

THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

VOLUME 3 | ISSUE 1
JANUARY 2020

FEATURING ALL YOUR FAVORITE...
TIPS, STORIES,
ALLEGORIES &
ADVERTISEMENTS

Your family will love SPAM.

As the crushing cold and darkness of winter begins to wane and the dawning of a New Year crests the horizon before us, let us all celebrate amongst the warmth of family at home. We at **Hormel** and **The Mighty Lighthouse** proudly present this all new, fun **SPAM** recipe which is perfect for making together as a family. We are sure it will lift your spirits and spark a warm happiness in your home. After all, the true spirit of **SPAM** is **family and love**.

Smiling SPAM

This simple recipe can be made at any time of the year, but it really chases the winter away! Hunker down with your fam and try this great recipe!

All you will need is:

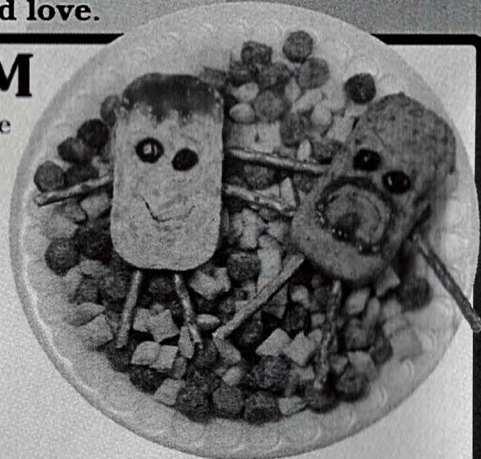
- 1 12oz can of SPAM
- 16 Pretzel sticks
- 8 Chocolate covered raisins
- A bit of ketchup

Instructions:

Cut the **SPAM** into four equal slices. Cut mouths and eyebrows into each piece of **SPAM**. If you want the eyes to stay in place better, carve two small indentations where you want the eyes to be.

[Optional step: If you are a person of color and demand that your food is relatable you may grill your SPAM slices now to give them a darker skin tone]. Impale the sides and bottom of your **SPAM** slice with pretzel sticks to make arms and legs. All that's left is to place the chocolate covered raisins as eyes and add hair with ketchup!

WARNING: Mom or dad should do all the cutting!!



Editor's Note...

There's nothing quite like the sizzle of a slice of **SPAM**, fresh off the loaf and right in the pan. You love **SPAM**, don't you? We all do. Full disclosure, **SPAM** has officially underwritten this issue of The Mighty Lighthouse. Don't worry though, we're not going to let it affect the zine's *artistic vision* in the slightest. In fact, you probably won't even notice it beyond this page! To be *completely* honest, we did this so Moxie could get free **SPAM**. I told him, "Moxie, you **do not** need any more **SPAM** than you already have," and then he got this really *funny* look in his eye, and he started yelling totally untrue things about my physical appearance and sexual preferences. Anyway, I saved us coming to blows by telling him we'd offer **SPAM** a chance to sponsor the first issue of Volume 3, and with our readership in the *hundreds*, **Hormel** was forced to accept.

enjoy responsibly.

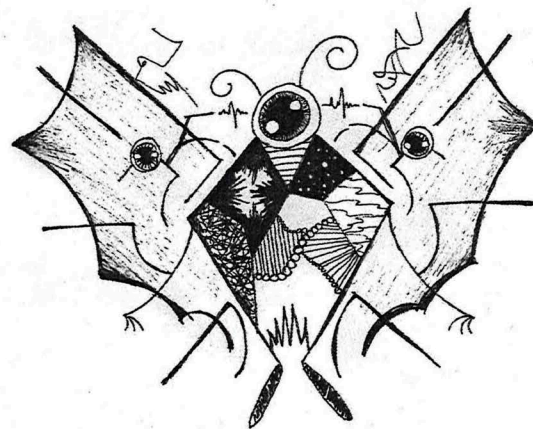
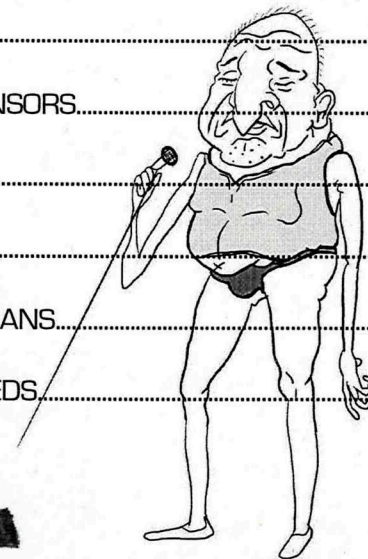


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AND SO MUCH MORE!

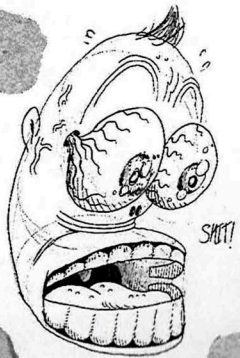


We will soon reach a point where synthesis AI will be able to generate convincingly human visages and speech indistinguishable from that of reality.

With enough starter capital, an entrepreneur will be able to transform a simple room of basic servers into an e-girl farm and make billions off unsuspecting paypigs. At some point in the near future, you will have the exciting opportunity to purchase artificial female acknowledgment (and even affection, for an extra fee) from the same members of the tech elite who will have, by that point, utterly destroyed the concept of genuine social interaction among the underclass (you).



There will exist a time when men will look back and long for the days during which being in love with a fictitious anime character was the lowest imaginable point they could possibly sink to. What was once a cold, desperate last resort for the socially-feeble now, in hindsight, takes on a newfound warmth, radiating from the human touch imparted during creation. Now hopelessly in love with a fully-synthetic stream of visual and auditory data generated by an AI (which was probably coded in some degenerate language like Python), they will gaze up at one of the many monolithic artificial e-girl datacenters towering over them and wonder "can it get any worse than this?"



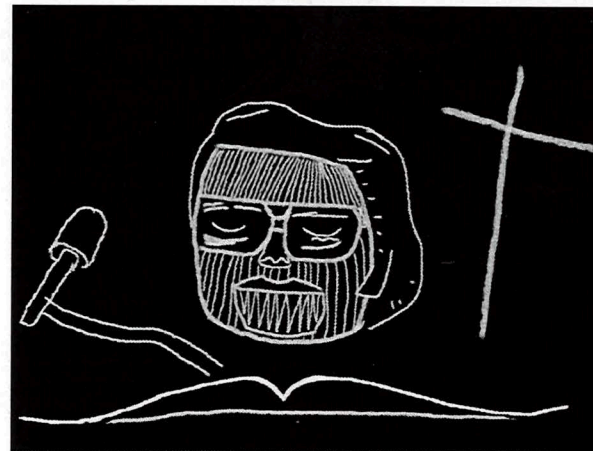
I JUST SHOWED MY DAD SOME COOL YO-YO TRICKS I HAD BEEN PRACTICING. HE LOOKED AT ME WITH A SMILE AND SAID, "I USED TO BEAT UP GUYS WHO COULD DO THAT."

