


THE
MIGHTY

LIGHT
HOUSE

VOLUME 2 | ISSUE 2

RECIPES 4 YOUR MOM

FUNNY COMIX FOR YOUR BROTHER

STORIES U WILL LOVE

ON UR DAD'S CREDIT CARD

A PRODUCTION OF

THE MINUTE HOUR

CIRCULATION: 100

HELP!

I CAN'T FUCKING SEE
And these pricks wont stop laughing at me!



That little dickhead in the vest jumped me and slapped this shit around my head. Now I'm just sat here thinking I might just eat these Lilliput ass mother fuckers.

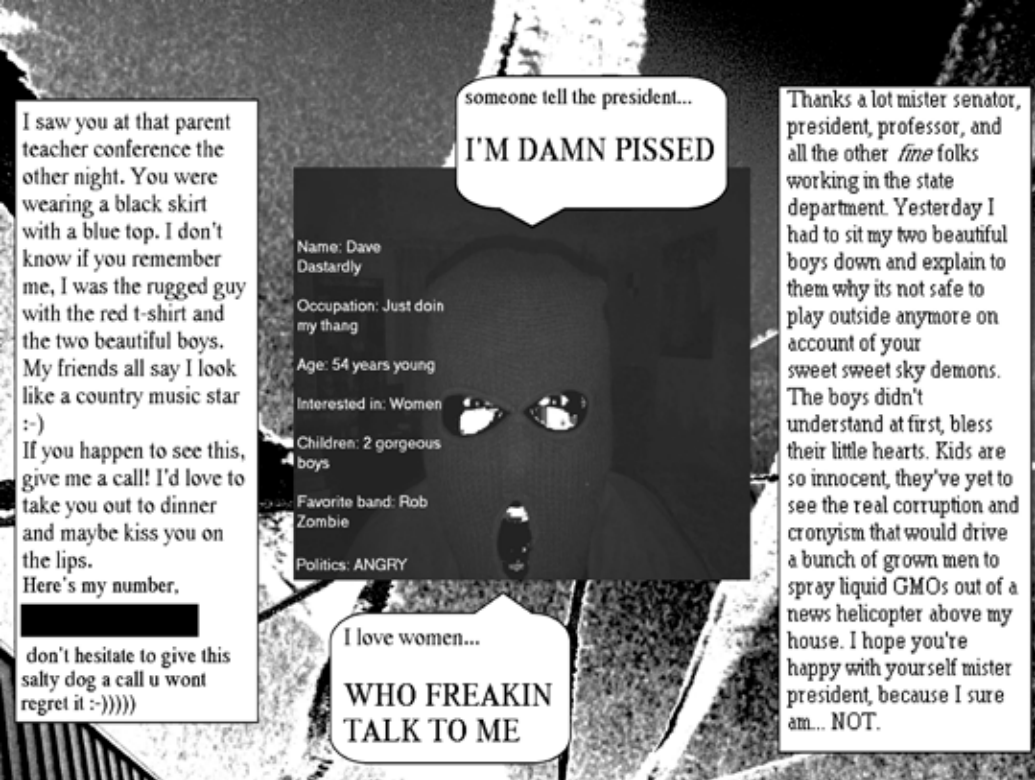
(FUK.U £1,800)

BULLSHIT RATING: * * * * *

PLEASE HELP

TELEPHONE: *HLP-CNT-C-2452*

£3 per minct from landlines beacuse really who's still using landlines in this day an age. Get with the times grandad.



someone tell the president...

I'M DAMN PISSED

Name: Dave Dastardly
Occupation: Just doin my thang
Age: 54 years young
Interested in: Women
Children: 2 gorgeous boys
Favorite band: Rob Zombie
Politics: ANGRY

I saw you at that parent teacher conference the other night. You were wearing a black skirt with a blue top. I don't know if you remember me, I was the rugged guy with the red t-shirt and the two beautiful boys. My friends all say I look like a country music star :-)
If you happen to see this, give me a call! I'd love to take you out to dinner and maybe kiss you on the lips.
Here's my number.
[REDACTED]

don't hesitate to give this salty dog a call u wont regret it :-))))))

I love women...

WHO FREAKIN TALK TO ME

Thanks a lot mister senator, president, professor, and all the other *fine* folks working in the state department. Yesterday I had to sit my two beautiful boys down and explain to them why its not safe to play outside anymore on account of your sweet sweet sky demons. The boys didn't understand at first, bless their little hearts. Kids are so innocent, they've yet to see the real corruption and cronyism that would drive a bunch of grown men to spray liquid GMOs out of a news helicopter above my house. I hope you're happy with yourself mister president, because I sure am... NOT.

TABLE OF KONTENTS

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KILLER KITCHEN KORNER

VERY TASTY APPLE PIE

1/3 to 1/2 cup sugar
 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
 1/8 teaspoon salt
 8 cups thinly sliced peeled tart apples
 2 Cups butter
 (margarine may be substituted if you like to think you're better than other people)
 2 Cups of finely ground apple seeds
 (for fullness of flavor)

**this is just a recipe, if you made and ate this pie
 It would kill you**



Pictured (1894): Otto von Tortelett, showcasing his brand new pie machine, the first of its kind. Seen in the background is Ludwig Entschuldigung, who is about to be the first man in history to consume one of von Tortelett's soon-to-be-famous pies. (Note: von Tortelett's pies were in fact so wonderful that Ludwig Entschuldigung was the first and last man to eat one against his will)

QUICK TIP!

