

# MAN WHY YOU EVEN GOT TO DO A THING



your host  
—Ed E. Haskell—

That is what he will  
look like in just a  
few years it seems

## editor's hello corner



Alright doggs check it we can't mess around saying a lot of hellos today because we got so much to get on to namely this great new artist's perception of how I would look in about eight years. I do not look like this now but I do look pretty bad for a guy who exercises and tries to keep an eye on his nutrition. I mean what do I have to do in order not to look as bad as I do. Please enjoy our new issue. —EEH

## IN THIS ISSUE!

### SEVEN WAYS TO HAVE HYGIENE

In this landmark exploration we talk about the seven main Hygienes of the body

### IT PAYS TO HAVE WORD ABILITY

Everyone who can say the main words is good enough to get a job, but the better your words the better of a job you get.

**PLUS** you get to read the following!

TWO RAY INTERVIEWS

TODD INTERVIEW

TEODOR REVEALED LIKE NEVER BEFORE

GRUT BOARD

GUITAR TAB

RECIPES FOR THE POOR AND UNTALENTED DUDE  
ON THE GO

A POEM

## “7oz. of Boz.”

MUCH



DUCATS

**DID YOU KNOW** that Charles Dickens was paid by the word. If you know that and then go back and read him, you can kind of tell this. Here is part of the opening to one of his books:

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail [...]

*From there it just gets worse. I mean Jesus did he just see a new tie in a window that he had to have or something. Did he just see a delicious pie and justify buying it by standing outside the bakery window and scribbling down these words before walking in. Did the man live that way. Did he want to finance his friend's bathysphere by writing Bleak House. I mean is that what we are looking at here. These are questions which serious scholars everywhere now know to consider.*

## A CAPTIVATING MISSION STATEMENT.

*Those of you who read our earlier publication, The Private Eye, in the early 90s, will find many of those same techniques of writing and thinking in here except an attempt has been made to draw fewer parallels between basically every subject and Dead Kennedys lyrics.*

# IT PAYS TO HAVE WORD ABILITY

**Enrich — and BECOME rich — by using vocabulary!**

SON: Mom! Look! A letter from the President!

MOM: Timmy! I...is it because of your word ability?!

SON: Oh, it must be! It *must* be!

## This Week's Words!

### **demasticated**

(*adj*) Left uneaten.

"Don't let that s\*\*\*\* go off demasticated, chew it up and have it as a meal, god dammit! I paid six dollars for that f\*\*\*\*ing veggie gyro that you bitched about wanting in the car all day and I thought I was doing you a FAVOR to surprise you with it."

### **dunkus bolunkus**

(*noun*) Nonsense, with a negative connotation.

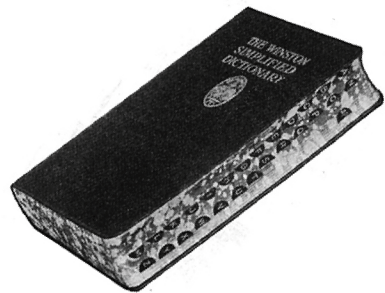
"Do not draw a mustache and glasses above your belly button and have it say Guido Sarducci lines, that is dunkus bolunkus and you know I got to finish this Excel work by five. Cut it out. Dogg stop acting like it can smoke."

### **grelicious**

(*adj*) Used to describe food that is so pleasing to the mouth and senses that when you sink your teeth into it, the food consumes you. Often applied to pastrami deli sandwiches with everything, on soft sliced rye bread, the bread so soft yet holding the moistures of the ingredients inside; the mayo and vinegary pickles and spicy onions spread across the inside of your mouth as the soft tender meat melts into your saliva and becomes your blood and your brain.

### **jilapidated**

(*adj*) Used to describe something that is in terrible condition, like a car where



the hood will only get within 3" of closing and one of the windows is made out of semi-clear plastic sheeting and duct tape because some junkie needed the tape deck. *Etymology*: from dilapidated, but the "d" broke off, and all you could afford at the time was a funky old "j," probably in the wrong font.

### **saxa'd**

(*adj*) The condition of going into an enormous record store and all of a sudden not being able to think of a single band that you like.

"Dogg remember if you are ever saxa'd, just work backwards from the Traveling Wilburys."

### **zabbly**

(*adj*) A way of describing a piece of something that looks like it is going to fall off of the main thing.

"Dude please don't carry that sandwich over here with that one zabbly green olive perched on top it is giving me squirts of acid in the belly I am so tense it will fall." *a/so* "The cross on the top of the church was all zabbly after the hurricane."

# concert review

**Saturday May 24 2006**

**The Smoke, Achewood**



PLAYLIST: Love On Salt / Mind of the So-What Man / Walk Don't Run (cover) / Inexpensive, Still-Moist Painting / Outcome of the Egg Truck Crash / People Should Feed Each Other / Superb Man's Morning / Destruction Waltz / Destruction Waltz (reprise) / How Tom Combo Thinks / Bodie

Alright this is the 248th Tenmen show I have been to over the last five years and I got to say I never get tired of hearing them nail every single note every single time. I understand that many people like the Grateful Dead and such bands because they like to be surprised by guitar solos that turn into boring six-minute "oh uh excuse me while I try to remember what song this started out as" but I like to be surprised by a band who sounds as professional on stage as they did in the studio. So revile me but that is what I like. I like my music like I like my hats: extremely tight. ^EEH

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF TODD - AN INTERVIEW OF THE GUY BY ED. E. HASKELL



*Todd is raw.*

"Frikkín' Sweet!"

It is not yet 8am, but Todd is already still high from the night before.

"Good morning, Todd," I say. "Did you remember about our interview."

