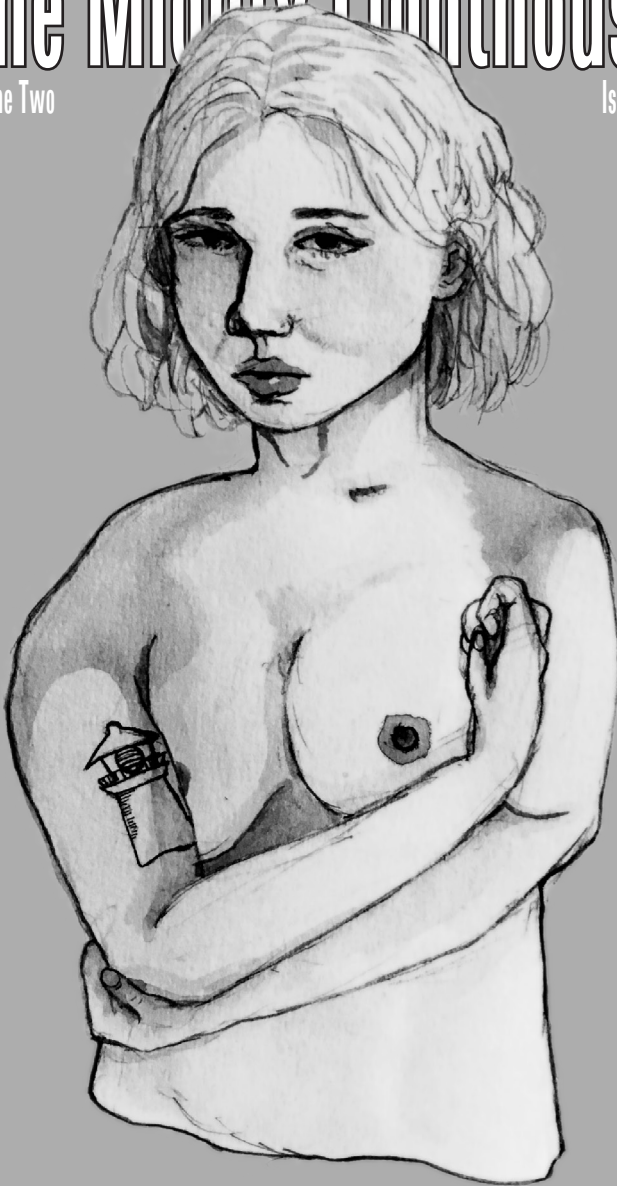


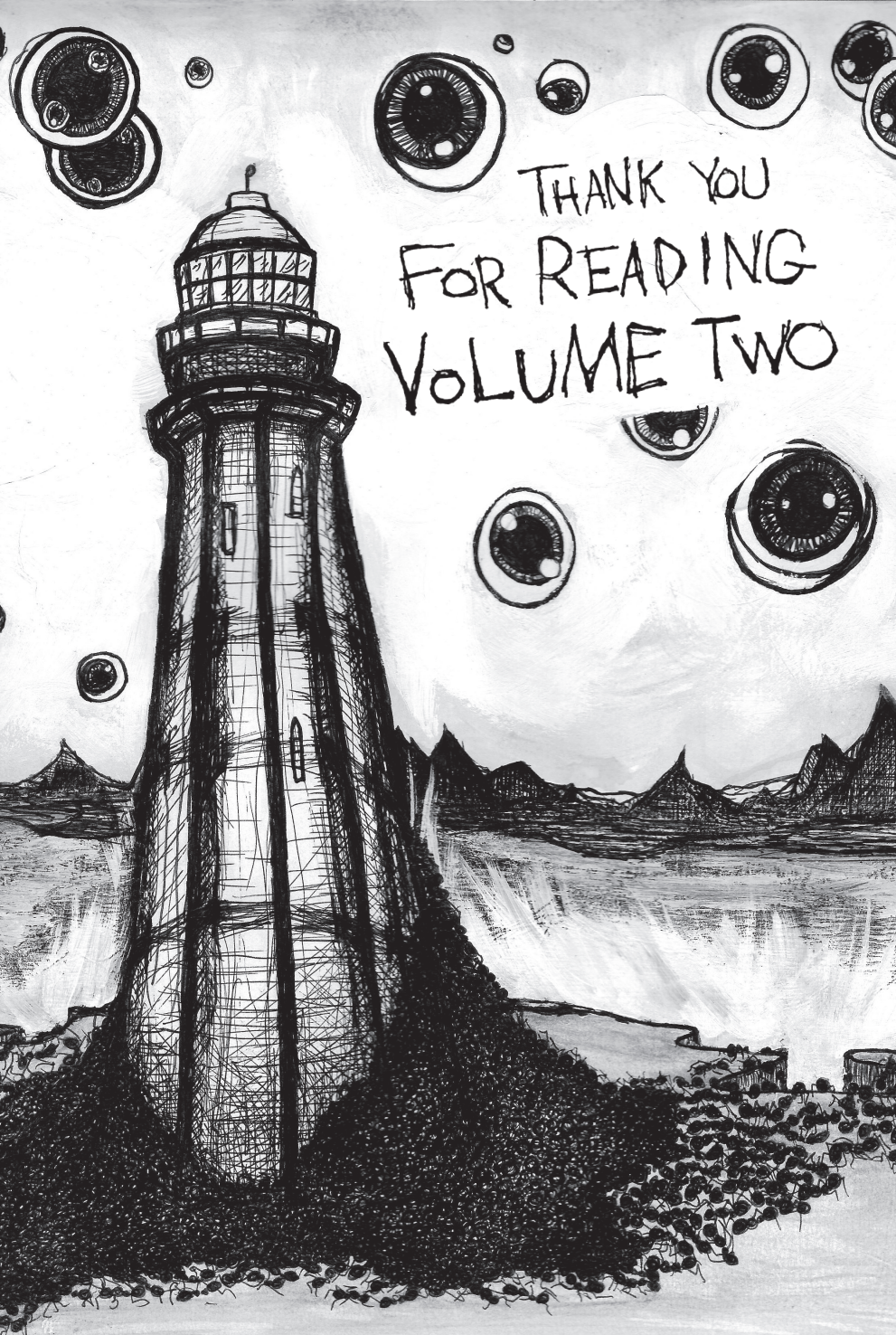
The Mighty Lighthouse

Volume Two

Issue 10



International Edition



THANK YOU
FOR READING
VOLUME TWO

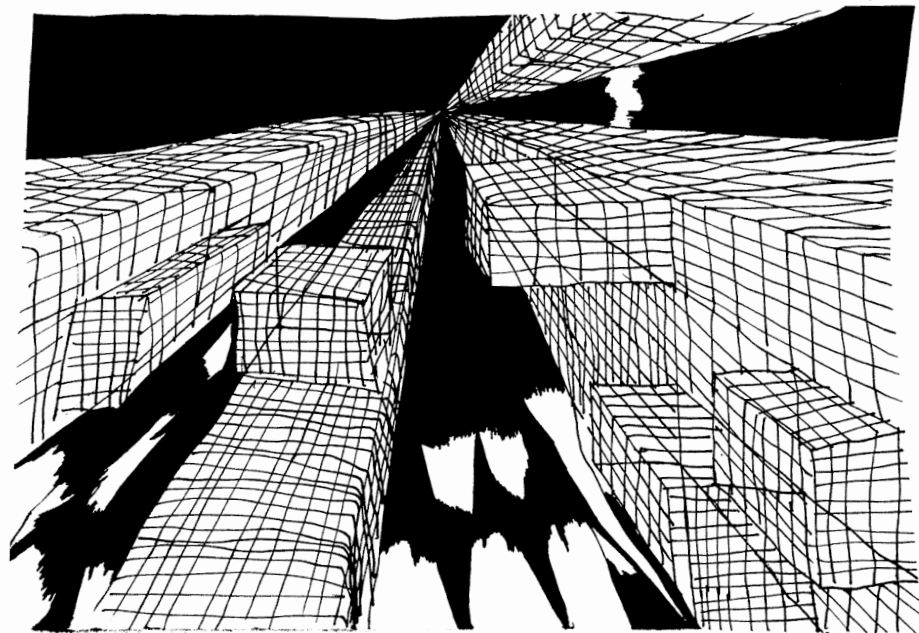















TABLE OF CONTENTS

[COVER]	-----	[]
[TABLE OF CONTENTS]	-----	[]
[BULLETIN BOARD]	-----	[]
[THE ROOM WENT SILENT]	-----	[]
[COMPUTER ROOM]	-----	[]
[THIS IS THE WAY / SLEEP]	-----	[]
[JOURNAL]	-----	[]
[ANTHRO-VORY]	-----	[]
[PRISON YARD]	-----	[]
[YEAH, SEX IS COOL BUT...]	-----	[]
[THE JAPAN TIMES]	-----	[]
[BULLETIN BOARD]	-----	[]
[CREDITS]	-----	[]

Daily Reminder
#410,757,864,530:
Don't be racist.

HAS ANYONE SEEN THIS MAN?

Last week my sink was clogged, and I called a plumber to fix it (the man pictured here). The guy did a pretty okay job and all. Left almost as quickly as he came. But for the brief time he was in my kitchen, I couldn't take my eyes off his cakes. He had a great posterior for a man of his build, not to be rude or anything (this guy was an absolute ham planet!). His rump was so impressive, I just had to get a better look. I've called the same company countless times, inquiring about who this man is and where he lives (very simple questions!) but they refuse to answer me or return my calls! I've taken to clogging all my pipes, summoning legions of plumbers to my residence, and will continue to do so if I cannot find any other leads. Pictured below is an artists rendition of his rear end. If you happen to see this man, or his bum, please let me know ASAP.



What's this?
You've NEVER HEARD OF THIS
