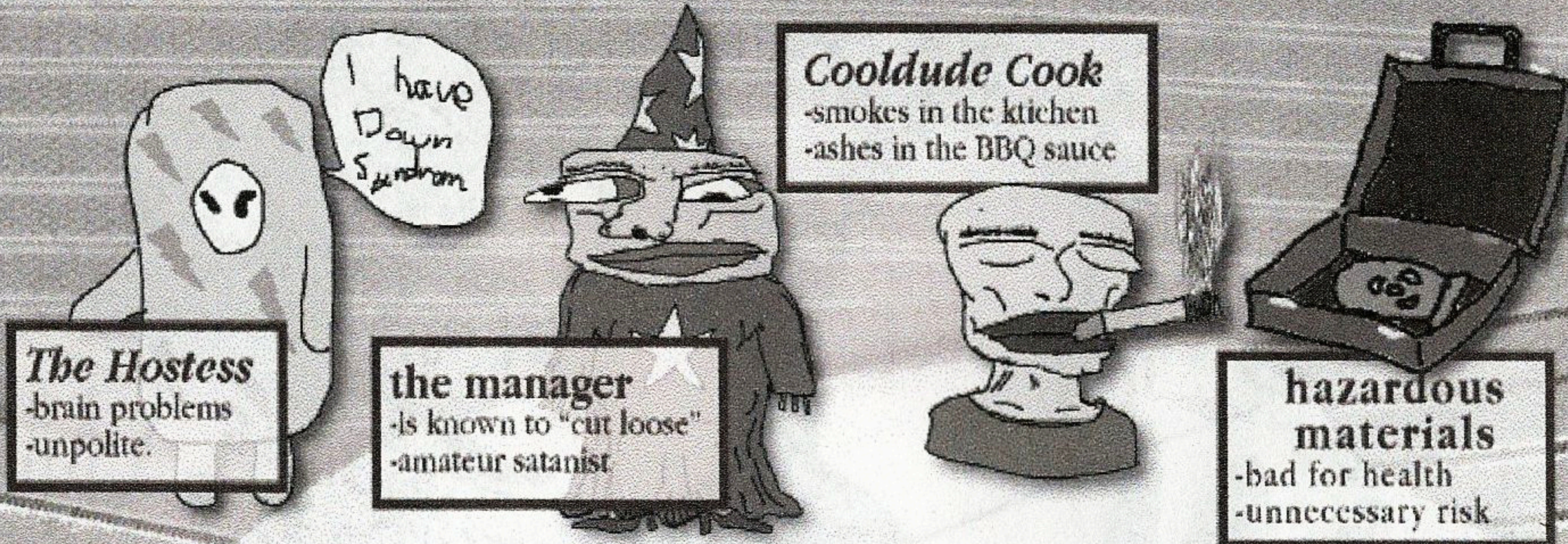


TML

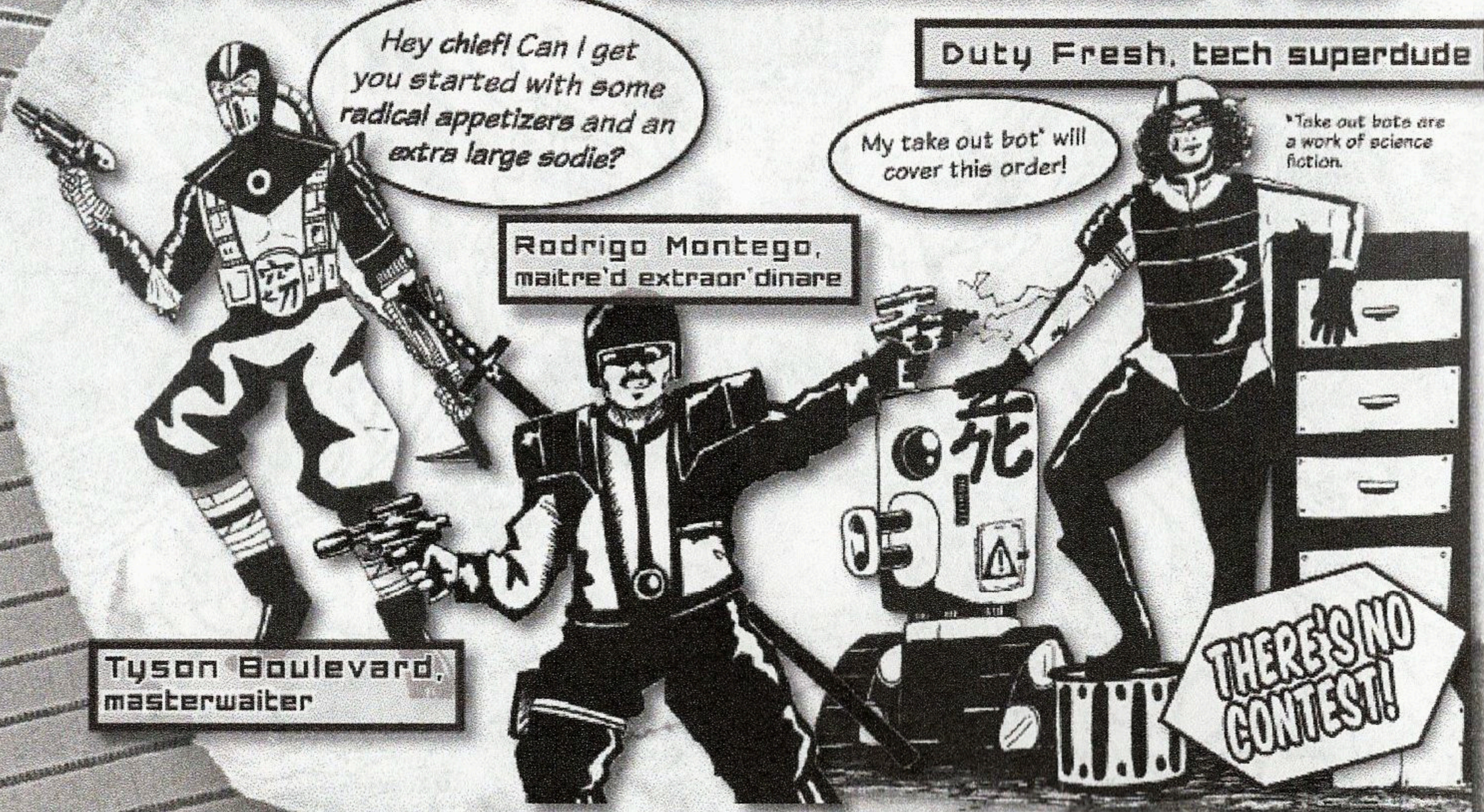
THE MIGHTY LIGHTHOUSE

VOL. 3, 3555  
09/20

The "Crew" at your average Applebee's competitor.



**VERSUS**  
**THE APPLEBEEBOYS!**



**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

We're trying something new with this issue, it's called a Prospective Retroactive Sponsorship. Applebee's doesn't strictly know that they're paying for this issue, but we're confident that once they see our advertising handiwork, we'll get more than our money back. Maybe we can land some sweet marketing gigs and find wives... at the very least, we're gonna swing this into some free appetizers.



**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

adderall side effects.....5

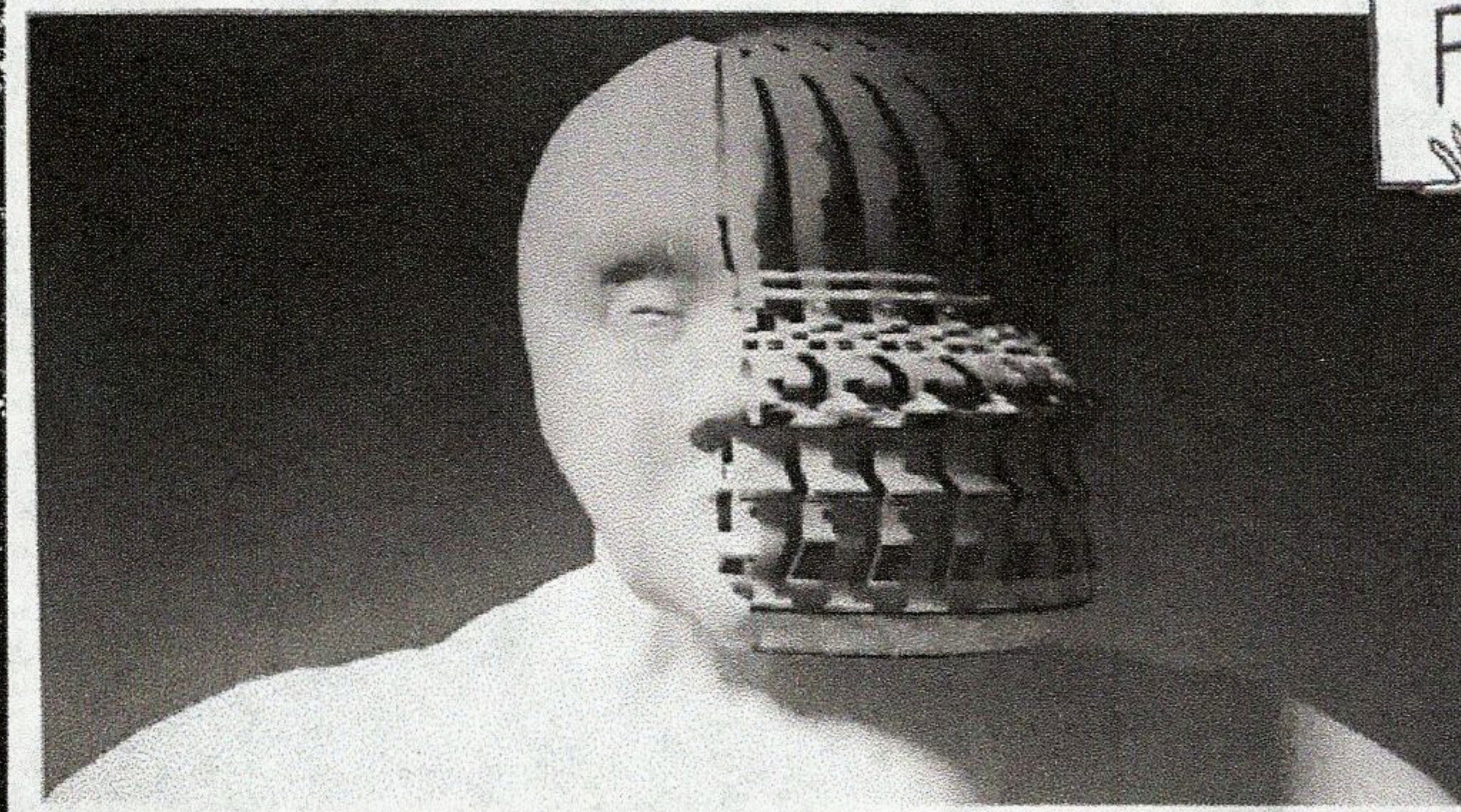
that's not a turtle.....7

moontime.....9

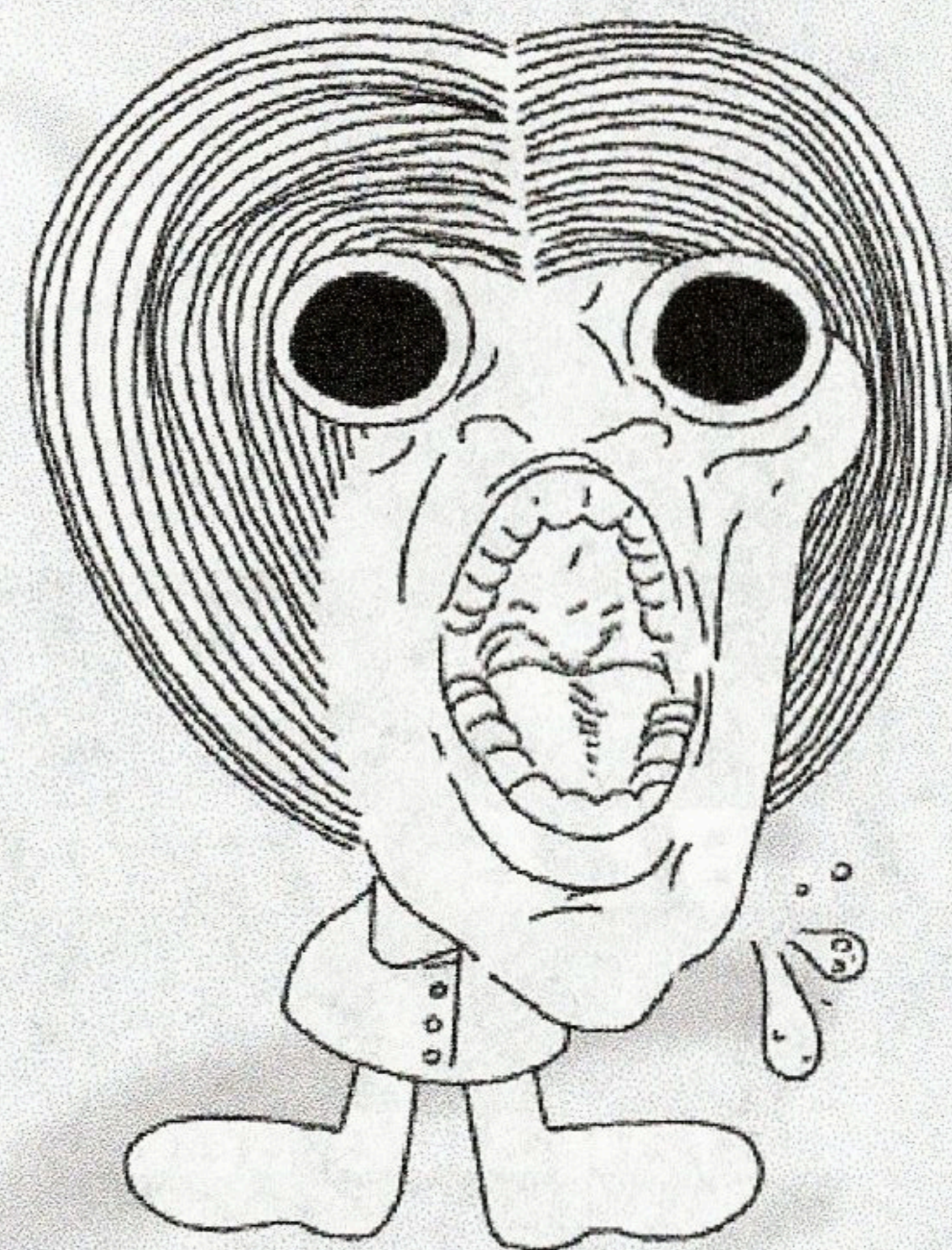
it's all talnt brain.....11

where's the lighthouse?.....14

the most idiotic way to feed yourself.....17

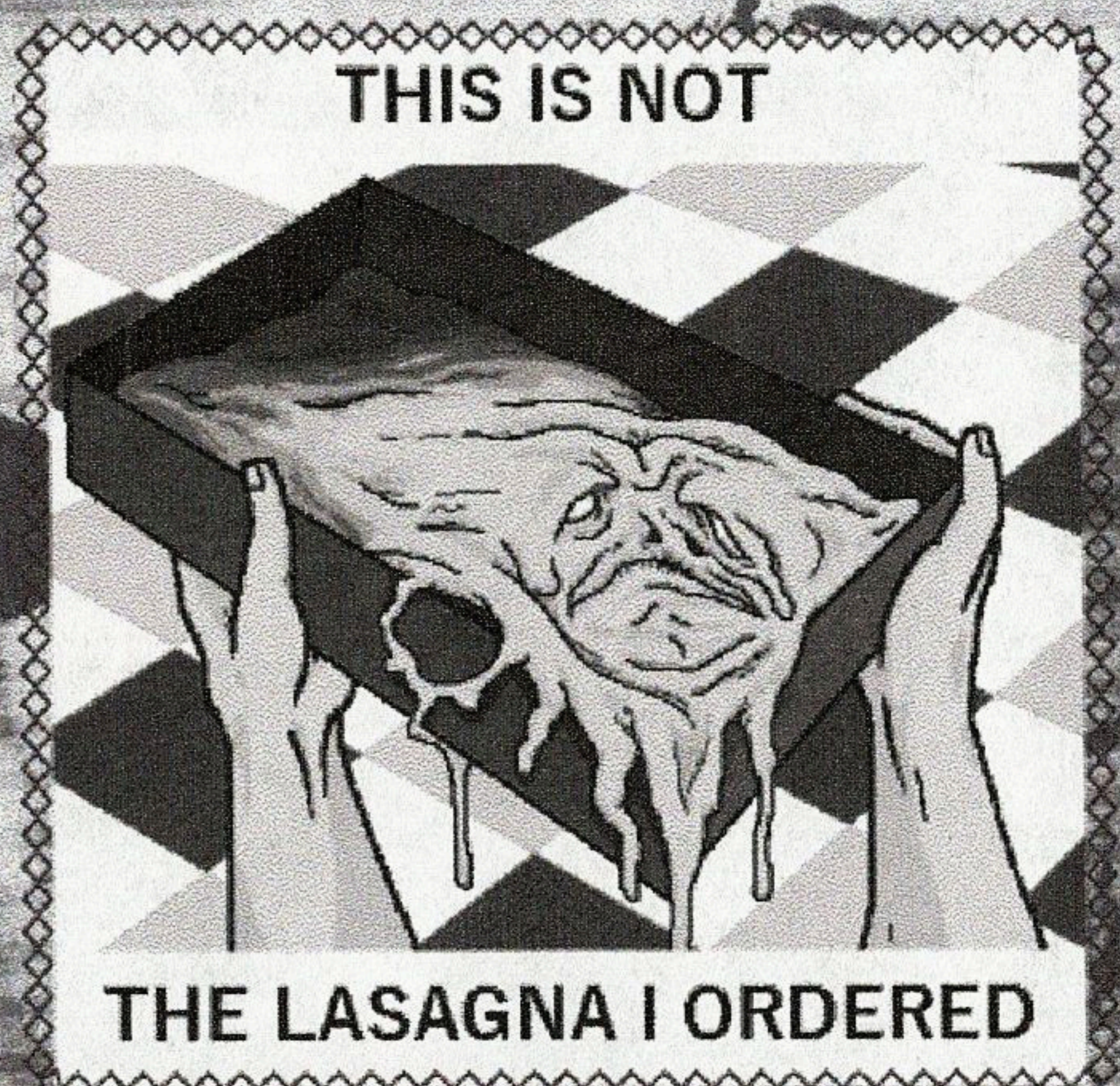


**!!!ATTENTION!!!** this as a Followup to my previous Facebook post because i am **SICK** and **TIRED** of the absolute **BARRAGE** of **HATEFUL** comments and **INSULTS** it has **GARNERED**. i made that post because its pride month and i was sock and tired of hiding behind this facade and living in shame of who i really am. i finally got fed up with living a **LIE**. o spent **FIVE HOURS** mustering up the courage to make that post and finally come out to you all that i am a **Foot Fetishist** and for the crime of finally being honest with my **FRIENDS** and more importantly my **SELF** i get nothing but **ENDLESS VOTRIOL** in return!!! and to top it all off everyone is insulting my **TYPING ABILITY** of all things??? it is **NOT MY FAULT** THEY PUT THE LETTERS SO CLOSE TO EACHOTHER AND MADE THE **KEYBOARD** ON MY PHONE SO DAMN TONY OKAY???????



irregardless it is very clear now to me that none of you can be reasoned with anymore and i am **NOT** backing down to this hateful mob of yours so ill just reiterate my last post and let the pieces fall where they may: **I AM A PEDIPHILE AND I AM PROUD!!!!!!!**

**BEAT:**  
 MEAT  
 THE KIDS  
 DOOM 2 ON 'NIGHTMARE' DIFFICULTY

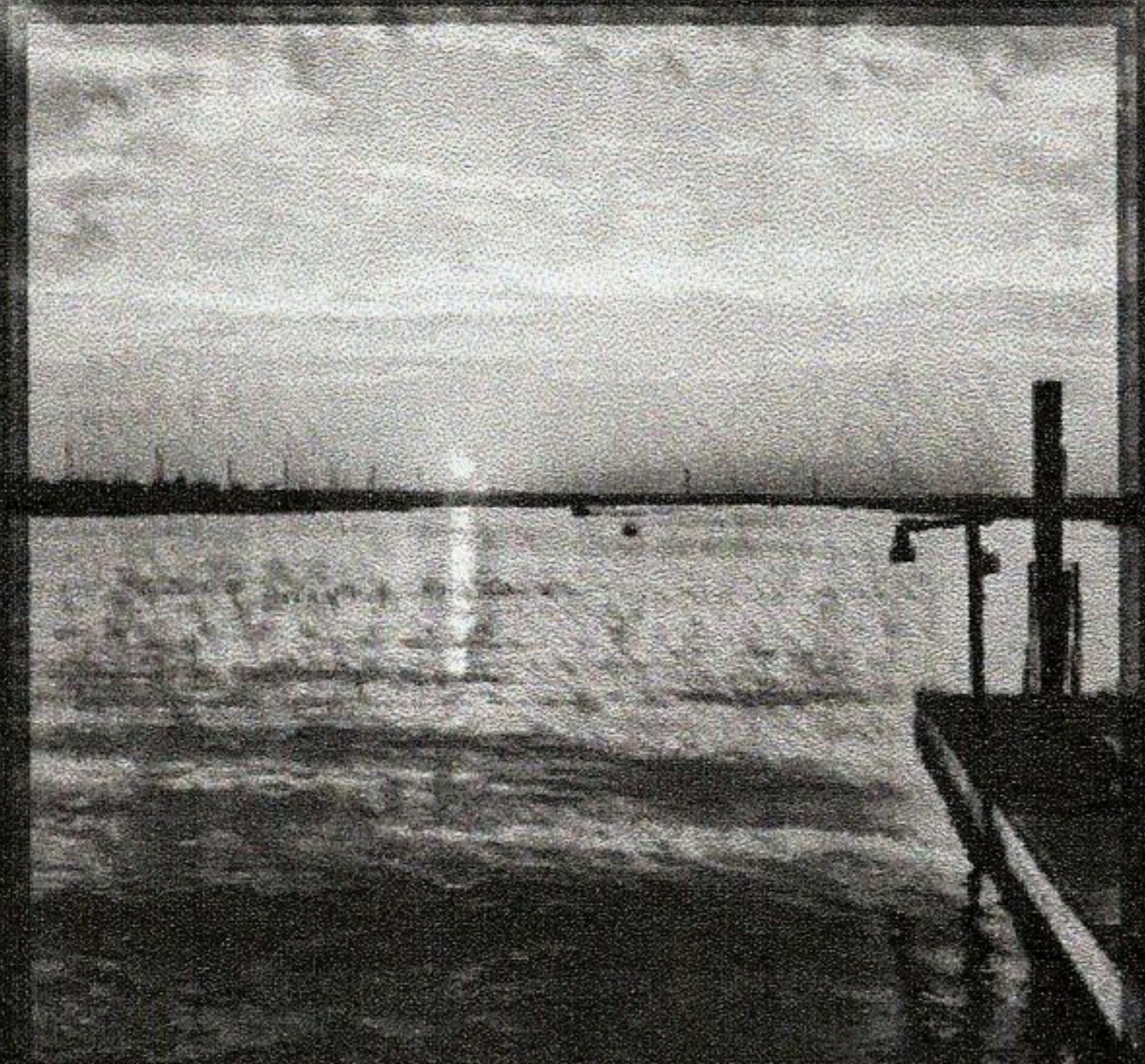


(above) **SADLY TYPICAL** when dining with an Applebee's competitor!

