 \\ \\  \\ \section*{Greetings \\ \section*{Greetings \\ \\ NOUNTIMED \\ \\ NOUNTIMED INTERACTIVITY! INTERACTIVITY! \\ of this month's zine}
hi there. welcome to the INTERACTIVE SPECIAL of THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE. as you can tell by the name, everything in this issue is interactive. every single page. how is that possible, you might ask. don't just take my word for it, see for yourself.
now, you might get past the first few pages here and think "hey. this stuff isn't interactive, it's just regular TML bullsh."
oh you found something you can't interact with? guess what buddy? that's on you. that's your failure. you are the one who needs to do the interacting, by whatever means necessary. if the interactivity on the page isn't jumping out at you, you'll have we got this ball to goaline...now you need to punch it in.

you find yourself in an unfurnished slumber chamber.
the door is locked. the guards have overlooked the fact that you are equipped with your extremely active imagination. what do you fill the room with?


How much of the pie chart do you want to color in?


This much
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GOOD SCREEN IS EARTH REALM＇S MOST RELIABLE PROVIDER OF PLEASURES．MAKE KNOWN WHAT YOU DESIRE OF GOOD SCREEN IN THE ALLOTTED SPACE


YOUR CHANCE TOWIN！ YOUR CHANCE TO FUCKEN WIN！

THIS IS THE BIG ONE TIME TO STRIKE IT BIG BABY！STRIKE IT WHILE THE IRON IS HOT！

SCRATCH THAT SHIT AND SEE WHAT＇S COMIN ${ }^{\prime}$ TO YA！！！
$\square$－

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## FINALLY！

Yeah，I＇m hella CUTE
C ringy
U nbelievably annoying
T rash
E asy to forget
Hallucinate into existence all your wildest fantasies！ With Zinco ${ }^{\text {T＂}}$ brand Fever Dream Goggles，you can suffer a wealth of synesthetic experiences once known only to the most adventurous，in the comfort of your home！

Experience your favorite magazines through the lenses of the
 hallucinogenic nightmare that is Zincom brand fever dream goggles！

Catalog No． 2248

[^0]YEAH I JUST BROUGHT ANOTHER BATCH OF INTERNS INTO MY FIRM. I GIVE EM ABOUT A MONTH UNTIL THEY CATCH ON TO MY HORIZONTAL ORGANIZATION. YOU SEE, I'M THE ONLY PERSON IN THIS ENTIRE COMPANY THAT ISN’T AN INTERN,AND MY ONLY JOB IS TO VISIT STARBUCKS AND TELL THE COLLEGE KIDS THEY CAN MEET OBAMA AT MY COMPANY.

THIS IS WHY YOU JOIN MY HORIZONTAL BUSINESS AS AN INTERN


I'm driving towards a wall, 3 feet wide but a 100 foot tall.
It's been on the horizon do long, just a speck on the windshield, no bigger than fly, but latest it's been taking up more of my view. I've waited patiently for it to collapse beneath it's own weight, yet still it still stands tall. My foot is glued to the pedal but the steering wheel's free, I've forgot how to turn the damned thing. Do I resign myself to myself to be swallowed by these mass of bricks, or do I spin the car out myself, letting chance decide whether I live or die


It's taken years, but l've finally reached full coverage. My new skin is finished. Pure dedication to this mission held me through til the end, not to sound like I never faltered... far more than once, truly. Even now, as I initiate the daily ritual, there is pain and there is doubt. But those two things alone aren't enough to thwart my warrior spirit. The last scab of the morning pick lies on the cloth, radiating pure nutritive energy. It's a large one - an easy peel. Into my pocket it goes for later. I allow myself a moment to breathe and take in the pain. The spot from which the scab was plucked is raw and pulpy. It glows red with the promise of a stronger, thicker tomorrow.

I look myself over in the full length mirror. My rigid body is impenetrable. I try to keep my ego in check, but it's difficult to look at my new armor and not feel impressed, maybe even intimidated. Too fearful for even my own gaze! The twitch of a mouth-hole forms the most subtle smile, a tiny flash of white from the tips of my filed fangs. My eyes are deep in their sockets, peering through their narrow, jagged gaps - ready for violence. My elbows, knees, neck, fingers all those bendable bits - are lined with what

I've come to call flexiscab. I tend to these areas most frequently, as they need to remain pliable and fresh to stay solid and protective.

I dust off a few leftover flakes from the morning peel and l'm finished now. Sore underneath, for sure But try to scratch me? Try to cut through my exoskeleton with any sort of forked instrument? Good luck. This scab body repels such assaults as naturally as any reptile's scaly armor. I await such an attack with nervous glee.

I take my weekly stroll through the most populated areas of the city. I pass university students, religious devotees, children with their parents. None have the will power to reign in their swiveling heads. In a group of many, I retrieve my pocket scab, and plop it into my mouth hole for an afternoon energy boost. One has the courage for a remark of disgust. A quick, cold look silences him. The clerk I pay to enter the zoo avoids eye contact and holds my credit card like a used tissue. I enter and peruse the beasts, relishing the eyeballs turning from the creatures in their cages to the one among them. The cool breeze squeezes between the many little cracks in my scab armor. Sharp and refreshing, the pain urges me on. War soon.
create your own missing persons milk box!