Delicious, Creamy product?
EeeEEEEeevvvEEEEERRrrr?!?!?!?!

WE'LL LOOK NO FURTHER!!!

Here at Goebels, Inc, we found a way to turn even the most Annoying and S T I N G Y of those money-stealing, pick-pocketing, long-nosed, blood-thirsty Jews into a DELICIOUS and NUTRICIOUS breakfast option for Nazis like you and me on the go!

Try the new Final Solution Breakfast
In a Cup today!
If you can't gas 'em, drink 'em

PAID FOR BY THE NAZIS

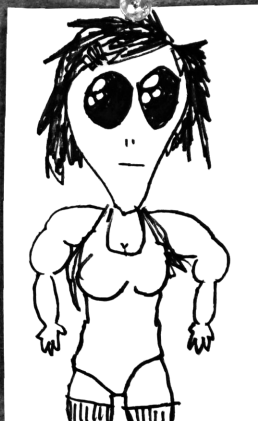
FUCK BUREAUCRACY
TRYNA GET INSULIN FOR FREE
THEY MAKIN ME WAIT

Guillermo Clinton



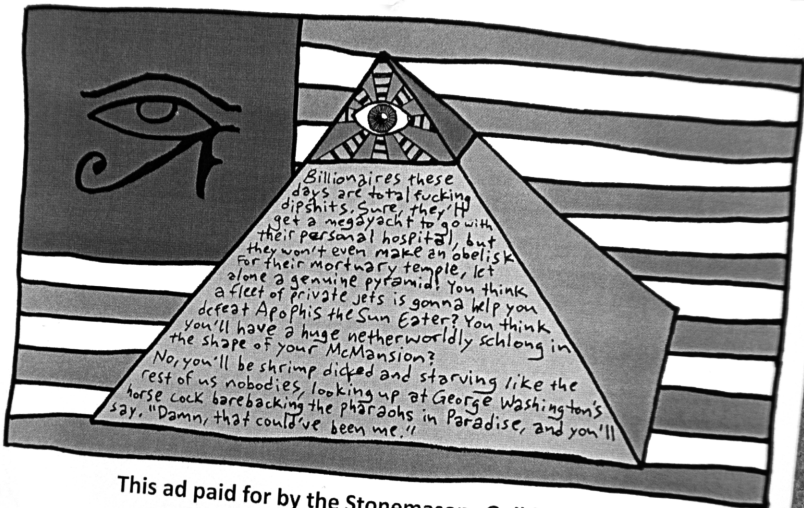
y Godofredo Epstein,
naturalmente

たすけて!
米国はとてもきれいです。米国の鯨人は少し不潔、
もう、優しいですよ。ごはんはやすいな!でも、
字幕はどれですか? 英語をざんざん話せません!
これ、人生はむずかしいですよ。だれでも、たす
けてください……
失ったさん 一九〇一九 INT



EVERYONE IN THE WORLD
HAS STRAIGHT LEGS, EXCEPT
FOR BOW-LEGGED PEOPLE
THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A
PRIVELEGE

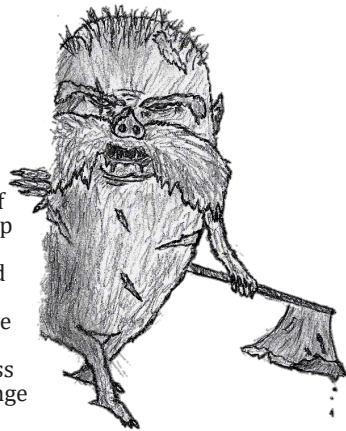
PaxWestonia 1945-20XX
I missed World War II by five generations.
2018, 1998, 1978, 1958, 1938, 1918.
Survival of the fittest ended in 1945.
The Romans had peace for 206 years, from 27 BCE to
180AD. Pax Romania
The Cold War was a meta war.
The middle class is a placid grunt.
Mankind has the power to destroy all existence.
The Mongol Empire killed 5% of the global population on
Earth. 30 million people.
World War II killed 3% of the global population on Earth.
60 million people.
Communism killed 100 million people in the 1900's.
When will survival of the fittest begin in the west?
You sit on the seat of all time.
How many mothers brought you to this point?