*Uh, hello, oops dropped my face mask. Yes sorry, could you point me in the direction of the cum zone?*



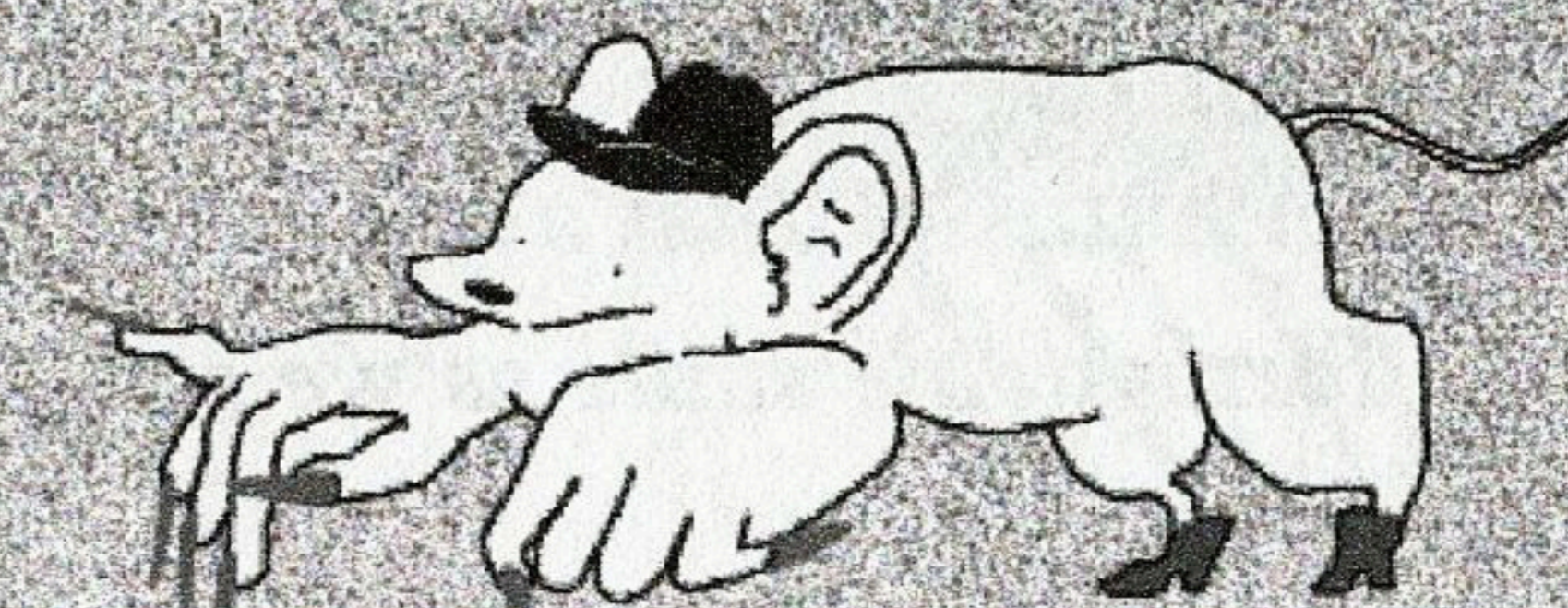
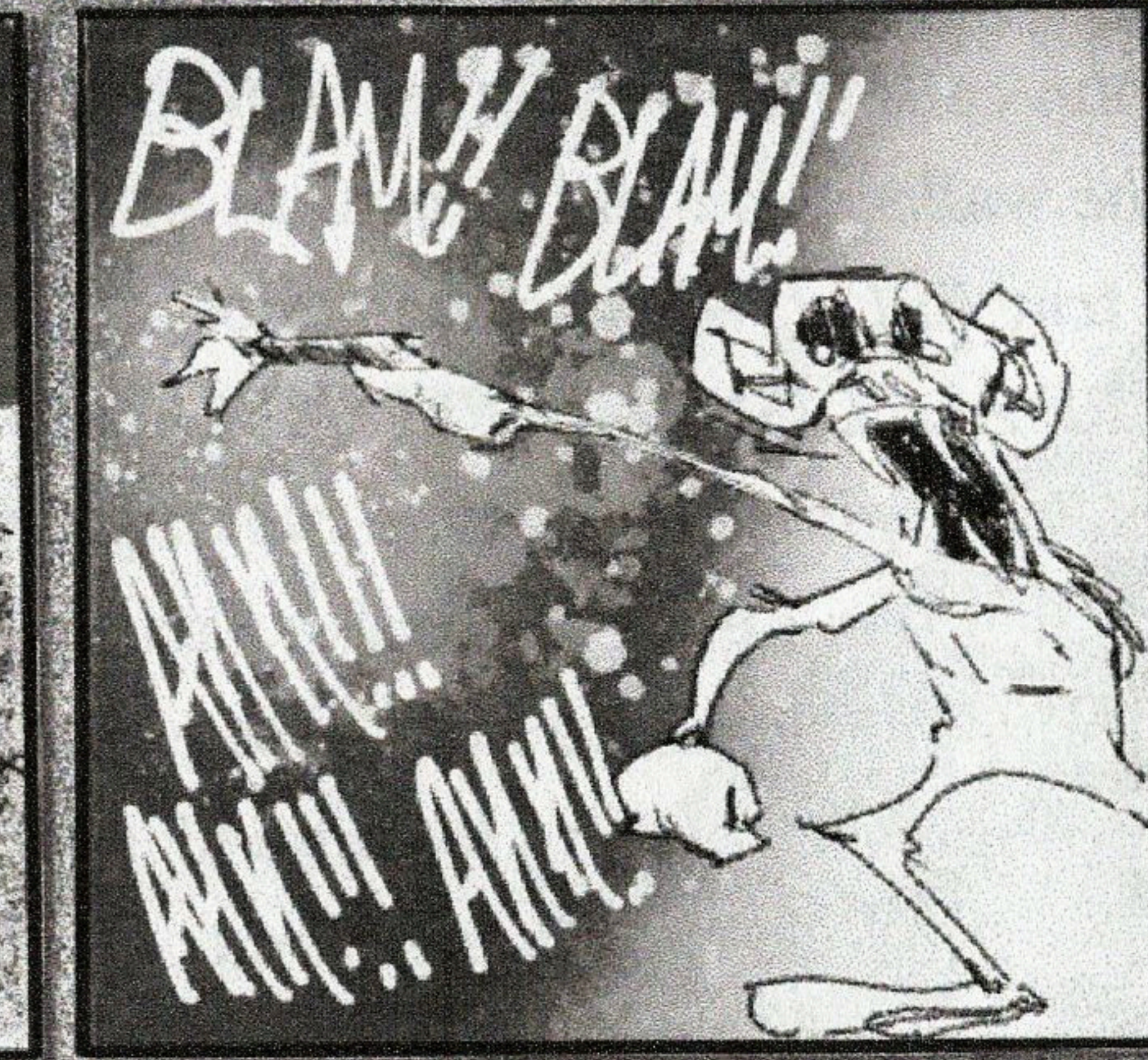
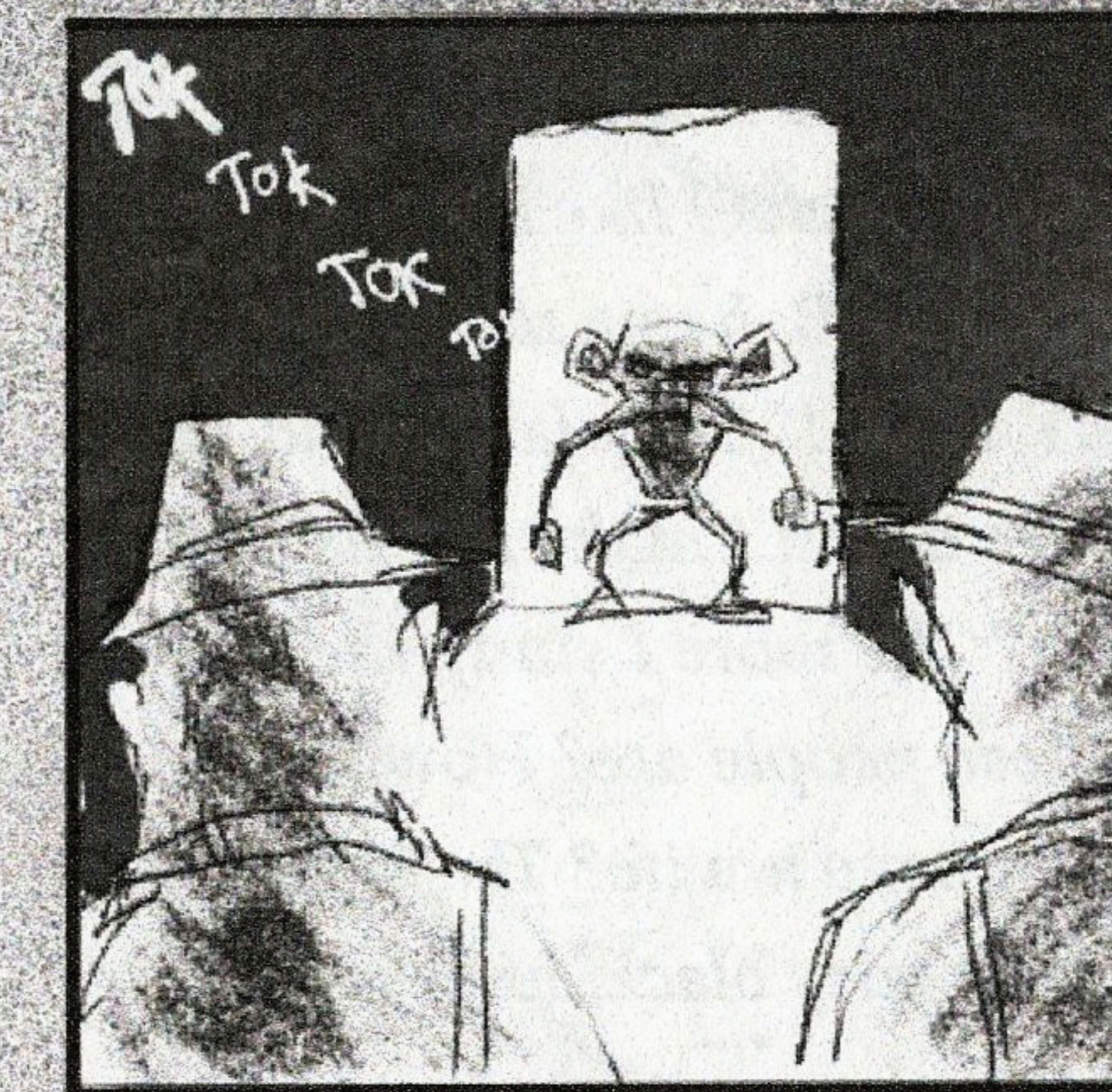
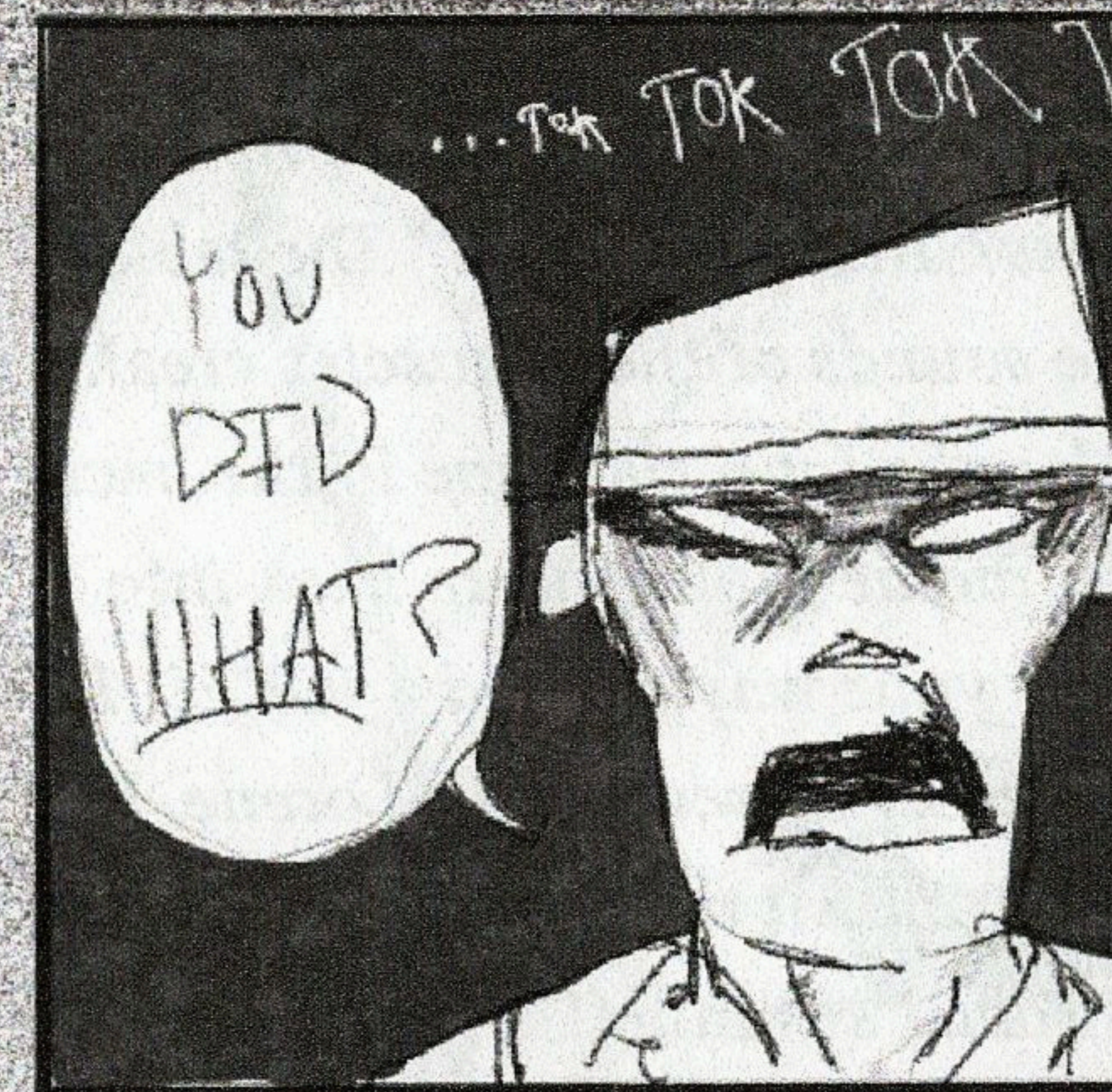
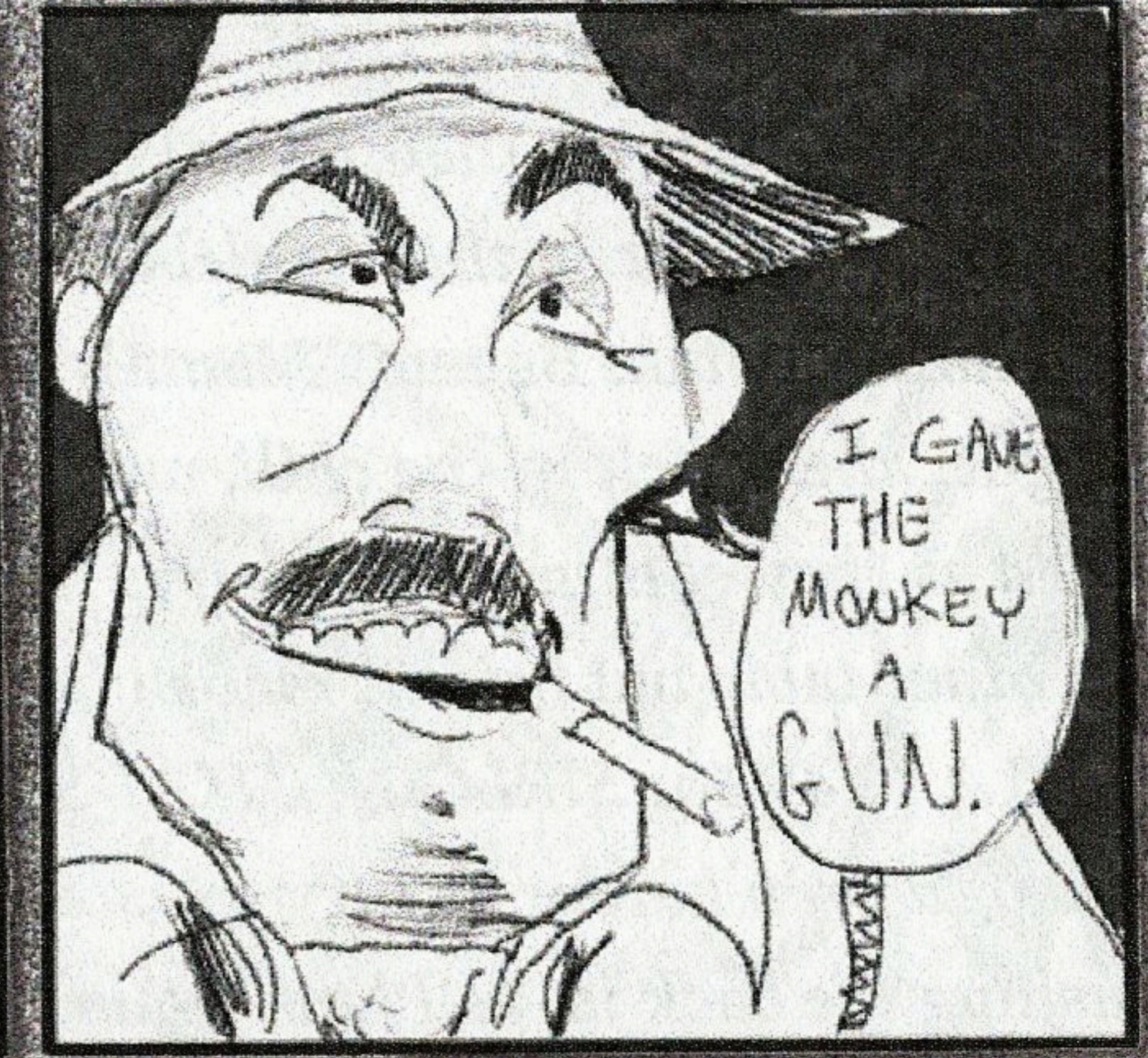
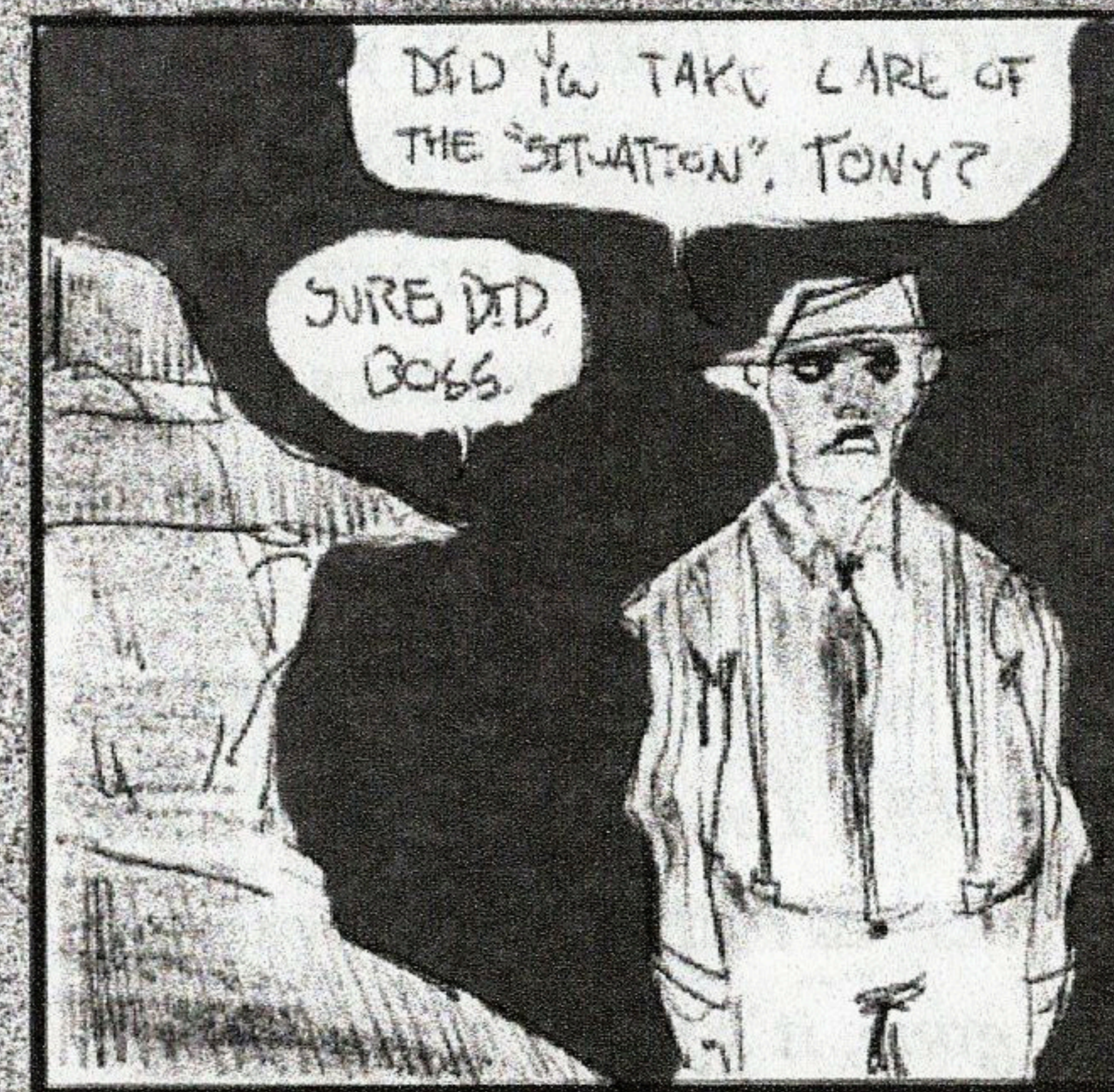
BAD NEWS  
EVERYONE...  
"TM" IS NOW  
SPELT "AIMB" SO  
YOU HAD BETTER



