

Food



Taco Bell

I've frequented Taco Bell™ quite a bit, and on more than one occasion, I've warily peeled back the shell on one of their Soft-Shell Taco Supremes and wondered why an entire meal costs less than a can of Alpo. Any hesitation on my part is quickly overcome by hunger, and the slaughtered animal flesh becomes bolus.

After a great deal of thought (even more thought than we put into The Barefoot Girl issue), we have come up with a concept that we thought would be worth sharing:



Many people choose to be organ donors. I'm not sure about how things are done in other states, but in Maine, all we have to do is affix a sticker on the back of our license. The problem with being an organ donor is you never know where your parts might go. Sure you're dead, and you presumably won't really care, but it's the principle of the thing.

Imagine being able to choose a plethora of options as the final resting place of your organs. Of course there would be the traditional "Scientific Research," "Organ Transplant," "Throw me in a Hole and bury my Ass," but there would be a host of others: mainly "Fast-Food."

We are, after all, at the top of the food chain and should be fairly good eating. Yes, we also have massive toxin buildup in our bodies because of our status as top predator, but just avoid eating the liver and you should be okay. Not only would you be able to choose "Fast-Food," but you would be able to specify your favorite fast-food enterprise. You'd be giving back some of what you had ingested in a beautiful example of recycling. We all have to do our part....

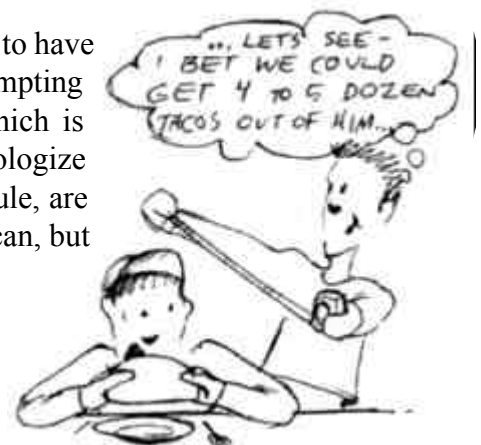
The plan is easy, just fill out the Taco Bell section on your organ donor card and take it to your local area branch. And while they enter your name on their database, so they can easily track down your corpse anywhere in the world, they'll treat you to a free lunch. And as an added bonus to the Taco-Donor Plan, Taco Bell will personally prepare all the food required for your wake, in honor of your responsible decision.

This may already be the case in Mexico, hence Taco Bell's cheap meat. And now with NAFTA a reality, whole boxcars of dead Mexicans will be making their way north, entering your towns (hopefully with a little more speed than those killer bees we've been waiting for) and stomachs.

Can we afford to loose the body-parts trade war? Imagine all of the traditional food corporations relocating to Mexico in search of cheap (like they pay a lot now) labor and plentiful resources. Help keep our country's economy strong: donate today.

I hope to enjoy you soon.

Disclaimer: This may be one of the few times that we feel compelled to have a disclaimer, but this issue deserves one. We, the staff of GDT are not attempting to imply that any fast-food establishment uses meat other than that which is approved by the FDA (ever read The Jungle?). We would also like to apologize to anyone of Mexican descent. We are not implying that Mexicans, as a rule, are anthropogous (although the Aztecs were and they were technically Mexican, but that's beside the point).



Sandwich

Cereal

–B.J. Leopold, Vol. 2, iss. 6

Warning: Please ignore this story and all its allusions. Any reference to real people or circumstances is probably deliberate, but may just be coincidence.

The Sandwich: Episode I

The cacophony from within was overwhelming the Lieutenant's thoughts, but he kept his Cool, and kept his eyes and ears on the front gate. He had known all along, of course, that his job was useless to the operation as a whole, but you don't get promoted for leaving your post, even if you save the sorry asses of everybody else on the force while you're gone. The Lieutenant watched patiently, scratching and shifting every few minutes to keep the blood flowing.

Then the impossible happened, someone actually left by the front gate, which meant the Lieutenant's hours of boredom were finally over. He radioed to say he was leaving his post to track the suspects, heard the go-ahead reply, and started the car.

Ever been in a bar, drinking souls
with Lord Vader?

No?

That's ok. We want you anyway.

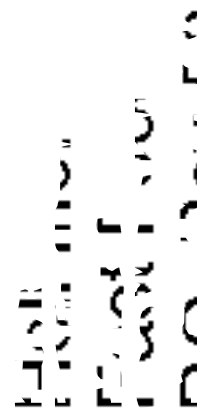
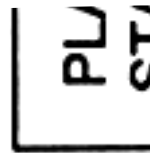


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creative individuals to help in publication. All
majors welcome.