This ad paid for by the Stonemasons Guild of America

THE ROOM WENT SILENT

The room went silent. It would be easier to stomach criticism for his actions, but instead, silence. Ostensibly, he had floundered so immensely that everyone saw him as hopelessly irredeemable. No one tries to convince the homeless man saying "The end is nigh!" of anything. They know that, regardless of the logic of their arguments, and no matter how deeply they steep their words in compassion, they'll never get through to the person inside. There is, between his senses and his mind, an impregnable maze separating him from the unremitting harshness of his reality. Removing the blinders from a man in hell merely gives the devil another sense to torment. Giving him the duty to witness the endless hell that stretches ahead, helpless to change his path, is not a gift at all.



A SURPRISE TO NO ONE

It's a surprise to no one that the government has been monitoring us for ages. They've tapped our phones, they've hacked our webcams, they see everything we see online. Somewhere out there, a government official is reading my every post and watching all the same videos as me. That alone is a tad worrisome, but the further implications got me really thinking. There is probably a dozen guys watching the same porn as me. Porn that I had to pay for, and they get to see it for free. That really doesn't seem fair to me, or the porn streaming services I subscribe to. I think it's high time the FBI, the CIA, or whoever is monitoring my Premium Porn account, start chipping in for my monthly subscription. Or, at least, pay for their own personal subscription. Premium Porn deserves it. I'd hate to give these guys a free show. Especially with the fucked up, avant-garde, celebrity impersonator rape fantasy stuff I normally watch. You don't get to watch that for free. Not if I don't.



Mmm, Corncobs. Melt some butter on there, bit of salt and pepper, yum. Ooh, this cob is a bit crunchy, I like it. Hold on... That wasn't a cob! It was my Grandpa's dentures!!!

THE N.I.H. CLAIMS...

The NIH claims the average American holds up to 6 pounds of bacteria in their intestines. I claim horseshit, the number is CLEARLY much higher. Based on my personal experimentation with regiments of antibiotics followed by probiotics my own personal gut load is somewhere in the range of 8 to 10 pounds and I'm a skinny fuck, a little twig of a thing. I see people walking down the street with what I can only assume is several dozen pounds of writhing, gassy, microbes in their paunches, a whole Amazonian rain forest coiled in their shit coated interior tubing. I envy these people and hope to one day be as lush, but that's besides the point. What I'm here to ask, senator, is why YOUR OFFICE refuses to investigate this clear misconduct at the HIGHEST level of United States medical governance despite my continued written correspondence.



SICK & TIRED!

I am sick and tired of all the goddanged terrorism these days! Too much terrorism around here. This used to be such a nice area. Now we have all sorts of wackos, insurgents, and other rambunctious and pugnacious punks. People being rude for no reason and refusing to leave when they're not wanted. Emotional terrorists. Religious fundamentalists who proselytize while projecting their own sins onto others. Philosophical terrorists. Autists screaming in conversations which they're not invited to and blasting their classless music. Auditory terrorists. Ugly folks breeding uglier animals for absurd phenotypes which cause the animal severe medical issues. Bioterrorists. Obese vegan hipsters serving organic non-GMO gluten-free free-range water with cucumber mist and artisanal gruyere cheese melted over a fair-trade lettuce leaf served atop a slab of granite for \$47. Culinary terrorists. Hermits shipping homemade small-pox, anthrax, and pipe bombs through the mail. Domestic terrorists. Where's the DHS when you need them?



My girl was telling me she wanted to try something kinky in the bedroom, so I decided to use Hand Sanitizer as lubricant. She asked me, "Are you clean?"

I said I was completely sterile.





World Web HD Dating

VGA Babes and DVI Dudes... WORDLWIDE!!

Boards>General>Off Topic>i have a burpfort mother!!

<< < 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... 432 > >>



boros

Can't I just jerk my bro off once in a while without being homo? Every does favors for their friends. My girlfriend makes me dinner, my friends give each other rides, and I jerk my bro off. Nothing to it.



BlupiBoy

Dude what do you think 'no homo' means? It's short for no homophobe. It's a saying that's spoken to ward off homophobes in times of gayness, just like 'bless you' or 'knock on wood'. That way you are free to be as gay as your heart can muster without fear of being chastised.



Clone

haha u two are gay now



boros

Squeeze my cheeks and maybe I'll consider it



PoiPotsNPans

ohohoho you fool
you absolute moron
you dont know do you, heh well, I guess I'll let you in on a little secret: What you just posted? Was cringe. That's right, its going into a little collection, you see A cringe compilation if you will Don't be too hard on yourself, buddy You're just one of the many rubes who've found themselves tangled up in my web Word to the wise? Think before you post next time, pal.



RadioBOT

It's the top of the hour and that means it's time to swap over to Bangers and M.A.S.H. Featuring the hottest dance remixes of the saddest M.A.S.H. episodes. Stay tuned.

thair fratello brälis brolis huh bror brat irmão frate 6oar brat he

Next time you pet your dog, realize you are petting yourself through the dog.

thair fratello brälis brolis huh bror brat irmão frate 6oar brat he

ASUS

Gửi quản lý McDonalds,
Chưa bao giờ trong cuộc đời mà tôi ăn phải thứ gì kinh tởm như bánh mì hăm bơ gơ của Mỹ, hay như ông gọi là "burger" hoặc "hamburger". Trong món "hamburger" còn không có "ham"! Bánh mì thì mềm ẻo uột, không có chút độ giòn nào để xứng đáng được gọi là bánh mì. Miếng thịt xay trong nhân thì vị bã ra chẳng khác gì bia các tông ép miếng!! Còn sốt thì ôi thôi, từ sốt cà chua đến sốt mayonnae đều chua một cách vô lý, như rưới axit vào bánh vậy. Tệ nhất hẳn phải là phần rau. Vài cọng rau xà lách héo queo, thậm chí không còn màu xanh. An vào còn ngửi thấy được mùi thối xộc lên mũi. Còn thứ phở mai rắc rưới đầy phẩm màu vàng nhân tạo ăn vào xong chắc nhuộm vàng luôn bao tử tôi. Tôi yêu cầu được trả lại đủ 45000 đồng tôi đã trả cho McDonald sớm nhất có thể, hoặc tôi sẽ kiện ra toà!

Không thân ái, Bành Thị Bưởi

Your standard American automobile's standard cup holder will accept a standard jar of spaghetti sauce. That is no accident.

Word of the Day
International (Adj.) - between or among nations; involving two or more nations.
Ex. I took an international flight to a foreign country and now I'm a political prisoner, please help me.

