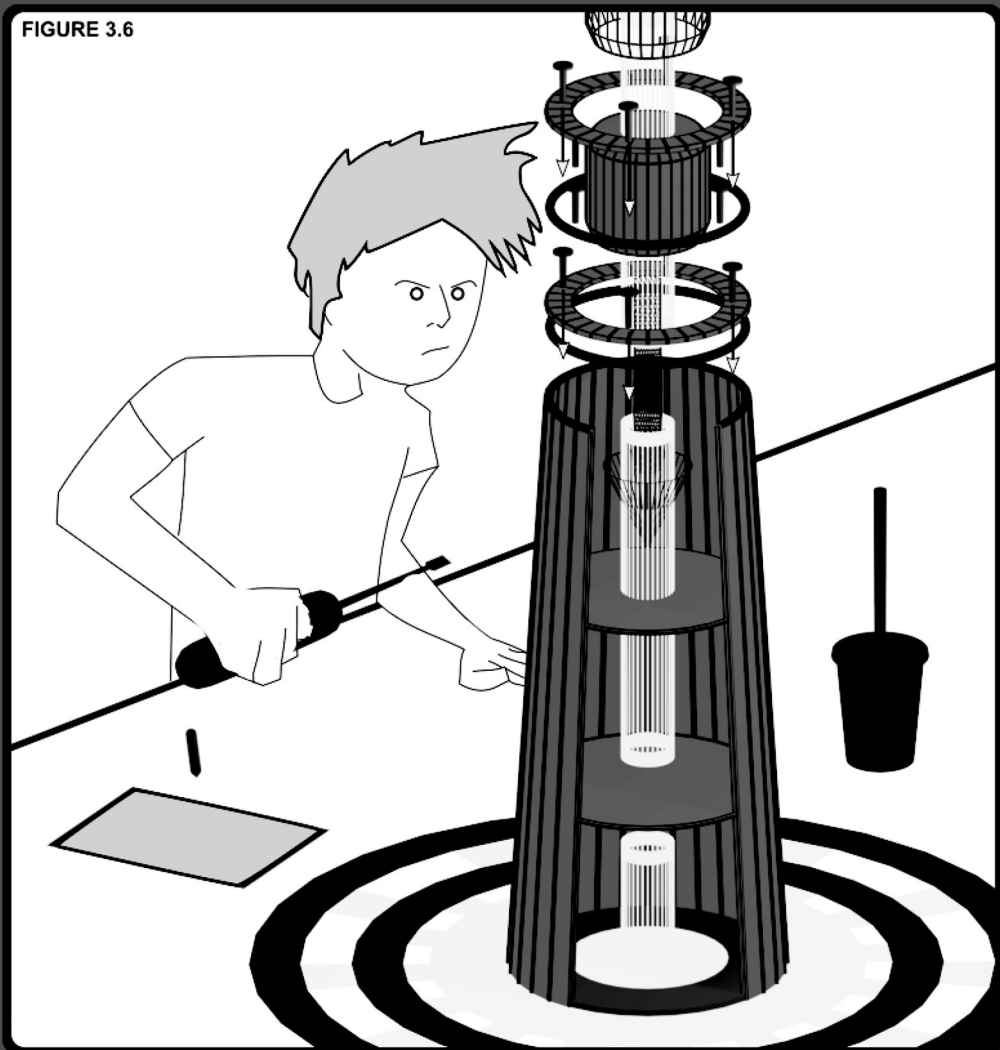


# MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

ALMOST MONTHLY!

VOLUME 2 // ISSUE 9

FIGURE 3.6



## FEATURES:

- TEXT SEGMENTS
- NON-TECHNICAL ART
- ATTEMPTS AT HUMOR
- A VERY GOOD TIME!\*

THOUGHTCRIME PROOF  
SIN RESISTANT  
AURA POSITIVE  
ENERGY ABSORBANT  
HAPPINESS DECANTED



PLEASE STAY SAFE OUT THERE!

CIRCULATION #: 175



you want a tip, punk?  
STAY THE **FUCK**  
OUT OF MY WAY, AND  
**FUCK**  
OFF!



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Let me tell you about my cool straw hat.....	4
Guidance is mandatory.....	7
Everything goes in the freezer.....	12
CRISIS MODE.....	17
COMICS AND TIDBITS.....	21

# PIZZA

GENO'S PIZZERIA COME ON DOWN PIESANOS FOR SOME CHEESY BREEZY BEAUTY AS YOU GET A SLICE OF OUR 10-INCH DEEP DEEP DISH PIZZA, NOW WITH OUR NEW SAUCE MIX AND 12 CHEESE RECIPE, OUR NEW DOUGH IS SO CHEESY AND STRETCHY YOU BET YOUR ASS IF YOU BUY OUR NEW 2 FOOT RADIUS XXL PIZZA YOU CAN TAKE THAT SHIT TO YOUR BACKYARD AND DO SOME ACROBATICS

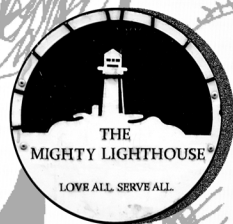


I'm a big muscle boy. I can lift anything. Don't believe me? Just watch. I can lift a cow. I can lift a brick. Are you trembling yet? You should be! The only thing in this world that I cannot lift is my own spirits. I'm irritable. I punched a hole in my wall. I punched a hole in my car. I won't apologize.



One in ten parents are too worried to take the training wheels off their child's bike, and opt to spray paint them invisible instead.

The other nine parents, after taking the training wheels off, attach them to their own bikes. (That night, they ride for the first time in 25 years.)



# THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE: Take with food

my new game of thrones funkopop figure came in the post today, along with some more divorce papers from Julie. it left me with mixed feelings but the figure turned out to be Jon Snow (my fave) which was lucky because i always chose the "random" option to keep it exciting!

Everybody thinks sleep's so great. Let me tell you, I came up with it. You know nothing of my work.