"Who frikkín' c-c-cares? I'm here, you're here, we're talkin', ain't we!"

Todd's jovial, crazy nature is not a defense mechanism designed to draw attention away from the real problems of his life. He is crazy and a lot of fun. I don't even think he knows this. He is like a toy that never winds down.

"You bring any food?" he asks, rifling around in my knapsack. "I'm fuckin' dyin' over here! Tell me ya brought some 99-cent chicken sanniches from Jacko."

"Todd you should not eat high sodium foods while on a bender," I say.

He unscrews a ballpoint pen and peers earnestly up into both

sides of the housing.

"Todd why did you do that," I ask. "Why do you analyze my pen."

"Sometimes guys hide crank up in these," he says. "But not you, frikkín' boy scout."

It is true, Boy Scouts rarely hide crank in pens. About the worst thing a Boy Scout gets up to, and I can attest to this from personal experience, is trying to tie a knot that looks like a woman's outer labia.

Todd finds another pen in my bag and starts to unscrew it.

"Todd, I can guarantee you there is no crank in that pen either," I say.

"Where'd you get it?"

I have to admit I don't have any idea where I got the pen.

"Then lemme look," he says.

"You take apart every ballpoint pen you ever find?" I ask.

"It'd be s-s-stupid not to," he mutters, to himself, as he holds the housing half aloft and peers up it like a telescope.

# THE DEFINITIVE INTERVIEW: RAY SMUCKLES



*In his role as a friend of mine, Ray agreed to do an interview for **Man Why You Even Got To Do A Thing**. This interview was conducted on May 6, 2006, at my place, which is his pool house.*

ME: So how are you doing Ray. Are you having a good time.

RAY: Man, don't ask me that yet. I ain't even sat down. You got any grenadine?

ME: Interesting. Let's talk about this. Did your mother have any grenadine, or was that mainly your father's obligation? Because you seem to feel entitled to grenadine.

RAY: Ha ha, motherfucker. Listen, I got to fruit up this Bullshit Sunrise because you have set up the most baloney mini-bar of all time.

ME: So what you're saying is that you cannot make a proper Tequila Sunrise because I only have a small airplane bottle of Cuervo and a packet of Sunny Delight orange juice drink concentrate on the end-table by your chair. You're saying things like, "Bullshit Sunrise."

RAY: Damn straight! I got like 50ml of bad tequila here, a paper cup, and some powdered Tang or whatever, and you think this is how you treat a guest? Man, I know you know better than this, dogg. You know how to set up a basic decency bar. You're just tryin' to piss me off. You got a game plan, here.

ME: Well, maybe I do. Let's see.

RAY: [waits]

ME: Interesting. You're waiting to see if, for no reason, something exciting will happen. You grew up wealthy, is that correct?

RAY: I'm waiting for you to make this worth my while. Most any dude in the game would know to get his subject juiced so that he'll talk.

ME: So you want to get drunk and talk about yourself. Hold on, I'm writing this down.

RAY: It's your show, man. I'm just tellin' you.

ME: There have been ideas, in the public, that you like hop-hip music.

RAY: Man, don't be stupid [sips from Bullshit Sunrise cocktail]. Hip-hop is here to stay.

ME: What does that mean, "here to stay."

RAY: It means kids will always play these records, forever! Hip hop is the streets!

ME: Yes, we often hear about this, this hard life and bad scene. How come people who have a bad life sing so many songs? Is it from the slave tradition? You almost never hear of plantation owners coming up with wonderful, original music. Wasn't the only music ever written by a plantation owner, "chopsticks"?

RAY: [looks at drink, shakes head] This is no way to treat a man. What did you say?

ME: I said that growing up wealthy, you probably should not listen to and promote music that is about a rough life, because it seems insincere. Like you just want money, or that you think poor people are hilarious.

RAY: You sayin' I ain't legit? Let's remember who gave who a tiny bottle of Cuervo and some damn sugar powder.

ME: I'm glad you mention that, this "legit" concept. What does that mean? From what I see, "legit" means you have a big hat and fake teeth. Do all rappers take their inspiration from wanting to be like George Washington, the founding father of our country and first President?



RAY: No, almost none. There are these players outta Boston, callin' themselves TriQuorn, 'cause they wear those tri-corn hats like from old times, but they mainly do it out of—hey, man. I got no business tellin' you this. I'm still in talks with these guys.

ME: What kind of leggings.

RAY: What?

ME: What kind of leggings do they wear. Silk breeches and all that?

RAY: They wear Diesel. It's not like a historical rapping society or anything, they just have the

## How Ray Talks:



hats, with red bandannas tied real tight underneath.

ME: If they don't rap about history, aren't they doomed to repeat it?

RAY: I don't even know what you're on about. Let's change the subject.

ME: Okay, good. I have another subject. Do you want to know what it is?

RAY: Getting me a real drink now that I've gotten this one past the gatekeeper?

ME: Oh, all right. I will get you buzzed so you can talk about yourself. [leaves, returns with three MGDs hanging from the yoke]

RAY: These ain't even cold, and plus MGD is VERY terrible.

ME: You just drank a shot of Cuervo with Sunny Delight concentrate in it. How can you judge this beer now.

RAY: [accepts a beer] Just sayin'. So anyhow, what else did you want to cover? I write a lot of music, guide a lot of small businesses, paint...[sips]

ME: Do you like to cook.

RAY: Of COURSE I like to cook! Next question!

ME: Actually I think we're about out of time.

RAY: Okay, cool. You want to shoot some pool or something?

ME: Oh nice let's go.

