screaming and shouting and spraying and pure disdain for surface tension. But soon after, there was just that massaging, warm, silent wave of relief. Peace swept across the land once again.

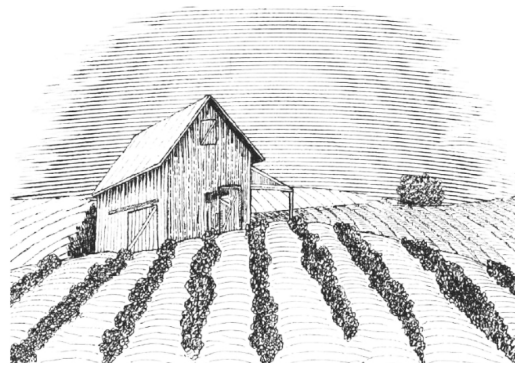
Feeling that the load might just be all one log, I peer down to appreciate my handiwork, but I forgot I just cleaned the toilet earlier. Where I expected to find a brutish brown—was blue. Just blue. Deep, deep royal blue, and fades into black. I can't find anything in the wet, dark abyss below me, and realize that the little sea I'm staring at is the same one not even stone's throw away from most folks, just miles upon endless miles of a realm that we frankly have no clue of what lies within it. Man is mostly water, yet the waters are far from man's ascendancy. Yet we happily decide to try bending this mystery to our will, we decide to shit in this great unknown and act like all is well. The depths aren't of our dominion, and it's time we exercise some caution before anything in that darkness decides the clock has run out.

Justice. Discretion. Ecology. That's why I vote Green Party™. 🙄

LARRY HAUN WAS MY CELEBRITY CRUSH

BY JEZ SUMPTER

I was an unruly and angry teenager. I fought with my parents, I acted out at school, I slept around. I was searching for meaning and in the process lost my self-worth. It's a descent many teenagers go through, and the descent is often so slow you don't notice it until you wake up one morning and realize as you climb out of bed that you are miserable and, in your search to find yourself, have become more lost than you ever were before. You think back on when you were a young child and life seemed simple. A time when you had no real worries. I had that morning on the eve of my sixteenth birthday.



I felt like a walking corpse, empty and devoid of feeling. It's a very inhuman sensation. I didn't feel anything, not even the urge to argue with my dumb parents as I usually felt. I grabbed my MP3 player and started walking in no particular direction, just as I felt my life was going. I must have walked for hours, listening to angry music, sad music, happy music, anything to try to feel again. But I felt nothing. In this meandering my feet eventually carried me to a small thrift store on the opposite side of town. I had never been there before, nor even knew it existed, and I believe now that I was lead there by some higher power. God, the universe, Gaia, ley lines, whatever you want to believe, it brought me there. I had nothing to do with it.

I left that thrift store with a backpack full of a seemingly random assortment of VHS tapes. Self-help, '80s action movies, corporate training, three copies of *Forrest Gump*. I honestly don't remember being in the store at all or selecting any of the tapes. The whole day felt like a blur. That is, it felt like a blur until I watched Larry Haun on tape. I remember it vividly. Twenty-two minutes into *Framing Floors & Stairs with Larry Haun* as he demonstrated how to cut and install a straight flight of stairs a warmth rushed over me and seemed to wash away all that clouded my mind. I sat there alone in my room bathed in the light of the television watching Larry Haun with rapt attention. His gentle but firm demeanor, fatherly voice, and determined actions pulled me in. I did not realize it then, but I had fallen in love. True love.

I began to turn my life around at that point. I hadn't found my purpose yet, but I had found my muse and my source of inspiration. The next morning I awoke with a new outlook on life and a flaming vigor. It truly was a Sweet Sixteen. Over the years I worked hard to better my life. First thing was to repair my shaky relationship with my parents, much in the way Larry Haun would repair a squeaky floor. A short two years after discovering Larry Haun my father died from a terrible car accident. I am truly thankful that I was able to be by my father's side in the hospital when he finally passed and that he knew I loved him. I avoided partying and continued to work diligently in school. I went to college and studied media production and journalism. I wanted to create something which would inspire people the way *Framing Floors & Stairs with Larry Haun* had inspired me, and continued to inspire me as I rewatched it, and all the other Larry Haun tapes I could find, on a weekly basis. My life was truly well and good, and I owed it all to the man I loved but had never met: Larry Haun.