GET USED TO IT  
VERY QUICKLY  
OR YOU WILL  
LOOK LIKE A  
BLASTED FOOL

### Adderall side effects

Sleep difficulties Getting your sleep schedule in line  
Inability to concentrate Better inner thoughts  
Lack of motivation Ease of mind  
Depression Life reevaluation  
Irritability Complacency resistance  
Lethargy Mindfulness of movement  
Fatigue Relaxation  
Aggression Fixing domestic relationships  
Thoughts of suicide Hopeful thoughts of a better future  
Mood swings Living life it's fullest  
Paranoia Weary of strangers  
Hallucinations Mind Friends  
Anxiety ok, I've had enough, Steve what the fuck, are  
you abusing the company product? I know we have to try  
and think of everything in PR relations but this is just  
desingenuos, and we're probably getting all fired because of  
YOUR dumb Idea, and If It ever went through I'm pretty sure  
this goes against every fiscalization body in existence, and  
we'd get a big fat lawsuit as icing on the cake, so how  
about this, you get yourself FIRED, I have no clue as to  
how you got this fucking job, but you sure as hell don't  
deserve your position. Either that or get professional  
help, get it as in GET IT RIGHT NOW  
Panic attacks  
Heart disease  
Weight loss  
Headaches  
Tremors  
Constipation

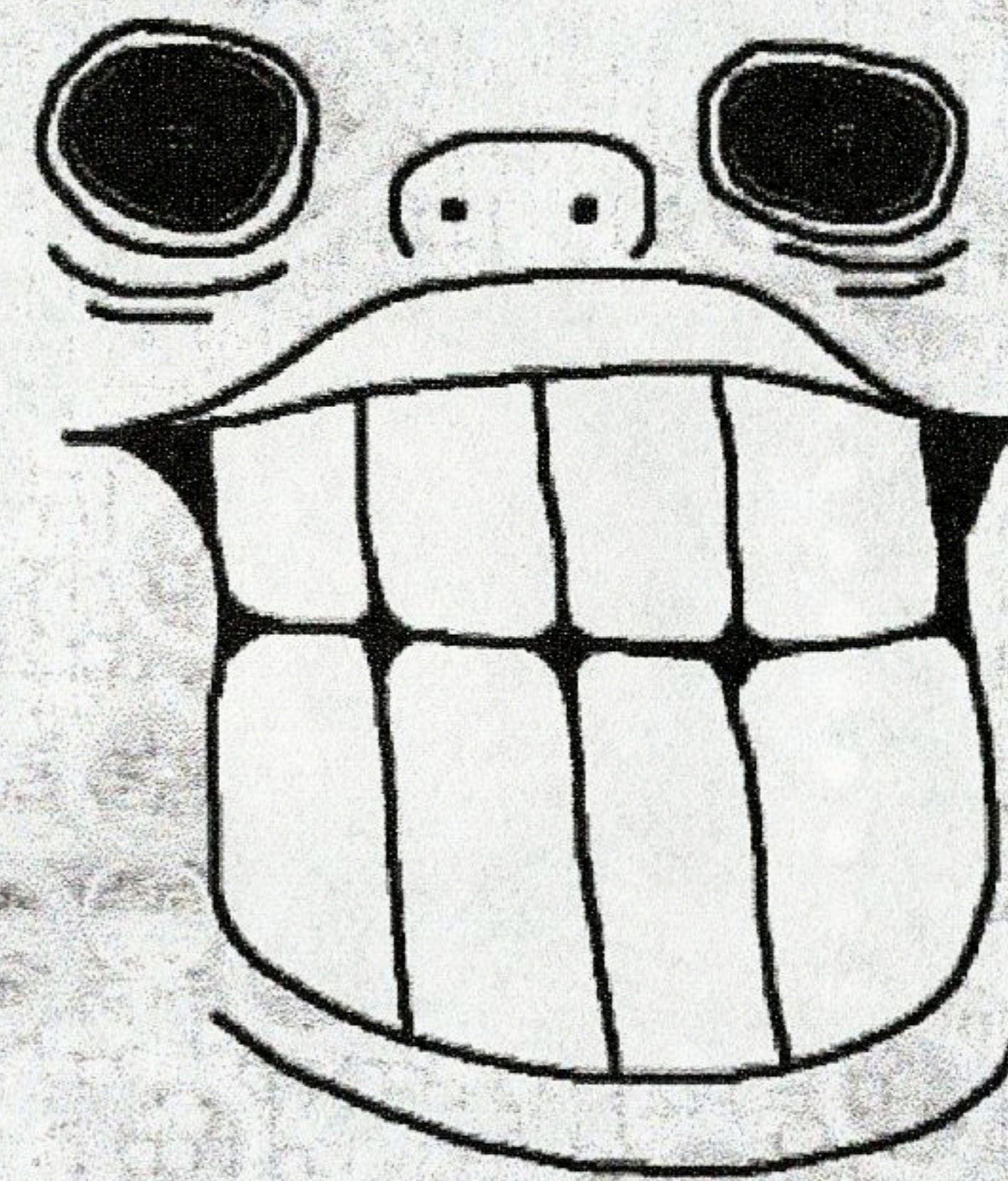


"And then I said, that's not a turtle! That's my wife!" my friends laughed, their faces crinkled to a formattable smile as we're all crowded together in this Applebee's booth seat. The table crowded with 1 dollars "Captain Bahama Mama's" and grease filled appetizers. Life was alright...then i felt it, the chill, my peer induced extended laughter soon faded as they continued. "What is that?" I can barely make it out over on the other table but on this mans plate looks like..dear Christ "THAT'S NOT A 13.49 6oz SIRLOIN! THAT'S MY WIFE!" I scream, the boys begin to laugh even harder as I try to escape it feels as if they're purposely pushing me back in, as I look again, she's gone, it's just a steak.. What is happening? I blink and glimpse around and see the whole restaurant going back to their numb chattering when I meet eye's with the hostess.. Hey wait a minute, "That's not the hostess? That's my wife?" The table explodes with laughter, you can hear the sounds of their muscles creaking in their necks form the sharp shrill laughs John slaps me in the back, i feel my soul detach from my body for a moment and i slam back into reality, "LARRY! WHOA! You really know your way around a JOKE!" I try to get out of the booth again "Guys please, I swear that's Lorene, I just need to-" John and Brian pull me back and sit me down, "You're not going anywhere! We got more Bahama Mama's coming!"

John calls over our server and slips her a 20, "The dollar mama's please!" she walks away and returns in what didn't even feel like a second with a tray full of, what in the unholy, "Those aren't Bahama mamas! THOSE ARE ALL DISMEMBERED PIECES OF MY WIFE!" They laugh and throw back the glasses, this time rubbing my eyes doesn't make the scene go away. I don't even remember driving here? The more I study the faces around me the more I don't know who these people are? How are we in an Applebee's during lockdown? Do I even have a wife? The laughter grows so loud I can't even focus, everything goes black, high pitched screaming in my ears.

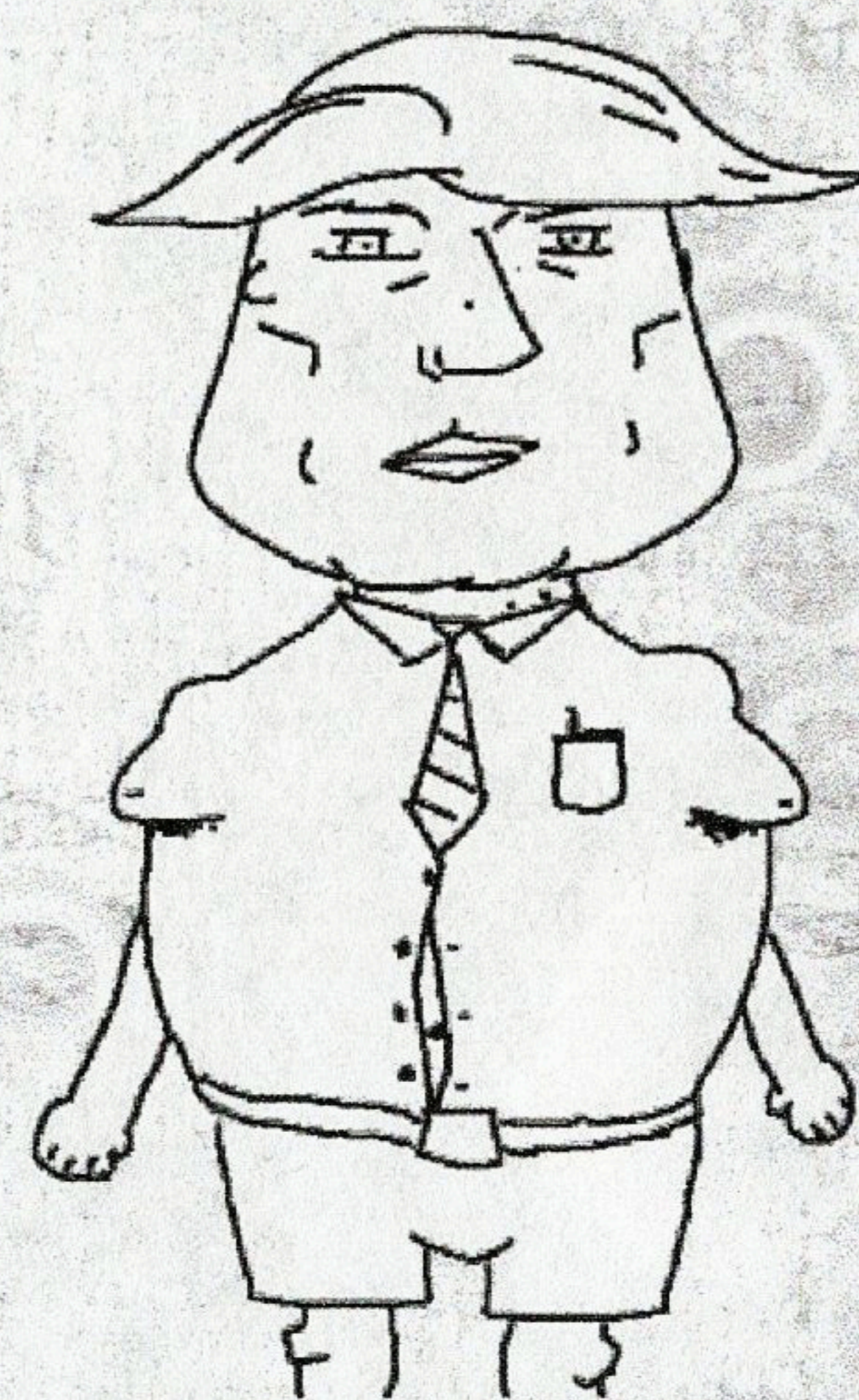
"And then I said, that's not a turtle! That's my wife!" my friends laughed, their faces crinkled to a formattable smile as we're all crowded together in this Applebee's booth seat.