RAY: [walks out of room] This interview is *ovah*'. ■

# PAT REYNOLDS

## I Have Known Pat Since Small Times.

by Ed E. Haskell

When I told myself that I wanted to do an interview with Pat Reynolds, I thought I was crazy. "Who would want to know more about Pat," I said. "Everyone would generally wish to know less about Pat, even his name."

I have known the dude since small times, however, and I believe he deserves this chance to show his true colors.

ME: Thanks for letting me in Pat man that sounded like a lot of work.

PAT: Ain't nothin'. Got to be safe. So many crazies these days, just makes sense to protect the home.

ME: Do you carry a gun?

PAT: There are guns. Let's leave it at that.

ME: So, like, there is a gun hidden behind a framed oil painting of a famous duel.

PAT: Look, I've seen the shows. I wouldn't conceal a firearm in a place



that any old dolt could predict.

ME: So like the gun is in a hacksawed-out hiding place inside a thick bible?

PAT: You aren't listening, are you!

ME: I...I don't know.

PAT: My firearms are here to protect me. They are not where you would expect. I benefit nothing from



revealing more.

ME: But dude think of how many lives you could save if people knew your gun-hiding tricks.

PAT: Well, I guess I can give general expertise without giving away my own specific locations.

ME: [*Sits Indian-style in front of grandfather clock*] So if you were to want to hide, say, a rifle, what are some tips? Would you try to work the rifle in among the tools of the fireplace set, like have it blend in with the stoker and the billows and the ash shovel?

PAT: I...no. That's ridiculous. Do you want some lemonade? Here, in the kitchen. I made some lemonade... recently. Come here.

ME: Oh I would love lemonade. Especially if it was made recently.

PAT: Good, good. Come with me.

ME: Can you bring it in here? This is a comfortable place to sit. Can I lean against this clock.

PAT: DON'T lean against the clock! I...I don't want you drinkin' lemonade by the clock in case...in case it goes off and you choke and spit lemonade all over the carpet.

ME: Pat there is a gun in the grandfather clock. A rifle. Don't be alarmed.

PAT: No there isn't. Don't be ridiculous.

ME: Here, let me open it up and show you. [*Turns toward clock*]

PAT: STOP IT! STOP! NOW!

ME: I can't stop now I am too far along in this action

PAT: [*Tackles me*]

ME: AAGH

PAT: [*Stands up, dusts self off*] Why?! WHY are you so stupid! Why do you not listen to my RULES.

ME: Why did you tackle me man you know it is weird to be touched by you.

PAT: Whatever. You deserved it. You more than deserved it.

ME: Alright well let's get on to the lemonade.

PAT: [*Goes into kitchen, I follow*] Hm. Well...["*rummages*" in fridge] oh, darn it. Looks like Nice Pete drank it all. He sure has a weakness for my lemonade.

ME: Let's get into that, how Nice Pete lives here on the lam.

PAT: You can talk to him about that. His situation is none of my business.

ME: His situation is that he lives here and apparently drinks all of your lemonade. You must have an opinion.

PAT: His favorite food is my spaghetti with quinoa and raisins. That's all you get to know.

ME: Quinoa and spaghetti are both starches, why have both.

PAT: You really don't know anything about nutrition, do you.

ME: Well I mean I know that black beans got much fiber I mean all beans basically clean your sewer.

PAT: That is a terrible way to describe a wonderful process, but you're somewhat correct. Black beans, and kidney beans, contain almost twenty grams of fiber per cup, cooked, more than any other commercially available food.

ME: Are there privately available foods that contain more fiber than that?

PAT: [*Lowers voice, instinctively checks himself before fully glancing over shoulder*] There are farms, with labs, I won't say in which state, that are very close to some amazing breakthroughs.

ME: You don't mean...more fiber in the beans.

PAT: [*Guardedly gratified that I have reasoned this out*] That's exactly what I mean. They've got a strain of Yucatec pintos that's gonna do thirty.

ME: Thirty grams of fiber per cup, cooked.

PAT: I know, I know! It's...here, try something. [*Goes into cupboard*]

ME: This jar doesn't look like it was

bought at a store.

PAT: This is mine. It's a chickpea puree. Conventionally these only yield twelve when cooked, but I've worked some other organic ingredients into it, that I think can get it over thirty per cup. [*Hands me a spoonful*]

ME: [*Tastes*] Whoah ugh hold on man you got some sand in here... there is actual sand in this!

PAT: Sssh! Just don't close your teeth completely when you chew! Now swallow — can't you already feel it scraping away at your pipes?

ME: Ugh eck man that seems like cheating.

PAT: Fine, you'll get colon cancer and I won't, we'll see who's cheating then.

ME: I have to leave now.

PAT: You tell anybody about my research, I'll have your ass in court so fast your head will spin.

ME: No worries man talk to you later.

PAT: [*Starts undoing various latches and deadbolts on inside of front door, gestures with hand when I finally walk out, says nothing*] ■



# METAL CHEF

COO. HASUKO



Perhaps you are not familiar with the rules of Metal Chef as it is played at my house. They are simple. Two guest chefs are invited to my house, and I unveil a secret ingredient which they must use in a dish they prepare, using only ingredients in my pantry, in one hour. They must name their dish after some aspect of heavy metal music. Heavy metal music is played extremely loud the entire time, everything from raw bands like Priest to record company metal like RATT.

I am the sole judge.

*This week's Metal Chefs are:*

**Téodor Orescu.** Téodor is known all around as the most imaginative young home cook there is. This guy can cut a banana into slices without breaking the peel, using only a needle and thread. His risottos are extremely important. He can in no way do a successful forward flip off the diving board into the pool, no matter how many years he tries.