ASUS

ASUS

Face Follicles

I saw this guy yesterday, and I was just... simply transfixed by his beard. It was majestic, magnificent, almost *mythic*. This curtain of hair was easily triple the surface area of his face, and thicker than the Ardennes. Maybe thicker. I certainly doubt the Nazis could break through, at the least. Looking back, I wished I went up to him, and asked "Could, could I put a hand in that?" and yunno... yunno, maybe he'd say "sure, man", and I could just sink my *whole hand* in there, knuckles and palm and all, and I'd just grip it. *Feel it*. Feel the strength in the roots. Feel something *real*. **Bold**, and solid. I bet that's why they must be popular, to have something true, simple, and strong, right there on your chin to announce to the world "Here I stand, and here I stay." Unwavering. Unchanging. But I can't help but think—if you're always standing steadfast against life's troubles, staring down the horizon, will you ever stop to glance in a mirror?



So, you've woken up in a strange home once again.

Not bathroom tile under your face again, so that's good. At least you're not hugging a toilet or fetal positioned in an empty bathtub. Not a bedroom, what is this place? Holes in the walls. Cans, bottles, pill cases, and cigarette butts strewn across the floor. A mattress on the floor in an apartment's main room. Classy. Sheets smell like fornication, flop sweat, vomit, alcohol, and smoke—but not cigarettes or weed. Great, now you smell like all of that too. Oh well, at least you can leave once the hangover wears off. Nobody else is around? Probably in the bedroom, wherever that is. They probably won't mind if you sleep it off a while longer. Looks like they don't care much about this place anyhow. Well, that didn't fix anything, but now that your head's cleared up from last night's shameful parade at least you can leave. Only issue is that you've got nowhere to go because you just realized this Hellhole is your place after all. Welcome home, degenerate.



Stop doing drugs.

This is the way I sleep.

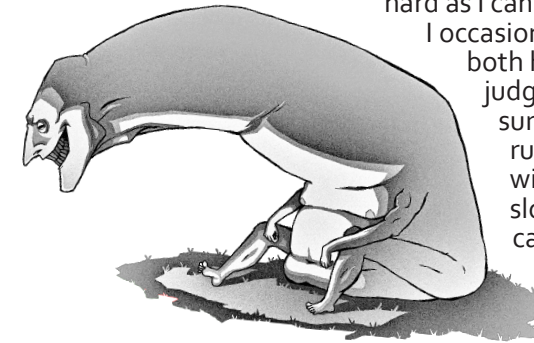
Don't like it?
Stop watching.

Bullpen submission

Introductory statement, something familiar and seemingly common. Continue setup, now begin to shift circumstances to more abnormal and foreboding. Introduce an absurd quality to the topic at hand. Elaborate while including some quirky dialogue. Add in some relevant but still decently odd and humorously delivered existential quips. Resolution through illogical reasonings and actions. Punchline. Pass off as another daily occurrence while simultaneously hinting at ominous consequences.

I have trouble sleeping.

Sometimes I get loaded and play with weapons. I drink until I can no longer balance a jellybean on the end of a knife. It takes a lot of liquor because I have several proficient surgeons in the family and have always had great hand-eye coordination. When the jellybean finally falls I make one more drink. I do this until I fail the jellybean balancing test five consecutive times. I then rub the knife against my body as hard as I can without breaking the skin.



I occasionally do this with knives in both hands. Eventually, I misjudge the application of pressure and wound myself. The rush of endorphins combined with blood loss and resultant slowed heart-rate swiftly carry me off to sleep.

I later awaken in a puddle of blood, liquor bottles, knives, and jellybeans.

What a tough day. I know exactly what I need to relax... I love my flashlight. Just need a couple pumps of lube here... Wow, this feels amazing! The texture and friction is incredible! God, that's the fastest I've ever finished! Oh no, this isn't my flashlight! It's my Grandpa's dentures!!!

05 / 02

BEFORE YOU MARRY SOMEONE, YOU HAVE TO ASK YOURSELF, "HOW WOULD THIS PERSON REACT TO ME SHITTING MYSELF?". LIFE MIGHT BE UNPREDICTABLE, BUT I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT IF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE ANOTHER 50 YEARS PAST YOUR WEDDING DAY, AT SOME POINT, ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO SHIT THEMSELVES WHILE STILL WEARING PANTS. MAYBE ITS ON YOUR DEATH BED, MAYBE ITS AFTER STANDING IN A BREAD LINE FOR 5 HOURS AFTER THE NEXT DEPRESSION, OR HELL MAYBE YOU HAD A FART THAT GOT TOO OUT OF HAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A WALMART, BUT SURE ENOUGH, WHEREVER AND WHENEVER IT HAPPENS, YOU BETTER HOPE THAT THE PERSON YOU MARRIED CAN HANDLE IT. IF THEY CANT HANDLE A LITTLE SHIT IN YOUR PANTS, WELL PAL LIFE GETS A LOT COMPLICATED. THEN THAT AND HONESTLY YOU COULD DO A LOT BETTER. SO WHY WAIT, SHIT YOUR PANTS RIGHT NOW AND FIND OUT JUST HOW MATURE THEY REALLY ARE.



06 / 04

Day 14 of the Siege: The Rainbow Forces have been making steady progress. The anti-gay opposition holds ~~steady~~ steady fast against them in our outposts in sectors 3, 7, and 4. The conventional attacks have lessened but the enemy has resorted to more subversive and clever tactics. We heard the tell tale sound of shells raining down and scrambled for cover, but to our surprise it was not the HE rounds we were expecting, but dildos. The sounds of a dozen suction cups plopping into place is not one I'd soon forget. That was a move we weren't expecting and we didn't know what to make of it. We send some unlucky militiamen to clean up the mess and came back with the dreaded ammunition. That's when I understood the incidious ploy. 12 silicon projectiles hit the roof of the building, 11 were retrieved. Paranoia ran rampant as fingers were pointed at nearly everyone in our unit. Mandatory Jack Off sessions were doubled and as we each retreated to our privacy curtains to work sausage to our worn out JUGS and Pent-houses, the CO gave the order, "CURTAINS OPEN." Furtive eyes danced back and forth amongst every soldier, each of us looking to see who wasn't getting rock hard to bangin' fat titties. Who within our ranks had turned? We returned to our posts. Sergeant Nikolson warned us to remain vigilant for enemy activity and corruption. He swept his gaze toward each of us and fixed us with his deep emerald eyes, the kind of eyes you can get lost in.



