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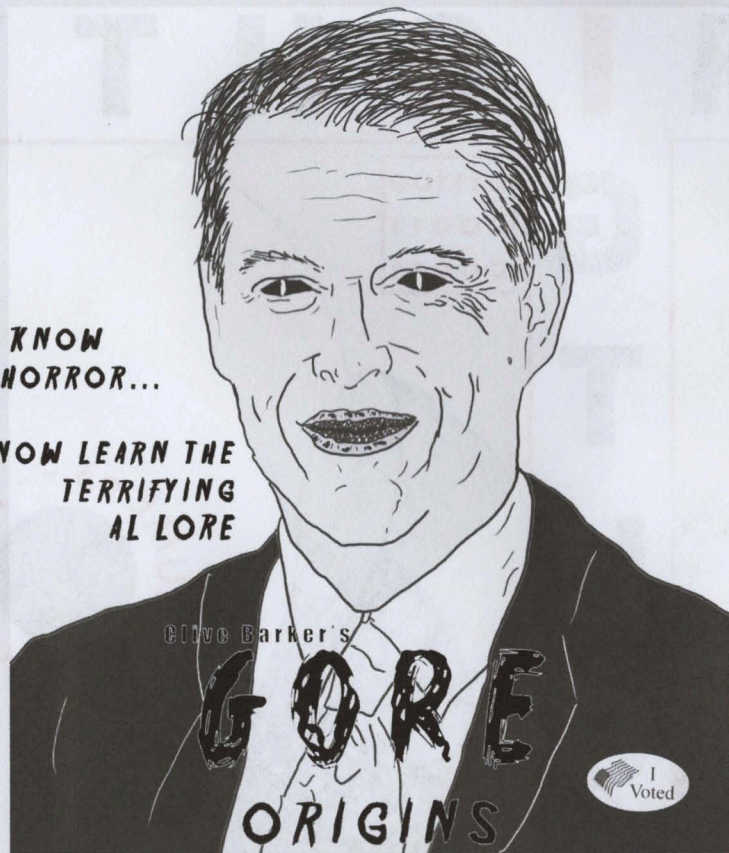
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VOLUME 03 --- ISSUE 06

Angelboy Discoman Moxie Famous Lober Sir Castic God Al Gore
 Danny DeVito Bill Murray Daryl (From A.N.T. Farm) Garfield
 Bill Gates Ted Cruz Kurt Russell Tom Brady Jackie Chan
 John/Joan Cusack with William DaFoe as Spiderman
 feat. music from The Mulkmen

**YOU KNOW
 THE HORROR...**

**NOW LEARN THE
 TERRIFYING
 AL LORE**



The Mighty Lighthouse and White House Pictures PRESENT
 IN ASSOCIATION WITH Darryl Film House AN Orion Pictures PRODUCTION

A FILM BY Clive Barker "GORE: ORIGINS" Angelboy Discoman

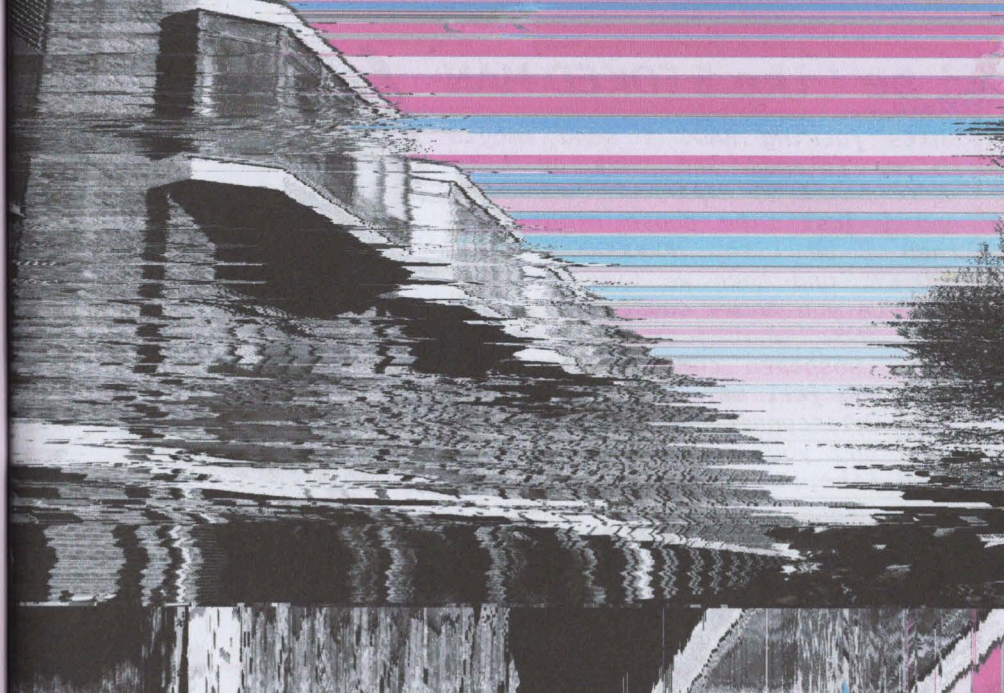
Moxie Famous Lober Sir Castic AND Al Gore MUSIC BY The Mulkmen

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER Bill Clinton WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY Clive Barker

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Orion Pictures reached out to us several months ago with an interest to promote their upcoming Al Gore Cinematic Universe (AGCU) in The Mighty Lighthouse. After hundreds of emails, dozens of hours of Zoom meeting negotiations, and numerous contract revisions, we have finally reached an agreement! Even more exciting, Al Gore himself took interest in the project and has joined the editorial team for this issue!

If there is anything in this issue which you don't like you can blame that all on Al Gore. He had final say in all edits, and his politician's pace really slowed down the editing process too!

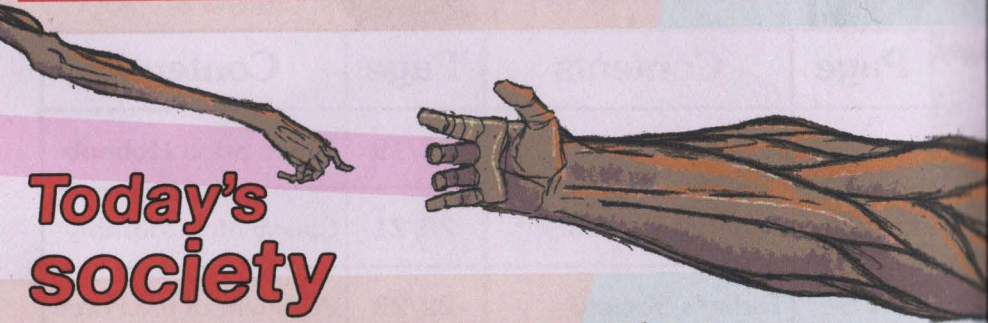


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i be Like STOKED MAN

X

shits fucking RAD. i send emojis to my friends and they be like WHOOOOAAAAA NO WAAAAAAAY MAAAAAAN, and i just like pause right? and then i be like, NOOOOOOOO JOKE BROSKY. and then we like, have a chuckle you know, cause i know and they know, what just happened you know. unspoken communications and shit you feel me? we just VIBE and like interconnect and shit, i FEEL YOU, and you FEEL ME, and its just like, a thing thats felt even though like, we dont say anything, and thats whats great about it. shit really opens your sixth eye man, like emotional intellegence you know, just like BEING AWARE maaaaaaan.



Today's society

wants to take away your Bugle corn snacks. Predominant public figures are telling you it's no longer *hip* to place little bugles onto each of your delicate fingies and slurp them up one by one. The media would have you believe there are "more practical shapes" than the cornucopia when it comes to snacking. Well, we can no longer accept this ideology. No more is it fair to the people of this fine planet to just sit idly by and let some Ingsoc government strip us of OUR FREEDOMS. I demand all corn snacks be bugle shaped going forward. My fingers deserve to be dressed in royal robes, with a BLAZING GOLDEN CROWN OF CORN IN THE SHAPE OF A FUCKING BUGLE UPONG THEIR TIPS.