Contact: sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

by Sean Hammond, Vol. 2, iss. 4

by Sean Hammond, Vol. 1, iss. 15



ORGAN DONOR CARD

OF _____

Print or type name of donor

In the hope that I may help others, I hereby make this anatomical gift, if medically acceptable, to take effect upon my death. The words and marks below indicate my desires.

- I give: (a) any needed organs or parts
(b) only the following organs or parts

Specify the organ(s) or part(s)
for the purposes of transplantation, therapy, fast food,
medical research or education;
(c) my body for Bacos if needed.

Limitations or
sauces, if any: _____

“But you promised me that I would get the bracelet when all this was over! You promised!” His slap echoed in the surrounding forest, and she stepped back, awed.

“Shut up,” he hissed, “you want the whole friggin’ neighborhood to think we’ve got the bracelet we’ve been swearing ignorance of for three days!?”

“Sorry, Vic, I just got excited, I ain’t used to this, ya know? This ain’t the normal daily routine or some-thin,” she pouted as she got in the front seat of the little sports car, “You don’t hafta hit me like that.”

“Aw, I’m sorry baby,” he said over the noise as he revved the engine, “I know I shouldn’t scare you, but you gotta be careful or we’re in big trouble, and I ain’t in no mood for big trouble, ok?” She nodded with a slight hidden smile, and they turned left onto the dirt road. “Nobody else ever uses this road,” Vic said thoughtfully, “so who the hell followed us out here? Sandy, you recognize this car behind us?”

<h1 style="margin: 0;">Hell Inc.</h1> <h2 style="margin: 0;">ORGAN DONOR CARD</h2>	
OF _____ <small>Print or type name of donor</small>	
<small>In the hope that I may help others, I hereby make this anatomical gift, if medically acceptable, to take effect upon my death. The words and marks below indicate my desires.</small>	
<small>I give: (a) any needed <u>organs</u> or parts (b) only the following <u>organs</u> or parts</small>	
<small>Specify the organ(s) or parts(s)</small> <small>for the purposes of transplantation, therapy, fast food, medical research or education;</small>	
<small>(c) my body for Bacos <u>if needed</u>.</small>	
<small>Limitations or sauces, if any: _____</small>	
<small>Signature of Donor _____</small>	<small>Date of Birth of Donor _____</small>
<small>Address _____ City & State _____</small>	
LEGAL NEXT OF KIN I NOTIFIED OF MY DECISION TO DONATE	
<small>Relationship:</small> <small>1. Spouse <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 3. Parent <input type="checkbox"/> 5. Guardian <input type="checkbox"/></small> <small>2. Son <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Daughter <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Brother/Sister <input type="checkbox"/></small> <small>(21 or older) (21 or older)</small>	
PLEASE DETACH AND RETURN TOP PORTION OF THIS CARD BY MAIL Please Detach	
<h2 style="margin: 0;">ORGAN DONOR CARD</h2>	
<small>Signature of Donor _____</small>	<small>Date of Birth of Donor _____</small>
<small>Date Signed _____</small>	<small>City & State _____</small>
<small>Signature of Witness #1 _____</small>	
ALWAYS CARRY THIS CARD WITH YOU	

“Shit, Vic, i can’t even see it right, but it sorta looks boxy and flat, like maybe it could be Virginia or somebody? I don’t know.”

“Virginia!?” Vic gawked, “Nah, it can’t be her, she oughta be halfway home by now. It’s gotta either be the cops, or some random asshole who doesn’t know he’s trespassing. either way, I’m gonna lose him in the bends up ahead – nobody knows this road better than I do.”

“Yeegah! Here we go – hang on, baby!” Vic hit the gas as he entered the series of switchbacks that led through the pass. The car behind sped up, too. They were definitely being followed, but they were starting to gain ground. On the last turn, they heard the screech of breaks and sliding tires on the dirt road behind them. Sandy turned to look through the rear window, and caught a glint of metal flying over the edge.

“They’re gone, Vic, slow down now, ok? I saw ‘em go over the edge.”

To be Continued...

Cereal

–B.J. Leopold, Vol. 2, iss. 7

Warning: Please ignore this story and all its allusions. Any reference to real people or circumstances is probably deliberate, but may just be coincidence.

The Sandwich: Episode II

The little sports car was skimming down the dirt road toward the lights to the north. The driver was smiling.

“Yeegah! What did I tell you, little darlin’? We gonna be all right!” Vic smiled through his teeth at her, and she could barely suppress the urge to punch them out. Instead, she giggled lightly, and Vic smiled broader as he turned off of the dirt road.

A few hours later, the little sports car pulled into a gas station just off the highway, and from the hill above them, a pair of bloodshot eyes watched the two go in to get a snack from the mini-mart after they filled their tank. The bloodshot eyes walked down from the hill slowly, checking all around for anyone suspicious, but no one even gave them a second glance. They got into the little sports car, and quickly, deftly searched inside, having found nothing of immediate interest, they started the engine and headed for the highway, glancing only once in the rear-view mirror to check for the pair who's car had been commandeered. They were nowhere in sight; the little sports car turned smoothly out onto the highway, and began to pass the other cars quickly.