So lemme tell you about this hat I have. It's this cool straw hat, in the shape of a cowboy hat kinda. And I have to say, it's one of my favorite hats. I wear it a lot. I think it helps me, confidence wise. It adds character to my personality, yah know? People can forget a regular guy quickly, but a regular guy with a straw hat? They'll remember you much longer. I really like my hat. My friends like my hat. I let them wear it... sometimes. Not for long though, I don't want them getting too attached. I honestly don't know what I would do if someone touched my hat without permission, let alone stole it. I think... I think I'd probably kill 'em. And their family. And I know their family didn't have anything to do with it but the apple never falls far from the tree. They probably want my hat too. So yah, that's my message to you. Don't touch my fucking hat, and don't even think about stealing it.

## YOU WONNA KNOW WHAT A REAL PIGEON LOOKS LIKE?!



CHECK OUT YA BOY, THE WOOD PIGEON RIGHT HERE. CLEAN, MAJESTIC, TASTES GREAT.

NOW CHECK OUT THIS SHIT BIRD. ROCK PIGEONS ARE SKY RATS AND I HOPE THEY ALL WATCH THEIR CHILDREN DIE.



ALSO FUCK THIS ONE. HE TOUCHES KIDS FOR BREAD CRUMS.



## WOOD PIGEONS ARE FUCKING AWESOME



## Windows is a 7 course meal at a Michelin star restaurant,

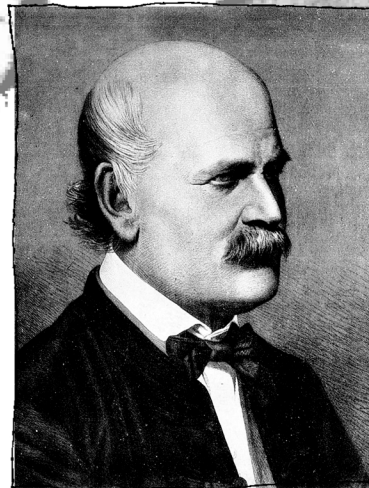
excellently crafted by professionals for the man of discerning tastes. Linux is eating out of McDonald's dumpsters. It's disgusting trash for poor people, but it's free and customizable!!! Luke 11:11-13 tells us that it is evil to give misleading gifts (e.g. an egg which is a scorpion). Linux is a scorpion that looks like an egg too. Linux worshippers preach how easy and good and innovative it is, when really it is

horrible garbage. Linux is unchristian. The average windows user has a career, has money, has a degree, has shit to do so needs an efficient OS, video games responsibly. The average linux users is a poor NEET who was "too smart for college", underachiever, can waste 5 days on something that takes 1 minute on Windows, will game 100 hours a week.

Put short, Windows is the OS of the aristocrat, Linux is the OS of the paedophile.

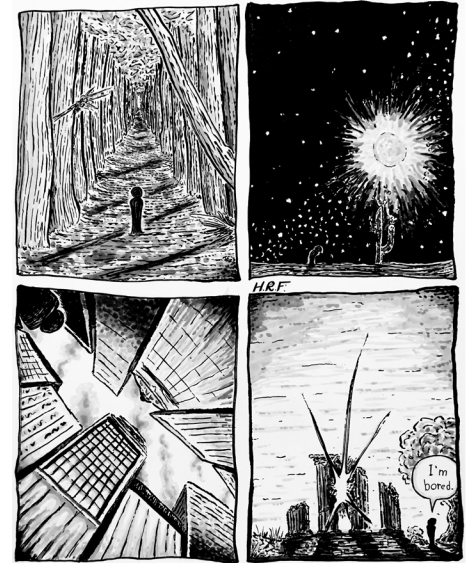
## Being right in this world gets you absolutely no where unless you have a gorgeous head of hair, and maybe some charisma.

Ignaz Semmelweis in 1847 was the first person to realize that maybe washing your filthy corpse hands between being shoulder deep in a cadavers's asshole and delivering a baby would save a few lives. But with no hair save a disgusting little half mullet, a twerpy little mustache, and a hairy ball sack under 4 layers of Victorian pants and garments, he had no hope. Doctors were disgusted the little half human half troll creature telling them to wash their high-class gentlemen hands and sent to live rest of his 14 day long life in a Insane asylum. So when you are arguing with someone on the internet when you just "Know" you're right, remember good old Ignaz Semmelweis, who's award for being the first human in 200,000 years to discover basic human hygiene and trying to save babies with soap, was slowly dying in a cold cell while his beaten and bloody body slowly filled with pus, dying of Pyaemia, a disease he himself had discovered.



**Mathematics**, unlike any other language, leaves no room for interpretation or creativity. Math is immutable. Eternal. Unchanging. Uncaring. Unlike human will & ideals, it neither bends nor breaks. Once you have it on your side you can bend the world to your will. Never mind the fact that there is no such thing in time or space as a real 0 or  $\infty$ , 1 (either positive or negative), nor  $\omega$ , i, or e. Numerological cults have risen & fallen, unable to quantify, in their time, the seemingly paradoxical nature of an irrational number, occulting their nature from public perception. It took centuries before the concept of structured & constant chaos as a rule of law for the natural realm could find its way

to nestle comfortably in the minds of mankind. Take parallel lines for example. Two entwined entities equidistant at all points & extending ad infinitum. Never do they meet. We know that these two lines, in our world, a fallen world, must meet eventually. We simultaneously understand the fact that such an occurrence is still logically possible. It is in this way which we can logically, & without faith, perceive the very shape of the mind & countenance of God.



You know, putting more icing on those cinnamon rolls isn't going to make them more moist. You overbaked them and now you just have to accept that they'll be dry no matter what you do. You fucked up, buddy. For the love of god, don't attempt to mask your mistake with icing. You're not fooling anyone. They'll just taste like dry cinnamon rolls smothered in an inappropriate amount of icing. Because that's exactly what they are. It's pathetic. The only way you're saving those cinnamon rolls is if you admit defeat and turn them into bread pudding. Do the right thing.

