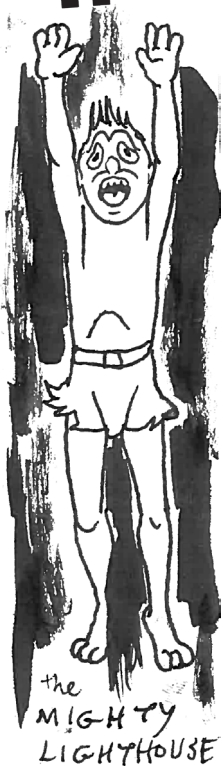
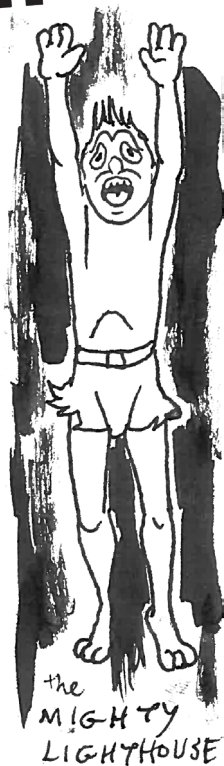
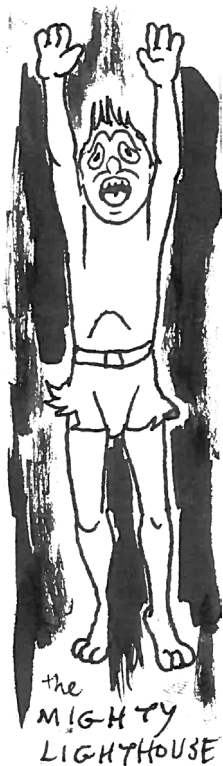
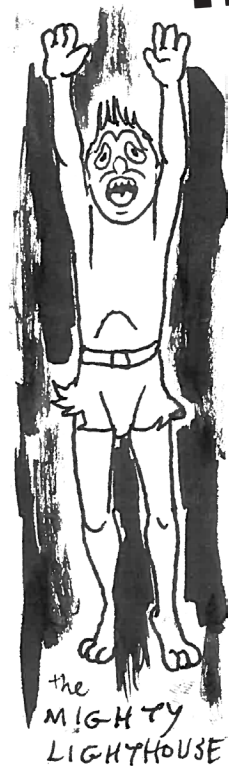


light house light house light house

# THE Mighty house

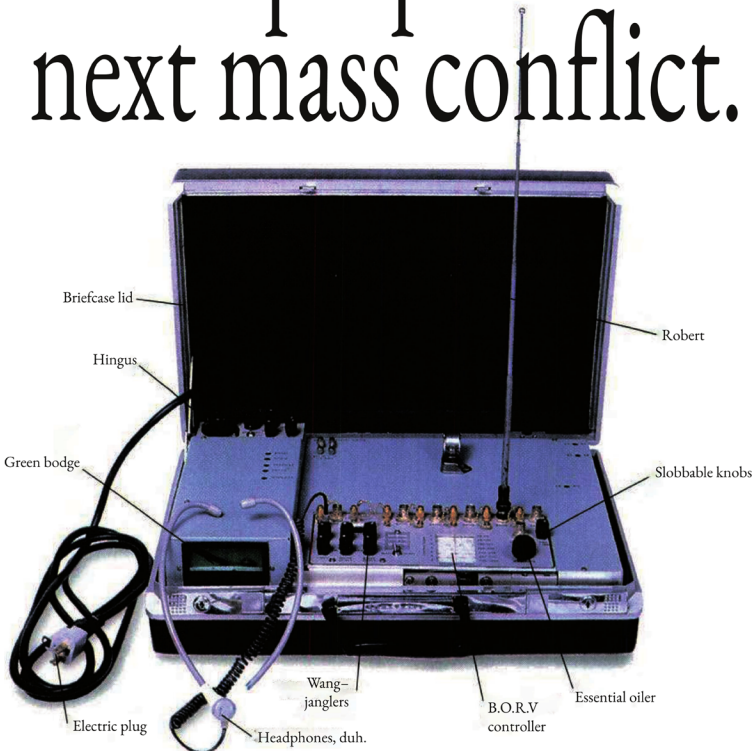
light house light house light house



**VOLUME 2 | ISSUE 3 - Featuring...**  
dating advice, important decisions, and strange stories!

**THE MINUTE HOUR**  
CIRCULATION: 100  
CONSUME, DO NOT EAT.

# How to prepare for the next mass conflict.



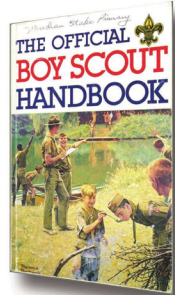
## God Fucking Dammit.

I hear a lot of people recently talking about how they want a war. They want a cull. They want a plague. Still, nobody wants to step up & serve. No one wants to volunteer to be culled. Not a single man, woman, child, or inbetweeners is willing to be Patient Zero. You seriously think you won't be bombed or shot if that global war breaks out? You expect you'd escape the next great genocide? You honestly want me to believe you are prepared to survive a bio-engineered viral outbreak? Sure. Sure thing, bucko. You keep telling yourself that.

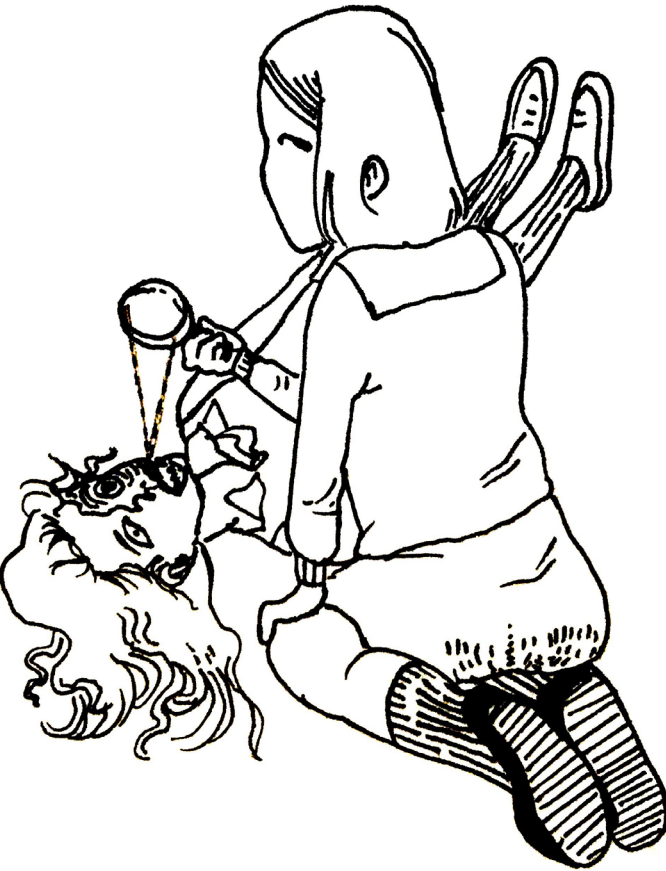
Available at Circuit City.



