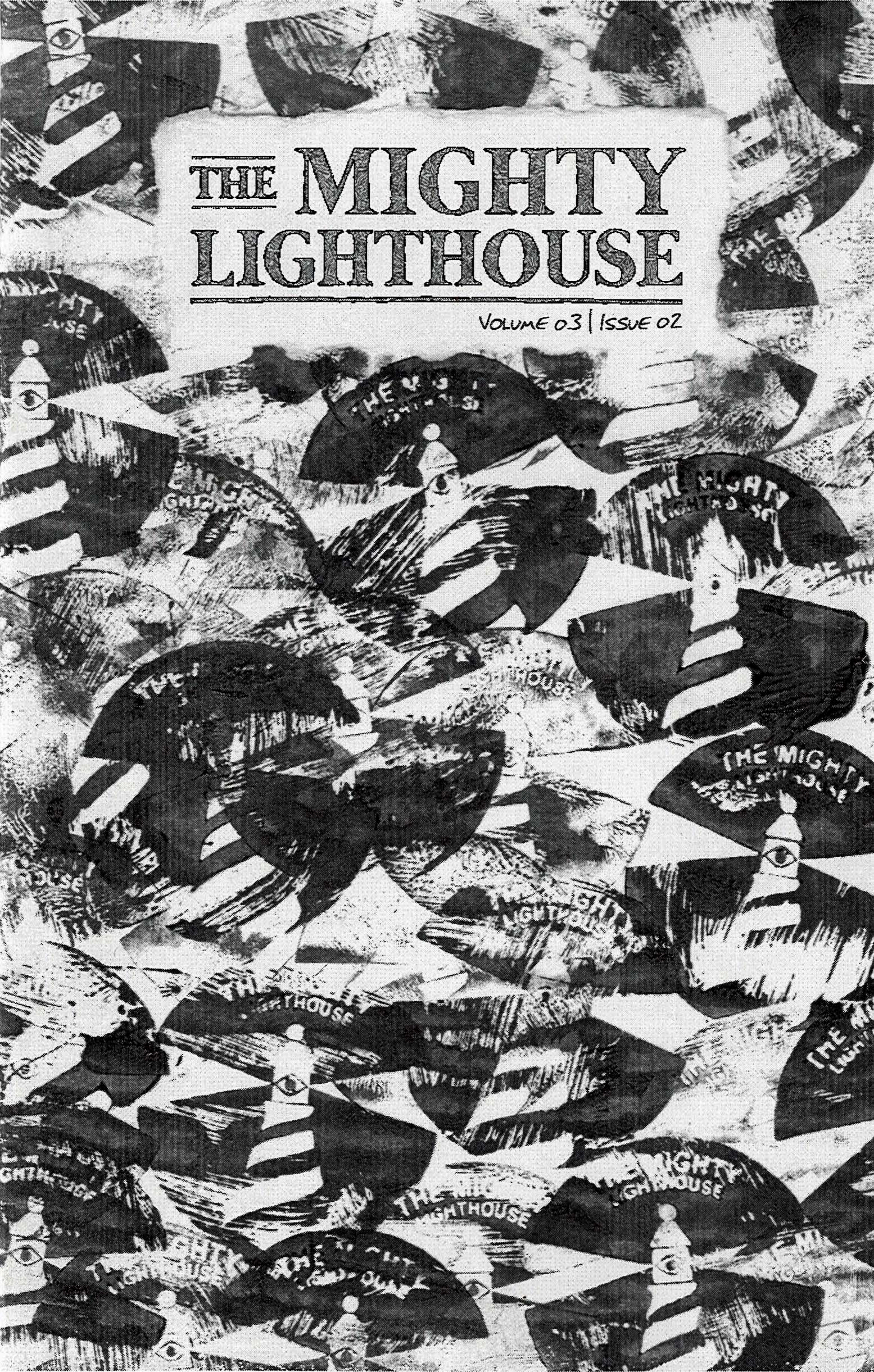


THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

VOLUME 03 | ISSUE 02





The Mighty Lighthouse is proud to announce that **Beachballs.com** is our brand new corporate sponsor! We look forward to having a long and fruitful relationship with **Beachballs.com** and implore y'all to bounce on over to **Beachballs.com** to check out their amazing balls and adequate bikini babes. Remember: **BEACH BALLS NEVER GO OUT OF SEASON!**

EDITOR'S NOTE: You may notice that we are not partnering with SPAM for this issue of The Mighty Lighthouse. We were in talks with Hormel to have them sponsor all of Volume 3 if our partnership in Issue 01 proved to be valuable. Well, apparently they didn't take our partnership as seriously as we did! We generated a sharp uptick in global SPAM sales after the release of the previous issue of The Mighty Lighthouse, and all they did was misspell our name in the ad they sent us to print and send me some SPAM vouchers to use at the grocery store. I don't want vouchers you animals, I want you to send me SPAM direct!!! And so it is with a heavy heart that we must say fuck SPAM and terminate our pending partnership.

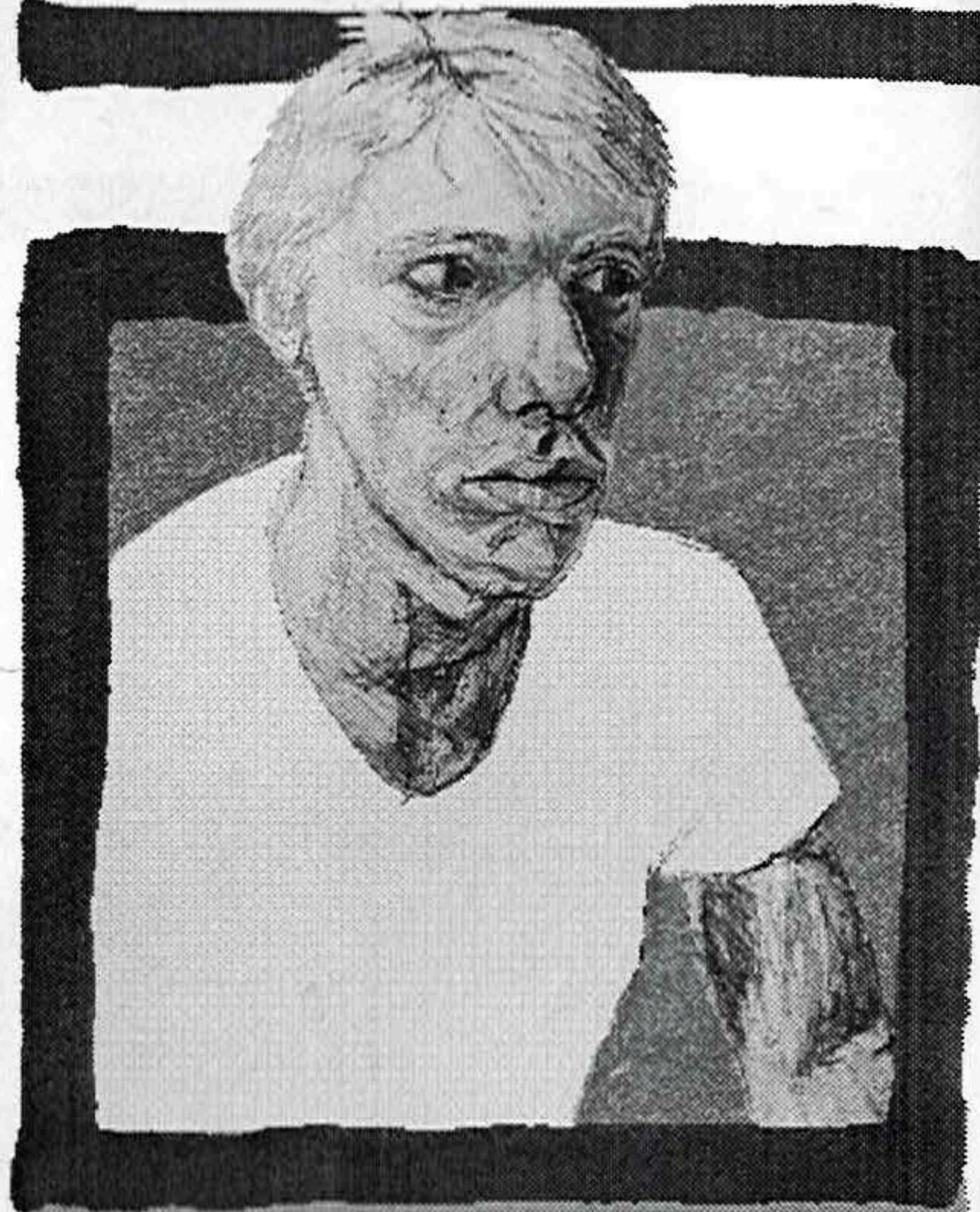


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"Howdy" he tells me

"YER WIFE UP AN' WENT AN' KIELLED MY WIFE. SO I'M FINNA BLOW A HOLE IN HER HEAD." "SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT" I REPLIED. I COULD HEAR HER SCREAMING, SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY AMMUNITION, SO SHE WASN'T ABLE TO STOP OUR NEIGHBOR FROM PUTTING A HOLE IN HER FACE. SHE DAMN WELL WAS ASKING FOR IT WITH HER ACTIONS. THAT'S THE NEUTRAL GROUND THOUGH; I COULD SHOOT THIS MAN FOR SHOOTING MY WIFE, BUT HE SHOT HER BECAUSE SHE SHOT HIS WIFE, AND THAT'S FAR MORE OF A MESS OF EVENTS THAN WHAT I WANT A DRINK OF.



ALL THE TIME LITTLE STRAIGHT BOYS COME UP TO ME

telling me how much of an "Ass Man" they are, how they worship the booty, stories of all the asses they eat. They speak on how tits are inferior replicates given to us by our upright evolution, deceit developed by natural processes as our eyes moved from the bottoms to the tops of our species. But let me tell ya, when your out on the prowl, scanning your surroundings looking at all that you see, and out of the corner of your eye you see what seems to be a nice little booty on the back of a long haired gal, and you feel your Limbic system activating as you gaze upon it, when she slowly turns and your Cerebrum slowly begins to notice that this girl is no girl but a man, and you turn quickly in shame, finding disgust in the booty just moments ago you appreciated, what ass man are you I say. No ass man at all. Not like I, a being who has gone beyond the mere heterosexual man, a Man who can truly appreciate the ass in all its forms, all its contexts. To me, an ass is more than just who it is attached too, it is a sexual being onto itself. I proclaim myself the first assexual, and I will take humanity to its true glory. Will you shed your shame and fears and join me on the road to true Ass Mandom, or will you turn away in shame once again?



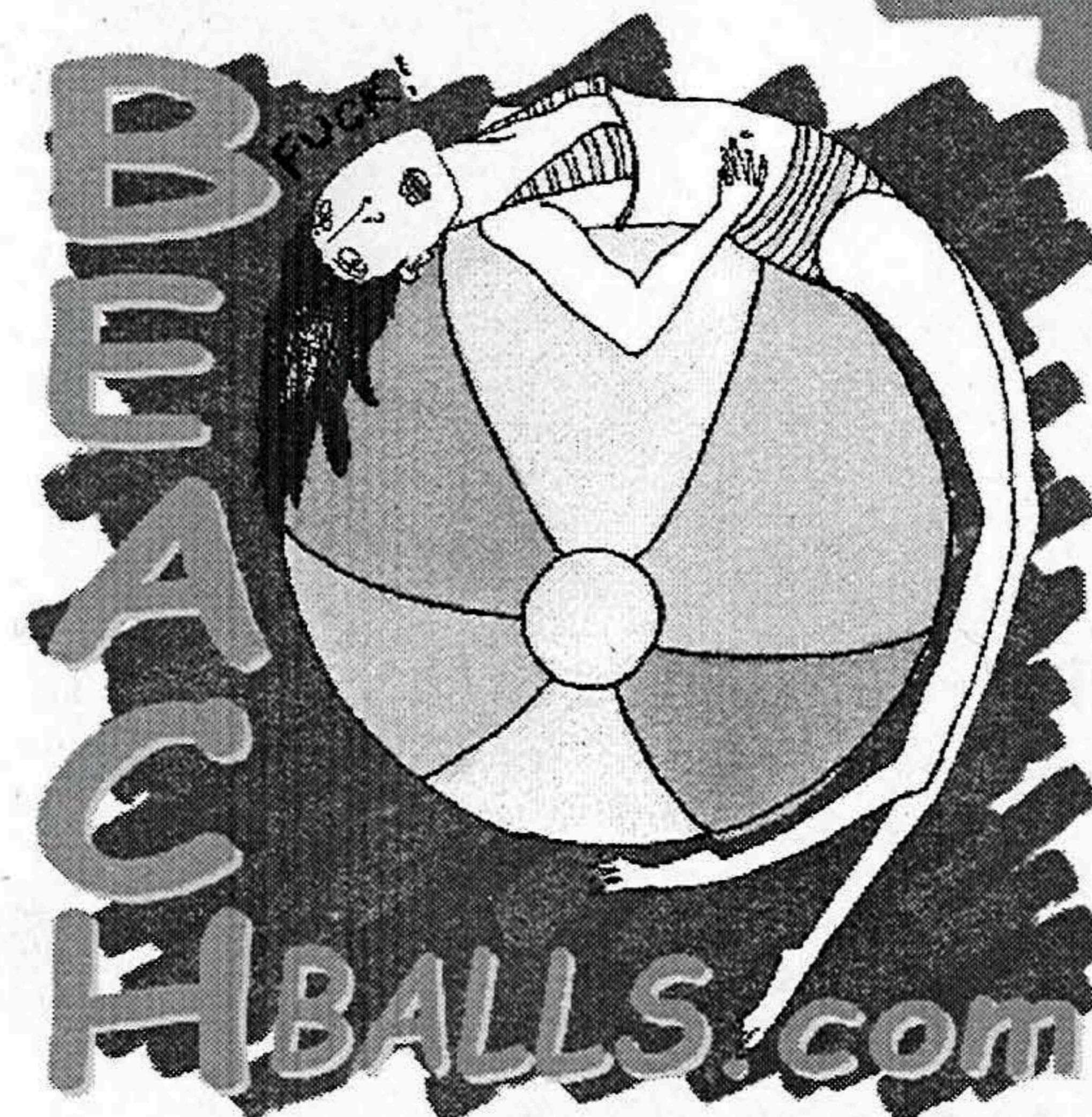
I'm catching onto something pretty interesting

TO SAY THE LEAST. YOU KNOW, I STARTED THINKING TO MYSELF, "WHY ARE ALL THESE SLANGS, THESE SLANG WORDS AND PHRASES I KEEP HEARING FROM THESE YOUNGER FELLAS, WHY ARE ALL OF THEM BABY STUFF?"