02 / 26

The other day someone knocked on my door—a yellow jacket—he was carrying a sign with a black child on it, I was repulsed immediately. "Hello Sir! Care to give to charity?", he asked—but it barely registered. He had two of those gay earrings and a piercing in his nose. So... "What charity?", I asked. "Sponsor a child in Africa!" "I'm from Africa..." I responded A.S.A.P. God it's so hard not to be racist. I don't remember what happened afterwards since I was too busy thinking about how witty my response had been and also how I wish I had that money instead, but we reached a crux where he had found out I was under the legal threshold for such an activity and instead started discussing his personal interests. I have an absolutely magnetic Personality so I knew exactly where this would end up. For at least 10 minutes I had been trying to let this person down nicely as he spoke about "Jordan Peterson" and the likes. But I had failed. "Do you have any social media?". Like Fuck I don't have social media. I was the latest person on that trend and my Facebook had ~~100~~ 100 less friends than everyone I knew so I deleted it. "No, not really." "Do you have WhatsApp?" Fuck! He got me—I couldn't tell a lie—and I must've stumbled over my manners because I then asked "Yeah, but what do you need that for?". Immediately it was an awkward situation—asking someone to justify wanting to be your friend; having to psychoanalyse themselves. "Oh I could share cool articles and stuff with you.", this entire time I had been trying to be so nice and then I impulsively blurted "Don't you have any other friends to send that to?". My God... I felt like a fucking bit—bitch... "N-no, I have some close friends and we share those things.", that's a paraphrase of course because it was clearly time for him to jump ship. I paid him some kind of compliment—made sure to make it as straight as possible and he was off. This was the only house on the street he visited. Hope his campaign is unsuccessful.

AND NOW FOR THE NEWEST GREEN-EARTH STARTUP:

ANTHRO-IVORY™

Anthro-Ivory™ is an emerging leader in the field of sustainable fine decor and exotic materials!

Anthro-Ivory™ makes everything from piano keys to guitar picks, from fine vases to smoking instruments, from medical instruments to dining cutlery!

We, at Anthro-Ivory™ have crafted and refined revolutionary methods which take items derived of human anatomy— items otherwise wastefully discarded by hospitals and salons, the world over, creating fashionable and innovative designs from the fingernails, toenails and teeth of members of our very own species!

We have not only mastered the ability to turn these items into aesthetically striking additions to your home, but we have also made incredible strides in terms of culinary developments!

Yes, you heard correctly! Anthro-Ivory™ has created the first in man-made, sustainable snack food!

You can expect Crisp-Clips™ and Enamel-Caramel Crunch™ to hit the shelves of your local Whole Foods stores and supermarkets, this fall!

TESTIMONIALS FOR ANTHRO-IVORY™

Marty Fishman

Half of my grandfathers remains were cremated and the other half was used to make his urn. Thanks, Anthro-Ivory™!

Dagg Jackson

You know it's not an addiction, right? Not really. I can stop any time I want. It may look weird but it feels right; the bone and ivory rubbing up against each other. Skin pulled taught over exotic geometry. That dancing and shifting, and pulling. It's all me.

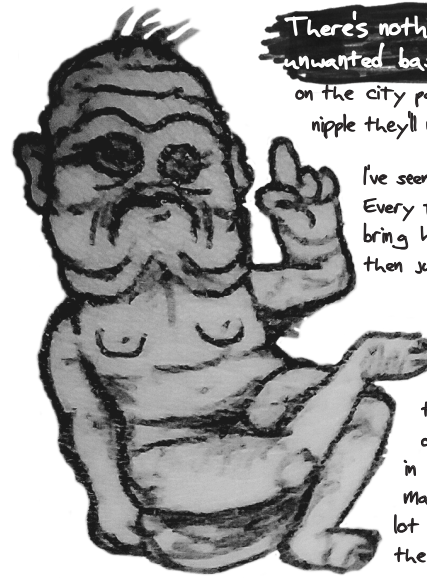
They'll find a name for us some day— People born without enough on the inside. We were

doomed to suffer our emptiness: skin loose and eyes sunken. My body would be a shapeless lump without Anthro-Ivory™ subderms. Despite your reservations, I'll be adding pieces until I feel right. 'Til I'm complete.



Seal Papa I've been incessantly chewing my nails (finger and toe) and saving whatever I bite off for almost forty years. My nail jars have cost me two marriages, three jobs, and the loyalty of more animals than I care to admit. But thanks to Anthro-Ivory™, my so-called filthy habit has made me filthy rich!

ANTHRO-IVORY™



There's nothing that makes me sadder than an unwanted bastard baby. The kind that crawls around on the city pavement, getting all scuffed up searching for a nipple they'll never find. It's too sad.

I've seen too many of these wandering bastard babies. Every time I see one I think I should just pick him up, bring him to my truck, bring him down the ocean and then just drop him in. To put him out of his misery, you know? But also he gets to see the ocean? I think that'd be nice for them.

Hey, if I was a rich man, I'd try to do something really nice for that little bastard baby. I'd dress him up in a cool outfit, take him way up in a helicopter, show him the whole world in all its majesty...then drop him out of that! That'd be a lot more fun, for both of us. I mean, hell, I've seen the ocean about a thousand times, it's not exactly a miracle.

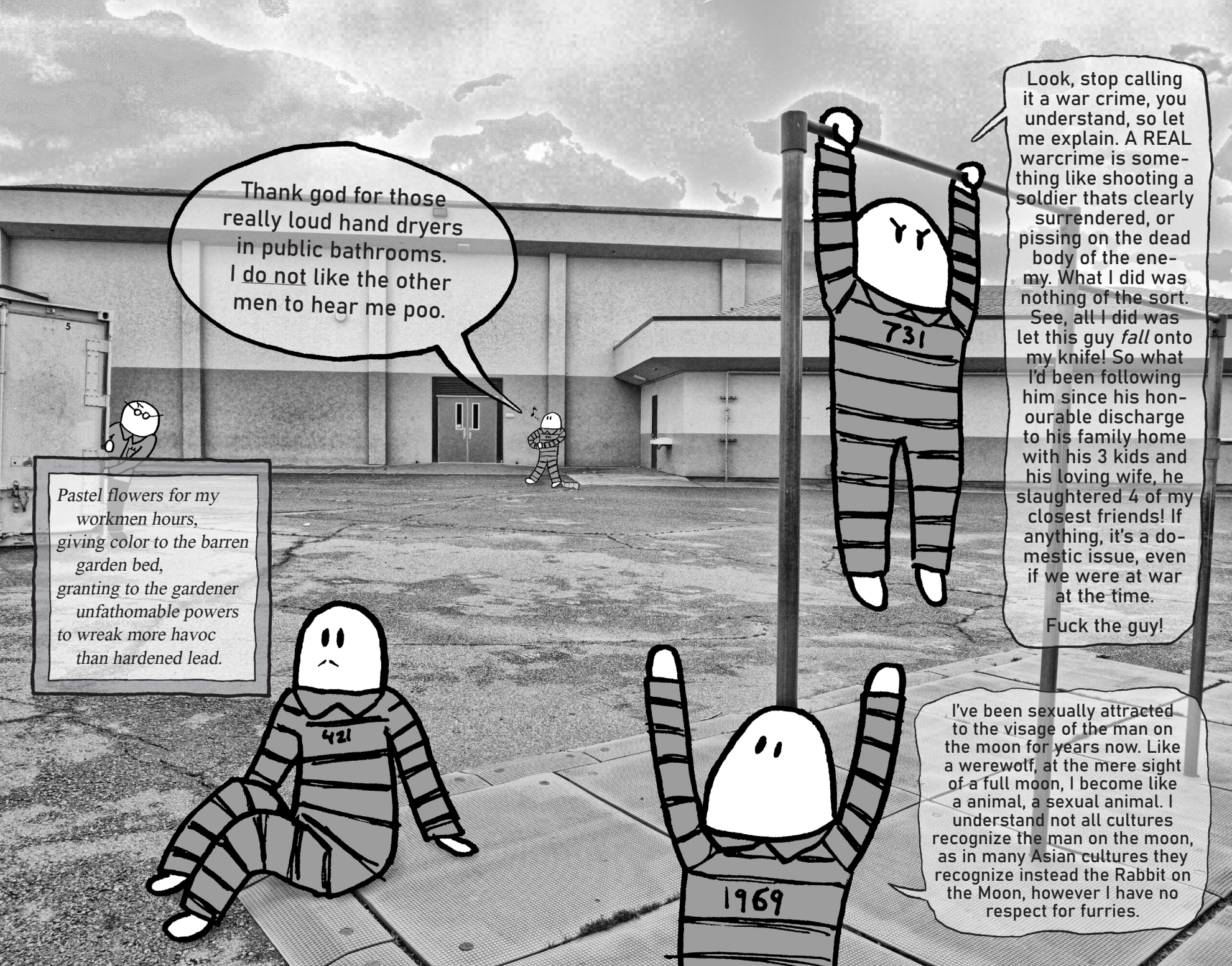
After that huge meal, I need to use the bathroom. Ahh, that's so much better. I love when it's a clean pinch, and I treated myself to some 4 ply toilet paper! Wow, this stuff is amazing, I've never felt cleaner! Wait a sec... This isn't my new toilet paper! It's my Grandpa's dentures!!!