No, Corporate America

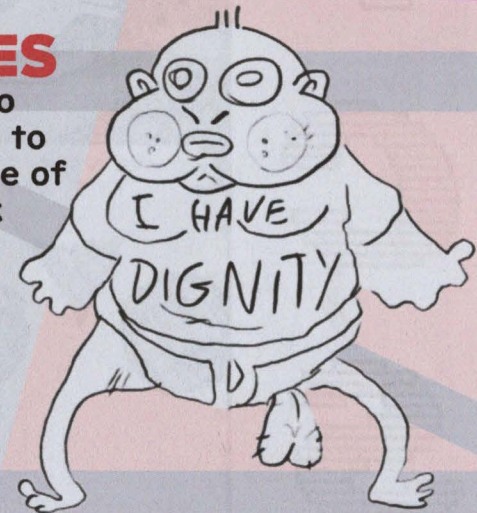
I don't want to "snap into" a Slim Jim. I want to *unravel* a Slim Jim; I want to *pull away* at the Slim Jim's seams. I want to *anatomize* it, *lay it bare*: its *aroma*, its *aftertaste*. I want to *palate* the Slim Jim; to *sample* its light-bodied marbling, to *relish* its smooth, earthy finish. I want to *resolve* the Slim Jim.

Is that really too much to ask?



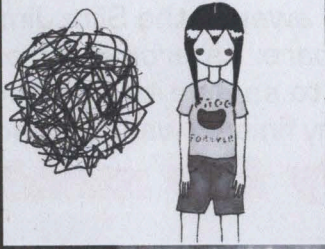
LISTEN PUSSIES

I'm the only one here who even has the balls to run to the slide at the other side of the playground and back with my eyes closed. So just because I keep hitting my head on the corner of the jungle gym DOESN'T mean you can laugh at me and call me names like "Crutch Boy" or "Principal Dumbass".



C

ME & MY BODY



WE HATE EACHOTHER

O

WE PLAY VIDEOGAMES UNTIL WE ARE TOO TIRED TO BE AWAKE



THIS WAY, WE DON'T HAVE THINKING TONIGHT



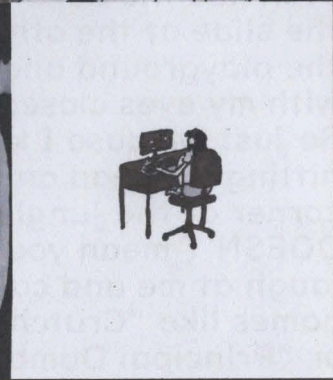
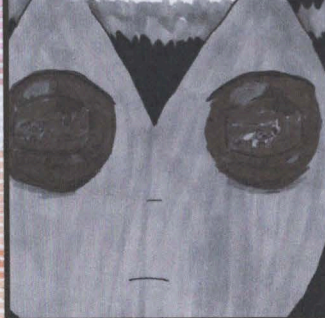
M

WE WORK TOGETHER TO FORGET OUR OWN EXISTENCE



C

WE ARE VERY SMART IN THIS WAY



S

A SERVICE DOG WHO PREVENTS YOU FROM BEING PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE

WELL, REBECCA, WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, I GUESS I AM TRYING TO STEAL YOUR ROOMMATE



SMIFF
SMIFF

WITH THAT KIND OF DEDUCTIVE REASONING IT'S NO WONDER KYLE... UH... KYLE...



YEAH, Y'KNOW WHAT? OFF, REBECCA



SCRITCH
SCRITCH

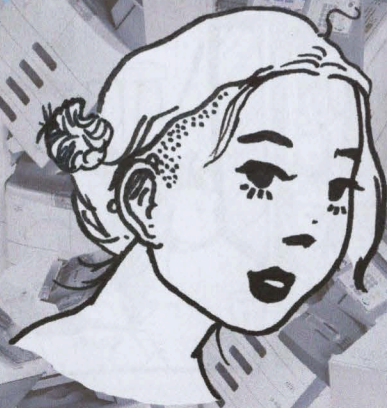




The concept of the banality of evil has been floating around my head recently. To be more specific how the phrase itself: “the banality of evil” brings to mind such a different idea now than how it was first conceptualized. Initially, the word “banality” was a reference not to the normalcy of evil in a society or in any individual person, but rather the concept that evil causes could be advanced through merely “doing ones job”, of simply following the trends of your peers. This concept was coined in the wake of the holocaust, and it was groundbreaking at the time but in our modern era this idea is simply the

given, a trite punchline. Now in my mind when someone says the “banality of evil” it means something completely different.

To my reckoning it is the perfect phrase to capture the fact that evil has become *boring*. It has become routine! Ask yourself this question: when’s the last time you heard of some horrible event and felt something? There is regularly some sort of massacre or genocide somewhere in the world, and are you shocked, appalled? Or do you just say “sounds about right”? Even the immediately personal evil of mass murders, of your own countrymen taking guns to innocent bystanders is a slightly more pronounced blip in the stream of human cruelty you’re bombarded with any time you engage in any form of media. So what does all this mean? What does this tell us about the future of wickedness? Truthfully, I don’t have an answer. Have we finally reached a plateau, the logical conclusion of diminishing returns? Or is this just a holding pattern before humanity’s next great work?



SHUT UP!
WHORE!

Gotta disagree with your concept buddy, the reason being that it failed to recognize what evil IS, and for that reason the “Banality of evil” is closer to its original conception than it was before.

What you are talking about is that you are bored of the Shadenfreude (a German word meaning to find pleasure in someone else’s discomfort). Schadenfreude is often confused as an “Evil” action because logically we deduce that “to do nothing but watch is just as bad as committing the act oneself” when it is actually a different function entirely.

“Evil” is the conscious doing of that which you know will bring harm to another. In that way it was related to the banality of having a job during WW2, but more these days more accurately relates to the way that evil is a naturally inherent thing which we have always done. This is true for our conscious actions which cause harm for any living thing. For example, if someone steps on grass, that isn’t evil. It’s unconscious, and nobody cares. But if someone is mad at you, and they dig up your grass, or they stomp on the grass with the conscious intention of killing the grass, then we get angry and defensive. We even call them out on it. “Why did the grass have to suffer?” Because we recognize naturally that it is a living thing, destroyed consciously by another living thing for no purpose beyond finding comfort in it’s suffering.



GamerDungeon

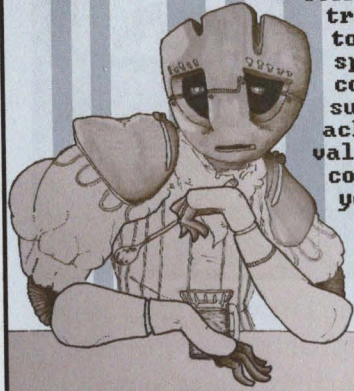
POWER TO THE PLAYERS
BREAK YOUR CHAINS
ESCAPE THE CAVE

Sponsored by the all new AI Gore Cinematic Universe Game Studio

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STEAM-TRADING-CARDS

can be traded for small frogs at the steam store. Get enough small frogs and you can trade them in for a large toad. If you manage to turn your toad inside out you get a special achievement, however this is a very complicated process, and the chances of success are extremely low. Inside out toad achievements obviously have no monetary value by themselves, however if you have the complete reverted amphibian collection you get entered into the steam Reptile of the Room competition. These competitions are bicentennial, and the next one is coming up in 2023, so you should probably start collecting trading cards. What is the reward for the Reptile of the Room competition? Steam. You win 100% of all steam stocks and assets. Gabe got the idea from the Chocolate factory book.



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Does your mom

tell you to clean your room all the time? Has your father told you to change your filthy clothes at inopportune times? Then you ought to try out our new patent pending **An Overly sized Hammer™!** Simply whack those dumb bumbling buffoons on the noggin and watch 'em **bleed** all over the carpet of your room. Don't worry! Simply cover them up with the stacks of soiled clothing in your room and play some **X-Men Legends** on your **Original Xbox!**



0111011001101111011101000110010100110100011000010110110001100111011011110111001001100101

Here at **GameStop** we won't just buy your games, we'll **buy your son** That's right!