I MEAN, YOU GOT THESE CITY FOLK CALLING THEIR HOUSES "CRIBS", AND THEIR DRUGS AND ESCORTS "CANDY" OR "BABY POWDER", AND YOU GOT THESE GUYS OUT IN SILICON VALLEY PLAYING WITH "BLOCKS" AND "GAMES", BUT YOU DON'T SEE ANYONE ASKING THEIR HOME SLICE FOR A "DIAPER", OR ASKING THEIR "BROMIGO" FOR A "HIGH CHAIR".

WELL, I'M THINKING ABOUT GETTING ON THIS SLANGIN', BABYIN' CHAIN AND COMING UP WITH MY OWN SYSTEM OF URBAN DISSES TO CONFUSE THE FOLK EVEN OLDER THAN ME. AND YOU BETTER EXPECT A 100% BABY-BASED INCLUSION OF WORDS. WE'LL ALL BE ASKING A HOMIE FOR A DIAPER CHANGE, AND YOU BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR I'LL BE ON MY SCOOTER TO MY DAY-CARE MAKING MAJOR BOOM-BOOM FOR MY FAMILY. OH, AND DON'T FORGET THAT SWEET SWILLY TIME I'LL HAVE WITH THE MRS, GIVING HER PEEK-A-BOOS AND RASPBERRIES UNTIL SHE CRIES GOOGOO-GAGA.

THESE OLD-SCHOOL KINGPINS OF SLANG BETTER MOVE OVER, THIS OLD BOY'S STILL GOT SOME TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE.



SO SICK OF BALLOONS.

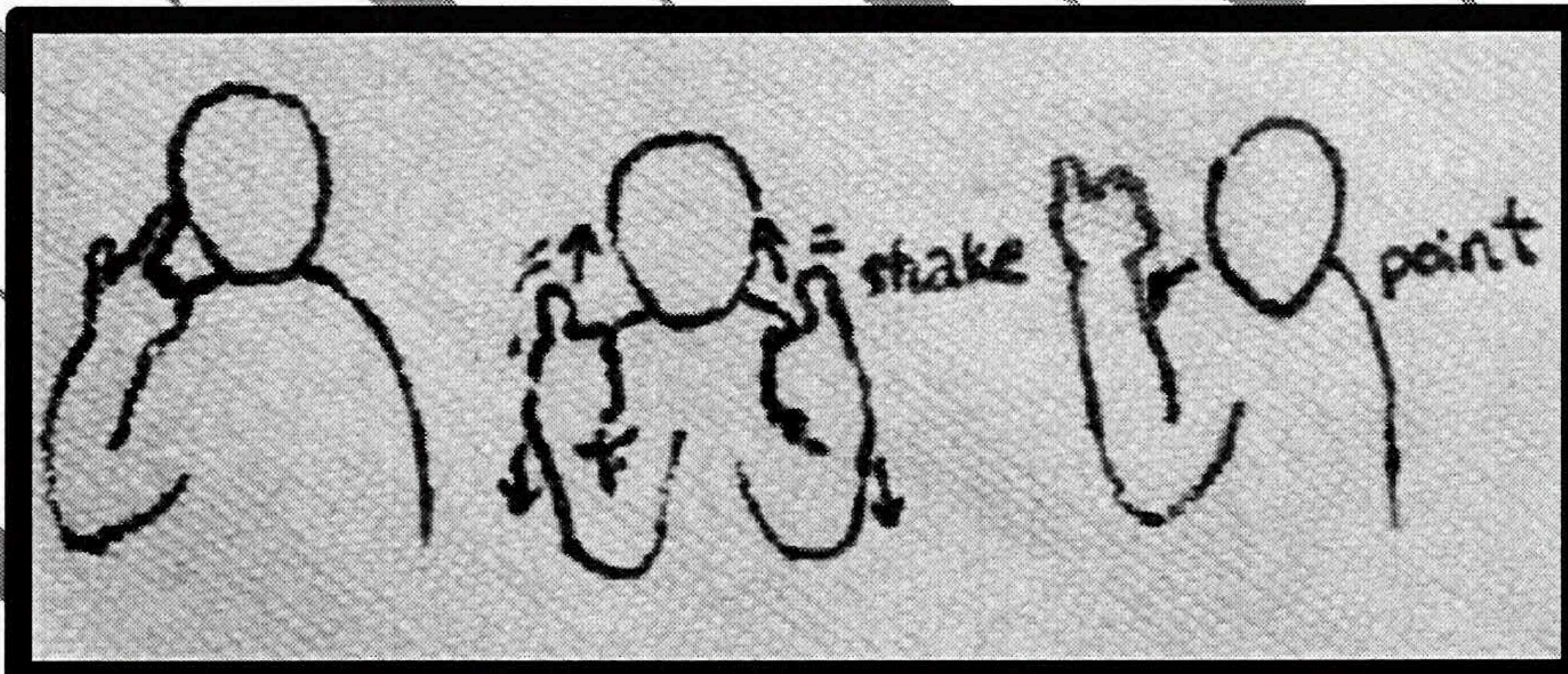
SAUG DIFSHITS
KNOW I CAN'T LAND A GOOD
PUNCH ON THEM AND IT
JUST BOILS MY BLOOD.
EVERY TIME I TRY TO BUST
THEM IN THE CHOPS THEY
JUST BOUNCE OUT OF THE
WAY OR POP.
FUCKING COWARDS!

YOU KNOW

if you asked me what my favorite dessert was, I'd tell you mint chocolate chip, plain as day. No ifs ands or buts, right? But is it really mint chocolate chip? Do I really like it more than all the other options?

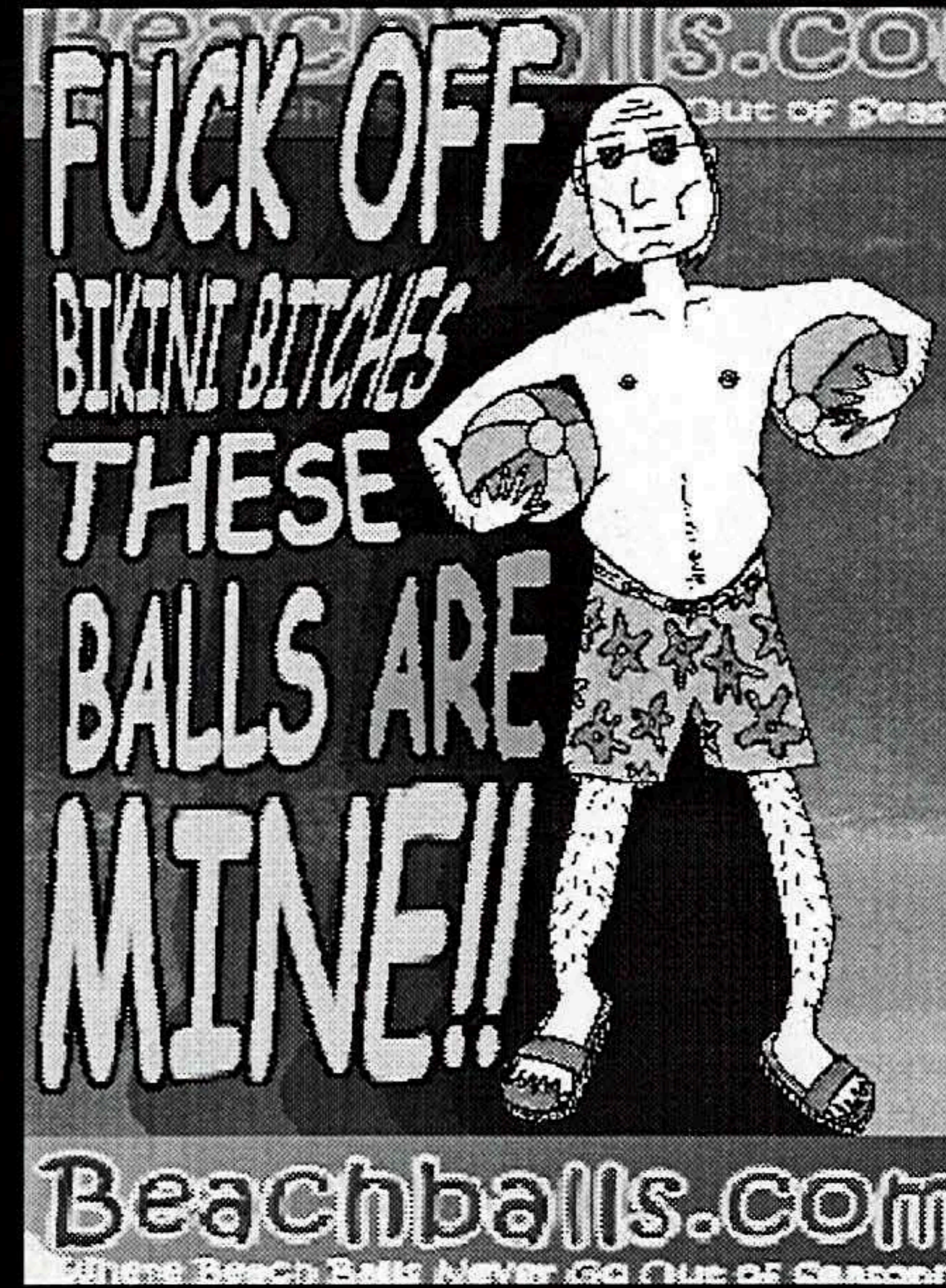
I don't think it is. Because I've always had a sneaking desire, one I always look towards as the ideal; and yet each time I'm asked what flavor I desire I answer as expected. And that's become the expectation. The expectation of what I can taste. Am I truly in love with mint chocolate chip, or am I simply expecting it? Maybe instead of putting myself down I should stand up, puff out my chest and say it; "I want cookies and cream! I want cookies and cream! Give me my cookies and cream scream scream!"

And that's how I blew my own mind. I didn't love mint, I only expected it because I never had the courage to go beyond my expectations. Maybe you should stop expecting things from life and start loving life. Start loving me.



