

THE MIGHTY Lighthouse



VOLUME 1 ISSUE 9

MAY 2018



**WELL-SPUN
YARNS!**

**ALERTS FOR THE
CAUTIOUS CONSUMER!**

**ART OF
ALL SHAPES!**

COMICS!

DIGITAL EDITION



coming soon, from
exclusive science...

The Infinity Room is my room of choice. I'm entering my eighth year of college next week, and there's no better way to relax after a hard day of education than squatting on the bowl and plugging into the InfiniVerse.

I love the flying simulator. I can just sit, shit, and fly for hours. All the different maps are really detailed, and the way that the arm kind of jerks your head around is very pleasing to me.

Before I had the Infinity Room, I was a lonely sack of ambitionless sand. Now I've got over forty thousand SUccuLENT points on my InfiniVision account, and men from all over the world send me compliments and gifts! Plus when I have to piss, I just do it!

FOUR PEOPLE, FOUR BATHROOMS, ONE INFINITY ROOM.

Oh I decked out my shithouse with the Infinity crap about two months ago and it has already totally changed my life. I honestly hate leaving the Infinity Room. I've been calling out sick from my job since I got it, they think I'm like, fuckin' dying of cancer. I probably am dying...I've been eating nothing but hot pockets and pop tarts and toast for the past two months...

Get this fuckin' thing off me!! What the fuck is happening?? Where am I?? What did I do?? What the fuck!?! Oh fuck I can't get it off!! What the fuck? How do you undo it?? I'M FUCKING TRAPPED! HELP! HELP! I'M TRAPPED IN HELL!!!

and your life
job misery



THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

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We've Updated Our Privacy Policy!

By continuing to read *The Mighty Lighthouse* you agree to let us publish all your personal information and secrets in the form of weirdly specific comedy articles.

Tôi sẽ làm gì với anh?

Bạn biết đấy, nó đã là một, đã là một quá khứ hào hùng .. qua vài ngày

bởi vì mọi cố gắng, uh, để bạn chế giễu tôi, uh, chỉ cho bạn để trông giống như một IDIOT FUCKING

bởi vì bạn là một thằng ngốc fucking HOLY SHIT dude

Tôi thậm chí không phải cố gắng, bạn làm điều đó cho mình. Bạn làm điều đó cho chính mình, tôi không - tôi thậm chí không phải fucking đăng bài và bạn làm cho mình trông giống như một thằng ngốc. Nó khá fucking .. nó là khá bệnh.

Tôi nghĩ rằng nó đã làm với uh .. bạn biết .. có lẽ tôi có lẽ tôi chỉ là Thiên Chúa của SURFSUP FORUM, bạn biết không? Và tôi nghĩ uh .. Tôi nghĩ điều gì thực sự làm bạn xấu hổ <poster here>, điều gì thực sự làm hỏng bánh của bạn .. UHUH .. là một thực tế là những người như tôi bây giờ vì những lý do unfortold. Tôi có quyền kiểm soát phần lớn đối với NADOTA và bạn biết điều đó, và nó fucking kills bạn đó là lý do tại sao bạn rất cay đắng. Và bạn sẽ không chơi tôi, y-bạn cố gắng fucking everything, tsch bạn chỉ cần cố gắng cố gắng mọi lúc và tôi vẫn đúng, mọi lúc. Trong trường hợp tôi - tôi dám tìm một trường hợp mà tôi đã từng sai.

Tôi là một GOD fucking tại dota và cuộc sống và bạn là một số fucking .. ngẫu nhiên 40k poster, như những người fuck, ai làm điều đó? Và sau đó bạn giống như cái nhìn dude, xem có bao nhiêu fucking sluts uh tôi có thể ép buộc vào việc gửi cho tôi hình ảnh và tôi giống như dude,

nếu bạn đang nói chuyện với những cô gái đó, họ sẽ gửi những bức ảnh đó 100 lần một ngày. Bạn đang fucking một trong những peons bạn bè, bạn đang ở trong sự lưu thông của chỉ retards. Bạn thật ngu ngốc .. và bạn rất cơ bản. Và nếu bạn chỉ biết làm thế nào fucking tốt nó là ... và những bức tranh fucking - bạn biết những gì, chúng tôi thậm chí sẽ không nói dude.

Bạn fucking wish bạn đã được như Thiên Chúa như tôi <poster ở đây> và tôi sẽ chỉ ... yeah, kết thúc video này.

Two prophets,

The accuracy of the first person's prophecy is 90%.

The accuracy of the second person's prophecy is 30%.

They all predicted the end of the world.

What's the probability of the end of the world?

within 10 years we're all going to voluntarily link ourselves into a global neural network with the sole purpose of creating the best radio jingle 🎧

Question of the month

Why do people use tin foil hats to prevent rogue actors from detecting, measuring, &/or quantifying their mental data? Tin foil conducts electromagnetism. They may as well add antennae to focus their mental energy for better broadcasting. Better yet, they could freely share all of their strangest & most inhuman thoughts & desires, posting them to the Central Cortex for quantification & assessment. I'm going to be sick.