Vic was still smiling as he rounded the corner of the van, and stopped suddenly short as his chin slapped his chest. Sandy, behind him a few feet, didn't notice at first, but then looked up and asked, "What's wrong, Vic? Let's get out of here...You alright?"

Vic looked at her slowly and stuttered, "The car, it's...it's gone. i swear we was right here by the street lamp, I swear we was...."

Keeping up with the Joneses

May 13, 1931 Jim Jones born in Lynn, Indiana.

1950's Jim Jones led his own congregation, with faith healing, visions, and advice from extraterrestrials. To his credit, it was an interracial congregation (very rare at the time. Read a book).

1965— Everyone packed up and moved to California. First they stayed in Redwood Valley (because that was supposed to be unharmed when the End came). When they got tired of waiting for the end, they relocated to San Francisco.

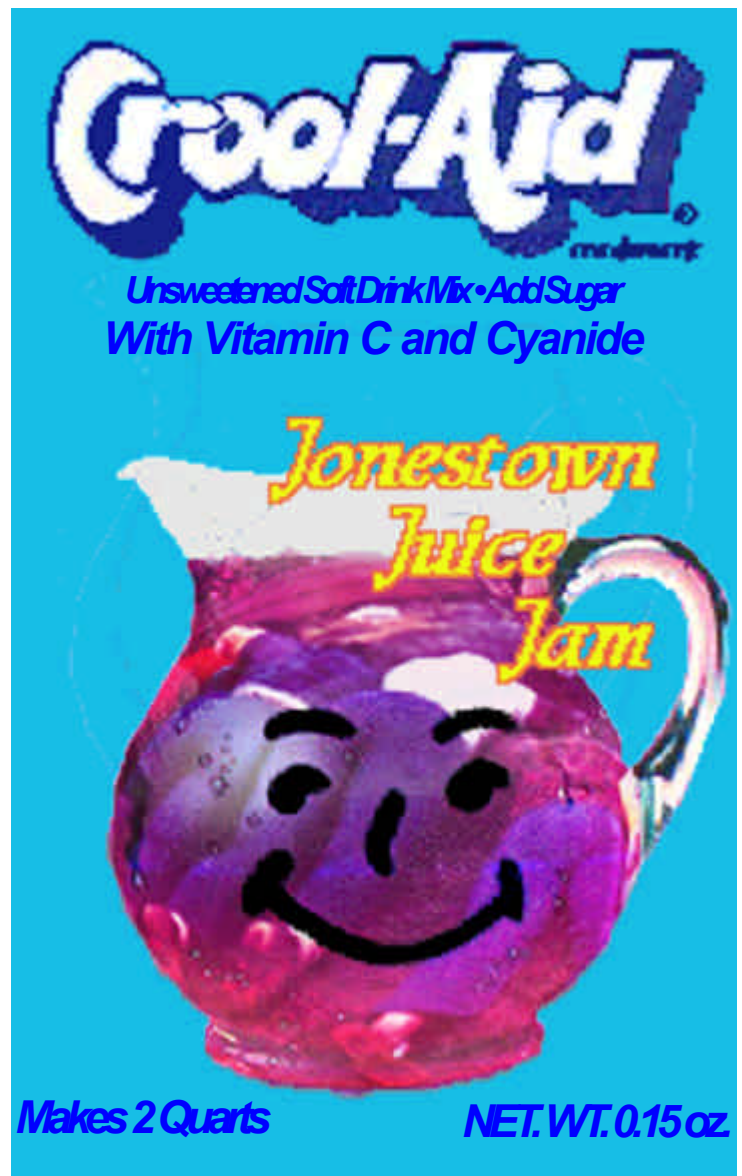
1974— Jones buys some land in Guyana.

1976— Jim Jones was appointed chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority, partly because of his programs to help the poor. Later that year, Jones was accused of extortion, enforcing discipline by beatings and blackmail, and other petty things. He and 800 followers decide to go to Guyana.

1976–1978— Jones goes crazy.

1978— US Congressman Leo Ryan visited Jonestown with several aides to investigate rumors of abuse. On the 18 November, Jones had Ryan and his party killed. He then forced his followers to drink a cyanide/Flavor-aid (a cheap copy of Kool-Aid) solution. Others were shot.

1980— House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence reported there was "no evidence" of CIA involvement in Jonestown.



“Gone?! What do you mean gone!? You stupid hick! How the hell could you lose a car in the middle of a goddam parking lot! Now we had better find some way to make the delivery on time before...” She looked at Vic hard, and his face fell sharply into that of a scared child. “Don’t tell me you left the stuff in the car, Vic, I will not be happy with you, and neither will your boss....You did, didn’t you? You lost it.” At his tiny nod, she gave in to her urge, and the punch sent him sprawling backward over the asphalt.