I've been listening

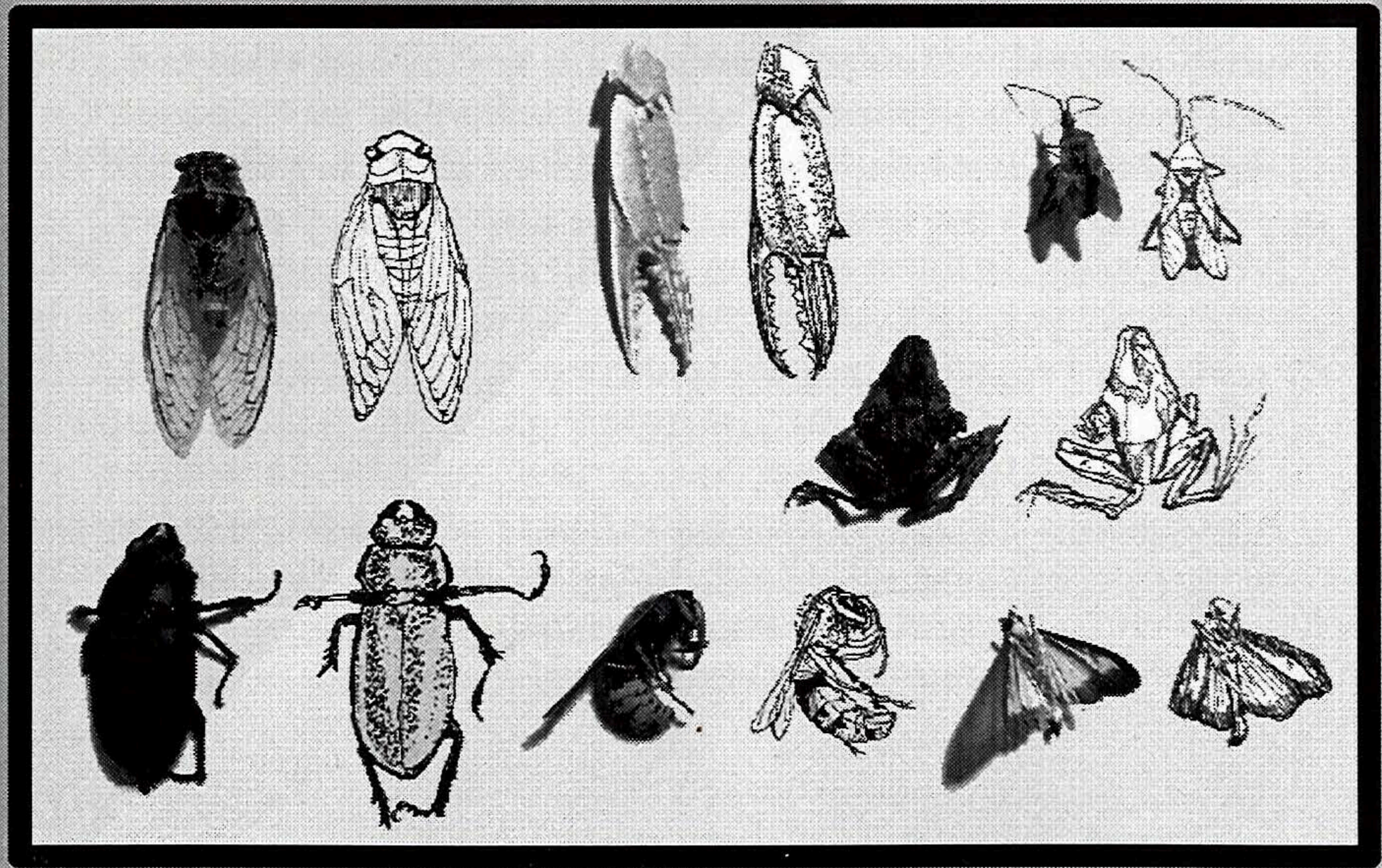
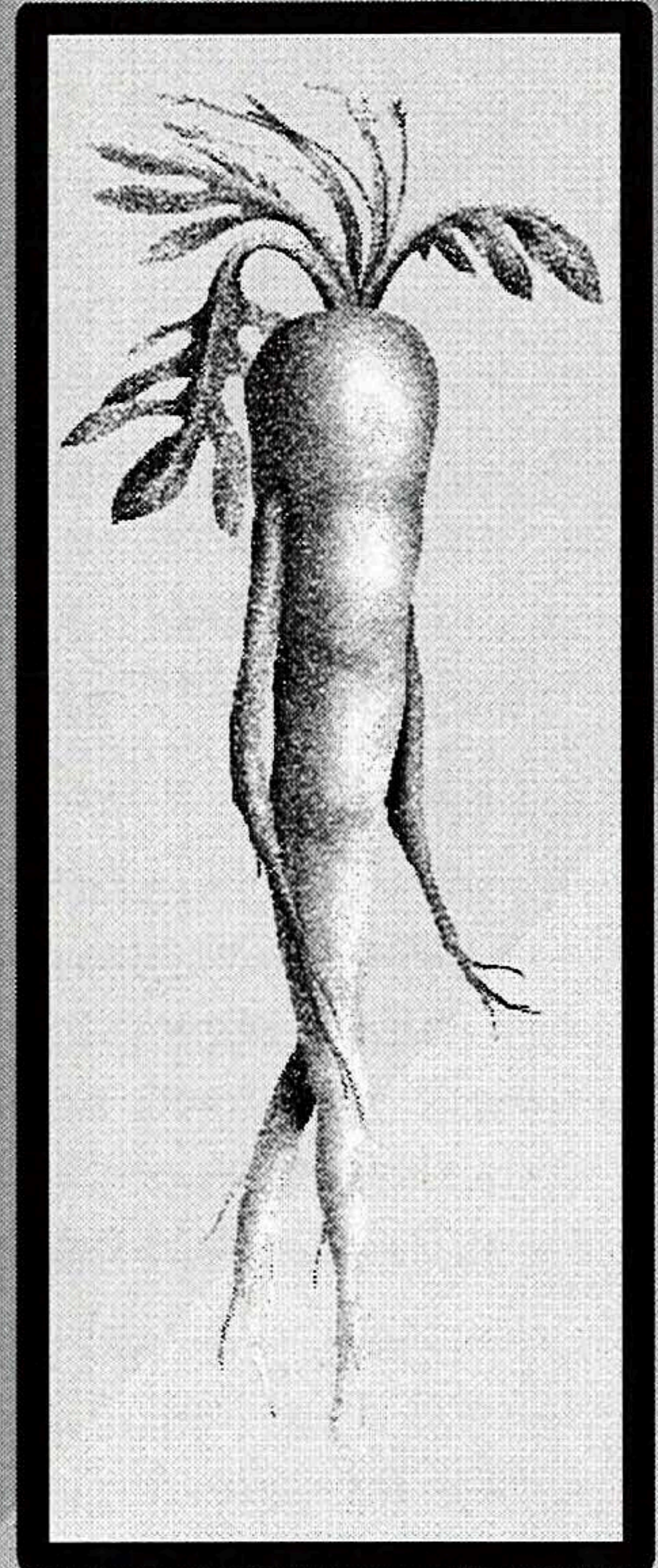
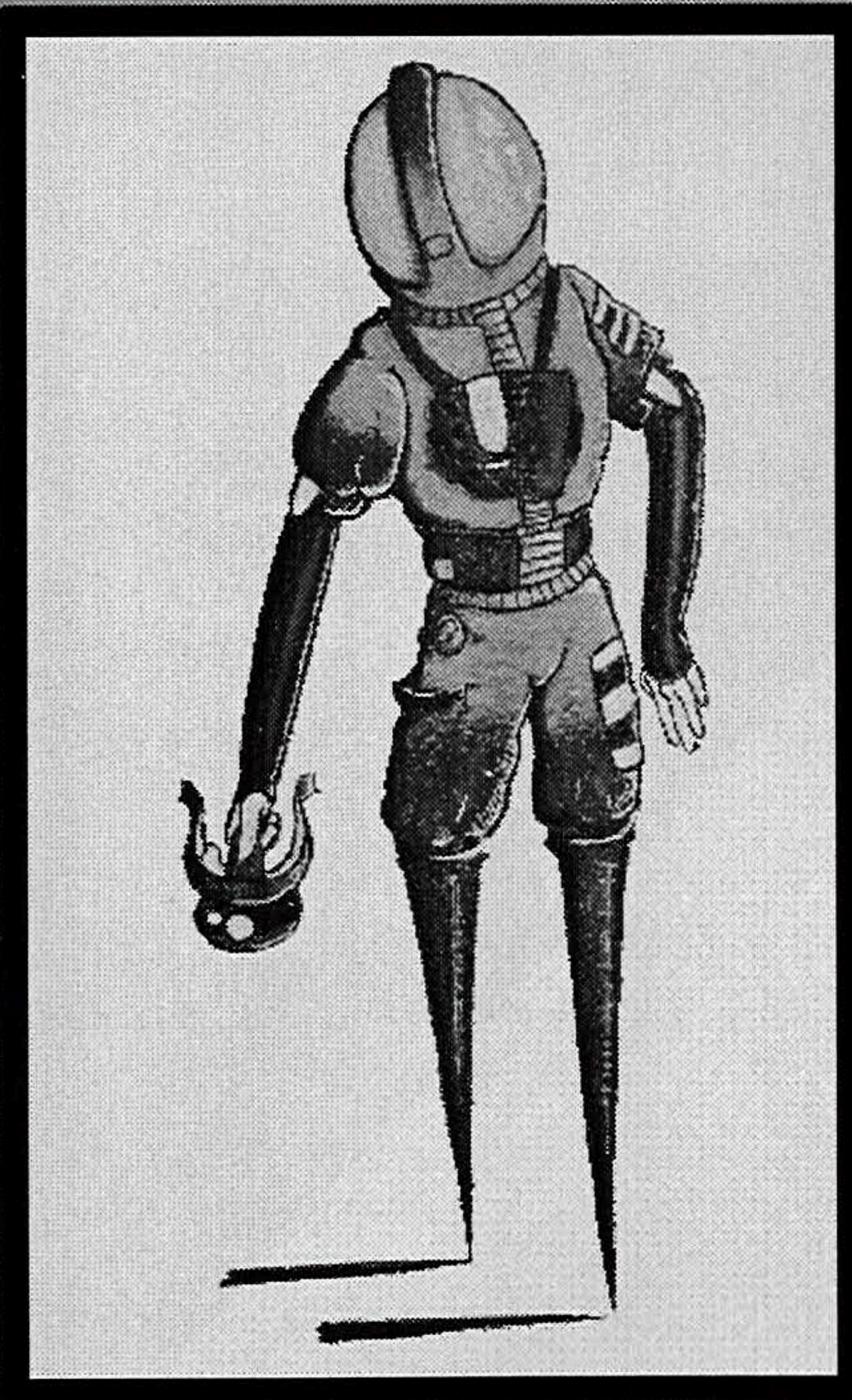
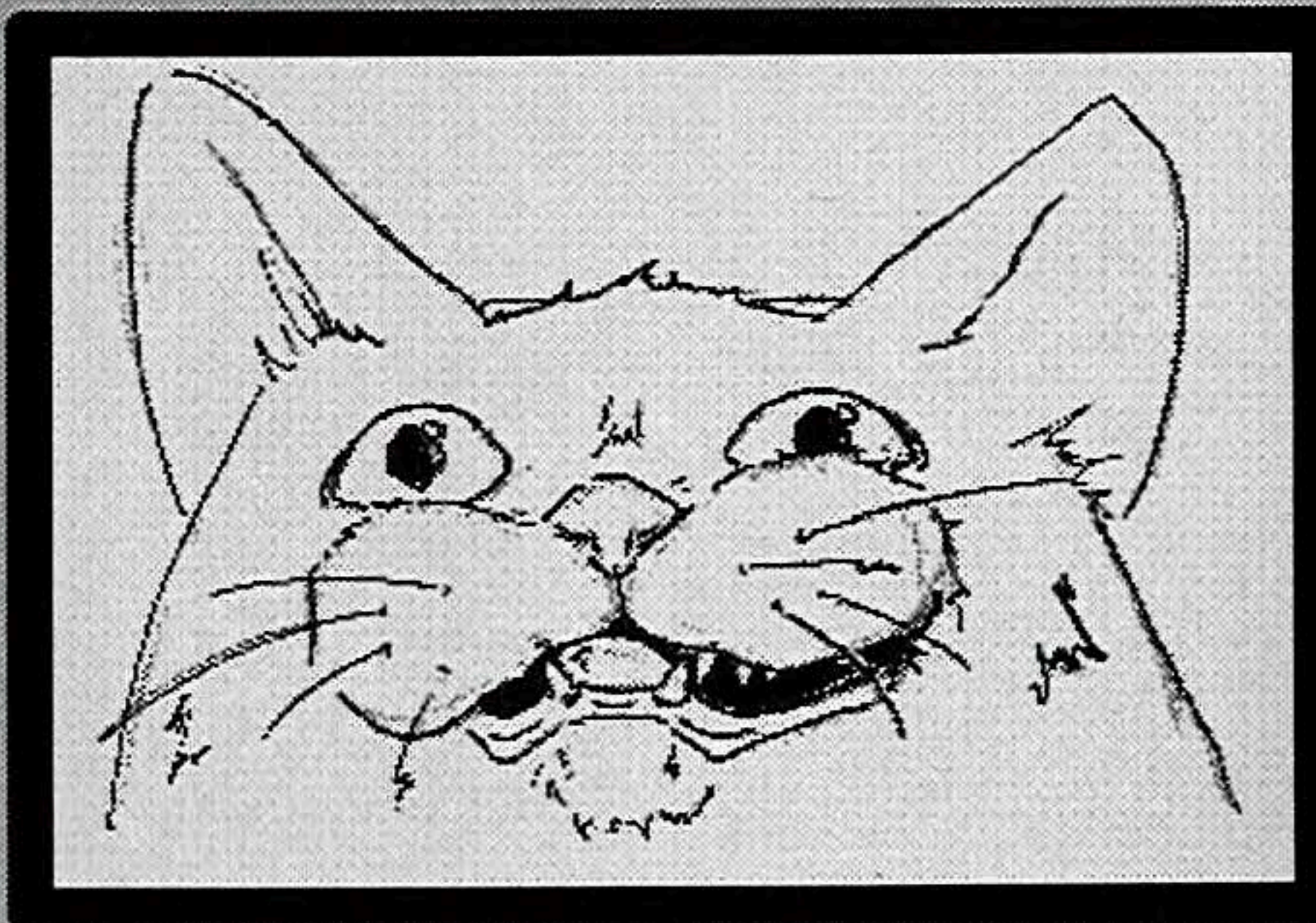
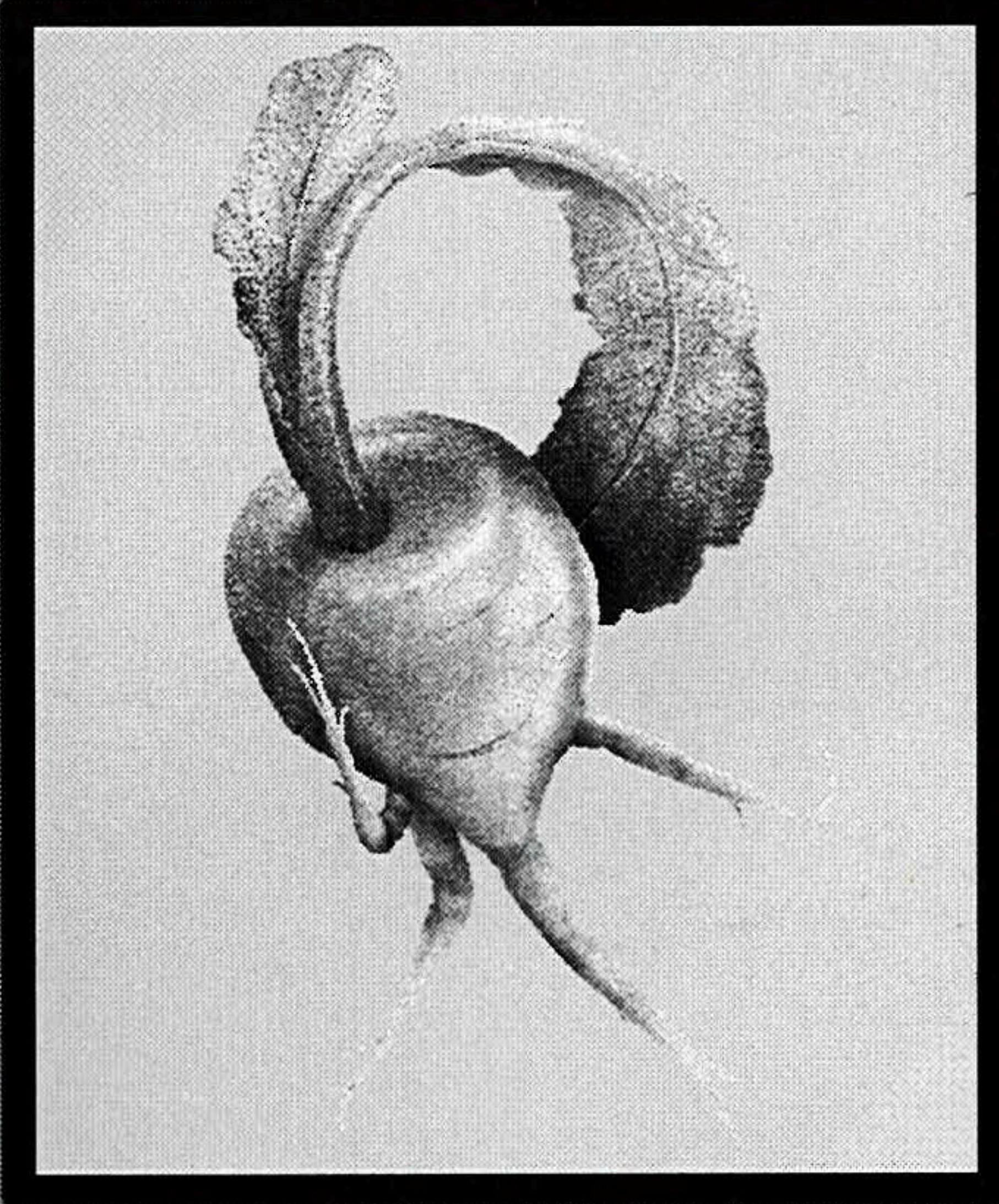
to a lot of Spanish jazz recently, and oh boy does it make me feel alive! When the weeping horns cry and the la cantante sings out, it hits me with that FEELING, the one that gets you on your feet and makes you feel alive! But my favourite part, the one thing that gets me off, that little dun dun, du gah gah—that rhythm alone will have the power to reanimate my rotting corpse. When that hits my ears, the power of the bongos make me feel like I'm an 1800's campesino at their daughters wedding to the empresario that traded me a donkey and some grains for her hand in marriage, I can't help but sacude mi trasero! Fóllame, me pone duro. My ultimate goal in life, from this day forth, is to travel across Spain to every dive, every shack, every dirty stop out I can find, and dance, dance like there is no tomorrow! And tomorrow, I shall dance again! And again! Danza danza danza!