If you have a son we will buy him for at least **30 dollars** Throw in **two sons**

and we'll give you **65 dollars**

GameStop

power to the players



011001110111011101100010011101010111001101101000011100110111010101000110110101101110011

Letterbox: An AMAZING Gamer Tale

When I was about 17, my little brother and I were playing some Call of Duty: Black Ops II(I use the Roman numerals because that's what's on the box, I'm not saying two, got it?) zombies and my dad came downstairs from the upstairs living room(we called it the "big room" because it was big and had windows on three of its walls)

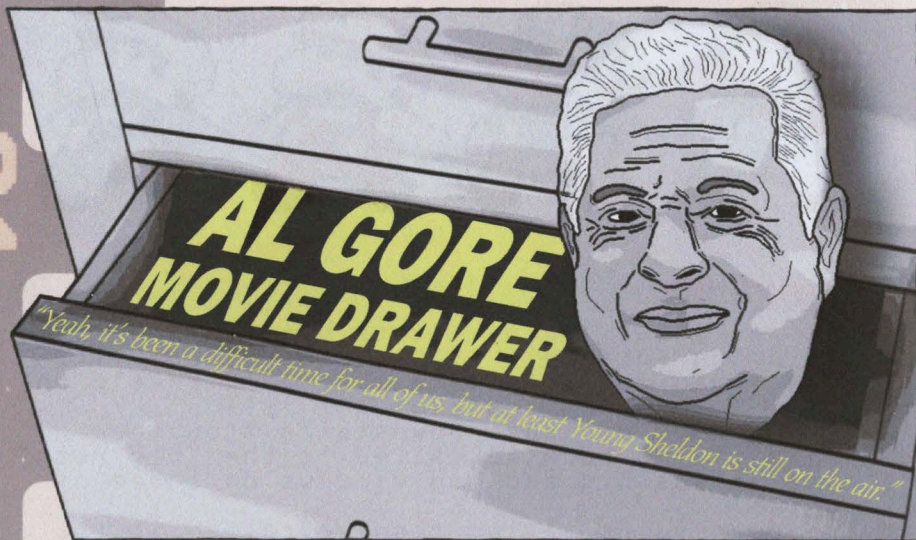
to the downstairs living room(we called it the play room because when the addition to our house was built the big room became the new living room and the old play room was joined to the laundry room, so we moved the sega genesis and original Xbox to the old living room and made that the new play room)

and in a drunken stupor(he was a big fan of the drink at this point, we'd grown accustomed to conversations and arguments over the past few years so nothing new)

conversation drifted from talking about the game we were playing(which again, is Call of Duty Black Ops II)

to Jesus' coming in the Bible fulfilling the Old Testament(this is said throughout the New Testament a few times, but I didn't know enough there to argue the point with him; dad knew though, he was a theology teacher at a catholic school, my whole family being such, and his mom was about the closest to a Sister one can be without taking the vows).

At this point, conversation then turned to the fulfillment of the Old Testament to Jesus' fulfillment of that testament and Covenant(This covenant starting with the conversation God had with Abram, before he gave him his "ha" in "Abraham", where God said if Abram praises him he'd have more babies than grains of sand) means that as a Catholic you don't need to have a circumcision(this was how God was supposed to know who his chosen people were, guess it was be polite then to look at dicks, it's God-like), and that was the reason my little brother and I aren't circumcised(at this point we're both thinking about how we aren't circumcised and that means our older brother isn't either) and then my dad says to us that we need to show that off.



NEW EXCLUSIVE FILM REVIEWS

The Sixth Sense (1999): ★★☆☆☆

A psychological thriller directed by M. Night Shyamalan. It focuses on a young boy named Cole, who at first comes across as a fuckin' weirdo. Turns out, he sees dead people. It was pretty crazy that Bruce Willis turned out to be a dead guy, but this raises more questions than it answers and opens a few plot holes. First of all, Cole's fate is still up in the air: Does he still see dead people, or did Dr. Willis fix him? If the kid still has to wake up at 3am to see dead slave owners painting his bedroom in viscera, then that makes Willis a pretty shitty shrink.

And how did Cole's mom manage to hire a dead psychiatrist? I get it that she's a single mom and can't afford a live one, but finding a dead guy to talk to your kid makes the story kind of a stretch, if not a little fucked up.

And what about his wife? Why was she such a bitch? They got divorced in her sleep, which somehow resolves that plotline?

I give The Sixth Sense 2 out of 5 stars. Cool graphics, creepy kids, but totally paper thin characters which made convincing acting impossible.



Just watched The Fly (1986)

and I just gotta say that, yeah, it's a decent flick, but Cronenberg's depiction of masculinity is just... textbook. It's hunky Jeff Goldblum, again, playing *Seth Brundle*, the stereotypically irresistible man: 6'6", inhumanly strong, and just the right amount of greasy. He's got no fingernails (ladies?), body hair in all the right places, and, and, they give him pheromones to boot? It's just derivative at this point; the female gaze at work. What's even worse is the way they try to downplay Brundle's innate sex appeal — like "oh it's no big deal", like "oh but look at his digestive enzymes or whatever." Come on! You can't look at those absolutely cut mandibles and those breathtaking compound eyes and say, "oh yeah, that's a fair depiction of manhood." Yeesh. Leave some for the rest of us, Hollywood.

THE AL GORE FRANCHISE GOES LIKE THIS:

Gore: Origins

Gore

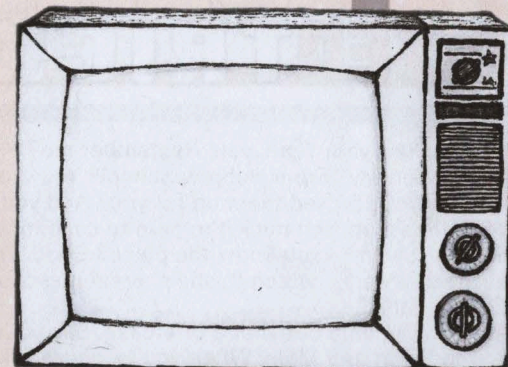
Gore II

Gore III: Gore Nation

Al Four

Bush v. Gore (like an *aliens vs predators* film)

The final canonical film in the series came out Jan 2001, and it ended with them defeating al gore and everyone being finally happy again .. they drive off but the camera stays. After a little bit it begins to slowly zoom in on his grave. A fat greasy hand comes into frame and rests upon the tombstone. The camera pans up to reveal a sweaty and fat dick cheney. "We're far from the finish line," he says with a grin and it fades to black. Fin.



Editor's Note

My favorite quote from the first movie: "It was you Al! You were *The Inconvenient Truth!*"

MAIL BAG: READER OPINIONS

Yasa:

I think it would be interesting to watch a "fine dining" themed scat fetish porn film. Like there's a couple of Japanese salarymen at a small round table in the middle of an otherwise empty but very fancy room. Two naked girls come over and shit on their plates and then plate it really nicely and then leave and the guys eat it in a very civilized manner with knife and fork or maybe chopsticks if it's arranged in an Asian looking way. Wouldn't want to jerk off to it, but maybe it could win a small film award in Portland Oregon.

Da Troof:

Wouldn't it be funny if the gov basically continued MK ultra and started creating shit like gang stalkers and Q anon combined with dosing only the people who accidentally get involved in those psuedo schizophrenic nonsense cults with psychoactive drugs for the sole purpose of being able to target, psychologically harm, and delegitimize those who, intentionally or not, discover and spread actual REAL government secrets but then nobody ever does find any and they end up irl trolling thousands of Americans into a state of psychosis just cuz they were paranoid

"Sorry for dabbing on you, American citizen, maybe next month we'll let you go back to regular tap water lmao"

I have never seen the film 'the Truman show'

Fluffr_Nuttr:

with all of the christian movies out in the last several years, why don't other religions get something? something like The Jew Movie: God Isn't Dead (but jesus is)

TOP JEWISH VOTED TRICKS OF 2020

#1 Hey, you. Yeah, you. Remember me? Jeremy? From Hebrew School? You dropped your car keys in the hallway? And I picked them up for you? And you said, "Hey, I owe you one."? Well, time's up, schmuck. I'm here to cash in. 6th and Swan — you know the place? Good. 7:24pm, sharp, walk up to the broad at the counter — watch it, she's a real meschugena. Ask her for the "Chalupa Embarazada." A man will come out with a briefcase. Say your shaloms, and go; he'll follow you to Swan and Main. When you've passed the second telephone pole, pin him against the wall. Start kissing. He shouldn't take long, the shmendrick. When he busts, snatch the briefcase, and run six blocks west. Drop the briefcase in the shrub by the Einstein Bros., and book it like the Torah. Got it? The whole Megillah? I'm counting on you. Remember, bubeleh: *chazak u'varuch*.