And then he was gone. On October 24th, 2011 Larry Haun died after a long battle with cancer. I had read so many things about him, about the charitable acts he performed, about how much he contributed to his community, about what a caring and loving man he was. I wanted so much to meet him, to shake his hand and look him square in the eye, and to tell him how much he changed my life. But he was gone. And just as finding Larry Haun changed my life, losing him did the same. I receded. I tried to quench my pain with drugs and alcohol. I searched for a new love, finding some new celebrity fling every month to lust over with the hope that they would fill the void which had previously been filled by my love of Larry Haun. And because of the pain I stopped watching Larry Haun.

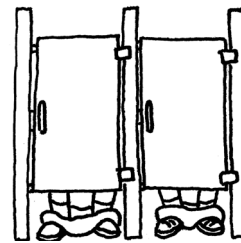
Last week as I looked in the mirror at my tired face with weary lines etched deep and caked over with blotted makeup I saw the years of abuse I had doled out on myself and, in a brief moment of clarity,

saw what I had become. I was hardly human anymore. I dug out my Larry Haun tapes and watched them for the first time in many years. I sat alone in my room yet again, much as I had done all those years ago on the eve of my sixteenth birthday, and I cried. I had never cried like that before, so hot and painful. Decades of pent up pain and anger, pain and anger I did not know I had locked away within me, washed away in the stream of tears. After what seemed like an eternal torment I regained myself and took a good hard look at what I had done with my life, both personal and professional, since the passing of Larry Haun.

To be honest, I look back on my previous Celebrity Crush articles now with a deep shame. They are shallow, lustful, and devoid of any meaning. Empty articles vomited forth from an empty mind. They are not what I wanted to create, and they are not something Larry Haun, the sweet and loving spirit he was, would approve of. I realize now that so many years ago in the flickering light of my bedroom I had found Larry Haun, but not myself. I am not Jez Sumpter. I am a disciple of Larry Haun. And now that he is gone I am yet again searching for who I truly am. I leaned on a great man and used his strength rather than building my own, and for that I am a weak and lost spirit.

So I must bid you all farewell. I have checked myself into a rehab clinic. I have strayed from the good and righteous path in life I had resolved to follow so many years ago. I will become clean and clear my mind, then go forth and search once again for who I truly am. One day, hopefully soon, I will be back with you all, writing uplifting material to inspire you in the way Larry Haun inspired me. I will find Jez Sumpter, and I will become a woman Larry Haun would be proud of. Larry Haun is my first and only celebrity crush, and the man I love. Farewell. 🙏

BODILY FUNCTIONS SYNCHRONIZED



We've been meeting like this every day for some time now. Always after that first cup of coffee. Maybe a doughnut or a piece of fruit if I'm trying to be good.

Sometimes, I'll be sitting here for a few minutes, playing a level of Angry Birds or Candy Crush, waiting for that familiar pair of dusty, well-worn loafers to swish into my neighboring stall. Other times, I'll enter quietly and take my seat, only to notice you're already there. Waiting for me.

I've been keeping it all in too long... These moments between us - wonderful moments where I know you know we're feeling the same thing. The way we skirt around our bliss, afraid to get too close. There is something powerful brewing here. Something real and beautifully human, separated from the anxieties outside. A release.

And it's not just how our cycles are so in sync. It's how you only go for the paper after I've flushed. The shy way you wait until I've washed my hands and left the room to finish up yourself. The too-quick way you murmur "bless you" when I sneeze. Those soft, gruff words. A hushed baritone that makes me quiver.

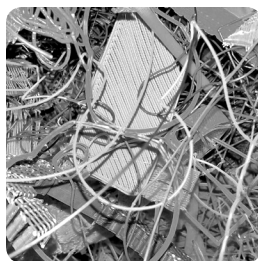
But the truth is I need to let go. I sit here now, writing this. My body is pure tension. Everything is clenched, backed up. You're so close and so unreachable. You mutter subdued grunts, scratch the stubble on your neck. I wonder... Do you have a mustache? More scratching noises echo from your stall. Flakes of dandruff fall to the floor between us. They dissolve in a tiny puddle of unknown moisture.

