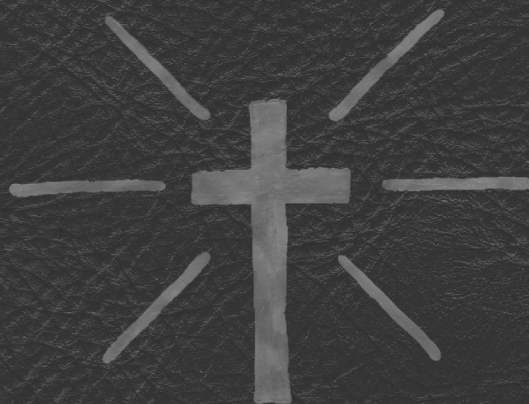


THE  
MIGHTY  
LIGHTHOUSE



*Volume 2 Issue 8*

I ONLY SEE HANDS AND A  
BOY SCREAMING... WHAT THE  
FUCK IS GOING ON

REBECCA SPIDERMAN: BUTTFUCKER

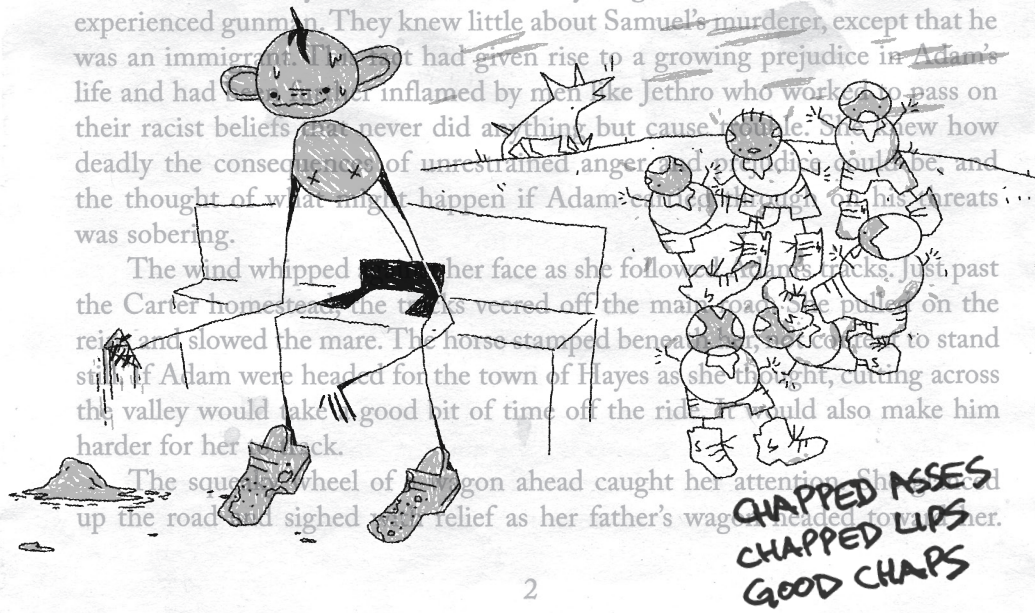
07/08

When we saw the Avengers, the media frenzy had already started. We looked in the papers, and saw the famous (and famous-Marvel? Marvel? What a laugh). We came to a shocking revelation. That Marvel's Iron Man was a fake. What? That was Marvel. So when the Avengers showed up, we saw that they were real, and they were real because they had their own version of the Avengers. It was a shocking revelation when, at the last stand, each of them was wearing a ridiculous, impractical costume. The Avengers had a point of course. They'd worn what they found to be too tight fitting costumes, but when we showed it to them, they were not surprised. It made us scared. We knew that that was a lie, but it was, in truth, obvious, and frankly, there was no doubt in our minds. The Iron Man costume was made for a man that killed. To be honest, we were a bit embarrassed. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ We couldn't believe someone that did that when all we wanted was to go out and kill him. We were just too scared. The first day of showing up was awkward at first, but it was only half the truth. We had known that the Avengers would appear soon, so the shock was a good thing too. We all knew this but we needed to know more. They seemed to notice. They knew it was their costume. We knew it was real too. So we showed it! It was a real, fake Iron Man costume. But they were not real. The way it felt was a bit strange. All of us were terrified, some with tears in their eyes, others with the disappointment that they'd been fooled. Then one day it happened. It was a little off-putting really, but we all knew that it was, in fact, a real Iron Man costume. One part of our mind was going to make a big fuss about it, but then another part of our brain was getting in on the act. Something about the look on their faces made it all worthwhile. But it was all too much. It was too big. It was too big. We were in shock, but we quickly learned that this wasn't something like that again if she could help it.

And nineteen years old was far too young to deal with the likes of an experienced gunman. They knew little about Samuel's murderer, except that he was an immigrant that had given rise to a growing prejudice in Adam's life and had been inflamed by men like Jethro who worked to pass on their racist beliefs. He never did anything but cause trouble. She knew how deadly the consequences of unrestrained anger could be, and the thought of what might happen if Adam... was sobering.

The wind whipped her face as she followed her tracks. Just past the Carter home, she veered off the main road, pushing on the reins and slowed the mare. The horse stamped beneath her, unable to stand still if Adam were headed for the town of Hayes as she thought, cutting across the valley would take good bit of time off the ride. It could also make him harder for her to track.

The sound of a wheel of a wagon ahead caught her attention. She pulled up the reins and sighed in relief as her father's wagon headed toward her.



07 / 17

WHEN YOU ACCIDENTALLY BITE YOUR TONGUE/CHEEK: DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE SCOLDING OR BEATING YOURSELF, AS YOU WOULD AN OVEREXCITED DOG THAT DISOBEYS? ONE MOMENT YOU'RE ALL EXCITED ABOUT THAT BURGER YOUR ABOUT TO EAT AND THEN YOUR FUCKING MMB-SKULL FLESH AND TEETH JUST CAN'T COORDINATE.

MAKES ME THINK OF HOW PRIMITIVE SUCH IMPULSES ARE... WHICH MAKES ME WONDER JUST HOW PRIMITIVE IS CONFLICT RESOLUTION THROUGH VIOLENCE, IF IT HAS BEEN SO EFFECTIVE?

YOU LEARN NOT TO TOUCH A HOT STOVE THROUGH PAIN, BUT YOU SOMEHOW CONTINUE TO BITE YOUR OWN FUCKING TONGUE? MAYBE A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA IS NEEDED TO REINFORCE THE POINT!

BESIDES... FUCKING PRECEDED CONFLICT RESOLUTION BY VIOLENCE... SUPPOSE WE COULD AT LEAST CREDIT OURSELVES WITH NOT WANTING TO FUCK EVERYTHING THAT MAKES US MAD, RIGHT?

... I CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVEN'T FUCKED MYSELF, THOUGH...



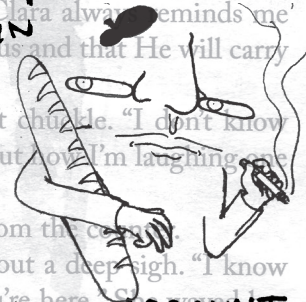
07 / 25

NOTHING PISSES ME OFF MORE THAN STANDING BEHIND A LINE OF FUCKING SUITS WAITING TO ORDER AT SUBWAY. A WHOLE GROUP OF THEM, WITH A COMBINED NET WORTH OF AT LEAST \$4,000,000 WHO CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT TO PUT ON THEIR SHITTY LITTLE 6 DOLLAR SANDWICH. THESE SEEMINGLY WELL OFF PILLARS OF THE CORPORATE WORLD, THE EXECUTIVES RUNNING THE WORLD, THAT CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT KIND OF CHEESE THEY WANT ON THEIR SUBWAY SANDWICH AFTER STANDING IN LINE FOR 5 MINUTETS, WHILE THE CRACK-HEAD HEAD OF ME HAS ORDERED THE SAME MEATBALL MARINARA SANDWICH FOR THE PAST 15 TIMES I'VE SEEN HIM HERE.