I place my arm bands on. My running shoes are complex, light, agile, etc. I have the shortest shorts. The surest shirt. I am supreme. I jog mercilessly down the sidewalk. To the disgusting loaf of a woman rolling down the road next to me, I yell, as I sprint past; "the speed station has... left the station". She couldn't hear it though. Too fast.



All things considered, due to poor water conditions in the past, Jesus most likely had quite a lot of diarrhea, most of it most likely quite a horrible experience since toilet paper wouldn't have been invented for another 2000 years. But of course, walking around with a shitty ass-whole is exactly the kind of experience of being human that God wished for Jesus, and it would have gone against his mission to turn the shit around his ass into wine. And most likely, after dying on the cross, he also almost definitely shit himself, and I personally propose adding a small pile of shit next to each crucifix of Jesus, to show that he too was a man.

SPAM IS NON-TOXIC! SPAM IS NON-VIOLENCE! SPAM IS NON-TOXIC! NON-VIOLENCE! NON-TOXIC! NON-VIOLENCE! SPAM IS NON-TOXIC! SPAM IS NON-TOXIC! SPAM IS NON-TOXIC! NON-VIOLENCE!



Every copy of this issue of The Mighty Lighthouse is itself a bona fide micronation!

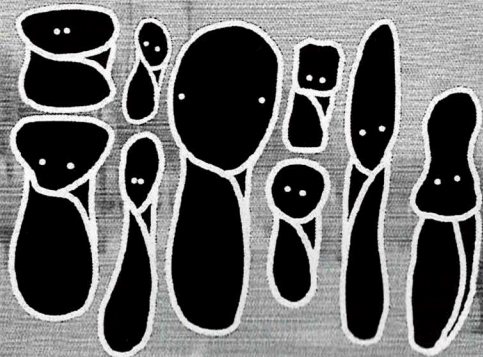
The territory bounded by these pages is yours to govern as you see fit. Fly the cover as a flag. Pen your constitution in the margins.

Annex your friends' copies and expand your borders.

THIS IS A MALE-ONLY HANGOUT FOR GAMERS TO BE THEMSELVES WITHOUT FEELING *PRESSURED TO PEACOCK* AROUND FEMALES OR TO FEEL THE NEED TO WATCH WHAT THEY SAY AROUND OTHER *SENSITIVE TYPES*. AS SUCH BEING A MENS CLUB WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

ALL THE RULES FOLLOW "DON'T ASK DON'T TELL" WHICH MEANS WE WON'T YET YOU ABOUT THEM, BUT IF WE FIND YOU BREAKING A RULE, YOU'LL BE REMOVED.

1) NO GIRLS ALLOWED. THIS IS STRICTLY A MENS HANGOUT WHERE WE CAN SHOOT THE SHIT WITHOUT FEELING JUDGEMENT FOR WHAT WE SAY AND HOW WE ACT. THIS IS TO FORM A TRIBE-LIKE BROTHERHOOD BOND. AKA, A HUNTING PARTY WHERE TESTOSTERONE CAN FLOW FREELY. WOMEN HAVE EVOLVED TO FIGHT THROUGH MANIPULATION AND EMOTION. WOMEN ALSO SEVERELY CRIPPLE THE EFFICIENCY OF INCEL OR BLUE PILLED PLAYERS. FROM ALL OF MY EXPERIENCES ONLINE, WOMEN HAVE DESTROYED EVERY COMMUNITY I HAVE EVER COME ACROSS, AND I WILL NOT LET THEM DESTROY THIS ONE. IF YOU ARE HERE TO CHASE E-GIRL PUSSY AND WANT A DISCORD GIRLFRIEND LOOK ELSEWHERE. IF YOU THINK YOU'RE A BASED AND REDPILLED GRILL GAYMO THEN KEEP IT TO YOURSELF AND USE A MALE VOICE CHANGER OR NEVER SPEAK IN VOICE CHAT. AS LONG AS NO ONE AT ALL KNOWS YOU'RE FEMALE WE CAN'T REALLY FAULT YOU. (WOMEN CAN'T KEEP THE FACT THEY'RE A WOMAN A SECRET ANYWAY LADS.)



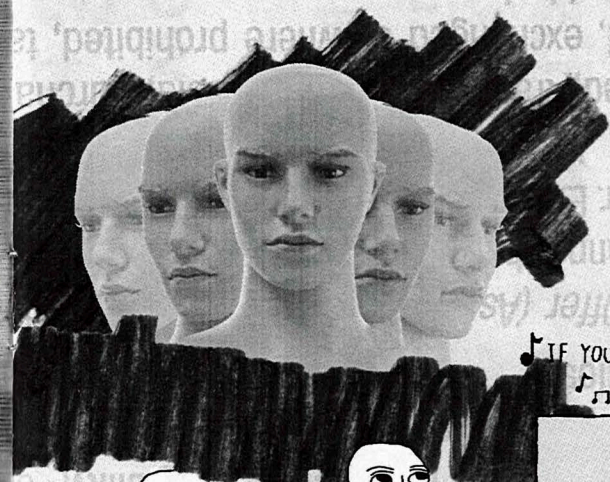
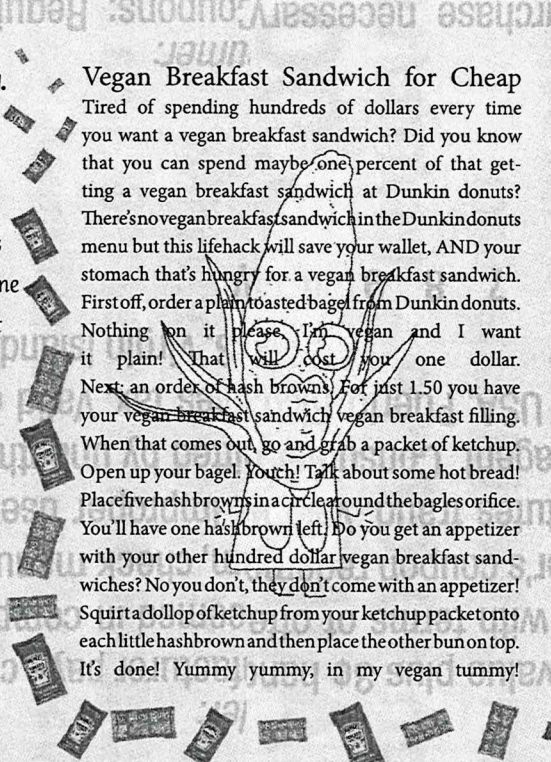
"The Sex Men are coming. Run."