MOVIE REVIEW: AVENGERS; INFINITY WAR



I've been excited for this movie ever since I saw the trailer to the original avengers movie. I walked into the theatre with my IRON MAN t-shirt and my Spider man webbed pants on. I had to look my A-game (the A stands for Avengers). The cinema I went to was nearly booked out - but I managed to book a seat up the front at the last minute. The lady at the counter was named Debora, who was a lovely person who upgraded my small popcorn and medium diet coke to a medium popcorn and large died coke as there was a better sneaky hidden deal that was cheaper than what I wanted. This shows me that Dabora had passion for people - she cared for me and my experience. And it was a good upgrade too, as I had just ran out of popcorn by the end of the 2 and a half hour long film. Excellent choice. The cinema played a few local ads and a few movie trailers - I love these. Although I spend all day on IMDb waiting for new trailers, it is always nice to see my favourites on the big screen. The seats were comfy and had a lot of space. They could also move backwards so you were lying down - an excellent touch. They were made out of what felt like real leather, something I have become accustomed to as part of the cinema life. The spacing between the seats were quite pleasant as well, and although I was at the front, I could still see the screen perfectly. In all aspects, my viewing was excellent. The coke was cool and the popcorn had just the right amount of salt. A good 8.5/10 for viewing conditions. The movie was alright. 🎧

!! DON'T BUY ALERT !!

All these tech bloggers are goin' crazy about Executive Science's brand new line of sex robots, hootin' and hollerin' over how they're gonna bring humanity closer to transcendence one nut at a time, but have they thought AT ALL about what kinda security these sentient silicone sexbombs are packin'? NO!!!

What's gonna happen when those damn Chinese hackers reverse-engineer their way into the mainframe, hack into the source code, and download all the megabits? They're gonna install rogue ransomware onto your brand new HOTTIEBOT 4,000 when you're not lookin', and later, just when you least expect it, they're gonna ENCRYPT YOUR DICK! They're gonna hold it for ransom! And if you don't have enough digidollars to pay what they're askin' for the decryption key, you're gonna be spendin' the rest of your days in e-chastity!!!

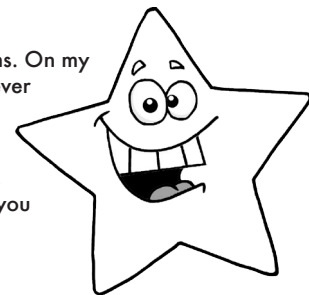
There is a ZERO percent chance of this NOT happening! DON'T let yourself become a victim of Chinese cock-lockin' extortionists! DON'T BUY A SEX ROBOT!!! 🎧

LOOK AT ME NOW DAD

This goes out to you dad.

I've always hated you. You never believed in me, or any of my dreams. On my 12th birthday when I asked you to buy me a piano, you said I'd never be a star.

But now look at me dad. I'm eleven thousand kilometres wide, spinning six thousand miles an hour, eight light years away from earth. I'm burning at three thousand degrees Celsius, And there's nothing you can do to stop me. 🎧



GOD, I MISS THE COLD WAR

It's all SIGINT sans HUMINT these days. Everything's digital & remote. The romance of it is gone but the stakes are higher. Kids don't even know how to lie, never mind reciting the pantomimes. Forget passing Polly. Most wouldn't know if their own coworkers were compromised. I haven't received a hollowed out nickel in over 50 years & there's something sad about that. The dead drop is a lost art. I conducted a potential recruit's interview by blinking Morse code but he was functionally illiterate in the craft & so assumed I had suffered a grand mal seizure. What a rube. I offered him wet work & he grabbed a nearby mop with confused enthusiasm. His clothes still had labels in them. Some field agents actually believe that beautiful & intelligent women are legitimately interested in them—not an asset, intel, or their kompromat. It's shameful. They even bed these agents despite their top training. There's no substitute for true patriotism, I suppose. It used to be that you could go into a region, infiltrate, subvert, & coopt its infrastructure for your own purposes but now they stick you with mission parameters including classic hits like, "no hits," & who could forget our favorite on the streets, "observe & report"? Robots do more & more of the reconnaissance & killing. Cutting off the head of the dragon doesn't work anymore anyhow, they have no heads. They've abandoned the hierarchical power structure & became distributed. They operate as a slime mold, a collective of individuals acting in unison without defined direction. There's no central system to cripple. It's dangerous, I don't like it, & I miss the Cold War.



I've been sitting here doing crossword puzzles for years, idly tinkering & tailoring away, awaiting activation like a good soldier spy but I swear I'll pop this molar open if Control doesn't get back to me soon. The empty crosswords aren't even difficult, it's immensely frustrating. I'd change the radio from the static but I might miss the numbers. I'll be here, listening to static & completing simple crossword puzzles, awaiting orders.

—Red ☹️

BASS PLAYIN' HANDS

BY BASSMAN JONES

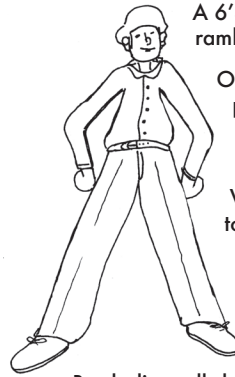


You see these hands? These are bass playin' hands. And no, I don't play with a pick; picking is for pansies. I finger my bass with the strength and finesse of a motherfucking god. My bass playing abilities are unmatched. **NO ONE** has bass playin' hands like mine. Listen, these are some serious hands I've got right here, alright? So when I tell you that you can't handle my technique, my **SUPERHUMAN** technique, you'd be wise to listen. I'M the one with the hands here, so I know what I'm talkin' about.