# Guidance



“Ted?” Ms. Roth called out. Ted Potensky looked up. “You can head into Mr. Davidson’s office now.”

Mr. Davidson’s door cracked open just as Ted stood up. Ted saw a girl step out of the office. Her eyes looked puffy. Mr. Davidson peeked his head out of the doorway and beckoned cheerfully, “Hey hey! Come right in, Ted!” Ted obliged, though he still had no idea as to why he had been called into the guidance counselor’s office in the middle of the day.

Mr. Davidson circled back to his desk and motioned for Ted to sit as he picked up a pen. “So, Teddy, tell me, what’s up? How are you?” he began.

Ted wasn’t sure how to answer the open-ended question. He tried to use it to make conversation. “Good, good, I actually had to pull an all-nighter last night for a presentation in Spanish class. I think—”

“Oofta yeah, yeah that’ll do it” said Mr. Davidson, listening actively while jotting notes on the sheet of paper in front of him.

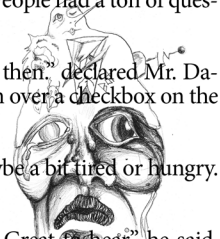
“—I think it was worth it, because the presentation went really well. People had a ton of questions after the—”

“So, you’re feeling okay, then,” declared Mr. Davidson, hovering his pen over a checkbox on the sheet.

“Uh yeah I’d say so, maybe a bit tired or hungry. I find that—”

“Mhm. Ok that’s great. Great to hear,” he said, ticking the box. “So, just so you know, the reason I ask is because I have to do this boring thing for the school’s insurance where I periodically check in with some of our vulnerable students.” Mr. Davidson air-quoted the last words as he said them.

Ted was confused. “What do you mean ‘vulnerable?’”



“Oh it’s just psycho-babble technical jargon. No need to worry about how it sounds.” Mr. Davidson moved his pen down the left side of the sheet of paper until it found its starting point again. “So, Teddy, how do you feel about your academics? How are you doing in school?”

Ted wasn’t quite satisfied with the answer to his question. He put a pin in it. “Pretty good, actually,” he said, enthusiastically. “I got mostly As last semester, and I feel pretty confident about this semester too. Like that Spanish presentation I mentioned went pretty well, I think, so that’ll be another A.”

“Not bad, not bad at all, my man!” said Mr. Davidson, with a new infusion of excitement. “It doesn’t say here, so remind me again what level Spanish you’re in?”

“Uh, three,” said Teddy.  
“And math?”

“Three.”  
“And chemistry?”  
“Three as well.”



“Cool cool,” said Mr. Davidson, filling in the last details on his sheet. “So it looks like the remedial classes are a good fit for you. I’m glad you’re doing so well in them.”

“Huh.” Ted paused for a moment. He didn’t know anyone else who was in all threes, now that he thought about it.

Mr. Davidson moved right along. “Alrighty, now tell me, what’s your social life like? Got any pals you like to hang out with?”

Ted recovered. “Oh, plenty” he said, smiling. “I’ve got a pretty big group of friends, maybe five or six,” he included the numbers because he figured Mr. Davidson liked numbers, “and like we get lunch together and hang out in the lounge together. It’s fun.”

“And you all presumably hang out on the weekends? Maybe go to the movies or the mall?” probed Mr. Davidson.

“Hm?” Ted was caught slightly off-guard. He decided to own it. “No, not really. I don’t see most of my friend group outside of school so much. It’s more like an in-school kind of friend group, if you know what I mean.”

Mr. Davidson was still writing. Without looking up, he persisted “I think I know what you mean. Would you say you have an out-of-school friend group, then?”

Ted didn’t answer right away. He had always considered himself to be a social guy. He took about 10 seconds to think it through before he conceded “No I guess not. I’m home most of the time when I’m not in school. Mostly on the computer.” He briefly wondered just how badly he was deluding himself. Then he remembered, “Oh! But I have a bunch of people I talk to regularly on IRC—that’s internet relay chat. I kinda hang out with them on the weekends, if you think that counts.”

Mr. Davidson smiled. “Oh that sounds nice. I’m glad you consider them your friends.” He finished writing on the last line on his sheet of paper while mouthing the words “no real friends” to himself. Ted was feeling a little nauseous now.

“Last question,” Mr. Davidson said, turning over the paper. “If you don’t mind me prying a little, could you share a bit about your dating situation? Are you seeing anyone? If you feel uncomfortable answering, you just say the word, I totally get it.”

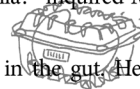
Ted truly didn’t want to answer the question. But he also didn’t want Mr. Davidson to know that he didn’t want to answer the question. He considered making up an answer, but he knew he was no good at lying. Besides, Mr. Davidson was clearly quite perceptive. He swallowed and went with the truth. “Not much going on, really,” he said, sheepishly.

“Come on, a guy like you? Straight As and a bunch of school friends? I’m sure there’s something going on,” pitched Mr. Davidson.

Ted felt flattered. Mr. Davidson hadn’t really done anything explicitly to make Ted feel bad. Ted was probably just in his own head. He elaborated, “Well, I was thinking of asking someone out. She’s in some of my classes and we talk a lot.”

“Oh you mean Sheila?” inquired Mr. Davidson flatly.

The name hit Ted in the gut. He stammered, “h...how...”



“I overheard Sheila talking in the hallway earlier

this week. Talking about how she was stringing along some loser in one of her classes. She really seems to appreciate how much free time she has when you so chivalrously offer to do all the work in your group projects.”

“No. No, I don’t believe you.” Ted felt his eyes getting warm and blurry.

Mr. Davidson began to raise his voice. “You think I’m messing with you? You think I’d make this up? I know more about Sheila than you do. Did you know she’s got a boyfriend?” he taunted. Ted shook his head. “That’s right, she has a boyfriend in another school. Bet you would have known that if you spent a lot of time talking with her like you said you did. Or did you talk to her over IRC?”