#2 I get home from a long day of work and put down my things on the sofa before I flop down next to them. I sigh, knowing full well I have work to do yet. While absent mindly reaching for a book out of sight, my hand rests on something alive. I freeze. Fear struck dead into my soul. "Hard day?" I hear someone next to me say light heartedly. The voice is unmistakable, it is the voice of Andy Samberg. My hand is on his thigh for a few moments before I snap back to reality and leap from my slouch. "Why!? Why won't you leave me alone!?" I scream at him as he sits smugly admiring my protests. "We're not married! Get out of my fucking house!" I plead with him. He stands up, his crotch glowing with the unholy aura that proceeds every one of his dick in a box gags. Before it can even materialize, I sprint to the door, throwing it open, and run out of the house. What has become of my life? Where will I go? Is there no escape from this clown? I stop to catch my breath, supporting myself on a nearby wall when I hear a voice again. "If you like it, put a ring on it." I begin to cry.

#3 Buddy lemme tell you, I just slid through valleys of feces, waded through oceans of bile, and gave myself a severe case of tetanus moving this rusty slab of metal just to ask if I can have a moment of your time. Are you fed up with your home insurance provider?

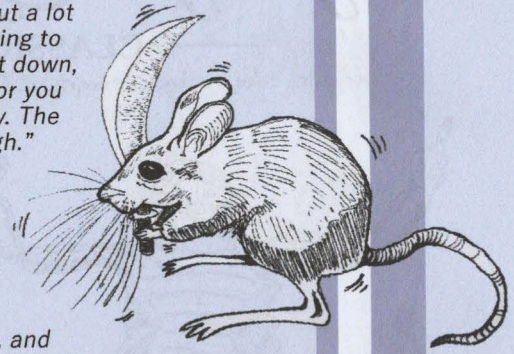


#4 "So what's your ten year plan?"

"I'm glad you asked. I've put a lot of thought into this. I'm going to make an investment on a bar, shut it down, revamp it. Call it Good Boys, a bar for you and a side park for your dogs to play. The dogs gotta be over 21 to drink though."

"Huh, Good Boys. That's kinda cool I guess"

"No, that's just part of the plan. Across the street I'm opening a business called Bad Boys and it's a dog fighting racket. It'll be like a speakeasy too, except it's for drugs, and your dogs don't have to be 21 to do them."

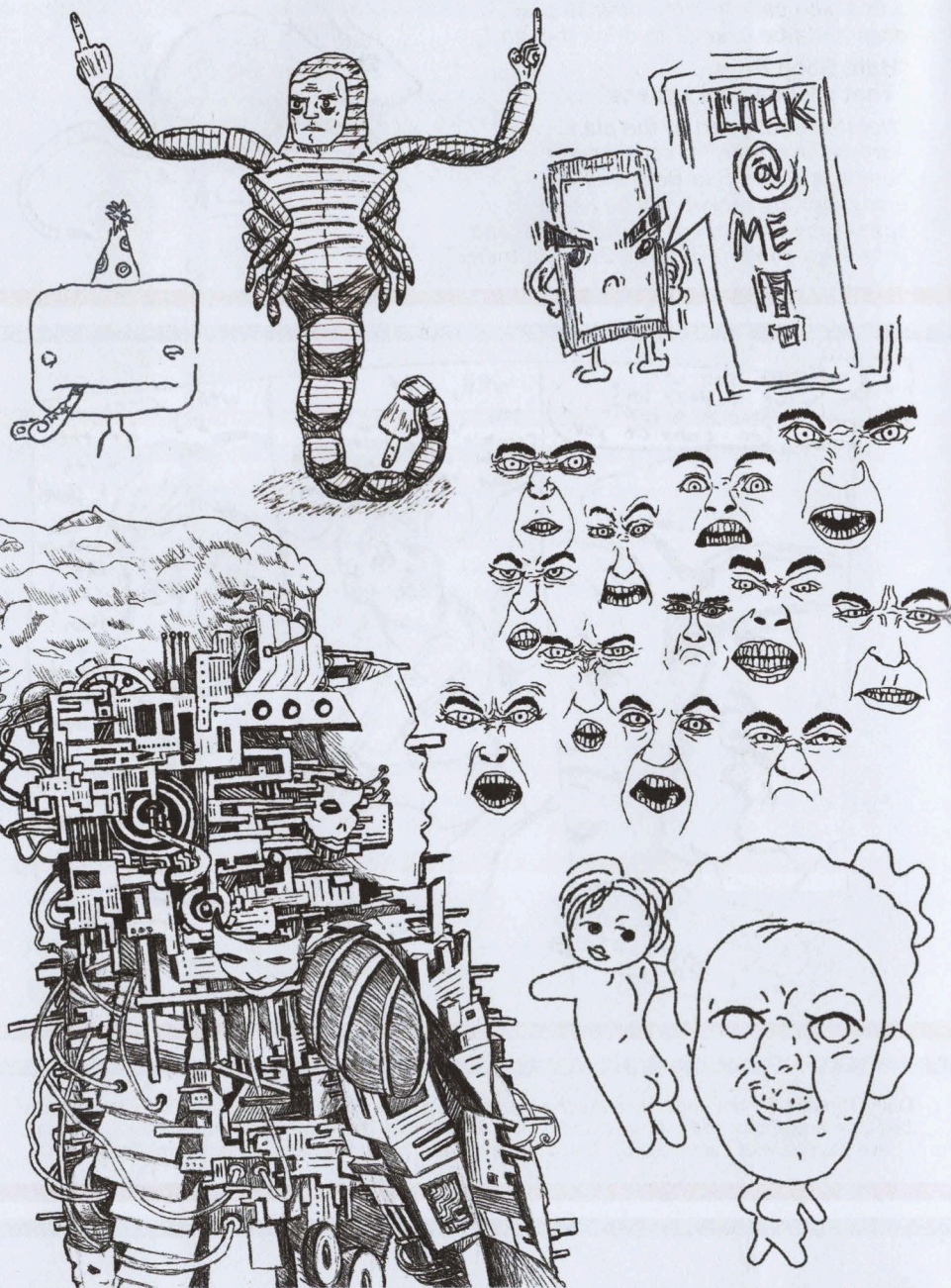


Daily Tanakh: Do not underestimate the strength of a man with nothing to lose; For when the final bell tolls, and your world is burned and broken, he will look down upon your stricken body and say "Have you heard of Ben Shapiro? Check out this video, he makes some really interesting points."

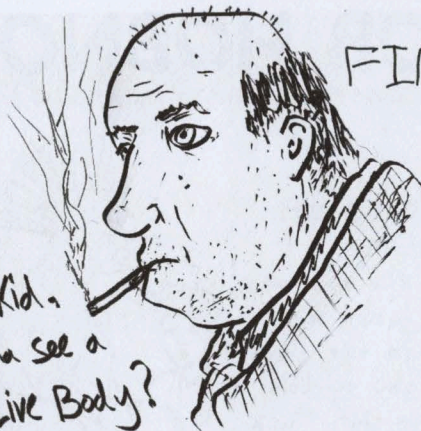
Mighty-Lighthouse

CLASSIC

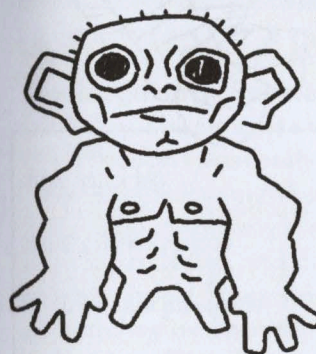
(Adult coloring book excerpt; NSF Grant #TPE-8751472)



Hey Kid,
Wanna see a
Live Body?