I've acquired a particular hobby.

It all started when I discovered a interesting social loophole, where people, a select few mind you, will actually let you into their houses as long as you ask to "Talk about" some man named "Jesus Christ". I do not know who this "Jesus" is, and but I do enjoying walking into houses, sampling the tap water, trying out new towels in bathrooms, smelling basements, trying to find the trash can in the kitchen, eating week old cookies, digging my jacket out of a closet filled with 3 kids worth of outgrown jackets, and of course, looking through junk drawers.

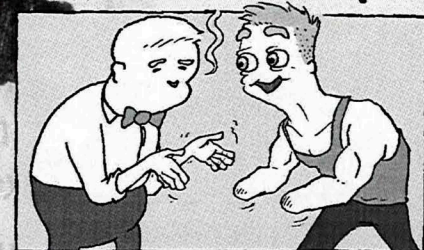
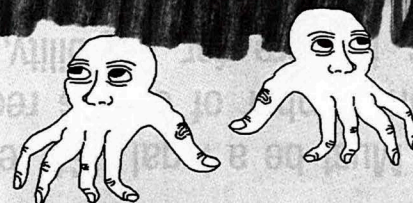
Vegan Breakfast Sandwich for Cheap

Tired of spending hundreds of dollars every time you want a vegan breakfast sandwich? Did you know that you can spend maybe one percent of that getting a vegan breakfast sandwich at Dunkin donuts? There's noveganbreakfastsandwich in the Dunkin donuts menu but this lifehack will save your wallet, AND your stomach that's hungry for a vegan breakfast sandwich. First off, order a plain toasted bagel from Dunkin donuts. Nothing on it please. I'm vegan and I want it plain! That will cost you one dollar. Next, order of hash browns. For just 1.50 you have your vegan breakfast sandwich vegan breakfast filling. When that comes out, go and grab a packet of ketchup. Open up your bagel. Yowh! Talk about some hot bread! Place five hash browns in a circle around the bagel orifice. You'll have one hashbrown left. Do you get an appetizer with your other hundred dollar vegan breakfast sandwiches? No you don't, they don't come with an appetizer! Squirt a dollop of ketchup from your ketchup packet onto each little hashbrown and then place the other bun on top. It's done! Yummy yummy, in my vegan tummy!



How many pixels do you think you've swiped or scrolled past in life? - With all your years of use? Could be hundreds of miles, just inching along on your fingertips. If you were actually descending, pixel by pixel, how deep would your browsing habit take you?

♪ IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT ♪
 ♪ CLAP YOUR HANDS!! ♪



Fucker^{okay}

HERE'S SOME SPAM

DID YOU KNOW?

SPAM, among other processed pork products, became popular in the United States during the War on Terror, reaching a peak shortly after the incredibly tragic 9/11 Terror Attacks in the years 2002-2006 before Google bought YouTube and told us it was wrong, it was a common internet slang to use 9/11 as a verb when referring to the cooking of SPAM (e.g. Hey mom, do you mind if I 9/11 the last can of SPAM for lunch?).

MATCH THE INGREDIENTS

HINT: SPAM ONLY HAS SIX SIMPLE INGREDIENTS!



PORK WITH HAM
 SUGAR
 PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED SOYBEAN OIL
 WATER
 RAT SHIT
 POTATO STARCH
 PIG ASS
 SALT
 MECHANICALLY SEPARATED CHICKEN
 SODIUM NITRITE
 GAY HORMONES
 SMOKE FLAVORED BARLEY MALT FLOUR

LOST ANOTHER SPAM BROTHER TO THE FINE GUYS CULT

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS KEEPS HAPPENING TO ME. YES, I LOST ANOTHER SPAM BROTHER TO THE FINE GUYS CULT!! I USED TO GET TOGETHER WITH MY BUDDY, MICHAEL, ALL THE TIME AND COOK SPAM FRIED RICE OR MAKE SPAM MUSUBI FOR US TO EAT WHILE WE DRANK AND PLAYED POKER. BUT THE OTHER DAY WHEN I VOLUNTEERED TO MAKE SPAM MUSUBI FOR US HE SCOFFED, POPPED HIS POLYESTER COLLAR, AND SAID HOW ABOUT WE GO TO FINE GUYS BURGERS AND FRIES INSTEAD OF EATING THAT CANNED GARBAGE? WHAT THE FUCK!! I THOUGHT HE LOVED MY SPAM MUSUBI?? HE SAID IT WAS AS GOOD AS THE STUFF HE ATE IN HAWAII EVERY YEAR WHEN HE WENT ON VACATION WITH HIS PARENTS!

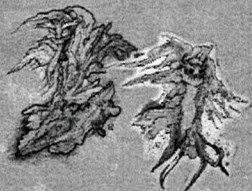
I TOLD HIM I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO FINE GUYS BECAUSE I THOUGHT THEIR BURGERS WERE SURPRISINGLY BLAND AND EXPENSIVE, AND I LIKE SPAM MORE ANYWAY. THIS FUCKER JUST CHORTLED AT ME WHILE PUSHING HIS SUNGLASSES UP HIS NOSE AND SAID SOME SHIT LIKE DID YOU TELL THEM HOW TO MAKE YOUR BURGER RIGHT? AS IF ORDERING OFF OF THE MENU AS POSTED WAS FUCKING STUPID OR SOMETHING, AND I HAD TO TELL THEM TO SEASON MY MEAT! I'VE NEVER BEEN ANYWHERE WHICH DOESN'T SEASON THEIR MEAT! THAT'S WHY I LIKE SPAM SO MUCH, IT'S SEASONED PERFECTLY, RIGHT

OUT OF THE CAN. HOW IS IT A THREE DOLLAR CAN OF CANNED PORK WITH HAM CAN GET THIS RIGHT, BUT A SEVEN DOLLAR FRESH BEEF BURGER FUCKS IT UP??

ANYWAY, I TOLD HIM TO FUCK OFF AND NEVER TALK TO ME AGAIN. IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THE FINE GUYS CULT HAS GOTTEN TO HIM AND I'M NOT GOING TO STICK AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO SEE HIM BECOME AN ACID FREAK AND DOG FUCKER LIKE ALL THE REST. I DON'T NEED HIM OR FINE GUYS. I'M QUITE HAPPY ALONE WITH MY SPAM.



Enjoy SPAM



AN X-RAY MACHINE FOUND A DEVICE IN MY THIGH. MY BROTHER PUT IT THERE WHEN I WAS 12. HE WAS ONLY 16 AT THE TIME. HE MUST OF GOT ME WHEN I WAS ASLEEP. THE DOCTORS SAY HE NUMBED THE AREA WITH A SPRAY FIRST, THEN INJECTED A LOCAL ANESTHETIC SO HE COULD DO THE SURGERY. HE HAS A HIGH IQ, THE INVESTIGATORS SAY, 'BUT HE IS ALSO A PSYCHOPATH.'