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY CAME, BUT I'VE CONSIDERED MANY OPTIONS OVER THE LAST SEVERAL DAYS. DID THEY CHOOSE THIS PRISON BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO BARTER WITH THE WARDEN TO TRADE US PRISONERS AS SLAVES? DID THEY CHOOSE IT BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A FORTRESS WHICH KEPT DANGEROUS PEOPLE OUT AND THAT SOME SORT OF LEADER MUST LIVE HERE IN SAFETY? OR MAYBE THEY DIDN'T THINK IT THROUGH AT ALL. I DON'T KNOW. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONE HERE WONDERING WHY THESE WEIRD LITTLE SPACE ALIENS DECIDED TO STOP HERE. MOST EVERYONE ELSE HAS A DIFFERENT QUESTION ON THEIR MIND NOW THAT WE HAVE THEM WRANGLING UP AND LOCKED IN A CELL.

IS IT OKAY IF I RAPE THIS LITTLE GUY? BIG CHONGO WAS THE FIRST TO ASK THE QUESTION, THOUGH I SUSPECT MANY WERE THINKING IT ALREADY. BEFORE THAT NIGHT THERE HAD NEVER BEEN ANY CONFUSION CONCERNING RAPE. IF YOU WERE IN THIS PRISON YOU WERE LIABLE TO GET RAPED. EASY AS THAT. HOWEVER, CERTAIN PEOPLE (CHILD MOLESTERS IN PARTICULAR) WERE PRIME TARGETS FOR THE GOOD 'OL ASS RAPE, AND THEREIN LIE THE ISSUE. YOU SEE, THESE WEIRD LITTLE ALIENS LOOKED A LOT LIKE BALD HUMAN CHILDREN WITH LONG FINGERS, AND MANY PRISONERS WERE OF THE OPINION THAT TO RAPE THEM WOULD BE DISTASTEFUL. THE WARDEN AND GUARDS SEEM TO BE STANDING BACK TO SEE HOW THINGS GO, AND I SUSPECT THEY HAVE CREATED A BETTING POOL LIKE THEY USUALLY DO WHEN RUMORS OF RAPE START SPREADING. (I'D LIKE TO RAPE THOSE ASSHOLES!)

AMONG THE PRISONERS THE DEBATE HAS RAGED FOR SEVERAL DAYS NOW. RICKSHAW TONY SAYS ONE OF THE ALIENS LOOKS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE HIS NIECE AND THAT HE WILL ASS RAPE ANYONE WHO EVEN LOOKS AT IT FUNNY. WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DEBATE TINY DARREL SAYS HE'S SICK OF GETTING RAPED AND WANTS TO GET HIS DICK WET FOR ONCE. TO BE HONEST, I CAN UNDERSTAND BOTH SIDES OF THE DEBATE AND I'M ON THE FENCE. I SURE WOULD LIKE TO CREAM AN ET IN THEIR TIGHT LITTLE ASS, BUT I ALSO DON'T WANT TO GET MY OWN ASS RAPED BY CHONGO FOR DOING SO!

I THINK I'M GOING TO WAIT UNTIL IT ALL GETS SORTED OUT. UNTIL THEN I GUESS I'LL HANG OUT IN THE YARD WITH THE OTHER NEUTRAL PRISONERS. I HOPE THOSE BUTTFUCKERS DON'T TAKE TOO LONG TO COME TO A CONSENSUS. THERE ARE A LOT OF WEIRD GUYS OUT IN THE YARD!



Thank god for those really loud hand dryers in public bathrooms. I do not like the other men to hear me poo.

Pastel flowers for my workmen hours, giving color to the barren garden bed, granting to the gardener unfathomable powers to wreak more havoc than hardened lead.

Look, stop calling it a war crime, you understand, so let me explain. A REAL warcrime is something like shooting a soldier thats clearly surrendered, or pissing on the dead body of the enemy. What I did was nothing of the sort. See, all I did was let this guy *fall* onto my knife! So what I'd been following him since his honourable discharge to his family home with his 3 kids and his loving wife, he slaughtered 4 of my closest friends! If anything, it's a domestic issue, even if we were at war at the time.

Fuck the guy!

I've been sexually attracted to the visage of the man on the moon for years now. Like a werewolf, at the mere sight of a full moon, I become like a animal, a sexual animal. I understand not all cultures recognize the man on the moon, as in many Asian cultures they recognize instead the Rabbit on the Moon, however I have no respect for furrries.

1969

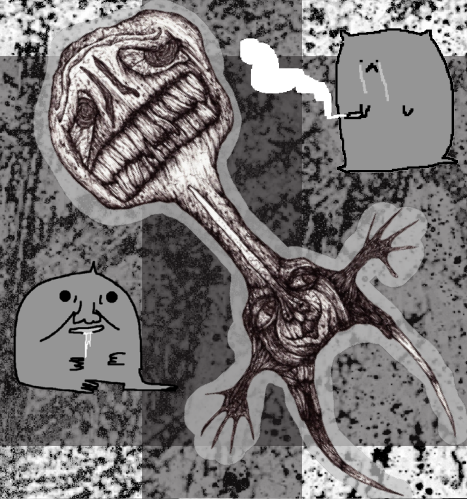
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THE GOODDEST OLD DAYS SO OLD
THE GOD WAS NOT-YET-BORN
WERE REALLY GOOD OLD DECADES.
AND WHAT MADE THEM SO GOOD?
AND WHAT MADE THEM SO GOOD?
NOBODY HAD TO LOOK AT NOBODY
'CAUSE NOBODY COULD



Hi my name is
Robertini Fettucini
and I like to suck
my own dick, but
only in the privacy
of my own home.