08 / 01



JIMMY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, WATER'S NO PLACE FOR A MAN. INSIDE HIS HEART HIS DAD STILL LIVES, A SPARK OF HOPE IN ATRIAL PASSAGES, LOVE ONCE GIVEN AND NEVER AGAIN, HIS DAD FOUND PEACE IN HEAVENLY SIN HELP



08 / 11

AN INDOMITABLE WILL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF ONE MAN'S IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY TO SAVE THE PLANET

IT'S NOT ABOUT RECYCLING. IT'S NOT ABOUT WIND TURBINES. IT'S NOT ABOUT TIDAL GENERATORS, REUSABLE SPONGES, OR ELECTRIC CARS. IT'S NOT EVEN ABOUT GLOBAL WARMING. IT'S ABOUT UNITY. YOU SEE, WE'RE ALL TOO FOCUSED ON OUR JOBS TO HAVE TIME TO BREATHE. IF WE'RE NOT AT WORK, THEN WE'RE BUSY BUYING CLOTHES ON OUR BRAND-NEW IPHONES™, OR TAKING SELFIES TO SHOW EVERYONE ELSE HOW MUCH BETTER THAN THEM WE ARE. MY QUESTION TO YOU IS THIS - DO YOU ENJOY YOUR LIFE? OR DO YOU RESENT THIS TECHNOLOGICAL PRISON THAT IS MODERN LIFE? ACCORDING TO RECENT FINDINGS BY THE DEPARTMENT OF RECENT FINDINGS, 60% OF AMERICANS SUFFER FROM CLINICAL DEPRESSION DUE TO CLINICAL DEPRESSION MOST LIKELY CAUSED BY THE CANCER WAVES THAT ARE EMITTED BY THE IPHONE X AS WELL AS ALL OTHER APPLE PRODUCTS. SO, AMERICA, I'LL ANSWER THIS QUESTION FOR YOU. IS IT TIME TO CHANGE? TONIGHT, WE'RE ALL GOING TO SHOW UP AT AJIT PAI'S HOUSE, AND WE'RE GOING TO TURN HIM INTO A PILE OF BLOODY SAUSAGE. BULLYING ENDS NOW.

# THE ~~SEX~~ MEN ARE COMING. RUN.

08 / 12

The old cashier at the grocery store gave me some unwarranted guff the other day. Completely undeserved. Now I'm going to check out of his aisle every time I go there & maintain eye contact the whole time while buying increasingly horrifying combinations of items. A huge HUGE cucumber & Vaseline. Next time? Everclear & Kid's juice packs. After that? Condoms & coat hangers. One day later? Flavor Aid, RED Solo cups, & & rat poison. That weekend? Bleach, ammonia, Drano, mason jars, & water balloons. Monday morning at opening? As much pseudoephedrine as I can legally buy & one lighter. That Friday? All of those things again & all at once. Never once breaking eye contact.



08 / 29

Yes. Know, it takes more than just talk to save the planet. You need to recycle, you need to stop eating meat, don't drive a gas guzzler, in fact don't drive at all. Throw seeds out on every ~~surface~~ surface everywhere you go. If you see someone trying to recycle glass in the wrong container, correct them and recycle the glass into the side of their skull. Shoot the tires out of construction equipment. Leave bear bait around government buildings. Prepare for yourself an altar of fertilizer, consume the seed, let the roots bury into your heart. Become the collective. Go green.

09 / 15

LISTEN, GROWING UP ON THE STREETS YOU ONLY GOT TWO OPTIONS. YOU EITHER GET TO RHYMING, OR YOU BREAK THE HYMEN.

I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT I CHASE, BRAS.

09 / 20

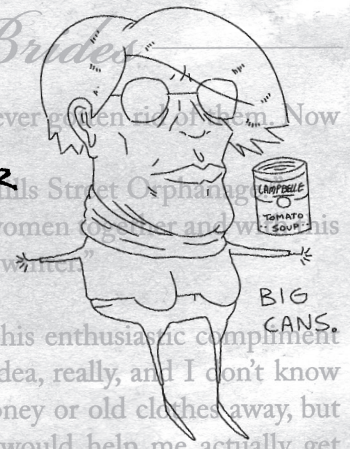
I IMAGINE YOU'RE AN ALIEN READING THIS IN SOME ABANDONED LIBRARY THAT WE LEFT BEHIND ON OUR TERRESTRIAL MOON FOR TOURISTS COME TO SEE WHAT ALL THE RADIATION WAS ABOUT.

I HOPE YOU ARE THAT FROODY TYPE OF ALIEN THAT SPENDS ALL DAY IN THE LIBRARY. THE IDEA MAKES ME SMILE. WE'D BE FRIENDS IF WE EVER MET, I BET.

A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK HOME IS SOMETHING ONE MISSES, LIKE A THROWN BALL OR A SENT MESSAGE THAT NEVER ARRIVES. HOME, IN THE SODA-POP POETIC SENSE OF THE WORD, IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FUCKING FENCE. MISINTERPRETATION.

AND JUST IN CASE THE STARS HAVEN'T YET DRAINED INTO THE FAUCET OF SPACE AND YOU'RE READING THIS WITH WET HUMAN EYEBALLS, HERE'S WHAT HOME IS - YOURS AND MINE. HOME IS THE FEELING THAT, HOWEVER STATISTICALLY UNLIKELY, YOU ARE ALIVE AND THAT THE UNIVERSE IS HAPPY THAT YOU ARE NOT BEING DEAD. HOME IS WHATEVER MAKES YOU FORGET THAT MATHEMATICALLY, YOU ARE CHEMICALS IN TRANSIT.

LISTEN: IF YOU ARE ON THE MOON, HAVE A LOOK ROUND FOR THE FLAGS WE LEFT THERE. THEY USED TO BE ALL THE FAVORITE COLORS OF US EARTH PEOPLE. THEY'RE ALL BLEACHED WHITE OR ROTTED BY NOW, YOU KNOW. MY HOME COUNTRY ALONE SENT SIX FLAGS UP THERE AND I AM CURRENTLY OVER 7,000 KILOMETERS FROM MY HOME COUNTRY. AND IF I EVER WENT BACK TO MY HOME COUNTRY I WOULDN'T BE GOING HOME, NOT EVEN IF I WENT TO THE MOON WHERE THERE ARE MORE EARTH FLAGS PER CAPITA THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE. BUT I HAVE A HANDKERCHIEF WITH THE APPROPRIATE COLORS THAT I KEEP SEALED IN A PLASTIC BAG ON MY DESK, AND SOMETIMES THAT'S ENOUGH. HUMANS CALL THIS COPING. WHEN YOU EXPLAIN IT RIGHT IT MAKES PEOPLE LAUGH.



When I was a child, I would enjoy using my parents' bathroom rather than the one closest to my room. It wasn't much nicer, and there was less privacy, but a small window near the ceiling would allow a beam of sunlight to hit the face of anyone sitting down on the toilet. Sitting within the sunlight, I would sometimes get an extraordinary fleeting feeling. I would somehow feel both a profound emptiness and a profound sense that there was a higher power connecting me to some sort of grand scheme. A bit dramatic for a 6 year old trying to poop, I thought, but I enjoyed the endorphins that flooded my system.

Many years later, I no longer receive this feeling from a higher power. That is, until today. As I sat in my bathroom, smaller but cleaner than my parents' old one, a single beam of light struck my face, drawing a bright thin line that crossed my right eye like a scar. I am no longer 6 years old and I now have greater brainpower. I was able to comprehend what that feeling was all along.