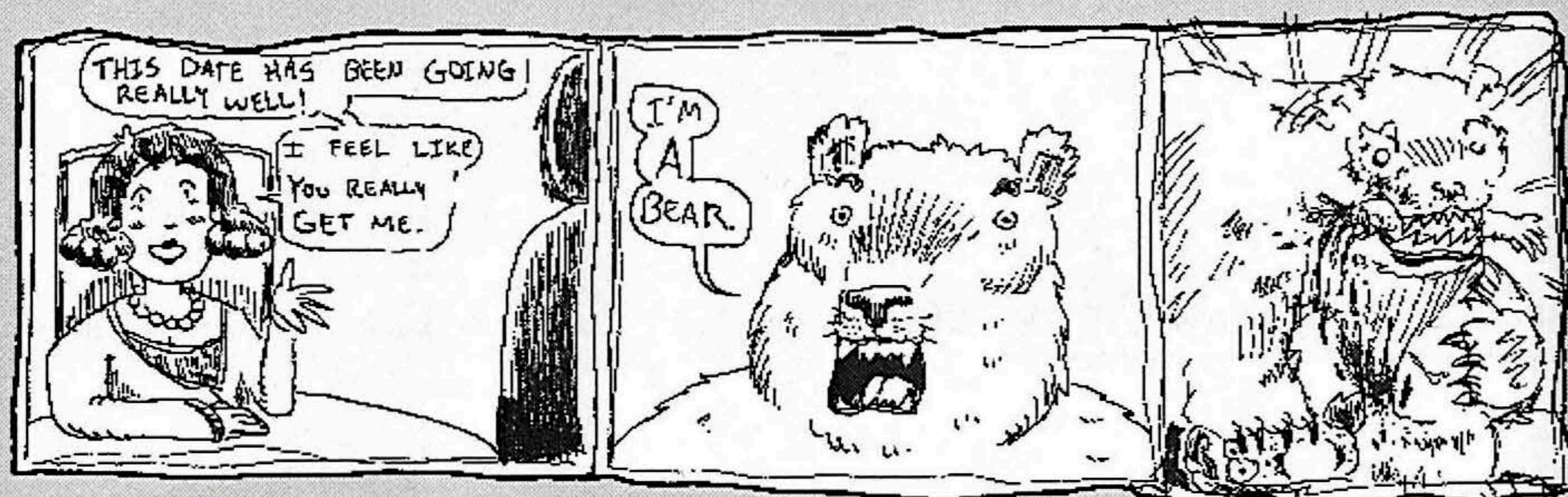


THERE HAVE BEEN SOME REALLY NASTY RUMOURS GOING AROUND THAT I AM GOING TO DIE SOME DAY, AND I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT YOU GUYS DON'T KNOW ME AND YOU DON'T KNOW MY LIFE SO I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU MINDED YOUR OWN BUSINESS!



This collection of rad art is brought to you by Beachballs.com



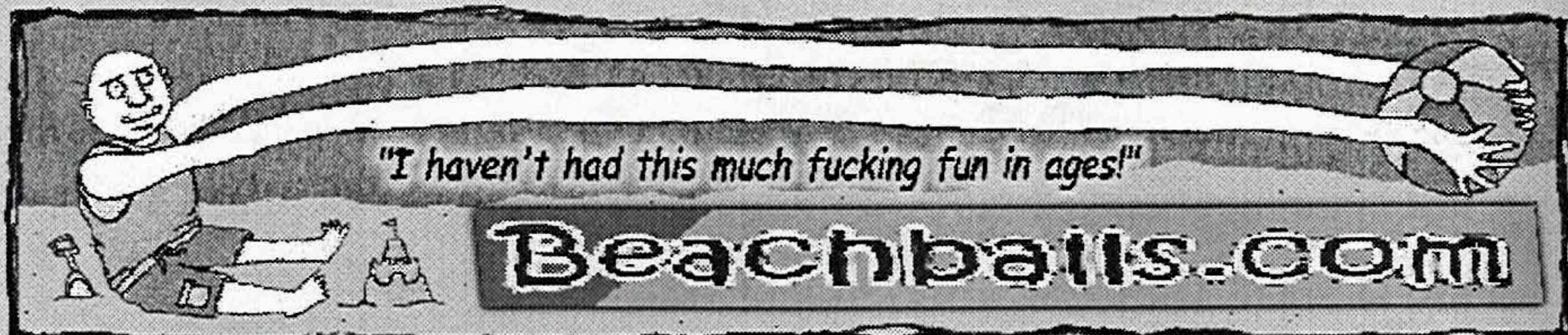


I JUST SAW A TOOTHPASTE COMMERCIAL

A woman stared smiling into the camera and said, as if happily puzzled, "I always thought it was normal to see a bit of pink in the sink!" Well, isn't it? Is it not? I mean, a little gum damage is normal, right? Where else am I not supposed to be bleeding from? Everyone gets nosebleeds, some more than others, and I guess that I'm on the far end of the spectrum.



I also thought that lots of people had blood in their stool and my cursory research shows that's true but also indicates that I should perhaps be worried. Really? If I've had this going on for years then how come I'm not suffering any other adverse effects yet? I got really freaked out and started to cry and of course there was blood in the tears as well, which is normal for me, because of a malformation of the tear duct but it led me to wonder about other things. Am I not supposed to be sweating blood? I read in the Bible that Jesus did this at one point so I figured that I was just blessed and living a holy life or perhaps simply working out really hard which would also be a good thing. Now, I suppose that I can understand how the blood in my urine might be a cause for concern but I'm used to bleeding from everywhere else so I never thought much of it. Really, though... I had just assumed that I had an excess of blood in my body which I had to let out and that if anything this excessive blood production was a sign of high vitality and good health! Is this not the case?



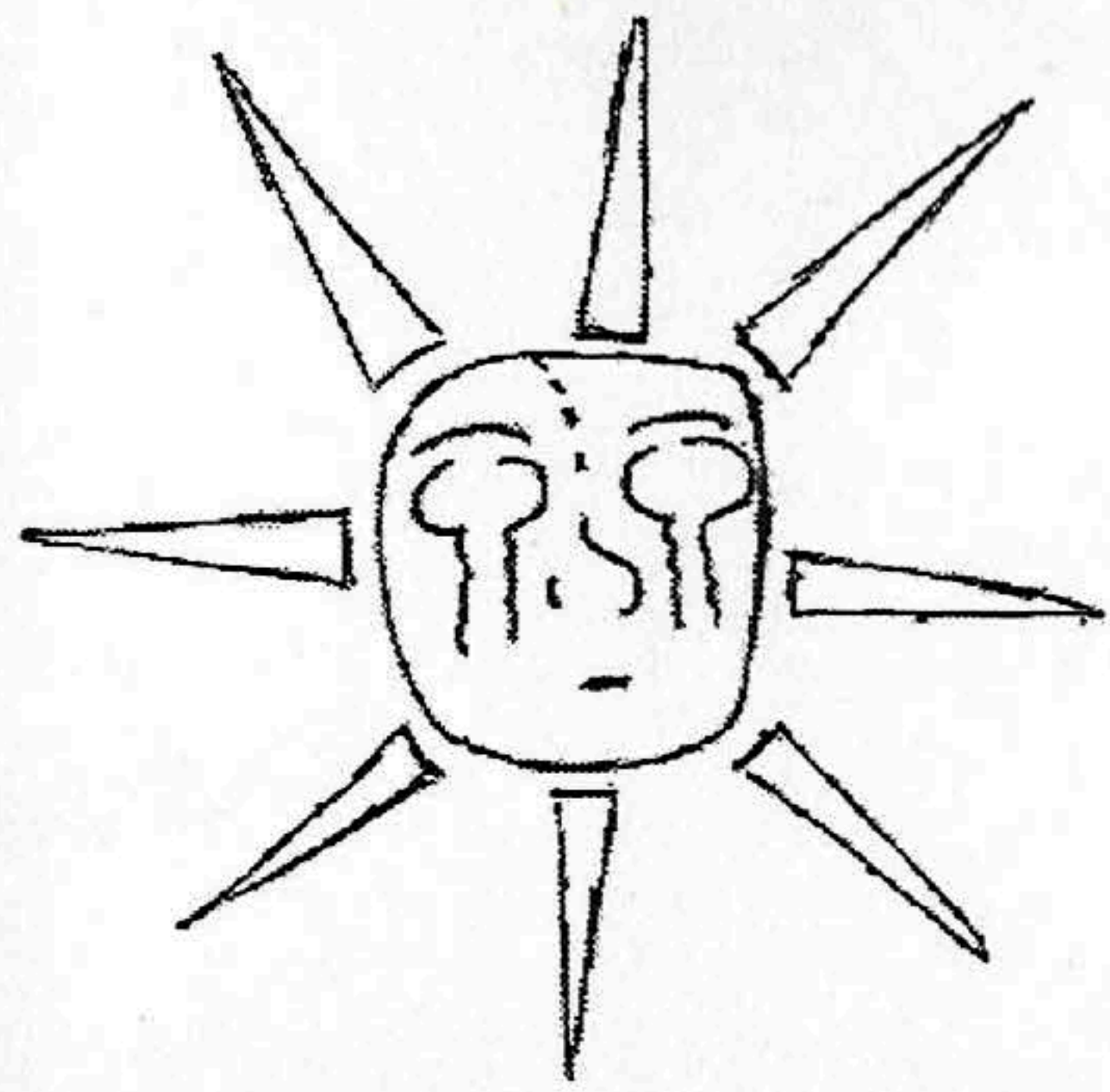
MUCH IS MADE OF THE DECLINE

of manufacturing in the United States. Oftentimes, these conversations quickly move to China and the supposed trade war between those two nations. In these discussions, however, there's a wider point that I feel is missed. First, though let's take a step back: heavy industry was at its peak in the USA in the mid-1970's, at the same time the incidence of workplace injuries was at about 1 in 10 workers. Today, with the employment for these same jobs at an all time low, workplace injuries are now closer to 1 in 25. This is not a coincidence. I would say that it's a common misconception that industrial prowess is determined by capital, infrastructure, or even technological superiority. No, that same prowess is determined by flesh and sinew. You see, in those halcyon days of old, one could safely assume that somewhere in the supply chain a midwestern father of 4 lopped off 3 fingers on his dominant hand to bring you the Rocky and Bullwinkle ashtray sitting in your study. Hell, he was probably happy to do it! Blood ran through all the products in your average department store, American blood, *patriotic* blood.

Now, returning to China: they clearly understand the physical cost it takes to maintain market superiority, even if only on a subconscious level. One simply needs to watch the news to know that the conditions in Chinese factories are harsh. The communists recognize that to get ahead, you have to be willing to incinerate a few barely literate peasants in a chemical plant explosion, you have to be willing to run a river orange with toxic waste. What we need in America is a return to that mindset, we need to abolish OSHA and remove the literal and metaphorical guardrails that molly-coddle the labor, that make the workforce weak and flabby. Should, however, happenstance not provide the human tribute the market wants, nay, *needs*, more proactive measures should be taken. Let us as a nation march the unemployed into the smelters one by one, let us as a people pump formaldehyde into the wells of small towns where the little people live, let us all together be thrown into the gears and pumps until the assembly lines sputter and choke on the frothy clots which were once our friends and loved ones. If we are to engage in a trade war, it is important to remember that wars are only won on the backs of the dead.

BEAKS FULL
OF BLACK

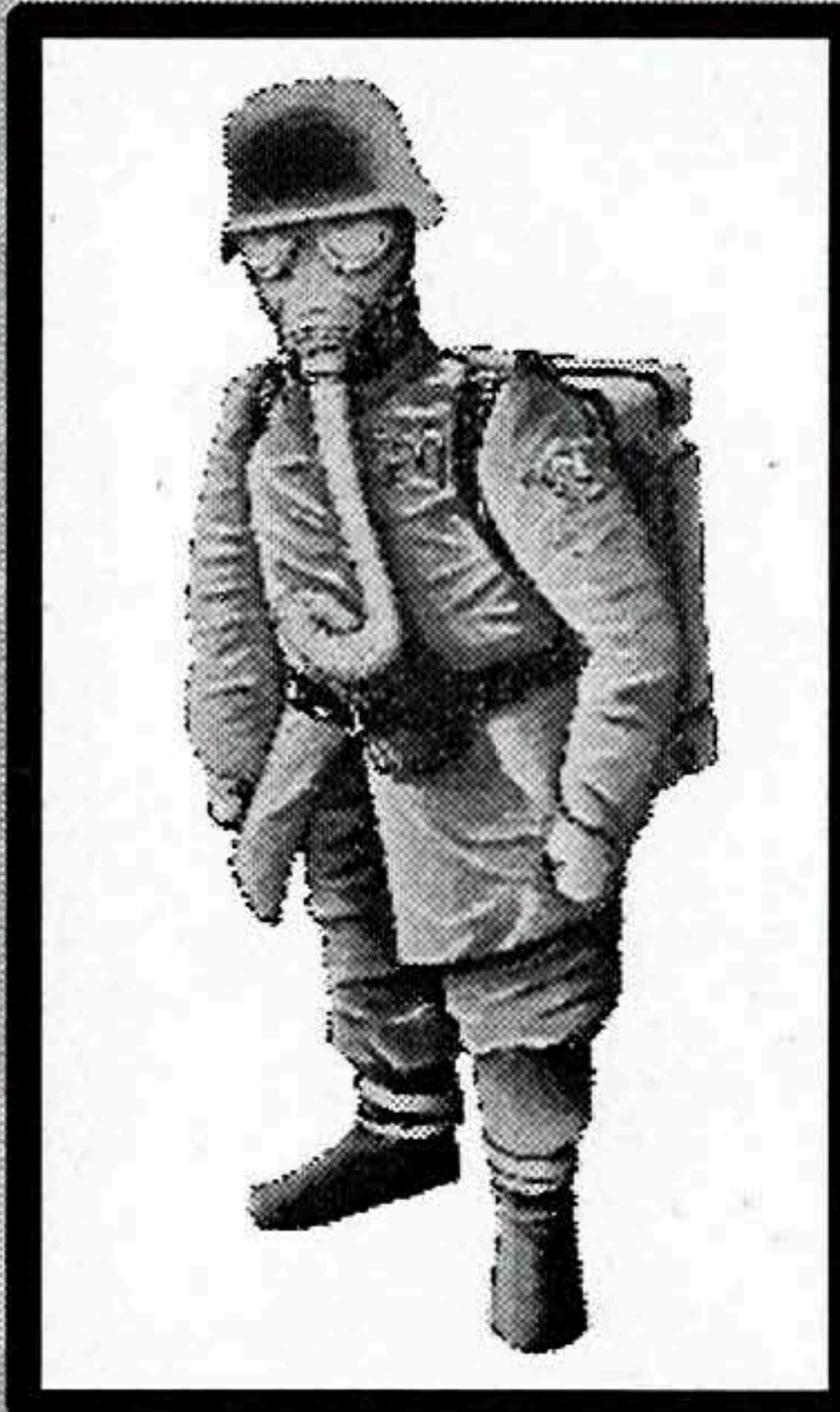




MY FATHER NAMED ME JIM BAILEY
 "WHEN HE SAW AN ARTICLE IN
 THE NEWSPAPER AND SAW IT WAS
 WRITTEN BY A MAN NAMED JIM
 BAILEY. NOW I WRITE ARTICLES
 FOR MY LOCAL UNDERGROUND
 NEWSPAPER. JIM BAILEY WRITES,
 "LOCAL FROG SHOT BY LOCAL
 REPORTER." JIM BAILEY LOADS HIS
 .32 REVOLVER AND SHOOTS THE
 FROG SITTING IN FRONT OF HIM.