The Minute Hour • 100 Piedmont Ave • Atlanta, GA



The Official Boy Scout Handbook included with purchase!



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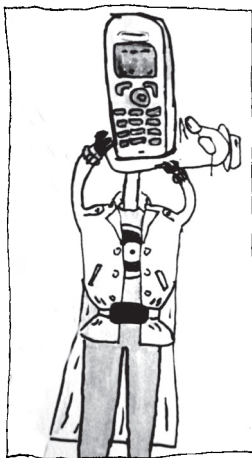
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- dating advice for men AND WOMEN.....5
- who will you choose?.....7
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# IT'S FALL NOW

Heat up the bedspreads, baby. I've done my stretches and I'm ready to fuck.

## FALL THOUGHTS & FEELINGS

*When I was nineteen my cat died, when I was thirty two he came back to life and told me to quit my job in a dream. Sometimes life is good*



*Weezer covered Africa, but I covered myself in molten steel and no one gives a shit*

**Ha! You use Oxford? Ok dude. You use that PRIMITIVE book while I use my MIND where I spell NOTJING wrong.**

### Now Where Could My Nickel Be?

*Hmmm. Now where could my nickel be? I thought for sure I had left it here on the nightstand right next to my keys, just like every other night. Where the heck could I have put that darn nickel? I've got my hankie, my keys, my wallet, my phone, but no nickel. I can't possibly leave the house without that nickel. No way. Not after what happened last time. Hmmm. Looks like it didn't fall on the floor. I don't see it anywhere. Now where could my nickel be? Ugh. Guess I'll call in sick and spend the day searching. No way I'm leaving without that nickel. Not again. Never again.*

three

### I saw some guy's dick today.

I was walking down the street near the park and I saw this huge guy coming from like a mile away with his dick just hanging out of his zipper.

He was wearing these pink camouflage pants and he had painted his dick to blend in, but I totally still saw it.

There was a mother and her child walking right in front of me and when they passed the guy, he had this crazy grin on his face, like he had gotten away with something, like we couldn't just see his camouflaged dick just hangin out in the open.

# HOW ARE YOU DOING, BUDDY?

You meet a 20 year old art school drop out at a Lil Ugly Mane show smoking American Spirits and tooling around with her nose ring. She's pale, skinny, bespeckled, and dresses in stripes perpendicular to her shitty bangs. She smells gross and has too many roommates. She works at Starbucks and gets half of her rent and weed money from her dad. She does coke. She drives a 1996 Lexus. She watches Evangelion ironically. She can't cook. She once had a girlfriend she sexually experimented with and talks about it with you when you two are in her friend's backyard drinking Pabst and watching the dog do tricks. She gives shitty blowjobs. She's not going anywhere. She brags about not having a job anymore after she stops showing up to her noon to eight shift. She wears mom jeans and your hoodies. Her name's something she gave to herself.

You miss her.

You meet a STINKY girl and she SMELLS really REALLY BAD. She dresses in STINY SMELLY CLOTHES, she works at STIINKbucks and gets half her rent out of the GARBAGE can.

You smell her.



Peace begins with a smile :)

The only advice I take is from fridge magnets.

**Are you sad today?** It was my last day of work, I was ecstatic, I didn't get what I wanted so I quit and stuck out my two weeks. I let myself be proud knowing I didn't let my vitriolic and spiteful nature burn this bridge too. I realized it didn't matter. I barely got a goodbye, my replacement was already there, and they didn't care enough to take back their own uniform. I felt so relieve and also terrified. What are you longing for? I finished my daily dopamine refresher, picking things up and dripping shame in front mirrors. It felt great seeing my sinews strain against my own expectations. I went to the bathroom and saw my skin sag a little lower, my frame bulge a little wider. Do you feel shame? I left, half glow of my own hubris, and chatted up the front desk girl on the way out. She

bullshitted with me, an old friend of mine, an old love in fact. Unrequited or frankly unannounced. Someone I loved talking to, with long nights of "hows life, what schools are you applying too, home sucks". She made me feel important to someone, the way she'd wait to walk with me to government, like a person, she pulled my life around then, whether she knew it or not. Without her I'd probably still be that mountainous nobody.

I was disgusted while she spoke, we've drifted since then, remembering the fact that through gritted gin soaked teeth, through unfocused rolling eyes, I propositioned her, not caring about if her reply was a yes or no, my nausea intensified as I recalled the blue lighted outline of my face that night. Is this

pain? I just got through the hashing of dinner plans with the woman I referred to as my fiancé. I've tried to stay away this past month, she drew things to a halt, and I threw them into the river. But She'll say "hi" here and there and we send each other cute animals, and last weekend I spent the night at her place. She'd asked me if I was dating and after I said no she'd invite me to stay. It felt natural, as it did the first time, as it did every time. I wanted to die in the moment, as I did every time we were in bed, held up in each others tangle, I was at peace. I got another picture of a cute cat yesterday. I will go to sleep happy, I will live another day, I will keep the smile longer for a mile longer tomorrow.

four



**If you're not getting your nut off just right**, if you can't find anybody you love more than looking at your phone and feeling numb and disassociated, if everyone you meet is a bitch or a chad, I have bad news for you, but I'm going to give it to you straight, because I love you: it's your fault. You're the problem. You've been a stupid pig up until now. Can't say I've been there, pal. I've always been an attentive stud who painted the back walls with thick high-T ropes and I've always been able to find the perfect willing and eager high IQ slut (progressive term) to satisfy me. But I've watched humanity from far away and high above, and I have devised a list of rules for men AND WOMEN to succeed in dating.

### MEN:

1. Head down to your local gym and take a bar off one of the squat racks. Load it up on the ground with 8 plates, bend over, and pick it up. This is to determine if you deserve to even smell a woman's "flower", let alone bust inside her ass. If you hurt yourself, you will be getting what you deserve, and you will know to remove yourself from the dating pool until further notice.