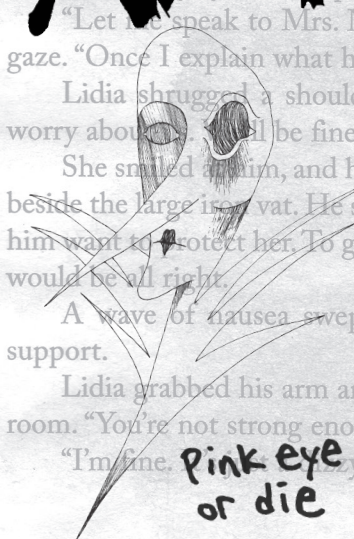
It wasn't just a great bowel movement. A higher-dimensional being was connecting me throughout the fourth dimension with every other version of myself having a satisfying bowel movement. It manifest itself through this thin beam of light and enters my heart, affecting my mood secondhand. As I enjoyed the warmth this being awarded me, I wondered: where had it been?

The Thinker was originally a shitting statue. Rodin must have met the same being I had. His original copy of the statue featured the Thinker sitting prominently on a beautiful bronze toilet, and was to be displayed in a room with a single window, just like my bathrooms. For some reason, Rodin recast the statue without the toilet, perhaps realizing that the world wasn't ready for the divine being's supreme, thin ray of light. So he kept the knowledge to himself.

I have already started to perform calculations, trying to recapture the lost light of my youth, by renovating my bathroom. I will use it at the time of day that maximizes the probability of this ray of light hitting my face. I will hold and clench and strain my fecal matter within my body for as long as it takes, for I must meet my younger and older selves, as well as the Thinker and Rodin, to enjoy some notion of peace and tranquility one more time.

# MAYNASE

10/08



pink eye or die

So one late night, I was just sitting there, at the computer, just browsing you know, and then this pop-up ad appears in front of me. Top ten things you didn't know. So, I being the curious person I am, I clicked on this ad, to see what I didn't know you know. And I start going down this list, reading these things I did not know. I was so amazed I didn't know these things. Did you know, did you know... one after another... did you know? I did not know. Then I started to wonder... who did know? Did Mom know? Did my Dad know? Did Jake from downtown know? Did the police know? Did the government know? Did the world know? Did aliens know? Did God know? ... did you know?

# It's pretty easy to tell that it's tax season again

10/09

SUCK DICK - GET SICK

I threw my back out trying to do yoga but I'm not gonna go to the doctor because I don't want him to think it's because I tried to suck my own dick (which I did to no avail once I got into the yoga pose but that's beside the point) now I need someone to stamp my spine straight again while I lay on the floor and wistfully lament how close I got to my own dick sucking dream which will tragically never be fully realized. Paying big bucks \$\$\$ to whoever's got the biggest pair of stompers on em and some nice heavy-duty boots.

10/22

Looking for an asphalt contractor willing to repeatedly pave my driveway until it's the exact same height as my house so I can worry about it a little less.

12/03

J.R.R. Tolkien wrote the Lord of the Rings in a bid to destabilize relations between the U.S. and Thailand. The Thai Hobbits are the heroes, while the American Orcs are disgusting warmongers intent on bringing destruction to the simple minded diminutive Thai Hobbits.



4/4/67

ADAM'S BRIDE

I LOVE THIS LITTLE GUY!  
VERY CUTE



JESUS CHRIST. THE SOONER I GET OUT OF THIS JUNGLE, THE SOONER I'LL BE BACK IN THE SHACK WITH MY ~~NEW~~ NEW WIFE, HOPEFULLY ENJOYING A HOT MEAL AND NOT HEARING HER SCREECHING INCOHERENTLY ABOUT HOW I MURDERED HER "FAMILY". I'M NOT A RACIST MAN BUT THIS WAR IS TESTING MY PATIENCE, AND I SWEAR THE NEXT CONG I SEE PLEADING FOR MERCY, RAISING HIS ARMS IN SURRENDER AND CRYING, I MIGHT JUST SHOOT HIM ANYWAY, JUST TO SAY "I'M AMERICAN, THIS SHIT AFFECTS ME TOO, YOU KNOW."

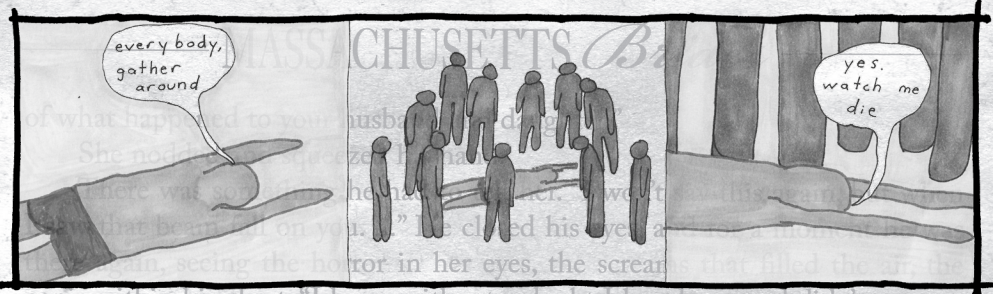
SPEND ENOUGH TIME IN THE JUNGLE AND YOU START TO FORGET WHATEVER REASON YOU HAD FOR COMING HERE. NOT ME THOUGH. I REMEMBER. I REMEMBER WHY I, AND ALMOST EVERY OTHER INFANTRYMAN SIGNED UP FOR THIS DAMN WAR. WE ALL WANTED OUR WIVES. EVERYONE HAD HEARD ABOUT HOW EVERYONE COULD GET A BEAUTIFUL WIFE IN WIFE IN VIETNAM, AND EVERYONE WANTED A PIECE OF THE PIE. THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS, THOSE GUYS SENDING THE LETTERS HOME ABOUT THEIR BEAUTIFUL NEW WIVES WERE ALL CLOSET HOMOSEXUALS, AND THOSE WIVES WERE SO BEAUTIFUL TO THEM BECAUSE VIETNAMESE WOMEN BECOME ANDROGENOUS PAST THE AGE OF 20. LUCKILY I GOT MINE WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG, SO I STILL HAVE A COUPLE OF YEARS TO BUILD A FAMILY BEFORE SHE BECOMES A SCREECHING, MISERABLE HAG. BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, SHE'S NOT TOO YOUNG, SHE IS 18, AND EVEN IF SHE WASN'T, WHO CARES? AGE IS JUST A NUMBER. I DON'T DISCRIMINATE. NOT EVEN AGAINST COOKS.

I WAS TOLD THAT WAR HAS A FUNNY WAY OF PUTTING THINGS IN PERSPECTIVE. THE ONLY NEW PERSPECTIVE I'VE EXPERIENCED IS THE ONE I SEE THROUGH MY IRON SIGHTS WHEN I'M MOWING DOWN ANOTHER FAMILY AFTER THROWING A SMOKE GRENADE IN THEIR WINDOW. AND THAT HASN'T TAUGHT ME MUCH ABOUT LIBERTY, OR LOVE, OR LIFE'S MEANING.

TIMES UP. SERGEANT BLACKBEARD IS ROUNING THE MEN UP FOR OUR MORNING PATROL. I HOPE THESE CARRIER PIGEONS KNOW WHERE THEY'RE FLYING.

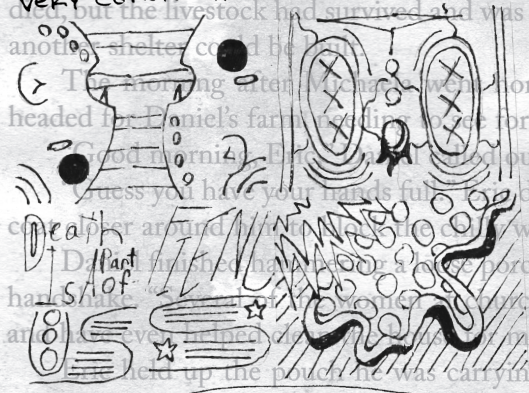
YOUR LOVING SAv,

DONALD TRUMP



1 2 / 2 4

Many people have asked me why I wear these rings. For you see I have many RINGS, DISTRIBUTED UNEVENLY AMONGST MY MANY FINGERS. Some have gone so far, as to suggest that I have some sort of attraction to RINGS, if you could IMAGINE something so RIDICULOUS. No, the answer IS FAR SIMPLER. It is the RINGS that are attracted to me. I've tried to get rid of them but they just seem to come right back. OCCASIONALLY I'll wake up in the morning to find that a new RING has been added to their numbers, one I've never seen before. I fear I'm losing CONTROL, No ONE MAN SHOULD BEAR SO MANY RINGS. They're heavy. They're CUMBERSOME. They make GOING THROUGH metal detectors a NIGHTMARE. AND I fear the next time someone suggests I DID THIS ON PURPOSE I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD MYSELF BACK. Next time you think to COMMENT ON SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE, PERHAPS MAKE A FUNNY LITTLE QUIP, JUST IMAGINE KILOGRAMS OF METAL FLYING AT YOUR HEAD. You BETTER WEIGH YOUR OPTIONS VERY CAREFULLY.