If a fancy recipe asks for 'Pink Himalayan Sea Salt' you can get by in a pinch by mixing 8 Tablespoons of regular salt with one packet of Pink Lemonade Kool-Aid!

POMME DE TERRE PIE

Apples don't just grow on trees. They grow underground too. Apples of the Earth, they're called. Perhaps you know them better as potatoes. Not me. I call 'em like I see 'em & them's some fine dirt apples. Now, I'm sure you're a hankerin' to go pleasin' Cheyenne Nation so you'll have to get some tree hangin' types in the pie too but we don't want none the flesh or skin, that'd throw off them there natural earthy flavorins. Them's the Devil's fruit. You best get all those seeds' n' stems you can from a full bushel of tree 'taters & grind 'em down. Grind harder than a ruttin' ram in a threshin' barn. Put 'em to the grindhouse grindstone. Preserve & ferment that precious pounded powder spice in a potassium can with some yer uncle pappy's best mountain shine to pull out the potents. Let it air off. I be supposin' you want some crust &, well, ashen apples are good there too. Mash yer tates in with equal parts milk & butter, salt & pepper to taste, & a lil' cheese if you please. Sprinkle in some those apple spices. Preheat a cooker to ~375 F & paste that mash into a pie dish. Slice up them there pomme de terre & sauté them in a mix of cinnamon & that fermentin' seed spice, then pop 'em in the middle yer crust. Sprinkle sprankle s'more spice on top to garnish that beaut & bingo bango, you're finitio!

PIZZA OR BURGERS?

Pizza or burgers? You're asking me to choose? No problemo. Easy as pie: Pizza pie. Not just because I'm a Mediterranean madman, although both pizza & I are primo Italiano. The first pizza dish was a gift for Queen Margherita of Savoy. Crafted for royalty! Its very colors, green basil, red tomatoes, & white cheese are emblematic of the national flag. A gift fit for a Queen of an ancient empire. You know what a burger is? A meat sandwich.

"This ice-cream soda was always my young boy's favourite meal. His name is Timothy and he and his mother moved away a long time ago. I often sit here wondering if he still likes it."

*A burrito once spoke to me
 That's impossible like an ant earth
 It should be eaten not speaking
 but a thought entered my head on
 how it spoke like a thunder bolt*

*Burrito not taco it said
 This meant the world as
 the Burrito wanted to be
 Superior*

*What strange dream is this?
 Sometimes I missed the dreams
 where I almost get into car
 crashes but everytime I'm
 about to hit, i wake up*

*That seems more real
 than a weird Taco Bell
 commercial*

THERE'S TOO MUCH PURPLE STUFF IN THIS COLESLAW

There's too much purple stuff in this coleslaw. Look, I'm trying to be a good well-adjusted adult here. Everybody says grown ups are supposed to eat their vegetables, and I'm eating the coleslaw, aren't I? But come on, there's just way too much of the purple stuff here. I'll put up with a little bit, but this is ridiculous. And it's not even thinly sliced, there's just big old hunks of it. You see, it's got this crunch to it that just doesn't sit well with me. Foodies call it "mouth feel" so no, I'm not just



being unreasonable. The foodies would back me up on this, and they eat all kinds of weird vegetables. Does that make me a foodie? Maybe. I don't know. What I do know is that there is way too much purple stuff in this coleslaw.

I'M A MORTICIAN

I'm a mortician, and a damn good one at that. 13 years ago I got into this business as a fresh-faced teenager straight out of high-school, and I've been proudly working this trade ever since. While all my peers went off to university with high hopes for futures of six-figure dream jobs and lifestyles of luxury, I was content with a more modest, humble life. Money? Money wasn't much of a concern, so much as job security was. And what's more secure a job than tending to the dead? After all, nothing is more certain than death and taxes, and I wasn't about to become a soulless IRS office drone. I thought I'd be set with a stable career until a comfy retirement, but NOOOOO! Those Executive Science fuckers had to go and discover the key to immortality! Eternal life! WHOOP-DE-FUCKIN-DO! Now no one's dying, and I've got no more corpses to work with! No more eyelids to staple open! No more pale, lifeless faces to cover with copious amounts of dollar store makeup! No more orifices to pump full of formaldehyde! I've got NOTHING! ZIP! ZILCH! NADA! Instead, these fuckers who should be long-dead are out roaming the streets! Having fun! Spending time with their loved ones! ENJOYING THE LIFE THAT SHOULDN'T EVEN BE THEIRS ANYMORE! I'VE GOT A DAMN JOB TO DO HERE, YOU BASTARDS!

BIG DOLLA DUXO'S HIP HOP HOLE

I hope y'all are dope and woke enough to handle the hot new suicide of the season



BEATBOXING LYRICS:

bootsncatsnbootsncatsn-
bootsncatsnbootsnreki-
kirekiroobootsncatsnboots
(USE AT YOUR OWN RISK YOU
WILL BITE YOUR TONGUE!)

FUCK THE POLICE!