2. NEVER masturbate. Masturbation calms you down, relieves stress and anxiety, and clears the mind. In other words? It makes you docile. It removes urgency and makes women view you as asexual. Women want a man who is visibly angry and confused, a guy who's clearly on edge and looks like they could snap at any moment; in other words, women want to feel like they're needed. If we think about who is the most successful squad of fellas in the past decade, regardless of how we feel about their politics, we have to give it up for who? The Islamic State. How do you think ISIS was able to conquer so many regions of the middle east so quickly without an Air Force, MRAPS, or a heroic unit of drone pilots? Desperation. A libido like a throbbing canker sore covered in Fun Dip. Full of get-up-and-go energy. All pent up; your psyche should be like a bottle of Mountain Dew that you've been swinging against a telephone poll like a baseball bat.

### FOR THE LADIES:

1. A wise, gay man named John Waters once said "If you go home with somebody, and they don't have books, don't fuck em!" This advice, however, is antiquated and shouldn't be followed. It may have applied to gay men in the 60's, but it is useless now, and if anything, a shelf full of books should be taken as a red flag that your date is a bibliophile, which is like a pedophile but for books. I have updated John's advice for modern times: "A gamer who plays campaign on Easy will never make you cum." Before you open your legs and reveal your precious tulip and little asshole to a new man, check his Gamerscore and achievements list while he's in the bathroom taking a piss or a shit. If you find a bunch of three and four year old games with only 250 out of 1000 achievement points unlocked, leave his apartment immediately and write a negative review of him on the Stroovy app so that others don't make the same mistake you did.

**To end on a note of harmony**, we're in the finale episode of western civilization, so both sexes should take all profits they've made at the end of each month and transition from USD into physical gold. Additionally, whether you're a dudes or a chick, you should become increasingly tribal and standoffish in your personal life, to psychologically prepare yourselves for the time very soon when you will be forced to view other humans solely as competition for resources.

3. Your weight, looks, grooming, diet and personality are not important. The things that matter are the amount of money you have, how much weight you can lift, your T-levels, and gaming accolades. If you've got 11% body fat, clear skin, a cleft chin, a kind and easygoing nature and a good sense of humor, but your only console is a dust-covered Wii U, you work at Starbucks and you can only deadlift four plates, you should delete Tinder off of your iPhone SE and remove yourself from the dating pool. Honestly, if this describes you (and you're unwilling to take my advice), your best bet is going to be to do autoerotic you-know-what until you croak. Now on the other hand, if you're 5'2", 300 pounds, you've got a short temper and an big upturned pig nose, but you spend your time earning high six-figures trading futures at home on your three-screen desktop rig, benchpressing twice your bodyweight for sets of 15 with no spot, and maintaining your Onyx level 4 rank in Halo 5 Free-For-All, you are poised to inherit your throne and claim your queen.



2. Do not save anal for marriage, or a relationship. Anal sex is the most intimate act a man and a woman can engage in (yet the most disgusting act that two men can engage in, a contradiction which shows us the duality and majesty of God's design). This is because the ass is tighter than the pussy. Don't have pussy sex unless you're ready to be a single mother.

3. Get cosmetic surgery before any physical imperfections arise. (This assumes that you've already corrected whatever visual flaws you were born with such as a non-button nose, a normal not-huge ass, or big Clark Kent chin that makes you look like you're transitioning). You're never too young to have a breast augmentation; even if your bosom hasn't sagged a single centimeter, know that it WILL if you don't do something about it NOW. It makes good sense to surgically buttress near all areas of your body preemptively. Adhering to this step will make it easier for you to transition from Sugar Baby to MILF.

To: [tobias.thumb@sci.executive.science](mailto:tobias.thumb@sci.executive.science)  
From: [christopher.idunno@sci.executive.science](mailto:christopher.idunno@sci.executive.science)  
Bcc: [all]\*@exec.executive.science  
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Squish Bag Design Work

Hey Tobias, I finished working up on that squish bag we were tasked in conjunction to the AI team. I made sure to leave a lot of room for goop, since the guys on the goop-team said they "gotta squeeze in a lot of goop. Like a lot of goop."

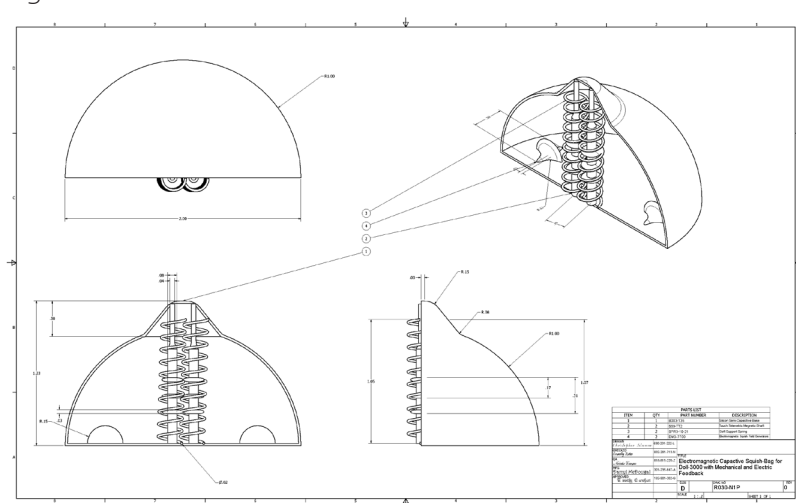
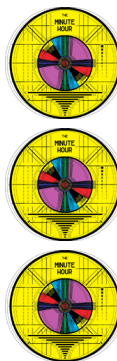
So, I've gotta ask, is this supposed to be a boob for a sex doll? Because I'll be honest, I'm not really sure what they exactly feel, or even look like. But, I've heard boobs be called "melons" by some of the executives upstairs, so I've been thinking that maybe this is roughly what they're looking for. We can tinker with the magnetic fields to make them softer or firmer, I'll leave that for someone more experienced with boobs to deal with, silicon or otherwise. Currently I have them set to be around the firmness of my own melon collection, pre-dicked, of course.

Speaking of the melons, did you see what some of the guys on the gene-splicing and botany teams were able to produce last week? I know quite a few of them that can hook you up with some really top-shelf stuff whenever you get some free time. I was able to hide away for a couple hours from some of the xecs a couple days ago, and I shit you not those botanists were able to custom fit me a melon. They got out tweezers and microscopes and everything, really 5-star work they do. I got the cybersecurity team in touch with them and I'm not even sure if they're working on anything anymore, they could be easily lounging around with their pocket-melons all day.

I wonder if any of the xecs are meloniacs. Too bad they never actually read any of our emails. If any of them did, maybe we could meet one that also has a little dick, yunno?