Confession: I'm a furry.

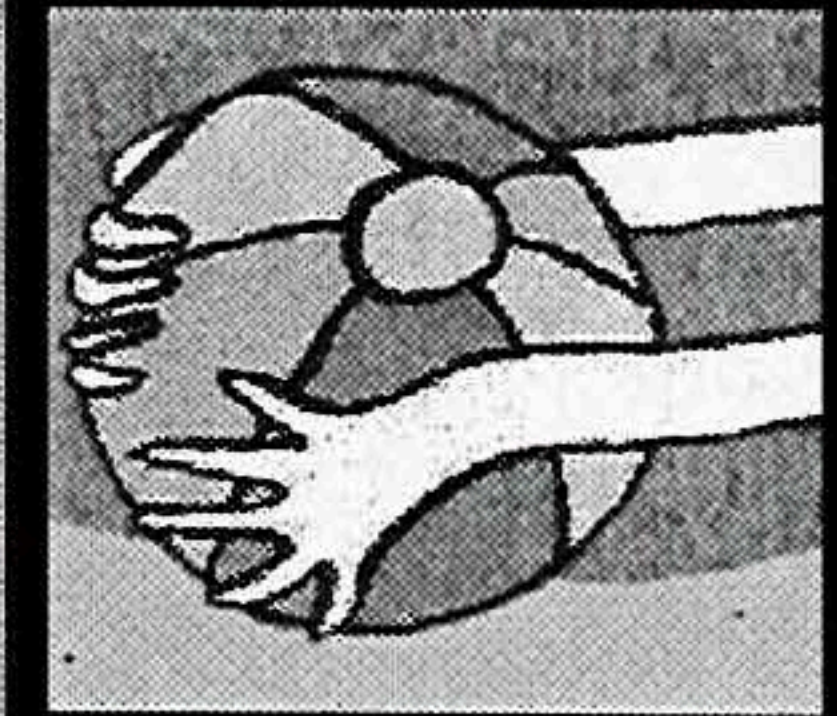
I SPEND ALMOST MY ENTIRE DAY
 PRETENDING TO BE AN APE-DESCENDED
 SEMI HAIRLESS SAPIENT BEING. IT'S
 A FUN ROLE PLAY, REALLY GETS ME
 GOING. I GO TO CONVENTIONS FOR
 FELLOW FURRIES ON A WEEKLY BASIS
 CALLED "GROCERY STORES." HAH,
 LETTME TELL YA - THOSE THINGS ARE
 BIG FUCKFESTS!



crunchyhole (noun)

when you're so excited to sit down
 and watch the new naruto that you
 jump into your computer chair and
 realize you didn't finish wiping and
 you're gonna be itchy and sticky for
 the whole show.

Every anime fan has experienced this.

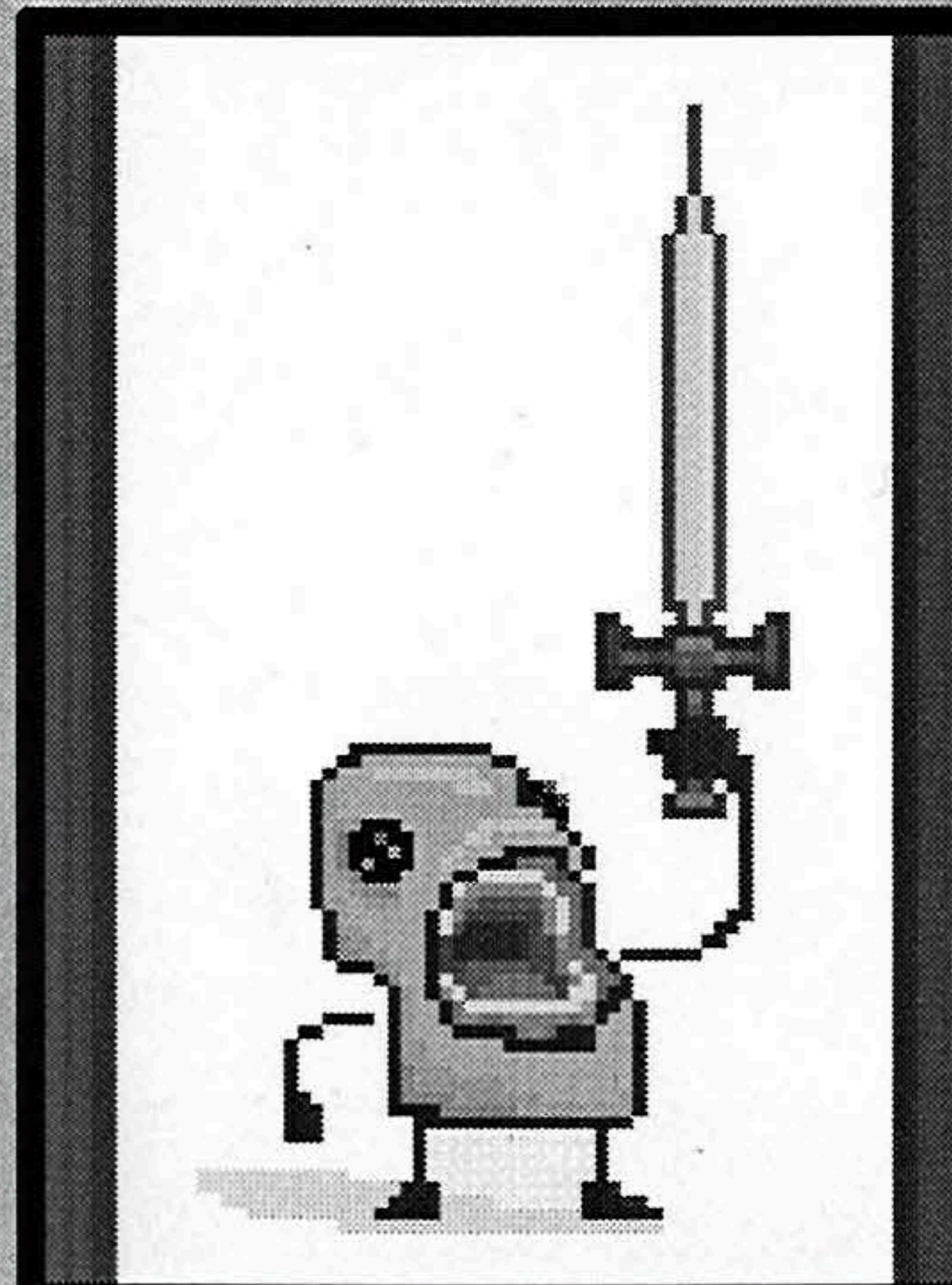


bro you
 free this
 afternoon?
 gonna hit
 up the gym
 with the
 boys later
 and just go
 absolutely
 a peshit
 with the
 kegel
 exercises.
 you in?



Some people are such pieces of human garbage

that they become a curious karmic phenomenon. A unredeemable person will eventually fall, if they manage not having their head bashed, into such a black hole of negative karma, that merely being in their pretense for almost any amount of time is considered such a terrible thing that the universe will actually credit you positive karma. Furthermore taking direction action against them, even unprovoked will raise almost even worst person's cosmic standing. Jeffrey Dahmer himself could kidnap, sodomize, murder and consume such a person with zero knowledge of their transgressions and would be pleasantly pleased to find after their death that Jesus Christ and Buddha themselves are each offering him a blowjob and eternal paradise.



I've started dreaming of a large dog.

It follows me over a great plain, great vines of leathery skin ending in large eyes stalking over me a great many feet, always out of reach but never out of sight. He has no name that I can pronounce with my flailing primate tongue, no discernible features that remain branded in my head long enough to form a true picture of his face, aside from the always open maw. Everywhere he walks is blackened in his shadow - never free to feel light even as he gallops away, constantly in pursuit of me. No matter how fast I run, I can never escape my life as a chew toy.

Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the beach ball, which is able to save your souls.

Fuck God
Fuck Man
For the Ball
is the only
True salvation



Beach balls.com

I AM TERRIFIED

for the new normal of well known branded characters. First it was baby Yoda, then it was the newly-born Mr. Peanut. Before long, there was infant Colonel Sanders and the 2-month old representative of the now Grandchild Jemima of pancake fame. Every mascot wanted in, and every one of them wasn't able to wipe their own ass by 2030.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS DOWNSTAIRS

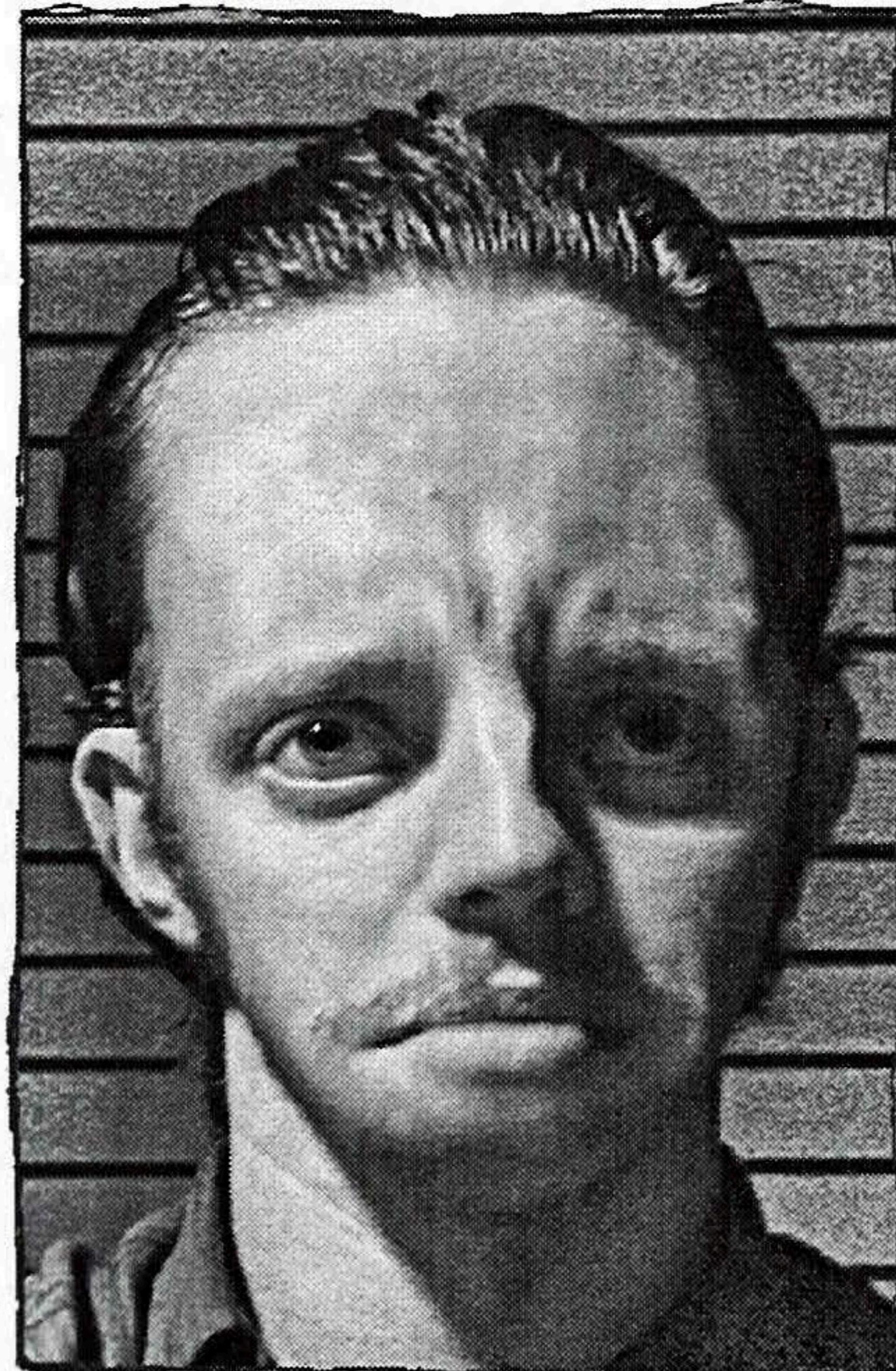
The walls are thin. Very thin. Sound leaks through the building like a sieve. I think it's the air vents and hollow, rat infested walls. I can hear everything. The lady three doors down who speaks loudly on the phone after a disappointing date, the man a floor above who yells at the television while watching cooking shows, everyone. We're all connected. And sometimes I think I'm connected directly to the man who laughs downstairs.

For the longest time I wasn't sure if he was laughing, or if he was crying. I would hear him, the faint sound of his sharp giggle, blunted as it traveled through the layers of wood and metal, and I could detect both joy and sadness. I never heard him during the day. I only ever heard the man who laughs downstairs on lonely, sleepless nights when I searched for any sound to distract me from the thundering noise of my own breath as I lay restless.