NEED A SWEDE TO FEED ME SEEDS. *This is not of greed, but instead of plead. I plead a Swede would read my need and accede to the need to feed me. I do not mislead, please heed my screed and reply with speed, for I bleed without seed. Once agreed, you must proceed with the deed, for you shall not concede to a defeat. I once had a Swede to Feed me Seeds, he did mis-read what I decreed, and, oh, did he Bleed. It was Guaranteed to those who Exceed the Need to Proofread. Please Supersede the last Swede, Arrive via Velocipede to 16 Threed Street, for then We'd Succeed.*



IT BEGAN WITH BLOOD

Next, they started switching out people's hearts with one another's. A dying person may even receive the heart of an already dead one to keep them alive. Then started swaps of the lungs, liver, & kidneys. Anything at all, really. Musculature too. Even the eyes are interchangeable. Bones are being replaced by plastics & Space Age alloys. At least we know someone is still theirself by way of outward appearance, right? No longer. It doesn't end with plastic surgery. Lest we forget, skin is also an organ & can be grafted just as well. Face transplants are a matter of public record now. I've suspected for years this was being done. Exchange entire bodies, piece by piece. Have an irreplaceable yet damaged spy & need to preserve your investment? Swap out everything but their brain & core bones such as spine & skull, just enough to keep up the minimum marrow level required. Soon they'll be taking us out in the dark & sliding imposters into our skin suits to access our biometrically secured secrets. If a \$5 wrench doesn't get you to give up the goods, you'll certainly give up the ghost to the skinwalkers & their blood magicians.



WHILE IT'S TRUE THAT CARMAN WAS BUILT TO GO GO GO...

he wouldn't be going anywhere if it wasn't for his special edition SEX DRIVE. The SEX DRIVE from the FSPC is Carman's most essential piece of hardware. It is comprised of three main components: **1) HEAT** - 2 *Ditryptomine Needles* pierce the fleshy wad of *ballskin* in Carman's chassis, releasing *nanomonitoring nucleides* into his *embedded organica*. This triggers a *neuroresponse* from Carman's *Synaptogrid*, sending his engine into *hypergear*. This step is easily recognized by the distinctive *revving scream* it pulls from Carman's grill. **2) WETNESS** - In this hyperadvanced state of activity, Carman's mechanical parts would be turned to dust in a matter seconds if it weren't for the HYDRAULIC LUBE SPRAY that keeps everything oiled and smooth. It is advised to STAND BACK while this process occurs! Carman has been known to spray as a defensive instinct and HYDRAULIC LUBE SPRAY does not do good things to natural humans! **3) THRUST** - This is where the magic happens. This is where it all begins. One magical thrust into one beautiful hole and that's the start of a whole new hole. The Big Beautiful Bang that began this universe will be the same one to end it....when Carman finds his mate.... Til then, the SEX DRIVE keeps him active and on the move. Stopping only for gas and the occasional wash&wax at one of those special shops that'll give him the sort of full service rub down he's interested in. As long as Carman has the SEX DRIVE, he's unstoppable. and you can be unstoppable too! Visit any FSPC outlet or satellite location to have a SEX DRIVE fitting! Put purpose back into your life! Free estimates on all bodymods including extendable legs!!

The Book of Allie Freed

CHAPTER 1

When Granma Got Long

1. It was really funny at first seeing Granma so sleepy. She was there in her bed with her eyes shut and Chloe was there also, curled in a ball at her tiny little feet. Mommy didn't like it when I laughed though - she looked at me in a silly kind of way and then went to her room and blew her nose so loud it was like a trumpet, which only made me laugh harder!

2. Daddy thought it was funny too - he laughed with me, looking from me to Granma back and forth like he knew something really special was about to happen.

3. When the sounds started I think I was playing in my room. Daddy was in the workshop making a new place for Granma to sleep and Mommy was still in her bedroom making trumpet noises. Suddenly I heard Chloe running down the hall! She hid under my blanket like she did whenever the mailman came. I could see her shaking under the covers. I went and pet her to make her feel safe and then walked over to Granma's room.

4. Everything looked the same in the room, but something felt different - the air in her room was very warm and wet, and then I saw Granma's face looked weird. Her eyes were still closed but her eyebrows were raised up like when Daddy tells a joke, and her wrinkles were all gone - Granma would be excited about that when she woke up!

5. Then I heard the sound.

6. It sounded sort of like the one of the plastic slinky tubes I got last Christmas - when you push them together till they're really short and then slowly pull it apart, it makes a stretchy noise as it crinkles out. That's a Granma sound, but kind of muffled, like it was beneath her skin I guess.

7. It was really quiet at first, just a little rumbly plinky noise, and I saw little ripples moving down her skin, coming from her tummy and moving out to the top of her head and the tips of her toes. The

sound started to get louder and I got really excited, so I ran off to tell Daddy all about it.

8. By the time me and Daddy got back to the room Granma's feet were hanging off the bed - her legs were REALLY long, and I told Daddy I couldn't wait to see how she would walk with legs like those! Daddy smiled and petted my head as we watched the ripples run along Granma together, her neck getting longer and longer with each wave. Daddy joked that he'd definitely need to make her a bigger place to sleep now, and then put me on his shoulders and took me to the kitchen for dinnertime.

9. Mommy was really quiet at dinner, but me and Daddy kept joking and winking at each other because Mommy didn't know yet. Daddy went to the kitchen to get ice cream for dessert when we heard the sound of something sliding against the wall in Granma's room. Mommy perked up but Daddy told her to stay put, then picked me up and took me to Granma's room to see what happened.

10. Granma was everywhere! She was just as skinny as normal but her body was so long that it coiled around the room, sort of like a snake. Her neck had stretched way off of the bed and was tangled all over the room, and her head was pressed up against the wall but was starting to slide down. There were lots of ripples happening at once now, and I giggled when Daddy put me on some of her neck and legs and I felt how much it tickled as the little waves passed under my bottom.

11. We were having a lot of fun with Granma when Mommy came in.

12. I was all tangled up in Granma, squirming with each wave that moved around me. It felt really good - the waves kept getting warmer and warmer and I was surrounded now, getting more and more tangled feeling the ripples all over. Mommy just looked at me for a little while, and then at Daddy. Then she closed the door shut. I didn't see Mommy anymore after that.