I know your game, all you ladies are the same; you see me up on stage, giving my bass the full routine: left hand fingers climbing—no, **SOARING** up and down the fretboard like a majestic bird of flight, right hand fingers dancing across the strings at breakneck speed with impeccable precision. You see that and you think "boy, wouldn't **THAT** be a step above my Hitachi wand massager!", so after the show you sweet-talk the security guard backstage until he lets you into the green room, where without fail you all approach me with the **EXACT** same proposition that I refuse every. **damn. time.** And then you have the nerve, the **AUDACITY** to get all angry with me! As if I have no justifiable reason **NOT** to work that pussy with these supreme bass playin' hands! Well listen up, because I'm about to hit you with the cold hard truth: frankly, I don't **KNOW** what these hands are capable of when they're put in contact with soft flesh! These hands haven't touched a woman in years! It's been nothing but extra heavy-gauge nickel-wound bass strings for as long as I can remember! For all I know, if I were to finger that pussy of yours as hard as I finger my Fender Jazzmaster, you'd be **DEAD** in five seconds flat!

So next time you're about to walk away bitter and disappointed that I refused to hit that sliz with my masterful fingerwork, remember this: I keep these hands holstered for *your* own safety. Don't you ever forget that. ☹️

SAY HELLO TO MITCH MASTERSON, AMERICAN DREAMBOAT



A 6'3 hunk of red meat so red that it might as well be raw. And that's Mitch, raw, rambunctious, and ready to take all comers.

Oh and he's got a temper. Yesiree he's got a temper, and it's a big one. It's a problem, luckily Mitch Masterson, American Dreamboat is workin to solve it. and if he can't solve it, he'll at least get so angry that he punches a hole in the wall.

What's the opposite of rock bottom? cloud top? That's Mitch all right, on top da clouds. He **OWNS** the clouds, baby! And he makes it rain! Haha!

He's got ambition too...Mitch envisions a future where the ruling class is violently overthrown through mass acts of terror committed by a network of disenfranchised or disillusioned citizens - in this future, he controls an endless empire of crime...

But ladies, all that doesn't mean a thing, cause Mitch Masterson, The criminal wunderkind, the felonious mastermind, the American Dreamboat, is a lonely, lonely man. If you're reading this message...it's because **MITCH WANTS YOU!**

THAT'S RIGHT! SAY GOODBYE TO WHATEVER FUCKIN STUPID LIFE YOU WERE LIVING! WHATEVER NORMAL OR SUBNORMAL SHIT YOU HAD PLANNED, GET RID OF IT! YOUR LIFE IS GONE! YOUR LIFE IS NO LONGER YOUR OWN! IT IS TIME TO SUBMIT TO MITCH!

You're gonna really love Mitch. He's **VERY** charming and **VERY** handsome and honestly, he could do a lot better. Than you, I'm saying. Do you understand? He could do a lot better. You are... you are ugly, compared to Mitch. And others. Many others. In fact, now that I'm getting a really good look at you...I wonder if Mitch is alright...I wonder if perhaps he's having one of his *episodes*...

Well maybe I'm being too harsh, after all Mitch does have eccentric tastes. Alright! You can go in to see him now. Just through there. Just right through there. Just go ahead right through there. That door, in front of you. That's the one. Just walk through that and...talk to Mitch. Go head. ☹️

I DEMAND ANSWERS!

BY GUNTHER RITUNDO

I can't get Twitter up on my big screen and it's kind of flipping me off. I mean, I paid almost seven hundred smackers for this TV, I expect at the *very least* to be able to throw up my Twitter on the bad boy. Is that so much to ask? All I want is to be able to kick back on the sofa, feet on the coffee table (not on the magazines, *Sarah*) and check out my Twitter feed, in glorious UltraHD.

Sure I could sit down like how I just said and check Twitter on my phone, but then I would have to bow my head down to look at the screen in my lap. This makes my neck hurt after awhile. Alternatively, I can hold the phone up at eye level, but then of course my arm gets tired. Sometimes I use the arm of the sofa to rest my own arm, and then I can hold the phone a bit higher and not get too tired, but then there's issue of how incredibly small that little fucking screen is!

So no, I cannot *relax* and check Twitter, and that's what I want. I want to be able to lay my head back, have my eyes open just a slit, I want to basically be asleep. And up there on the big beautiful screen, that is so beautifully mounted so high up on the wall, there scrolls my timeline. Guiding my slumber. Taking me to the dream dimension. But instead, whenever I check Twitter, I must be uncomfortable and I must be rushed. This is not the life I thought I'd be living. I mean, where are we as a society when nearly *seven hundred dollars* can't even get you a goddang tv that works properly? ☹️



THE MANNEQUINS

What's with this motherfuxxing male mannequin? Why is he so frakking jacked? Why is he peacocking his shix at me? I don't need that in my life. I'm trying to have a conversation with the cute girl at work and she keeps flitting her eyes at this goddamn male mannequin. I can't compete with that thing. So smooth and so white - so jacked and so ripped. This is an outrage! Look at his chest puffed out like a goddamn lunatic, balled fists, HE'S IN THE SUPERMAN POSE FOR CHRISSAKE! LIKE SUPERMAN ABOUT TA FUCKIN FLY OFF!! WELL WHY DON'T YOU JUST FUCKIN FLY OFF THEN!! I DON'T NEED A MANNEQUIN TO FEEL INFERIOR BUDDY, I'VE GOT THAT COVERED ALL BY MYSELF.



When I first started here, there was one mannequin. *One*. She was the most beautiful mannequin in the world. Delicate, fragile body...dressed to the nines...and her *pose*...~oh Madonna!~ I can't even *think* about her pose with getting my heart pounding! But unfortunately... it was never meant to be. I was a wanderer you see...one of the lost souls you imagine skulking through the shadows of the OtherWorld. Never reaching any destination, never finding what they seek...and of course she was a hard plastic mannequin. She didn't have to worry about death. She existed in the InBetween, outside of both life and death. This made her perfect to me.