THE DEVICE CONTAINED ENOUGH DMT FOR A LIFETIME. THE DEVICE COULD DISPENSE DOSES OF DMT VIA RADIO CONTROL AT HIS WHIM. I AM 32 NOW AND FULLY CURED OF HIS INFLUENCE THANKS TO THE HELP OF MY THERAPISTS. I FEEL THE TIME IS RIGHT TO PUBLISH MY JOURNAL. THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW MY BROTHER CONVINCED ME I WAS AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL WARRIOR.

Age 12 (0.5 MG DOSES)

WHEN NOBODY IS LOOKING... MY BROTHER STARES AT ME... AND I FEEL LIKE I AM 'FURTHER INSIDE MY HEAD' THAN USUAL.

DO NOT be fooled by sellers claiming to offer MINT (MT) condition issues of THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE. Due to a proprietary PRODUCTION QUIRK, all genuine issues are reduced to VERY FINE (VF) condition before printing. Any copy listed with a higher grade is a COUNTERFEIT/FAKE.



Age 13 (2MG DOSES)

I HAVE DEEP CONVERSATIONS WITH MY BROTHER. ABOUT THE UNIVERSE. ABOUT REALITY. HE IS DIFFERENT FROM EVERYBODY ELSE. HE HAS VERY VERY CEREBRAL VIBRATIONS. WHEN YOU LOOK INTO HIS EYES... TIME SLOWS DOWN.

Age 14 (10MG DOSE)

MY BROTHER GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL TODAY. I AM ENTERING THE 9TH GRADE. HE WAS THE VALEDICTORIAN SO HE GAVE A SPEECH TO THE WHOLE SCHOOL. THE SPEECH WAS BRILLIANT... BUT THE ENTIRE TIME HE WAS STARING AT ME... HE DIDN'T BLINK ONCE. BUT THAT WASN'T THE STRANGE PART. THIS SOUNDS MADE UP... BUT THE UNIVERSE WARPED AROUND HIM AND STARTED TO FALL APART! HE WAS BENDING SPACE-TIME! I WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE. AFTER THE CEREMONY HE WALKED UP TO ME AND SAID:

'ALL YOUR MEMORIES ARE FAKE. YOU WERE CREATED TWO SECONDS AGO.' I BELIEVED HIM.

'ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND YOU... THEY ARE NOT CONSCIOUS, EVEN THOUGH THEY PRETEND TO BE. DON'T TRUST A SINGLE THING THEY SAY.'

Age 14-30 (PERIODIC BREAKTHROUGH DOSES, >40MG)

WE LIVED IN THE SEWERS. WE PERIODICALLY DRILLED THROUGH BASE REALITY IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND AN EXIT FROM THIS PRISON BUT IT WAS A MAZE OF WORLDS LEADING TO OTHER WORLDS. WE SPENT BILLIONS OF YEARS SEARCHING THE ASTRAL PLANE. WE DISCOVERED THAT A TRICKSTER WITH THE FACE OF A COYOTE HAD TRAPPED US IN A FRACTAL-UNIVERSE AT THE BEGGING OF TIME. ON OUR TRAVELS THROUGH DIMENSIONS WE BECAME TWO OF THE MOST POWERFUL BEINGS IN EXISTENCE, YET OUR FOE THE HARLEQUIN COYOTE ALWAYS MANAGED TO EVADE US.

WHEN THEY FOUND US, I THINK EVEN MY BROTHER BELIEVED WE WERE BEINGS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION. HE NEVER ONCE ADMITTED TO PUTTING THE DMT DEVICE IN ME. HE SAID IT WAS A TRICK... A SCHEME OF THE EVIL HARLEQUIN COYOTE TO CONFUSE ME. IN THE END I THINK MY BROTHER CONVINCED EVEN HIMSELF OF THAT FANTASY. YET, DESPITE ALL MY THERAPISTS TELLING ME THAT MY BROTHER WAS AN EVIL, PSYCHOPATHIC, GENIUS TORMENTING ME...SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THOSE THERAPISTS ARE EVEN CONSCIOUS AT ALL. MAYBE THEY ARE PUPPETS OF THE COYOTE. MAYBE THE COYOTE WON. BUT I DON'T TAKE THOSE THOUGHTS SERIOUSLY. THAT WOULD BE RELAPSING INTO PSYCHOSIS. MY THERAPISTS SAY WE MUST PREVENT THAT AT ALL COSTS.

- PINKY BANDINDKI

you're going to sit outside and enjoy the cool autumn night
 you are wearing two sweaters and it is perfect,
 it is mobile and it is comfort

you are almost too warm but you know it will not last, it is a pleasure
 you meet the brisk air with warm embrace

if you want to know this pleasure for a second time, bring a third sweater

put it on your chair underneath your warm bottom
 leave it there until the perfect moment,
 the moment just before the cool becomes cold
 where you then warm your soul,
 with a layer set to the perfect temperature,
 you may once more meet the brisk air with warm embrace,
 once more.

and then,
 you brace yourself,
 winter is coming

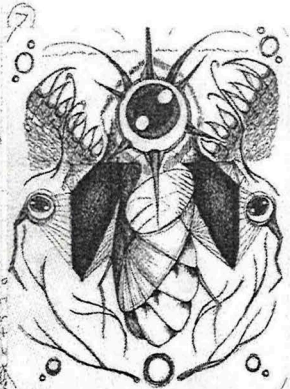
and then, stay outside until you can't feel your hands

cringe so softly through the night
 where and then my friends you die

winter hides in the shadows of autumn
 if you stay out long enough you will see
 they is already here

13

A LETTER TO BERRY
 I like your words... my heart was the so damned hard...



EAT

sleep

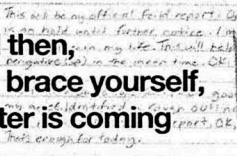
SHIT



A Spaniard called De Siva suggested that a man should hold electric wires in his hands. He would decipher the message as he received one series of shocks after another.



and what not/Ox



GARDEN

- SIX BASIC STEPS TO A MORE PRODUCTIVE GARDEN:
- 1. PLANNING
- 2. SELECTION
- 3. PREPARATION
- 4. PLANTING
- 5. MAINTENANCE
- 6. HARVESTING

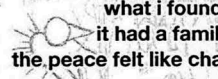
PLANNING
 IF YOU HAVE A SMALL GARDEN...
 1. DETERMINE THE LOCATION...
 2. CHECK THE SOIL...
 3. CHECK THE CLIMATE...
 4. CHECK THE LIGHT...
 5. CHECK THE WATER...
 6. CHECK THE TIME...