## private thoughts

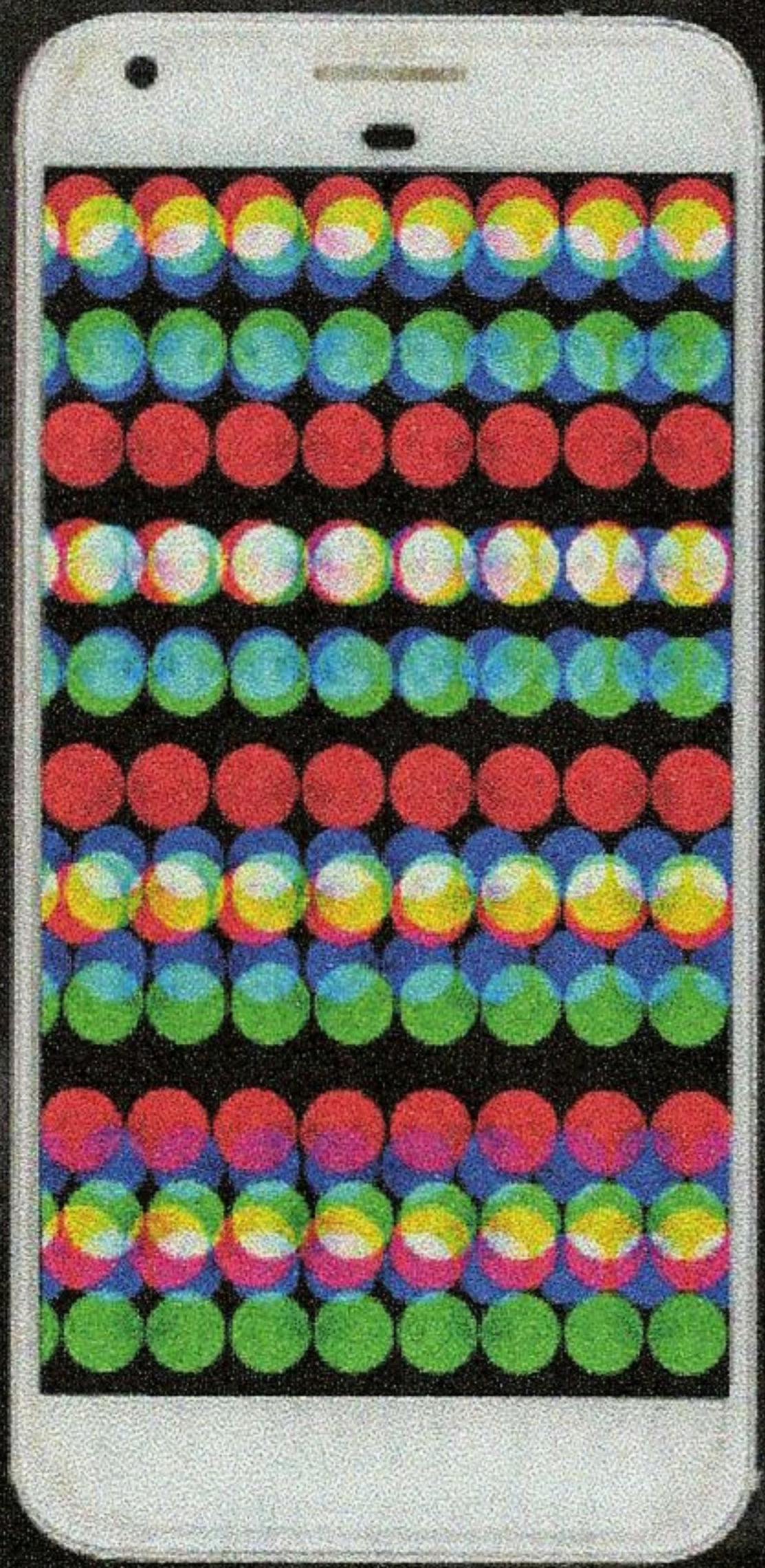
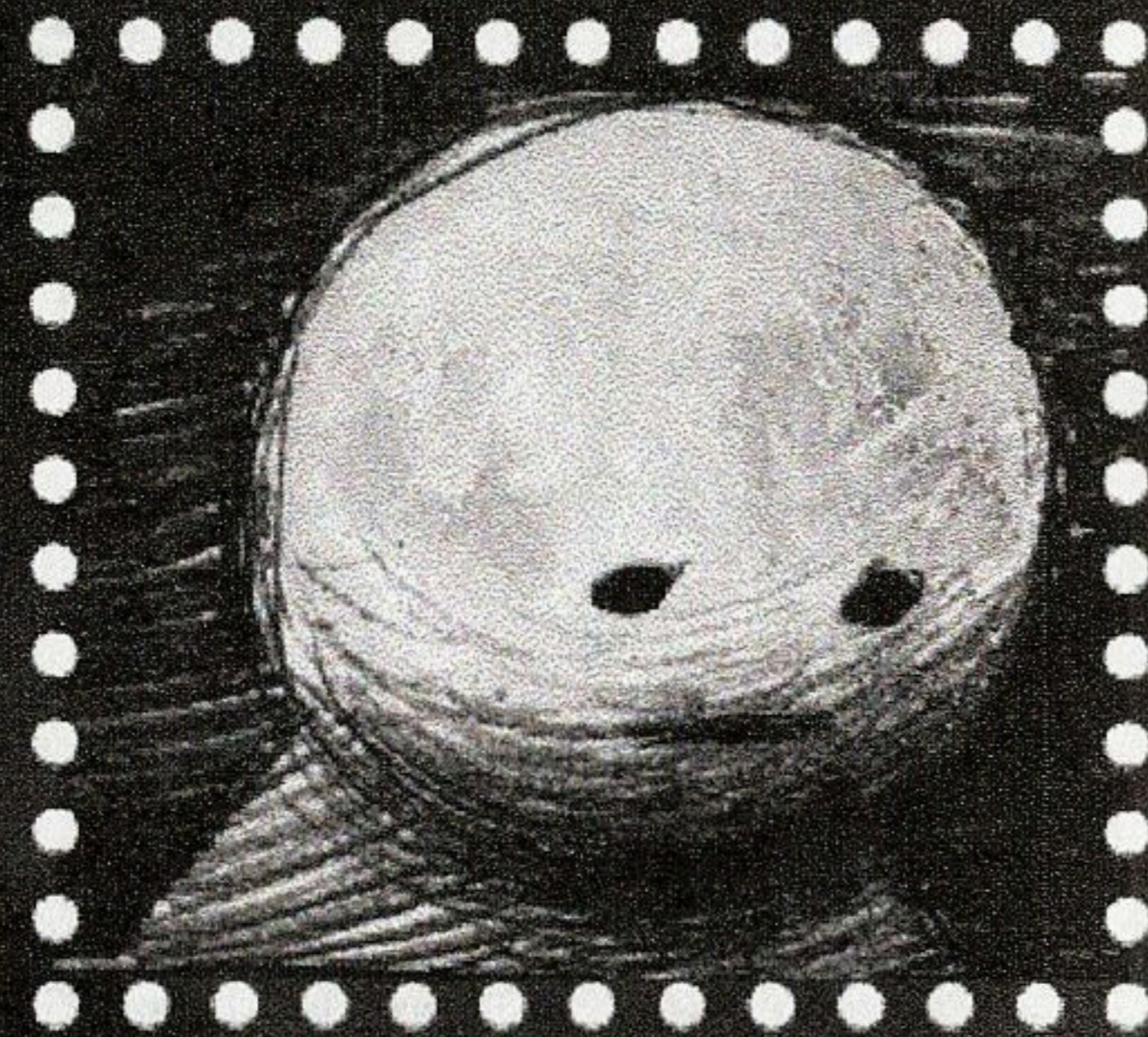
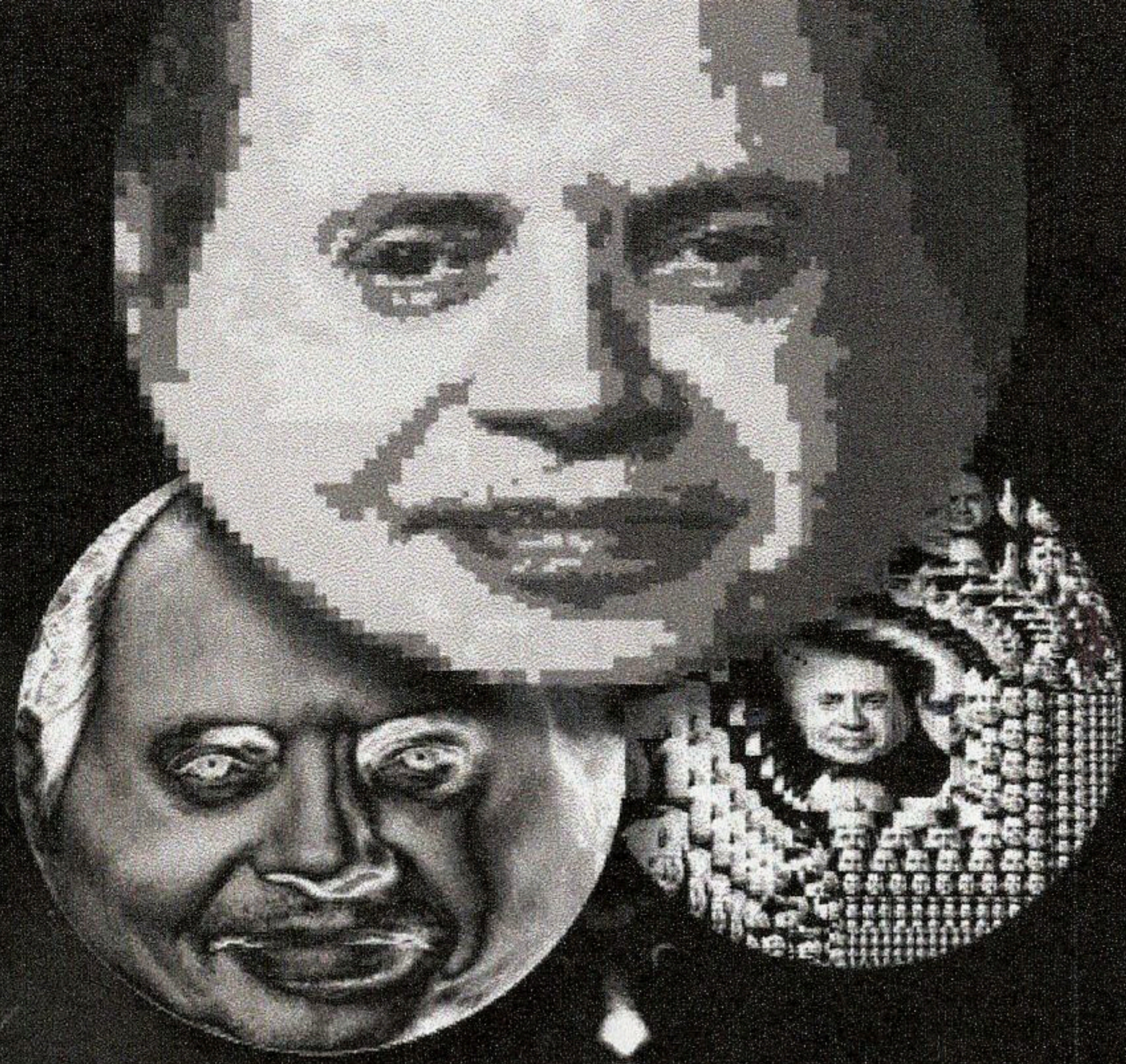


I JUST DON'T GET WHY I HAVE TO WASH MY HANDS WHEN I GO TO THE BATHROOM WHEN THE ONLY THING I EVER TOUCH IS MY PENIS ALL OVER

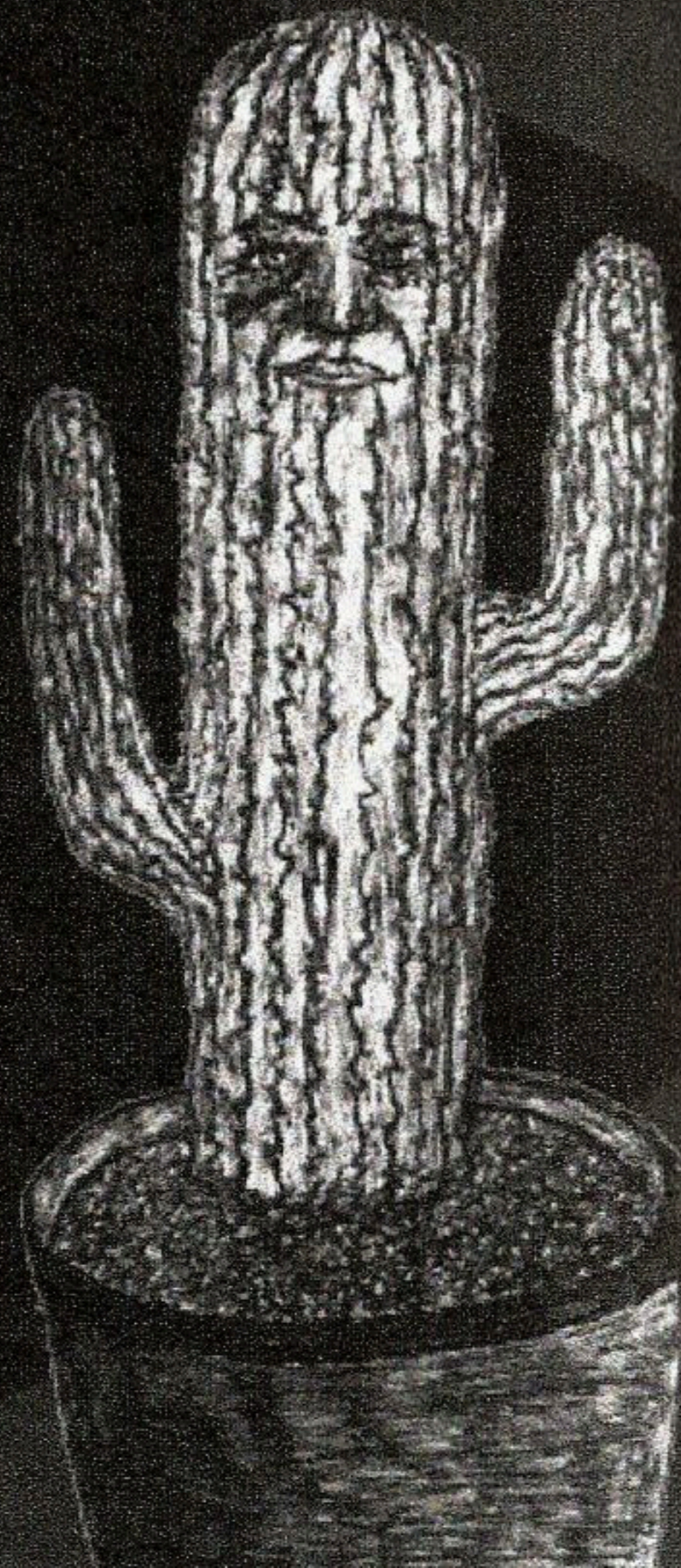
DAY 4 NOFAP I CAUGHT THE NEIGHBORS SPYING ON ME THROUGH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS AND THEN SPEAKING INTO A WALKIE TALKIE AND I HAVE NOTICED TINY WHISPERING CREAKS THROUGH THE POWER OUTLETS IN MY ROOM AT AROUND 2AM



SOMETIMES I LIKE TO STICK MY HEAD IN AN AMAZON BOX AND PRETEND IM A BRAND NEW PAIR OF SEINHEISERS



GRUG GRUG NO LIKE MOON. IN SUN, GRUG GRUG FISH WITH SPEAR. IN SUN, GRUG GRUG SMASH ROCK. IN SUN, GRUG GRUG KILL TIME TRAVELING ENTREPRENEUR AND BUSINESSMAN KEVIN O LEARY FOR ATTEMPTING TO INTRODUCE HIERARCHY AND CAPITALISM INTO THE BEAUTIFUL PRIMITIVE SOCIOPOLITICAL CLIMATE OF WHAT WOULD LATER BECOME EASTERN EUROPE. BUT IN MOON, GRUG GRUG SLEEP.



i just drank a malt and im ready to fuck some shit up

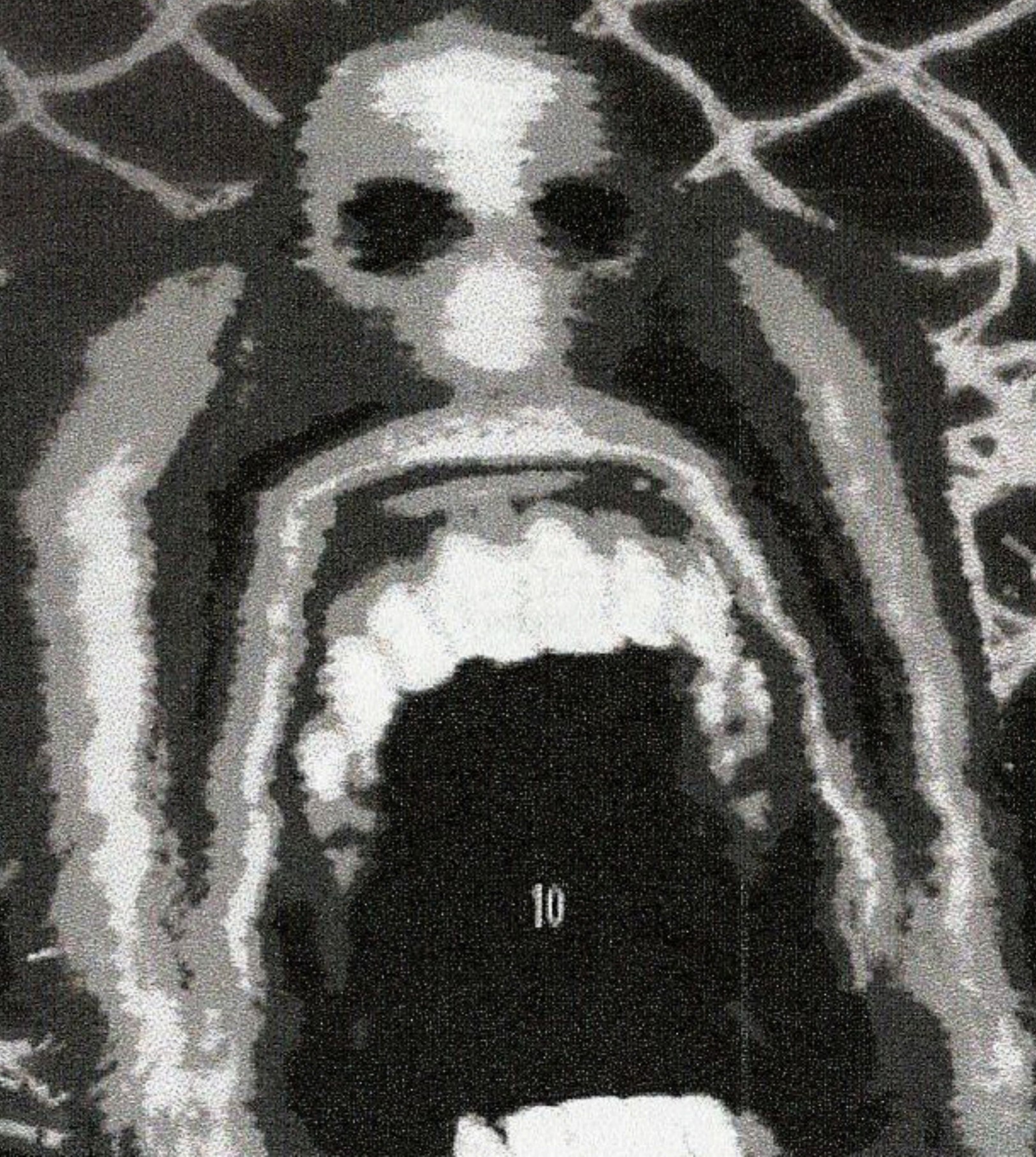
# Did you know...?

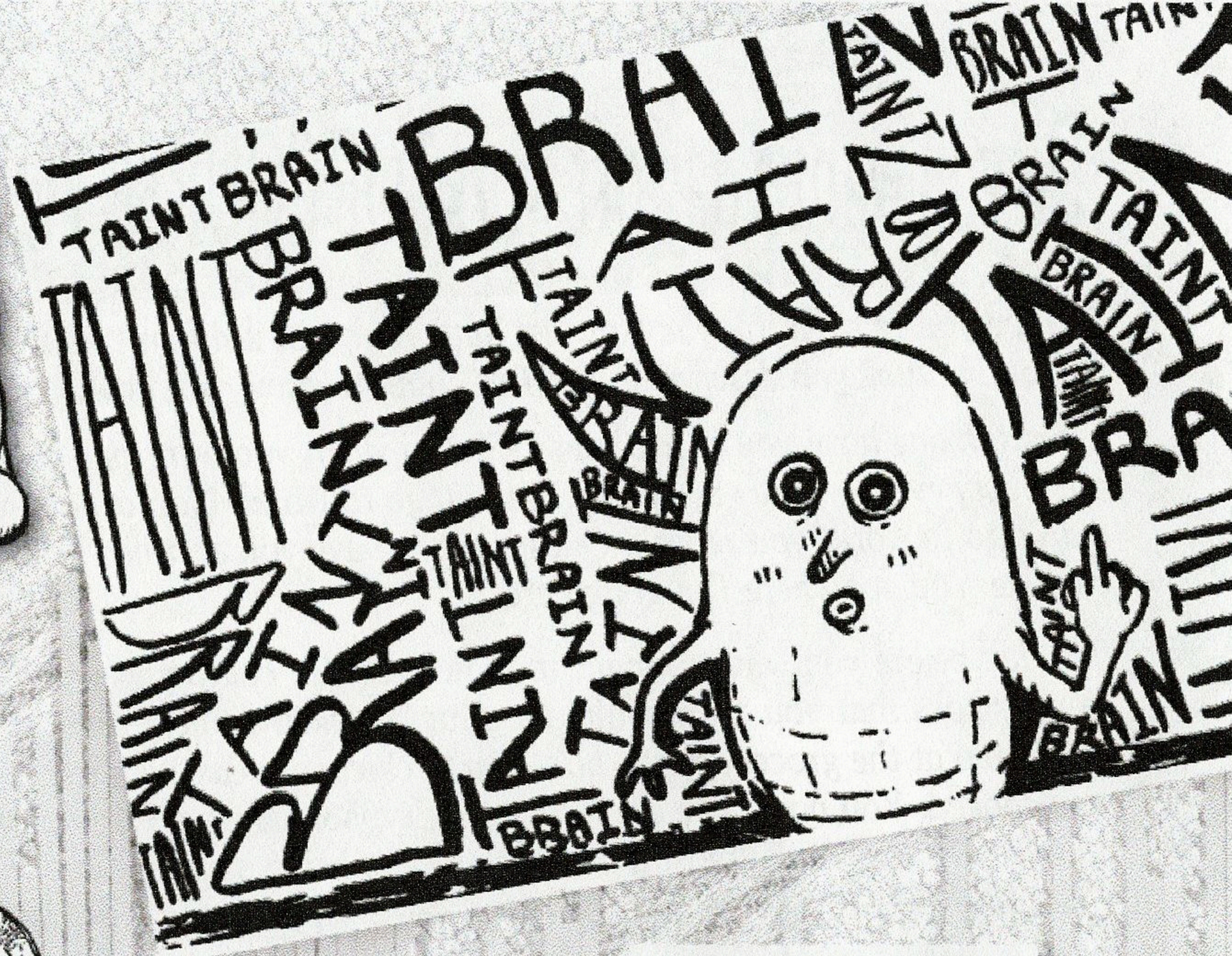
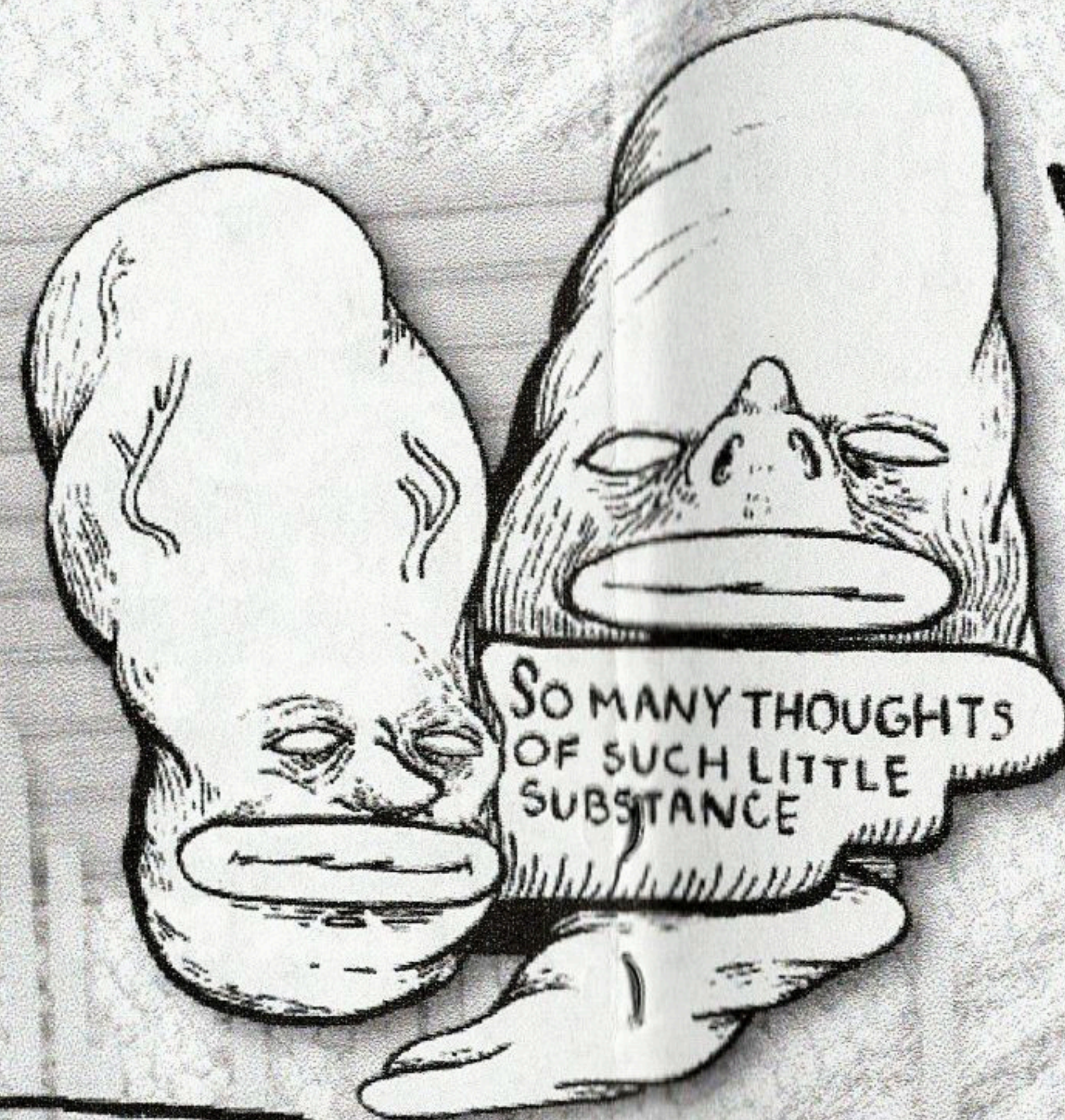
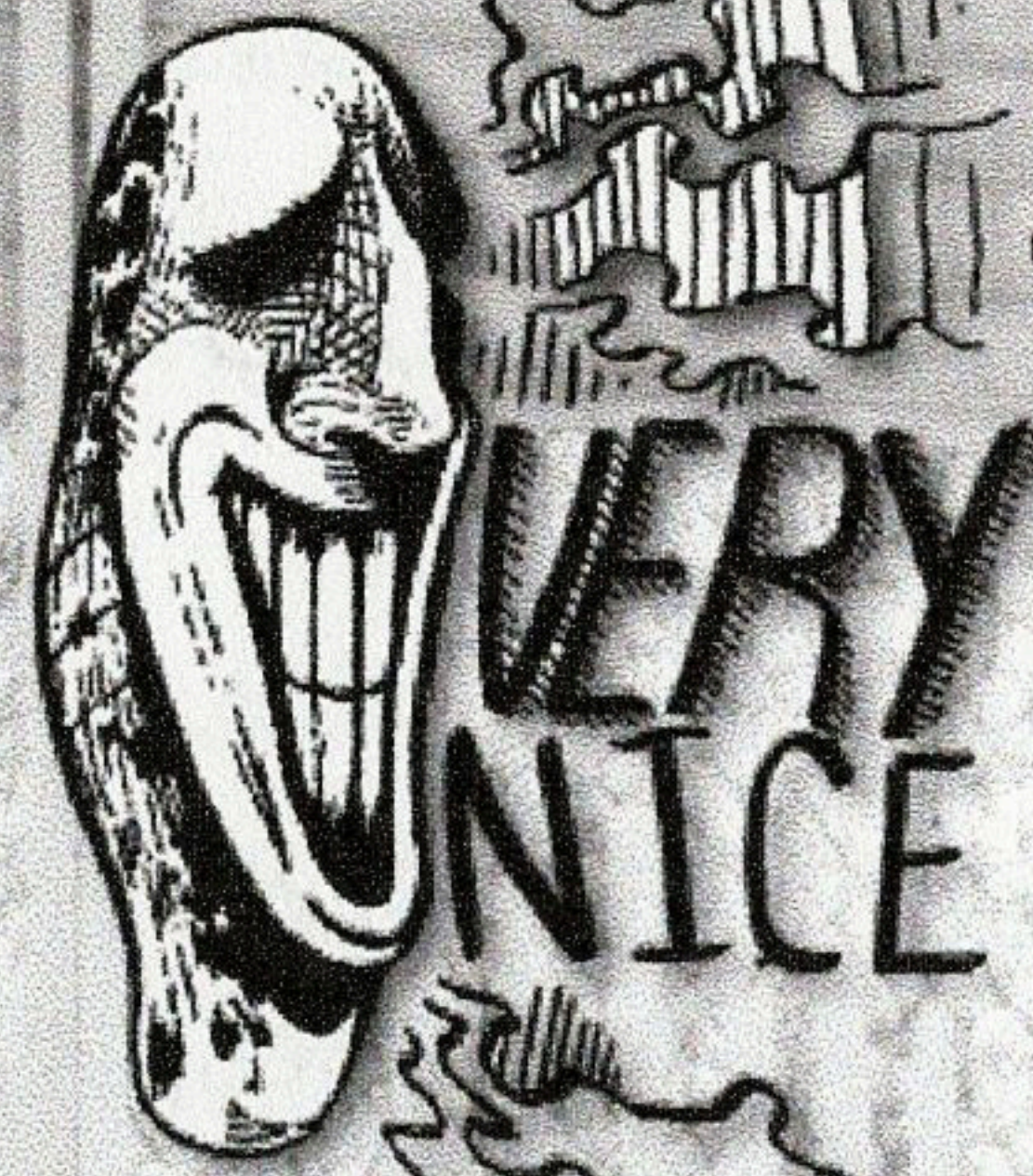
did you know that teeth have gel in them like tide pods? if you squeeze them hard enough between your fingers they make a squeleching sound