13. I went to bed that night curled up in Granma's neck. It felt really warm and safe now and was a really good bed. Chloe hopped up on Granma's chin and started scratching at it the way kitties do when they're getting ready to sleep. Granma didn't bleed though - what came out looked sort

of like taffy, and smelled like the butterscotch candies she always gives me whenever we visit her. I nibbled some of it and Chloe did too, and then we falled asleep, listening to the soft little slinky tube noises surrounding me.

14. When I woke up, I couldn't see anything but Granma. I saw her cheeks and legs and hairs and toes all around me, but that was all I could see. It was like being inside a tiny little room made of Granma. Chloe wasn't with me anymore, so I climbed up on one of Granma's knees to a little opening under her armpit and pushed my way outside.

15. I couldn't believe it! The house was all gone now, the wood had all fallen away from all of the Granma inside it. Granma stretched all the way down the street now, and the sheriff had to set up some cones so that nobody drove their cars over her toenails. I decided it would be a fun idea to jump up on her tummy and walk along it like a balance board, seeing where it led. The ripples had become big waves, and had become very hot - they felt really nice on my feet as I walked down Granma.

16. I kept going, on and on, for what felt like hours. By now I was on her thighs, which led out into the countryside where me and Daddy would go riding. I looked off into the horizon and spotted her feet, off in the distance - they were going super fast now that Granma was growing so quick, and a bunch of people were jogging along on top of her ankles, trying really hard to keep up. I watched them run into the horizon until I couldn't see them anymore, then turned around and headed back home. I was really hungry so I took a sharp stick and poked a little hole in some of Granma's waist. Then I leaned down and suckled the candy out of her until it stopped being yummy and started to taste like a dirty old penny.

17. When I got back home the plinky sound was echoing across the hills. The bundle where our house was before was now a giant nest of Granma's limbs, and the sound coming from it was like a swarm of bees. Daddy was over in our front lawn with a foldy chair and mug, smiling really big. I came over and hugged him and sat in his lap and we watched Granma grow and grow and grow.

18. It was almost sunset when we saw a silhouette come up over the mountain. It was hard to see what it was at first, but Daddy just started laughing louder than I'd ever heard him laugh before. *She's back!* he shouted, jumping off of his chair in excitement. I asked what he meant, and he told me that Granma had made it all the way around the whole wide world! *Really?* I said, eyes wide open with wonder.

19. Granma's head and neck slithered rapidly down the hillside, soaking wet with seawater and covered with debris like dirt and asphalt and plastic bags. She was covered all over with these little yellow bugs who were drinking the yummy candy out of her. She smelled just like the ocean, and that made me really happy. I shooed away some of the bugs and gave her a big kiss on the neck as it slid past. Daddy smiled at me.

20. Daddy made a campfire for us and cooked up a slice of Granma's neck for us to eat. Chloe and I sat at the fire together, playing with the stretched stringy parts from inside that were too tough to chew. Daddy was quietly sitting in his chair, looking out at all of Granma's different parts sprawling out into the distance, when I decided to ask him a question.

21. *Daddy?* I said.

22. *Yes Pumpkin?*

23. *How long until you think Granma wakes up?*

24. He stopped and thought for a little bit, then sighed.

25. *Granma isn't going to wake up, sweetie. She's in heaven now.*

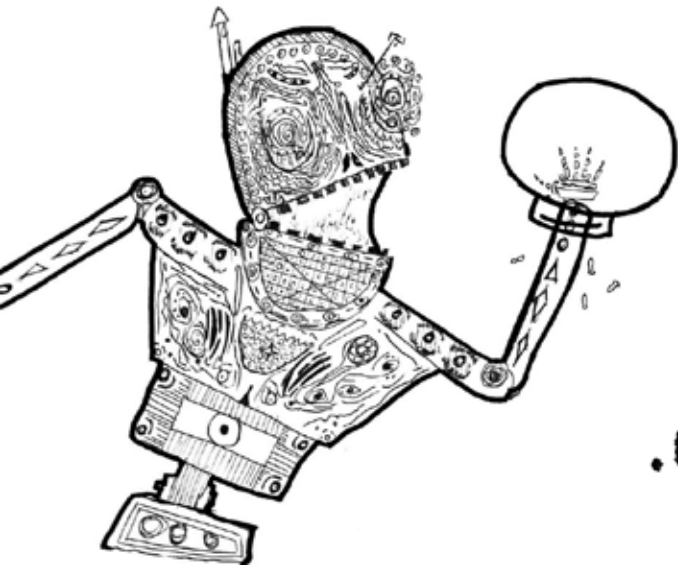
26. I felt really confused and scared when he told me that. I sat there petting Chloe quietly.