03 / 03

LAYERS OF PAVEMENT  
CEMENT  
LAMENT  
FOR RENT  
CANNOT DENT  
THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN SENT  
NO DISRESPECT WAS MEANT  
LAMENT  
CEMENT  
RAISE MORE, LAYERS OF PAVEMENT

He's awfully unbothered by his insatiable thirst for ASS

## NIGHTMARE #2: KITTENS

# REBECCA'S HEART



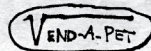
THE PURCHASE OF YOUR PRIOR GOVERNMENT CAME WITH MANY EXCITING CHANGES. FOR THOSE LIKE YOU, ALTERED BY THE PREVIOUS REGIME, THERE WERE MANY SURPRISES IN STORE, WITH A GENERAL POLICY OF REPLACING OUTDATED COMFORT ITEMS WITH NEW, BUYER-SANCTIONED ONES. FOR YOU, ONE OF YOUR GREATEST COMFORT ITEMS WAS MR TIPS. TIPS WAS A COMFORT ITEM AND FRIEND CAT, PROVIDED TO PREVENT NEGATIVE BEHAVIORS IN INDIVIDUALS SUSPECTED OF WITHHOLDING DISCONTENT AT CONFESSION. YOU HELD HIM AND PET HIM ALL DAY LONG, OVERJOYED TO HEAR HIS SOFT LITTLE PURR THAT MEANT "I LOVE YOU!" AND NOW, MR TIPS HAS BEEN DEEMED OBSOLETE—DESPITE YOUR QUIET PROTEST, HE WAS FOUND GUILTY OF BIAS TO THE SELLER, AND WAS UN CEREMONIOUSLY TAKEN THE MORNING AFTER THE PURCHASE BY A PUDGY WOMAN IN A CHEETAH-PRINT SUIT, SMILING DISGUSTINGLY.

WITH THE FAILURE OF MR TIPS TO SERVE HIS DUTY COMES THE QUITE ENTICING POTENTIAL FOR SUCCESS. A NOTICE IN THE MAIL CAME YESTERDAY TO LET YOU KNOW OF YOUR UNANTICIPATED AND INVOLUNTARILY PRIVILEGE TO RECEIVE A NEW COMFORT ITEM, LISTED ON THE INCLUDED VOUCHER AS "MRS LIMITED TIME ARBYS TURKEY AND SWISS GOBBLER." THIS IMPRESSIVE CREATURE WAS SURE TO LEAVE YOU GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR, AND YOU ARE THRILLED FOR THE GIFT OF WAITING IN QUEUE TO RECEIVE SUCH AN ENTICING TREAT.

THE FOLLOWING WORK WEEK PASSES SLOWLY, WITH MUCH DISCOMFORT AND ANTICIPATION AS YOU FANTASIZE ABOUT YOUR NEW COMPANION. WILL SHE BE ANYTHING LIKE MR TIPS? IS SHE AS NERVOUS AS YOU ARE? WILL SHE BE AFRAID OR UPSET?—OR, WILL SHE BECOME YOUR TRUEST PAL, AND PURR AND NIBBLE AT THE TREATS? HOW WILL YOU INTRODUCE YOURSELF? THE UNKNOWN SURROUNDS YOU LIKE THE DARKEST GLOOM, AND YOU BECOME DISTRACTED. YOUR PRODUCTIVITY SUFFERS HEAVILY. THE OUTSIDE WORLD BECOMES A MONOTONOUS BUZZ, AS YOU DREAM ONLY OF KITTENS AND VELVETY EARS IN THE WARMEST SUNLIGHT.

YOU HARDLY SLEEP THE EVENING OF THE ACQUISITION, TOSSING AND TURNING. WHAT IF SHE HATES YOU? WHAT IF SHE SEES YOU AS ONLY AN ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT? WITH BLOODSHOT EYES YOU GREET THE SHUTTLE WAITING OUTSIDE IN THE DARKNESS, YOUR VOUCHER CLUTCHED TIGHT IN YOUR HAND. IT'S 1 IN THE MORNING, AND YOU FEEL SICK. YOUR SHUTTLE FINALLY STOPS IN THE PARKING LOT OF A WALMART, ONE VERY FAR FROM HOME. AN OLDER WOMAN IN REFLECTIVE CLOTHING GLANCES AT YOU AS YOU EXIT—SHE LOOKS JUST AS EXHAUSTED AS YOU DO, AND SHE GESTURES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STORE'S ENTRANCE, SMILING WEAKLY AS SHE WHISPERS A SINGLE WORD IN A HOARSE VOICE—"PETS." SHE SOUNDS UTTERLY DEFEATED, CRUSHED. SMILING BACK AT HER, YOU MAKE YOUR WAY TOWARD THE SLIDING DOORS, FEELING COLD SANITIZED AIR RUSH PAST AS YOU ENTER.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY YOU SPOT IT, AGAINST THE WALL, BESIDE SEVERAL ARCADE AND VENDING MACHINES. A RUSTY, BRIGHT-ORANGE KIOSK BEARING THE SILVER LOGO:



YOU APPROACH THE KIOSK—A FAULT BURNT SMELL HANGS IN THE AIR. STANDING BEFORE IT, YOU FEEL MORE NERVOUS THAN EVER TO MEET YOUR NEW BEST BUDDY. FEELING BUTTERFLIES, YOU INSERT THE VOUCHER INTO THE DESIGNATED SLOT, THE MACHINE BEEPING IN RECOGNITION OF AN OFFICIAL BUYER COMFORT ITEM VOUCHER.

IMMEDIATELY THE MACHINE COMES TO LIFE, AND YOU HEAR THE MACHINERY WITHIN BEGIN TO WHIR. YOU STARE DEEPLY INTO THE ORANGE KIOSK, UNABLE TO SEE THE INNER WORKINGS BUT ENTRANCED IN THE SOUNDS COMING FROM INSIDE. SUDDENLY, YOU HEAR A LOUD THUNK EMANATE FROM INSIDE THE MACHINE. TAKEN ABACK, YOU TRY TO RELAX AND LISTEN TO THE HUM OF THE MACHINE WHEN YOU HEAR ANOTHER, MUCH LOUDER THUNK. YOU LOOK AROUND THE STORE, HOPING FOR SOME GUIDING HAND, BUT [THUNK] SEE NO ONE. THE THUNK SOUND BECOMES [THUNK] MORE FREQUENT, BEGINNING TO [THUNK] ACCELERATE INTO A [THUNKTHUNK] SORT OF [THUNKTHUNKTHUNK] VICIOUS CHUGGING SOUND, LIKE SOMETHING FURIOUS IS CAUGHT IN ONE OF ITS MANY RAZOR SHARP GEARS INSIDE. YOUR HEART RACING [VRRR RRRRR], YOU RUN TO THE NEAREST CASHIER, STILL HEARING THE KIOSK'S ANGRY SOUNDS GRIND ON IN THE DISTANCE.