Anyways, see you at the lab.

Best regards,  
Chris.





T M H T M L T M H T M L T M H T M L T M H T M L  
T M H T M L T M H T M L T M H T M L T M H T M L  
T M H T M L T M H T M L T M H T M L T M H T M L

**The rush of combat is starting to subside**, and you decide to split before anyone catches you. Running back over to your newly acquired loot, you make a bee-line for your homeroom, opening the door and stepping inside just as the bell rings.

Surveying the room, you find that you recognize four of the people in this room out of the 30:

**CHOINK:** The man, the myth, the legend. 7'6", all of it raw, unadulterated Silverback strength.

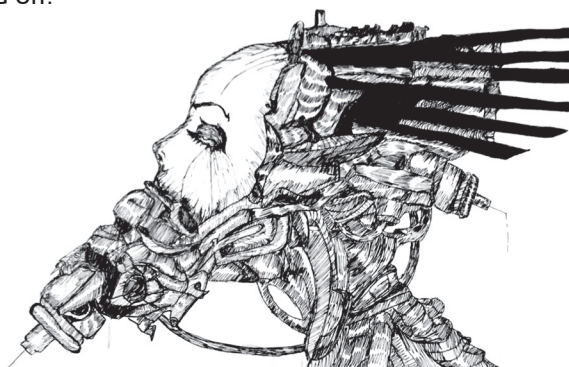
**NERGUNOSS:** Not his real name. The world's youngest E-Sports E-Athlete, also a wanted computer hacker. Maintains high scores on every racing arcade game on the remnants of the Eastern Seaboard.

**VUVUGAI:** Hardened criminal. Got head from his aunt when he was 10. She was ugly, though, so it made him into a killer.

**SCREECH MALONE:** The Rat King of Cargo Shorts. Carries all manner of weapons, from the simple pocket knife all the way up to a full-auto Micro-Uzi with the serial number filed off.

Who do you sit next to?


**Alright. I've decided it.**



**After a few years of being a redditor, living in a major metropolitan area, and a few pounds of Sour Diesel (yes, I smoke :)) ) I've decided I want to move to Norway. It's perfect! In Norway, they have free healthcare, GREAT leaders who always think of the little guy (yours truly at a height of 5'6" lol), and REALLY pretty mountains (which reminds me, SNOW DAYS!!!). Those three have convinced me of relocating my job of a social media manager to NORWAY!! God I'm so excited! I've been reading a lot about the country, and eating a whole ton of Norwegian food :)). It's going to be such a better life for my son, wife, mother, and cousin! Where I've been designated to live is within a city BLOCK of a mosque! It's awesome! I'm so excited to be able to praise Allah somewhere safe! (Being a Social Media Manager for a Syrian Start Up is VERY HARD without a few hours of prayer in an area without the risk of a bombing lol). Well! Wish me much luck, Brothers!**

-Mohammed

seven

DEAR DIARY,  
Hi. TODAY I HAVE TO WRITE THIS CAUSE MY MOM ~~HA~~ TOOK MY IPAD MINI. SHE TOLD ME I WAS GRONDED ~~BECAUSE~~ ~~BECAUSE~~ MY FAVORITE YOUTUBERTM IS A GYMNIST AND SHE GOT HER SPINE BONE TAKEN OUT AND SHE IS LOOKS JUST LIKE A PRETZLE.  ← LIKE THIS

SO I TOLD MOM THAT I WANT MY SPINE OUT NOW!!! SO I CAN BE FLEXABLE LIKE THE GIRL ON YOUTUBETM BUT SHE SAID NO I WOULD DIE?

BUT AFTER THAT I EMAILED A NEUROLOJIZZED SLASH CHIROPRACTER ~~AND~~ AND STOLE MOM'S CARD. MY SURGERY IS NEXT WEEK



WISH ME LUCK!!!!

- MEGAN ♡

**I don't want to go outside anymore.** I need to not go outside anymore. Outside is where everything bad happens. Do you ever feel like the world would actually be alright, be bearable, if it was just you, alone, with everything you need within arms reach? I make this room into a more pleasing world than can ever exist outside of it. I have what I need. I have my things. I have things you couldn't even imagine. My life's work. My figurines. I have my friends. I made them, and they love me for it. And they don't let me down. No. They never let me down. They never go behind my back and tell Karen what a loser I am even though I thought we had a really nice time hanging out in the park. They would never do that. They're not like that, because they came from me, and they have a part of me inside of them. I put my essence in them, and it shows. You better believe it shows. They're good because I'm good. They would never betray a friend. They're good because they're made...made from me. But sometimes. Sometimes I have to teach them a lesson. They need to know. They need to know who's boss. They need to know what happens if they slip up. They need to know who is they're God! Oh, and they do know. Yes, they know. And they respect me. Which is all I ever needed. All I ever wanted. So, when I get home, and I can finally be at peace with my creations, I show them a good time. And that makes me happy. That makes me good.



this was given to me a by a homeless native American after I shared my amyl nitrate with him and his girlfriend.

SEATTLE ROTARY PRESIDENTS



C.H. Eckart  
1914



R.D. Pinner  
1915



E.A. Strout  
1939-40



L.T. Bushnell  
1917



P.L. McNally  
1918



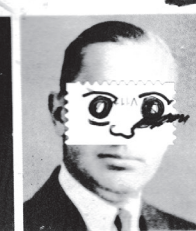
C.W. Martin  
1920



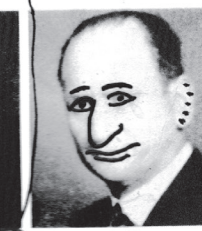
Worrall Wilson  
1922-23



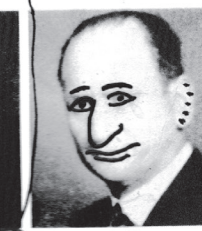
J. Izzard  
1926-27



D.K. MacDonald  
1926-27



1329. TELEPHONE



Stanley Long

SEATTLE ROTARY'S PRESIDENTS



George K. Comstock  
1945-46



W.C. Morse  
1933-34



Victor R. Graves  
1947-48



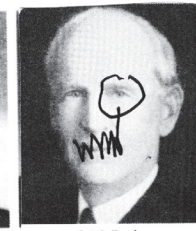
Roland H. Vivian  
1948-49



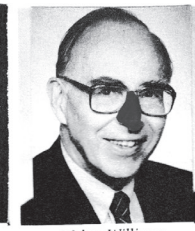
S.W. Barker  
1929-30



Donald H. Yates  
1950-51



S.W. Barker  
1929-30



Walter Williams  
1952-53



Frank A. Dupar, Sr.  
1955-56



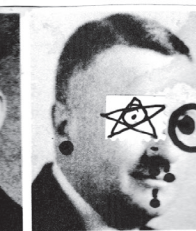
Floris Nagelvoort  
1930-31



Claude E. Wakefield  
1957-58



E.R. Hinton  
1937-38



J.W. Woodford  
1938-39



Charles F. Frankland  
1958-59



## Each Halloween I dress my son up as the scariest thing I can imagine, a *failure*.

It's not hard to find the costume—Champion sweatpants, a Chicago Cubs Jersey, and a pocket full of sunflower seeds. Though they still give candy, our neighbors have stopped asking what little Kevin is dressed as. They know.