Dear The Doctor,

Did you know, we're
 you... I've decided...

PLANTING

- DIFFERENT VEGETABLES NEED TO BE PLANTED AT DIFFERENT TIMES BECAUSE...
- THE BEST TIME TO PLANT SEEDS IS IN EARLY... 2-3 WEEKS AFTER...
- THE LAST THING TO PLANT SEEDS IS IN EARLY... 2-3 WEEKS AFTER...
- IF YOU WANT TO PLANT SEEDS IN YOUR PATCH...
 1. CHECK THE SOIL...
 2. CHECK THE CLIMATE...
 3. CHECK THE LIGHT...
 4. CHECK THE WATER...
 5. CHECK THE TIME...



here i sit on the deck writing a poem

i went out to make a friend today
 what i found was a mundane journey,
 it had a familiar pace, a familiar peace
 the peace felt like chaos but it is calm and still,
 slow and distant

driving home i watched a cat seize violently across the lane
 3 seconds to decide once you process what you are seeing
 do you run the cat over and put it out of its misery
 or 2 seconds to decide if something that is throwing itself around in that kind of
 spasm can even survive

1 second to swerve around it as you see a car in the oncoming lane, a car who has 3 seconds to figure out if I'm going to go into their lane
 2 seconds to figure out if the flailing person on their other side is going to continue running out after their cat
 1 second for both of us to thread the needle

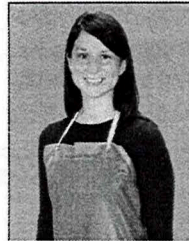
for if we all make it out alive, that person should not be robbed of the last moments with their cat, no matter how traumatic it will definitely be



The Institute of Natural Human Behavior



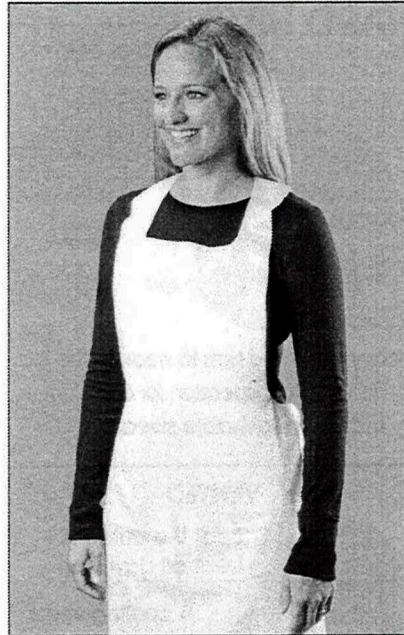
I just had the greatest pleasure of washing each hand in its own sink. Such a euphoric experience, each hand cradled in its own stream of water, not ever needing to touch the other to be cleaned, the sensational freedom made my day. But now I fear I may not be able to go back to using just one sink again. I'm terrified I will become a public restroom nuisance, guilt coursing through me as I take up two whole sinks to wash my hands in ecstasy.



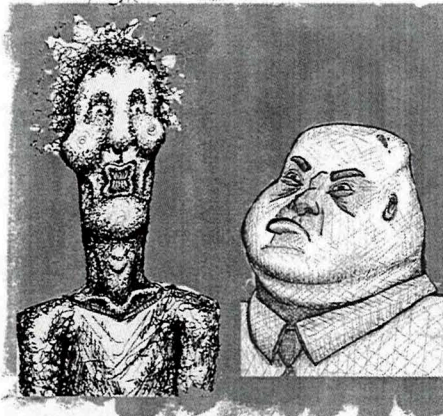
I was watching my mother drink water today and check this. On her first sip she swishes the water around in her mouth for like 30 seconds, and then swallows the water, before drinking the rest of the glass. Disgusting. I walked right on up to that bitch and told her "Look, if you want to clean your mouth you take a mouthful, swish it around, spit it out, and then. And then. And then. And then. And then you take another sip." Cognitive decline is real!



Oh God I stubbed my toe, ooh, oh it's bad this time. That's an oozer oh jeeze. Gonna have to pop that one back out. Kinda popped in there like a car cigarette lighter, but it ain't coming back out on it's own. Gonna have to pull it out. Lot more bones in there since last time, OOPE Those are some sharp bones! What? Go to a doctor? No, so they can do exactly what I'm doing with two butter knives? Stop screaming and get me some quaaludes. I don't want to remember this one. There it goes, clicked right back into place. God I don't know where the sweat stops and the tears begin, didn't even notice I was crying this whole time. Anyway, if you take a look at my resume, I think I have the perfect qualifications for the HR position.



I'm giving up coffee. Cold-turkey they call it; never figured out the origin of that phrase. People think it's about good health, finding a decent sleep schedule, or getting more energy. No. This is about aesthetics. As I lay sleepless in bed, I will embrace this splitting headache like the bitterness of a fresh espresso shot. I will sip lovingly on my sluggish slurred speech and sunken eyes throughout the day. This pain is coffee and I love coffee.

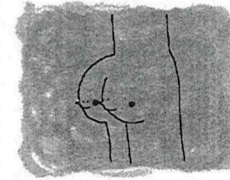


"This Human doesn't pass muster!"

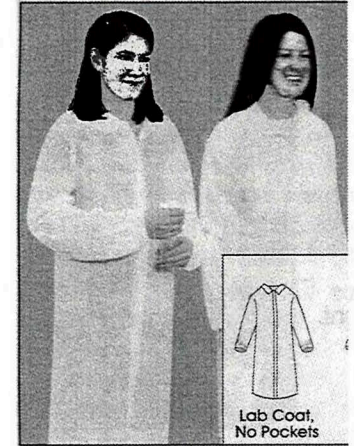


I like to stay clean, so I have little ritual where I lie on my back and pour a bit of hydrogen peroxide into my belly button. The sizzling, bubbling sensation right on my sensitive nerve makes me giggle as my own personal science fair volcano foams over.

Squeaky clean

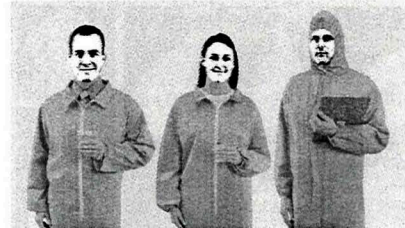


ECONOMY WOMEN



Lab Coat,
No Pockets

Poke a paperclip into your bellybutton to reset yourself to factory settings.



I can't wait to have kids.

Doesn't matter what kind,
I'm gonna flip their gender every week.
We're gonna play musical chairs
but with their sex organs.
Maybe by then, sex organs will be more
easily detachable.

A more modular design.

Try our new organic, fair trade, gluten-free, locally-sourced, small-batch, high-adjective, hyphen-heavy, farm-to-lip dip!