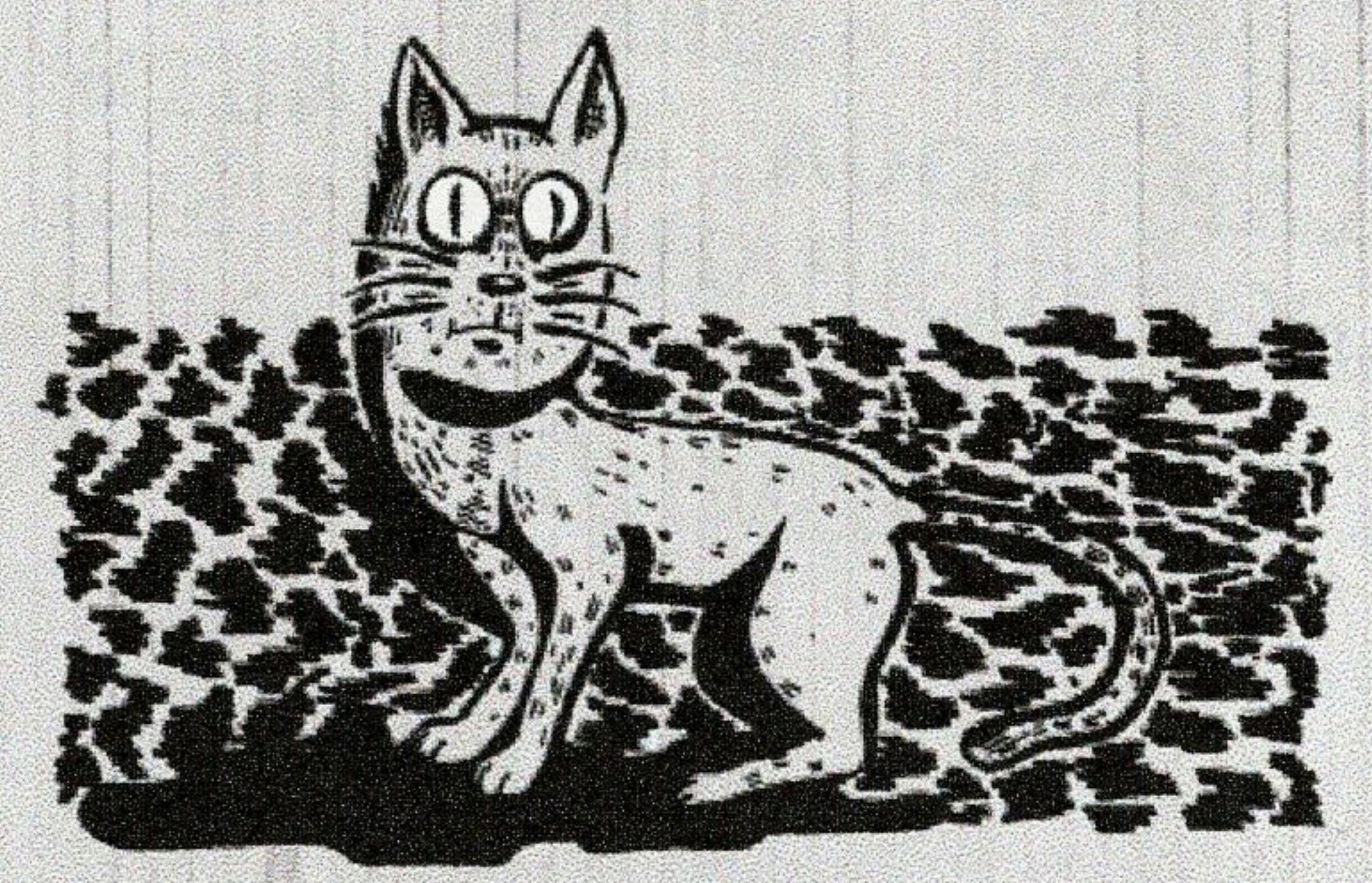
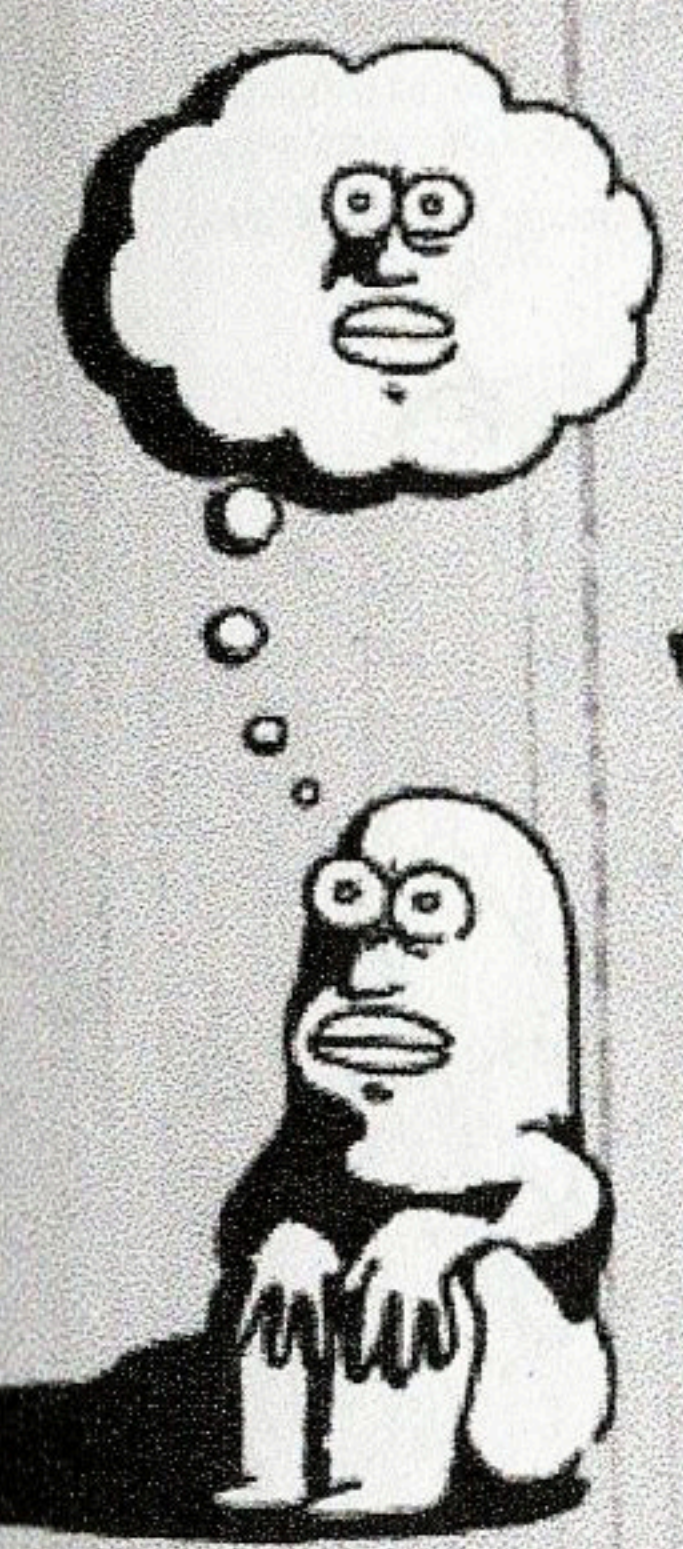
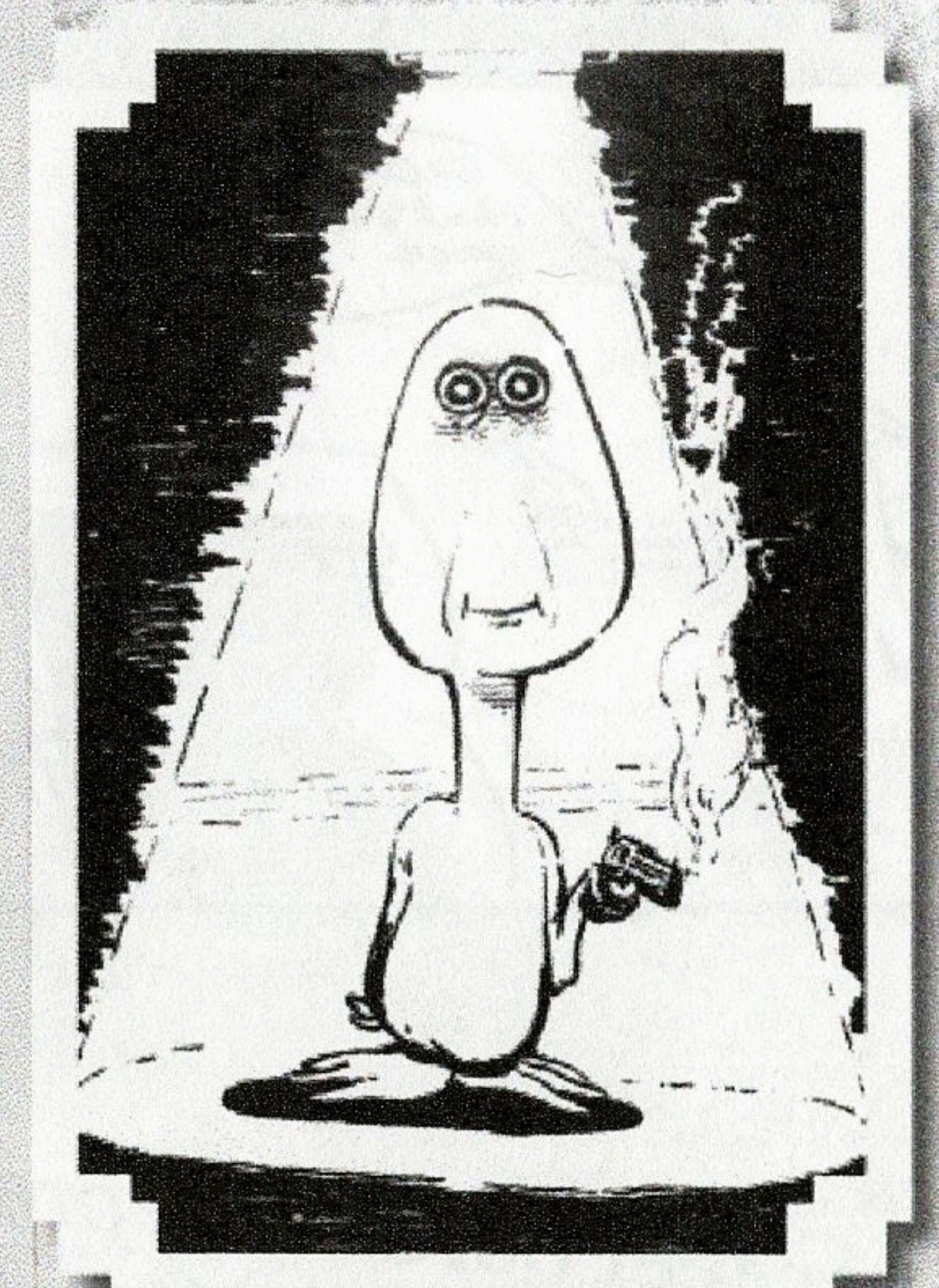
Applebee's our competitor's most popular dish is an actual abortion!

BORN TO DEVOUR FORCED TO DIGEST





OH GOD  
OH CHRIST, OH  
FUCK, FUCK!  
WHAT KIND OF  
WRETCHED GOD  
WOULD CURSE ME  
WITH THESE  
VILE FOREIGN  
LIMBS? DAMNED  
AM I TO THIS  
DRY HELL!  
WHY!? DEAR LORD  
WHY?!



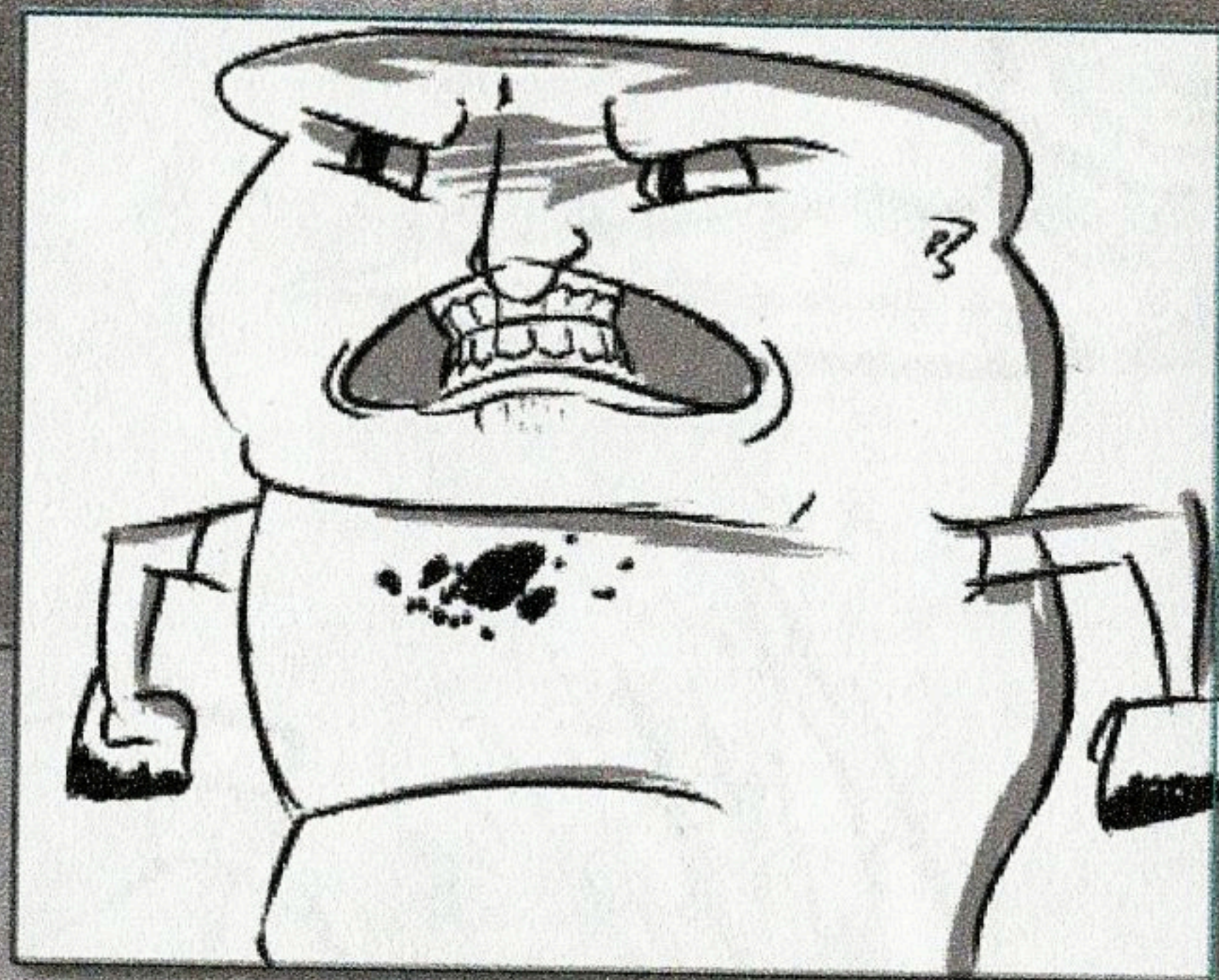
# Do you want a day off work? OF COURSE YOU DO.