**Lyle Gabriel.** Lyle is a hard-ass line cook from since before anyone knew anyone in this whole town. Dude picks fried chicken up outta the pan with his bare hand and puts it next to a baked potato that he cooked inside the 500-degree dome of his knit cap. This guy swears that one time he vomited into the tank of a car that was out of gas, and it ran for three minutes. That's the essence of Lyle: not impressive enough to be considered a total lie.

[THE CONTESTANTS GATHER IN FRONT OF THE

COUCH, WHERE I SIT. THEIR ARMS ARE CROSSED. THEY BOTH WEAR METAL BAND SHIRTS, AS INSTRUCTED]

ME: Welcome. As you know, there is a theme ingredient.

TÉODOR: Aren't you supposed to dress like post-menopausal Jewish Jesus and bite into a yellow bell pepper?

LYLE: [sniggers]

ME: Silence! *You immediately lose the contest!*

TÉODOR: Sorry.

ME: Téodor, your apology has given me pause. I have considered your retraction, and I declare you back in this contest. You have my warmest wishes here today.

TÉODOR: Thanks. What's the theme ingredient?

ME: What? Oh, sorry. Tacos.

LYLE: Tacos are already cooked, asshole. What's the ingredient?

ME: In a way, I'm glad you asked, for I have searched far and wide for today's theme ingredient. I am glad to have been reminded.

LYLE: I thought it was gonna be pork chops.

ME: [scowls] *How did you know. Did you follow me to the grocery store.*

LYLE: You asked me to come with you, douche! You said you didn't know which kind of chops to buy!

ME: [scowls more, points finger at Téodor] *Téodor didn't have to know that, now did he.*

TÉODOR: Wait, this was fixed?

LYLE: Dude doesn't know how to buy pork chops. He had to call me an' find out the difference between fuckin' center-cuts and sirloins!

TÉODOR: He almost bought us sirloin chops? Those suck!

ME: Sirloin is a good name of meat! You always see it on menus!

LYLE: Yeah, BEEF sirloin! Pork sirloin sucks!

ME: What about chicken sirloins, then. I bet those are pretty good.

TÉODOR: Chickens don't have sirloin cuts.

LYLE: Anyhow, T, I guess we're cookin' center-cuts. I got him to buy two nice ones even though he bitched about the price from the time he saw the price tag until I was outta' earshot later that day.

ME: [rises dramatically] Today's theme ingredient is...*pork chops!*

TÉODOR: If Lyle already knew, that's not really fair, is it?

ME: It is, because you both share the same pantry. You have one hour. Gentlemen, good luck.

[LYLE AND TÉODOR OPEN MY PANTRY]

TÉODOR: Hey, what's the deal? The only pantry item you own is salt and pepper shakers from McDonald's?

ME: They are filled with salt and pepper, topped to the brim. Do as you wish.

LYLE: You don't even have any oil?

ME: I hid the oil under the sink. You may each use one tablespoon.

[THE COMPETITION COMMENCES. THE COOKS WORK SLOWLY, SINCE IT DOES NOT TAKE AN HOUR TO COOK A PORK CHOP. WE GO OUTSIDE AND HAVE A SMOKE. WE TALK TO RAY, WHO IS CLEANING HIS POOL WITH A LONG IMPLEMENT THAT HE CAN'T CONTROL VERY WELL]

[WE GO BACK INSIDE. THE CONTESTANTS PLATE THEIR FINAL DISHES AND PRESENT THEM TO ME. TÉODOR NAMES HIS DISH "BRINAL TAP," WHILE LYLE CHOOSES TO MAKE FUN OF TÉODOR'S GENERALLY ALTERNATIVE MUSICAL TASTES BY CALLING HIS OWN DISH "BONER WITH BUTTERFLY WINGS."]

ME: I see. Téodor, you have served me a tenderized, quick-brined, sautéed boneless pork paillard "au poivre." Did I say that right? Lyle, you cooked a straight-up pork chop. Well, let's just see how they taste.

ME: [samples both, chews thoughtfully] Lyle, you win. The salt and pepper are perfect. Téodor, I'm sorry. You have ten minutes to clean your pan and go.

TÉODOR: How is that possible?

ME: Lyle cooked his pork chop better. Don't have hubris, dogg. Hella gay.

LYLE: [consoling] Don't feel bad, dude. I've cooked like fifty zillion fuckin' chops down the years. This is a pretty pathetic reward for all that, if you think about it.

ME: Good, I'm glad that brings us to your award.

TÉODOR: There are awards?

ME: Yes. [unveils award, which is a stolen street sign from HIGH ST.]

LYLE: Sweet!

TÉODOR: Whatever. [starts eating chop he made for me]

LYLE: [puts sign with his knapsack by the door, pulls out fifth of JD, walks outside]

ME: So uh you want to put the needle down on some Metallica?

TÉODOR: You got Master of Puppets?

ME: Sure as I'm alive.

TÉODOR: That'll make me feel a little better. ■

危危勁勁

# RECIPES FOR THE POOR AND UNTALENTED DUDE ON THE GO :: ED E. HASKELL WITH TRÉ-ODOR



## THIS ISSUE: **THE “TWO THINGS/ONE THING”**

1987

Alright this recipe is great, it is the mother recipe for the Tacoburguesa, originally called the Skunk Squindito, invented on a skate expedition we had out at the Colima aqueduct interchange that summer they were doing repairs upline and the whole thing was dry for three days. Food resources from several fast food chains were combined into a food item greater than any one provider could have offered. Tommy Salazar was key on this one, providing all the ingredients after a massive skarf run, and he and I riffed on the logic until we had the dish.

### *The Two Things/One Thing is...*

Scoop out all ingredients of Taco Bell Burrito Supreme. Place the large tortilla open on your deck.

Place Taco Bell rice onto tortilla, and smooth out to size of CD. Spoon modest amount of Wendy's chili onto rice, to cover in a light, even layer.

