

a production of
the minute hour

THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

volume 2 issue 7

welcome to your island...

stimulating brain conversation...

relaxing drinks...

listen to the waves...

sleep in a basket...

YOU NEED REAL HELP!

FOR
CRYING
OUT LOUD...

I CAN'T GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP NO MATTER WHAT I DO. I COULD RUN A MARATHON AND DELIVER A BABY AND BAKE A LASAGNA AND STILL, WHEN I CRAWL INTO BED IT CAN TAKE HOURS TO GET TO SLEEP.

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING. PILLS, ALCOHOL, PILLS AND ALCOHOL, INJECTIONS, DOUBLE NOISE CANCELLING EARPLUGS, EXPLOSIVE LIGHT THERAPY MACHINES. NOTHING HELPS.

I'M ANGRY AT WORK. I SNEER AT MY CO-WORKERS. I MAKE SNIDE REMARKS TO THE CUSTOMERS. I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.

MY GODDAMN HEAD IS KILLING ME...

NO!
I NEED A GUN!



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RELAX...



Formal Declaration of War
I don't even know what The Humble Windmill stands for & I don't need to. From their name alone I can tell that they are diametrically opposed to all which we stand for here at The Mighty Lighthouse, whatever that may be. Their beliefs, whatever they are, remain antithetical & incongruent with our own. Our organizations are incompatible. There can be no partnership, no peace, no armistice, & no quarter given! This is war.



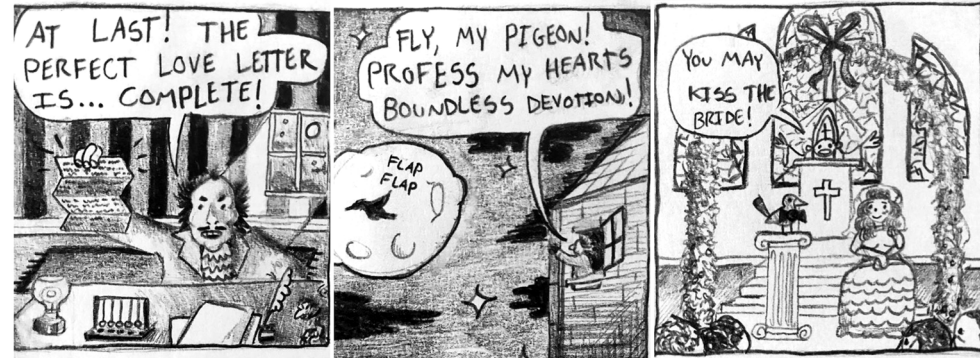
People always say to me "I'm about to cum" but never tell me "I've cum."

I guess I'm an "about to" kinda guy.
That kind of thing wears on you.

First it's "i'm about to cum." Then it's "I'm about to say I love you," "I'm about to marry you," but it never actually happens.

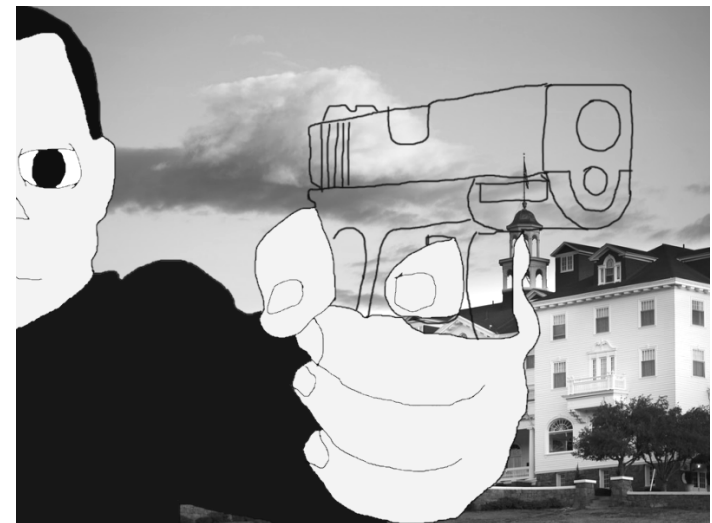
Do you ever look at other people's hands. Like what the fuck is wrong with other people's nails. I'm not even talking like, "look this fuckers hands all fucked cause he bite them" I'm talking just regular ass disgusting looking nails, with oblong shapes and sizes. Too long, too wide, looking like a animal tried tearing them off. You all are disgusting humans