The questions only start when I leave the neighborhood, try to get to candy from the rich families who don't lie about their job at town hall meetings. When they open the door, show their long-toothed faces, and pass out candy bars worth more than my paycheck they're so amused. And what are you? Kevin returns the attitude right back at them, hits them where it counts. His favorite move is a quick kick to the shins, which he's had to tamp down since this nineteenth birthday. I do not mind when this happens, for we can take the whole bowl of candy straight home. The candy is all we eat for a few days, the best days of the year.

Kevin has started to make friends at Community College. They like him, but they do not like me. Still, Kevin has no other place to stay, so his friends have made several appearances at the apartment. Each time they are vaguely uncomfortable, both with my presence and the Wall of TVs. I need the wall, because I have seen everything that has happened on daytime TV before. I used to flip



channels, but it is inefficient. With the Wall I can watch something gory and Kevin can watch something kid-appropriate at the same time. With the Wall I can stay entertained all day, even when Kevin is away. With the Wall I never miss a thing.

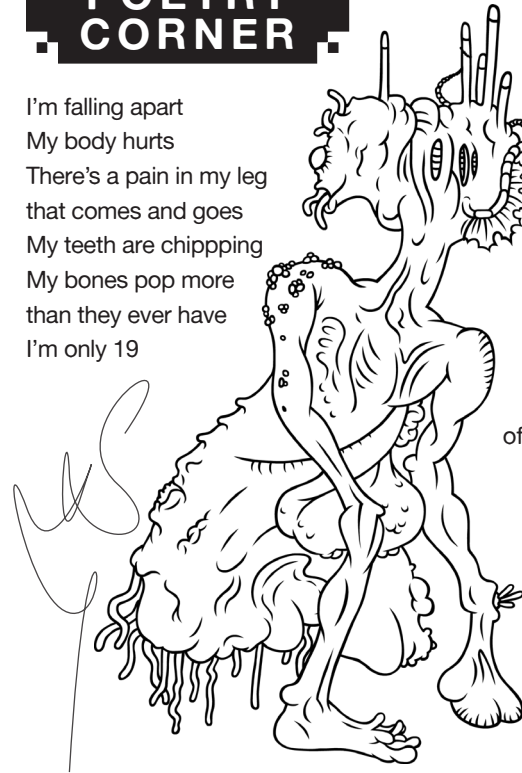
When the friends see the wall for the first time, they yelp. The sight is disorienting, but the sound especially puts them off. The second time they come to the house, they bring earplugs. None of them have ever watched the wall. They don't understand it. Another thing they don't understand is: how did your father get like this, Kevin; Kevin, why do you still live here, you are top marks in our biomedical equipment class; Kevin, you are too old to dress up for halloween, He shrugs them off, because he loves his Pa. He loves the chocolate bars, and he loves his costume.

There will come a time when Kevin stops wearing my costume. It is okay. I understand this will mean he's grown up. But, thank god, that time is not now. For as long as I can I will walk door to door with my son, hands in our pockets, spitting seed shells into rock gardens, stealing from the rich and giving to ourselves, acolytes of the wall and partakers of the feast of **All Candy's Eve.**

eleven

## POETRY CORNER

I'm falling apart  
My body hurts  
There's a pain in my leg  
that comes and goes  
My teeth are chipping  
My bones pop more  
than they ever have  
I'm only 19



Ah yes,  
When life gets me down,  
I just like to imagine the red quivry spout  
of my bug rifle, hot in my hand,  
on planet 9, shooting wave  
after green wave at Pepe le Pu,  
the lovesick skunk, who evades  
each shot in a pink frilly zigzag  
of perfume up the castle wall,  
over the boily moat of black hippos,  
aquatic vampire bats,  
&submarines  
full of angsty teens...

... to get that poor cat he's so in love with  
to love him back. Kisses dont do that,  
i shout, and fire a fresh fifteen foot wave  
of green gobbly glue light across the landscape,  
which floods for an instant  
its craggy emerald and ruby rocks  
and trees so soft, like marshmallow  
trees, for just an instant, as if i were biting  
and swallowing it all, but it's only my eyes  
looking, looking inward,  
not my stomach, for if so i'd  
remember something...  
something HOT. too hot to handle,  
covered in bullet wounds.

O yes, that. Well. Ahem.

A beautiful baby is born every second but YOU  
WOULDN'T NOTICE BECAUSE YOU'RE SO SELFISH!!

**Yeah I drink fucking water!** What you go on fucking mayo clinic and see the recommended 2 liters a day? I drink 2 liters in 10 seconds flat you little bitch! That's right motherfucker your looking at the hydration sensation, and I'm about to give you a little hydration education right now. If you fucking drink any less than 10 liters a day, I don't wanna talk to you. If I ever see you drinking that Disanni dog shit, I don't wanna talk to you. And if you don't at least drink Voss Water, I'm definitely not talking to you. But I will talk to you, because Im that kinda guy. I help the liquidly challenged people of this world. If you listen to what I say, one day you might end up like me. Probably not though. Do you even know what level I'm on? I drink 70 liters in a day. I piss Buckets, constantly. If you've ever seen an out of order sign on a unranal, that was me. I fucking supply fertilizer companies with ammonia, and I make bank doing that. So don't you ever even let it cross your mind that your on the same level as me. ok bitch?



twelve



Dear Bill,

When we came back from the party at Mel and Jen's two nights ago, something strange happened to me. I've been having trouble putting it into words.



You were asleep and I was still riding high from the 5 vodka & red bulls, when at about 2:30 AM, I heard a strange rumbling in the lane.

I crept to the window and peered out. In the lane, Bill, was a vehicle the size of a Volkswagen! The door on its side "Unhatched" and out stepped a tall, white, humanoid creature. My legs began to shake as it peered in my direction.