Place Burger King Whopper Jr. burger patty inside scooped out Taco Bell taco shell, and break off all the taco shell parts that are not directly touching the burger; place on chili.

Sprinkle McDonald's fries over taco shell, then top with another layer of the chili, then fold tortilla tightly around the whole thing.

You are now holding something that is like a flat burrito; bite into it until you have tasted all the flavors. This will give you energy to skate all day and into the night.

**TRÉ-ODOR's COMMENTS:** *DO NOT WASTE: Make sure you pick up a bag of corn chips. Put all the scooped-out/unused ingredients into a bowl, a la a 7-layer dip, and serve with the chips. Torn apart and mixed in, the bun from the Whopper Jr. will soak up liquids and create a sort of "pudding," which will offer a much lighter texture than traditional 7-layer dips.*

# The Braebicus Dict



*We now know that Jesus Christ  
was married to Mary Magdalene.  
But was it going well?*

---

The sun rose over the horizon. It was Jerusalem, 23 AD, and Jesus, son of God, had not shut his shutters all the way the night before. Laying there in a blinding ray of sunlight, he was hot, and angry. Mary Magdalene, his wife, was in the other room of their small clay apartment. She was using the bedpan. He hated this part of the morning—the heat shining on his sweating body, his wife, someone he wanted to see as sexy and clean, shooting urine into a bedpan with horse-like power. He squeezed his eyes closed as she walked back through the room with the pan, opened the shutters all the way, and tossed the liquid out into the streets below. On finishing, she left the shutters open even more than before.

She dropped the bedpan by the window and slid back beneath the sheets. She hadn't rinsed the bedpan with the pitcher of water, the way he'd always asked, and the way she'd always said she would. He drew the blanket over his head and tried to disappear into his pillow.

Ugh, he'd left his sandals on the night before. The soles of his feet were

raising with sweat. He felt like an idiot.

She wriggled next to him and tried to cuddle, to spoon him. He was too hot and too disgusted and tried to shimmy his thighs away from her. This made her angry, and she slapped his now-exposed ear with a stinging, open-palmed snap of the wrist.

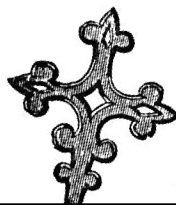
He buried himself deeper into his pillow and tried to act like he was going back to sleep. He regulated his breathing, trying not to show his fury. She didn't fall for it, and slapped him again, this time harder than before.

He rolled out of bed, and had bleary thoughts of falling back to sleep on the mattress in the main room, where they sat with company. He loosened his sandals on the way out and, after faking a few "breakfast" sounds with pots and pans over the hearth, tried to silently spread himself over the oversized, reed-filled pillow. He could feel her furious, black energy emanating from the bedroom.

"Jeee-SUS?" she called, in her foot-tapping voice.

His sweaty, unshaven face lay on the cloth, his eyes closed. "I'll be back in a minute," he lied.

# *"THE HISTORY OF CHRIST HAS NEVER BEEN LESS STABLE. THE BRAEBICUS DICT IS A STICK OF DYNAMITE IN THE HOUSE OF GOD."*



---

"Get in here. We need to talk about today."

He rolled onto his other side and wondered why his kidneys felt hard. Had he been drinking enough water? He lay still for several moments, growing more tense.

"Whaaaaaat?" she whined. He knew full well she was just doing this. He knew she knew he hadn't said anything.

Regardless, this was enough. He was awake. He placed a small pan over a patch of embers and dropped a knob of butter into it. Soon an egg would be sizzling away in the bubbling fat, and he'd have it on a toasted piece of lavash, maybe with some salt.

She wandered into the room, her long wavy hair stuck to one side of her face and protruding from the other side in a hideous rat's nest.

"You're such a dope," she said. "You slept with your sandals on again last night, and now the whole place reeks like your feet."

"Well," he said, feeling that he had a leg to stand on, "You always complain when I take my sandals off at night, saying how bad it stinks. When would

it be an alright time for you, for it to stink?"

"Why don't you just wear socks? They don't look that bad with sandals."

He cringed. "Guys who wear socks with their sandals look like morons. No way."

"You think you're so cool. Just face it: your feet stink and you should do something about it. Grow up, already."

His eyes narrowed and he slammed his fist on the counter.

"Quit yelling at me, dammit!" he screamed. "It's seven in the morning! Is that too much to ask? Not to start the day this way?!"

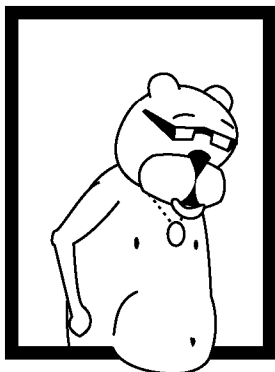
She whispered "asshole!" and went back into the bedroom to comb her hair. He slid his egg onto the toast, salted it, and snuck out the front door while she was banging drawers and whining out loud about having nothing to wear.

---

*Chapter Two of The Braebicus Dict appears in the next issue of this publication, wherein Jesus and Mary Magdalene's problems come to a head. For inbox capacity reasons, the author wishes to remain anonymous.*

# Talking to a Man

A talk with Hip-Hop record producer Ray Smuckles on his own rapping ability. Secretly recorded recently by Ed E. Haskell, on the telephone.



ME: [*Calls Ray*] Yeah uh Ray what it is you want to get some hot sliders at that *place*.

RAY: Dogg. Perfect idea. Meet you at Nasty's in fifteen? [*Nasty's is our nickname for Johnny N's Burgers and Shakes*]

ME: That would do the trick I am telling you.