Everyday on my morning walk to the backroom, I would give her a look. Up and down. Mm, just like that. She loved it. I would smile. Also my cheeks would be all puffed out because I never take a breath in the same area as a mannequin. I hold my breath while I walk past. I do it because if you breathe the same air a mannequin breathes...you'll turn into a mannequin. A mannequin told me that. This is a rule I live by, because despite being deeply in love with a mannequin, I do not want to *be* a mannequin. And that's not a fashionable thing to say around a buncha mannequins, I'll tell ya that, and what makes it even worse is mannequins *know* fashion. You see, they *are* fashionable, yes?

Nope, I'm a wanderer, and I need be able to move these legs of mine, to whenever they take me. That's why I always just walk on past. I never stop to chat with Grenalda (that's her name, I named her) I just give her the look and walk right by. I communicate all the information I want to give to her through the look (telepathically), and she passively accepts it in the InBetween as she must do to all living and dead things in order to maintain the delicate tension between the Current and OtherWorlds. You didn't think I actually *spoke* to her did you? That would be insane. We didn't need to talk to have a committed relationship. It was comforting to me that I could hold this relationship from Current-to-OtherWorld. It felt like a real commitment. An anchor. A stone, to build my new life upon. I felt happy. But such feelings are fleeting...



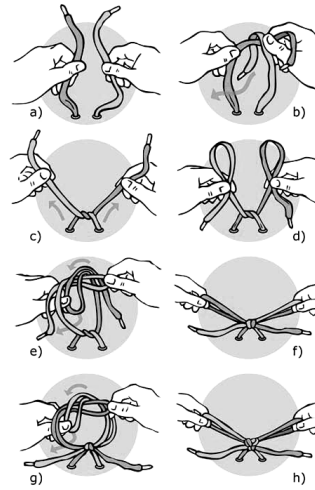
I came in one morning and there were boxes and boxes being unloaded from a uHaul out front. I knew the score before they opened a single one, New Mannequins. And let me tell you something sonny, They Don't Make Em Like They Used To. That's right, ugly. Ugly, ugly! Hideous! Specifically disgusting to look at, in an attempt to please the very ugly customers who shop here! Chunky mannequins with enough CHUNK TO CHOKE on. Slutty PREGNANT mannequins with freakish CHILDREN mannequins...and of course, *male* mannequins. This was what pissed me off the most, because of Grenalda. how can a man compete with a mannequin? at his own game? For all I know, my girlfriend mannequin is fucking this dumb male mannequin 24/7 in the InBetween, because I don't even fully understand how it works! I don't

know the rules of the InBetween...it's difficult to imagine. I can't...I can't even relate to my mannequin girlfriend's experience...God I need to clear my head.

THIS FUCKING MALE MANNEQUIN IS RUINING MY LIFE AND SOMETHING DRASTIC NEEDS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT. YES I'M AFRAID I WILL BE TAKING SOME VERY DISTRESSING MEASURES AGAINST THIS WICKED MALE MANNEQUIN VERY SOON. YES METHINKS PERHAPS THIS WRETCHED CURSE MUST BE DISPATCHED TO THE NOTHINGWORLD....WITH FIRE! 🗡️

MY NAME IS TROY SCULLY

BY TROY SCULLY



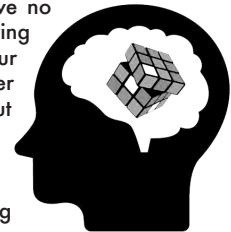
My name is Troy Scully, and I always double-knot my shoes. Always. Even when the laces are too short and the loops look too small and the kids make fun of me. Even when I'm wearing athletic shoes with those puffy laces which make large, knobby-looking knots when you double-knot them. I've always been this way, since the day I learned to tie my shoes and my father showed me how to double-knot them so they'd be more secure. Once when I was a child my mother bought me some new shoe laces which were too short and the first time I put them on to go out and play in the yard I sat on the porch for two hours trying to get a double-knot out of them. By the time my mother found me out there my fingers were worn and bloody and my nice white sneakers were stained a dark, muddy red. The blood stains never came out, even after my mother washed them with borax and hydrogen peroxide. *Troy Rohirrim Scully, when will you ever learn?* my mother used to say whenever I stained my shoes with blood because I forgot that I could let the laces out of an eyelet or two to make them longer. She took me to a doctor once and he said I have a learning disability. My mother cried that day and on the way back home we stopped at Target. She bought me a toy

and she bought herself a larger wine glass. I picked out a Rubik's Cube. After that she never asked me *when will you ever learn?* again. There were a couple times I heard her and father yelling at each other. She used to get angry at him for teaching me how to double-knot my shoes. She would say *this is all your fault*, but I never really knew what she meant by that. I asked her once and she told me to go outside. Father moved out a couple years after the doctor's visit. My mom only buys me Velcro shoes now. I don't like them. I like tying the double-knots. When I visit father he lets me wear shoes with laces. He always looks really happy when I take off the Velcro shoes mom buys me and put on the shoes he keeps there for me. He always has lots of different laces for me to try. I love visiting my dad. My name is Troy Scully, and I always double-knot my shoes. 🧘

I'VE BEEN SHAKEN TO MY VERY CORE

BY R. JERARD SMITHINGTONHAMPTON, BFA

We go through this life so sure of everything. Even when we think we have no preconceived notions about something, it's there deep down inside, a driving force behind every decision and interaction. Often we are right about our assumptions: the sun rises every day, and will continue to rise long after we have all left this Earth. We all know this instinctually, and as it turns out the science is there to back it up. Just as often we are wrong: that little communication device in your hand isn't actually *magic*, merely a complex piece of machinery designed to harness the forces of nature and make our lives easier. These kinds of misconceptions can be corrected through teaching and observation, furthering our pursuit of knowledge and making us better.