I considered waking you, but, well, remember we'd had that fight when I confronted you and Matt about smoking too much weed. And Matt laughed at me and you did nothing so I went to drink with Darren the rest of the night.

Then you got upset later because Darren and I had a thing years back.

It was sooo good to see him after all this time. I'm sorry, it's just that he and I

have this history together, Bill. What can I say?

Anyways, the visitor was in the yard and... Oh who am I kidding? It was Darren and I let him fuck me. I'm leaving you, Bill.

## Will Someone Please Date my Cat? He's a really nice guy.

**Wanted: A date for my cat, Smokey.** He is an American Shorthair. He has gray fur and a clip in his ear. He answers to Smokey, Smokey Bear, and Smokestacks. Serious replies only.

**Wanted: A date for my gray American Shorthair cat, Smokey.** Smokey has beautiful topaz eyes and soft paws that make little skittering noises when he walks claws-out across my ikea coffee table. Smokey is an indoor cat; he's mischievous and occasionally gets outside. When he does, I run quick to get him inside because he'd die without me. Serious replies only.

**Wanted: A soulmate for my hunky steel-gray American Shorthair Smokey Archibald "Archie" Pensworth.** I failed to mention in the last entry that Smokey is more than just a body. He also has a great personality. Smokey's problem is that he knows what he wants, and that he deserves better than most cats can offer. Smokey won't settle for some gutter trash alley cat stray that's going to pluck the flower of his youth. He's a beautiful growing boy—and how dare anyone try to sully his innocence? Serious replies only. Pictures preferred.

**Wanted: I cannot think of a single cruel thing Smokey has ever done besides curl up, purr and provide comfort during hard times** and despite that and all the help he provides his owner he can't make solid eye contact and walks softly like the pads of his paws are made of the same glass he recklessly skitters across. Perhaps Smokey is a little chubby, and when he lands on the ground it's disconcerting how all his fat agglomerates in a thwomp like a full hot water bottle dropped off a tall building, but might that be part of his charm? Serious replies only.

**Wanted: You ask questions like "are you okay" "is this serious."** I have received some mail from female solicitors asking me on a date. This is not about me. This is about my cat, Smokey. He's a beautiful grey short hair with a raggedy breath pattern that reminds me of how my dad coughed as he chain-smoked cigarettes and excitedly explained how to put together a table or a shelf or a chair but I get all my furniture in boxes. He cried silent and refused to look back at me, but it was scarier that no tears formed, for I knew how much he held back. That man was so self-reliant he built his own coffin. I wasn't even strong enough to lower him to his grave. Serious replies only.

**Wanted: What I mean is: shouldn't Smokey have someone special in his life by now?** Like, if you think about it Smokey's been alive for ten years and if you calculate that into cat years he's got to be maybe thirty-four years old and sure that might seem too old to some but others may see it as an opportunity. Smokestacks has learned a lot at the expense of a broken soul and a throbbing anger that refuses to go away no matter how many goddamn group therapy or veteran painting or alcoholics anonymous meetings he goes to but is there anything wrong with that at the end of the day and doesn't Smokey deserve love don't we all deserve love. Serious replies only.

**Wanted: I'm near run out of funds and I worry that Smokey will never find what he's looking for** whether he finds god or goes vegetarian or buys a new sweater. I will have to stop putting out ads. Perhaps it is for the better. It doesn't matter to smokestacks that he's alone so long as there's water in his bowl, which he drinks from now as he stares at me. His pupils are slits. They reflect me, and that is good as nothing but it is still good.

# CLASSIFIEDS

**Looking for a beautiful and talented heistmate** for a future criminal endeavor. She must love semi automatic weapons and long walks to the vault. I've got one big spot planned at my local beat to shit casino. One big spot and we'll never need to work again. We'll sail the world on a skiff so big you might call it a barge. Actually, a barge is what I have arranged. We'll be sailing in the cargo bay of a shipping freighter for 9 months directly following the job. But baby...it'll just be you, me, and 1000 miles of beautiful blue ocean in all directions. We can make that cargo bay our honeymoon spot. I think they're shipping seafood. It's gonna be like a cruise. And don't you worry, I'm not gonna drop you in the pacific and leave you for dead after the score... that's not like me at all. Call Mltch 5-5530

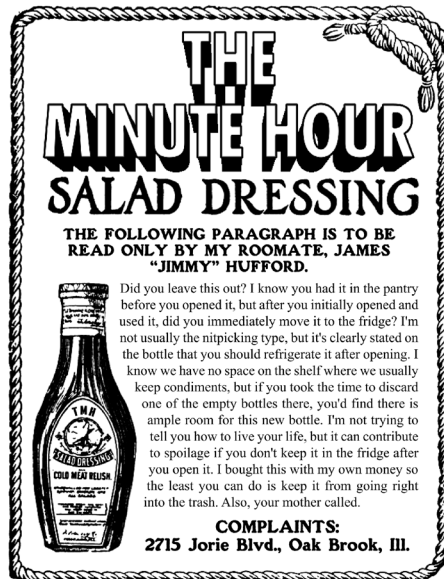
**We're gonna move somewhere, anywhere, and start up the gay community.** Gonna be a pop-up gay utopia. Safe for gays and all gay adjacencies. Bring your kids, we'll make them gay (without going so far as to actually frick them, of course).

**Are you addicted to drinking breath spray?** Are you unable to stop yourself from busting into that little nozzle and sucking out all the liquid spray out of it like a minty teat? What is wrong with you? Can't you feel it ripping a hole in your stomach? Are you beyond help? Swing by my office, I'll tell you what to do. Oh and bring all your breath spray.

**DANGER** there's a new trend replacing *auto erotic asphyxiation* among the suicidal and very bored. All around the globe today's directionless youth have taken to *jumping off a cliff and wanking all the way down*. Yes, All the way down to the *splat*. Unfortunately for those that engage in this practice, death is certain! Worse yet, That's what makes it so hot.

fifteen

**Looking to exchange Pizza Hut® Hut Rewards points** for big-box store gift cards. I think I may have around \$500 in hut rewards, I will sell you my account for any spare gift cards you might have left over. If you're interested, send me an internet message: lloydkcrumbus@aol.com



**THE MINUTE HOUR SALAD DRESSING**

THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH IS TO BE READ ONLY BY MY ROOMATE, JAMES "JIMMY" HUFFORD.