ME: [*again*] Oh hey what are you even up to.

RAY: Just goin' over some demos been sent in to Prime Time. No biggie. [*Prime Time is Ray's terrible record label which he does not take very seriously*]

ME: Oh do they got any good raps in those *places*. [*the demos*]

RAY: Well, this one guy Koo-Wallity almost gets off a good rhyme with "allegiance," but

instead of usin' something like "board of regents" he chooses "secret agents." I think that this is a mistake.

ME: So even his best rhyme is kind of botched. The only rhyme of his that you even remember.

RAY: [*thinks*] Yeah...yeah. I guess it is. [*sound of something hard landing in metal trash can*]

ME: It's too bad with kids these days.

RAY: Damn straight. Back in our day, we could stone freestyle on any subject, either hard or in comedy.

ME: All "Rudy's mom eats much black beans / she pumps rude air into her jeans," like if we had seen Rudy Donoso's mom eating a dish which contained black beans.

RAY: I remember that one! Did I do that one?

ME: No that was me that time when she chaperoned the A-student trip to Sea Land and the bus stopped for dinner at Taco Crazy in Coalinga.

RAY: I...yeah, guess you're right. What was one of mine?

ME: You had a pretty good one about high school Salisbury Steak lunch. You said "This meat has no cred! / This meat looks dead!"

RAY: I had better ones than that. I had to have. Didn't I have one about...about gym or something?

ME: I wrote most of our freestyles down, remember, and that was probably your best one.

RAY: Didn't I have one about takin' showers in the locker room?

ME: [*flips through old notebook*] Oh yeah, "How come Coach Dave blushes / when we wash our tushes?"

RAY: Wow, I got to do better. Clear the air, you know. Gimme a subject.

ME: Sirhan Sirhan.

RAY: Sirhan, Sirhan! He has two names and mows his lawn!

ME: Do you even know who Sirhan Sirhan is.

RAY: Not really. Didn't Letterman used to make fun of him?

ME: That was Boutros Boutros-Ghali. Sirhan Sirhan murdered Robert F. Kennedy in 1968.

RAY: Not cool. That family has much griefs. Anyhow, if we keep talking, we'll both be late to the time we agreed on about being at Nasty's.

ME: I will extend a grace period of two minutes.

RAY: Man, I think I'm gonna get that open-face chili—

ME: Run. [*hangs up*] ■

**stone funk  
record label  
of the year**



**REPRESENTIN'**

**your  
FAVORITE  
artists:**

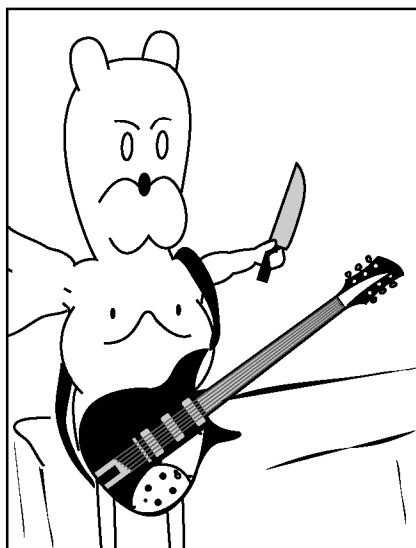
**Biloxxi  
Tah Kān3z  
TriK Pype  
FLU\$H  
Nuno Ndaba  
Peach Club  
Tim King (Christian)**

**Got a  
new sound?  
Contact  
Ray Smuckles!  
CELL # PRI-MTIM  
(774-6846)**

# TÉODOR OREZSCU

## A LOCAL DUDE WITH SMALL OR ALMOST NO PROBLEMS AT ALL

This interview with Téodor was conducted via telephone and Instant Messenger on May 21, 2006. The phone part was done around dinnertime, when he was cooking, because I know he likes cooking and I know he just got a hands-free thing he can use to chat while his hands are busy. The IM part was done later that night.



### TELEPHONE PORTION OF INTERVIEW

ME: Dogg, are you at the place.

TÉODOR: Hey, man. I'm just starting dinner for everyone, can you call –

ME: Oh rude what are you making

TÉODOR: Well, I'm doing kind of a South American thing. I just got a great recipe for Argentinian chimichurri sauce and I was going to

grill some skirt steaks to go with it. I also made some masa harina dough from scratch this...hey, I just got an earpiece for this cell phone. Hold on a second, let me plug it in and see if you can hear me.

ME: Rude ok

TÉODOR: Can you hear me?

ME: ¿ERNESTO? ;¿ERNESTO?!



TÉODOR: So like I was saying, we're having skirt steaks with some cheese enchiladas. And — you know how you always get a little pile of shredded iceberg lettuce with Mexican food?

ME: It bugs me man it seems so wasteful of lettuce.

TÉODOR: That's the thing, it's not meant to be. You're supposed to take a little bit of it on your fork with every bite of the really heavy main foods, to lighten and moisten the bite.

ME: They should have a sign that shows an American putting both things on his fork, maybe a two-part thing, where he adds the beans. This could be on the Internet.

TÉODOR: Seriously, it's like how they double-up on the tortillas with those little open-face tacos you get at legit taquerías.

ME: I don't see how lettuce and tacos are the same. Do you mean like how Chinese people use lettuce cups as taco shells for tangy minced chicken?

TÉODOR: No...I'm talking about our misunderstandings of plating technology [way of a lame sentence to say, Téodor]. They put down two little corn tortillas, then

the grilled meats and salsa. Why two? It's so you pick up the top one, pull it close around the ingredients, and take bites. The ingredients fall out here and there and start to fill the second tortilla. So you get two tacos.