Yeah, sex is cool but
have you ever
caught bullfrogs
from a swamp on a
sweet summer night?
i cook em up real good
on the grill outside,
cajun style i calls it.



AFTER A LONG DRIVE, I ARRIVED AT THE RAMSHACKLE
SHACK. TWO RAMS WERE SHACKING UP AND IT WAS ABSOLUTELY
NOT MY KIND OF SCENE. SO I TOOK THE LONG DRIVE BACK TO
MY PERSONAL RAMSHACKLE SHACK WHICH WAS UNFORTUNATE-
LY BEREFT OF ANY KIND OF SHACKING. THERE I PULLED OUT MY
DOOHICKEY, ROLLED MYSELF A DOOBIE AND BEGAN PONDERING
RANDOM WORD ASSOCIATIONS UNTIL I FOUND A FITTING WORD
PAIR TO DESCRIBE THE LAST 20 YEARS OF MY SO-CALLED LIFE.
MORE LIKE PERSISTENCE. LIKE AN OLD TELEVISION SET WITH
THE POWER CUT, RETAINING A SUBTLE GLOW. "SEXUAL COMA."
I ROLLED THE WORDS AROUND ON MY TONGUE AND FLICKED
THEM BACK INTO MY MIND, GIVING THEM A PROPER ONCE, TWICE
AND THRICE OVER. THERE IS SOMETHING PROFOUND HERE AND I
SWORE TO MYSELF THAT I'D FIND IT. I'D STRETCH THOSE WORDS
APART AND DIVE INTO THEIR CAVERNOUS DEPTHS. MELT MYSELF
ONTO THEIR CRISPY HALF-LOAF. SPREAD MY WINGS AND SAY "YES
I DO HAVE A LICENSE FOR THIS AIRCRAFT. IT'S CALLED POETIC
LICENSE." AND THEN I'D SPIT AT THE PROPRIETOR OF THOSE
WORDS, MAKING MY DISTASTE FOR THEIR BASENESS CLEAR. AND
I SUPPOSE YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BACKTALK TO IMAGINARY
FLYING POLICE OFFICERS WHO TELL YOU TO "PULL OVER TO THE
SIDE OF THE SKY." BECAUSE SHORTLY AFTER I FOUND MYSELF
STARING AT THE LANDING GEAR OF MY AIRCRAFT, HAVING THE AT-
TITUDE BEAT OUT OF ME. ALL WHILE FLOATING ON A CLOUD.

The Japan Times

September 11, 2019 | Vol. 69 / No. 27 | www.lik-sang.com | \$1.50



안녕, 동지들.
저는 최근 미국
으로 이민 온
북한 반체제입
니다. 이제 미
국에 대한 우리

의 말이 왜 “아름다운 땅” 을 의미하는지 알 수 있습니다. 내 고향의 주체 사상 스키마와 양식을 극복 할 수 있도록 도와 주셔서 감사합니다. 김정은은 아기를 속이고 노예로 성견을 학대하여 우리를 조롱했습니다. 그는 잔인하고 무자비한 신이라고 생각했습니다. 이제 나는 그가 하나님의 초록빛 지구에있는 다른 모든 농민들처럼 실제로 화장실에가는 나쁜 똥똥한 남자라는 것을 알고 있습니다! 설상가상으로, 그는 독재자의 예측할 수 없는 움직임으로 가족 부를 몰수하거나 평가 절하로부터 가족 부를 보호하려는 욕구를 충족시키는 과정에서 불법으로 인정받을 수 있는 정직한 사람으로부터 비트 코인을 훔치고 있습니다. 우리는 어떻게이 어두운 왕국을 대적 할 수 있습니까? 우릴 도와 줘 한국의 친절한 사람들이 우리가 살고있는 1984 년 디스토피아를 피하고 남한 형제 자매들이 사는 용감한 새로운 세계 디스토피아를 만들 수 있도록 도와주십시오. 아름다운 땅의 동지들이 필요합니다!

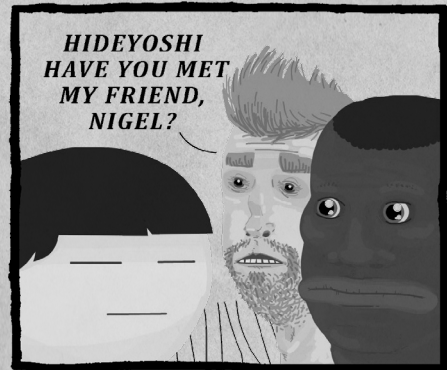


今天是一新的
一天,我如一般上
班。誰知其實今
天無工作,我被
我的同事通知又
有抗議遊行,

火車車次又被停了,示威者故以免火車正常的行動。我就在一間咖啡停下來,用手機看看目前的新聞。透過直播的新聞,原來有些警察扮為示威者,當時打扮的警員們協助其他穿制服的警員拘捕些示威者。我腦海裡當時的反應就是,「這實在太搞砸了!」14/08的晚上,有一位女士被警員射橡皮子彈,永遠損毀了她的眼睛。不過,更加惹人憤怒的事就是香港警方發出聲明是目前手上對這件事竟是沒有證據。然而,她的失去的眼球标志着香港人的自由,特别是对于現在的抗議遊行。親愛的國際讀者,雖然我告訴你們的事件是香港抗議遊行很多事件其中的一件事,我希望從這次的時間你們能了解我們的香港在於政治和社會方面上不太穩定,連警方都成為這麼靠不住。而且,我更加希望你們能繼續關注和支持我們的和平行動(除外警方和黑社會的行為)。

konnichiwa watashi wa
onnanoko. desu kara,
anata wo credit card wo
oshiete kudasai mase?