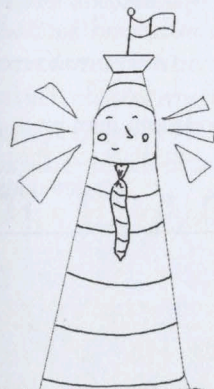


FINISH THE BODY



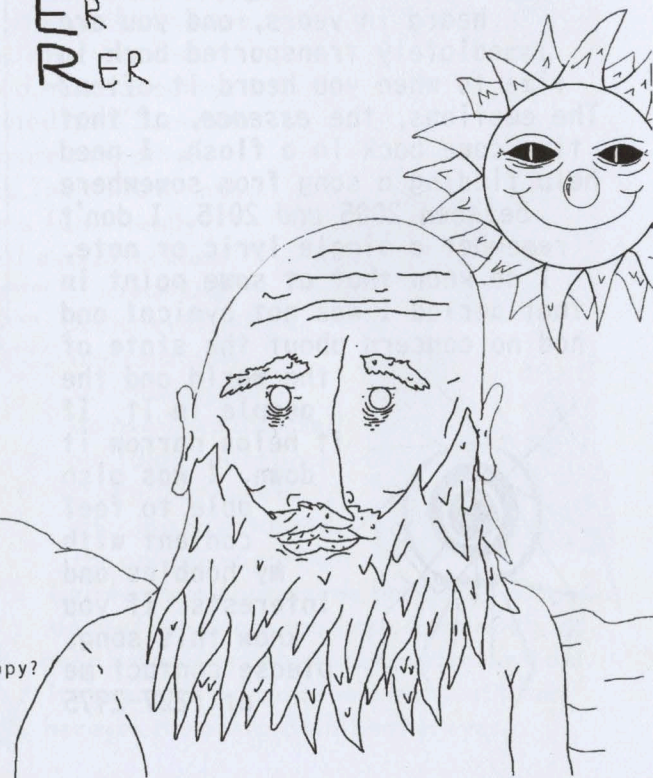
YEAH, I'M A

B
U
T
T
E
R
F
L
Y



Color in the
GAY
LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER!

Why is the Lighthouse SO happy?
Write your answer below!



MUSIC SNOB HOBNOB

a social space for true music fans who do not have shit taste

PUNK ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

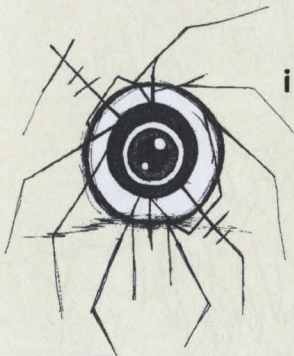
All these posers are having wanton sex, smoking weed, and tearing down the system. How are we supposed to rebel against our parents if they're also listening to five finger death punch and scrawling anarchy symbols on random walls? I'm done with this shit. Fuck you mom and dad, I'm gonna comb my hair, put on a suit, laser remove my satanic tattoos and buy a house in suburban America.



IN SEARCH OF THAT ONE SONG

You ever hear a song you haven't heard in years, and you are immediately transported back in time to when you heard it often? The emotions, the *essence*, of that time come back in a flash. I need help finding a song from somewhere between 2005 and 2015. I don't remember a single lyric or note.

I do know that at some point in that period I was not cynical and had no concern about the state of the world and the people in it. If it helps narrow it down, I was also able to feel content with my hobbies and interests. If you know this song, please contact me at 1227-2975



im fallin out
got killer gout
and my back do kinda hurt
i cough when i burp
and my vision gets worse
every day that im alive
i piss when i cry
and shit when i try
a miracle im still breathin
my eczema's creepin
wounds stay leakin
goddamn man im in pain
my joints aint the same
im going insane
BUT ILL NEVER SEE A DOCTOR



SUNG TO THE TUNE OF
"HOT FOR TEACHER"
(VAN HALEN, 1984)

"I'M FUCKIN GAY
FUCKIN GAY
FUCKIN GAY
I'M HOT FOR PENIS"



Cool Lyrics:
I miss
the bliss
of piss
I need
a kiss
of piss
my mouth
is dry
I weep
and cry
For just
a kiss
of piss

A FEW YEARS BACK

I took a girl to an Ed Sheeran concert for her birthday. The concert started out great, and even though I was really just there for the girl, I found myself somewhat enjoying the songs. Then, about halfway through the concert, a cold fog rolled in, and Ed called for the music to be stopped. There was a tense silence as we all watched and wondered what was about to happen. Then, Ed turned, made direct eye contact with me, and shouted "you!" Someone in the rafters up above pointed a spotlight down on me and my friend. Then Ed continued. "Your eyes; I want your eyes." I don't really remember much after that, except for blurs

PLEASE



LOOK AWAY

of screaming audience members, and anxiously scrambling over bodies. Then I blacked out. I didn't wake back up until three weeks later, in a hospital bed. The police told me I just barely made it out in time, but Ed almost got me. My friend wasn't so lucky. Apparently Ed got a hold of her before she could make it out. It's been half a decade now, but he still has her eyes; the bastard still has her eyes.



Today I made a "New Folder" on my PC, but I named it "Old Folder" because fuck Bill Gates.

Hey bro let me see your browsing data bro just a quick peek bro I just want to personalise your experience bro

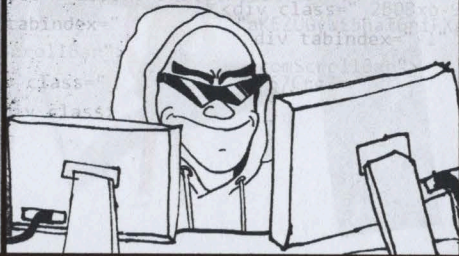
Graphic design is my passion, but that passion's form is hatred
Fuck all of you.

ON THE 24TH OF OCTOBER, 2006, I DISCOVERED THE 'INSPECT ELEMENT' FEATURE.

I AM NO LONGER HELD BACK BY THE LIMITATIONS OF TRUTH.

BETWEEN THE 1s AND 0s I CARVE OUT MY OWN REALITY.

I AM THE ELEMENT INSPECTOR.



A fun filled weekend with me and the lads, just goofing online talking a teenage girl into killing herself!



CLASSY MAN MONTHLY

My favorite part about wine?

The clout. Everyone drinks alcohol (religious fanatics and virgins aside) so it's simply a fact that what you drink speaks volumes to your personality. With that in mind, how do you want to be seen? You drink beer? What are some sort of bubba with an American flag tattoo? "No no no!" you say, "It's not that kind of beer, it's craft beer!" Ok dude, but you're not fooling anyone with your quintuple dry-hopped milkshake IPA, we all know you're just trying to seem cooler than you are. Cocktails? Sure, go for it, I guess, if you're geriatric or some sort of on-the-go businesswoman anyway. Straight liquor? Yeah whatever guy, it all tastes like paint thinner and you know it. No, wine is clearly the only answer. If a man can't expound for 30 minutes about the flavor notes in their beverage they're drinking the wrong thing. Accept it, embrace it, and grow up. Moreover, as a wine drinker you will not only broadcast that you're the most intelligent guy in the room, but also become incredibly attractive to the ladies. I can speak from personal experience that nothing is sexier than a man with strong opinions about wine. I've seen women drop their panties in a café by simply working the word 'terroir' into a casual conversation. Don't believe me? Well that's fine, just means there's more Jeriome Fransico Estate 1990 Vintage Oak Aged Malbec for the harem and I.

I want to fuck Yoko Ono, and that's okay!

Honey, wake up —

he's back. The dog is back. Yeah, the one with the big ears. Look at him. Look at him go. Huge ears — enormous. You see him? Right there, in the yard. What? What do you mean, you don't see him? He's right there!