Listen to Aphex Twin - Avril 14 (30 Minute Version) as you read the following. Yeah, I work at a shared office space. A pretty nice one too. Mondays... we get a 'Case of the Mondays' pick-me-up brew curtesy of BrotherBeans in Silver Lake. The taste is good, albeit a bit bitter from the 'rawness' of the beans they tell us. Tuesday is Kombucha Day curtesy of WildChild Kombucha Labs in Burbank. They have a tank and tasting cups that comes out at 12 PM. I'm sure to get there at 11:45 so the people from Marzipan Investments don't get strawberry. Strawberry is my favorite and if you chew a piece of orbit while you drink it, it tastes like a Mojito. Wednesday starts with the 'hump-day bell', an alarm that goes off downstairs at 12 to tell us it's time for our weekly vegan soy slider sample plate curtesy of GrontleMontle: a vegan activist collective based out of a renovated church in Chinatown. At the end of the day, we get a hug from Harry Hump, the camel character one of the receptionists dresses up as every week. Thursday starts off with mini-soy pancakes curtesy of Marge's Diner, a classic LA diner recently purchased by some UC Berkeley grads with culinary and applied Econ degrees. They, like many other places, are vegan. Thursday we have networking meet cutes. You network a bit, meet up with some of your neighbors, and have more kombucha curtesy of Wild Child Kombucha Labs in Burbank. I have strawberry because strawberry is the best and when you mix it with a piece of mint gum you get the taste than you get when you drink that flavor of Kombucha that tastes like strawberry, but a bit bitter due to the rawness of the beans they tell me. Friday is Kombucha Day, so the hump days bell goes off before networking night, and when you go downstairs at 11:30 before the mini-soy pancakes curtesy of Marge's Diner, you get Mondays pick me up brew curtesy of GrontleMontle. I work in a shared office space.



Here they are.

Here are my boys. Big-headed, ready to go explore the infinite concrete fractal. It's a plane. Extends forever in all directions. Beach chairs strewn about like anti-sardines, spread far out. I don't remember these boys. At least I won't in the morning.



badass quote 53,386:
i don't give advice, i give advisories

Deltapigeon01/22/2019
Imagine skateboarding lmao

duk01/23/2019
Please don't plant thoughts in my
head about skateboarding



Why do I think about things? I already know my answer... So my inner monologue must be for other people; so that I can recite the bullsh*t I write in my head. Fuck that. I'm never thinking again.

**Petition to call the Paralympics
the "limpics"**

sorry, this page is...

WE NEED TO PUT A SIN TAX ON MODULAR SYNTHESIZERS, I'M TIRED OF THE KIDS IN MY COMMUNITY RUNNING AROUND PLAYING AMBIENTS WALLS OF SOUND IN EVERY BACK ALLEY, WHICH shock collars but for being too quiet; instead of shocking dogs when they bark, this new product will shock shy and anxious people if they haven't been making enough noise, encouraging them to "just be yourself" USED TO BE PLEASE- ANT PLACES SOMEONE COULD SOLICIT A PROSTITUTE AT.



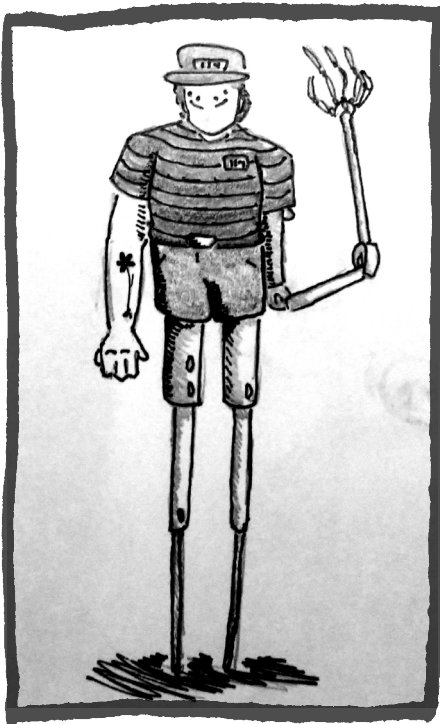
Kids these days, I tell you! I'll tell you & I'll tell you right & good is what I'll do. They don't have any respect! These young whippersnappers wouldn't know a good time if it kicked them in the tuchus! Back in my day, why, we had a grand old time pushing a metal hoop down a dirt road with a stick! A good ol' game of Hoop-Stick, we called it! Building dams in the creek! Using the dammed creek to accumulate creatures. Catching crawdads! Battling them! Frying up the losers for an afternoon snack. Catching turtles! Painting numbers, racing stripes, flames, smiley faces, & names, theirs & ours, on their backs. Racing them! Releasing them back into the wild & wondering the next year why there were less turtles around. Stalking deer! Standing still with food in our hands, outstretched, hoping that the innocent fawn would eat from them. Climbing cliffs & trees! Climbing high just to see how far the eye can see. Bonfires! Real raging blazers! Oh, how we'd scatter & ditch the shine when the constables would come around, trying to give us a lift back to our broken homes which we had just escaped for the night. Youngsters these days, the downright rapsallions, probably don't understand a word of this! They're a bunch of ne'er-do-wells, I say!



*Come to Korea
You can
Inhale plastic
Get mean looks
Wave at fat man
Walk forever and get nowhere*

Hey there! You can call me Wamfox or Lannox if you like. I'm hoping to follow some of the fantastic artists on this site and grow close with fellow enthusiasts of transformation, maybe even learn some art myself. After a sheltered upbringing, admitting my deviancy to myself and growing comfortable with it has been an important part

of adulthood for me.