Maybe you're tired, maybe you just hate your job, it doesn't matter the reason because you deserve it, and I'm going to show you how.

Question one have you ever been sick? And when you were sick because obviously everyone has been sick, did you go to work? No... of course you didn't go to work, you're sick. Question two have you ever lied before? chuckle You see where I'm going here...

The day before you want to make it known to your colleagues and especially to your boss that you "cant wait" for your "chicken dinner" tonight. After work stop at the grocery store, buy a large chicken breast, go home, eat it uncooked. You now have a 1% chance of typhoid fever a 3% chance of reactive arthritis and almost a 100% chance of being sick.

Oh what's that boss? Why yes of course I cooked the chicken .wink:



Ever feel bored? Depressed? Just a feeling of indescribable guilt and sadness? **JUST SLAP YOUR BIG NUTS AROUND AHAHA THAT'S ALL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO DO AHAHA!!!!**

J  
O  
K  
E  
R



LOONIE

J  
O  
K  
E  
R

HUFF AS

EAT ASS

LET LAID

LET PAID

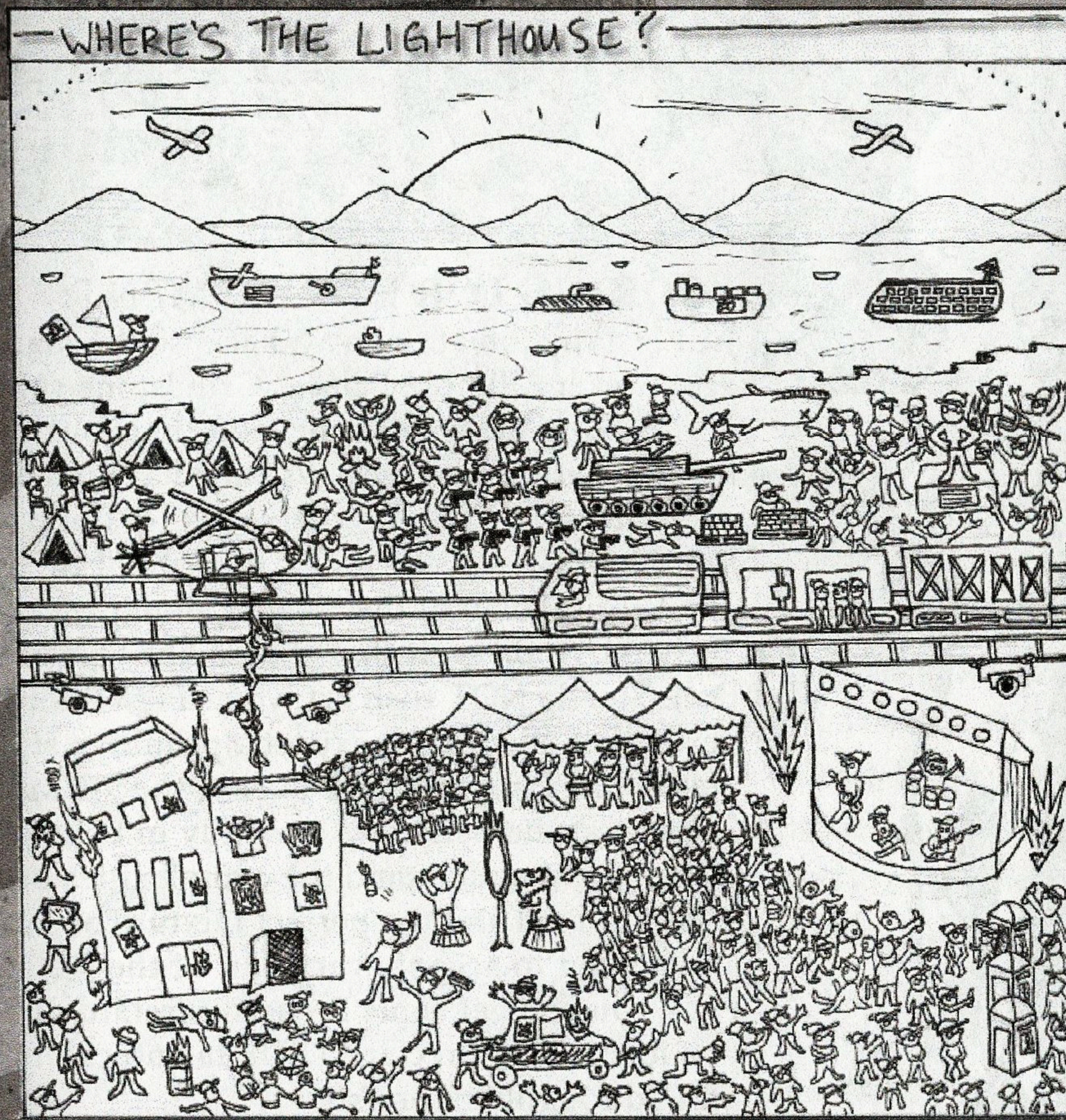
MAKE BICKS

LET FICKS

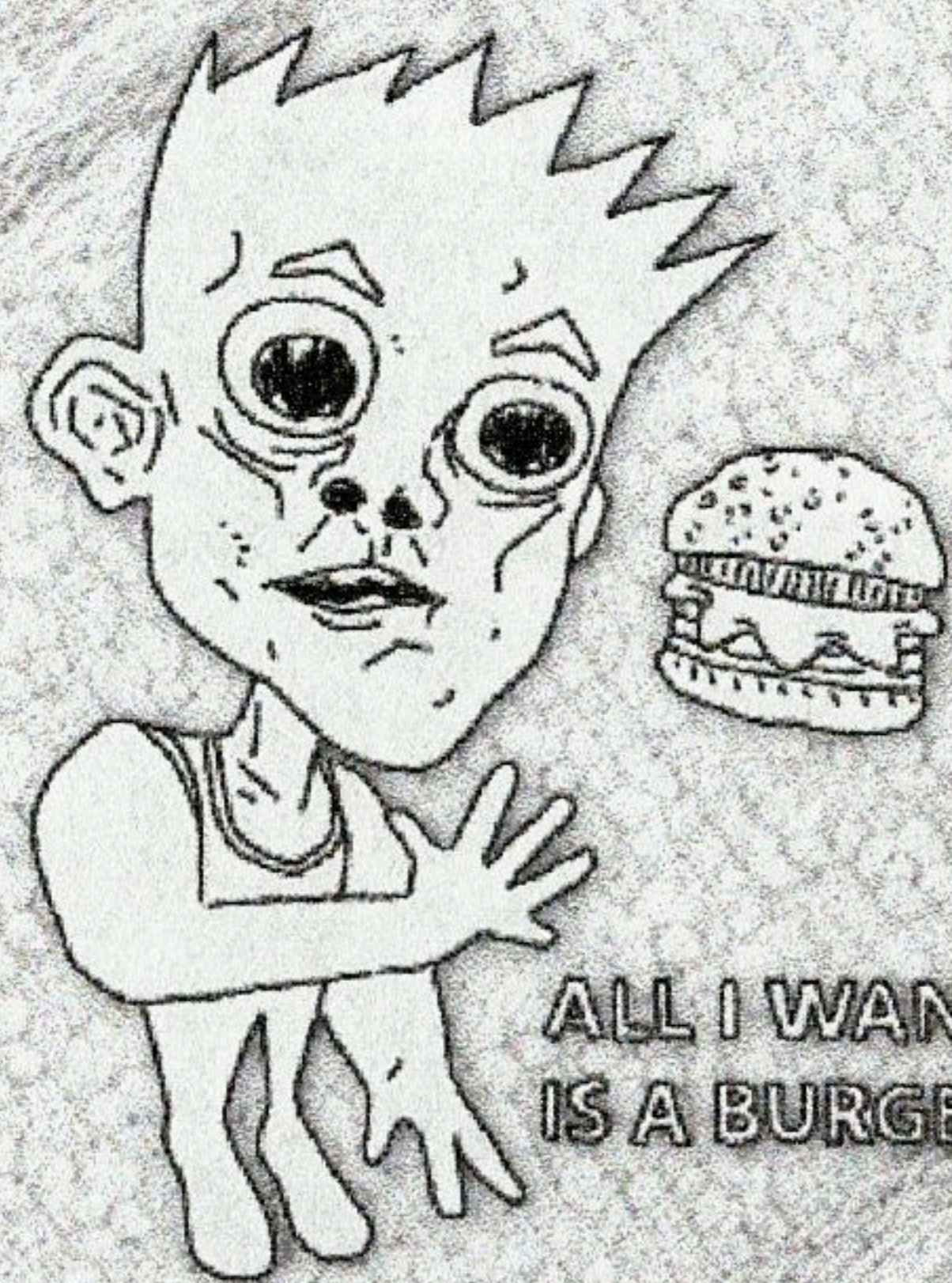
AND YOU COULD HAVE IT ALL  
MY EMPIRE OF HERP  
I WILL LET YOU COME  
I WILL MAKE YOU SQUIRT.COM



poder







ALL I WANT IS A BURGER

**DID YOU KNOW THAT HOUSEHOLD DUST IS MADE OF 99% HUMAN SKIN CELLS? DID YOU KNOW THAT CHICKEN SKIN IS SOME OF THE TASTIEST SHIT OUT THERE? WELL, TODAY WE ARE GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE GOURMET FOOD USING ONLY A BRUSH AND A FRYING PAN!**

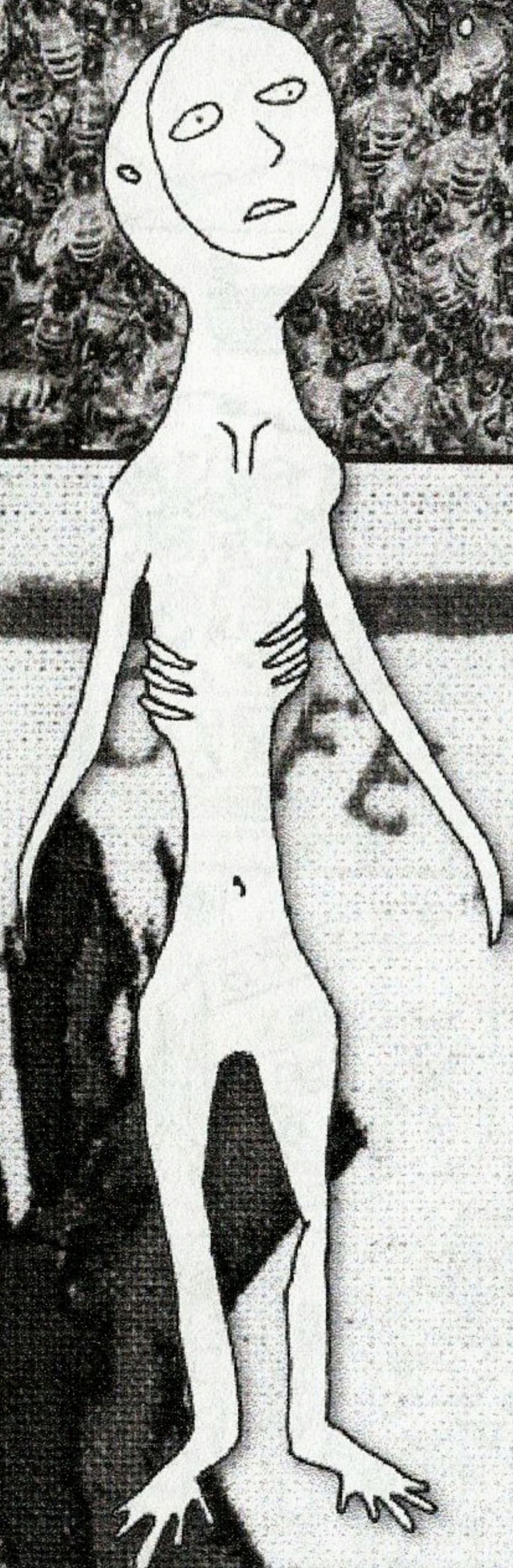
MOM AND

BRING YOUR OLD FOLKS DOWN TO **APPLEBEES!**



THEY WILL LOVE THE REAL BEES

DAD AND

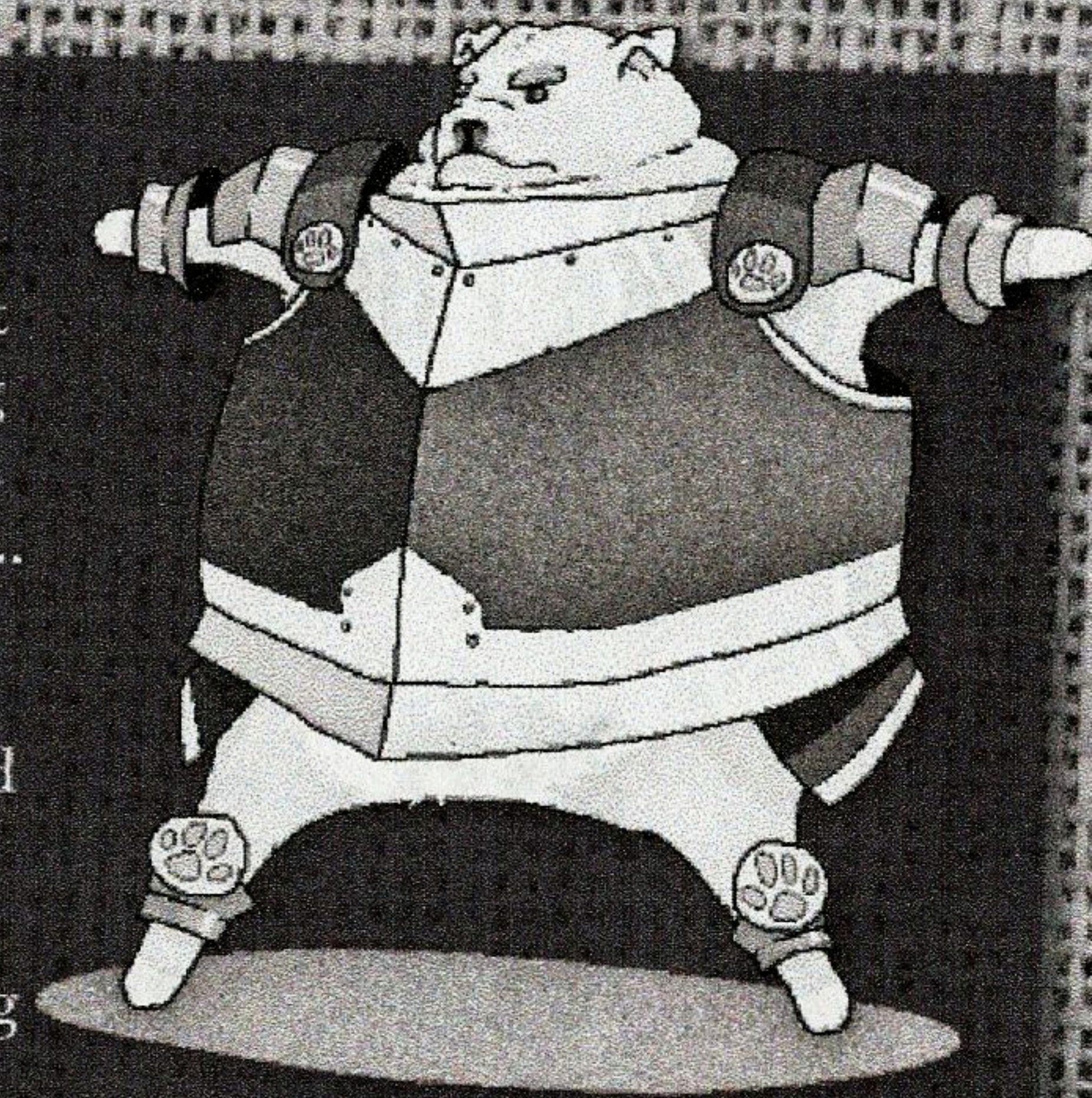


**LOOKING FOR EMPLOYMENT:**

Just lost my job at Subway, because the manager Steven "Pimple-Palace" Grindstone said I was making the sandwiches too slow. But you know what? That's why it's called sandwich ART, Stephen. I'm a sandwich ARTIST and I'm the BEST. I'm the Frank Frazetta of BLT's. The Virgil Finlay of the Sweet Onion Chicken Teriyaki. And I melt that cheese like Salvador Dali. You do NOT rush art, you STRIVE for it's perfection. I wouldn't expect a primitive simpleton like Pimple-Palace over at the 9th street Subway at the Bellview Crossway in Lakewood Michigan to understand the complexities of the salami spread and the perfect mixture of salt and pepper to accent every part of the pallet. Fuck you and get some Proactive, retard. If you love and appreciate TRUE talent, call me around roughly noon-ish.

**Today, I am shaken.**

Now I thought I knew the extremes of people's shapes. You get the tall lamppost looking ones, the curved eggplant looking ones, the short package looking ones. But towards the end of my shift, entered this... well, I suppose he was a man. But a man like this, I have never seen before, and will likely never see again. Firstly, I would be lying if I said he walked through the door; there was too much bulk to move one foot then the next in standard walking technique. No, he threw his whole left side, then his whole right side, until he reached the counter. Then, this bowling ball of a man paused for a good minute deciding his order, and I got a good look at the fella. He had no clear neck; his head merely protruded from the top of his torso, which was so perfectly spherical you would think a moon or satellite should be orbiting around him. His arms could not physically be at his sides. Forced about by the rounded muscle of his sides, they sort of hung there, like a goose preparing for battle. Then, you saw his skinny-as-a-rake legs. It was as if somebody had combined two jigsaw puzzles of an antelope and a boar together. His complexion was worrying. He was so red, that you would not be too surprised if he was steam powered, his barrel of a chest containing some sort of pressure cooker within it. It would explain the sweat that mired his thick, slicked-back black hair that ran away from his greasy forehead to meet his mullet. And so he stood. And so I looked, in awe, until he boomed "roight lad, I'll have a poorshen of cheps, extrah sawlt". I nodded, still transfixed, and got him his order. "Top work shun" he cannoned, as he hurled himself around, and out of the shop into the blazing midsummer evening.



I think about him a lot. And I sort of wonder how this person happened.



Thanks to "big government" polluting our drinking water with chemicals that I cant even pronounce, many young men have completely lost the ability to pee when they need to. I'm talking dudes swelled up like a mosquito at a bbq. But with new Zeetaphree, patients in over 30 clinical studies have found their ability to urinate daily totally restored. Me? I'm a man over 50 with an enlarged prostate. My prostate is the size of a freakin grapefruit and I love it. I pee all the time. I piss constantly. I dont need shit.