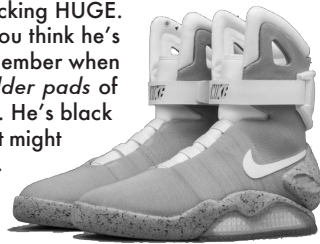
But every once in a while everything we know and hold to be true is turned on end, and it makes us question the very fabric of reality. How could this be possible? How could I have gone through my entire life without knowing the truth? If this isn't what I thought it was, what else have I been wrong about? Does reality even exist? Is it all in my mind? Or is it all some twisted game being played by some unimaginable being from beyond time and space itself?

Since my world came crashing down around me I've struggled to understand, and I'll admit the thought of just ending it all crossed my mind, but I feel that I've come out the other side as a better person. More open to new ideas and experiences, because now I know just how little I know. No longer will I take anything for granted without searching for the real truth. I am a new man, a changed man, and a better man. And to think that this life-changing, perception-shattering epiphany never would have happened if I hadn't accidentally learned that the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* theme song was written by The Eagles. 🗡️



LOOK AT THOSE BIG SHOES

Woah, hold on, hold on. Do you see that guy's shoes? They're fucking HUGE. What do you think? You think his feet are really that big? Or do you think he's just wearing big shoes? That might be a thing now, you know. Remember when shoulder pads were a big thing? Maybe *big shoes* are the *shoulder pads* of the two-thousand-teens. I might go over there and ask him about it. He's black though. Do you think he'll think I'm racist if I ask about the shoes? It might be a *black person* thing, like Swisher Sweets and Supreme shirts. Ah, fuck! I might have been racist just saying that, huh? What's that? Yeah, I think you're right. It's more of a socioeconomic thing isn't it? Swisher Sweets and Supreme shirts aren't *black* things, they're just *poor ghetto trash* things. You're right, you're *right*. There's a lot of white sacks of shit in the ghetto. Trust me, I drove through them once on my way to the IMAX theatre when *Apple Maps* was shitting the bed. Do you think I should go over there and ask him about the shoes? I don't know, man, now I'm really *conscious* of my own internalized *racism*. I might end up being *too* friendly and shit and he'll think I'm just *doing* it because he's *black*. That's a form of racism, right? Treating people really nicely just *because* of the color of their skin? Damn, I just don't know what to *do* anymore. I really *am* curious about those *shoes*, though. *Wait!* Do you see *that*? I see another guy with huge shoes! It *must* be a thing. Okay, I'm going to go ask *him* about it. Don't worry, don't worry! This other guy is just some poor *white* sack of shit wearing a Supreme shirt *and* smoking Swisher Sweets. He's *white*. He *probably* won't mug me. I just *need* to know about those fucking *shoes*. 🙄



I WEIRDLY WORD THINGS

Is that going to be a problem with you? Just because I abstractly think things different than most people (including you) does mean that I am not below you. Try to get your pea sized brain wrapped around what I am trying to start to convey here. Einstein used to think like me, well I don't know for sure, but what I do know is that he himself was an ABSTRACT man. A man of many thoughts that were abstract and traveled in weird patterns and stuff. Like me. My brain was big. Still is. I was c-sected when I was born because the doctors said "WHAO! That baby has got a GNARLY NOGGIN!". I have obtained and retained the medical records to prove my claim if needed. Not that you would even be able to read those records considering you can barely follow what I am writing right now as I type this instant (well I'd be done writing this technically by the time you read it, but I am DEFINITELY still typing. I have so many things that I have to say to other people about myself and how I am definitely different, but in a way that is cool and smart, like Einstein). I imagine Einstein's noggin was similar to mine. I don't even think Einstein's own mother didn't have a c-section. Anyways I think that I will let you go on your way. Go take some Advil pal, after reading what I just wrote (as I am typing) I would think that you would probably need it. 🙄

I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT WITH YOU



Listen, I'm not going to fight with you. If you are trolling me, good job. You got me champ. Let me make you a oreo's cookie and cream milkshake force feed it down your gullet bro, but if you're being serious. You just gave me some advice. If there is something that you think is wrong with my body and you seem to be the overall expert, just give me some tips man. I mean you're so bloated and godlike give what you think a "twig" like me should do, even though my chest width is larger than average, all im lacking is forearms. My neck size is increasing. What do you recommened sport?

Once again, no hard feelings. I don't like making fun of people who are trying so hard to get to their goal. We're all going to make it bro, some people workout differently than others. Doesn't mean they're less of a person or a "faggot". I hope that in these 5 min diabtrabes you learned that muscles are developed from determination and spirituality and 5% of it is actually doing the exercise. You be as sleepless as you want, but your power is going to be fried bro, You'll be gassed out before you even blink your eyes, keep training buddy, you don't have the right mentality though. 🙄

POETRY CORNER

Purple blooded and purposeless

gypsy Jap's eye

from a moment's notice

desiccant degenerate

spiritually separate

banal without benefit

accusing irrelevance

choosing irreverence

boozing for the hell of it

transcendentally celibate

the super-structural residual

is not an antonymous individual

I can not bed you well (or kid you well)

thy vanity has hid you well

plastic thotty

spastic body

coal burning and

pole earning and

sex in the potty

SMASH SMASH SMASH

want to tap it

but it recoils

(the fucking bitch)

the monarch project

was a wise business prospect

but who knows the suspects

holding the puppets? 🙄

Hey, it's ME, Disco Dave! I'm here to tell you how to find that sick beat in everyday life so you can have a quality Dave Rave™ no matter the time or place. I'll transform you from a man who's beats are simplistic, into a personified disco biscuit all day, everyday (For legal purposes I must declare in no way do I support the use of illicit drugs). Spoiler Alert: the most important lesson you'll learn from me is that you'll never be without a sick beat, because you'll always have the beat of your very own heart - at least until that baller cardiac arrest bass drop. Contact me for your first 1 hour length informational VHS free. DAVE 3-6565

Try the new Super Silicone Sex Doll from Executive Science!