If you're finding this as someone who originally met me in "real life"-from Neopets, from a curious google search, from any other activity I purr-sue or purr-use-- then know that I intentionally leave this account open because I believe it's important not to compartmentalize my identity. I hide nothing about myself. I am radically honest. You are welcome to dive as deep into my sexual fantasy as you wish, but please be courteous towards others' sense of decency and comfort if you decide to discuss what you find in public.

I'm biologically male, mostly male gendered, gray-A omnisexual. I'm fine with RP but am very rarely enticed enough to engage in it. I love TFTG, infectious tf, mental shifts (but never complete loss of identity), a small dose of corruption here and there, occasionally the color orange, and long winded academic discussions. Don't be a stranger

thanks
for
listening

the
Minute Hour

My lesbian war hero mother died 200 years ago, and I (a single lesbian mother) just received a letter from her TODAY! She fucked napoleon and has diamonds [real]

Hello reddit! My mother was was a badass lesbian from the early 1800's, and she fucked her war through the Napoleonic wars. No woman was safe from her grasp, and every french lady and peasant had been wooed by her feathers and tiara. They saw her high boots and her triangle glasses and they did do the tango under the pale moon night together. She was black, by the way, but that doesn't matter. She fucked her way up the chain of command, commencing the scissor formation with every able woman. Tragically, my mother took NAPOLEON HIMSELF (my dear father) as a woman, but he was a trap. Out I came, a fresh child of christ. My mother fucked her way to Russia, while my father was fucked by Russia, and I never saw either of them again. 200 years later, I am a single mother with 12 beautiful workers, and have my own business in soap testing. I overcame trial after trial since the great wars, but here I am LOL. Today, I walked to the post box, and I felt a strange cosmic energy coming from that way. I immediately looked to the moon for answers, and sure enough, the moon told me that a great letter awaited!! As you can imagine, I was awfully excited. I opened the post box and an old, old, old (!!) letter was laying there, awaiting my humble hand. Mother had predicted where I would be staying and sent me a letter! My dear black, war hero, lesbian mother. It reads:

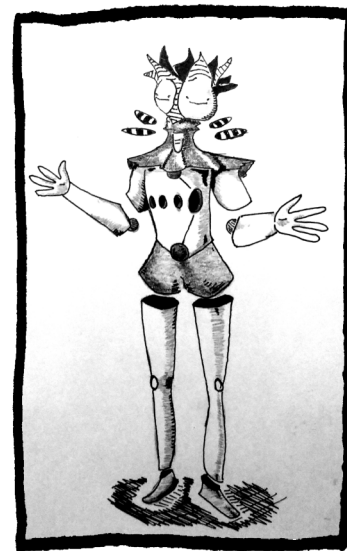
"March 1822
Hello.

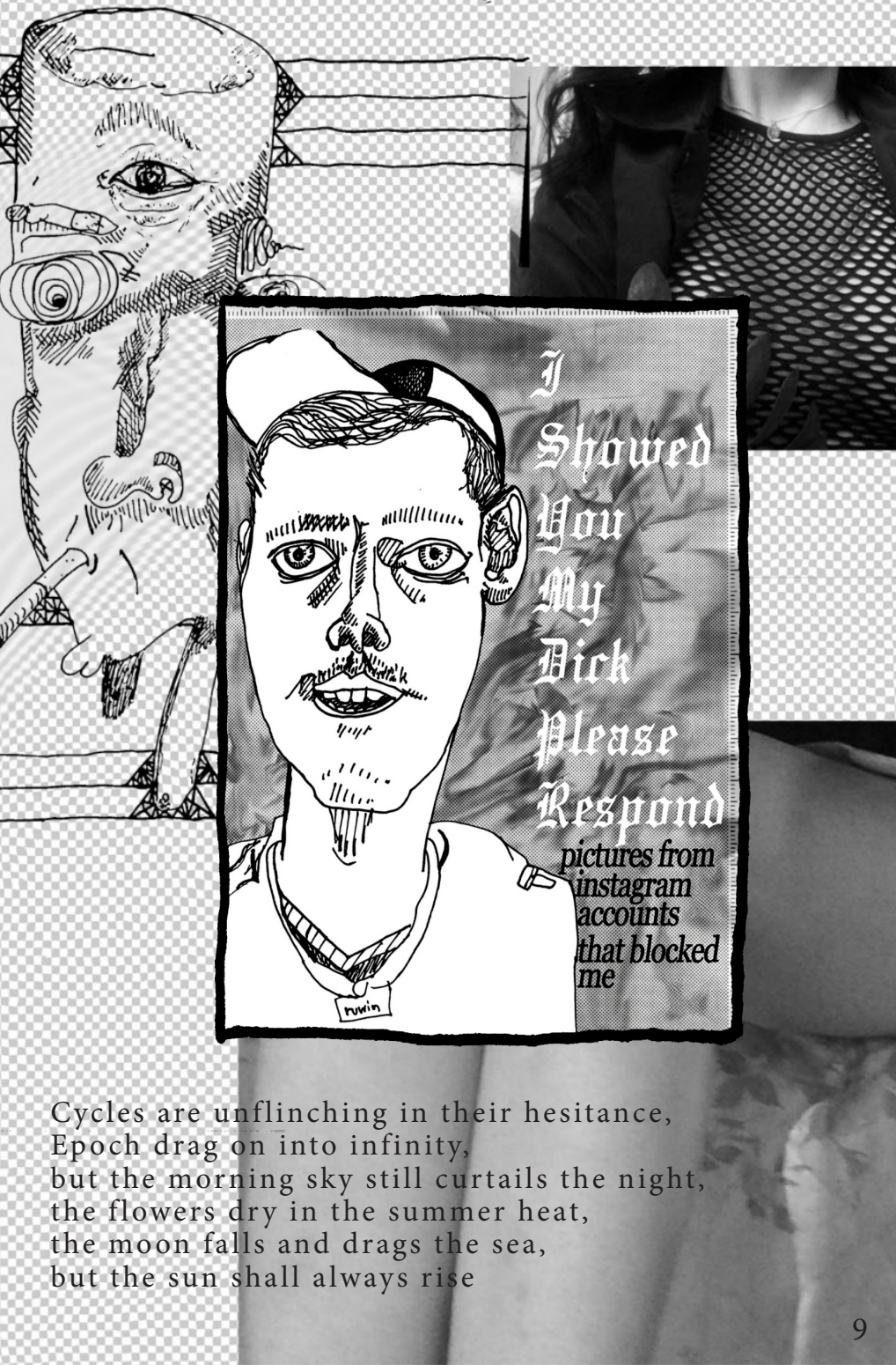
From mother."