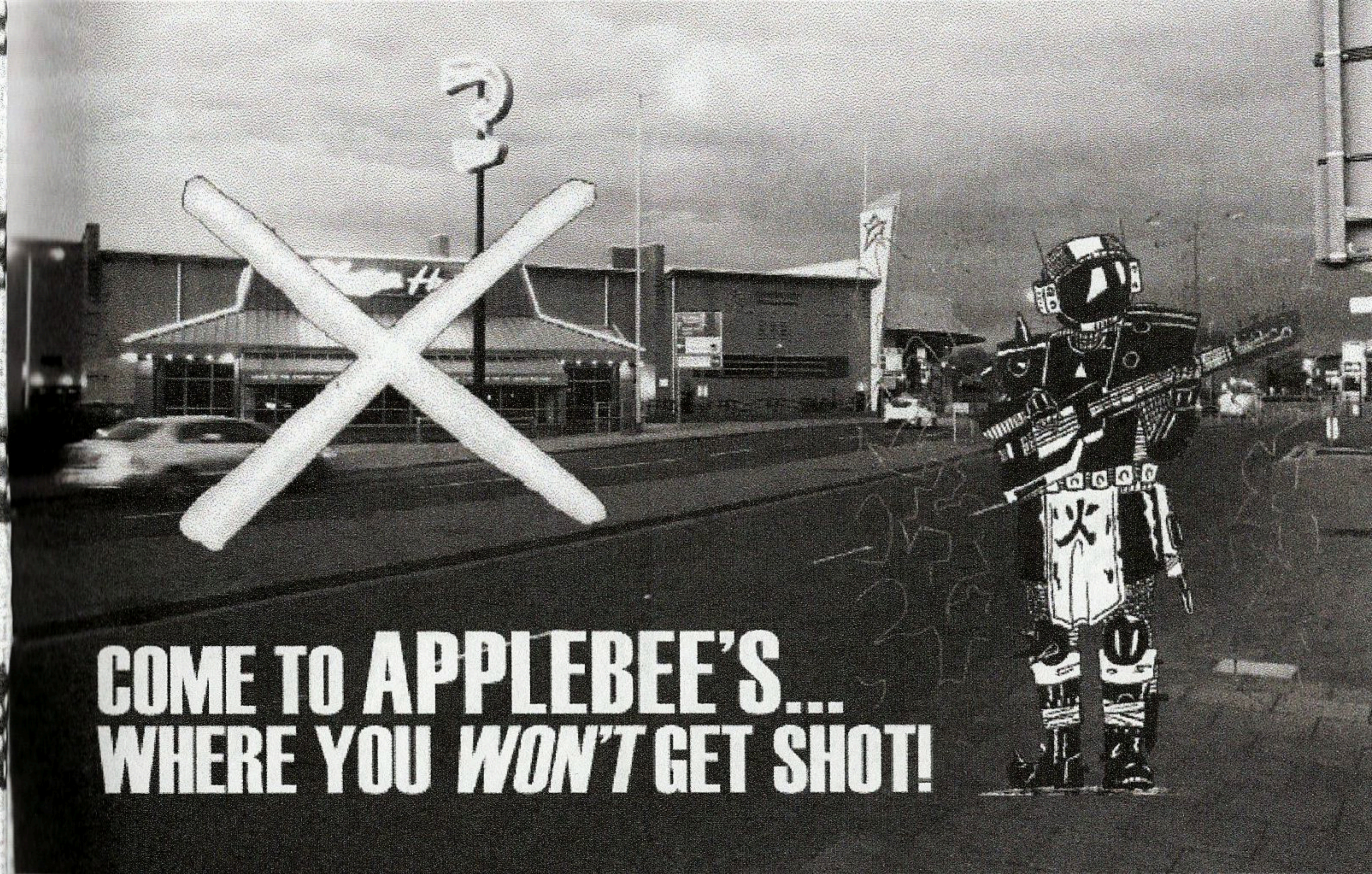
**THE MOST IDIOTIC WAY TO FEED YOURSELF  
HAS DEFINITELY GOT TO BE  
GOING TO A FUCKING HOT  
POT RESTAURANT.**



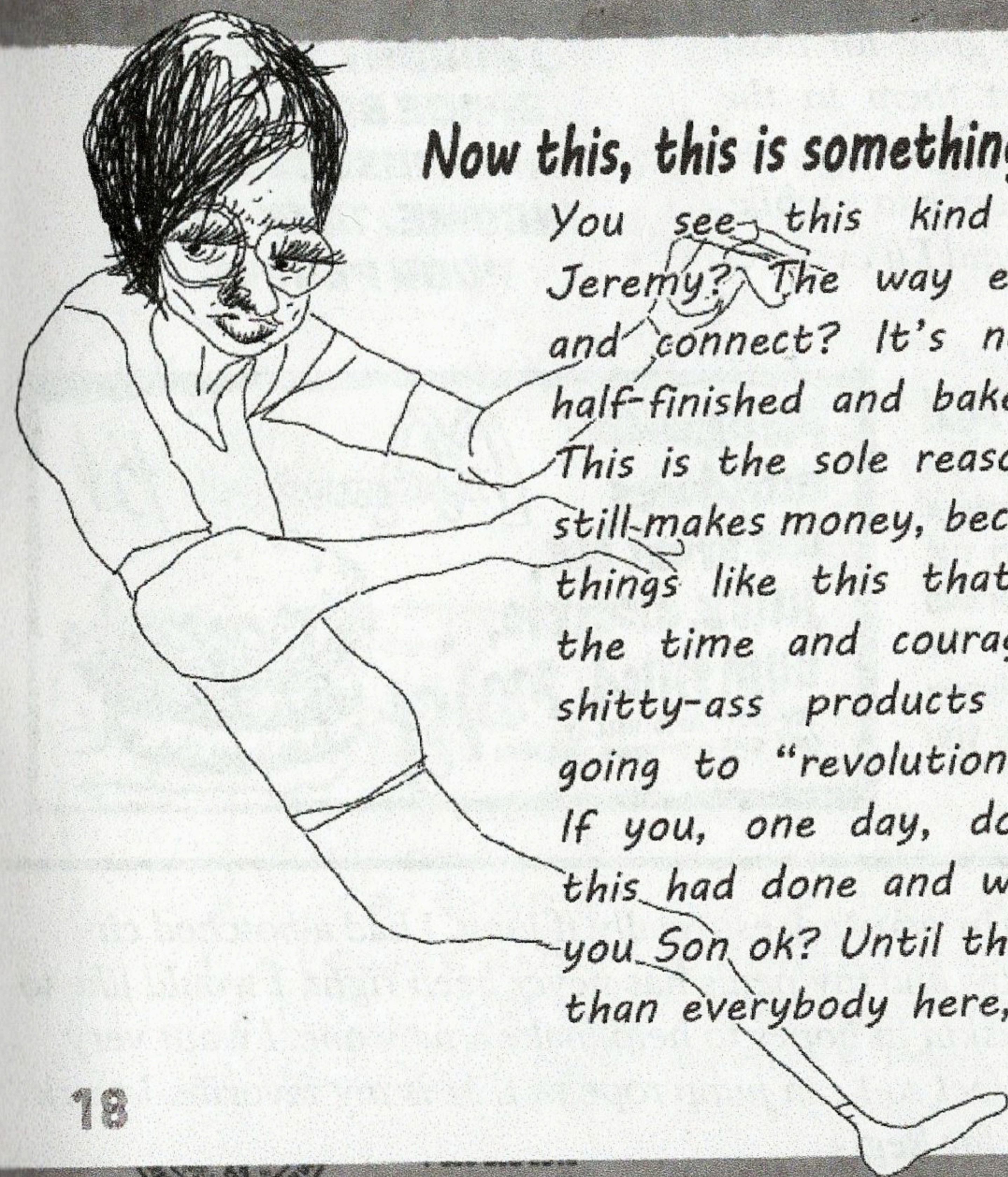
LET ME BREAK IT DOWN FOR YOU: AT A  
REGULAR RESTAURANT YOU WALK IN. WAIT  
FOR YOUR TABLE. WAIT FOR YOUR SERVER.  
WAIT FOR YOUR FOOD. AND THEN EAT.

AT DR. WU'S DUMB FUCK HOT POT YOU WAIT  
FOR YOUR TABLE. WAIT FOR YOUR SERVER. WAIT FOR RAW PRODUCE  
FROM THE GROCERY STORE IN YOUR OWN TOWN. WAIT FOR YOUR HOT  
POT TO BOIL. WAIT FOR YOUR FOOD TO COOK. WAIT FOR IT TO COOL  
DOWN. AND THEN EAT. CONGRATULATIONS RETARD. YOU DOUBLED THE  
AMOUNT OF TIME IT TAKES TO PUT FOOD IN YOUR MOUTH JUST SO  
YOU COULD COOK IT YOURSELF AT A 400% MARKUP IN A PLACE THAT'S  
OVER-AIR CONDITIONED TO COMPENSATE FOR THE STEAMBATH YOU'RE  
GIVING YOURSELF.

THINK ABOUT IT. AT A NORMAL RESTAURANT (PROBABLY THE ONE  
RIGHT NEXT TO MOMMA WONG'S COCK SUCK HOT POT) THE CHEF IN THE  
KITCHEN IS GOING TO SAUTÉ AND FLAMBÉ AND BRULEE AND CONFIT  
AND BROIL AND TOSS AND BAKE AND ALL THESE OTHER MAGICAL  
THINGS YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN.  
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO HERE? BOIL IT. YOU'RE GOING TO BOIL  
IT UNTIL IT'S SOFT AND LOSES ALL IT'S FLAVOR AND TASTES LIKE  
EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE POT. YOU COULD'VE RUINED THAT BEEF AT  
HOME FOR MARKET PRICE BUT NOW EVERYONE CAN SEE YOU IN THE  
WINDOW LOOKING LIKE A COMPLETE DICK.



**COME TO APPLEBEE'S...  
WHERE YOU WON'T GET SHOT!**



*Now this, this is something I can support.*

*You see this kind of shit here  
Jeremy? The way everything flows  
and connect? It's nothing like the  
half-finished and baked shit you do.  
This is the sole reason this industry  
still makes money, because of beautiful  
things like this that your kind has  
the time and courage to do those  
shitty-ass products you think are  
going to "revolutionize" the world.  
If you, one day, do 20% of what  
this had done and will do, I will call  
you Son ok? Until then, you're worse  
than everybody here, fuckin' loner.*

# CLASSIFIEDS

**MEN WITH BIG HATS MEETING**  
 MEN WITH BIG HATS ARE MEETING AT BELLVIEW PARK NEXT WEDNESDAY TO SHOWCASE AND DISCUSS BIG HATS. WOMEN AND CHILDREN WELCOME. NO SMALL HATS ALLOWED.

**SELLING - BAD BOY CAGE:**  
 I've had this "Bad Boy" cage for years and now that my wife left I hardly use it anymore. It's a little cramped for an adult like me, so if you're into that sort of thing then don't be taller than 5 foot 6. Otherwise it'll be good for most children. Just put them in the cage when they misbehave and give it a little zap once in a while. If you call ahead and I'll even remove the stains.

## WIN A FREE IPAD!

IF YOU ARE A CRIMINAL YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN A FREE IPAD BY GOING TO THE CHICAGO POLICE STATION AND SAYING THE PASSWORD, "I'M TURNING MYSELF IN." HURRY UP AND GET ONE WHILE YOU STILL CAN!



**I BOUGHT THIS AD SPACE BECAUSE I HAVE DISPOSABLE INCOME. TAKE THAT, POOR PEOPLE.**

**McDonald's introduces the great big, juicy, electric, cum filled, moist**

**McGumboiga 13¢**

**YOU CAN'T GO TO HELL IF GOD'S SINS OUTNUMBER YOUR OWN!**

*Men with foreskin wanted, especially if long. I had a botched circumcision as a baby, and my penis has never been right. I would like to examine your foreskin in hopes to help make a new one. I want very long skin, several feet so I can jump rope as that is my favorite. I work at the landfill, ask for Regis.*

## NOW HIRING!



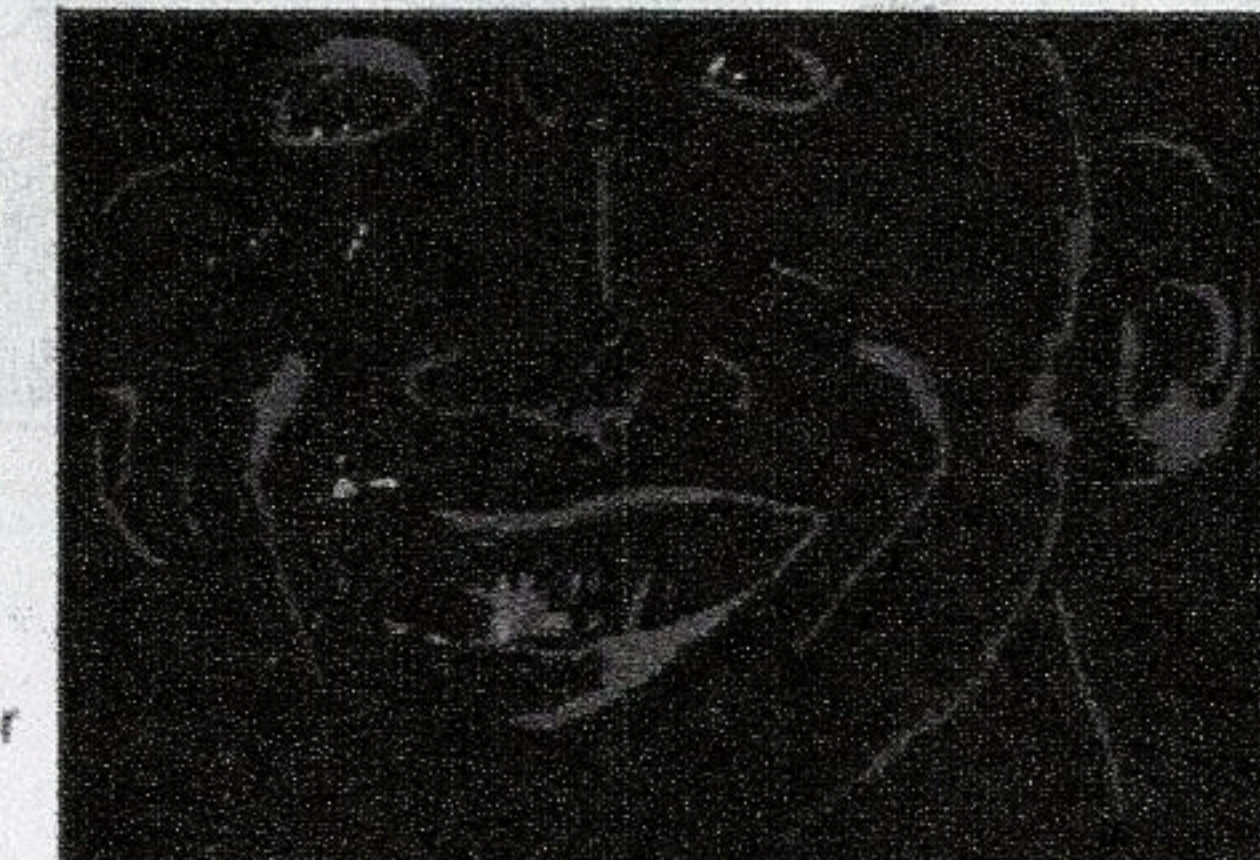
### CHADS, BRADS, TRENTS AND DOMINICS

### MEN UNDER 6ft WILL BE TURNED AWAY

CONDITIONS: MUST HAVE PLAYED FOOTBALL IN HIGH SCHOOL. MUST HAVE DATED (1) STACY

**HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?**

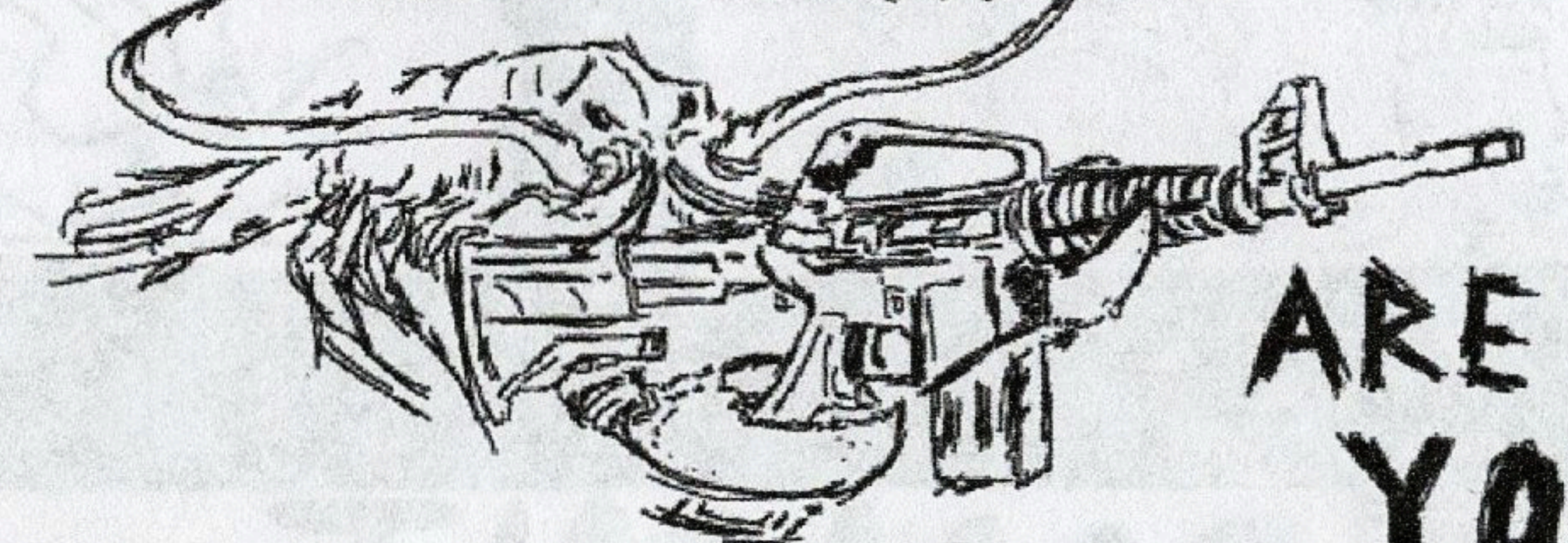
His name is Walter Anglum. His address is 6458 Pine Street, Oklahoma. His phone number is (876) 987-8765. All information regarding Walter's whereabouts and past is highly sought after and we will pay you well for your findings. Please send us an email at [doxingwalterourhumblegod@gmail.com](mailto:doxingwalterourhumblegod@gmail.com)



**Do you have too many fingers? Are you dissatisfied with the large number of fingers you have? Donate them to your local Good-Will. We guarantee that they will find a happy home, whether that is on another person's hand or in the beef stew we make them with for the children's hospital. GoodWill, where every hand helps.**