I place my hand on that beige divider and I imagine you doing the same. The fantasy fills me with warmth, and I am able to push again. The dispassionate would cry "unsanitary!" but my lips crave this contact. I place them gently on our wall and whisper forbidden words of encouragement with gentle flicks of my tongue. I am emptied of all reservation. 🙏

IMPROVE YOUR LIFE WITH 3D PRINTING

BY JIMBO JENKINS

3D Printing. It's one of the hottest trends right now, but not everyone has the knowhow and creativity required. I mean obviously I do. Just look at me, I'm clearly a **MAKER**. That's a word us 3D printer types came up with, basically it means I'm better than you, from a technical standpoint. But you, you're just some dumb rube who probably doesn't even know the difference between an STL and a GCODE file. You dumb useless loser.



But there's still hope for you yet. Maybe you won't ever be a **MAKER** like me, but you *can* at least fool your friends into thinking you are one. I print out a *lot* of stuff on my fleet of 3D printers (did I mention I'm a **MAKER**?), and that results in a large amount of scrap. I've been putting it all into a bin, intending to throw it all away, but then it hit me that I can sell those scraps to poor worthless non-**MAKERS** like yourself. You don't have what it takes, but with these scraps you can fool your friends and family into thinking you do.

What you do with the scraps is entirely up to you. Put them in the top of the waste basket when you have friends over as a conversation starter. Leave them on a work bench in the garage and then instagram a sandwich (#WorkingThroughLunch, #Can'tWaitUntilWeCan3DPrintFood, #**MAKER**Life). Leave some in an open bag in your trash can so that they spill all over the street and the garbage man finally thinks you're a cool guy for once. Stick a few in your briefcase so that they "accidentally" fall out during your next sales meeting.

Scraps are available starting at \$5 per pound. All purchases are shipped discreetly in boxes from companies that a real **MAKER** might purchase from, and purchases will appear on your credit card statement as "Legit **MAKER** Wholesale Supplies Inc. LLC". We don't want anyone to find out about our little agreement now, do we?

You may never be **MAKER** material, but now no one else needs to know that. ☹️

IMAGINE A MAN, PERCHED AS A BIRD ON A BRANCH DELICATELY LOWERING COLD CUTS INTO HIS GULLET

Not chewing them, just opening the throat and lowering the meat. He gags every so often but never spits up. An endless bag of cold cuts, being muscled down the gullet by a naked man in a tree. This is the image I was just assaulted by.

Roast Beef, Ham, Turkey...does it really matter? It's a disturbing image no matter the meat, in my opinion. Having said that, an especially greasy meat (Prosciutto) or an especially spicy meat (Pepperoni) would certainly be harder to ingest in this unnatural way. I'm happy to say that I couldn't make out the meat.

What would cause a person to be in this situation? I suppose he's just some sort of bird person, raised by birds. This would explain him being naked. Outside of cartoon depictions of Jim Crow, birds do not wear clothes. But why the sandwich meats? I suppose he could've just scavenged them from some grocery store dumpster or unattended picnic table...there is no satisfying answer.

And so the file stays open, and the image remains. Nagging at me until I understand what it means. And I can't help thinking how this is gonna make it really hard to cum for the next couple days. ☹️



Reorganizing bookshelves. Moved my Magic 8 Ball. Didn't ask it anything but it said "Yes" so I'm feeling pretty good about things for now. Maybe it liked my new system.

MY SEXUAL FANTASY



My sexual fantasy is to marry a girl when I'm 32 and a few years outside of getting my masters, financially stable and running my own production company. She'll be a bookworm, and have a degree in something like political science or literature and she'll make money working at a small used bookstore where we'd meet one day. We'll make ends meet and by the time I'm 35 and she's 31 we'll be in a financially stable situation and we'll be able to buy a nice two story town house in the Pacific Northwest. And then we'll have a kid. And raise him or her. It doesn't matter really. But we'll be able to afford it and we won't have any extreme difficulties. Maybe we'll have another when our kid is

2 or 3. I'll be able to work from home with my editing rig and be there for my kids. Then, one will go off to college, and the other. And we'll be able to afford it with financial aid. And then... This is where it gets really fucking hot... I'll be able to sit on my porch with a book and a cup of tea on a Saturday morning while it rains out. And I'll just be happy.

THAT is my fantasy, you fags. ☹️

DID HE JUST CALL ME SIR?