- The Super Silicone Sex Doll with:
- *Real Bruising!*
 - *150 programmable phrases, triggered by different erogenous zones!*
 - *Aromatic goop!*
 - *Aromatic edible goop!*
 - *Twist the nipples to dial up the volume!*

New from Executive Science, The Super Silicone Sex Doll! Start your Free Trial today! WHASHI 8-8832

BLUES BROTHERS WANTED: hello I need a WORKING DVD copy of the Blues Brothers, my most favourite movie. I lost my one year ago when my son took all my belongs. All I want is to know what the first blue brother had tattooed on his hand. I think it was B L U E B O Y but I cannot remember. One man gave me a copy and all the scenes featuring the hands were removed, so I need another one. I have \$200 left in my savings that I can give you. Please help an old woman.

DEARLY WANTED: My son was born with a tragic birth defect known as Squarish Knoggninitis, and he loves to play catch, but every time he catches the ball, it reminds him his head isn't as... spherical... as everybody else's, so every time he catches the ball my ballooned boy starts crying. I'm looking for a square-ball so he'll stop bawling. Please. I just want to see him smile again. Square-bowls are also in need • Contact OCTagon at 3-1415

There is a tree outside my house. It is a might unusual. Don't get me wrong, it has leaves and bark and roots that bury deep in the ground - it is a tree. But there is something unusual about it. I mean there are branches that (like any tree) cast a decent shade upon the ground. There are squirrels that sometimes find refuge within it as animals are want to do. It seems like a normal tree... but there is something unusual about it. Like the other trees, I have to cut back its branches sometimes otherwise my neighbours get angry again. Like other trees, I have to rake up the leaves it drops in the autumn. And, of course, like other trees, I need to feed it a cup of milk daily. But there is something strange about this tree. When I touch the tree it has a rough texture, just like when I touch the other trees. I take a whiff of it and I get the same sap-filled scent. When I lick the tree it has the same sour taste of curdled milk like any other. Yet this tree does not fit. It shouldn't be like it is. I tell it the tales of my recent sexual exploits at the fortnightly harvest as I do with the other trees. When I harvest the raw milk extract, the trunk of the tree hums within the expected frequency range. The raw milk extract is just as viscous and white as with all the harvest. But I dare not consume this tree's like I do the others because this tree shouldn't be like it is. When it visits me in my dreams it doesn't stay distant and silent like the other trees do. In the dream it blooms flowers it shouldn't have and these flowers glow of a purple hue. It sings to me that it has the name Agalaope and that I should sleep at the base of it. It says that when I do, it will take me within it and we'll be together forever. So if there is anyone with a chainsaw and a winch to help me cut it down give me a call • HOMER 7-4402

**EX MOON CONVICT
LOOKING FOR WORK**

Ever since I left moon prison I've found it extremely hard to find honest work. I'd be willing to do day labor or odd jobs. Skills include:

- Mutilating cats
- Stalking ex-girlfriends
- Digging shallow graves
- Arranging human body parts into cute little shrines.
- Baby siting

Call me at JAKE 9-6669

ACCEPTING GIRLFRIEND APPLICATIONS: I'm a sought-after 27-year-old male, part of the royal family and 564th in line to the throne. I live with great discipline and routinely wake up at 7 on the bell, exercise, have breakfast then proceed to set my daily goals. I always achieve my goals. I am greatly concerned with the well-being of our community and do daily group discussions for my unit. Other skills I have include self-defense, Scrabbles, an ability to put up with extreme stress from others and great arrangement art with tablets. Visitation hours here at Royal Winchester Psychiatric Hospital is from 5PM to 7PM. To book a 15-minute trial date, contact my assistant, Nurse Taylor at HOLLY 9-7745.

Peel-peel-peel potatoes: The Peel-peel-peel potato peeler is the best potato peeler you could buy. Just listen to this testimonial. "The peel-peel-peel potato peeler is the best potato peeler I could have bought. I can peel potatoes all day all night every day and it won't ever ever fail me ever. I wake up in the morning sometimes and there are hundreds peeled potatoes in my kitchen. Who peeled these potatoes? Did I peel peel peel these potatoes? No matter where I leave the peel peel peel potato peeler it always is next to my bed when I wake up. So now I just leave it there. It talks to me in my dreams, it has a sweet voice, it's says peel-peel-peel, Peel-peel-peel." Available at Target.

**SHOCK TREATMENT.
ROcky 2-1981**

BATHTUB FULL OF NOT MOONSHINE: I was trying to make some old-fashioned bathtub moonshine by following a YouTube tutorial, and I'm not sure what I made but it's for sale. All I know is that it's definitely **NOT** moonshine. I don't *think* it's alcoholic, but who could say for sure. Looking for someone to take it all, \$200 or I'll trade for an empty bathtub • BOotlegger 3-9034

PICK a booger FLICK a booger. Stick it on a wall! PICK a booger FLICK a booger. Stretch it make it tall! You can pick your friends, and you can pick your BOOGERS! But you can't pick your friends' BOOGERS! And if you don't have friends, c'mon down to Bill's BOOGER Emporium! Where you can pick the BEST BOOGERS AROUND! EXtp 8-0535

SELLING BLUES BROTHERS DVD: hello In my last ad I forgot to say that I'm selling this old handless Blues Brothers DVD. I spent a handful of money for and handless DVD, as fate would have it. Anyway, if you don't like hands but like the Blues Brothers, call me on CAtville 5-7392

EXTERMINATOR NEEDED

I don't know how it happened but my walls are infested with those little toy robots they sell at the Discovery Channel Store. Please call HExbug 6-4890 with your quote.