Who was he? What does he do in his life? I'll admit, I have searched for him to find answers. I have wandered the endless halls of the building, snaking past the sorry characters of the night who litter the building long past the stroke of midnight, and listened in solitary stillness for that

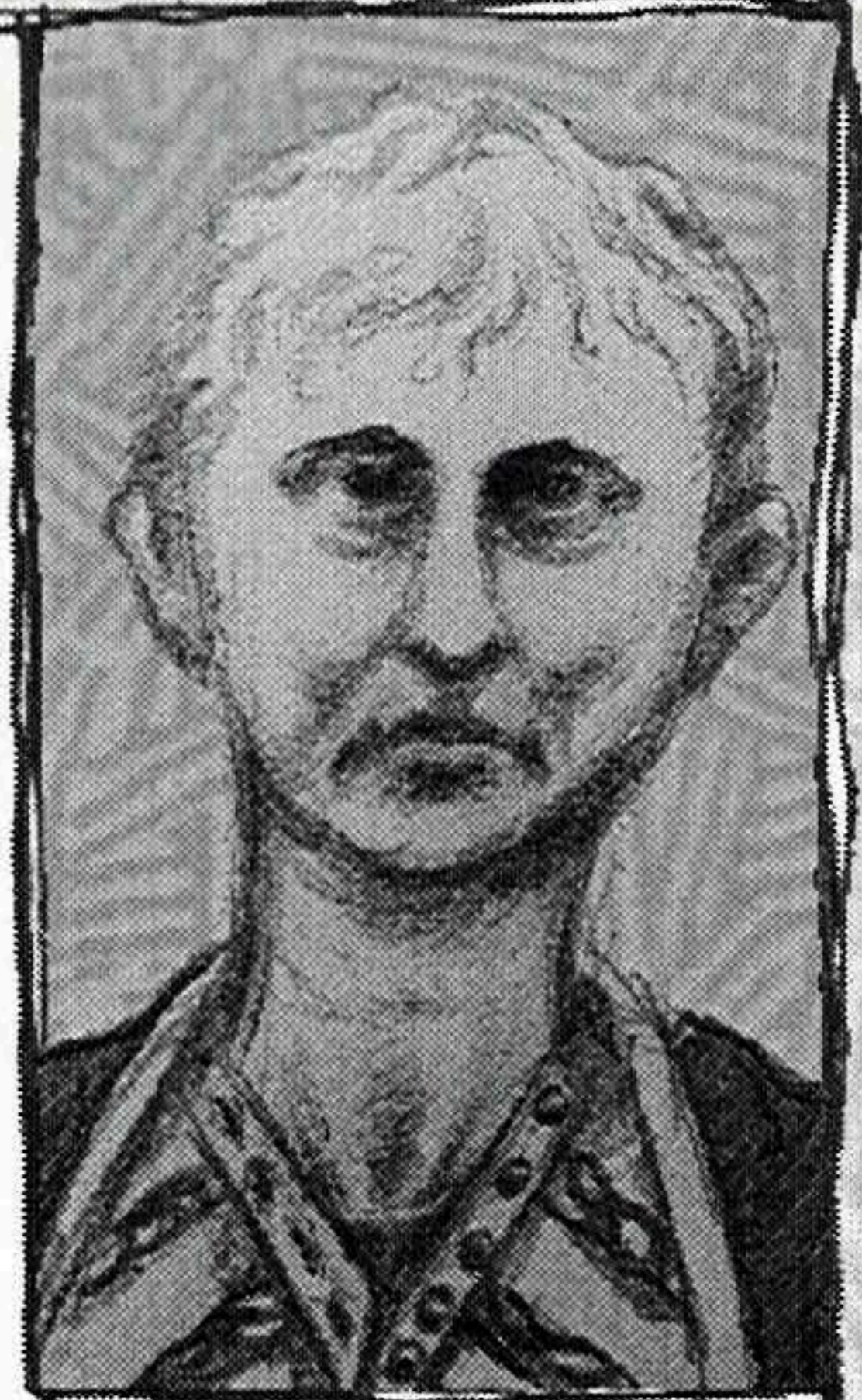
muffled giggle which has haunted many torturous, restless nights.

I have yet to find him. And yet, what will I do if I do find him? Ask him what's so funny all the time? Tell him to stop making so much noise late at night? I don't know. I don't want to overthink it. I think I will know what to say in the moment. The moment I meet the man who laughs downstairs.



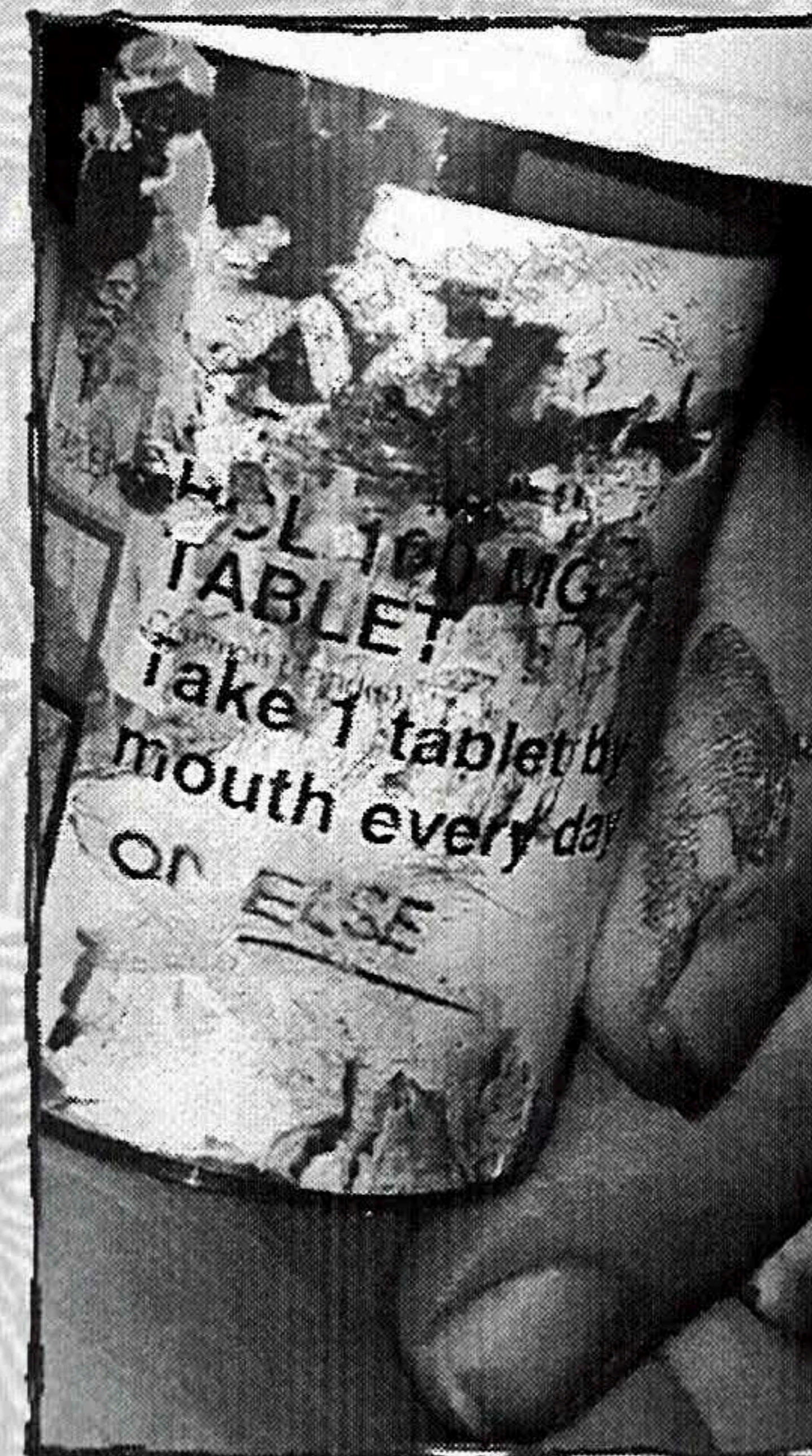
I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED

a new type of body fluid. It started when I developed what I thought was just another one of my many open wounds. In fact, after several days of the standard weeping of pus and blood, it began secreting something I'd never encountered before: a lightly viscous lavender colored liquid smelling of burnt pine and tasting of sweet tea. While I initially dismissed this as merely some sort of bacterial or viral exudate, as the weeks carried on I began to recognize this not as the result of an infection but instead the discharge of a newly constituted orifice. The flow of liquid has only increased as time has passed and I've already taken the initiative of sending a sample to the Nobel Foundation for consideration as part of their prize in medicine and physiology. I have yet to hear back, though I hope they reply soon as I've noticed the aforementioned orifice has begun growing teeth and it's looking as though it'll need braces.



Last night I had a nightmare

where I was watching Seinfeld, and suddenly Kramer started speaking in French. This upset me because I don't speak French, so I couldn't understand any of the jokes he was saying. It began to feel like the laugh track was laughing at me, not with me.

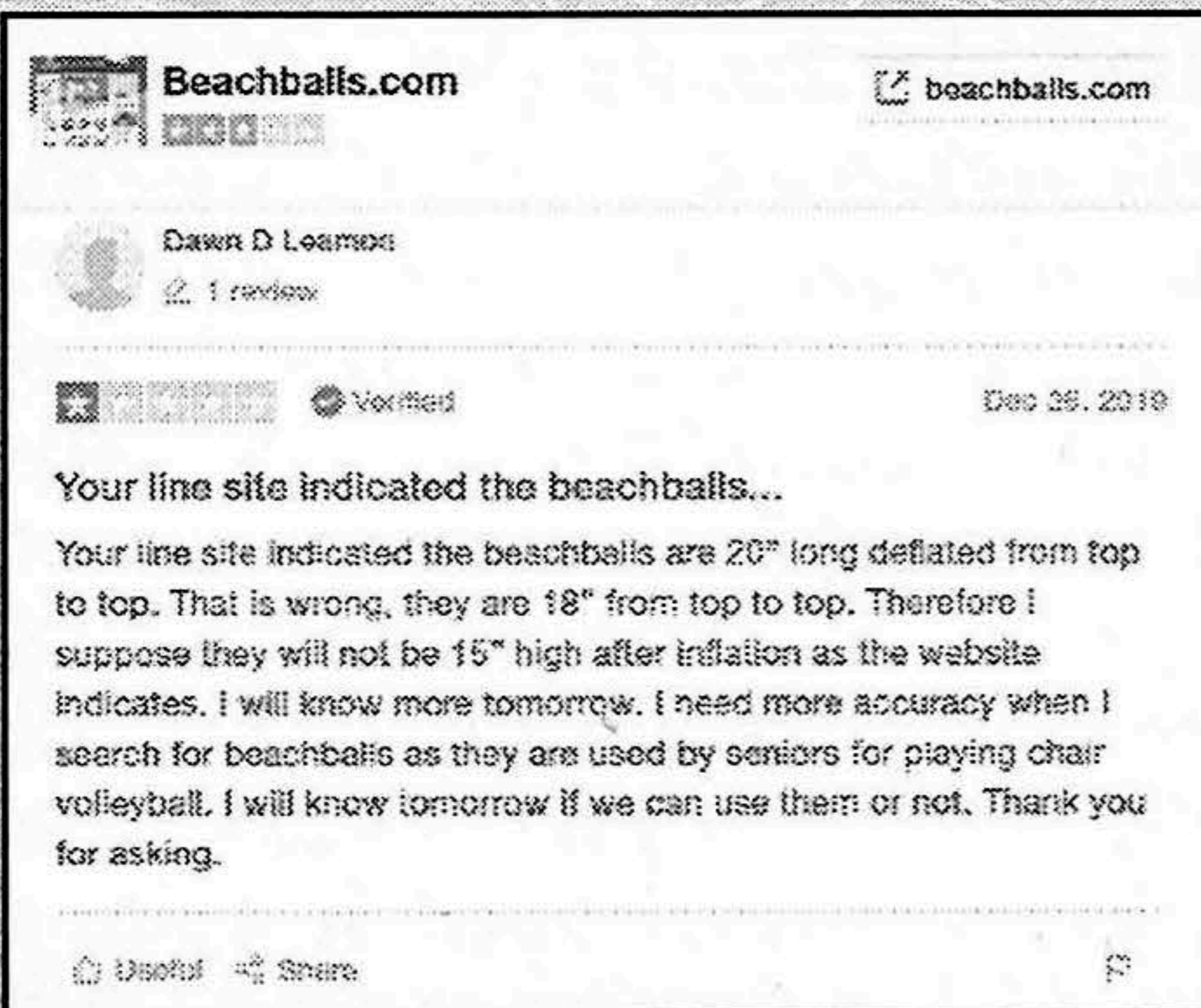


CONTRACTUALLY OBLIGATED FREE SPEECH ZONE Beachballs.com

Now, I do want to let you know, in the interest of full disclosure, that these submissions have been purchased with our own funds. Beachballs.com has not paid for this page, nor have they reviewed or approved what you are about to see before it was printed.

at age 10 i pissed into the communal trough inside the grimy bathroom of the local run-down drive-in movie theater while the end credits of the first michael bay transformers movie rolled and their linkin park soundtrack played in my earbuds through the cheap coby® mp3 player my mom bought from big lots for me. this was the moment i became a man

SINCE I
WAS BORN
I'VE BEEN
SLOWLY
TURNING
INTO A
CORPSE.



Beachballs.com
Dawn D. Leaman
1 review
Verified
Dec 26, 2019

Your line site indicated the beachballs...

Your line site indicated the beachballs are 20" long deflated from top to top. That is wrong, they are 18" from top to top. Therefore I suppose they will not be 15" high after inflation as the website indicates. I will know more tomorrow. I need more accuracy when I search for beachballs as they are used by seniors for playing chair volleyball. I will know tomorrow if we can use them or not. Thank you for asking.

Useful Share

"FOLLOW
YOUR
DREAMS"
THEY SAY.
AND SO I
GO BACK
TO SLEEP.

The only drug I have ever done is **PCP**. **PCP** is the only drug for me because **PCP** is for hardcore rock'n'roll gangster-ass mofos. Only the most beastly people regularly engage in **PCP** use. Are you a beast? If so, use **PCP**. **PCP** makes men of beasts. **PCP** makes superhumans of men. **PCP** makes gods of superhumans. **PCP** makes beasts of gods. **PCP** is my god. All I need is my god. God bless **PCP**.

Du denkst ich bin verrückt?

Lachhaft...

In einer Zukunft in der man für das Denken an Gesetzesuntreue von der Zeitpolizei entführt und ungeboren wird, in der die Elite in der Schwarzen Pyramide über uns wachen und sich der Satelliten namens 'Sonnenauge' jederzeit über uns im Orbit anstarrt und uns auf Knopfdruck in Flammen aufgehen lassen kann, wird man noch als verrückt erklärt wenn man seine Unzufriedenheit äußert.

Ihr wundert euch warum ich mich in Drogen flüchte?