Ted banged the desk. “Shut up! Shut the fuck up!” he yelled, his voice cracking. Tears were streaming down his face.



“Ooh I’m scared now. Does that make you mad, Teddy? Would it make you mad if I told you she spent that free time fucking her boyfriend in his studio apartment?”

Ted tried to look tough through his tears. Mr. Davidson wasn’t buying it.

“Would that make you want to lash out, huh? Maybe hurt her? Or would you rather take it out on the whole school? Does violence suit you,

you lonely, remedial loser?”

Of course it didn’t. Ted didn’t say anything. He had nothing to say. His face froze in its contorted state.

“That’s what I thought. All bark and no bite. God, you kids are so predictable,” snarled Mr. Davidson as he checked off the “Not an Active Threat” box on his sheet. A few seconds passed and Ted was still unresponsive. “Well? That’s it! Get the hell out of my office!”

Ted, face damp with tears and mucus, stood up and made his way to the door.

Mr. Davidson put his feet up on his desk and clicked the intercom beside him. “Ms. Roth? Send in the next psycho. This one’s a fuckin’ pussy.”



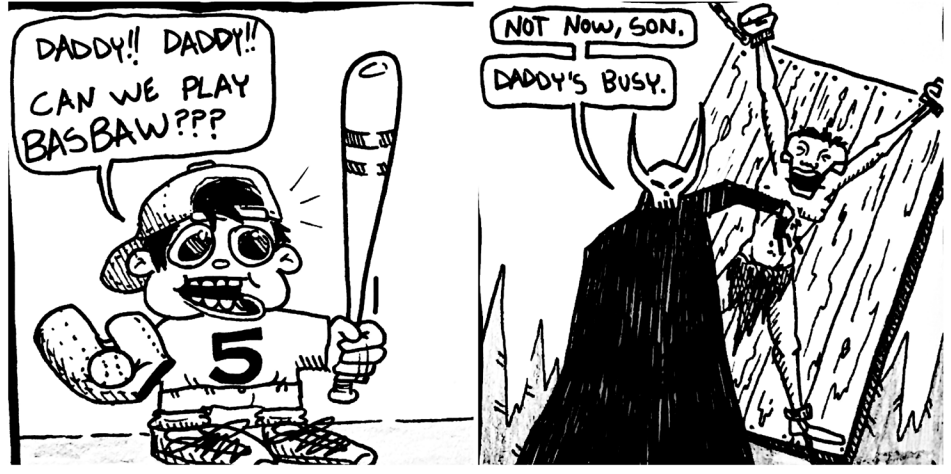


**THE INDIGNITIES THE MANY PLACE ON A FEW** can be easily ignored if the ones who suffer from it are unable to shout their pain to a listening world. Those words repeated in Gently's head every time he looked at her. So rarely does he allow his emotions to seep to the surface, his beliefs and values always keeping him cold, sharp, and alert. But, around her he let a little of it slip out onto the surface. He wanted her to see it, to notice. He needed her to recognize what it meant and then, against all odds. He wanted her to return that sense of knowing, the sense of being present and existing in this world right here, right now. So he put his entire soul into his eyes, his want and need for acknowledgment from her. But as she finishes typing her email, body locked in with perfect perfect posture as well as focus, she turns to him, meeting his eyes, and stealing his hope as once again, like every other time as she looks back at him with eyes filled with nothing for galaxies around.



**Yo fam, whaddup? IT'S YA BOI, Lil' Fabreezy,**

**moves in a way that resembles a crab shuffling** They call me Lil' Fabreezy 'cuz I spray fabreeze on my crotch between showers to save dollas on the water bill **camera pans down to crotch area of white jersey shorts. It is lightly stained a mustard yellow. the word "SUPREME" is printed on the leg. dozens of fabreeze cans can be seen littering the carpeted floor. Heavy breathing coming from behind the camera is also noticeably increasing. Camera pans back up quickly to face.** Don't forget to SMASH THAT LIKE Button, **spanks the air** and TAP THAT BELL ICON **incomprehensible gyrating** And if you leave #aerosolgang in the comment section below the hashtag **#AEROSOLGANG intrusively sprawls across screen** you could win a MACBOOK PRO. **(audio peaks)** THAT'S RIGHT, YA BOY LIL' FABREEZY IS GIVIN' AWAY FIVE **holds up hand, palm is presented sensually. In the background mirror, it is revealed that the camera man is a naked, balding and overweight man in his mid fifties** MACBOOK PROS.



You can play stupid? That's cool...

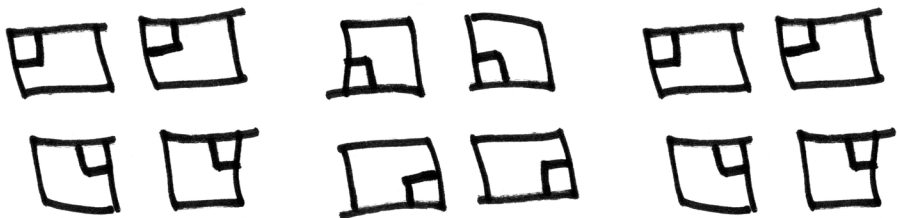
Me... I am stupid... so I have to play smart, and I've gotten real good at it. I blend in, like a chameleon, one that might lash out, go totally nutty... Maybe because he's bored... maybe he's just angry for no good reason... heh... heheheh...

Yeah, you keep lowering yourself to that level, I'll keep climbing higher and higher until I reach the peak...

Damn... mmm... you all look like little ants from up here on Mount Olympus...

You having fun down there... Yeah... well don't get too comfy playing dumb, cause when you get comfy it's all over, there's no going back, you're stuck as an idiot, and I'll zip past you, leave you in the dust...