27. I looked at her limbs all around us, twisting and crisscrossing in the moonlight.

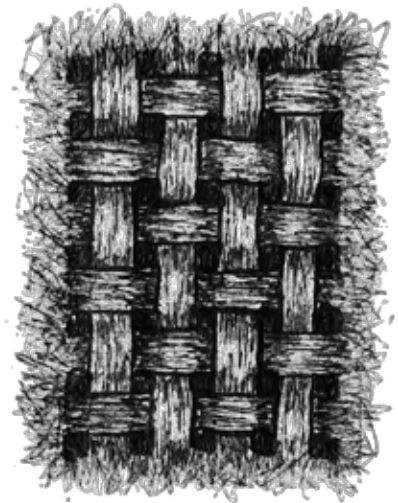
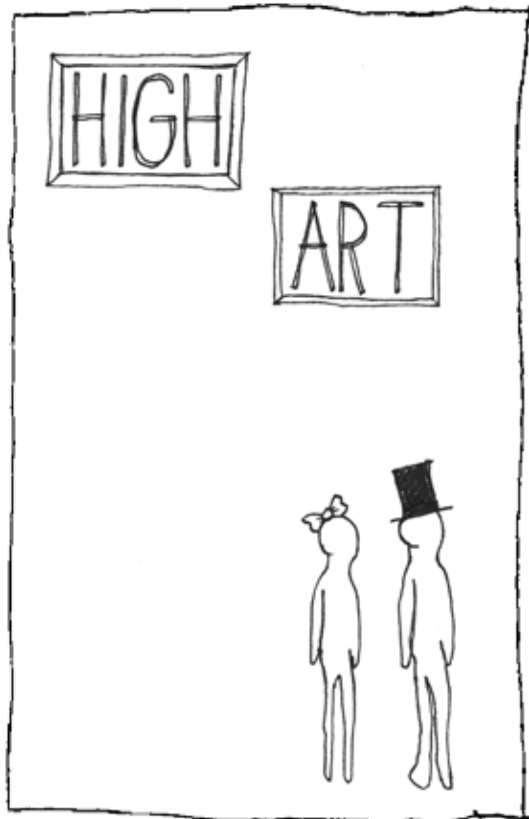
28. *But will we ever see her again?* I asked.

29. Daddy grinned. *When Granma's long enough, we'll climb up and meet her.*

REALLY KOOL ART



REALLY KOOL ART



I THINK MY ASS IS GAY

Goddamn man, I'm in a real bind and I don't really know what to do. This is going to sound weird, but stick with me here, okay? I think my ass is gay. Like, I'm not gay, I love women. I love women a lot. I like them like I like my fudge: Thick and fucking dense as hell. No joke, I really love women. BUT! When I'm watching television and I see George Clooney or Mel Gibson, or any of those other older, ruggedly handsome men, I feel something down there in my ass. I start to tingle down there, man. I just don't know what it means. I mean, yeah, I think they're cool guys and all, but I don't want to FUCK them. And I certainly don't want to BE FUCKED by them! I love women, after all. But it seems like every time a salt and pepper haired stud of a man comes up on my TV my fucking ass just can't help but start to gape, like a hungry baby eyeing the milky teat of a loving mother. Now, that's not too much of a problem, but here's the thing: I'm in a real bind. You see, I was having some big sex with a very hot woman a few months ago and the TV just so HAPPENED to be on in the background, and Daddy's Home 2 with Mel Gibson just so HAPPENED to

TOP 10 four letter words of 2018

- 1.....fuck
- 2.....shit
- 3.....kill
- 4.....slut
- 5.....cunt
- 6.....wife
- 7.....cash
- 8.....paid
- 9.....BRAP
- 10.....asss

to be playing, and my ASS just so HAPPENED to start gasping, and that very, very hot WOMAN just so HAPPENED to see this and stuck a BIG FAT FINGER in my ASS, and now I JUST SO HAPPEN to be unable to ejaculate unless an older, distinguished gentleman JUST SO HAPPENS to be playing on the TV while I have sex with a HOT WOMAN and she JUST SO HAPPENS to soak and poke my PUCKERING ASS. Do you have ANY idea how many JUST SO HAPPENS have to fucking HAPPEN for that all to work out? I haven't cum in WEEKS. I've tried everything, man. I'm not going to go into details, but yeah, I've tried EVERYTHING. I'll admit it, YEAH, getting my hole finger blasted feels GREAT. I want every HOT WOMAN I have SEX with to plunge the mud. But I'm sick and tired of my fucking ASS being so goddamn GAY about the whole thing. STOP getting so goddamn EXCITED about Mel Gibson you DUMB ASS.

ARSONIST.

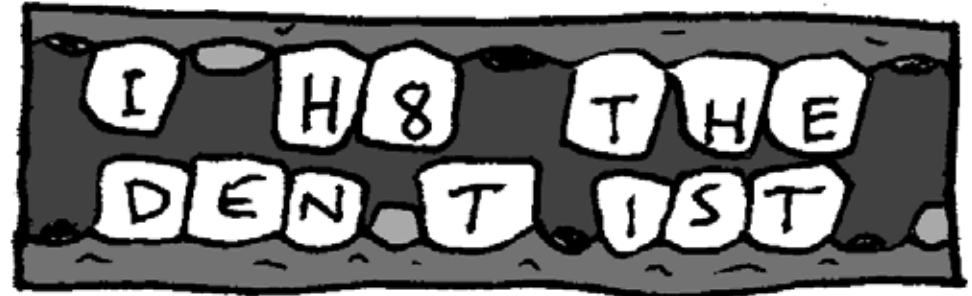
*When I moved in I brought with me
A mirror you could not see
I hid it in the attic
With all the things I could never let
you see,
These things
That proved to me I'd never be
The man worthy,
For you or for me.
But when the house shook
I hid upstairs, and watched the dust
fall
From all my ugly things.
And watched the cloth fall
From the ugliest thing,
Me*