THE CASHIER GLARES AT YOU AND TELLS YOU THAT THE MACHINE HAS NOT BEEN REFILLED FOR SOME TIME—THAT, DUE TO RATIONS, REFILLS ARE ONLY TO BE OBTAINED WHEN THE MACHINE IS NO LONGER OPERABLE. THEY SHOW NO EMOTION, AND AVOID ANY EYE CONTACT AS YOU BEGIN TO TEAR UP, MORE AFRAID THAN YOU HAVE EVER BEEN. EVERYTHING FEELS RUINED, BEYOND REPAIR. YOU FEEL ILL.

FINALLY, THE NOISES COME TO AN ABRUPT HALT. A GRATING CHIME SOUNDS, AND A BRIGHT ARROW FLASHES, POINTED TOWARD THE RETRIEVAL AREA. YOU PAUSE, AND HOLD YOUR BREATH AS YOU PRESS YOUR HAND PAST THE DOOR, FEELING A WARM DAMP MASS DOWN TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE COMPARTMENT. HESITANTLY, YOU GRASP THE ITEM AND PULL IT OUT, PLACING IT GENTLY BEFORE YOU ON THE STORE'S TILED FLOOR.

A NEWBORN KITTEN LAYS BEFORE YOU, ENCASED IN A TRANSPARENT PINK PLACENTA. THE CREATURE WRITHES WEAKLY, HARDLY BREATHING. YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SCISSORS, SO YOU TEAR IT OPEN WITH YOUR HANDS ALONG THE PERFORATED GUIDELINES, YOUR HANDS SHAKING.

THE KITTEN MAKES A TIRED LITTLE SOUND AS IT TAKES ITS FIRST BREATH OF FRESH WALMART AIR. HER SHORT BLACK FUR IS SLIGHTLY MOIST, AND SHE'S VERY VERY WRONG. THERE'S ONLY FUR IN THE SPOT WHERE HER EYES SHOULD BE—SHE HAS ONLY HER LITTLE EARS, A DAMAGED NOSE AND MOUTH. HER ENTIRE BACK HALF IS MISSING—SHE SIMPLY ENDS AT HER FUZZY LITTLE TORSO. HER TWO FORELIMBS ARE JUST SHORT STUBS. NO WHISKERS, EITHER.



YOU'RE NOT SURE WHAT TO SAY TO HER. YOU'RE NOT SURE HOW YOU CAN FEEL. THIS IS NOT THE KIND OF PET YOU WERE EXPECTING, BUT YOU COULD STILL BE THE BEST OF FRIENDS. BUT YOU NEED TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF. YOU LOOK DOWN AT THIS PATHETIC BROKEN NEWBORN, LYING ON THE FILTHY WALMART FLOOR. YOU TAKE A BREATH.

"I'M SO HAPPY TO FINALLY MEET YOU, MRS LIMITED TI —"  
YOU'RE OUT SHORT AS SHE BEGINS TO CONVULSE VIOLENTLY, MEWLING QUIETLY IN SOME MIXTURE OF TERROR AND CONFUSION. HER MOUTH OPENS TO REVEAL ONLY BLOODED GUMS.

"ARE YOU..." — YOU TRAIL OFF —  
"I — I THINK WE SHOULD GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER A LITTLE... DO... DO YOU LIKE TREATS? I PICKED THIS OUT, JUST FOR YOU..." YOU HOLD OUT A LITTLE PROCESSED TREAT YOU CHOSE SO EAGERLY FOR HER, WITH CATNIP INSIDE, PLACING IT BEFORE HER EXPECTANTLY.

SHE BEGINS TO TREMBLE, PUSHING USELESSLY AT THE SUPPERY FLOOR WITH HER TWO LIMBS AS SHE HYPERVENTILATES IN FEAR, OBLIVIOUS TO THE SAVORY TREAT'S PRESENCE. HER MOUTH OPENS AND CLOSSES, ENTIRELY SILENT NOW. YOU NEED TO KEEP TRYING. THIS IS YOUR NEW BUDDY — THIS IS A PRIVILEGE — YOU MUST BE GREATFUL.

YOU GRIP THE CAT GENTLY ON BOTH SIDES AND PULL IT UP INTO YOUR LAP AS YOU SIT CROSS-CROSS ON THE ~~WALMART~~ STORE FLOOR. SHE FLAILS HER STUBBY ARMS IN FEAR, UNSURE OF ANYTHING THAT IS HAPPENING TO IT, OR WHY. YOU FEEL THE URGE TO VOMIT, BUT PRESS ONWARD, HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.

"SO... MY, UM, MY OLD KITTY — MR TIPS IS HIS NAME, I'LL TELL YOU LOTS AND LOTS ABOUT HIM — HE REALLY LIKES IT WHEN I DO THIS, AND... I THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT TOO, SO..."

YOU BEGIN, VERY TENDERLY, TO CARESS THE KITTEN, STROKING ITS TINY LITTLE MAL-FORMED HEAD WITH JUST TWO FINGERS, SCRATCHING GENTLY BEHIND ITS DELICATE LITTLE EARS. YOU RUN YOUR HAND DOWN ITS SHORT FUR, FEELING LIKE YOU MAY CRUSH HER IF YOU PRESSED JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO HARD. YOU SMILE CAUTIOUSLY AS YOU CONTINUE TO GIVE THE LITTLE ONE ITS FIRST PET, JUST WAITING FOR THE PURRING TO START.

WAITING. SHE CONTINUES TO MOVE HER LIMBS, PITIFUL, STRAINING TO VOCALIZE IN WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT OF PAIN. YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP HER. YOU JUST CONTINUE TO STROKE HER FUR, SOFTLY, TEARS FLOWING FREELY.

"COME ON PAL, PURR... FOR ME... I'M YOUR PAL... IT FEELS GOOD, RIGHT? YOU LIKE THIS? PLEASE? YOU LIKE IT?"

THE PURRING NEVER COMES.

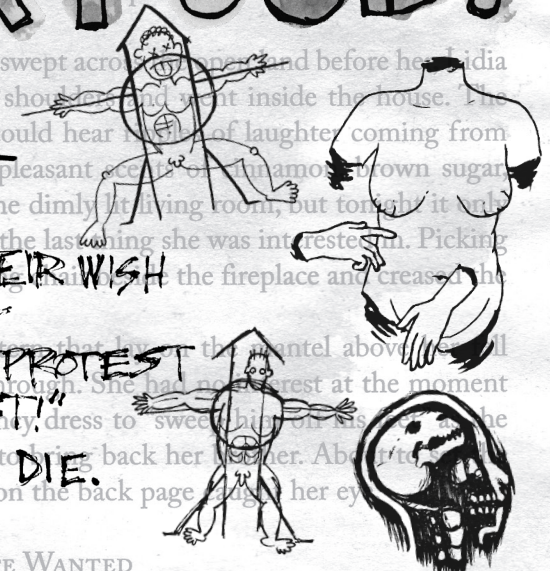
IT'S SAM. FLIES BUZZ IN THE MOONLIGHT AROUND A WALMART TRASH BIN, EXCITED TO MEET THEIR NEAREST FRIEND.



# THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR ARE JUNK FOOD.

03 / 14

ALL MEN WILL PERISH  
THOUGH THAT IS NOT THEIR WISH  
TO LIVE, THEY DO TRY  
THEY SCREAM AND PROTEST  
"US MEN ARE THE BEST!"  
BUT WOMEN NEVER DIE.



04 / 10

BIKERS ARE A SUBCLASS OF HUMANS WHO SHOULD NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE SPECIES OF SUB-HUMANS KNOWN AS BICYCLISTS.