Ich wunder mich warum ihr das nicht tut.

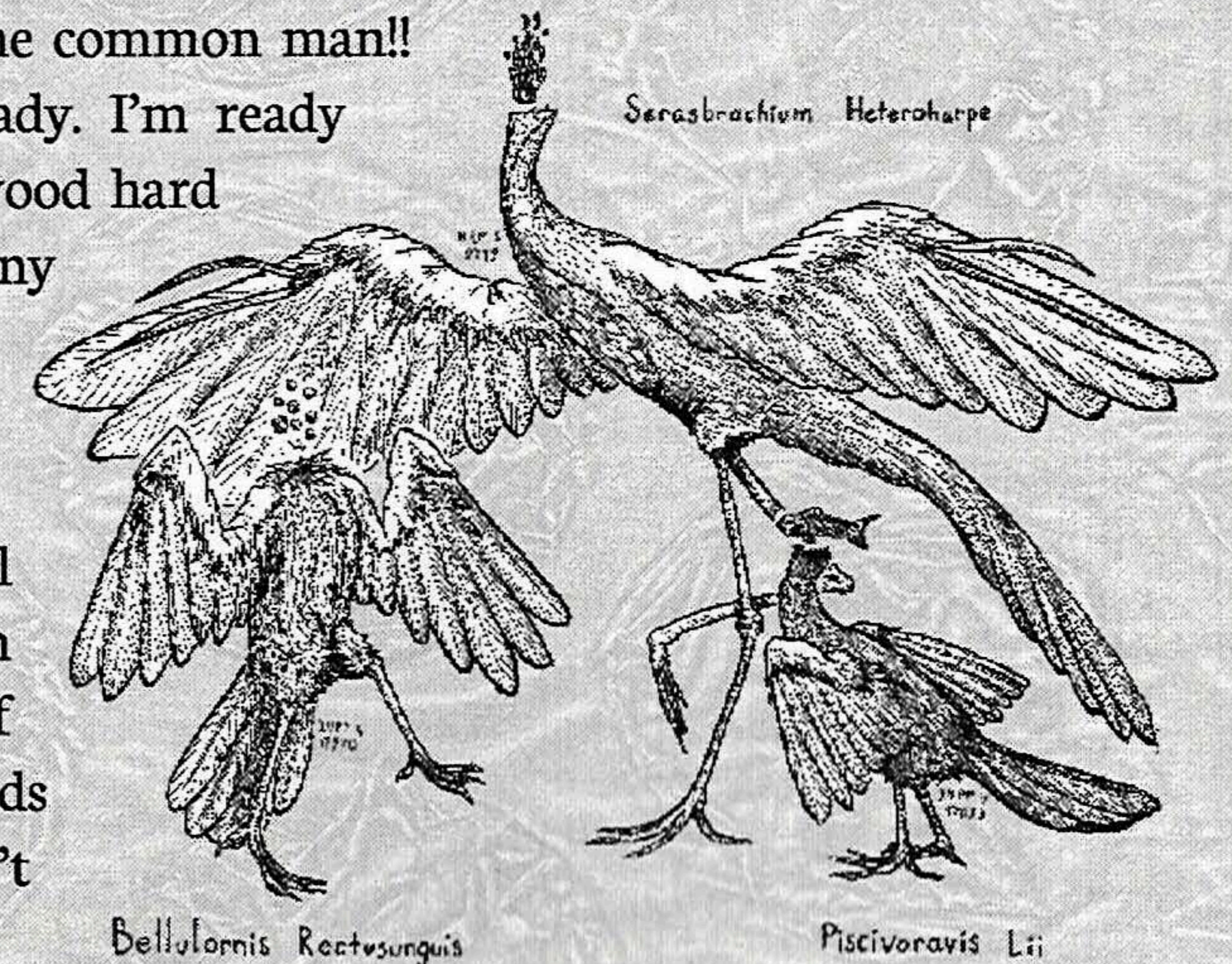
Die Tränen schmecken salzig...

Fifty years of science

has brought man to the moon, and the 50 years after that have brought the moon back to us! Into our minds! The government has made us looney! I mean like lunar! I mean like the MOON! CAN'T YOU SEE?? IT'S ALL RELATED! IT'S ALL PART OF THE SAME WICKED WEB OF LIES!!! Why did we go to the moon, huh? Think about that. Stop stuffing your face with corn for a second and think about THAT! What did we bring back? Some rocks? A handful of dirt? Bulllllll-DOINK! You're trying to tell me we didn't bring anything up to the moon? These astronauts flying up there in a trillion dollar washing machine, and they forgot their friggin' luggage?? It's a simple question, what did the AstroMen bring to the moon? Now listen, I'm not one of these crazy conspiracy theorists that thinks the government faked the moon landing, I believe the government went to the moon. In fact, I believe they have 12 colonies on the moon and in fact they are incubating a buncha pygmy slaves up there! Like Moon Oompah Lompahs! And in fact I happen to know EXACTLY what the SpaceNauts brought to that big blasted rock in the sky. A BEACON! But not just a beacon...a JAMMER! You ever wonder why the Rooskies never made it to the moon, or why we've never been back? Cause our Yankee Space Rangers stuck a SpaceRadio Rod in the moon dirt that makes travel to the moon impossible! You see, it's cause they needed 60 years of quiet on the moon to raise their pygmy slave army! And when that 60 years is up, the SpaceRod will disintegrate and release one final burst of energy which will activate all the pygmy slaves! and they'll build a fleet of spaceships out of MoonDust and fly back to earth to kill and replace the common man!!

But not me, I'm ready. I'm ready to swing my three wood hard into the head of any little MoonMidget who approaches.

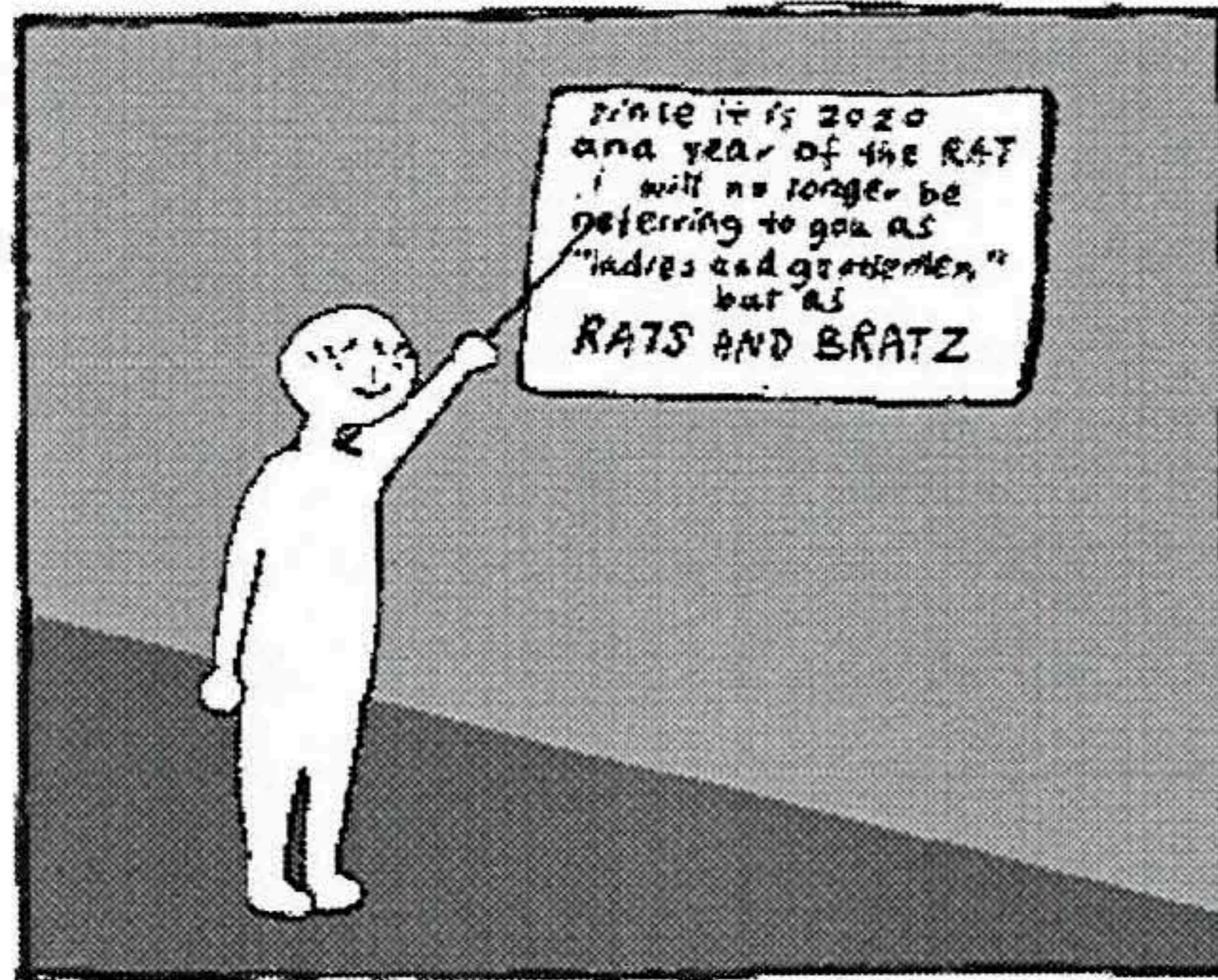
I'm ready to crack some skulls and yell 'FORE!' because I'm gonna send a few of those pygmy heads flyin', and I don't where or how far.



CLASSIFIEDS & OPINIONS

MEET LONELY MEN IN YOUR AREA

These locals *desperately* need the contact of another human being! JOIN NOW!!!



I'm trying to be mindful of this push to use gender neutral language but 'cracking open some cold ones with the children' really doesn't have the same ring to it

PEOPLE OF EARTH, today is a day of mixed tidings. It is a great joy to announce my successful production of the first 4th dimensional magnet. It is likewise my solemn duty to report that Emma Stone has regretfully and recklessly ignored lab protocols while visiting the facility and directly interacted with the nascent form of the 4D magnet during its manufacture which has resulted in the wholesale erasure of her soul from the timeline.

I wanna knock over Stonehenge. Just push one of the stones with some kind of construction machine or explosive and have them all topple over like dominoes. It'd be very satisfying I think. The government shouldn't even be mad, they can just pile them back up again, no problem. It's not that complex.

If you slept more you'd waste your life in a much better mood.



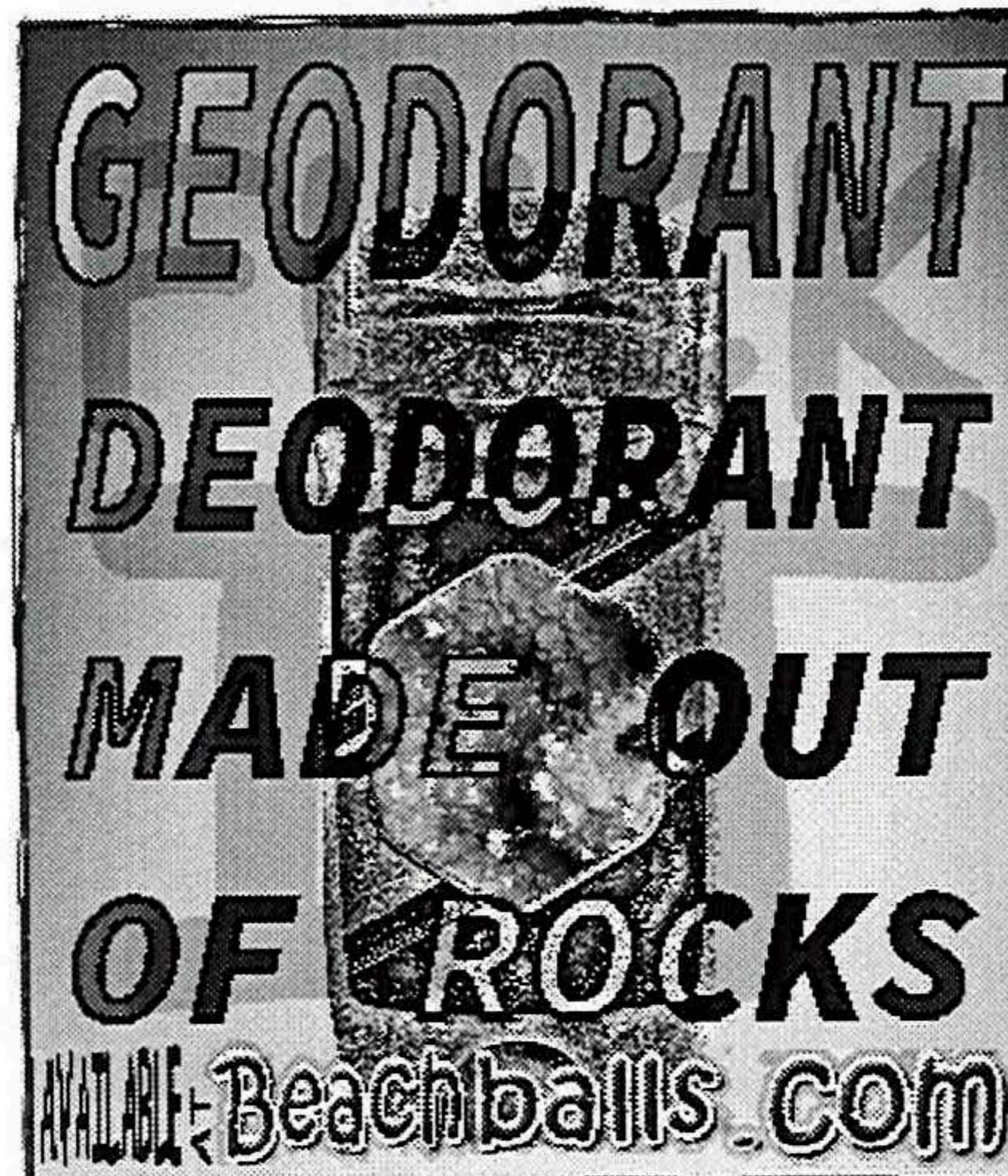
*Life is not easy, life can be dumb
Humdrum and glum when you live in a slum
Life will deposit a mighty large sum
Of life's fragrant cum inside of your bum
But do not be angry, turn numb or succumb
Grip life with your ass, as tight as a drum
And shit out the cum, every last crumb
You will survive, and proudly say "fwumb"*

THE FOUR WORDS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO HEAR: MECHANICALLY SEPARATED POULTRY PRODUCT

What's so great about Wendy's that they nicknamed Chicago after it?