ME: Do you know that for sure or is that just your cracker logic. I mean have you seen real Mexicans eating that way, at the taquería, with their cowboy hats and their cowboy boots and their large 80s trucks with custom-painted pictures of their trucks on the rear tailgates of their trucks.

TÉODOR: [excited] Have you seen that guy, the one with the enormous green Chevy, with all the external fixed-position molded blinds on the King Cab side and rear windows?

ME: Dude of course I have seen that truck how do you even think I thought to say this.

TÉODOR: And in the picture of the truck on the truck's tailgate, there's this "sexy" woman, and a waterfall? And her boobs are ridiculously large?

ME: Man, that waterfall. It was perfect. There was a woman?

TÉODOR: [*laughs*] So anyway we're doing that — I'm pressing the dough into tortillas now, and I have the grill pan heating up for the skirt steak. I'm trying out this new technique now - in Argentina, they only ever baste the grilling meat with salt water.

ME: That seems like a strong generalization about Argentina, kind of dangerous. Like saying that all USA people can't tell the difference between Canadians and telephone poles, when in fact a couple of our major professors might be able to do it after a short interview process.

TÉODOR: Well, yeah. I shouldn't generalize. I saw it on a show that seemed authoritative. Another thing — skirt steak is far superior to flank steak. So much more fat to melt and make things tender.

ME: I am glad to hear it. Can I come over for dinner?

TÉODOR: I — of course, dude. I'm making a ton of food over here. I think Lyle and Philippe are the only two here right now... Cornelius is out at the Crab & Pickle, and the Onstads are out showing the kid off to some old people.

ME: Do I need to wear a tie

or anything or like spats with spat-covers for the chimichurri sauce.

TÉODOR: Wear a tie, but wrap it in Saran Wrap, to protect it from the chimichurri sauce.

ME: I will see you soon then. Thanks for the tip about the tie.

TÉODOR: Cool, be here in like half an hour.

ME: Click

TÉODOR: What?

ME: "Click" like instead of saying goodbye.

TÉODOR: Oh, I get it. Click.

ME: Bye, man. Nice talking to you.

TÉODOR: But -

ME: [*hangs up*]

## **INSTANT MESSENGER PORTION OF INTERVIEW**

ME: Hey thanks for dinner you were right about the Mexican lettuce.

TÉODOR: Oh no sweat thanks for coming over. Nice work with the tie by the way.

ME: It was this old poster

sleeve that fit perfectly around the tie like a condom. Were the egg whites in the bottom too much.

TÉODOR: No, it looked great. Usually you'd wear a collar, though, and not a black sleeveless "Where's Dee Dee" shirt.

ME: I will have to copy and paste that into my desktop folder titled GETTING A GREAT JOB.

TÉODOR: What are you doing for work these days, anyway?

ME: Just some stupid crap for some people, don't want to get into it.

TÉODOR: More spreadsheet stuff? Excel macros and all that?

ME: Do I want to get into it? Yes or no, if no then change subject.

TÉODOR: Value = no. Do not press SUM button or button with a striped fish on it.

ME: Speaking of which I got to cook up some pivot tables and shit so I will leave you at that.

TÉODOR: Cool, I have to make a bunch of stupid icons for this friend of Ray's who needs a big animated Flash thing for his rap band's website's splash page. They

want it to run for a full minute before the nav loads. You should have seen these guys during the meeting. Just no idea, and completely talking down to me when I tried to talk them out of it.

ME: All rotating icon of it being all about the Benjamins.

TÉODOR: You put the Benjamins in the center, larger, and around them revolve a car, a heart, a handshake, and a headstone. All in embossed chrome with a faded, gradient cherry-hued drop-shadow.

ME: Wow that is why they call you Doctor Hex.

TÉODOR: Actually, that's exactly what they described to me. Pretty uncanny of you.

ME: Like I said I have perspective on the situation. Thanks again for much flavorful dinner. Out.

TÉODOR: Click

ME: What?

TÉODOR: As in, "Goodbye."

ME: #> ATH



# IN THE TRUTH

# OF THE

# KINO

# EYE



"IN THE TRUTH OF THE KINO EYE" (Cinema Drago, 1956) is the first cinéma vérité film to ever actually catch its subjects at key points which, when viewed in linear order, tell the story of a meticulously planned bank heist, an incredible car chase, and follows as greed destroys a group of three friends. It is regarded by many as the first, and also last, real movie. Some purists consider it the only movie, and will not watch it.

## WHERE is GUS

## THE WEEKLY GAMBLING GAME

### THIS WEEK —

200:1

At the  
cement  
company

3:1

At a  
gradu-  
ation

23:1

Seeing a  
crime

10:1

Meeting a  
tennis  
champion

even

Cleaning  
some  
plates



This Week:  
**Seeing a Crime!**

Big payout for those who remembered that Gus lives in a large city and has not seen a crime in the last two weeks.

**CULT FILMS THAT YOU SEEM  
TO ONLY HEAR ABOUT THROUGH  
THIS ONE SPECIFIC FRIEND —  
THIS WEEK'S DISCOVERIES**

**THE UNCOMMON LAWS OF  
MARVIN SHAPESHIFTER**

*(Straight to Cinemax, 1983)*

Marvin Shapiro, a common party DJ, invests in a mysterious piece of Asian turntable equipment, even though his neighbor, a wise old man named Yagi, advises him against it. When lightning strikes the high school gym where Shapiro is deejaying, the shock turns him into a man who has the power to be many men to many different women. As the power of the Asian equipment begins to wear off due to solar eclipse, Marvin finds himself unable to keep up with the demands of his six marriages to six highly different women. Will Yagi have faith in the true Marvin, and guide him to the right one in the bunch, who will see Marvin for what he really is, and help him trick all the other women into divorcing him?