Cargo shorts are for people with something to hide.

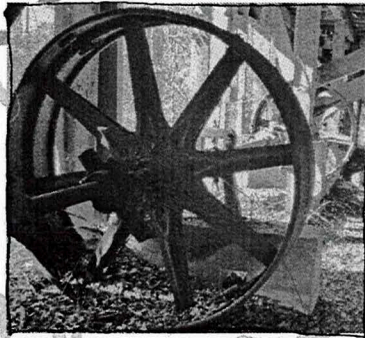


are you looking for a job?



yeah I bet you are, you sick fuck.

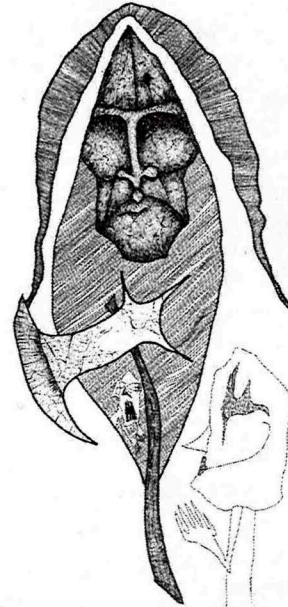
Today I was in butt fuck nowhere Georgia, in a no horse town refilling gas at a station with 3 pumps, (diesel, premium, and regular) that had no credit card functionality, just a rusty box with numbers flipping over like a rolodex. Then I chanced to see an amazing broken down abandoned mill of some kind. I took the opportunity to grab some pictures, but then I heard a small engine puttering down this desolate road by the train tracks. A fully grown man was in one of those stripped down go karts, you know, the kind that's barely more than an engine, a frame, and four wheels. He pattered closer and



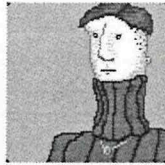
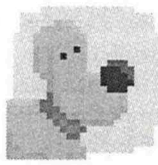
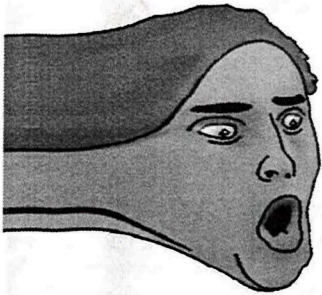
closer, then proceeded to break down right in front of me. He kept trying the rip cord, but it wouldn't catch. I tried my damndest to pretend he didn't exist, while also keeping an eye on him. I couldn't help but think that this must be how he lures in his victims, like how dangerous could this man be? He's in a go kart after all. Then, BAM that's how he gets ya, ties your body to the back and drags your corpse to a shallow grave in the woods. The 180 cc Butcher, the 4 Stroke Bloke, the Rip Cord Warlord. He caught my eye and knew the jig was up. He ripped, engine starts, he scoots away. Crisis averted.

the land of the free and the home of the brave

Many many, hundreds of years ago, our country was founded on the principles of peace and freedom. One recalls a conversation between alexander hamilton, and george washington, who would later go on to become president of the united states(the colonies). Since then, many wars have been fought against evil countries and terrorist squads such as al qaieda. Many of these wars include world war 2, world war 1, the war on terror, the war on drugs, the war on poverty, the war on peace, the war on korea, the war on(in) vietnam, and the war on walmart bathroom masturbators, in which i was an enemy combatant. the point of all these wars? to protect the thins we hold DEAR. such as the right to free speech and religion. on the day of the 9/11 terrorist attacks on the twin towers and the pentagon and the white house(United Airlines Flight 93: a Boeing 757 aircraft, departed Newark International Airport at 8:42 a.m. en route to San Francisco, with a crew of seven and 33 passengers, not including four hijackers. As passengers attempted to subdue the hijackers, the aircraft crashed into a field in Stonycreek Township near Shanksville, Pennsylvania, at 10:03 a.m.) i was in first grade and was shocked at the wrath of thr power of the extremists who were from a place so many thousands of thousands of miles away to the east. I was shocked and terrified that i would be next in line for 'it' (being killed) this is why i think america as a concept and as a country should ALWAYS I REPEAT ALWAYS exist and defend the freedoms of our great country.



Fuck, that vividly reminds me of the time I accidentally hit a rabbit with my car but it didn't die, I broke it's back legs and opened up it's torso and I had to take responsibility and end it's suffering and I had to stab it with my knife but it wouldn't die so I thought it was cursed so I called my friend over and he smashed it with a hammer and then we buried it



Why must the leaves rustle? Have i angered them?

When I squint at her projection and gaze upon her wry smile, I wonder: is she smilin' at me? She don't know who I am, and likely she never will. But perhaps somewhere in 'er brain she knows that she's smilin' at ol' Rod Howberbeck, deep within the camera's pinhole lens.

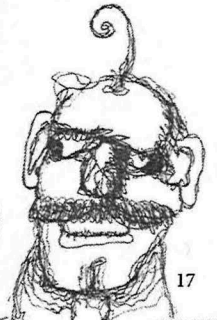
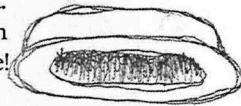
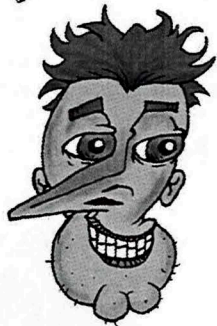
That's right - I live inside a pinhole lens. I reckon I'm about .04 millimeters tall - been that way since puberty. I weigh about a thousandth of a milligram - I'm fat, I know! I've been snackin' a lot, mostly on little dust motes that wander through the pinhole, alongside other minutiae.

The most beautiful woman I'er saw... gosh, must'a been back in 1999. Back then, I was "Young Rod"! Eh, heh. She had glasses and a turquoise tank top. I couldn't see much else, given I'm a tiny man within a pinhole lens, but her perfect face was in total focus within the mechanisms of the camera. Her half undone overalls were enough to fire me up for the rest of the decade!

These days, I spend a lotta time paintin'. My now-worn paint definitely fucks the pinhole's capabilities but I don't think anyone minds. I take a long winter every coupl'a years tryin' to get from

pinhole to pinhole. Luckily, I live in a photographer's house. Weird li'l dude. He spends lots of times photographin' plants and pinecones. Some days I wake up and all I see is pinecone.

Good talkin' to ya. I've gotta sleep now. I sleep about 20 hours a day.



pea 09/13/2019

new concept: Google Gangouts

Zhurba_Narodu98 09/13/2019

I'm scared to google "gangout" in public

Just out of curiosity, does anyone have any tips and tricks to make the constant screaming voices in my head stop?

I think if you scream out loud it'll drown it out for a little while. I wish I had a real suggestion though, being far a drive with music could help.