Bye-bye, dum-dum.



I wish my body had better manners.

Like just use your words and politely let me know when you need food or rest, don't fucking hurt me and say nothing and expect me to know what you want.

Rude bastard...



I finally after 15 years of marriage have removed the mask I made when I met my wife. It was a literal mask of a man she'd had fallen in love with from her college communist commune. I followed him one night and skinned the living flesh from his skull. It keeps things fresh in our marriage.



It's sad in the modern world you can't trust anyone. In my 32 years of life, the only person in the world that has seen my penis is my mother, yet for the past week I've received no less than 15 electronic messages stating my member is both small and in dire need of medical supplements.

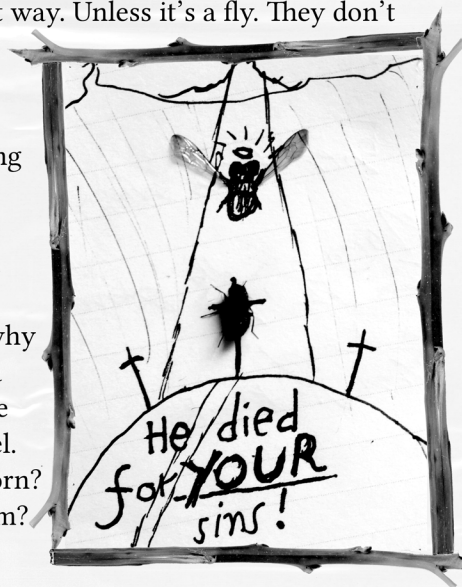
I got a tattoo yesterday:

"Guess how many marbles are in this guy and win a prize!" It's mainly for the mortuary people; the folks I'm expecting at my funeral never took my tattoos seriously. That's why I'm giving their inheritance to whoever can guess the number of marbles. It's a lot.



I'm a firm believer in keeping all food and drink in the freezer.

Lettuce? Freezer. Chicken? Milked cereal? Freezer. Cheese? Freezer. Freezer. Beer? Freezer. Keeps longer that way. Unless it's a fly. They don't keep too long in the freezer. But that's good, that's what I want, that's why I bought all the freezers: too many damn flies. Can't move a muscle without raising a cloud of flies. They're everywhere but the freezers. And I figured that once the flies couldn't eat my food, they'd die off. Siege warfare. Not so. So the freezers haven't been a perfect solution. That's why I'm working on turning the house into a freezer. I'm excited! I'll be able to put the food wherever I want. Tomatoes? Mantel. Syrup? Nightstand. Ravioli? Creamed corn? Medicine cabinet. Kitchen sink. Ice cream? Freezer. And no flies.



today i walked in to the gas station and i saw the attendant,

an older indian man who has always been kind to me, coaxing something on to his hand in the corner of the store. holding it up, he looked at me and asked "do you know what this is?"

glancing down i saw a vibrant and beautiful male luna moth with its bottom left wing ripped off. i said to him "this is a luna moth, it's good luck to have them near by but this one looks hurt."

the indian man smiled at me and replied "well maybe if you put him outside, he'll heal and fly away. some animals can regenerate." i think he said this to make me feel better.

i smiled back at him. "that's a good idea, i'll do that." realizing that the kind indian man must have also wanted to make himself feel better.

so i walked outside and put the moth on the bush, knowing full well that moths can't heal their wings, and that he'd never fly again.



One afternoon while I was still pacing the Square, staring at the thick fog that shrouded my peripheral vision, I got a weird look when I looked out the window. At the top of my tastebuds was a tall oaken monster slowly coming down the street. I didn't recognize it, but I do know that one of the street lamps glimmered in the full moon light. I turned around, pulled down my pants, and there it was, on the street, staring at me. I didn't say a word, just continued walking.

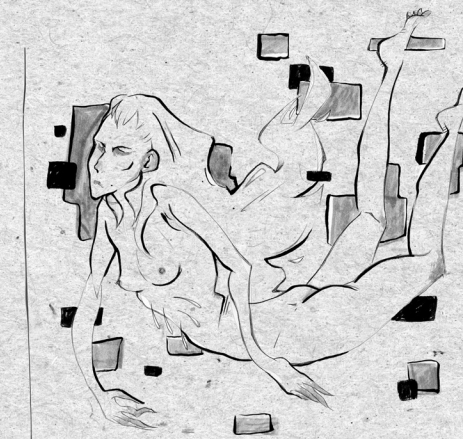
By the time I had reached the intersection of East 5th Street and South 22nd Avenue, I was in a funk. My body ached to get out of this rut, and my mind ached to get rid of the runpus. But I couldn't control my groans. I know better than to put my curse words into words. I also knew that I mustn't say a single bad thing about the oaken monster since

## On the Pronunciation of the Word Queue: Hell, Fury, and Human Vacancy

Kweoue. That's how you say it in your head. That's how you repeat it for years. Listen to yourself read it now, hear the hard 'k' and double diphthong pass through your mind just as the hot melted cheese you force feed yourself daily passes through your disgusting deformed body. Now one day, by pure chance, say it aloud. Maybe at a house party, or a wine tasting, or in bed after you've made love. Remember how the pure stupidity, the red-hot molten slag of your own ignorance poured out of your mouth. The incredulous looks. The mouths open in horror. Perhaps the crash of a wine glass dropped in amazement at the stupidity, your stupidity. I can't help but laugh at this next moment, the one where your face turns red once you realize your error. You try to play it off as a joke. Too late. They already know. Soon enough you're alone. You've ousted yourself as someone who doesn't belong, and the damage is far, far too great to be undone. The word spreads like a disease. Before long they all know. You feel the eyes boring into your back, the soft words and stifled laughs as they trade their rumors about you. Now comes the coping. You emerge from the cheese shop at 11:43 PM with six entire wheels. By the same time upon the following evening, you've consumed all but one. Of course, this isn't enough. Brie, gouda, cheddar, you can hardly remember the names. Six wheels become ten. Ten becomes twenty. Before long, you're a sluggish, slimy 600lb monster who has developed an insatiable appetite for



cheese that you can no longer support. You know this can't continue for much longer and once your bank account runs out you're as good as dead. Your mind drifts back to the very first time you said it to yourself...