Hello everyone, just a friendly reminder that your old pal Joe cares about you.

Every night, before you all go to sleep, I sneak into each one of your bedrooms and slip a tiny sliver of aluminum foil on the roof of your mouth. I do this because I care deeply about each and every one of you.



You think ya better than me cuz you shit in a bag?
News flash pal you ain't

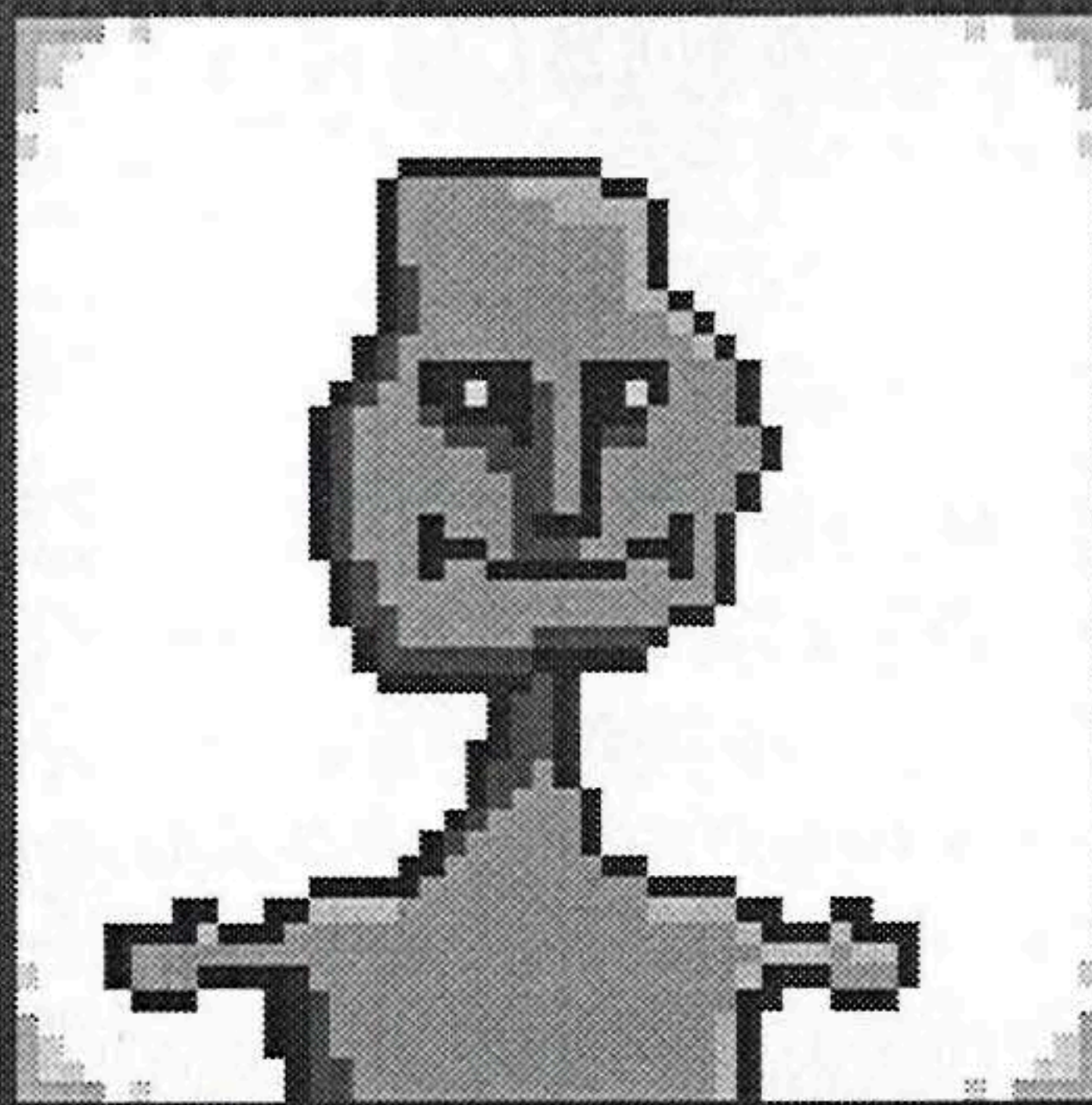
PAID RESEARCH STUDY VOLUNTEERS NEEDED (Sensory Analysis)

I am a scientist employed by a major food manufacturer attempting to formulate a mathematically perfect and nutritionally complete snack mix. I have recently lost my sense of taste due to a chemical mishap and now require outside help to continue my work. Healthy individuals ages 35-75 are needed for this research study. Your participation will require two separate week-long, 24 hour stays in our laboratory, food provided. You may receive up to \$1500 for your participation depending on your adherence to research parameters and volume of snack mix consumed.

If you do not have diabetes, are a non-smoker, do not have a peanut/soy/penicillin allergy and are interested in participating: please contact my office for more information.

PLum Island 5-1260 ext 22

I'M A 35 YEAR OLD BEARDED WHITE GUY AND YES I'M A LITTLE BIT OVERWEIGHT YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING WHY I'M WEARING A MARIO CAP WELL THATS BECAUSE I JUST SAW THE NEW SONIC MOVIE AND I LOVED IT HOW DID THEY DO IT? LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU DO NOT WANT TO MISS THIS SONIC MOVIE ADVENTURE LEAVE THE KIDS AT HOME AND TELL YOUR WIFE TO WATCH THEM AS YOU KICK BACK, RELAX, AND GET BLASTED WITH THE BEST OF THE 90S TODAY DID I MENTION JIM CARREY? YOU WILL BING BING BING WAHOO FOR THE ALL WHITE CAST OF HETERONORMATIVE CHARACTERS AND THERE'S A COUPLE EASTER EGGS IN THERE FOR THE HARDCORE FANS LIKE THIS MARIO CAP WEARING AFFICIONADO YOU SEE SPEAKING BEFORE YOU BUTTER UP WITH A DOUBLE TUB OF POPPING PLEASURE LETS A GO SEE THE SONIC MOVIE

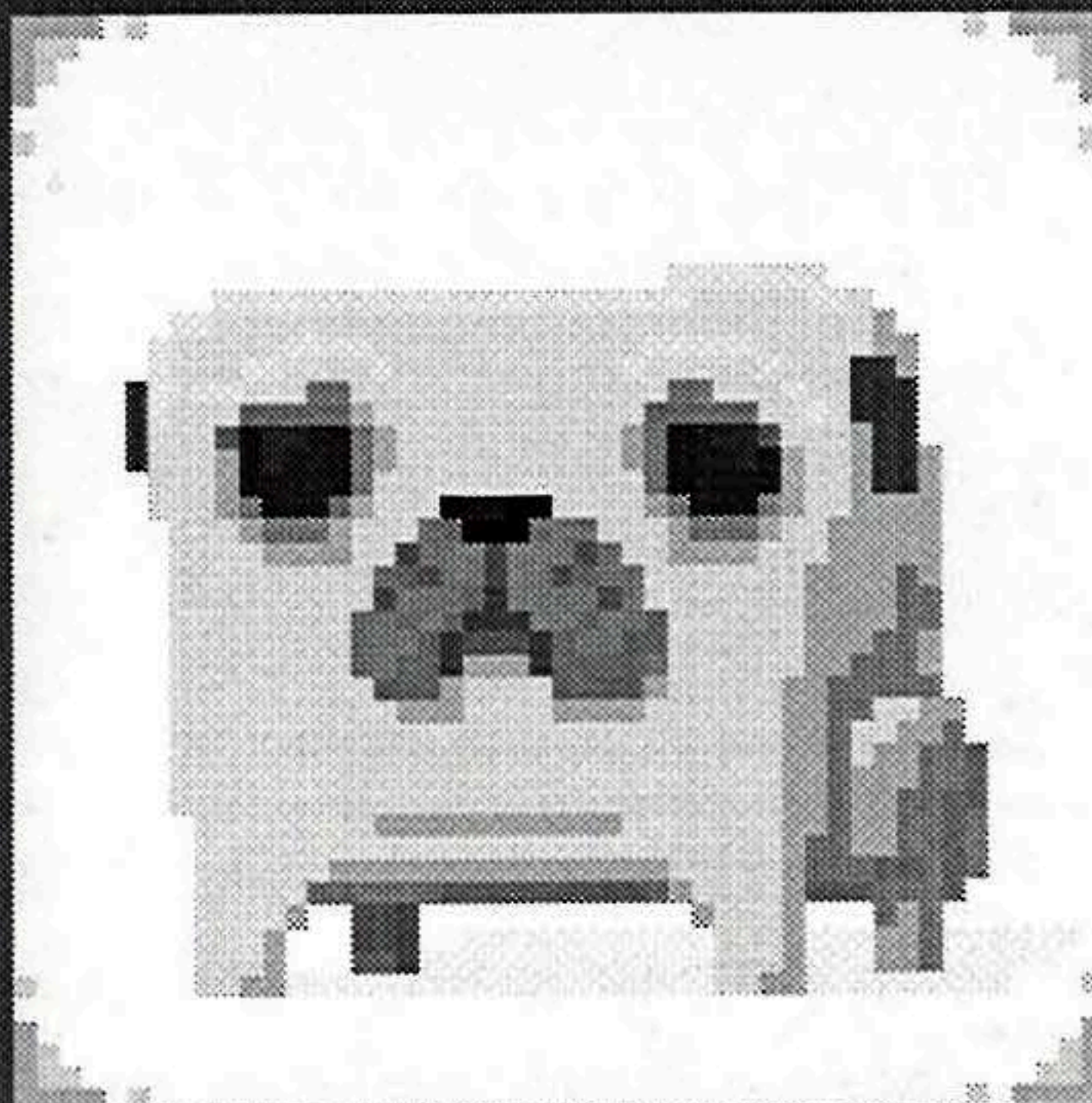


Hey there, sport!

You on your computer again? Practicing on that photoshop program? Heh, nice! That looks good! You know, I figured you'd be on photoshop, and actually that's why I came in. How would you like to do some commissioned work for your old man? Your first paid gig! I've got this USB key here, see, and... There it goes, just open up that file there, just the one.

Yeah it's a picture from Italy. Remember that restaraunt? Good picture, isn't it? You look like you enjoyed your pizza! Maybe the waiter should be a professional photographer! I imagine he gets a lot of work from customers wanting their picture at the end of the pier though, there's probably hundreds of other families with identical pictures to this one! Still, I really like it. But, I think you can make it even better for me. Maybe turn up the contrast just a little bit, for some reason my phone's pictures look a bit washed-out when it's as sunny as it was there. Yeah that's good, maybe a little less. That's it, great. Almost perfect!

Now I don't know if you're able to take things out of the photo and make it look natural, can you? Oh, great! OK, so let's see, I just want you to select to the right and left of me, if you could just take you and mommy out of the picture. Mommy first. Cool, that really looks good, it looks like Mommy was never there on holiday with us. Looks like we could have gone to that cool theme park we both really wanted to go to but Mommy said we needed to save money for the taxi back to the airport, even though we had lots of money left! Remember that? Haha I'm just kidding around pal, that looks great though. Wow that looks really good to me. You're up next champ! OK, cool! Wait, look, I can still see your hand holding mine, looks kind of creepy! Can you make it look like I'm not holding your hand, champ? Wow that looks great buddy. Almost looks like I was on holiday all alone, and that I could have gone out to the bar to watch the game that night instead of having to stay in the apartment to play UNO with you for three hours. Yeah go ahead and save that. What's that say... "Do you want to replace the original file?" Oh yeah go ahead that's OK. Thanks champ.



STAFF:

Angelboy Discoman – Priducer / The Minute Hour

MoxieFamous – Director / Editor / Printing

WRITING:

Angelboy Discoman – Fifty Years of Science

MoxieFamous – The Man Who Laughs Downstairs

Augggh – Last Night I Had a Nightmare

Lawful – People of Earth / I Just Saw a Toothpaste Commercial / The Only Drug

Toki – I've Started Dreaming of a Large Dog / You Know

Munter – My Father Named Me Jim Bailey

Spetsky- "Fwumb" / crunchyhole / BING BING BING WAHOOO

Soop – If You Slept More

Quate – Confession: I'm a Furry

Teratoma Jones – PAID RESEARCH STUDY / The Four Words / Autism Speaks / Meet

Lonely Men / I Think I've Discovered / So Sick of Balloons Much is Made of the Decline /

I'm Trying to Be Mindful

Bill Murray – "Howdy" He Tells Me

Liquidbaby – Hey There, Sport!

The Fake Scummy Thrums – Hello Everyone / Catching On to Something Pretty Interesting

PolPotsNPans – What's so Great About Wendy's?

Mixed Veggies – Little Straight Boys / Pieces of Human Garbage

Fregg – You Think Ya Better than Me?

Owin_H – I've Been Listening to a Lot of Spanish Jazz

Toner Martini - "Follow Your Dreams"

LETSALLOVELAIN – I'm Terrified of the New Normal

Pea – Geodorant Text

Culture – Slowly Turning into a Corpse

Kilroy – At Age 10 / Bro You Free this Afternoon?

Jurgen – Some Really Nasty Rumours

Not Spetsky – I Wanna Knock Over Stonehenge

Blau-1589 – Du denkst ich bin verrückt?

ART:

Don Haußettler – Beaks Full of Black (Featured Artist)

Culture – Mighty Lighthouse stamp (Cover)

Gmort – Beachball.com Drawings

Odin_Odang_Obie – Veggie Drawings / Gruel Comic / Photoshopped Faces

PolPotsNPans – Table of Contents Photo

Tulacot – The Sword of Legend Art / Hey There, Sport! Pixel Art / Ice Cream Painting

Soop – Skeleton Mother Painting / Sign Language Drawing / Real Dad Comic

Don't-Feed-Ben – Crying Sun Art / Drooling Face Art / Whiteout Art

Hamarchy – Spacesuit Drawing / Gas Mask Soldier Drawing

Soup – Goat Head Pixel Art

XxmichaelxX – Insects Drawing

Pea – Rats and Bratz Art / RIP Pea's Dad

MasterSquinch – Beanie Girl Drawing

ManateemaN – Big Smile Drawing

Not Spetsky – I Think I've Discovered Art

H.R. Freud – Headless Birds Drawing

Dad – Baby Comic / Bear Comic

KobraStarship – "Howdy" Art

Crumbles – Rear Cover Art

Neo-Decade Satan – Pill Bottle Photo

BgBismarck – Cat Drawing

CIRCULATION: 250

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rip pea's dad

thank you dad for actually giving a shit. im sad that you will never see me graduate from high school or university