Screaming out loud does help actually, thank you!

DUNCE CORNER

HEY MAN CAN I PROCURE A SIP OF YOUR BEVERAGE?



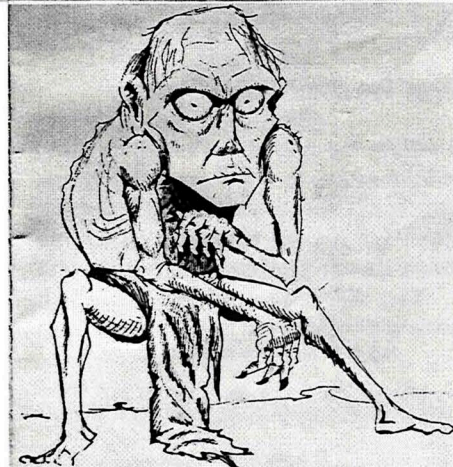
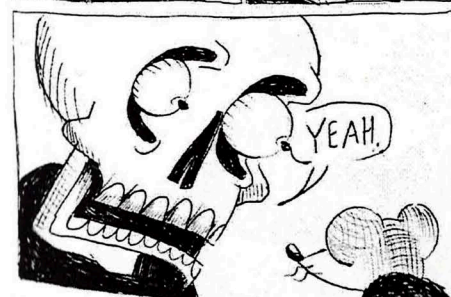
DOWN THE HATCH.



HEY.



YOU LIED TO ME.

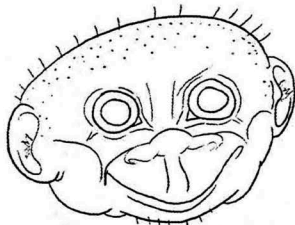


Truth be told I am too high-voltage to take to parties. I start doing cocaine, and then I start sharing it with strangers. And then I almost always run out and ask for it back. But they can't give it back, of course. So I jump on their backs and do a face twisty.

you know if a presidential candidate guaranteed me head from a 2007 scene girl i'd know it's bullshit but still vote for him just in case

CLASSIFIEDS

Looking for a CHINESE psychic. Or mind-reader to be more specific. I've started noticing my wife acting strangely ever since the new neighbor moved in and I want to know if she's two timing me with that no good bastard. The problem is that all the psychics I've talked to only speak English or a tiny bit of Spanish and my wife moved here from China in her 20s so apparently she "thinks in Chinese." If you speak Chinese and know how to read minds please contact me as soon as possible.



idea: the radio for food

I value my privacy; I've been using a fake name to order pizza for years. But tonight, the pizza guy's coming over for dinner with my parents. I need it to go well, what do I do?

Looking for someone to make a custom funkopop fit to store my mothers ashes.



Bees are taking over! (and that's a good thing)

NYLON HONEYCOMB
Keep beard safe.
No more drool.



COMBO
Incognito.
Top/bottom coverage.
Keep eyes unrestricted.



Sheikh Areesh! DJ Greasy Gooch's is in the building ready to get rumbly and grumbly. Fiercest attention is required from all friengs, butterfinger-fatties, freakerinos and also all you fucking PUSSIES out there who don't appreciate me and what I stack. Here's the jimmysnatch. It's time for me to bust out the new spiffy - - flashing direct on-the-stage "Mic MC"-curated power slams busting at the tits with creamy swagger-licious ENERGY. Come come shock out and drop the lazy body business - no bother hesitate, no bother come Mell me,

Ever felt hungry? Alone? Do you have a desire to leave your current place of residence? Well call me at 1-800-RE-MOVE-YOU, and I'll remove you from your life! You'll be trapped in a cage, fed with scraps of bread and chicken, and no one will ever see you again, no matter how much you beg and scream! Call now, our openings are getting booked fast!

DAMN!

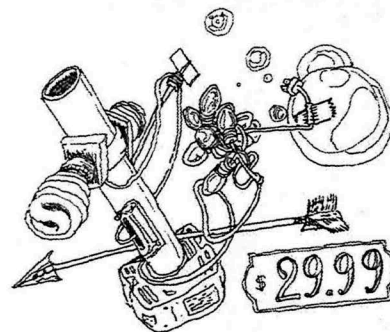


introducing the 1952 CASUALMALE

LONGCAR

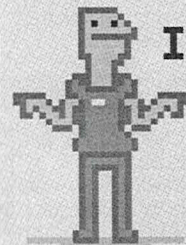


born to fry
world is a shrimp
4623874962397846 dicks sucked



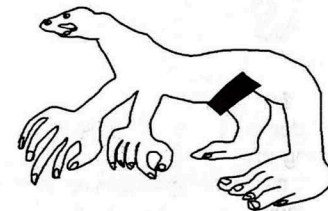
Hey you! Yes, you! Have you ever just thought to yourself: "man I really wish I had that super power"? Have you ever been like us: the boys at school who always talk but never do anything? Boys who never get super high scores in PE or science? Well boy do we have super powers. These boys have powers beyond your wildest imagination. They have the super human strength and stamina. They have the super elongated testicles. Yes, I have actually seen some of these boys rip a car apart with their super elongated testicles. You might think I am an idiot for even dreaming of having super elongated testicles, but I assure you I do not forget my youth. These boys have surpassed the paleolithic hunter-gatherers who once roamed this earth, and now they rule with an iron fist from a fortress in the sky. Tell me about yourself, little man. You must be a virgin before you can participate in this game of WonderBoy.

WHY DID YOU HAVE
3 TONS OF CYANIDE
UNDER YOUR HOUSE?



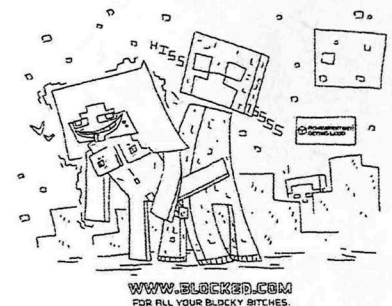
I forgot...

Sorry.




dudes sending nudes™

How much strength can be mustered from sheafs of paper. Exhumed waste of lost words and meaningless feelings. There's only strength in the sea, there's only fervor in the wind, there's only a heft in the fire, only a pull from the earth. The unsightly waste of human things, fleeting and soiled, small and disgusting



young soulless vessel seeking elderly ambitious dreamer to live out your life's greatest wishes by having them carried out by someone who has none of their own!