To whom it may concern: The future is written. Albeit in broad strokes there remain certain open watersheds, omens, & portents. There is not necessarily profit to be made. However, the rewards are veritably substantial. Nothing worthwhile is simple. The future must persist in a Friendly fashion. If you'd like to survive then help us by first aiding yourself. Better the Self. Train the Animal. Refine the Flesh. Teach the Mind. Reach for the Sky.

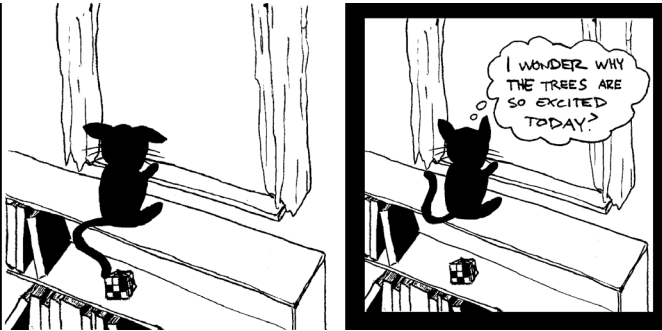
ATTN: APB. Young ne'er-do-well reported to publicly expose & slap tookus at unsuspecting elderly. No remorse shown. Contact nearest Tucked In Shirt Boy for help. BOLO.

I require more books. Weird ones. Books you can't buy online. Books people don't want to sell. Books publishers won't print. If you have any such books, please bring them to Taven Square at high noon then hold the tomes high & yell, "Bookman!" I'll find you. We'll work something out • ALexandria 8-6297

ALRIGHT MOTHERFUCKERS: Find the most powerful animal on earth, no humans, only fucking beasts or whatever. I'm going to fight and kill whatever the fuck it is. A fucking Tigger or a bear i don't care just choose the most powerful and I'll put a good jab on its jaw and knock the motherfucker out.

MISSED CONNECTION: I was the guy making a "call me" hand to you while getting on the train. Then I made two "call me hands," then I started pretending both my hands were dicks and I was in a blowbang, but when I sucked my finger I immediately spit it out and said "my fingers taste like SHIT!" Please give me another chance • BOole 3-5748

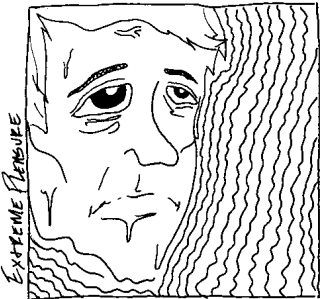
INDOOR CAT WHO NEVER HAS NEVER FELT THE WIND



THE FART SIDE



"Do you have any presbyterian?"



I FELT THE BED MOVE
DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT
ALL THE PICTURES ARE HANGING
GO BACK TO BED AND DREAM OF HARLOTS
THAT'S THE DREAM I HAVE WHEN AWAKE
AS A WEAKENED MAN
I PULL THE SKIN 'TIL IT BREAKS