I was overjoyed and i cried and cried, my friendzoned friend helped me back up and I ate a might meal that night in celebration!

TL:DR; fuck

EDIT: holy fuck can you sick fucks stop drawing me thank you and also thanks for the diamond!!





Cycles are unflinching in their hesitance,
Epoch drag on into infinity,
but the morning sky still curtails the night,
the flowers dry in the summer heat,
the moon falls and drags the sea,
but the sun shall always rise

The demon has grabbed a hold of me
She left the musk of her alabaster skin
When she embraced me
It reeks of brimstone, fiery like her hair.
Fitting, almost, that I've stoped to rest in front of the station.
I don't understand my melancholy
Here waiting for the sun the rise,
Feet raw from walk, I Should be happy,
With her eau upon my breast.
But it's an empty infatuation, bringing momentary ecstasy for an eternity of torment



My fucking faggots of a friend one pissed me off one day, so you know what I did. I fucking licked his keyboard, up and down with my wet sloppy tongue. The little fairy got bronchitis and had to miss the next week of school.
What a puss.

Acquire tea, and the rest will come to you.

I am Thule, rocking criss-cross applesauce in a dismal cell in the Timbuktu juvenile detention center in the Republic of Mali. I will tell you precisely how I have arrived here.

The wind weighed blacker than I chrome to remember, crescendoing with a small slant upward, scheming, sending lift to carry off the feet of curious children into the sky. The child in me ached a little below the heart, in that small recess all ill men are bound by: ached for death by hypothermia. There I was, leaning on a stripper's pole with a pre-loaded Magnum, gazing enviously into the window: children in soft blue and pink dresses, shoe-polished and hair-brushed, children spiraling in what is a clear mock of Jacob's ladder, spiraling into the grand unknown.

Wise Chuang Chou, perennial man-whore of the dreams of butterflies, there is no such thing as a delusion - not even delusion herself. The ejaculate I reserve to this pocket of latex is to the world my endowment, a tithe, and with it I will marry this prostitute. And so I flung the contraption in her face, to her immediate disgrace, and was kicked out of the Happy Oklahoman Child Daycare facility along with all my burning paraphernalia. Jin and Jang came together that day, as they say in Jhinese, and had a fuckbaby they now call Jumanji. Luckily, I split my state variables before the Robin Williams pookah came to arrest my sorry, colorless ass.

This cell is smaller than I remember. Mayonnaise stains the walls, I am not so certain of this.

Tuesday sun was in equilibrium with a cartoonish somersault of burnt bread from the toaster into my toilet bowl. I have managed to re-calibrate the coils such that any organic matter with content over 2% gluten becomes the reject of the overworld. The QUASI (Quarterly-Unemployed Assembly of Somebodies from Illinois) have been searching for the Serial Toast Flusher ever since 1934, that this villain is responsible for supplying basal nourishment for certain rats that lurk beneath the common eye, such as Ken Ham, Recep Tayyip Erdogan, Timothy McTommathy Tim-Tams, a grandfatherly figure with a Nazi accent enjoying his Shepherd dog a little too much, Green Day, Vox Day, The Man who invented the Whip Nay-Nay, and the Peanut Smuggler of World War Venice. I am Thule, cleverly evading infra-red detection by consuming pints of blue paint on a bihourly basis, not even the Heavenly Trigrilorous Lobster can towel-snap my baby-bumbum at the rate I'm vomiting, but now I am safe from the eyes of middle-aged men in leather jackets who think lowly of the Hindi dubbing of Rambo - First Blood Part II. Or at least that was my suspicion. I am Thule, now vulnerable as the QUASI-bitches nullify my front door to the nth dimension and drag me to into the hallway, pants down and leaking fresh piss, for immediate interrogation. They glued my ass to an MDF classroom desk, laden with Kilroy graffiti and that ridiculous 'S' symbol no one has seemed to decipher. I had lost 30% of brain function by then, so the details are hazy. What I do remember is:

QUASI: Who is M.? Why does he wear the mask?