*I'm sorry I burned the house down
I just couldn't break the mirror.*

www.castle-rock.com www.thegreenmile.com www.warnervideo.com

Seeing his beautiful wife in the arms of another man is more than And Dafresne (TimRobbins,The Pluyer)can stand,but what happens next even more soeking Andy is convicted of her murder and sent to Shawshank Prison for life,The seasoned convicts here,headed by Red (Morgan Freeman, 1989 Best approached miki Marvin,who had produced' While adapting King's ty into a scenenplay,aoot did not write an of techaaeswih a artiu aacor in mind. Daant'Tecaacr pran from Kn'novella so I K nn e tere irs, eerrellappida vlayo naco' faeoanyof them. Cst as the film's two leads were TimRobbins (Bob Roberts)and Morgan Freeman (glory)the latter being a perfecgt examp of hiring the rightactor for the part regardless of type His character of Red was,in the novella,a red headed I rishnian. Freeman:"TThe character doesn't need to be Irish.(ClIiOClint)Eastwood did the asame thing

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I gotta go to the dentist. I hate the dentist. Everyone does. But I really hate the dentist. People even say I'm paranoid of the dentist. Cause I think they're up to some shady stuff. Like what? Like they want my teeth. They wanna take all my teeth outta my Head. It starts with just one. Just one little tooth. But they want all of them. Why? Repeat business, my friend! A scheme as old as the hills! Make your own work! Get paid to make the mess and get paid ta clean it up! And plus they like the teeth, these dentists. Why? They're dentists. Teeth are important to them. They collect them. Haven't you ever seen the big Mason jars full of tiny teeth in dentists office before? Always the same, six big Mason jars full of tiny teeth, on a pedestal in the middle of the waiting room. You know what I'm talking about. My friend actually got in big trouble once when he was a kid, cause he bopped into one of those jars and it went crashing on the floor, little chattering teeth scattering and chattering in all different directions. Loud sound, like nightmarish applause. Very loud, very scary. And don't you remember when the dental man comes in and he's got his spotted Robe and his staff and he kisses each jar and says the sacred dental hymn? You don't remember the hymn? It's like, *maaaa faaa daaa denta... * Well anyway you could imagine that the dental man was none too pleased when he saw the scattered teeth chattering all about. And if you didn't know any of the stuff I was just talkin about, you certainly DO know that *should you make the dental man mad / face the wrath of the dental man's staff...*

CRAZY STORY ABOUT WHEN I DID DRUGS

“Yo dude, that story that you just said, that’s nothing! Let me tell you the crazy story of that one time I did drugs. I was hanging out at my local drugs-house and I was like: ‘bro man, I could really go with some drugs right now’. I looked through the smoke and flashing neon lights of the drugs house, and what do ya know, I saw my drugs-guy. Enrique Chagoya; they call him The Scorpion. I walked up to him in my white tracksuit and gold jewelry, bouncing to the sound of Rhythm is A Dancer being blasted from the enormous boom box on The Scorpion’s shoulder. The Scorpion and I said nothing to each other. The looks in our respective eyes were more than enough to cement the fact that a drugs-transaction was about to occur. We then performed our secret drugs-handshake, witch was not only incredibly visually and technically impressive, but also involved The Scorpion innocuously handing me several drugs while I secretly passed him seven dollars. The Scorpion walked away in his diamond covered boots. The dazzle of the neon lights reflecting off the diamonds brought back memories of me and The Scorpion’s wild days in Colombia...

My Apologies was I Gazing into the distance? Forgive me... Anyway I fucking took those bomb ass drugs back to my table and I was like “Broski. look at these drugs that I have just purchased from an illegal-drugs-dealer!” I said this to a random person that was sitting beside me. He gasped for several seconds at the quantity and quality of the drugs. And He was all like “Yo Dawg, those drugs are of very high quality and quantity.”

“I thought the same thing my dude” I responded while nonchalantly hiding the drugs in my fanny pack as a police man walked by our table. When the coast was clear i brought the drugs out again. My new friend introduced himself. “My name is Ioeman, but people call me Greg”

“Greg, that’s a pretty crazy nickname” I responded. “Yeah I’ve done a lot of thing a normal man would regret to earn that name.”

Greg trailed off in as he spoke, lost in melancholy self reflection. Anyway i started rolling the drugs and then injected that dank shit right into my nose, snorted that shit up, and let it dissolve on my tongue. After I exhaled, my vision instantly became hazy and distorted, like it went out of focus. And like time spend up but everything was out of sync, all the people around me started speaking in a Spanish accent. And my tongue got numb and my fingers felt like they could taste the things they touched.

Somewhere I head my uncle Tony’s voice telling me the box office revenue of various romantic comedies. Then Greg leaned over to me and said: ‘yo ese dis drugs jou bought is muy bien’. I grabbed him by the shoulder, looked him dead in the eye so that he would know I am serious, and told him he had the most delicious polo shirt I had ever tasted. I was so ‘F’ed up from the drugs that I blacked out halfway through telling him Love Actually made 240 million dollars. When I woke up, i was in my bathtub witch was filled empty bottles and used drugs-equipment, as well as several dozen copies of Love Actually on DVD. I still have no idea how I got home, pretty crazy story right?