There was a large man sitting behind a large desk, in a high-backed oak chair. he picked up the phone after the third ring, and casually answered the hysterical caller.

Cereal

—B.J. Leopold, Vol. 2, Iss. 8

The Sandwich: Episode III

The small man loaded his gun with his left hand while steering with his right. The car made no sound except the grinding crunch of the tires over gravel as he pulled off the highway. He had made good time from the mansion, and he knew — the moment he looked towards the rest-stop’s low building — that his quarry would still be here, inside making phone calls or waiting for a ride home that would never come.

The Lieutenant watched the front doors of the low building, waiting patiently for his suspects to reemerge. He watched carefully as the gray woolen topcoat and black sunglasses slithered out of a nearby car and glided into the building. A second later, as the burst of the gunshot registered in his good ear, the Lieutenant discovered himself running top speed towards the doors, gun and badge in hands, his stomach churning at the thought of what he knew he would find there.

Sandy stepped out of the bathroom just as the sound of the explosion reached her, and she followed as in slow motion the cloud of blood raced out from her plaything boy and pockmarked the candy machine her chocolate bar had come from. She did not look at the body lying in front of the machine, she did not look at the grey-coated man standing silently in the middle of the room, she looked only at the now sanguine glass plate of the sugar dispenser.

“Hey, Boss, I got bad news for ya. I stopped at a gas station to fill up the tank, and somebody stole the car with the stuff in it. I don’t have the stuff, boss, i lost it. I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you boss, really I will.”

“Of course you will, Victor, of course you will, “ the large man slowly put the phone down, and looking straight ahead, said to the room, “I hear from a reliable source that my friend Victor has been left alone too long. Go now, accompany him and teach him a lesson about failing me so utterly.” The large man closed his eyes slowly and opened them again. A small man nodded his head, picked up his gun, and left the room through the small door into the garage.

To be Continued...

And then suddenly everything was chaos. The grey man was at the glass doors going out. The cop came out of nowhere, badge waving wildly. He was at the doors, coming in. Sandy’s hand went to her purse. The badge flew as the cop was ejected through the door. The shards of glass that settled over the cop didn’t slow down the grey man, but Sandy’s bullet in the shoulder did. She couldn’t see his face, nor would she have remembered anything she saw except the bright candy-wrapper colors showing through the bloody glass. The grey man disappeared around the corner, and Sandy discovered that she couldn’t move to follow him. She had collapsed in shock, and was sitting in the bathroom doorway. Her plans were utterly ruined.

The radio was shrieking, loud enough to drown out the whining engine and the shouting driver. Looking up, she caught a glimpse of her bloodshot eyes in the stolen rearview mirror and smiled broadly as she remembered her last few days. Living on little food and less sleep, she had walked, hitched and hijacked her way across three states. Now she could add grand theft auto to the list that the imaginary police that were following her would be carrying with them: checking off each offense as they tried to track her down. She smiled again at this thought, as she always did. She could picture the slow realization creep over the stupid hick faces of the cute little couple she had relieved of their car; the way they would get confused and then finally decide their car was gone, and then get confused again. She was starting to get angry again.

“Whoa, girl, take a deep breath, they’re just average assholes with sub-average minds,” she remembered suddenly what her father told her on his last day: “You could take ‘em all on in a battle of wits with one brain tied behind your back, Jan. Yuh know that, don’tcha?”

“Yeah, Daddy, I know that. That’s why I gotta go to the city, I gotta make a name for myself and teach this world a lesson,” Jan smoothed out her forehead creases, took a deep breath, and decided to search through the car for anything interesting. With her free hand, she dug around in their personal junk. When her probing uncovered something cold and slimy under the seat, she jerked her hand back. Shivering and screwing up her face, she cautiously sniffed at the substance on her fingertips, and discovering only mayonnaise, she grinned. Her stomach rumbling lightly in anticipation, she sent her hand flying back around the edge of the seat and snatched the bag containing the fresh, cold Sandwich.

To be continued...

Bite the Wax Tadpole



Bite the what?

When Coca-Cola first started marketing their product in China they tried translating the name into Chinese characters phonetically, so the characters used would most closely resemble the name “Coca-Cola” when spoken. They neglected to sufficiently research what the Chinese version of Coca-Cola, actually “Ke-kou-ke-la,” translated to. The phrase actually means, “bite the wax tadpole,” or even, “female horse stuffed with wax,” depending on what region of the country you live in. The company realized its mistake only after several thousand posters had been printed, at which point they decided to spend a considerable amount of time trying to find a more suitable Chinese name. After rummaging through forty thousand more Chinese characters Coke finally settled on a name that translates as, “happiness in the mouth,” or “Ko-kou-ko-le.”