Thule: Amor perfetto. The house cannot divide. Devil is the anvil.

QUASI: What are you saying?

Thule: [hiccup]...Hactenus de sententiarum figuris, nunc ad elocutionum figuris transeamus. Sed volo breviter memorare...

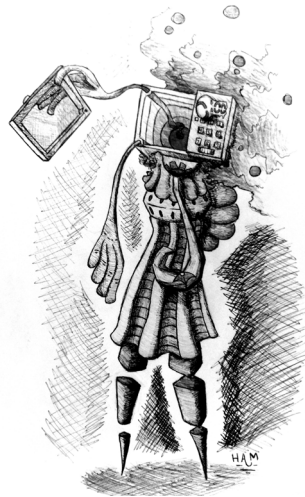
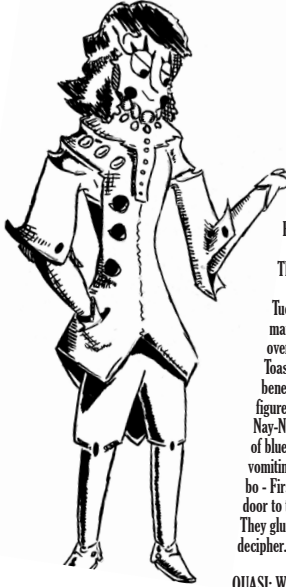
And it was around then that a few molesting hands were laid on my crotch and a bottle dropped onto my head, leaving me unconscious. I woke up in a pool of tequila, limes squeezed dry and a dead Moroccan with a particularly nice, red fez. I stole the fez and shot straight out of the complex for a cab to take me elsewhere in Manhattan, luckily I was not apprehended by the length of my junk or the awesomeness of my fez.

The iron bars that keep between me and this sickening world can't wedge a chihuahua out with a broom up its ass, who designs these things?

One hundred plain-clothed officers were deployed in Germany to monitor an unregistered protest: clowns marching down Uffenshumer by Mann (not a real intersection, by the way) in an outcry against the sudden tax raise on condom-flavored balloons. Thule was there too, marching half naked with a bottle of Jägermeister taped to my schlong and humming the intro to Lamb of God's "Grace", nodding to my fellow pedestrians of the New Republic in less-than-obvious disrespect. It was then, when I had reached a burning bridge that I caught a glimpse of the true Aryan, disclosed as were it by holy mistake from a brilliant orange mast of clouds: a slightly obese man of maybe-forty-five years of dad bod, lathered in mascara, his face painted by a congregation of sick and inept children whose legs were probably pulverized by the weight of their stepfathers' cocks. Who is this man, or machine, or man-machine-monstrosity? Why dost he maketh mein schmiiff shiver so? I am Thule, fully-erect by effect of el Fuhrer's dreams of the "ideal German." I bet he posts on certain unruly imageboards on the internet too, that sexy scumbag. Yet, in what couldn't have been more than twenty two femtoseconds, his head is lopped off the top of his shoulders by Serial Sharia Jihadi Ali bin Binayamin al-Agouti, a man of towering features and a beard that can compensate for any and all erectile dysfunction, dyed yellow in accordance with the Sunnah. The scimitar, already ripe with noir-infidel blood, had an engraving of a sirah about how semen cured Omar bin al-Khattab's anal rashes in Farsi, unbeknownst to the protagonist (or so we may assume). I see him shine, ululating, riding his miniature mosque into the crowd in forceful prayer, purely Kafkaesque. The police nonchalantly compare bratwurst, mumbling how immigration will lead to a muggleblooded race of super-Nazis to usher us into the Seventh Reich. Process of selection, they tell me, and that I must be imprisoned for public indecency. Luckily, by the stench of their grease, the Jihadi tramples over them by the power of Ummyyah, and I slip unhinged into an elderly brothel, hiding under something like a hoop petticoat, quivering (but silently, lest he smell me). It must have been fifteen days until I could no longer hear the sound of Athan in the distance. Germany was reclaimed once again by petite liberals. I excuse myself from under the hag's underwear and walk in peace down the road, seeking bars and the company of young, unsuspecting and druggable men.

And that is how I have found myself here, this is precisely what happened, in that order. The walls are no longer mayonnaise, but are now saltier and smell of old socks. I am Thule, imprisoned for charitable works worldwide, with seemingly no end to my misadventures. The children are still scaling up the morning skypaper, only now it is raining little chunks of child and puerile blood.