## TML BOOK CORNER



Day: 1 of eating nothing but Romanian lettuce. Someone on the television used the word "organism" and I laughed so hard I shit.
Day: 2 of eating nothing but Romanian lettuce. My friends have grown worried for me, my duty is growing to become a colossal duty indeed. Haha that's the shit word.
Day e\#
I am dead
Day 4: I've met my creator, and after gazing upon his holy visage I had only one question. If you knew I was gonna eat the lettuce why Didn't you stop me, and why don't you stop me now?
Day 5 my creator grows weary, they too, in their infinite wisdom cannot seem to see why I insist on continuing to eat this blighted lettuce(edited)
Day 6 at last my job is done, I've consumed every trace of this vile watery trash. And now I may rest. Luckily for me, god has a tv room and has invited


I WANNA DIE
but like with the possibility of coming back you feel? me to watch "The MEG" on Blu-ray, it seems I am finally being rewarded.

DEATH IS ITS
OWN REWARD


## the emulator man


they all thought $i$ was crazy. backing up all these old emulators, isos, and roms. whose the one laughing now? NOT YOU if you're even alive. Lets say u planned for it. for the big one, what do you have to live for? family? oh they're dead. long gone pal. but i've got enough gasoline to keep this generator running for years to come. ive got 10 tbs of old internet, ive got another 10 of games. its all i need. while u suffer on the surface, looking for fresh water. im set, i planned ahead. i'm playing ackhunt digdug, and half life. im jackin it to nexig level HARDCORE shit. don't fuck with me. I was ready, $i$ saw the stars align, $i$ heard the sirens. you must of thought of me as a big joke. whose the one laughing now?!?

## WANTED; DREAM INTERPRETER

I had some crazy sleep paralysis last night. Usually I'm racing against hideous shadowy figures for the light switch. They move slowly because they know I can't control my limbs. It is only my will power that saves me. One day I know my constitution will falter and I'll be dragged off into the void.

That is not what happened last night. This time they sensed my determination. So I played their game and bent the rules. I fell. I fell straight through the air like how magnets attract. Faster and faster through the air, determined to end this cycle for good. I was excited to embrace the impact. To destroy any trace of me they could take. The ground never came. I woke up and filled a glass with water.

Anyway, if you found meaning in this call me at BUtterfield 5-1212. I can't afford a therapist.

## I made a fine soup.

The finest of soups. All my friends and family gathered around the pot just for a chance to catch a whiff of the delightful concoction. My coworkers were next, crowding out the doorway of the kitchen hoping to catch sight of the brew. My classmates from primary school, doctors whom I no longer see, and all my previously over-in-vested-in-my-life real estate
 agents camped out on the lawn wondering if they could see even the steam accumulated on the window from the simmering spectacle. Oh and then a few dozen mailpeople, every garbage man in the city, and everyone for whom I had ever held a door formed a line a mile long down the street, wondering if they could hear firsthand accounts of my succulent stew. But they would all go away unhappy.

Had they looked closer, they would've noticed that the pot was filled with water and laundry detergent. The house itself had plywood walls. In fact, so did every house on that street. The pavement of the road was rolled out vinyl plastic. It was all a *trap* to draw those hungry rodents out of the woodwork for my world-renowned farrago. Oh how I laughed when they realized their collective error. As they all held their breath, hoping to delay the next moment. Then the first blow landed as they turned on one another.


How they howled and shrieked as they tore at one another savagely, each more desperate to leave with more than they brought than the last. My coworkers? Human Resources would do little to protect them from my voracious family. Neither Hall Monitors nor Tort Law Reform could protect the ex-classmates or ex-physicians from the real estate agents. And no union on earth could keep the garbage men safe from the cold, exacting efficiency of the mailpeople, raining blow after blow with their terrible postmark-stamping arms. That pot fell to the ground, that flimsy replica home fell in on itself, and that long faux street burned like a tire fire for weeks to come, thick black smoke serving as a monument to the insanity I'd let them gather and wreak upon themselves.

As I scarfed tender meats and a hearty broth in a remote safehouse in the Gobi Desert, I knew that whoever of the door-holdees walked out of there would wander the earth and tell not only of my culinary prowess, but of my preternatural cunning, to bring them all around if for no other reason than to let them show all that they were. My true soup.


Decoder Wheel Activity: Custom Code Version
Create and decipher secret codes with your friends!



## TONER PA TATTOOS

Simply lick these beautiful line drawings until thoroughly moist, then apply to your skin. If it doesn't work, I have no idea what to


I have fallen very ill (severe brain damage) years ago and have since had to drop school and both my jobs. I have been unable to return to school or re-acquire a job, as I have become disabled by my illness. I've gone through a myriad of surgeries and at the moment I am on the road to recovery, though some of the damage is irreversible (I no longer brain, for example).
what should i be doing now?
$\times$ fight.
" (for life)
» (for money)
"(for glory)
$\times$ perish
$\times$ acquiesce
$\times$ become a sexual plaything for a handsome disturbed billionaire
$\times$ lay in the river



## CREDITS

wtmmp
thank the police
f－ingr－tard
mywoman
thehumblegrub how to scam boomers

## chud droopy

page1art lizard wizard（pg8）
dream interpreter art
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layout
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shallot<br>transmogrify your urethra unfinished slumber chamber good screen feverdream goggles

webster<br>scratchnsniff<br>piechart everyjustignore yourself？<br>arthur hickman<br>terry \＆baaarn

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i have fallen very ill my horizontal business
mitchell missing persons milk box
hamarchy art（pg 10） emulator man art
casualmalexl layout／formatting （pages 10，17）
n8m8 my new skin


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kyro
TOC art
shooting skeleton（12）

| quint <br> self portrait <br> airpods <br> constiption | rumplestiller <br> face（pg 12） | $\underline{\text { moth eggs }}$ <br> romanian lettuce | agnew <br> a fine soup |
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| alf tobias greetings（page 3） | wanted；dream interpreter |  |  |


[^0]:    Use the blank space to make a DIY drawing！\＄20