BY MIKE BOGART

Wait a minute, what just happened here? Did this guy just call me *sir*? Convenience store cashiers used to love when I walked into the store because they could loosen up and say *man* or *dude*. We were both young guys forced by society to be uptight embracing a brief moment of young guy fellowship. Now this guy here is calling me *sir*? I'm only twenty-five. Is it because I'm buying Necco Wafers instead of Laffy Taffy? Maybe he just thinks I'm older because I'm buying something so old fashioned. Or am I actually old now? I wonder how old this kid is? Bet he's nineteen. He looks nineteen. He looks young. Holy shit, I think nineteen is young now. I really am getting older. Yeah, I guess I am well into being an adult. I've been an adult for seven years. Seven years! A lot of family dogs die by the time they're seven. I've been an adult for the lifetime of a dog. I really should be referred to as *sir* now. Why isn't everyone calling me *sir*? Do I not look like a *sir*? No, I must. I dress nicely. I wear collared shirts and pressed pants. I'm not dressed like a gang banging buttfucker like the youth of today. It's gotta be all these nineteen year olds. Other than this guy right here who called me *sir*, they just don't have respect. They don't know their place. I'm twenty-five, motherfucker, call me *sir*. ☹️



To the demon that keeps crab walking on my ceiling: I know you think you are being sneaky but I see you! I don't mind you staying, but when you're making guttural noises, knocking things over, spewing vomit, and causing a general ruckus at odd times of the night then it is very hard to not get ticked off. I work hard for my belongings, and when I come home to the foul smell of vomit and blood stained furniture I am shocked at the amount of effort it takes to blatantly disregard someone's personal space. Please show some respect and clean up after yourself! EXTp6-9845

PISSING CONTEST: On April 17th there will be a pissing contest at 340 W Hays Dr beginning 6 PM. There will be beer to drown your sorrows and the world's smallest violin for entertainment. The rules are simple. The longest piss wins. You must piss in or around a toilet. Absolutely NO crossing streams. May the best pisser win!

LET ME GUESS: Jimbo Jenkins gave a whole spiel about selling 3D printing scraps by the pound? What a load of horse jerky. My scraps are superior in every way, and they cost less too. I'm talking multiple colors and materials. Gold PLA. Translucent purple ABS. Glow-in-the-dark PETG. I've even been known to print nylon from time to time. And I only use the finest filaments, none of that cheap Chinese stuff. I'm talking Hatchbox, Proto-Pasta, and some you've never even heard of. These are the highest quality scraps. And guess what? I'll even throw in a few old test prints I have lying around. That way if your friends ask to see something you printed you're not caught off-guard. And for a limited time I'm offering all this for just \$3 a pound. Take that, Jimbo.

Guys, stop pissing on the floors of the server bathroom. Shake it out or use the stall.

you wanna shit? my boys and me we out here taking mad shits. i'm talking about shitting from watertowers man. i mean we at the alley picking up 7-10 shits and throwing those xxx turkey shits you dig me? if you wanna get in on this shit and think you got what it takes to shit with the best come try out for the shit crew. we meet every wednesday night at 9:00pm behind the wienerschnitzel. newbies gotta buy all the chili dogs.

DVD SALE ON MARCH 30th! There will be a HOT DVD sale on March 30th on the corner of 5th and SE. If you're looking for some DVD content to KNOCK your SOCKS off, PLEASE come on down to the corner to grab not one, not two, but ANY that you want! ANY amount! DVDs with a definite amount of content will be SOLD on the corner of 5th and SE WILL BE SOLD on March 30th! Come on down and BUY as many as you POSSIBLY CAN! CONTENT WILL BE ON THEM! Do NOT worry about it! I PROMISE YOU that there WILL be content on these DVDs, and THEY WILL BE SOLD TO YOU! Hot DVD Sale on 5th and SE, March 30th! They're be SOLD!

It finally happened. I broke my nose while rubbing my face. You were right, David. I thought you were feeding me bullshit every time you warned me not to put so much force into it when I was applying sunscreen, but I can see now that you were just looking out for me. I'm sorry I got angry at you every time and pushed you away. Please, let us become friends again. I miss you. I love you • DAVE 8-4492

Looking for a miss with a kiss like a Mississippi alligator's sister. If you know what that means give me a ring. Flavor 2-1981

"LONELY MILLIONAIRE SEEKS SOUL MATE" IN BOLD: Then I don't know, what do people usually write in these things? "Enjoys long walks on the beach"? "Looking for someone to grow old with"? Is that too morbid? And just to be clear, this will definitely be published *before* Valentine's Day, right? Maybe then someone will be desperate enough to fall for it before they figure out I'm not actually rich. Obviously that was a joke, don't put that in the ad. "Enjoys the simple things in life", that's probably a good one. I kind of want to say "No oggoss" but I guess beggars can't be choosers so never mind. Oh, and whatever you do don't do that thing you did last time where you publish everything including this part. I'm still getting prank calls about the ad for the car. Let me know if there's any issue with the ad, and remember if it isn't published BEFORE Valentine's Day I don't want to run it • HARold 7-4204

hey ladiessss ;)