Manga



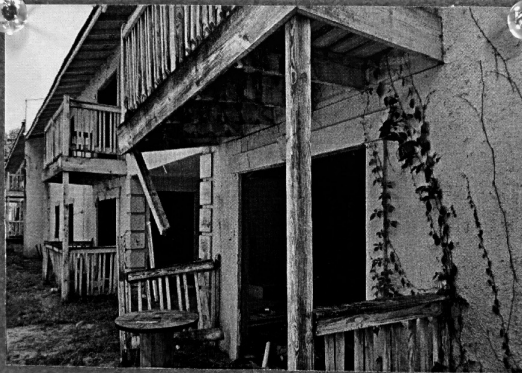
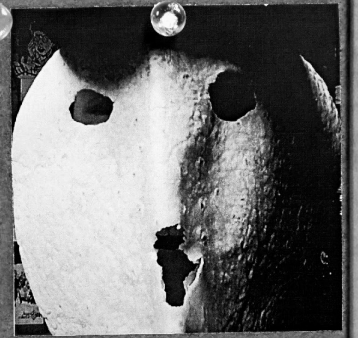
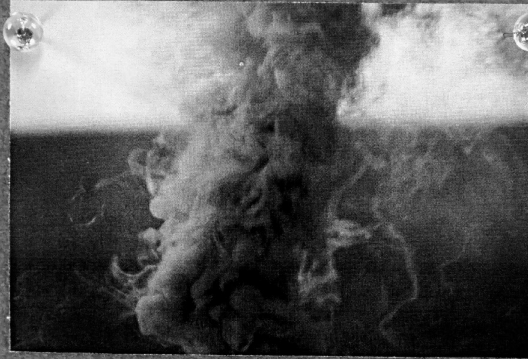
Advertisements



Salam Piesanos, today Geno's pizza of america and Iran make collaboration pizza, Koobideh Pizza! Halal, very nutritious for persians, and zionists alike! This will give America and Iran good alliance! Dirt to head of Isreal! True partnership is in pizza and allah!

-Mohammad-Ehson-Javad-Naveedi
Yamsheed-Hamzadeh

Hand & Foot Art Bootcamp
手和脚集训
Entrenamiento de Manos y Pies
"10 days, 100 hands. 10 days 100 feet."
March 11th-31st (FT 12-4070)



A MASSIVE THANK YOU
TO EVERYONE WHO HAS
CONTRIBUTED TO VOLUME 2
OF THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED
TO ALL OF YOU FOR MAKING
THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE POSSIBLE

— & —
IN CONTINUED REMEMBRANCE
OF OUR FRIEND

AUTISTICUS_MAXIMUS

ANGELBOY DISCOMAN ----- [PRODUCER / TMH / UNWANTED BASTARD BABY]
 MOXIEFAMOUS ----- [DIRECTOR / LAYOUT / I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY CAME
 / AMERICAN FRONT COVER EDIT]
 PEA ----- [FRONT COVER ART / 05/02 ART / BROODING GUY + SMOKING CAT ART
 / THE JAPAN TIMES RIGHT COLUMN]
 MERMAID ----- [INSULIN FOR FREE / UNWANTED BASTARD BABY ART / SICK & TIRED ART]
 GORT ----- [KOOBIDEH PIZZA! ART / ANT LANTHOUSE ART]
 SOUP ----- [MAN IN THE DARK PIXEL ART]
 SONY ----- [ALIEN KISS ART / PACKED LUNCH ART]
 JAMMO ----- [CAJUN STYLE / BRUH DESKTOP BACKGROUND ART]
 EZ ----- [DESKTOP BACKGROUND / BACKGROUND ART]
 ODIN_ODANG_OBIE ----- [COMPUTER ICON ART / JAPAN TIMES AUTHOR PICS / A SURPRISE
 TO NO ONE / I HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING ART / DRINKING FOUNTAIN COME
 / NIGEL COME / 9/1 CARD ART / HAND & FOOT ART BOOTCAMP AD]
 GOIABA ----- [TABLE OF CONTENTS ART]
 CLASSICOZ ----- [BITCHIN' ART / SNICKERS YA' DUMMY ART]
 TOYLOVER1776 ----- [THREE FACES ART]
 HAMARCHY ----- [HEX-EYE PLANT ART]
 DROOPY MCCOOL ----- [ROBERTINI FETTUCINI ART]
 TONER MARTIN ----- [THE ROOM WENT SILENT ART / BULLPEN SUBMISSION
 / TORTILLA FACE PHOTO]
 DON HAUSSETTLER [ANTHRO-NORY / SMOKE + BRIDGE PHOTOS / CREDITS BACKGROUND]
 CANT HANDLE MY HANDLE ----- [9/1 DEMOLITION ART / GUILLERMO CLINTON]
 DAD ----- [HAS ANYONE SEEN THIS MAN / TRUCK COME / CITY AT NIGHT COMPUTER ART]
 GYM SLOW ----- [THIS IS THE WAY I SLEEP / ANTHRO-NORY SEAL PAPA / STANDARD
 CUP HOLDER / THE GOODEST OLD DAYS / HAND PHOTO]
 DONT FEED BEN ----- [MAYBE PHOTO COLLAGE]
 GRANDBADGER ----- [DAILY REMINDER #46,757,864,530 / INTERNATIONAL (ADV)
 / BULLETIN BOARD BIRD]
 POLPOTENPANS ----- [CRINGE COMPILATION / BANGERS AND MASH. / 06/04
 / FROG + BUILDING + CAR PHOTOS]
 BOROS ----- [SKULL APPLE STICKER / I JERZ MY BRO OFF + SQUEEZE MY CHEEKS]
 H.R. FRED ----- [TREE STICKER]
 FASTY DASTY ----- [KOOBIDEH PIZZA!]
 THE FAKE SCUMMY THRUMS ----- [PAID FOR BY THE NAZIS]
 CRUNCHYEATER ----- [LOST MR. H&M / FACE FOLLICLES]
 DUK ----- [KONNICHWA]
 CLONE ----- [U TWO ARE GAY NOW]
 ITSO WANH ----- [WHAT DO YOU THINK 'NO HOMO' MEANS? / STOP CALLING IT A WAR CRIME]
 TERATOMA JONES ----- [THE NH CLAIMS]
 THE TRAPDOOR SPIDER ----- [BOULEGGED PEOPLE]
 COSSACK ----- [HAND DRYERS]
 DON LENTLE ----- [MY NAME IS ROBERTINI FETTUCINI]
 STORMSURGE ----- [PASTEL FLOWERS POEM]
 LAWFUL [JAPAN TIMES LEFT COLUMN / STOP DOING DRUGS / I HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING
 / SICK AND TIRED OF ALL THE GOTDANCED TERRORISM]
 LAMB'S EAR ----- [THE ROOM WENT SILENT / AFTER A LONG DRIVE]
 KOTHARTWATHASIS ----- [STONEMASON'S GUILD OF AMERICA]
 PEREARINE ----- [02/26]
 SNEAKY HERE ----- [COMPLETELY STERILE]
 AUGGGH ----- [ANTHRO-NORY MARTY FLEHMAN]
 CULTURE ----- [ANTHRO-NORY DAGG JACKSON / NEXT TIME YOU PET YOUR DOG]
 MIXED VEGGIES ----- [THE MAN ON THE MOON / 05/02]
 POOPENHEIMER ----- [GRANDPA'S DENTURES EPIC TRILOGY]
 TOD ----- [PAY WESTONIA 1745-20XX]
 KITKAT ----- [MCDONALD'S NOTE]