Go ahead Mao, bite the wax tadpole! What could happen? You’re already dead. Besides nothing worse could happen to either of you for the rest of the day.

by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 7, iss. 7

Cereal

—B.J. Leopold, Vol. 2, Iss. 9

The Sandwich: Episode IV

Sandy picked herself up off the floor; picked her way across the tiles to the ravaged carcass that she rode in with, and very nearly added the contents of her stomach to the spreading pool of blood. With a deep breath, she plunged her fingers into his shirt pocket and extracted the thin bracelet smoothly. And again she plunged, this time for the wallet. Tucking both in her pocketbook alongside her small pistol, she walked deliberately past the glass-covered corpse in the doorway.

Outside, there was a car, engine purring contentedly despite its look of a recent wreck, sitting with its

door open. Sandy didn't hesitate in climbing into the driver's seat, closing the door, and guiding the car out onto the highway. Only then did she notice the police light on the seat beside her, and the low buzzing of the police radio under the dash. A bemused smile cleared a hole in the panic: the cop wouldn't be needing his car anymore anyway.

The small grey man pulled into the garage behind the mansion, turned off the car, and leaned back with a tiny wince that showed only in his eyes. He reached over to the passenger seat, and gently removed the bavarian creme donut from its wax-paper sheath, as he did after every kill. The grey man removed his sunglasses, closed his eyes, and bit into the thick handful of gustatory heaven.

“He has an amazing judgement. Amazing for him. He bought the best...” —Ayn Rand

Deep within Hell's Kitchen, NYC, Fountainhead draws pure, natural water from the Wynand Building's private reserve. Here, for more than 50 years Fountainhead has been naturally filtered through 500 feet of concrete and bedrock. Bottled at the source, nothing is added. It's water the way Howard would have wanted it to be.



We'd like to hear from you.

Call 1-800-346-8747 and tell us what you think!

by Sean Hammond, Vol. 9, Iss. 5)

She says she wants honesty in a relationship,
Give it to her.



X-Files Marinara Sauce

The Truth. It's in there.

His shoulder was worse than he had thought at first, judging by the amount of blood that had spread through his white shirt and into his grey wool. When he had finished his celebratory donut, the small man proceeded inside to find a bandage, though thinking he would settle for a wad of tissues and some tape if necessary, anything to stop the bleeding. The small man headed for the bathroom to requisition a bandage, not noticing the large empty space in the tall man's desk chair.

Jan turned the radio down as she neared the toll booth to get off the highway. She smiled pretty for the nice young man, handed him some coins she found on the dash, and drove away, confident that he would not remember to check the wanted posters for her face. Jan

had no real idea if she was wanted or not, but it never hurt to be one step ahead of them, whoever they were. She unwrapped the sandwich in her lap as she manoeuvre off the highway. The sandwich at first seemed to have come from your average deli restaurant, but at the first bite, Jan was duly impressed. The sandwich was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted, and filling as if it was twice its real size. She finished it with a sated smile.

The tall man was pacing in the foyer, not wanting to return to his office and face the reality of the missing sandwich. No word had come in of the Victor incident, and the small man had not yet checked in with him, which he always did after a successful mission; like a puppy dog wanting a pat on the head, but



wso.williams.edu/~mhacker/Clockwork/milkplus.jpg

by Sean Hammond Vol. 10, Iss. 7

with cold, delicate eyes and bloody fingernails. Impeccable fingernails, actually, but somehow they always seemed bloody to the tall man, no matter how hard he blinked at them or rubbed his eyes. His own fingernails were being chewed to the base as he waited. That sandwich was of utmost importance, he was sure Victor had understood that, therefore Victor must have been against him from the beginning, or else that harlot influenced him away from his loyalties to the boss. *OH, yes, the harlot.* He had forgotten about her; forgotten to tell the small man to kill her too so she wouldn't leak any news of the sandwich to his... competitors. He would have to make a note of that for the future.

To be continued...

Cereal

—B.J. Leopold, Vol. 2, Iss. 10

The Sandwich: Episode V

In the bathroom connected to the large office, the small grey man sat dressing his wounds. The blood had stopped flowing now, and the surgery could be put off until after the boss was notified of the successful kill. The boss would be pleased. The grey man centered his topcoat on his shoulders, despite the hole in the back of it, and walked out into the big office to greet the boss. The chair was empty.

The large man, pacing in the foyer, heard a door close in his office, and assuming it was the small man returning from the mission, he opened the door and went in to hear the news. As he entered, the small man spoke, "The deed is done, the man is dead. The item has not yet been recovered, though."

"Not yet, eh?," the large man grimaced, "Well, it better be recovered while it is still fresh or this entire plan will be worthless, and we will have to wait until next year before we get another chance to perform our

operation. We can't have that, now can we? And when you find that harlot Vincent was traveling with, bring her here alive, I want to speak with her."