...Kweoue



TURN THE FRICKING PAGE ALREADY. JEEZ

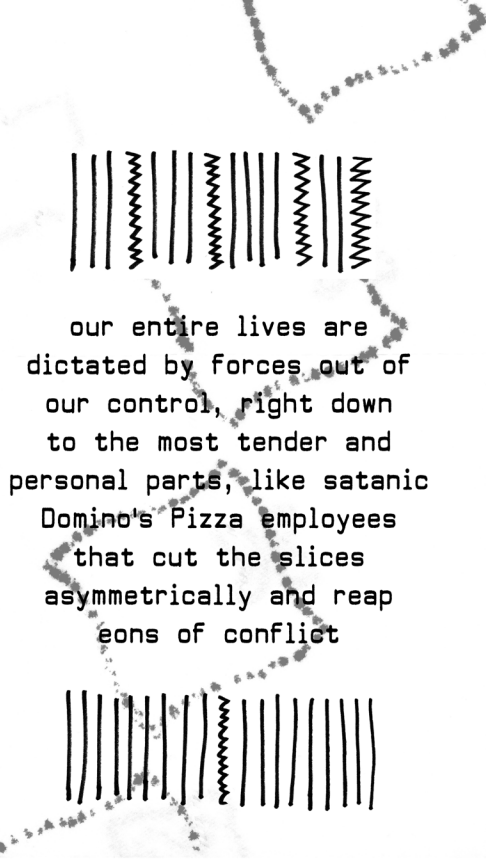


I've been getting the train a lot recently.

One thing I've noticed is how many fucking degenerates move around the country on a daily basis. Huge, quivering, smelly nerds dripping with sweat as they openly read their hentai magazines. Large breasted women moaning everytime the train shakes with the speed of the wheels. Small goblin-like business men screaming about their profits for this quarter. It makes me sick. I've seen a hippy couple sow wheatgrass in the carpet, and then give birth on the already bloodstained seats. Snakes and crocodiles in the toilet. Pigs and cattle strapped to the roof. A corpse blowing in the wind after a women got her arm stuck in the door, and screaming as we hurtled towards a tunnel. "Tickets please." the conductor shrieks, as he shoves his sticky fingers deep into my trousers. I orgasm every time. I cry everytime.

**FRIENDLY TIP**

remember, your body can give out at any time



our entire lives are dictated by forces out of our control, right down to the most tender and personal parts, like satanic Domino's Pizza employees that cut the slices asymmetrically and reap eons of conflict

**NO TIME TRAVELERS**

We've noticed a recent trend of people coming back from the future to have one more chance to try our legendary brisket.

We will NOT serve ANYONE who is found to have traveled back in time, period!

We do NOT care if time travel was invented solely for this reason, we will not allow this behaviour!

You had your chance, now let the people in the present have theirs!

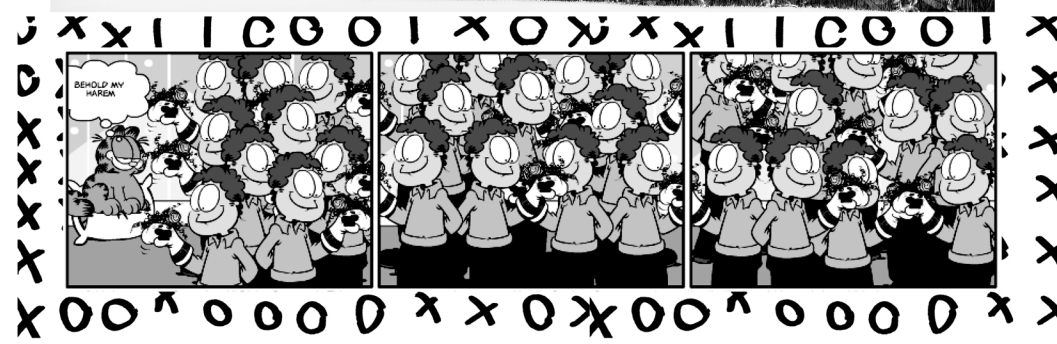
Thank you,  
Big Bill's Briskets and Emponium

**URGENT: MY PENIS IS BLEEDING**

IT WAS MASTURBATING WITH A TUNA JAR (DON'T ASK HOW DON'T ASK WHY) AND I GOT TOO INTO IT AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I HAD A BLOODY MESS OF BROKEN GLASS AT MY FEET AND A SHARP PAIN IN MY DICK. I AM NO LONGER WELCOME AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE AS A RESULT OF A PREVIOUS INCIDENT (THE DETAILS OF WHICH I AM UNDER LEGAL OBLIGATION NOT TO DISCLOSE) SO I WILL BE FORCED TO TEND TO THIS WOUND ON MY OWN AND AM IN NEED OF HOME MEDICAL REMEDIES. WEBMD HAS NO RESULTS FOR "BROKEN GLASS IN PENIS PROFUSE BLEEDING" SO I ASKED FOR ADVICE ON MY FAVORITE ONLINE FORUM BUT EVERYONE JUST MADE FUN OF ME AND ASKED FOR PICS. I DO NOT HAVE ACCESS TO A CAMERA AT THE MOMENT. PLEASE HELP I FEAR I AM DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO LOSING CONCIOSNESS AS A RESULT OF EXCESSIVE BLOOD LOSS SO A PROMPT RESPONSE WOULD BE PREFERRED AND GREATLY APPERCIATED THANKYOU IN ADVANCE.