Did you leave this out? I know you had it in the pantry before you opened it, but after you initially opened and used it, did you immediately move it to the fridge? I'm not usually the nitpicking type, but it's clearly stated on the bottle that you should refrigerate it after opening. I know we have no space on the shelf where we usually keep condiments, but if you took the time to discard one of the empty bottles there, you'd find there is ample room for this new bottle. I'm not trying to tell you how to live your life, but it can contribute to spoilage if you don't keep it in the fridge after you open it. I bought this with my own money so the least you can do is keep it from going right into the trash. Also, your mother called.

**COMPLAINTS:**  
2715 Jorie Blvd., Oak Brook, Ill.

**Are traps gay?** I don't have an opinion on the matter, but whatever yours is, I disagree. Fuck you. Fight me. Come to the abandoned car lot on Baker st and we can settle this in a civilized cage fight. I'm ready.

**WANTED: Mommy milkies.**

My mommy cut off my milky supply now that school is back. All the other mommies visit their boys every Sunday to give them fresh milkies but my mommy will not do it! I am in Berkeley college student accommodation, room 109. MUmmy 8-0085

From graduation to cremation,  
we've got **ceremonial robes**.

# CLASSIFIEDS

**WANTED: Philosopher's Stone**

Do you have one? Know how to get one? I'm in the market. Please help. I was close to creating my own when the papers of my Magnum Opus went up in smoke at the hands of some rogue alchemists. I've been a hermit ever since. All I want is to live forever & learn everything—is that too much to ask? I'm willing to lend use of my Spear of Destiny in exchange for assistance. If you have any leads or want to collaborate on the Great Work, call me at (314) 1JW-AMJD.

**Wanted: Drum lessons**

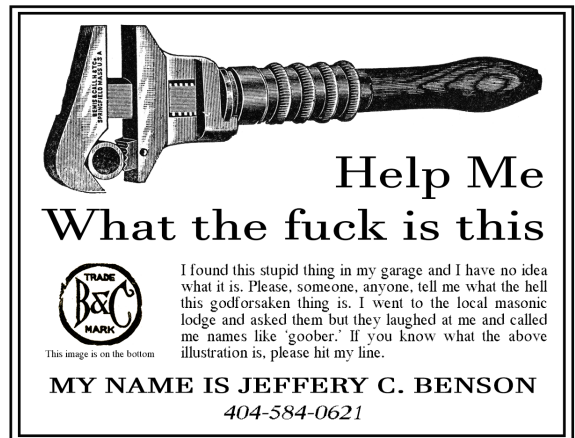
I want someone to come to my house and TRY to teach me something I don't already know on drums. Good luck, kiddo. You've got your work cut out for you. I'm the next Jon Bonham. \$50/hr. (333)-424-SKEE

**It's 2048 and menstruation has become contagious.** I sent this message back in time to stop it. The human race must either cure it or kill all women if there is to be any hope for the future.

Tell him to say that shit to me **online** and not to **my face** and **see what happens then**

**HELP MY NAME IS MA**

I AM SORRY I PRESSED SEND TOO EARLY ON THE FIRST ONE. HELP MY NAME IS MARGRET FLINCH AND I CANNOT GET OUT OF THIS PAGE TO SUBMIT AN AD IN THE PAPER. MY DEAR GRANDSON TOMMOBILE GAVE ME THIS NEW BLACKBERRY PHONE AND I CANNOT FIND THE CAPITAL LETTER BUTTON AND SO I LETOUT A SMALL ANGER SURGE AND THREW MY BLACKBERRY MOBILE PHONE AGAINST MY DEAR BRICK WALL AND IT OPENED



**Help Me What the fuck is this**

I found this stupid thing in my garage and I have no idea what it is. Please, someone, anyone, tell me what the hell this godforsaken thing is. I went to the local masonic lodge and asked them but they laughed at me and called me names like 'goober.' If you know what the above illustration is, please hit my line.

**MY NAME IS JEFFERY C. BENSON**  
404-584-0621

**WANTED: Professional Runaround**

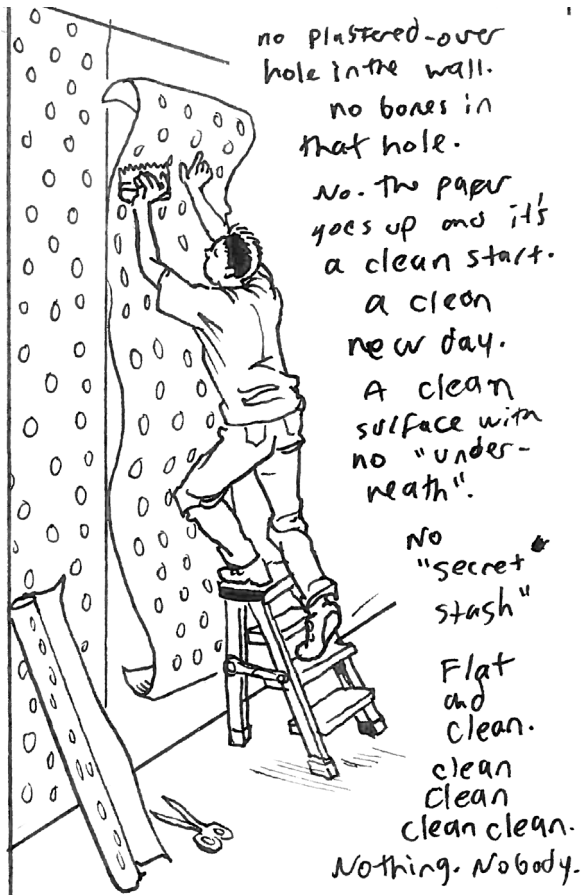
Im looking for an individual or a company to waste my fucking time telling me the same god damn thing a million times over. I want you to ignore my questions, give half arsed responses, and generally tell me things that have fuck all to do with what I'm ringing about. I need you to be completely useless, and actively seek to make matter worse then when they were at the beginning of the convocation. I just want you to really, REALLY fuck me around, like I'm just a stupid piece of trash thats floated on the wind and just so happened to hit the telephone that the last guy who rang you hung himself with.