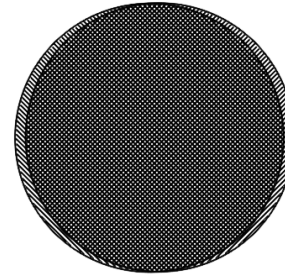
im just your average sentient being, but better. i love singing and travelling across the infinite universes of time and space. ive lately been feeling a bit lonely, so id thought id put out a call for someone to love until the end of time.



im not interested in Pleiadeans, Martians or Reptillians, sorry babes! if you are up to meeting me then please contact me via universal code



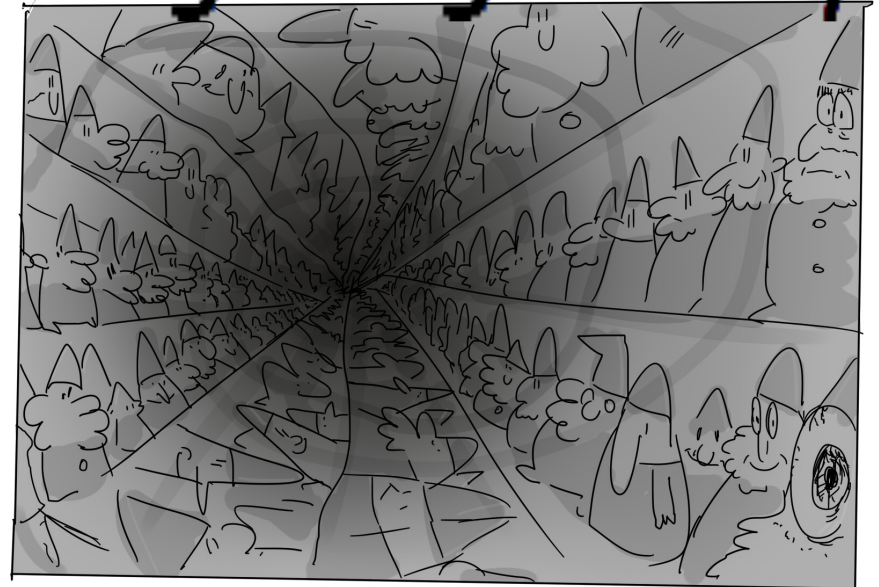


THE FART SIDE



-  THE PERFECT PLACE TO PEE WHEN DRUNK
-  THE PERFECT PLACE TO SLEEP WHEN HOMELESS

the known expansive universe's
largest gnomery



join us at
 38.8977° N, 77.0365° W

THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE is a production of **THE MINUTE HOUR**.
For more find **THE MINUTE HOUR** on YouTube, SoundCloud,
iTunes, or theminutehour.com.

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



CREDITS

ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

THE MINUTE HOUR
SLUSH FIELDS
DRIVING GLOVES
PERCHED AS A BIRD ON A BRANCH
ADDITIONAL TEXT

LAWFUL

CRYPTOKITTY ARG
MISSED CONNECTION
MAGIC 8 BALL
CLASSIFIED ADS

SCSF

LISTEN HERE SNOOP
I'M NOT GAY

NIVEKIN

COVER ART

NOT SMITH

BODILY FUNCTIONS SYNCHRONIZED

SALAMANDER SAM

GRAPHIC DESIGN
3D PRINTER AD
MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS
THE GOOGLE'S AT IT AGAIN
START A CONVERSATION
3D PRINTING SCRAPS
THE FART SIDE
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT
CLASSIFIED ADS

SAM BAKKER

BIG JIM'S CREMATORIUM
SENTIENT BEING CLASSIFIED AD
GARFIELD COMIC
WHAT'S GOING ON BIG GUY?
LARGEST GNOMERY

EXTREMEPLEASURE

CLASSIFIED ADS

MOXIE FAMOUS

DID HE JUST CALL ME SIR
DRUMMERS ONLY
CELEBRITY CRUSH
VENN DIAGRAM COMIC
CLASSIFIED ADS

CRESTON B.

MY SEXUAL FANTASY
CLASSIFIED ADS

IT

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BACK COVER ART

CRUNCHYEATER

HARDWORKING PATRIOT