I'M PROUD OF MY PARENTS

I love my mom. I’m just proud of her. And that’s something I know a lot of you fags can’t even muster the gumption to say. Yeah. I’m a good son. I praise my parents on their accomplishments. You know why? It’s because my parents are cool as fuck and could probably beat the shit out of yours. My dad would look like Ric Flair and shit as he just PUMMELS your dad’s pussy ass. He’d go like UUUNGH! And punch your dad’s face so hard it caves in. And as your dad crawls away, face bruised and limbs broken, my dad would straight up RAPE your dad. That’s right. Vice Versa with your mom and my mom too. Oh they’d rape em. It wouldn’t just be any ole rape either. It’d be a passionate, hard, spine tingling sexual assault. Your dad would be crying, thinking of how he hasn’t accomplished things since the burden of having a kid has handicapped his youthful explorative mindset. And oh man oh man oh man your mom would be just thinking the same. She’d be all like, regretting not going to Peru with that rich foreign exchange student she had a passionate affair with on prom night. Leaving him at the airport for your dad, who was probably getting his associates or some gay shit like that. Oh yeah your parents would lament on their past regrets as they’re getting ASS RAPED by my mom and my dad. Your dad would think about that \$16,000 inheritance from his great uncle that he decided to burn on a new Corolla in 1996, and your mom on her step-mother’s dying wish that she not waste her twenties worrying about kids and explore the world. Oh yeah. And it doesn’t stop there. My parents would both mutually climax and then go to a CrossFit lesson like they’ve been doing lately. Or to a concert with their rich new age child-less friends. Oh yeah. I’m proud of my parents. Your parents suck fucking ass.

Quitting time Another Gin and Tonic

To cover the smell of your mother-fucker vomit.

Face, small and red in the dirty mirror

You’re fucked,

Wallets empty,

You gotta get home, to be a failure again

You hope to crash before you get there

I ♥ PACIFIC ISLANDERS!

Sorry mom and dad, but even after everything you told me when I was a kid, I’m STILL sexually attracted to Pacific Islanders. My new girlfriend has a round, pigish face, slutty lips, thick, dwarf-like legs, and an unnatural fondness for luncheon meat and I will NOT apologize.

We are madly in love and I don’t care anymore. She cooks me loco moco every morning, we go to the beach every weekend, and we lay a hāngi every holiday, and I LOVE IT. I don’t care about all your past business deals gone sour with foreign investors, dad. Me and Mahana are having SEX, dad, not OPENING A BAKERY. And mom, stop sending me articles about how Pacific Islanders have the highest obesity rates in the world and are prone to heart disease and shit. I LIKE MAHANA’S THICK ASS!! I LIKE IT A LOT!!! For the love of GOD, just let us live in peace. I’m not going to go along with it! Please stop trying to force your anti-Pacific Islander prejudices against me and leave poor Mahana out of it. You know I haven’t had a girlfriend in months. Just let me enjoy this until she leaves me.

KLA\$\$IFIED\$

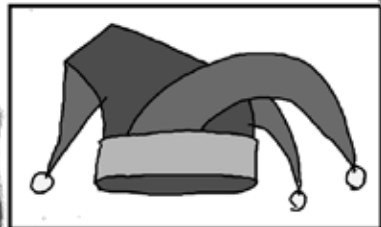
How often do you think about throwing up?

It has come to my attention that, possibly, I spend an abnormal amount of time pondering puking. Myriads of hot, piquant nuggets flow through my mind like the liquefied remains of today's lunch flowing through, well, also my mind. I may be obsessed with the gurgled coughs. Addicted, perhaps, to the sloppy heaves. And maybe just a bit too excited by the idea of food speeding along the wrong lane of the highway system that is my esophagus. But who's to say? Surely not my friends or peers, who may just not think about throwing up often enough! That's where you come in. Please, leave me a message at CHARlesham 1-8084

Where do I see myself in ten years? Burning my house down with my wife and kids inside. This job is going to drive me crazy.

Hey Mom, I know it's a lot to ask but please don't report the car stolen for a few days. I don't know where im going, but honestly, I just cant anymore, and going to schools not gonna help. And dad I know youre pissed about the money but ill try to make it back in nowhere at least im starting my life with it. Ill try to keep myself and the car out of a ditch -L

LOST HAT



This isn't a joke! I've lost my beloved hat and need to find it ASAP. PLEASE HELP!!!

CALL:
Me late for dinner becauase I'll be looking for my hat!!!!

yo you wear the Calvin Klein boxers right, you left a pair here would it be gay if i wore them? i wont jerk off in them or anything alright im gonna but im letting you know so its not weird or anything, going to bed now, gnight bro

Step right up, step right up.

Do you have the courage to brave the untamed frontier? To kiss my dad square on the forehead? Just five cents a play, see if you can drive up the courage to plant a loving smooch right on my father's forehead. Come one, come all, watch my loveless un-kissable father resist all advances, even from his own wife and son.

You know what makes me stark raving mad? My earnestly held belief that I am the returned & risen Lord & Savior, Jesus Christ, that's what. Quite mad, indeed!



Has anyone seen a woman with these breasts?!?!

Please. It is *urgent*. I have been looking for her *everywhere*. Contact the number below if you have *any* information on the whereabouts of these honkers. (And Jessica if you're reading this, I miss you. Come home, baby.)

839-467-3232

No prank calls please. This is *very* serious.