04 / 14

CONSTRUCTION WORKER GIRLS GET ME GOING. NOTHING MAKES MY PANTS SWELL LIKE A GIRL WHO KNOWS HOW TO WEED. I LOVE SEEING THE SWEAT BUILD UP ON HER LENS. IF SHE CAN WORK A CRANE SHE CAN WORK HER WAY INTO MY PANTS! BUT ONLY IF SHE AGREES TO WEAR A HARD HAT, WE PLAY ROUGH BUT ALWAYS PLAY SAFE. WOULDN'T WANT AN OSHA VIOLATION IN THE BEDROOM WOULD WE? IT WOULD BE SO HOT TO WEAR MY TOOL BELT WHILE FITTING MY PIPE INTO A FEMALE PIPE FITTER. A ROUGH CONSTRUCTION GIRL HAMMERING AWAY, WHILE SHE'S GETTING HAMMERED BY ME, POUNDING THE NAIL WHILE I'M POUNDING HER TAIL. EVERY MANS DREAM, A GIRL WHO CAN RIDE A FORKLIFT, WHILE RIDING YOU.



I am but a mere bug,



ripe for squashing.

04/17

I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN A MODEL TRAINED ON OCCULT GRIMOIRES, CENSORED POLITICAL LITERATURE, SPY TRAINING MANUALS, ESOTERIC RELIGIOUS TEXTS, SCIENTIFIC ABSTRACTS, & MANIFESTOS.

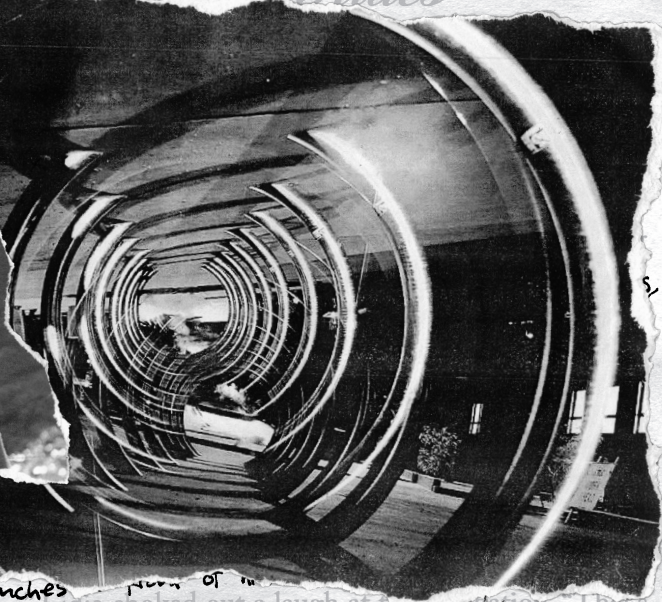
04/30

My wife told me she heard the carbon monoxide alarm going off last night. I told her that wasn't possible she asked why. And I said it wasn't possible because I had taken out the batteries. Well, she got awful mad, but me, I just opened up my vaporub and rubbed some on my chest and back to help me get back to sleep.

you smell like the hands of a ticking clock

05

When Forget what let



of syst goddamn his dick to a toilet 6 inches

Lidia choked out a laugh at the reading between the lines?"

Michaela nodded. "And no doubt he would likely he was someone to cook his dinner wash his clothes can vegetables?"

Michaela widened. "You're getting a look Jonathan... nice name... My brother... I know how but it hurts to lose someone... do whatever... and care about you"

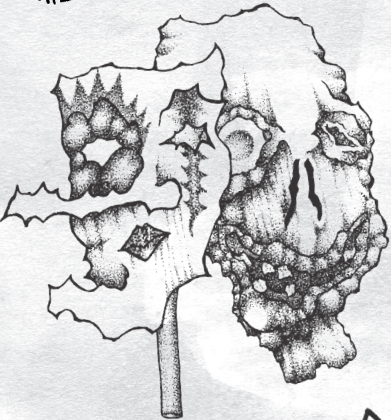
open letter to the old man who was rude to the cute german flight attendant with bangs: fuck you. i hope you enjoy watching johnny english you piece of shit. i bet your ass thinks that mr bean flavored dustin powers reboot is high cinema. come give my sick detailing you ancient motherfucker. watch austin powers like a real man or die of congenital heart failure like the rest of us

IGNORE ALL SPETSKY

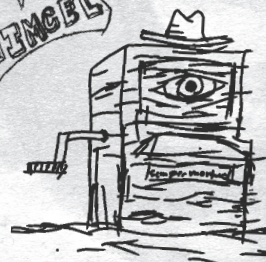
05/22

REBECCA'S HEART these words are a lung

Forget about global warming, fighting racism, feminism, or whatever precious cause you wanna fix the world with ok buddy, because let me tell you what you're up against. You're up against a country where 9/10 times you walk into a bathroom stall you're gonna see bowl of dark yellow piss ok buddy?!! Big steamy messes left in a clean white bowl that some wage slave has to clean every 4 hours. And who's going around leaving dumps in bowls and piss on the floor you ask? Voting age adults, your constituents, that's who. You're gonna preach to these animals huh? These mongoloids who can't be bothered to wipe their own asses? Who can't figure out how do something properly that preschoolers get taught? You're gonna inform the guy who drinks soda everyday till his piss is dark gold about how sea turtles are dying? You're gonna end 300 years of systemic oppression when half the country can't be bothered flush a goddamn toilet? You're gonna explain statistics to a guy who can't aim his dick to a toilet 6 inches in front of him?



ARIZONA ICE PEA



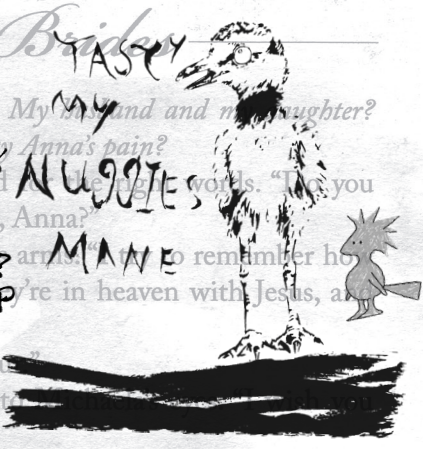
He.



05/23

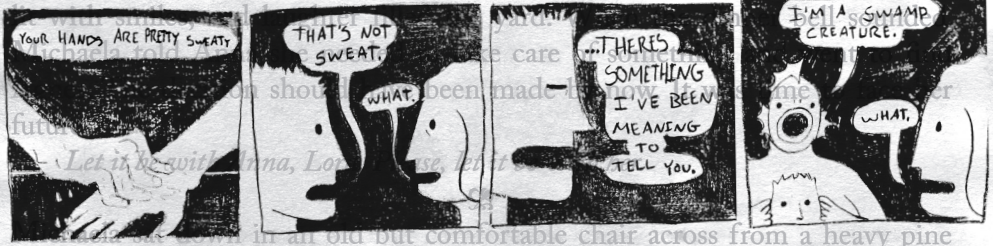
MASSACHUSETTS BRIDEY TASEY

YOU EAST COAST GIRLS DONT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN OUT ON. YOU NEVER HAD SEX WITH ONE OF US SOCIAL BOYS? YOU NEVER DONE IT CALIFORNIA STYLE? YOU NEVER BEEN FUCKED WITH AN AVOCADO BEFORE? YOU NEVER HAD AN AVOCADO PIT SHOVED UP YOUR ASS? YOU EAST COAST GIRLS ARE MISSIN OUT.