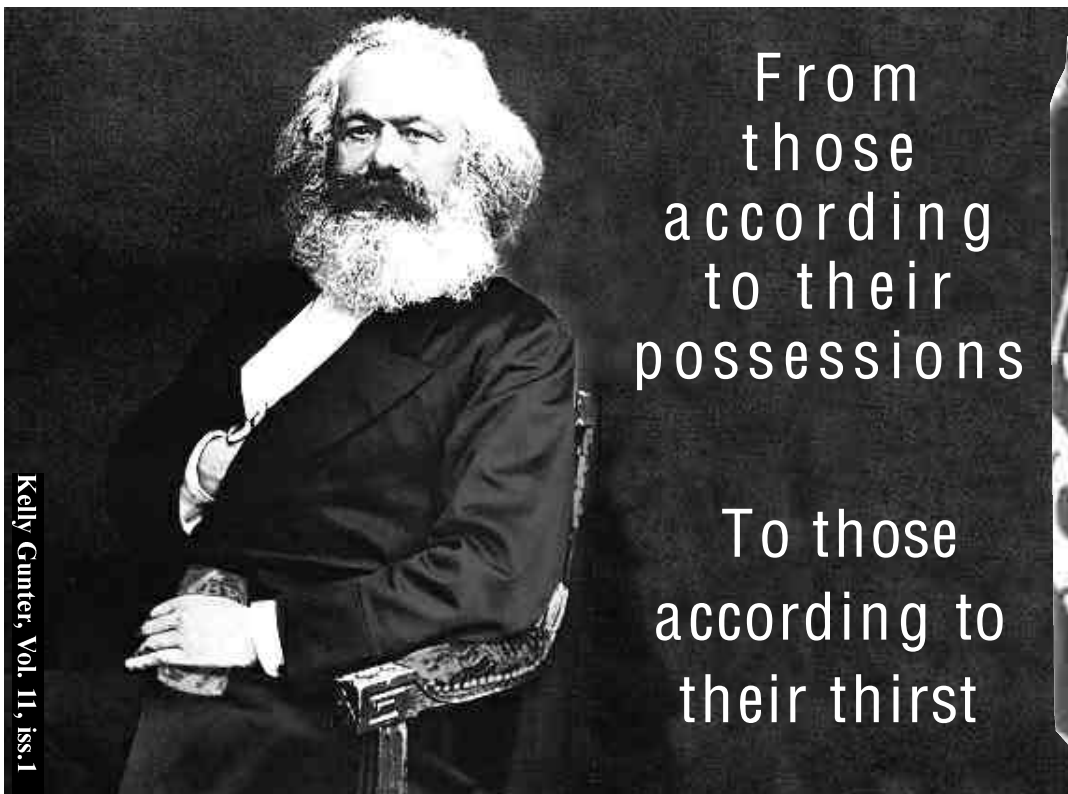
"We can't have that inconvenience. I will find the items and bring them to you, fresh and alive as promised." The small man exited, and left the boss standing alone in his office once again.

Sandy ignored the radio squawking at her for the first few miles, but eventually threw it out the window out of annoyance, once she got past the toll booth and off the highway. She did the same with the flashing light, just for the hell of it. As she turned, at the end of the exit ramp, she caught a glimpse out of the corner of her eye that normally would have stopped her short. She pulled over to the side of the road for a closer look, and almost laughed out loud at the stupidity of the average car thief. Sandy walked up to her car, what was left of it, and playfully scolded the telephone pole for playing ball in the street when a car was coming. She looked in as she got near the front window, and cringed sharply as the sight of the small chest cavity wrapped around the steering wheel brought images of candy machines to her woozy mind. She turned away and started walking back to her car to sit down. This would take some effort.

The grey man was surprised to see the obvious

unmarked police car near Victor's wrecked auto. He was sure it was the same car he had seen in the rest area parking lot earlier this morning, but he was also sure that the driver had been the corpse in the glass doorway, so who had driven it here? As the small man glided over to the wreck and looked inside, he had little hope of finding the fresh, unbloodied sandwich inside. The driver, who must have stolen this car from Victor, had probably also eaten the sandwich. The corpse in the driver's seat had the characteristic markings of the victims of this kind of sandwich: wrinkly, stretched skin, sunken eyes, swollen fingers, and even the telltale blisters along the back of the neck. These had probably formed first, but by the time she noticed them, it would be far too late for any treatment; the sandwich was pure evil, right down to the mayonnaise and tomatoes. The surefire killer itself was in the bread, of course, but every ingredient in that delicious death included some kind of poison, infection agent, or virus. This stupid kid never stood a chance. The real problem now was how to break it to the boss that his assassination plan was kaput. A sandwich like that one took weeks to prepare, and they don't make extras just in case, not when a single sandwich cost over a half-mil. No indeed. He was sure that when he died, he wanted it to be with a delicacy like that on his lips.