MY LEG HURTS!!! HELP ME

KLA\$\$IFIED\$

PUT THIS IN THE CLASSIFIEDS ASAP DUDE sorry about the presentation man, hope you can read this even though its written with a little pen i got from the bookies earlier and on the back of a chinese takeaway menu but the message is URgEnt. its 4.15 in the am and i cant find a fucken toilet anywhere. before u tell me just to hold it in ive been sitting crosslegged in the middle of the street for an hour trying to will my waste to remain inside but its getting ridiculous now. ive run all over this town at this stage. ALL the restaurants are closed. NONE of the bars will let me in. they locked the gate to THE PARK. public amenity my ass. the takeaway from earlier is still open but they dont want anything to do with me. ive pleaded with every possible candidate. ive really tried. and ive had ideas of my own ok? i think to myself well who would know better than anyone where to find the john than a homeless person so i go lookin. it being four in the morning them bozos are fast asleep. im desperate to go but im not desperate enough to go shakin up sleeping bags in the dead of night and askin em where they shit when the sun goes down. im losing my mind out here so if anyone ANYONE has ANY IDEAS about where i can go to relieve myself with some dignity PLEASE get back to me. if by any chance someone gets this message before i explode and die my number is WEBster 4-8283

\$JOB LISTING\$

Are you a healthy and active individual? Do you love keeping people fit? Do you want to make pounds of cash? Read on! About Your Employer: I'm a wealthy businessman that is looking for a replacement personal trainer. I practice a Hyper Bellic-Fijian lifestyle, and so you can probably guess that my previous assistant wasn't nearly as up-to-par as I hoped him to be. Now you can get his paychecks!

Industry:

Health and Lifestyle

Benefits:

- Healthcare and Dental included, as well as *unlimited* unpaid sick/injury leave.
- Discounts with almost 3500+ armouries/arsenals across the world
- Free wormhole-duffel and unlimited Level VI soft-armor skin grafts, courtesy of *Executive Science*
- Not to mention very generous compensation; the number of folks in this field dwindle by the day. Trust me— I hire them!

Applicant Requirements

- Ambitious
- Driven
- Resilient
- Able to carry anywhere from 30-100 pounds of equipment
- Can track my footsteps across all seasons and terrains
- Accurate and precise marksman
- Familiar with hand-to-hand combat
- Capable of targeting me in a crowd as well as avoiding collateral damage
- MUST be able to perform life-saving operations on oneself in the heat of combat
- MUST consume my flesh if I slip up
- MUST work weekends

APPLY TODAY at Rufus 0-1040! (This role is part of Company which starts immediately when accepted and terminates only when the applicant is neutralized. I are an equal opportunity employer and value diversity. I do not discriminate on the basis of race, religion, color, corporeality, national origin, planar/dimensional origin, gender, sexual orientation, age, marital status, veteran status, disability status, soul integrity, or biochemical basis.)

\$JOB LISTING\$

KOMFY KOMIX



YOU KNOW, YOU'RE VERY LUCKY. VERY FEW PEOPLE GET THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE LIVING WITH CYSTIC FIBROSIS!



oh, god! if I don't eat in the next 2 hours I'll starve to death!



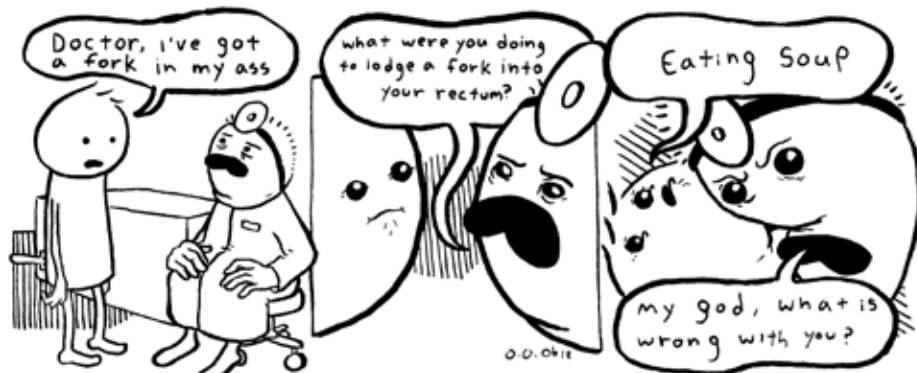
Sluuuuuuurp



oh, god! if I don't eat in the next 4 hours I'll starve to death!



KOMFY KOMIX



THE FART SIDE



Well son, we've gotta HAND it to you...



—DAD—



KREATOR KREDITS

Angelboy Discoman

The Minute Hour
Executive Producer
Carman was Built to Go Go Go
I H8 the Dentist
Mailman

Binkus Bobblethrob

'How Often do You Think
About Throwing Up?'

Crunchyeater

JOB LISTING

Drue Langlois

Spirits of the Damned Comic

GrandBadger

LOST HAT

Harrison Clark

'We don't have Grape Crush'

Joseph Quiroz

A Burrito Once Spoke to Me

Odin Odang Obie

Doctor Hands Comic
Humming Bird Comic
Back Cover Art

Randall Stevens

Art

Steamy Angry Gnome

The Fart Side Comic
Bang! Zoom! Comic
'There's too much purple
stuff in this coleslaw!'

Moxie Famous

Director
Art and Layout
Dr. Egghead Comic
I Think My Ass is Gay
I Love Pacific Islanders
Top 10 Four Letter Words
Printer

Delta Pigeon

Quitting Time Poem
Don't Report the Car Stolen

E.Z.

Crazy Story About When
I Did Drugs

jowy

Calvin Klein Boxers

Kilroy

I'm a Mortician

meatcube

Art

Lawful

Pizza or Burgers?
Stark Raving Mad
It Began with Blood
Pomme de Terre Pie

Allie Freed

When Grandma Got Long

Creston B

I'm Proud of My Parents

Duxo

Hip Hop Hole
Ice Cream Soda
www.TheGreenMile.com

Girugamesh

Art

I Rivera

Arsonist.

itsowainh

I CAN'T FUCKING SEE

Justin Rhodes

'Where do I see myself
in ten years?'
Kiss My Dad

MothEggs

Killer Apple Pie

Webster

Otto van Tortelett
PUT THIS IN THE
CLASSIFIEDS ASAP!

TAXX

I'M DAMN PISSED