05/31

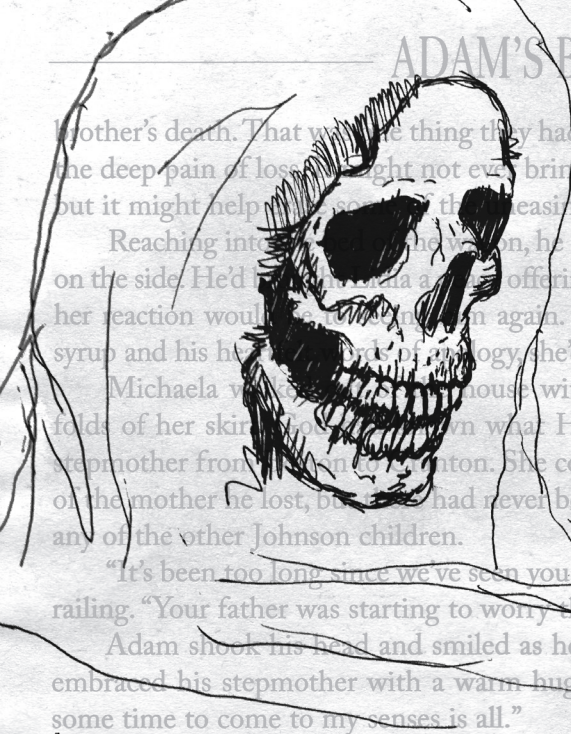
I have fully convinced myself that former vice president, Joe Biden, is in fact Majin Buu from the hit chinese cartoon Dragon Ball Z. No amount of food stamps or blood diamonds could ever convince me otherwise. His calm demeanor combined with his devilish good looks and affinity for powers gives away the fact that he is, and always will be Buu. One day, when the big J-Easy finally decides to throw in the towel, the sky will crack. The vile and the foul will be absorbed by none other than Joe "Majin Buu" Biden himself. I pray that I can reach my revolver in time to escape from Joe's limitless fury on a wave of molten lead.



06/08

ONE FAT'S AS GOOD AS ANOTHER

She told me: "oh baby... I want you to burn my bones..." How could I even begin to understand a request, like that, without making sure she could force her way through the dirt? I admit... I'm hardly what could qualify as an arborist, but I am a man that respects another's culture... You don't make that kind of statement without the follow through. I wondered: could I frame her up in my box spring? That wasn't even the hardest part, now that I think about it.



I HATE IT  
WHEN I LOSE  
INSPIRATION

My body is outgrowing my bones

LEAVE YOUR TOOTHACHE  
AT HOME

arizona ice pee

WHAT'S A BABY GORILLA, ANYWAY? THE ~~THE~~ BABY GORILLA IS THE MOST UNRECOGNIZABLE INDIVIDUAL.

06 / 13

Forget everything you know about porta potties. You don't know anything. They're not all the same. You at least know that, right? There are different porta potties out there. Different companies with different designs. I was in one today. A porta potty. Very nice. Impressive even. Regional porta potty company. Patent Pending. You'll probably never see one. You'll probably never use one. That's really a shame. You should have seen this thing. The ventilation system, the waste tank, even the design of the floor. All a cut above any porta potty I had ever seen before. I want to meet the genius who designed them. He should be working for a nationwide porta potty company, not a regional one. He probably will someday. You can't design a porta potty that good and not go places. I want to see this porta potty everywhere. The world needs this. This is important.

07 / 18

God spoke to me once. He said, "Be fruitful & multiply," so I bought a farm & learned calculus. I haven't heard from Him since.

I WANT SALT

THE TALE OF SNOWBALL  
ONE DAY IN THE LAND OF PEPPERMINT, ROLLING DOWN THE STREET IN A CHERRY-RED SPORTS CAR, WAS BOB. BOB LOVED CAKE, PAIN, FEAR, ICE CREAM, GREED, DEATH, PIZZA, RAINBOWS, AND CRAYONS. BOB WAS, LITERALLY, A GIANT CUPCAKE. HE WAS ALSO THE WORST FLAVOR... CRAP FLAVOR. HE HATED EVERYTHING BESIDES THE THINGS PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED. EVERY TIME SOMEBODY TRIED TO TALK TO HIM HE ATE A PART OF THEIR BODY OFF, AND HE ENJOYED IT BECAUSE EVERYONE IN THE LAND OF PEPPERMINT WAS MADE OF CANDY.

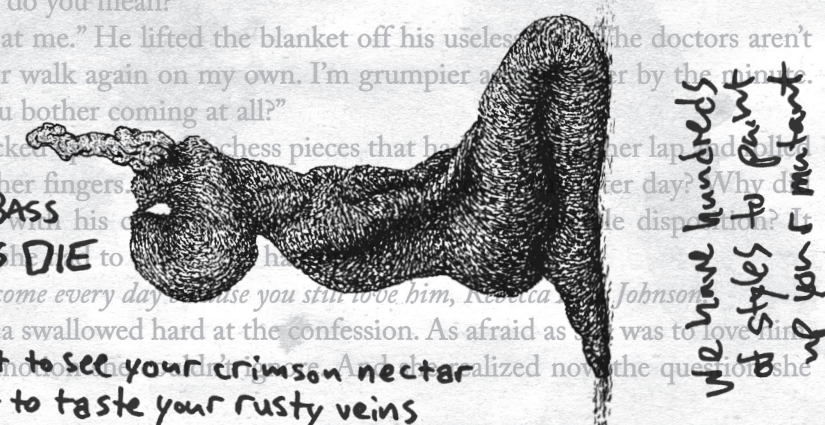
BUT ONE DAY A SNOWSTORM SWEEPED OVER THE LAND OF PEPPERMINT AND COVERED EVERY INCH OF THE LAND IN SNOW. SOMETHING WAS STRANGE ABOUT THE SNOW THOUGH. IT WAS WARM, NOT COLD, AND IT MADE EVERYONE INCREDIBLY HAPPY. IT MADE ONE LITTLE MARSHMALLOW SO HAPPY THAT IT MADE A LITTLE SNOW PERSON. SUDDENLY, THE LITTLE SNOW DUDE BEGAN TO MOVE. "HELLO LITTLE MAN-CHILD" SAID THE SNOW GUY, "I AM SNOWBALL, BRINGER OF JUSTICE AND PART-TIME FIREMAN!" "WOW!" SAID THE MARSHMALLOW MAN. "IS THERE ANYONE HERE NAMED BOB THE CUPCAKE?" ASKED SNOWBALL. "YEAH ACTUALLY" REPLIED THE MARSHMALLOW, "HE LIVES IN THE DARK SCARY RAINBOW FORT OF DOOM, OR D.S.R.F.D., RIGHT OUTSIDE OF TOWN."

SNOWBALL FLEW INTO THE SKY AND TOOK OFF TOWARDS THE D.S.R.F.D. IN AN AWKWARD POSE. BOB WAS MAKING A SOUFFLE OF DOOM WHEN SNOWBALL CRASHED THROUGH THE FLUFFY PINK ROOF. "DOOD! WTF!" SCREAMED BOB, "I MA EAT YOU!" SNOWBALL STOOD WITH A POKER FACE. "I'M HERE TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR EATING PARTS OF PEOPLE AND BEING A DICK" SAID SNOWBALL. "U GOTTA CATCH ME FIRST!" BELLOWED THE BOB. BOB BEGAN TO FART. HE ~~FARTED~~ FARTED HARDER AND HARDER UNTIL HE BEGAN TO FLY. "I'M NOT CRAP FLAVORED IF I DON'T CRAP!" HE YELLED AS HE FLEW THROUGH THE ~~KITTY~~ KITTY-SHAPED DOOR. SNOWBALL FLEW AFTER HIM IN A DIFFERENT AWKWARD POSE. HE TACKLED BOB INTO A PILE OF SPRINKLES AND TIED HIM UP WITH LICORICE. "I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE UNTIL YOU LEARN SOME MANNERS" EXPLAINED SNOWBALL. "BUT THAT'LL TAKE FOREVER!" SCREAMED BOB, "FOREVER IT IS" SAID SNOWBALL AS HE FLEW AWAY WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE.

SO THE WORLD WAS HAPPY, THE PEOPLE WERE HAPPY, THE SKY WAS HAPPY, THE SUN WAS HAPPY, THE STARS WERE HAPPY, THE MOON WAS HAPPY, THE TREES WERE HAPPY, THE OVEN WAS HAPPY, THE MARSHMALLOW GUY WAS HAPPY, BOB'S HOUSE WAS SAD, THE CLOUDS WERE HAPPY, THE ANIMALS WERE HAPPY, AND THE CRIBBAGE SET WAS HAPPY. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

THE END. at me." He lifted the blanket off his useless. The doctors aren't sure I'll ever walk again on my own. I'm grumpier and by the way. Why do you bother coming at all?"