If applicable, please call 0785-jst-fk-me

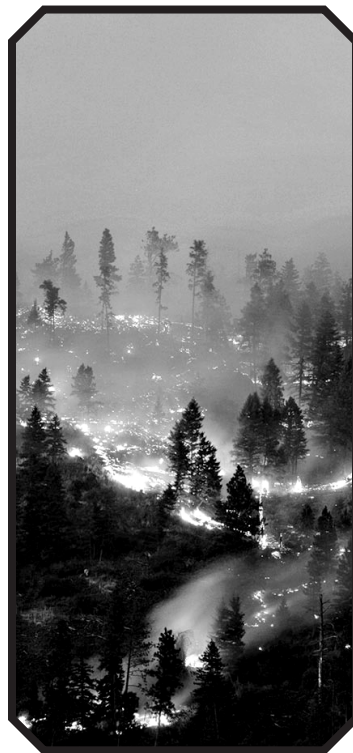
UP A WEBPAGE FOR PUTTING AN AD IN THE LOCAL PAPER AND MY GRANDSON IS NOT ANSWERING MY LETTERS IN THE MAIL SO THE ONLY HOPE I HAVE IS THAT SOMEONE SEES THIS AD AND THEY HELP ME EXIT THIS PAGE. IF YOU SEE THIS MY MOBILE TELEPHONE NUMBER IS SMALLLED 8-2940 BUT PLEASE DO NOT CALL ME ON THAT BECAUSE I CANNOT ANSWER THE PHONE AS

I AM STUCK ON THIS STUPID FREAKING INTERNET PAGE I NEED TO TURN THE CAPITAL LETTER OFF TOO SO PLEASE SEND ME A LETTER TO 28 MICKWELL ST SMALLLEDVILLE IN WASHINGTON W I T H INSTRUCTIONS AND MAYBE P I C T U R E S THANK YOU





ART  
ART  
ART  
NICE



Some people are calling for me to apologize after I was spotted carrying firewood to the fires. I made a mistake. I was trying to help. I will be taking a sabbatical to focus on my family.

seventeen

HAVE YOU SEEN THESE MEN?



### Tanner Spannenbaum

man incapacitated by his own dumbness. lost in a world of whats and huhs. a danger to himself and others. capable of telepathy with similar idiots.



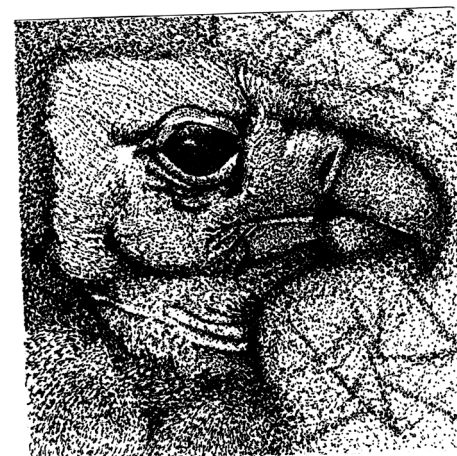
### Urq'ur-ah Xi

although seemingly a friendly worm demon, in fact this creature is a scheming con man with a penchant for virginal purity, and I'm not talking about the kind you get from olives. do not heed his many beckoning hands.



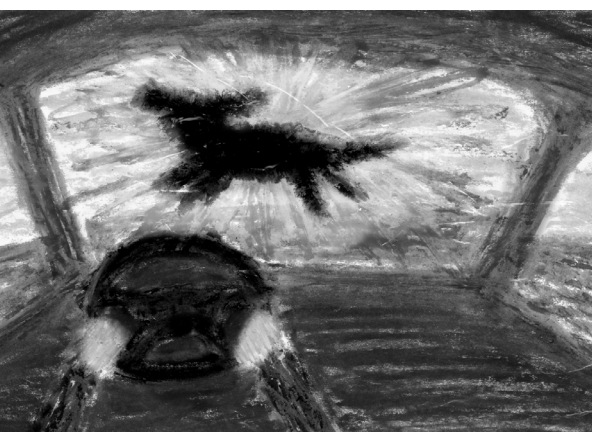
### Alan Pretzelwicz

a mystic fortune teller or just some beyond-the-dead jerk? this character was seen terrifying old ladies in the park with bad tarot readings.



### Mr. Bique

this bird is reported to have pecked the eyes out of at least 6 xenok in the area. help us kill this racist bird.



AS I DROVE INTO THE SUNRISE, BLINDED BY THE PROMISE OF A NEW MORNING, I THOUGHT TO MYSELF: YEP. THIS IS HOW DOGS DIE.

PLEASE REPORT TO YOUR LOCAL  
RECALL AUTHORITY



# CREDITS

## IT

front cover logo  
dear diary  
hot shower (pg 2)  
mr. bique  
lemonhead (pg 5)  
merely a submission

## DRUE LANGLOIS

front cover drawing  
alien dude (pg 4)  
dear bill  
fresh wallpaper

## RANDALL STEVENS

seattle rotary presidents

## GLOGMAN

on planet 9

## JUSTIN RHODES

fall thoughts & feelings  
failure for halloween  
someone date my cat  
drum lessons

## CASUAL MALE XL

mass conflict ad layout  
tmh salad dressing layout  
help wtf is this ad

## RUMPLESTILLER

robot lady (pg 7)  
alan pretzelwicz  
urqu'ur-ah Xi

## JACE BOBIUS

cybergods excerpt (pg 7)

## LIQUIDBABY

mommy milkies

## MF GOON

saw some guy's dick

## DUXO

you use oxford?  
help my name is ma  
are traps gay?

## BEN WILLIG

i don't want to go outside

## CRUNCHYEATER

squish bag email

## ITSOWAINH

professional run around

## CARTER LOVELACE

wretched thing  
(pg 12)

## ISAAC?

the phone rises  
(pg 3)

## E.Z.

yeah i drink water!

## LAWFUL

philosopher's stone

## QUINT

say that shit online

## INIVEKIN

mr mighty (pg 11)

## AGNEW

tmh salad dressing text

## MISTER RABBIT

mass conflict ad text

## MOTHEGGS

you smell her

## ALF TOBIAS

pizza hut rewards

## DROOPY MCCOOL

sticker

## ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

The Minute Hour  
layout  
have you seen these men text  
classifieds  
additional text  
mailman

## MOXIEFAMOUS

where could my nickel be?  
this is how dogs die  
additional text  
printer

## SAMUEL SOYLENT

dating advice for men & women  
i'm sorry for the fires

## DELTAPIGEON

i'm falling apart

## PEA LORD

TOC art

## CRESTON B

20 y/o dropout  
alright, i've decided it

## MEATCUBE

tanner  
spannenbaum

THE MIGHTY LIGHT-  
HOUSE IS A  
PRODUCTION BY  
THE MINUTE HOUR  
BUT YOU CAN  
SUBMIT TOO!!  
AT [themminutehour@gmail.com](mailto:themminutehour@gmail.com)  
OR JOIN THE  
DISCORD:  
[discord.gg/ZX5PYst](https://discord.gg/ZX5PYst)  
I WOULD CONTRIBUTE  
MYSELF, BUT I AM  
MERELY A  
SUBMISSION.