Often I wonder why pugs still exist. You'd think eventually people would stop breeding them, but every now and then you'll see a brand new litter of pug puppies (Puggies, if you will. I know I won't). It just amazes me that these little gremlins continue to get laid. Makes you wonder what kind of standards dogs have.

I had a thought today, dogs aren't good doctors.

Quotes overheard in the throbbing metropolis of Boy Smoochin' Town:

"Hey, boy, do you want a smooch?"

"Deals galore! Buy one smooch, get one free!"

"Shit, I'm going to be late to my job at the Boy Smoochin' factory"

"Are you sure your wife won't mind if I give you a quick smooch?"

"Here you are, one hotdog with mustard and relish.

That'll be 2 smooches please"

"I'm sorry sir, you know I have to write you a ticket for Refusal to Smooch"

"Sir! Sir! You forgot your wallet. And this smooch"

Quotes overheard in the post-industrial, recession-hit city of Boy Smoochin' Town:

"Please sir, could you spare me a smooch?"

"Fire sale! Clearance! All smooches must go!"

"Honey, I got laid off from the Boy Smoochin' factory. How are we going to pay the rent?"

"Hey, you there, you look like you could use a good smooch. Watcha say we go into this alley"

"Please sir, my kids are hungry, I'm asking for just one smooch"

"You're under arrest, hands where I can see them! We don't trust you girl-kissin types around here"

"Hand over your smooches or I swear on my mother I'll blow your fuckin brains out"



PRESIDENT OF THE PORCH



Sometimes when I am relaxing on my porch at 2 in the morning, I have this daydream that I become President of the United States of America. For the 15 minutes that it takes for me to smoke my cigarette, I can become the President of The Porch.

I won the election by a landslide. The debates were no hassle at all, either. Everybody agreed with me. It was unanimous. All I had to do was not give in to their game. I didn't interrupt. I fought for all seven parties' rights and used a portion of my time on the debate stage to let them know that EVERYBODY should be able to partake in the process. "If they are on the ballot, they should be on the stage," I said, and people cheered. I made sure not to get aggressive, but to let them know when I didn't particularly appreciate that they spoke over me and made sure to provide my credible resources (of which I had many.)

In the first year, I got a satellite into orbit around the planet. In the first three years, we saw an end to poverty. I taxed automation because it didn't make sense that we would tax a person, but not a robot, making more money than that person, and who we did not have to pay. I took the trillions of dollars for that because the economy was going so well, and I was able to redistribute the wealth and turn all of the old abandoned malls into homeless shelters and provide every adult American with a living wage. I decriminalized natural psychedelics, and because we no longer house prisoners who did nothing wrong, we were able to use the money to start programs that would use them for therapeutics; seeing an end to a lot of mental illness, increasing personal well-being, and an end to prescription drug addiction. Because of the tax on the meat industry, we also reduced our food waste, and because the farmers were getting more money, they were able to treat the animals better and process their meat healthier. The cost of fatty, terrible food went up, and the cost of healthy alternatives went down. Since everybody was eating better, we saved a lot of money on healthcare costs, as fewer people needed to go to the hospital. We didn't even need to have universal healthcare. Fewer people went to the doctor, and they had a passive income thanks to the automation! They could afford the private insurance companies now! And college! Everybody was happy, and everything was great.

But the real kicker came in my final year in office; When Japan, being the first nation in the world to rise from their slumber and greet the new day, discovered all of their nuclear bombs were missing. It didn't take long for the word to spread and call an emergency meeting with all world leaders for the UN. By 9 AM America-time, they were all sitting there, calling the meeting to order. They knew that the bombs were missing. Everybody clarified that their's were gone, but there was some speculation that Russia might have been lying. They weren't. Then one of them notices that America's seat is empty. "Where is he? Where is the President

of the Porch?" They speculate. Then the door swings open, and I arrive. Fashionably late, of course. I was calm and in control.

With me, I had a group of a hundred men, of all ethnicities, from all across the globe. They are wearing their military uniforms, representing all of the different countries they have worked for. "So..." I say, lighting my cigarette indoors because I could. "What seems to be all the hubbub?"

Immediately, they know it was me who took the nukes. Their first question is obvious: "Where are they?" "Destroyed." I shoot back. The room is silent. "So, only you have Nukes?" Boris Johnson asks in the stupid, rushed way he asks everything. "No," I confirm. "I don't." This surprises them. "But...how do we know?" Cuba inquires. It's a fair question, and one I answer.

"I had my R&D team cook up this little project. Remember the satellite I sent into orbit my first year in office? Well, it isn't just for taking pretty pictures. It can detect when all of the ingredients used to make a nuclear bomb are together in the same space and pinpoint to 12-digits the exact location that they are all together. That is how I located all of the bombs. You will notice I was a bit late today. I spent my morning with the R&D team who showed me this app, run by a secure server on the satellite, which live-streams the satellite to everybody who wishes to see it. If anybody had nukes, everybody would know." They are stunned. Shocked. They aren't sure what to think.

I gesture to the group of soldiers behind me. "These men helped me obtain the bombs. I have been discussing this project with them, and we have all reached the same conclusion that the only way to live in a world without the threat of nuclear war is for someone with integrity to destroy them all and then destroy their own nukes. These are the men who had that integrity. Like me, these are the men who no longer wished to live in a world that was paralyzed by the fear of nuclear war. Now...we don't."

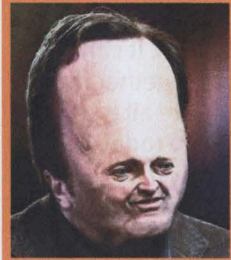
Some of them looked sad. I didn't blame them. I would have been upset as well. India claimed this was an act of war. I told them I would not fight them back and that I understand their frustration. I told him that I did not feel bad, but that if it made him feel better, I would be a man about it, and he could hit me in the face. Ram Nath Kovind approaches and punches me in the face. A tooth falls out with a little bit of blood. He's tougher than he looks. I stand back up. He hits me again. I fall again.

This time, a hand reaches down for me. It's one of the Pakistani soldiers who helped me rid the world of its nukes. His kind gesture is enough to inspire me to stand up again. We lock arms because racism is bad, and before we know it, all of the soldiers have locked arms in unity. "If you hit one of us, you have to hit all of us." He tells Ram.

Suddenly, there is a line of world leaders. Mokgweetsi Masisi of Botswana hits me in the ribs. Igor Dodon of Moldova kicks me in the nads. They hit hard, and with reason. But every time, we all get up. When the line is over and their aggression satiated, we take our seats. Whatever happens now doesn't matter. We have made the world a better place, and we know that. We keep the blood on our faces for the rest of the meeting, refusing to wipe away their grief. I understand why they are upset, but I don't care. I am up for re-election next year, and they haven't seen the end of the President of the Porch.



MODERN MEDICINE QUARTERLY



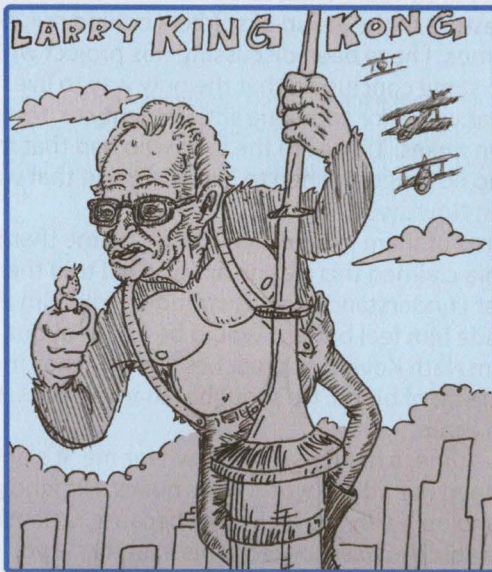
4 OUT OF 5 BIG BRAIN doctors recommend a DAILY DOSE of **AL GORE** content and basically YOU are **FUCKING STUPID!**

Did you Know??