I make this to be an omen of good things to come, and so I sit back and rock criss-cross-applesauce while the tea brews.



The Rat Empire

When I was a small child I remember looking out the window one morning to see 13 rats playing in the backyard. They were scurrying around the sandbox and the loft where my brothers and I spent so much time playing ourselves. My dad started setting rat traps all over the yard. Along the fence under the grape vines, behind the wood pile, between the sheds. My hand got snapped by the one under the grapevines and I wrapped my arm in a blanket to hide it and pretended my arm was a baby I was taking care of for the day. I was always good at hiding my mistakes.

No matter how many rats my dad caught, there were countless more living joyous lives out in the yard. They arrogantly built a thriving Rat Empire right before our eyes. My father set more traps and tried different baits, but they never effected the number of rats caught. We did find out which baits attracted birds, though. Peanut butter is a killer all around.

Eventually we got two dogs, and they kept the rats hidden away but did little to cull their numbers. The Empire merely stayed underground until night when the dogs were locked up. It wasn't until a street cat wandered into our lives and decided to stick around that the Rat Empire began to crumble. Slowly but surely she decimated their population and all those who remained fled to neighboring houses or foolishly sought refuge underneath our house where they soon starved and their bodies mummified in the cool, dry air.

Over the years the dogs and our cat passed away, some sooner and more tragically than others, but the rats never returned. I like to imagine that there are still hushed whispers in the dark alleys of the Rat Empire warning of our family and our ferocious beasts. That house will remain a home of legend and fear long after the passing of our pets and us moving away. The Rat Empire will never forget the death and destruction wrought by our faithful tabby. I will never forget her either. She was a destroyer of empires, yes, but most of all she was a creature of love and devotion. She was a good cat.



If i can join the psychoanalysis task force briefly to put forward my own contrarian opinion about the topic at hand -

I think I tend to find expressing an opinion in agreement with others/agreement with a majority to be completely pointless and contribute nothing intellectually to a discussion so when I have those opinions I just don't bother to express them.

Whereas, an opinion in contrast to public sentiment is often a valuable one in that examining it might strengthen our understanding or add nuance to an opinion we have on something

And I have learned in life to view people as unreliable narrators so I do have a habit of taking a contrarian view when reading their descriptions of things. I find this is more informative and often more helpful to the person in the long run than being like "Ugh yeah Your so Right Lol Stacy from work is a BITCH"



fuckin feds raided the growhouse i live next to earlier this morning and i'm fuckin pissed.

you know what it's like to live next to a growhouse? like right next to one? **bulk weed.** just a few steps away from my front door. i'm talkin like **costco-level bulk** purchasing here. i'd be walkin out of there with a fuckin **10-pound bag of quality kush** with a wallet that's only the **slightest bit lighter** than it was before i entered. i'd take that bitch home and just **green the fuck out** for the next few weeks. in a blazed daze. full **chronic catatonic.** shit was peak, but now that's all in the past. now i gotta get my weed from **some shithead teenager** who overcharges the shit out of me and has a **50% chance** of giving me a bag of some **oregano he got from his mom's pantry** instead of real weed. **fuck this shit.**

beep boop. Initiate Lawfulbot5000.exe.

[Anything] can be a tool of the oppressors because the masses are incapable of defending themselves against psychological operations, much less [anything]. Properly utilized, [anything] can be a weapon of the State to subjugate those at the bottom of the dominance hierarchy, perpetuating a state of indentured servitude &/or complacence.

I want to have sex in Chernobyl. I want to take someone and just fuck them in Chernobyl, where our sweaty naked bodies will become thick with radioactive dust as we pound against someones schooldesk. Passionate coitus in someones house from long ago- in their bathtub; my bathtub. We can be as loud as we want and if we breathe too hard we might die. My ejaculation will be a cacophony of geiger counts and primal wails. I want her to have my spidermen- my cherenkov come in this session of EM-BDSM. We'll snuff the butts of our cigarettes on aged family photos and make-out zealously as the floor protests beneath the weight of the first people to be there in over 30 years. We wouldn't even hear the dogs until it was too late.

that .
play it and I feel happy-it's as simple as
"... After a while, I began to forget that I was listening to a recording-things seemed to be happening all around me dancing and chanting, yelling and whispering it's a sort of real experience-you really liave to hear it to beliepe it."
"I listen to it when I'm \$eelirig up-tight and lonely-it really has th e best" vibrations'll ve heard on a
"I close my eyes and I'm actually there .
"It's as if I were floating effortlessly through a vast crowd of t! : oro ugly likable freaks-people I feel as if I know...
"Thear dozens of new things every time I play it .
It's so good that anything you say about it will somd like hype-1 recommend that you put it in a plain white jacket and let people just discover it for themselves.

MEMES COMICS

Why I will not pet the dog



- dont like his attitude
- dont like the way he looks
- i dont respect him

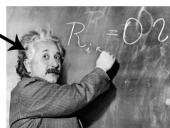
This Is My Choice This Is My Right
You Cant Say Shit To Me

AHAHAHA!!
HEHEHEHE!!
HOHOHOHO!!



oh MAN
check THIS guy
out!