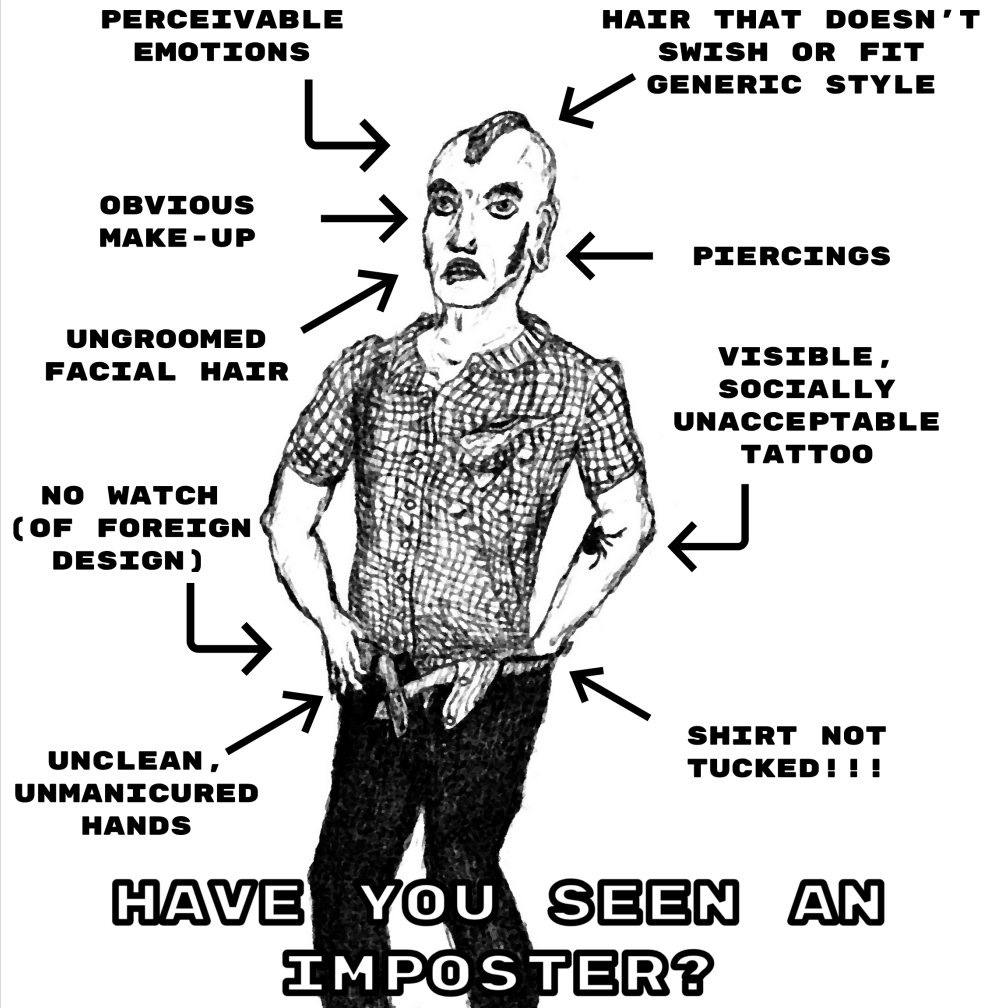


THE BACK YARD IS LONELY
AS A CHILD I WANTED A PUPPY
NOW AS AN ADULT I HAVE
A PET WHO TRULY LOVES ME
THE LANDLORD DOESN'T SEE IT THAT WAY
MY DOG HAS A NAME
BUT I SOLD HIM TODAY

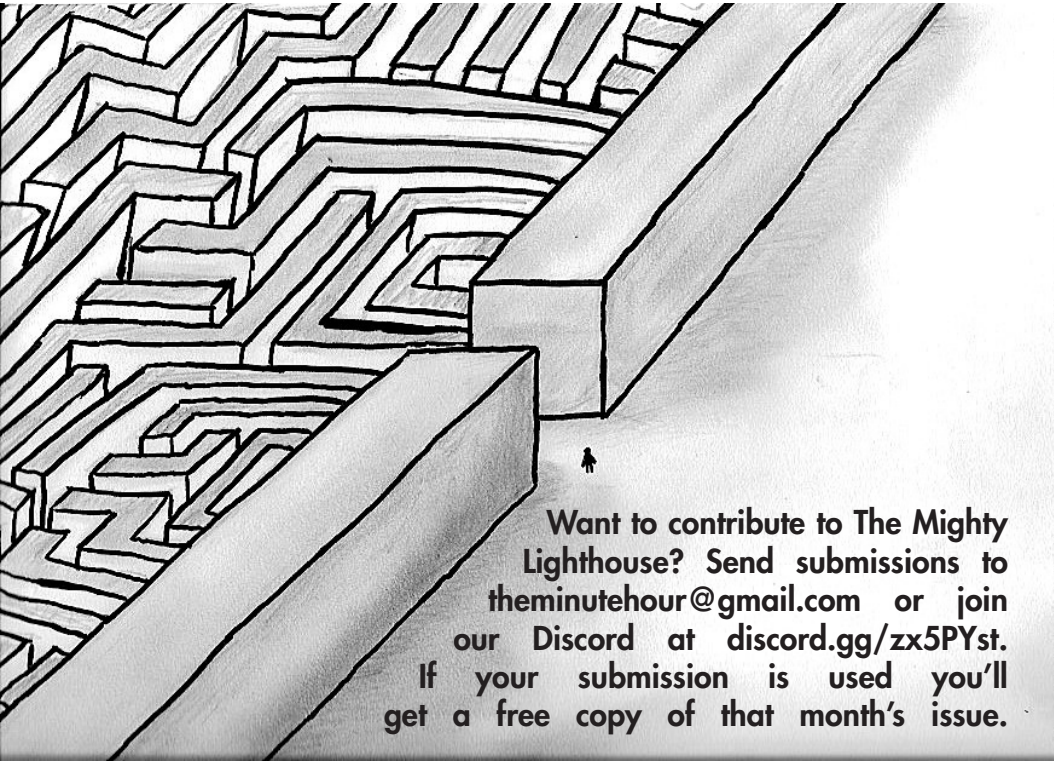


I CUT MY FINGERS
BUILDING CRADLES FOR MY CHILDREN
ONE DAY THEY WILL HATE ME
AND IN ANGER THEY WILL BURN THEM
I KNOW, THEY'LL BE JUST LIKE ME
BUT STILL TODAY
I AM HAPPY TO BLEED

**SHIRT TUCKED IN BOYS,
BE AWARE OF THE SIGNS**



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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.

ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

THE MINUTE HOUR
I DEMAND ANSWERS
THE MANNEQUINS
MITCH MASTERSON
INFINITY ROOM TEXT
ADDITIONAL IMAGES & TEXT
CLASSIFIED ADS

LAWFUL

QUESTION OF THE MONTH
GOD I MISS THE COLD WAR
COLLABORATIVE COMIC
CLASSIFIED ADS

INIVEKIN

INFINITY ROOM ART
TUCKED IN SHIRT IMPOSTER
CLASSIFIED ADS

KILROY

DON'T BUY ALERT
BASS PLAYIN' HANDS

KITKAT

CLASSIFIED ADS

CREDITS

SALAMANDER SAM

GRAPHIC DESIGN
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EZ

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NOAH PHILLIPS

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SCSF

Tôi sẽ làm gì với anh?
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DROOPY MCCOOL

COLLABORATIVE COMIC

CRUNCHYEATER

CLASSIFIED ADS