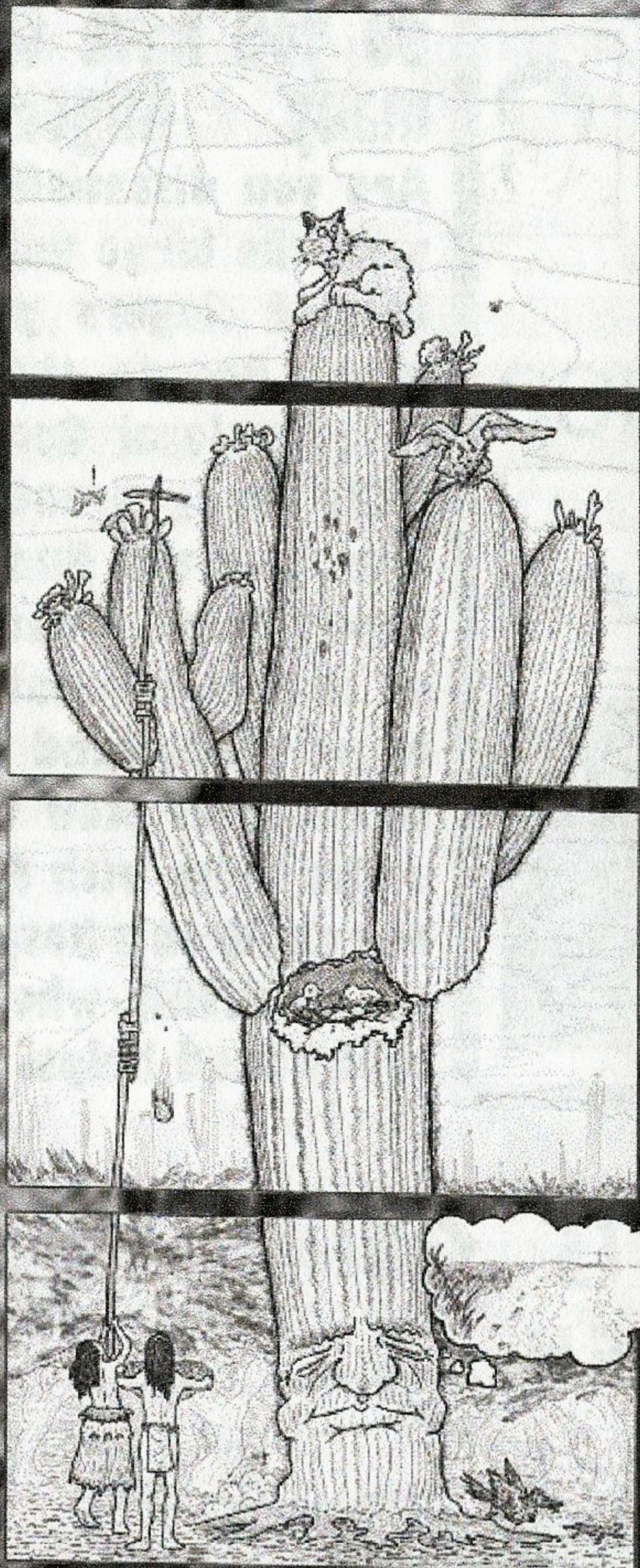
**TODAY IS GOING TO HAPPEN...**



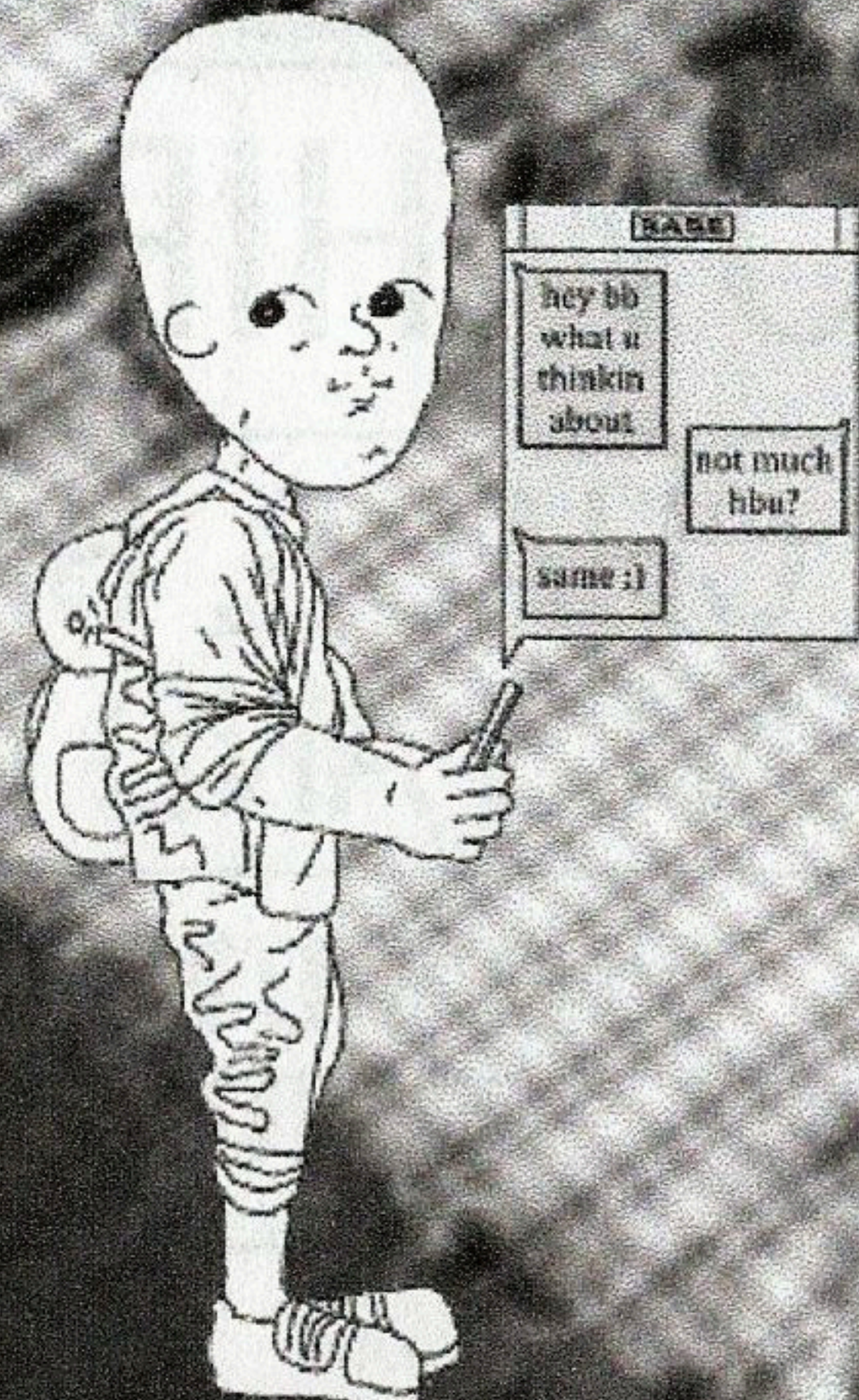
**ARE YOU?**

*I'm not proud, but I sure as hell can't wait to get blazed and do a triple gainer with my*

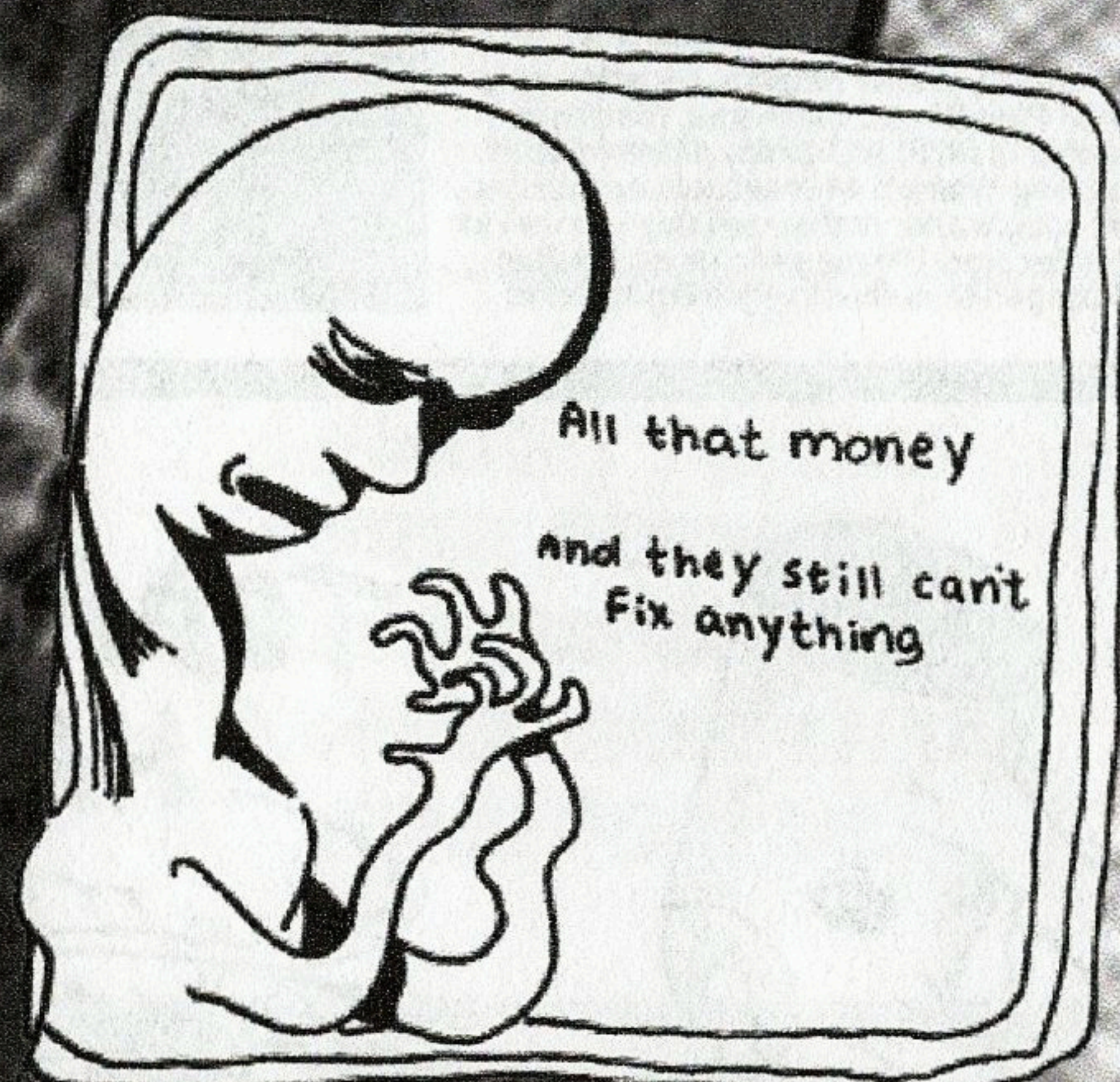
Hello, it has come to our attention that our patrons have been using a term which culturally exoticizes an erotic act. This is why, starting today (08/07/2020), the use of the term "Dirty Sanchez" will be strictly prohibited. When you are in our store you will refer to this act as the "Nasty Neilson", or simply request the #3 instead. Sincerely, your favorite neighborhood bakery/sex shop, Holes 'n Rolls



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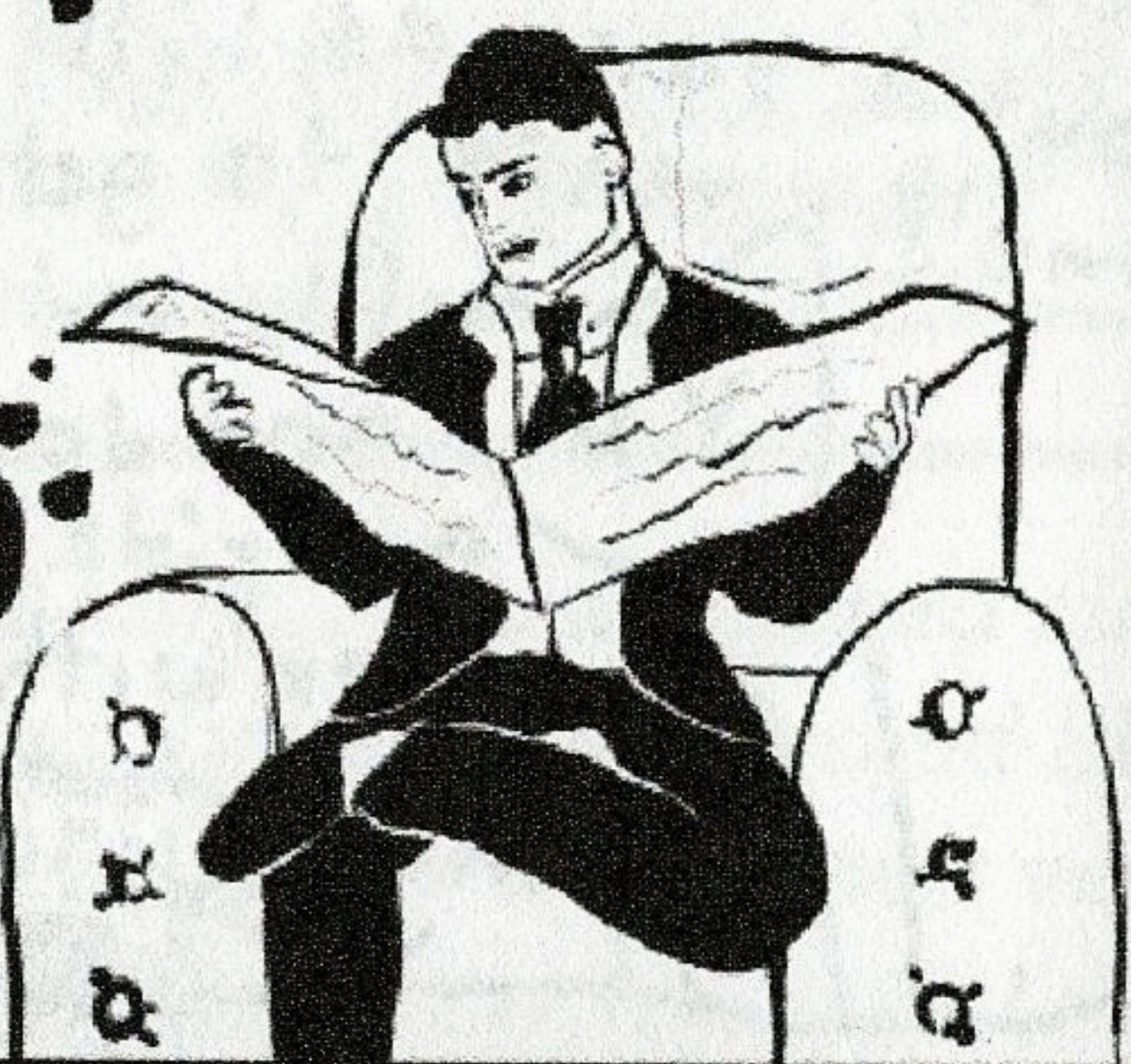


[NAME]  
hey bb  
what u  
thinkin  
about  
not much  
hbu?  
same :)



DAMMIT,  
IT'S ALL

TAINT BRAIN



## PRODUCTION CREDITS

Angelboy Discoman - Editor / Layout / Applebee Ads text  
MoxieFamous - Printer / Adblock Stickers

## WRITING

kilroy - !!!ATTENTION!!!  
omelette-pockets - cum zone / that's not a turtle  
yasa - list of things to beat / I'm is now spelled aimb  
gta3 - adderall side effects  
taintbrain - penis all over  
scsf - day 4 of nofap  
ethanol - put my head in an amazon box  
sergeant kipling - grug grug / take that, poor people / hiring chads brads and dominics  
sloth - just drank a malt  
pea - teeth are like tide pods  
teratoma jones - born to devour  
crispy snacks - do you want a day off work?

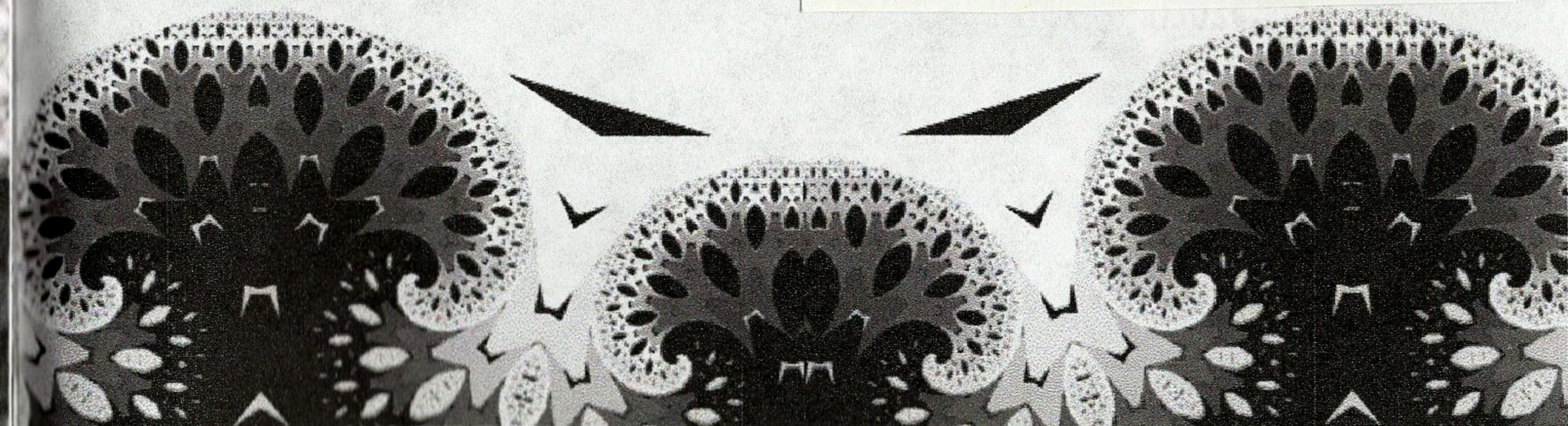
lober - slap youa big nuts around  
classicoz - huff gas, eat ass  
grawk - iwillmakeyousquirt.com / household dust is human skin cells / dirty sanchez  
dicknickelsen - LOOKING FOR EMPLOYMENT / bad boy cage  
a fine homo-sapien indeed - today, I am shaken  
quint - zetaphree  
spetsky - the most idiotic way to feed yourself  
nicolasb - now this is something I can support  
owin\_h - men with big hats  
srup\_Z - win a free ipad  
chronotango - men with foreskin wanted / do you have too many fingers?

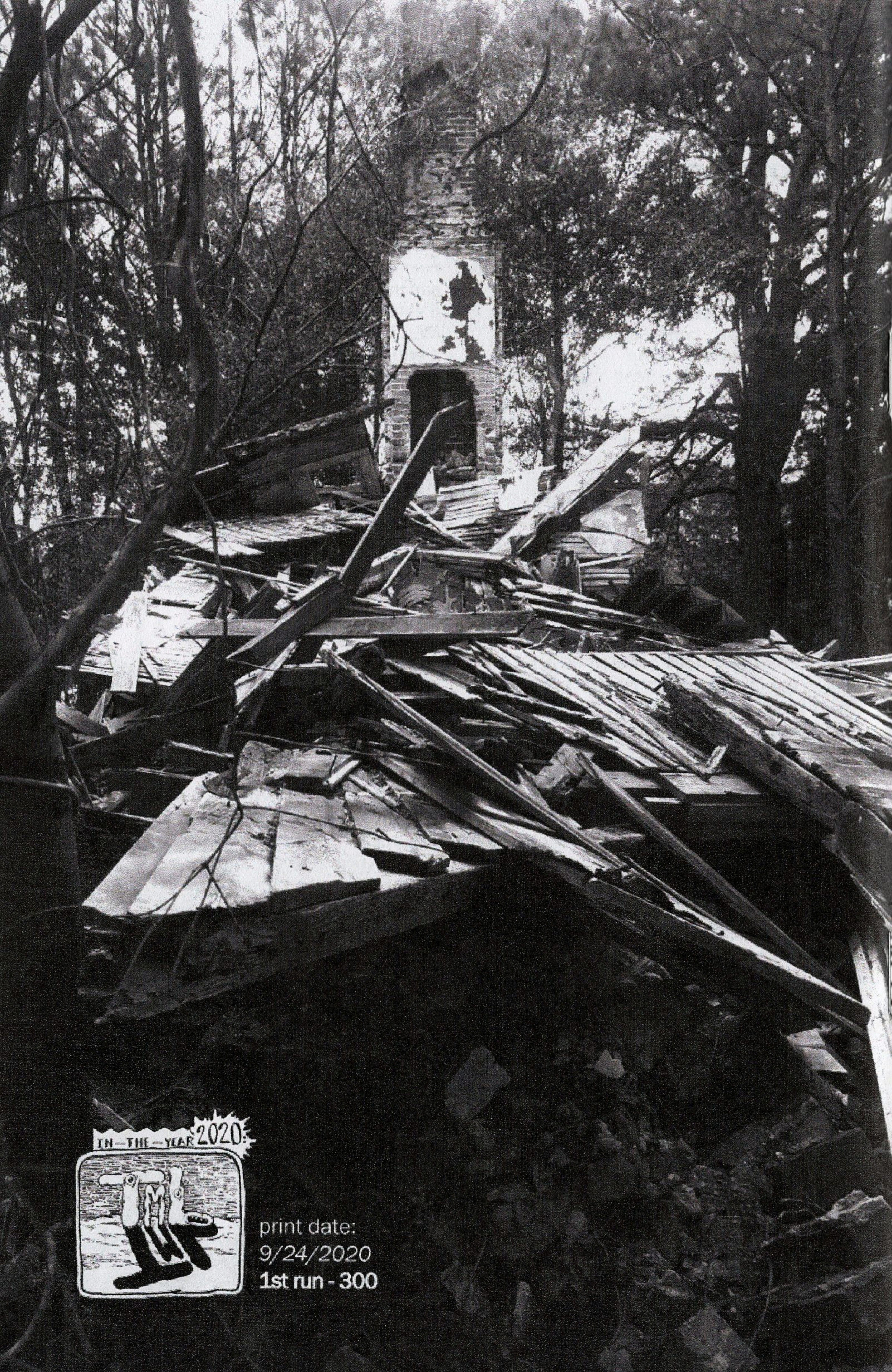
## ART

dicknickelsen - cover  
tod - competitor crew / put my head in amazon box art / zetaphree art  
the false dale gribble - the applebee-boys / guitar applebee man  
gutter god - naked cowboy  
toner martini - frog camo background  
sloth - shutter background / sunset on the water / garbage bin background / inverted, multi buscemi edits / color moon edits / until next time background / credits page footer  
canthandlemyhandle - half broken face  
gmort - feelings man / observing man in the park / where's the lighthouse? / tall skinny guy  
classicoz - !!!ATTENTION!!! art / sweating no fap guy / loonie drawing / all I want is a burger / old folks / this i can support art / baby face texter  
odin\_odang\_obie - this is not the lasagna I ordered / pixel buscemi edit / abortion dish / dog in armor / I will help for free

xxmichaelxx - neckchain guy  
boden - fix printer background  
waxyhexagon - lincoln boy  
dad - gave the monkey a gun  
pea - rat with heels  
taintbrain - confused face guy / all drawings on 11-12 spread / all that money / back cover TML drawing  
ethanol - toothy smile  
sergeant kipling - astronaut edit / cat in a jacket / tech deck dude / dammit, it's all taintbrain  
fever000 - moon head picture  
notspetsky - moon head drawing  
mastersquinch - halfmoon edit  
jared - cactus man  
piolho - poder  
tulacot - that's not very nice comic  
scanner - pizza hut image  
aliceg - girl future  
sauce - mccumboiga / lobster with a gun  
hr freud - cactus comic  
letsalllovelain - back cover

the false dale gribble - applebeeboy drawings





print date:  
9/24/2020  
1st run - 300