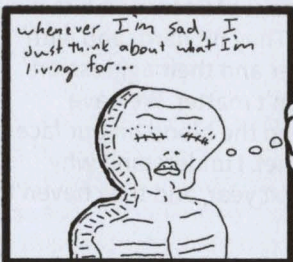
Nostalgia was once considered a mental illness. Well, I say we put it back on the books for those who went through their teenage years in the early 2000s.

Just like microdosing drugs, you can microdose nut. Nutting in small amounts over a period of time can extend your coon from seconds to hours, and reportedly alleviates depression as well.

I TOOK SOME DIFFERENT PILLS OUT OF MY MOM'S MEDICINE CABINET TO SEE IF I COULD GET HIGH, BUT I ENDED UP IRONING MY CLOTHES WHILE LISTENING TO NPR INSTEAD.

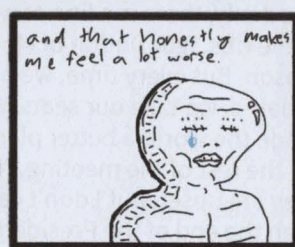


Day 4 of slipping viagra into the retirement home staff and old folk's rations



Whenever I'm sad, I just think about what I'm living for...

HEROIN



and that honestly makes me feel a lot worse.



I know

WHERE ARE THE COMMENTS ABOUT me being a **Paranoid schizophrenic** now that I brought **convincing** evidence??

The latest **shill** comments have been: "**why does it bother you so much**" and "**that doesn't mean you are targeted**"

Lol. Pathetic.

One **perp** on tiktok has over **56k** views I caught him **RED** handed and he had **no explanation.**

I got another woman (**getting into a black Mercedes the preferred vehicle for sex traffickers**) at a store while trying to get me on **CAMERA** and another guy today at a **Target**. The list is only grow. **Is this not enough?** What more do you want?

I lost count at **47** people today who pointed their **CAMERA** at me. **THAT WAS AROUND 1PM.**

One totally **froze** when I said "I CAN BLATANTLY SEE YOU GUYS SIGNALING TO EACHOTHER"

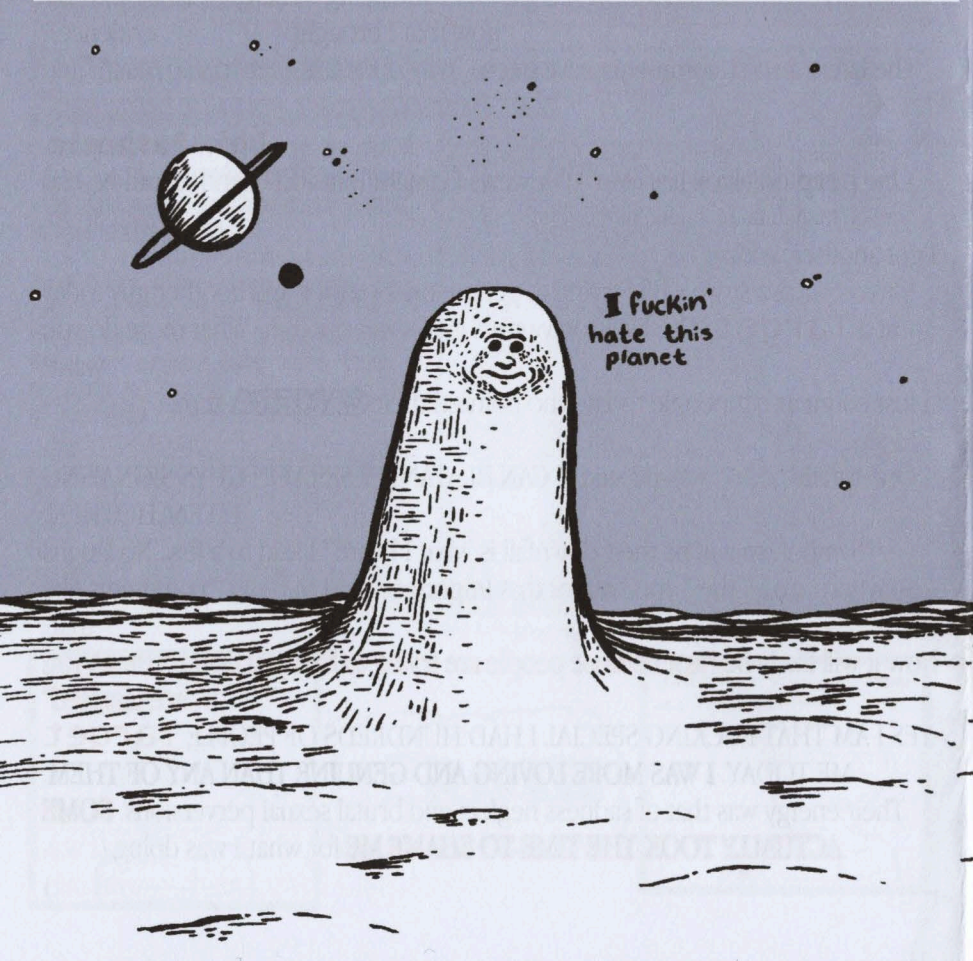
"Symbolism will be their downfall is what I heard" I said to a few. No laughs So where are all the "you are not that important" and **NEGATIVE** comments like that?

Now it will likely be "**just because people are trying to film you doesn't mean you are targeted**"

YES I AM THAT FUCKING SPECIAL I HAD HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE Target ME TODAY. I WAS MORE LOVING AND GENUINE THAN ANY OF THEM.

Their energy was that of sadness neglect and brutal sexual perversions. **SOME ACTUALLY TOOK THE TIME TO SHAME ME** for what I was doing (I was working)

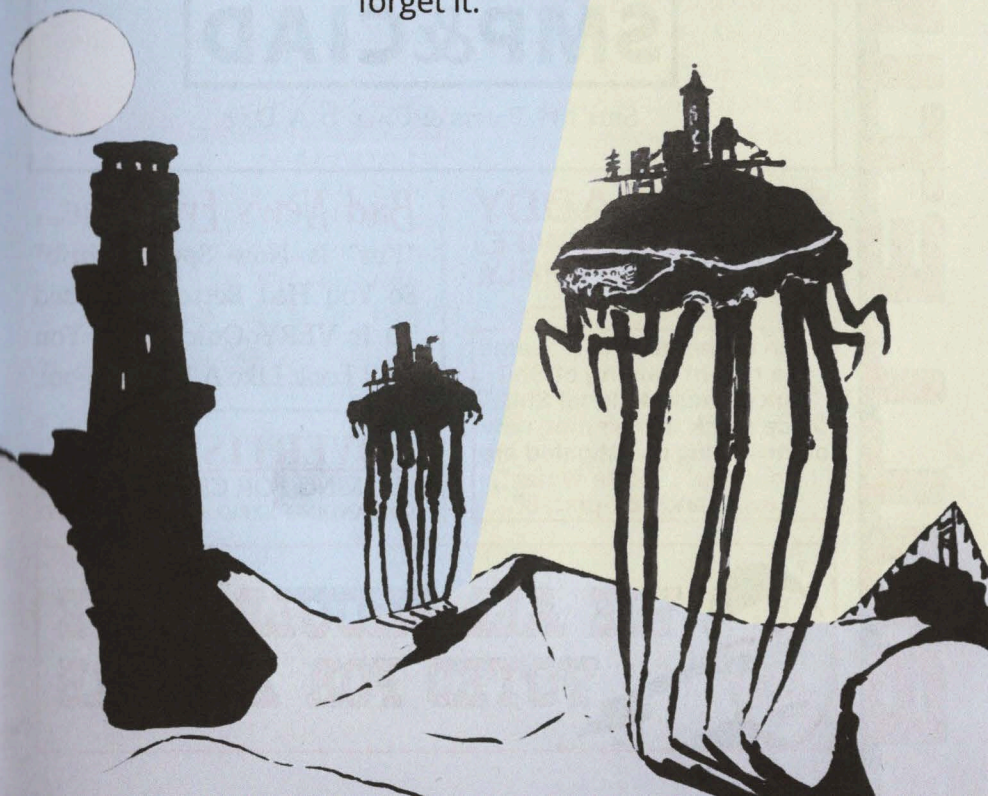
SHOULD WE REALLY TRUST PEOPLE WHO WRITE BOOKS? PEOPLE WHO HAVE PORED THROUGH RESEARCH, BEEN REVIEWED AND APPROVED FOR PUBLICATION AND ALL? I MEAN, THINK ABOUT IT: HOW MANY HOURS, HOW MANY DRAFTS, HOW MANY DOLLARS MUST THEY HAVE SPENT ON THEIR *IDEOLOGY* TO WRITE A WHOLE BOOK? DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL EVER CHANGE THEIR OPINION BASED ON NEWLY PRESENTED IDEAS? IF AN AUTHOR EVER REALIZED THEY WERE WRONG (WHICH OF COURSE THEY WOULDN'T), WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO, RE-WRITE THE BOOK? PULL IT OFF THE SHELVES? NO. IN FACT, THAT AUTHOR PROBABLY REALIZED THEY WERE WRONG LIKE HALF WAY THROUGH BUT ALREADY HAD A GIG WITH SOME PUBLISHER OR ACADEMIC JOURNAL SO THEY JUST HAD TO MAKE SURE THEY COULD SELL IT. NOW THEY GOT A CAREER GOIN FOR THEM-FOLLOWERS AND STUDENTS AND ALL THE LIKE. NO WAY THEY'RE EVER GONNA CHANGE THEIR WAYS. NOW HOW IS THAT AN OPINION I COULD TRUST? READER, JOIN ME IN MY MISSION TO ABOLISH AUTHORS FROM THE ACADEMIC WORLD. ANONYMOUS INTERNET COMMENTING, HOWEVER- THAT'S SOMETHING TO PAY ATTENTION TO. YOU CAN MAKE ANY STATEMENT YOU BELIEVE IN AND THEN COMPLETELY WALK AWAY FROM IT IF PROVEN WRONG. THAT'S GROWTH, THAT'S AN ACADEMIC WORLD I WANT TO SEE. NOW LOOK, I CAN SEE SOME OF YOU READING THIS TRYING TO REASON WITH YOURSELF HOW I'M WRONG. BUT SERIOUSLY, TRY ME- I'M ALREADY WRITING A BOOK ABOUT IT.