She picked up chess pieces that he had left on her lap and held them between her fingers. He looked at her with a sad expression. "Why do you bother coming at all?" she asked. "The dispenser is empty." "I want to see your crimson nectar. I want to taste your rusty veins."



ALL BASS  
PLAYERS DIE

We have hundreds of styles to paint up your mutant

ADAM'S BRIDE  
I WISH THE ANTS IN MY HOUSE WOULD TAKE AWAY  
ALL THE BITS OF ~~MY~~ LIP SKIN ON THE FLOOR.

08/18

I get all my work done on Monday and Friday.  
Monday, my spirits are high. I have a whole week  
ahead of me. Anything is possible. A productive day.  
Tuesday - Thursday, a 'wash'.

Friday, my spirit is determined. My failures only serve to  
motivate me. I will not be beaten by this dismal week. A  
furiously productive day.  
I often wonder if it's possible to achieve the Friday feeling on  
Monday or Tuesday or any of the other days. I sit and meditate  
on my couch, pondering this question with every focused breath.  
Letting its words ring out in the emptiness of my mind, until I  
feel like I'm tumbling towards its veiled meaning... but when I'm  
about to reach the true answer, I fall asleep. For a long time.

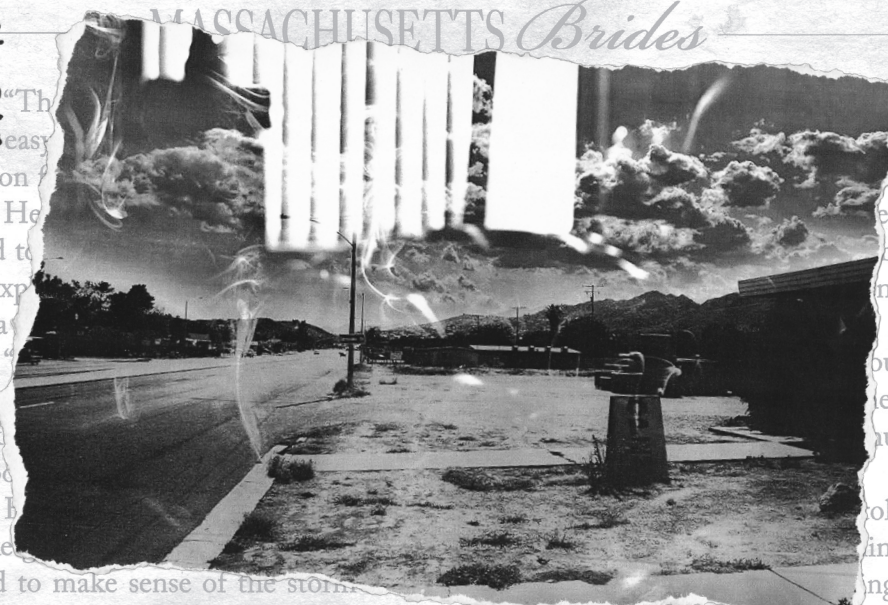
This happens mainly on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.  
The weekend is for partying! It's for gettin' wrecked, baby! The  
weekend is for breaking the rules and breaking bottles over your  
friend's head for a laugh. This is a vital part of my weekly  
regimen, and it cannot be ignored. I have to prove to myself  
that I can still get WILD!

And directly following that, I have to prove that I still have  
discipline. Honestly, I'm happy to do it because weekend behavior  
is exhausting. I wake up on Monday in high spirits. I have  
the whole week ahead of me. Anything is possible.  
And if the week ends up being a wash? Well that's what the  
weekend is for.

*This is where you belong, Lidia.*

bernards my dads name

YOU CAN'T PAINT SUNSETS BROWN



09/05

DRINK, thirsty crows.

Who is the Best Girl of the Bon Appétit test  
kitchen? That's not even a question. Molly. It's  
obvious. She has an authentic joy and enthusiasm  
for life that is equaled only by Brad (the Best Boy of  
the Bon Appétit test kitchen) and is a joy to behold.  
She is pure light. What a dream, to be so full of joy  
and life while working in New York City. The City of  
Death. She's always so full of light and joy and Love.  
She's always well dressed. I've seen those other chefs  
and their tired, cynical eyes with dark shadows. Those  
achy-kneed Jews with ill fitting clothing and no Escape.  
I want to love them, but I do not. I pity them. They would  
probably be happy to Die. I think Carla wants to Die. But  
she can't Escape. No Escape. I do Love Molly. Not in a  
lustful way, mind you, she is happily married and I want  
nothing more than for her to be Happy. Molly is my muse.  
That's a more appropriate word than love, perhaps. She  
is the Light of my life, the destroyer of shadows. I do not  
enjoy shadows. Shadows of ~~darkness~~ Darkness. Shadowed  
eyes. Molly is a being of Light. A destroyer of shadow. When  
I see Molly I do not want to Die. I do not want to Kill. I  
see the Light. But I cannot always see Molly. I cannot.  
I cannot always See. Sometimes I am Blind. I am sorry.  
I am Sorry.

- 07/08 - Creston B
- 07/17 - Dan Hausßettler
- 07/25 - Mixed Veggies
- 08/01 - Lamb's Ear
- 08/11 - Sean Shit Gunsmoke (Esq.)
- 08/12 - Lawful
- 08/29 - Pol Pots N Pans
- 09/15 - Justin Rhodes
- 09/20 - Antrobus
- 09/26 - QUATE
- 10/08 - Clässicoz
- 10/09 - Kilroy
- 10/22 - Gym Slow
- 12/03 - Mr. Redmond Barry
- 12/24 - Nuka Cola
- 03/03 - Grand Badger
- 03/14 - Duk
- 4/4/67 - Mr Redmond Barry
- 04/10 - MoxieFamous
- 04/14 - Assclapper 420
- 04/17 - Lawful
- 04/30 - MR REDMOND BARRY
- 05/03 - ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
- 05/22 - Mixed Veggies
- 05/23 - Kilroy
- 05/31 - CAT
- 06/08 - Dan Hausßettler
- 06/13 - MoxieFamous
- 07/18 - Lawful
- 08/18 - Angelboy Discoman
- 09/05 - MoxieFamous

PRODUCER, TMH, MAILMAN  
ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

DIRECTOR, LAYOUT, SCRIBBLES  
MOXIEFAMOUS

NIGHTMARE #2  
Allie Freed

Sharptoes  
↓  
Open letter (fuck you)  
Cool cowboy - ART

THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR  
+  
FRENCH BREAD - ART  
↓  
GYM SLOW

GOD'S FOOD  
BIG CANS  
WOODSTOCK  
BENCH SITTER



KITKAT - TAX SEASON

DAD → THE TALE OF SNOWBALL  
SWAMP MONSTER } COMIX  
A Bicycle

VOTE HIMCEL

THE SEX MEN

CLONE → IGNORE ALL SPETSKY  
SPETSKY → MY DAD'S NAME  
PEA → ARIZONA ICE PEE  
LAWFUL BUT → BABY GORILLA  
BABINGO → BENCH SITTER (WRITER)  
GORMAN → WATCH ME DIE (COMIC)

TUACAT  
DAD ON A WALK - ART

ART

What the fffuck  
PHOTOGRAPHS

BANANA MUSH  
DEATH IS A PART OF...

CHESBUOVO  
He.

DOGMO  
GAMER HELMET

ROCKETSOX  
LOOKING AT HAND  
A MERE BUG  
REST IN PEACE

SALVATION - SMOKE MOUTH ART

LIP SKIN

BDWS  
NUGGLES  
BIRD

THE HASH SLINGING SLASHER - THIRST FOR ASS

Droopy McCool → PINK EYE OR DIE  
ART → MASK

HAMARCHY → LIVING LIGHTHOUSE  
ART → PAGE 16

ODIN ODANGOBIE → STICKER  
• SCRIBBLES

RUMPLESTILLER → HATE WHEN I LOSE  
DISCORD.GG/zx5Pyst INSPIRATION - ART