The grey man ambled over to the beat-up police



From
those
according
to their
possessions

To those
according to
their thirst



car and marvelled at his good timing. The harlot was here, too, she must have stopped when she saw her boyfriend's car wrecked. He opened the door and said, "Well, hello. What a sweet little girl; maybe the boss will let me play with her when he's done. But first, the boss wants to speak with her."

"You?! I shot you! You followed me?! You—"

"Oh, yes. That's right, I have a score to settle with you; a game to play for the blood on my shoulder and the hole in my coat. Come."

"I ain't goin' anywhere with you. No way. Lemme go, let go of me!"

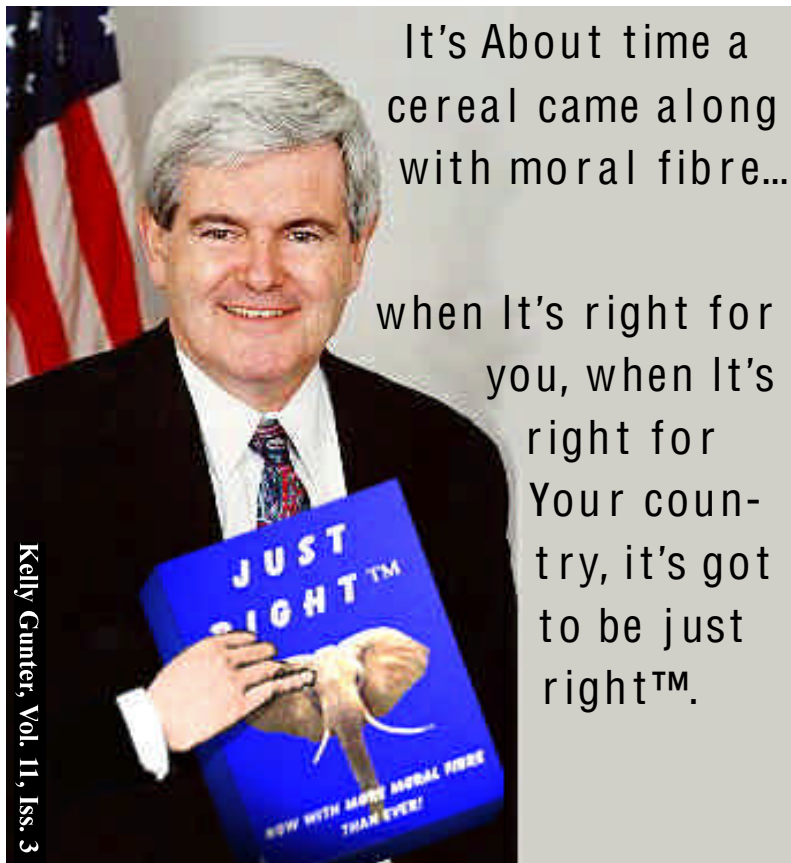
The grey man grabbed her arm and locked his fingers around it, then slowly dragged the kicking girl to his car and firmly placed her inside. He got in the driver's seat and started the engine, when the bullet entered his skull just above his right ear, and he almost had time to scold himself for being too careless to disarm the foolish girl before he died. Almost.

Sandy found herself in a stranger's car with a corpse nearby again. This was the fourth corpse this morning, and the first one ever by her hands. She wanted to scream. She wanted to cry. She decided to

push him out of the car and drive till she ran out of gas. Then she could scream and cry all she wanted.

The large man paced the length of his office all evening, trying desperately to come up with a new plan, just to ease his horrible fear that the sandwich was unrecoverable. After every new plan he came up with, just as he realized it wouldn't work, he damned Victor under his breath. And then himself, for trusting Victor; and then the grey man, for not returning yet; and then he damned the whole world to his personal hell, just for not doing what he wanted them to do. Damnit, in a simple world, people would lie down and die politely when you asked them to, with none of this fooling around. The large man smiled at this, and sat down in his chair.

Not to be continued.



It's time to start your day/
 There's Harkonnens on the way/
 They're looking for you/
 So make that prophecy true...