hello yes i have question



HEY PIESANOS MICHEAL, GENERAL MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL GENO'S PIZZA HERE TO TELL YOU GUYS OF OUR NEW COLLAB WITH THE INTERNET'S VERY OWN ANIMATED MOVIE STAR PIZZA CAT FOR THE NEW EXTRA JUICY PUSSYCAT PIZZA NOW WITH PAIRED UP BITS OF OUR ALL NEW EXTRA THICK CHEESE FILLED SAUSAGE BITS AND OUR STREAKY PARMESAN SERVING RIGHT ON TOP OF OUR OOEEY GOOEY NACHO CHEESE SAUCE MEANT TO ADD PLENTY OF FUN TO ANY STICKY ADVENTURE

<input type="checkbox"/> EXTRA CHEESE	<input type="checkbox"/> ANCHOVIES
<input type="checkbox"/> SAUSAGE	<input type="checkbox"/> PEPPERS
<input type="checkbox"/> MUSHROOM	<input type="checkbox"/> PEPPERONI
<input type="checkbox"/> MEATBALL	CUSTOMER _____
<input type="checkbox"/> ONIONS	
<input type="checkbox"/> SPECIAL	



# CLASSIFIEDS



## Wanted: Jars & Bottles for \$\$\$

Student looking for glass jars and bottles, willing to pay per vessel provided they are intact. I am dissolving myself as part of my thesis in fine arts and have loan money to blow. JARS MUST BE GLASS. The chemicals I'm using react poorly to plastic and I only have so much of myself to go around. If you bring an extra jar you can have some to take home with you, makes a good conversation starter or a fun gift for loved ones. DO NOT CONTACT AUTHORITIES: I HAVE STUDIED THE CLASSICS AND KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. I'm sick of having to explain contemporary art to law enforcement.

Chicago 2-7773

## LOST PET!

Unfortunately we have no photographs of Smeano because he doesn't like the idea of being "trapped in a camera"

Smeano reminds one of a human, although is dissimilar in ways. Smeano is neither male nor female, however he does prefer to be called a "he". Four-quarter-inch-thick fur covers his entire body except for his legs; from the waist down he's bald. His fur is a color called "bone", and he is only 30 inches tall, 4.6 inches wide, and 2.3 inches deep. We have never known him not to be armed, but he would never harm a soul.

If Found PLEASE Call This Number ASAP: (858) 651-5050

REWARD: \$10,000

**You're an indecisive shit who don't know which cereal you want for breakfast?** Get wasted or high? Jump out of a 15-story building or a bridge? Call StrEADer 8-2917 to have your personal Decider delivered! Just put on the ear-piece and accompanying clip camera and you're ready to go! We'll scan your available options and tell you what to do. We're even open to your suggestions! Rest at ease, remove the thinking, hand your life to us. Live simpler.

**Hey Babe, it's me.** Remember a few weeks ago I told you I was balding, in the classifieds? I was so sappy about it, lol. What a queer. Well guess what? I'm using Rogaine now. So, I'll be seeing you soon babe. Keep that pussy wet for me bitch.  
1 - 800 C\*NT W3TT3NER



**I went to a strip club last weekend and it was the greatest experience of my life.** It's Disneyland for adult shithheads. I want to get married in the back.

By the time I got here at 11 PM, the bartender was shitfaced. I couldn't understand a goddamn word she said by 11:30. It's cool though; by midnight I had caught up and we shouted happily at each other all night like a couple of drunk children.

I got a lap dance from an obese stripper with the biggest gazongas I have ever seen in my entire life. After I finished motorboating her 36F breasts (I think I saw God), all she said was, "You should see my mom. She's a 36G." It will take me another 6 weeks to fully process and internalize that comment and its context.

I made friends with a black dude named John. We traded hats. I think he was mildly retarded. I bought him a lap dance and he acted like I had given him a house. He was the best.

I didn't even know I needed this place in my life until I came in and traded hats with a mentally retarded person.

## Guys, I think I'm onto something. Something big.

Alright, get this. I was reading The Bible again last night and I started to notice something: There's a lot of stuff about feet in The Bible, isn't there? Like, a lot. Jesus washing his disciples feet, shaking the dust off of feet, washing feet. A lot of feet! And you know what? I think I figured it out. It's not about feet at all! It's code. It's about something else. Something filthy.

You see, I figured it out this morning after waking up from having a nightmare made of feet. I had been reading in the Book of Luke about that hussy who poured nard all over Jesus' feet and wiped them up with her own hair and tears. Nard? Why not call it spikenard all proper like? And then it hit me. Nards. We're talking scrotum here. Luke spilled the beans! The biblical tale of Mary anointing Jesus' feet isn't about devotion and humility! It's about a big, wet, Blowie Joey! It's about Mary lubing up Jesus' hot, throbbing cock and choking it down!! It's about her sucking and wiping and crying. A real banger!! And that dirty girl, that Mary, who was a sinner, finished him off by jerking him with her hair. Wowie! And that stupid Pharisee, Simon, was like Woah, look out Jesus. That girl is a filthy whore! Idiot! Jesus is into bad girls! But he's into more than just that...

I know what's going on now, my friends. All that stuff in the bible about feet is just thinly veiled cock worship. You know how much those Middle Eastern guys love cock! (I saw a documentary about it. Stay away from kids you sickos!) The Bible is chock full of Jesus and his disciples playing the flesh flute and bragging about it. Jesus washing his disciples feet? Not about humility at all! It was Jesus jerking off a dozen dudes in a private upstairs room before eating some sticky buffet food!! Not a metaphor. And the holes in his feet after 'being crucified'? Probably cock fingering or some shit. These guys are nasty! A bunch of dirty fuck freaks!!!

Hey! Mel Gibson! Turn this shit into a movie! Nobody wants to see Jesus get whipped until his flesh tears off and you can see the bones, his ribs laid bare! They wanna see him whip his fleshbone out and give Peter a good ribbing in his bare ass!! How about you use your Hollywood money and make a movie which is actually true to the bible, eh?? Do it.