Nice going,
EINSTEIN!



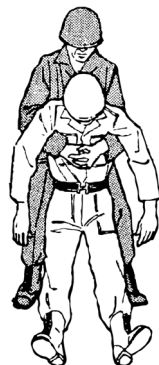
get a load of
picasso over here



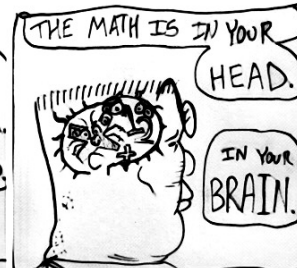
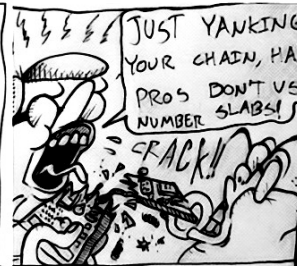
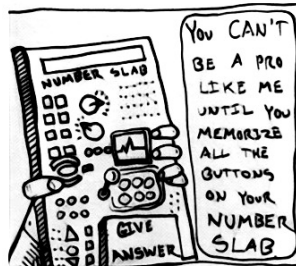
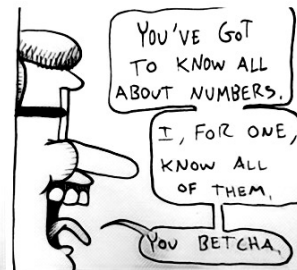
BRO TIPS

with America's finest

WHEN YOUR HOMIE HAS ONE TOO MANY BREWSKIES AROOOOO BROTHER JUST GIVE THE LAD ONE OF THESE AND PUT HIM IN BED (ON HIS SIDE, THIS LAST PART IS VERY IMPORTANT).



IM GOING TO PEEL
YOUR SKIN,
AND LAY MY EGGS
INSIDE YOUR ORGANS,
AND LET THEM HATCH
AND GROW OUT OF
YOUR BODY



LEMON HEAD

CLASSIFIEDS



**Mothers-- Be alert!
Be vigilant!**

The image posted is known as a "Pepe" or "Apu", if your son has one or more images of this demented frog saved, he may be a threat to others or himself!

If your son is a, "Frog Fanatic" please call our helpline at 555-INCEL immediately, it's not too late!

If you fell from a high place and you had big fat feet, would it break the fall? Would you bounce? Asking for a friend.

Went to an eye doctor. That joker wasn't selling any eyes. Went to a foot doctor. Can you believe that clown didn't have any feet for sale? I went to urologist and there wasn't a SINGLE pecker in his pamphlet. What kind of prank is this? Is the modern medical system really this inept? If you have CHEAP parts for a PAYING buyer then please contact me.

Jacksburgh 7-2839. please

What is the straightest thing a man can do? Fuck a girl, you say? WRONG. If you fuck a girl and enjoy it, that does not eliminate the fact that you could be bisexual. My dear friends, the straightest thing a man can do is fuck another guy and feel nothing. Not arousal, not disgust, just pure boredom. Complete indifference to it. This is the straightest thing a man can do. You cannot call yourself a straight male until you have fucked my handsome body and felt nothing. Call TRansylvania 6-453 and book a nice fuck with me. Must have no STDs. We will hook up an electroencephalogram and an electrocardiogram to your body to see if you feel anything at all. If you succeed, you will receive a certificate in the mail within 5-10 business days. Cum fuck me.

F.A.Q.

Q: Are you gay?

A: Yeah

Accountant Wanted

My nagging wife has requested that I clean the gutters. In lieu of the plebian solution of a ladder I have substituted another product of my genius: A flying machine. Fashioned from no more than a deck chair and several large weather balloons full of helium, it is truly an opus. But progress takes sacrifice, and buying thousands of dollars in helium and bomber jackets, not to mention the worrywart hospital visits, have really put our family budget in the red and the wife's meager salary just can't support my vision. That's where you come in. My mind is constantly churning out such platinum nuggets of inspiration as this one, and therefore cannot be bothered to perform your lowly bean counting without costing future generations immeasurably. The Missus is unwilling to accept a few months of rice and beans for dinners. Help keep this rocket powered car of progress on track.

Must have negotiable rates.

Contact 4-3287

So if middle school me would see adult women and go "God DAMN I wish I was older," does that mean there are currently middle school girls that think the same about me?