Came up with a joke:

So, like, a bug goes to a store and, ah shit, so a bug goes to the store and asks the- asks the waiter, like can you get me a drink? And the waiter, the waiter says uhh that um yeah I can- wait shit did I say it was a store? Let me start over again. Okay, so like a bug goes to the restaurant-a restaurant and sits down. Now this is like one of those fancy restaurants but you really don't need to know that so like yea-. He asks the waiter, the waiter is like okay what do you want and he goes yeah um can I get a water and she's like "wait shit, please provide-please " fuck man.

forget it.



Coffee has been officially changed to "Shit Juice". Any person who fails to comply with this shall be executed at the gallows.

Hey, quick question: if someone were to invent a cloning machine and use it on themselves, then one day out of nowhere their clone got really horny and then pinned them down and forcefucked them unexpectedly, would that be considered rape, or just surprise masturbation? Need to settle an argument with someone. P.S. Do you know of any home remedies to treat profuse rectal bleeding? Thanks.

MAN SEEKING ONLINE RIVAL I am SICK AND TIRED of being told by everyone that I can do anything. "You can do anything if you put your mind to it". Do you think that's really going to motivate me mom? Who am I supposed to STICK IT to if I achieve those things? Who am I to prove wrong? No. I want to be told I can't do it. I want my rival to tell me this and I need him to BELIEVE IT too. I want to wake to a backlog of foul messages from my rival. I want to share my goals and aspirations with my rival only to have him tear them into tiny pieces, SHIT on those pieces and then throw those pieces BACK IN MY FACE. All so that if I achieve those things I can stand tall, press my two erect middle fingers against my screen and shout FUCK YOU, YOU WERE WRONG! If interested, please email me at terminator_two_fan@gmail.com

SMP&CIAD

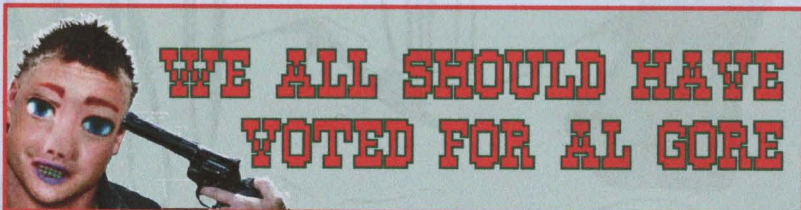
SHIT MY PANTS & CALL IT A DAY

SUGARDADDY SEEKS HOT FED WIFE. IRS NEED NOT APPLY.

Upon further review, it seems the recent naming of Shit Juice caused global Shit Juice stock to plummet, new names being investigated are "Coughee", "Shite Water", "Lava", and "Ex-piss-o".

Bad News Everyone... "Pm" Is Now Spelt "Aimb" So You Had Better Get Used To It VERY Quickly Or You Will Look Like A Blasted Fool.

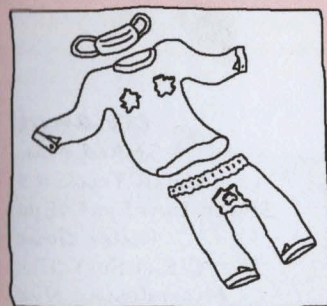
ADVERTISEMENT: LOOKING FOR CHEAP PILOTS. NO LANDING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.



(RELATIONSHIP ADVICE) Date someone deaf. When they get mad and try to argue... just close your eyes.

LAWYER NEEDED: okay ive been feeling kinda down in the dumps lately with a couple suicidal thoughts swimming around in my head so i figured i might as well act on em cause i got nothing better to do right now so i went and hired a hitman to take me out when i least expect it because that seemed like a more interesting way of getting things done but it turned out the guy was an undercover cop doing a murder-for-hire sting and long story short now im awaiting trial with quite possibly one of the most complex and confusing cases the court has ever seen. in need of a skilled legal professional who can either get me cleared of the dubious conspiracy to commit murder charges or convince the judge to bump me up to a death sentence to finish what i started.

ALL I WANT is for a moderately attractive woman to have a romantic interest in me without having to leave my house or talk to anybody. Is that too much to ask?



No other pictures available

LUXURY LEISUREWARE Condition: Used Seller "Basically new" Information Size: Medium and a half Quantity: 1 1 Available 0 sold watch item Price: US \$99.99 Add to cart

Complex block with Japanese text 'キプリング', 'let's commit', 'エビツク', 'ベース', and 'TAX FRAUD' with illustrations of a butterfly, a globe, and a dragonfly.

FREE TIBET! No cash value. Some other restrictions apply.

MALE MAILMEN WANTED: Attention, we need to meet new standards required by The Gender Reassignment Mandate. All our staff has been reassigned causing a disparagingly low Man-to-Bread Ratio. Inquiry at your local bakery.

922
Front Cover Art

Sloth
REAR COVER BACKGROUND
ALONE IN SMOOCHIN' TOWN

Hamarchy
REAR COVER FOREGROUND
FROG TRADER

Darryl from A.N.T. Farm
GORE ORIGINS
Today's Society
Young Sheldon
The Al Gore Franchise
COLOR ME GAY
A Few Years Back
HEROIN
FROG LOVE

Vent
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BIG BRAIN DOCTOR

hauntologist
Corporate America
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The Dog is Back

nutsackjack
FROG LOVE



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XxmichaelxX
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not spetsky
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Alex the Grayt
SCORPION KING

MilkIsCruel
MEDICINE HEAD
PARTY HAT
LOOK @ ME!

Plubs
AHHHHHHH FACES
THE ELEMENT INSPECTOR

Yerg
MACHINEMAN

government of kyrgyzstan
Boy Smoochin' Town

citysquid!
FINISH THE BODY

Free Churro
In Search of That One Song

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pronk
I KNOW

Tod
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CHECKMATE ATHLETs STICKER

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