**PUNK ROCK ABORTION  
PROM '79**

*(UNCREDITED)*

A group of high school seniors, their tuxedos and dresses slightly punked out, their hair colored, and many of them with mohawks, gather in the back of a van. Interview footage of the pregnant girl, Angie, is deftly edited in with the van footage, and she boldly proclaims that she will give herself an abortion at the prom. She says that her boyfriend Dave, the father, will help. The soundtrack is nicely timed and leveled. This was when people shot on 8mm film and had to edit on big proprietary equipment, so who made this? The teens are shown at the dance, everyone swigging out of flasks in darkened hallways, and then it is clear it is time for the abortion as Angie heads to the bathroom. Germs and X play loudly. She is a nervous wreck and we feel that she will change her mind at any moment. The film breaks and the rest of the VHS tape is snow, all the way to the end. Was there more? Is this a put-on? There is no information about this film anywhere.




**Téodor's Smokin' Fingersyle Guitar Corner and Recipe Shack**

*Intro: This one cribs heavily from the Byrds' "Nashville West." Try to picture the ghost of Clarence White, aghast at the helm of a Martin Dreadnought, mortally terrified as this simplistic country exercise tiddles away beneath his grotesquely overqualified fingertips.*

Sequence One: "Twangy country bullshit"

Play Extremely Fast; Standard Tuning. Yoke Embroidery: Rose/Horseshoe.

	T	A	B
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p
s	s	s	s
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
8	8	8	8
6	6	6	6
p	p	p	p



Car crash

The victim's car

The trunk full of frozen hamburger patties.

The meat juices

In just a few hours, before dawn

Will leak out

of the tailpipe.

*OHHHHH*

*SHIIIIIT*

E.E.H.



## THE EIGHT MAIN HYGIENES OF THE BODY (PREVIOUSLY ADVERTISED AS ONLY SEVEN — *IMPROVED*)

1. KEEP THE HAIR CLEAN; IT SHOULD BE SECOND-DAY HAIR, WITH A MODICUM OF OILS
2. KEEP THE CORNERS OF THE EYE CLEAN; THEY SHOULD HOLD NO CRUST
3. KEEP THE NASAL OPENINGS FREE OF THEIR OWN CRUST, AND SNOT;
4. THE MOUTH SHOULD NOT REEK AND THERE SHOULD BE NO VEGETABLES BETWEEN THE TEETH
5. THE EARS SHALL BEAR NAUGHT WHICH IS NOT FLESH, YOU SHALL RUB IN THEM WITH COTTON
6. THE ARM-PITS MUST BE WASHED
7. THE FRONT GENITALS MUST BE SOAPED AND KNEADED THOROUGHLY WITH BOTH HANDS
8. THE BACK GENITAL, WHICH IS NO GENITAL AT ALL, MUST HAVE SOAP DRAWN ACROSS IT AND FACE A RINSE.

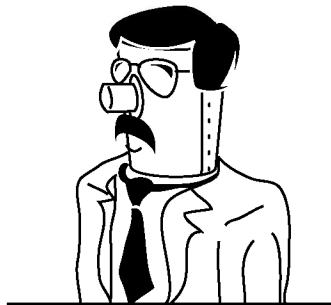
—e.e.h.

Jus' Advertisin'

Health plan for all.  
Health plan which all are agree on.  
Finally.  
*At no cost to family.*

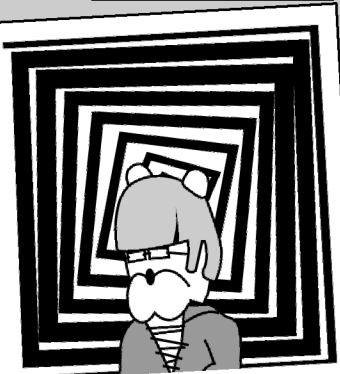


Is true. Vlad provide information on how to have great health plan for everyone in family—even little Jenny. When money is gone, or big dream of house, do we have health? Is plan for little ones? Disaster come for every man in time, all of us must lose lives, is it making sense to sit there without plan one second



more? I appeal to you, write in for low-cost booklet on the health plan is right for you.  
And for little Jenny.

# COMMUNITY GRUT BOARD



Ultra-rare shot of our  
sometimes co-editor  
Tré-Odor, ca 1969

## COCKTAIL RECIPE

The Fruity Dojo ("Hold  
the Karate")

**1 shot vodka**  
**2 shots apple juice**  
**juice of 1/2 lemon**  
**3 leaves fresh mint**

Shake hard w/ice & strain  
**NO CHOLESTEROL**

*This drink developed at RQS Labs*

~~SOCKS~~

### FOOD NOTES BY TRAP-DØR

Tilapia, even when left on the roadside for the better part of a July  
afternoon, will still smell only faintly of a warm compact disc.



ACADEMIC PROGRESS REPORT  
J. VINCENT J. LEMONI MIDDLE SCHOOL

STUDENT: CHARLEY SMUCKLES

SUBJECT	GRADE
HISTORY	F
ENGLISH	F
ALGEBRA	F
PHYS. ED.	F
GOV'T	F
BIOLOGY	F
ELECTIVE	F

JOIN US THIS SUNDAY FOR THE  
COMMUNITY FUNSWIM 7PM JVJL POOL

**FILE THIS ONE UNDER "WHERE IS MY NAUTICAL  
FICTION?"** — Sorry Grutters, we didn't have  
room for **The Curse of the Sea Bitch** in this  
issue, check for it next time. The story is  
amazing, you would never have considered  
that it could happen. Introducing Captain  
Peter Ladd. -EEH

Tré-Odor hella  
Maekin' the  
layout

YES  
MA'AM