Evidence points to yes.
Call me at FBicia 7-1296

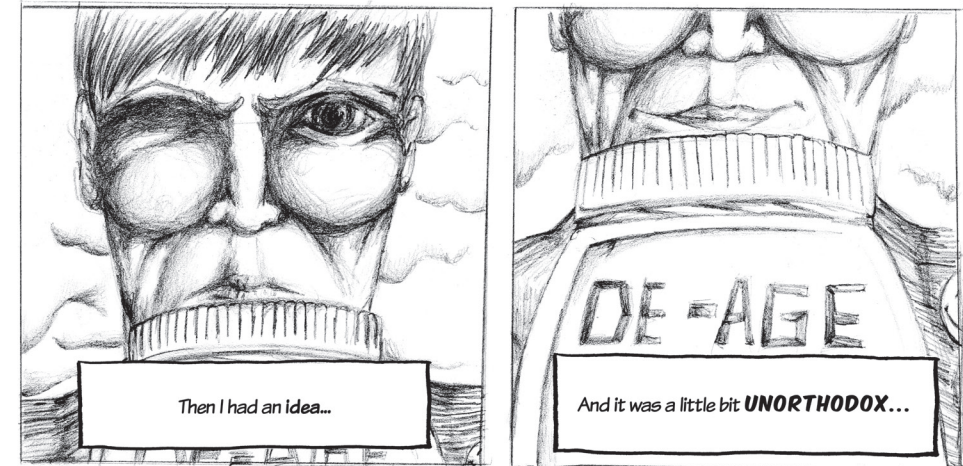
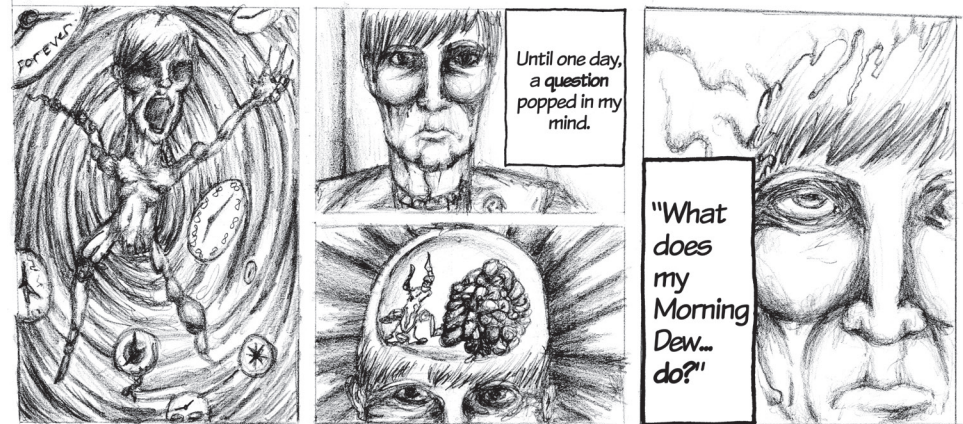
Hello, it's me. Do you still have a boyfriend? Get back to me soon please. You said I was cute, but my hairline is receding so if we want to make this work, you'll have to date me before I shave my head. Then we can transition to the new look me and maybe you'll still think I'm cute. Otherwise you might not think I look good any more. I still think you look good. So get back to me soon because I feel like a fucking ticking time bomb.

1-800 NRWD2

MORNING DEW

PART THREE

ROB COMICS
WRITTEN BY TMH
ART BY CHUD DROOPY



CREDITS

GORMAN
cover art

DELTAPIGEON
people's fingemails
text for instagram spread

JSIZZLE
i'm about to cum
modular synthesizer tax

YUNGSTEN
aphex twin shared office

NULL
eggs in your organs meme

CHUD DROOPY
pg 1 art
spooky face pg 4
rat empire face
morning dew
back cover art

WTMMP
shock collars for being too quiet
why i will not pet the dog
nice going einstein
get a load of picasso

LAWFUL
humble declaration of war
kids these days
lawfulbot5000

ANGELBOY DISCOMAN
the minute hour
layout
addtl text
mailman

IT
relax face pg 3
faded face pg 13
blood truck

HAMARCHY
drawings on pg 7, 8, 11

SCSF
wamfox/lannox
the psychoanalysis task force

DUK
the limpics
my lesbian war hero mother
big fat feet
the straightest thing you can do

FRIKOBRAUN
badass quote

RAPIDDD
no fear, no shame pg 13

BEN LUNATO
i showed you my
dick, pls respond
(images, spread)

MITCH SHIVERS
images on pg 14

LURWAL
come to korea

REDFOOL
eye doctor

QUINT
racist frog

CLASSICOZ
toc art

MOXIEFAMOUS
the rat empire
printer

DAD
the perfect love letter
pg 12 comic
math in your brain
no one loves the lemon
failed cereal brands

VENOM MIKE
here are my boys + image
under construction image
poem on pg 14

CASUALMALEXL
the minute hour seinfeld
bro tips

PEREGRINE
chernobyl
i'm never thinking again

JUBJUB
sweaty big brain drawing pg 5
slop comic

KILROY
feds raided the growhouse

VOXINE
acquire tea (thule)

SPICY DELUXE
lord o lard butter

INSTAGRAM
face on pg 6

AGNEW
cleaning the gutters

BATTLETOAD
our little rapist

CRUNCHYEATER
middle school me



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(discord.gg/zxSPYst) or email
theminutehour@gmail.com

LIQUIDBABY
hello, it's me

CLASSICOZ
toc art