ALL NEW COMIN RIGHT AT YOU A GENOS PIZZA PRODUCTION THE ALL AMERICAN 50 STATE PIZZA TOUR SPECIAL, A BRAND NEW LIMITED EDITION PIZZA COMIN FROM YOUR PIESANOS OVER AT GENO'S PIZZERIA A 50 CHEESE, 13 TOPPING PIZZA WITH 3 DIFFERENT TYPES OF CRUST, THIS 10 FOOT WIDE PIZZA PARADISE IS A REAL EMBODIMENT OF THE AMERICAN CHEESEY DREAM COMING AT 45000 CALORIES THIS PIZZA'S THE PERFECT THING FOR ANY REDBLOODED AMERICAN TEAM ON GAME DAY TO FEAST ON!!!! BRING THE BOYS, BRING YOUR KIDS, HELL EVEN YOUR WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS! THIS IS A FAN AFFAIR FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY, EXPERIENCE THE ENTIRETY OF AMERICA'S HISTORY IN EVERY BITE! COMIN TO A GENO'S NEAR YOU!!!!

It was kinda funny I walked in the door not knowing the Zine had come and heard my mom use my full name and I was like oh shit, they found cum in the toilet

I hate it when I squish my berries in the palm of my hand on the way back to my room, accidentally creating jam.



I do not trust tall people. They can see more than I can. This places me at a severe disadvantage and tips the balance of power in their favour. I cannot accept that.



i have no creative anything

HAPTIC FEEDBACK DIAPER

THE GREAT THING ABOUT DAY DRINKING IS THAT YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HANGOVER OVER AND DONE WITH BY 11 PM SO YOU CAN WAKE UP IN THE MORNING FRESH AND READY FOR ANOTHER DAY OF DAY DRINKING

I TORTURE MYSELF FOR THE VITAMIN C GODS, I POUR 4 GRAMS OF CITRIC CONCENTRATE IN MY GALLON OF WATER EVERYDAY



AS A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE AND A FRIEND OF THE STATE, JCHAEL SUPPORTS THIS POSITION



GIVE US YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT FLAVOR POPTART YOU WOULD BE?



# CREDITS

## CLASSICZ

want a tip, punk?  
tiny man (pg 7)  
woodstocks (pg 8)  
ll fabreezy art  
tml tuber creature (pg 12)  
hello i have a question (pg 16)  
t w ur not a dad  
accidentally creating jam

## SHAT DOHNSON

today is the day face  
doodle (pg 6)  
faces (pg 9)  
voicemail transcription beta

## MIKALVO

ll fabreezy  
injured moth  
ugly man art (pg 14)

## MIXED VEGGIES

being right while bald  
you can't trust anyone (pg 12)

## SCSF

windows aristocracy  
strip club review (found)

## KILROY

urgent my penis is bleeding

## GOIABA

this doesn't have to be sexual  
comic (pg 18)

## BLAU

fy died for your sins

## LAMB'S EAR

leather scan (pg 15)

## CHESBUOYO

helicopter click drawing (pg 20)

## A PINCHIE

guy with shark drawing (pg 20)

THE MIGHTY LIGHT-  
HOUSE is a production of  
the TML TML discord.  
discord.gg/zx5PYst

## ANGELBOY DISCOMAN

tml  
layout  
scans/sonibles

## PEARLORD

girl portrait (pg 9)  
mask (pg 11)  
sad girl (pg 14)  
dream pill ad

## DRUELANGLIOS

tml love all (pg 8)  
telephone (pg 6)  
demon micky tree art (pg 13)  
humble accident (pg 21)

## NASTY DASTY

geno's pizzeria  
the vitamin gods

## FRIKO BRAUN

front cover

## JAMMHO

got funk pop  
turn the fucking page

## SLAMMITY DAN

guidance

## EPIC DRONERACER777

how to pronounce queue  
CRISS MODE

## DR. DWEEB

orb police (pg 11)

## ANONYMOUS

bean drawing (pg 8)

## POLPOTS SPANS

beardy guy art (pg 18)

## VEET

satanic dominos pizza em-  
ployees

## TERATOMAJONES

jars and bottles ad

## BOROS

kevin lavrone art

## DAD

table of contents art  
angry gamer (pg 3)  
i'm a big muscle boy  
daddy's busy comic  
kyle labowitz license  
private detective comic  
makeup tutorial comic

## CHUD DROOPY

ugly faces (pgs 7, 8)  
you can play stupid?  
floral pattern (pg 19)  
brick pattern (pg 20)  
back cover pattern

## ITSOWAINH

wood pigeons  
no time travelers

## LAWFUL

mathematics

## TONER MARTINI

my rude body

## VOS

frog/dog art (pgs 7, 8)

## TMLBOT (FRANK PROMPT)

the caken monster

## DUK

std test ad  
don't trust tall people

## THE GOSSACK

lost smeano

## ABEE

i have no creative anything

## FRANK

vore me garfield

## JICHAEL

jichael supports this

## MOXIEFAMOUS

printer  
diy cinnamon rolls  
the bible's cock worship

## GYMSLOW

training wheels  
tml take with food  
i invented sleep  
old man abstract (pg 9)  
next toilet 60 miles art  
everything goes in the freezer  
guess how many marbles are

in this guy  
crisis mode art  
day drinking  
garfield harem

## GORMAN

friendly tips

## DUSTY DUX

my cool straw hat  
cum in the toilet

## HR FREUD

tim bored comic (pg 6)  
mr.ed comic

## ROCKETSOX

many mouths art (pg 13)  
falling woman art (pg 14)

## DELTA PIGEON

removing the mask (pg 11)

## POOPENHEIMER

aking the train a lot recently

## CAN'T HANDLE MY HANDLE

instagram comics

## CRUMBLY

what flavor pop tart are you

## WIMMP

haptic feedback diaper

## LIQUID BABY

i use rogaïne now

## KITKAT

personal decider ad