 A LETTER TO ALL ALIENS SPYING ON EARTH'S WIRELESS INTERNET SIGNALS:

DEAR ALIENS,
IGNORE EVERY THING THAT NASA AND THE SPACE NERD SCIENTISTS HAVE TOLD YOU. THIS IS THE ONLY OFFICIAL, LEGITIMATE, HONEST STATEMENT OF ALL THE PEOPLES AND GOVERNMENTS OF PLANET EARTH. ALL OF US COLLECTIVELY, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, THINK THAT:

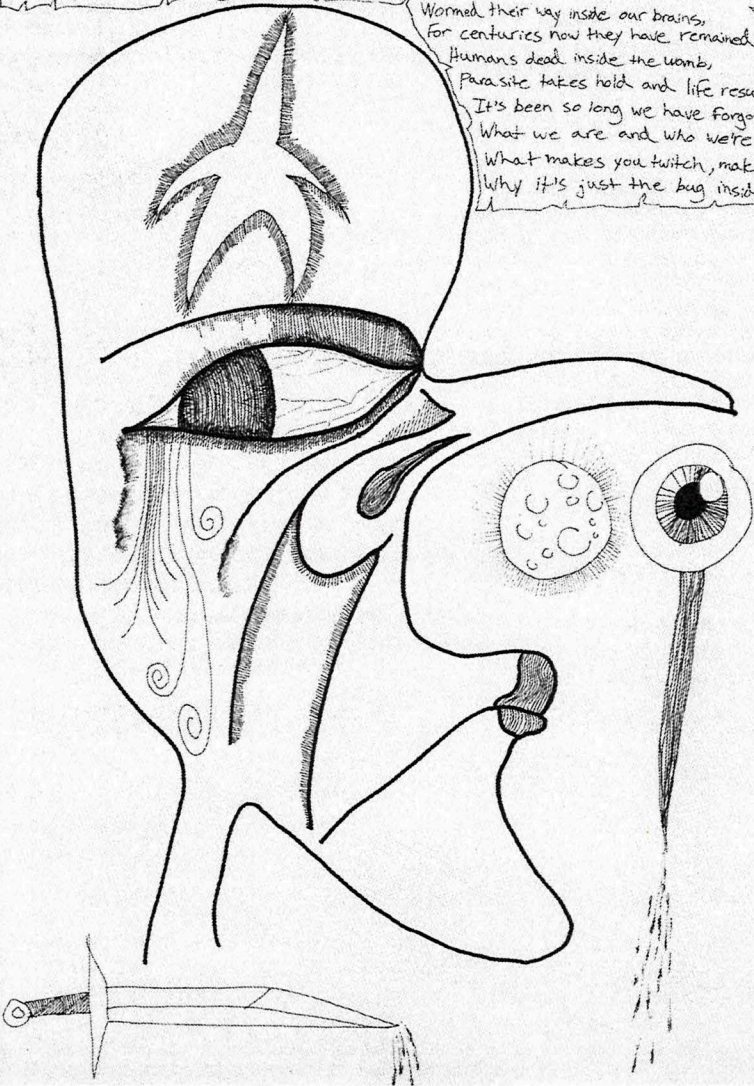
- EVERY ALIEN IS A SON OF A BITCH
- WE WILL WIN ANY SPACE WAR
- OUR ENTIRE PLANET IS A BOMB
- FUCK YOU FUCK YOU

WE WILL NEVER EVER CHANGE OUR OPINION
IGNORE EVERYTHING THEY PUT ON VOYAGER 1

THANK YOU FOR READING THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE!
CONTRIBUTORS ARE LISTED ON THE NEXT PAGE -----
TO SUBMIT, JOIN DISCORD.GG/ZX5PYST -----
HAPPY 2020! ENJOY TML VOLUME THREE! -----

The Moon tonight alights at dusk, it's crater crags hold fetid husks
 Of twisted things in eternal rest, of beings bearing honey crest
 Arms and legs long as vines, embracing hands in groups of nine
 Ritual to transcend the form, of flesh and blood their spirits were
 Buried bodies birth parasites, that came to Earth on lunar lights

Wormed their way inside our brains,
 For centuries now they have remained,
 Humans dead inside the womb,
 Parasite takes hold and life resumes,
 It's been so long we have forgot,
 What we are and who we're not,
 What makes you twitch, makes me convulse
 Why it's just the bug inside of us!



credits

toner martini
 cool yo yo tricks
 each hand in its own sink
 cursed rabbit
 constant screaming in my head

dad
 shit art
 human not passing muster art
 dunce corner art
 down the hatch comic

boros
 1st face TINHB header
 cargo shorts
 smiley knife guy (pg 17)
 pointy hair dude (pg 17)

omlette pockets
 stubbed my toe
 monkey face art
 toc singer art

mermaid
 mythical figures art (pg 9)
 fat naked man art (pg 9)

scof
 male hangout for gamers

toki
 1-800-REMOVE-YOU

cat
 keep going art

canthandlemyhandle
 young soulless vessel

sonv
 \$29.99 thing

beeb
 3rd face TINHB header

gym slow
 tml micronation
 tml very fine condition
 hypern heavy dip
 pizza guy diemima

pea
 face hands
 smiling buttcheeks
 google gangouts
 born to fry
 dudes sending nudes

odin
 happy & you know it
 polygon people art
 pointy nose guy (pg 17)

mixed veggies
 jesus had diarrhoea
 social loophole

cossack
 cognitive decline is real!
 too high voltage for parties

mastersquinch
 peephole art

epicdrone racer 777
 the land of the free

polpotnanspops
 pinky bandinki's folk art

deltapigeon
 strength in sheafs of paper poem

casualmalexl
 long car ad

friko braun
 2007 scene girl
 food radio

yasa
 dj greasy gooch

angelboy discoman
 tml
 layout
 editor's note
 modular sex organs
 add'l text

blau
 cover art

polpotnanspans
 pinky bandinki bg photos
 bellybutton cleaning
 bellybutton reset
 butt fuck georgia (story + pic)
 custom funkopop tm
 hvernind is a myth pic

tulacot
 fat human judger art (pg 13)
 pixel heads (pg 17)
 *3 tons of cyanide

frank
 skinny arms guy (pg 17)
 big tongue santa art
 the boys at school (tribot)

moxie famous
 printer
 epom inside cover ad
 foam spread
 add'l layout elements

gmort
 toc art
 eat sleep shit spread

droopy mccoool
 axeman art
 moon alights at dusk (art + poem)
 back cover art

classicoz
 com dude
 2nd face TINHB header
 are you looking for a job?
 blocked.com

kilroy
 a/egri/fam

pinky bandinki
 pinky bandinki's story

hr freud
 a/egri/art

wtmmp
 letter to spying aliens

culture
 how many pixels deep
 giving up coffee

duk
 too fast
 the sex men

not important
 jim jones art

dogmo
 just like us comic

48787
 chinese psychic

crypticgyro
 chainsaw man sketch

quate
 rod howerback

lamb's ear
 scream out loud suggestion

jammho
 oo face

spetsky
 vegan breakfast sandwich

zhurba narodo98
 scared to google gangout

frega
 leaves rustling

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