*...The best part of waking up
 is Melange in your cup!*

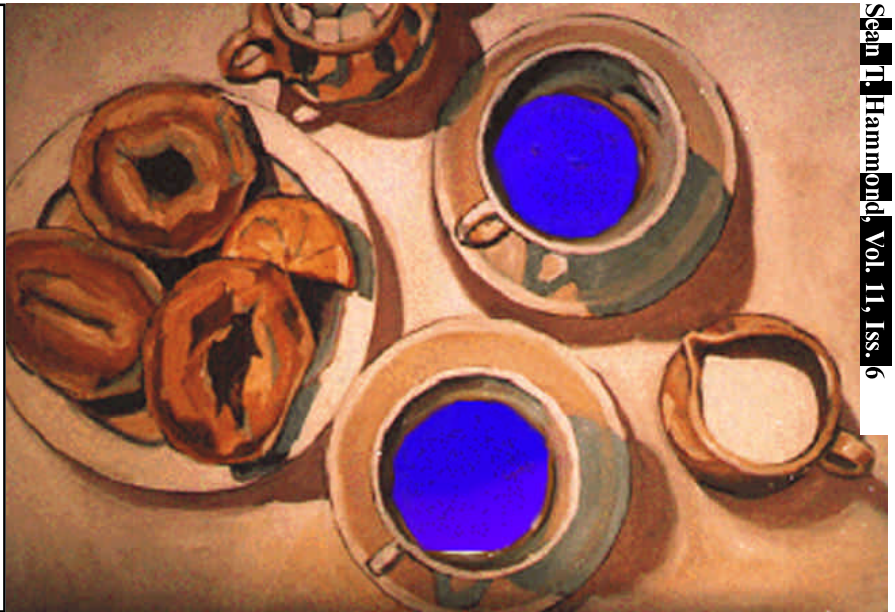
Mornings can be hard, especially when you're waging a holy war from the desert. So when the sleeper just has to awaken, make sure to brew only genuine **Water of Life**™. Made from only the best hand picked **Arrakian**™ sandworms, we guarantee...

In secret Steich trials, 9 out of 10
 Fremens can't tell the difference
 between Melange Decaf and
 Melange Regular.

Remember: If it isn't from the finest
 Makers, it isn't **Arrakian**™.

Ask your Reverend Mother for only
 the finest in spice Melange:

Water Of Life™



Sean T. Hammond, Vol. 11, Iss. 6

Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

IN CAP'N CRUNCH CEREAL, THE
 CRUNCHBERRIES ARE CALLED CRUNCHBERRIES,
 BUT WHAT ARE THOSE LITTLE YELLOW THINGS
 CALLED?

—JASON OLSHEFSKY

Dear Jayce,

I'm glad you asked. The story behind those little yellow blobs is a long and interesting one; it's a story about life, love, and the exploitation of a little known working class. It actually describes a fascinating cycle of nature.

I'll start describing the cycle at the point when you go to the store and buy a box full of these delectable little edibles. You take them home with you. And

on some bright and beautiful morning you spend a few fleeting moments shoveling these crunchy confections, generously embellished with lactose, down your sorry gullet. For the blue and red berries, this marks the end of their life-cycles, but for the little yellow crunchies life is just beginning.

They spend a remarkably educational eighteen hours touring your digestive tract. When those little tykes, for they are crunchberries in an immature stage of life, are finally flushed from your system (these days truly flushed from your system) they emerge stronger, harder, and more importantly deeply imbedded within feces. At this point our story diverges in two directions: the historical migration of the yellow (brownish) crunchberries, and the new modern day equivalent of that same journey.

Unless you come from some enlightened European country or a third world nation, this next little bit does not apply to you anymore. In the olden days, when man heard the call of nature it was taken just there, to nature. Men crapped behind trees, over rocks, on the sides of churches, and in the subway,

basically anywhere that was convenient. Outhouses and latrines are really not that far from the early beginnings of behavioral bowel movements such that they may be treated in the historical manner. In those days the little hardened yellow crunchberries, once excreted, would be picked up by roving gangs of earthworms, carried to a nice location, and piled up to await the time of “change”. No one is clear on why the worms did this, but some have suggested that much like rats, mice, and pediphiles they like to horde materials they find pleasing to the senses.

These days matters are much stranger. Modern man likes to pack his shit in large metal boxes called septic tanks and modern earthworms are having a tougher time of extracting those pre-pubescent pellets. These days earthworms are nothing better than an unskilled and exploited work force,[†] being forced to break into these impenetrable steely fortresses and retrieve these smelly larvae to carry them, sometimes hundreds of miles, all the way to the nearest Captain Crunch Factory. These poor, exhausted worms are lit-

erally working for dirt. But they feel compelled to do the labor now, if only for their children’s sake. You see, today’s soil is so filled with DDT, weed killer, acid rain and any other type of chemical warfare you can think of, that it is actually unpalatable for the poor worms now. So in these times that try worms entrails they must turn to Captain Crunch and the mighty corporation of Quaker as their only supplier of medium grade fertilizer.

Now we enter the factory floor part of the cycle. After the worms drop off their booty and get paid, all of the little stinky balls are assembled in one room. They are allowed to sit for a couple of weeks while the “change” occurs. The “change” is when the little yellow crunchberries begin to take their true form. They develop into little male crunchberries (blue) and little female crunchberries (pink). Once the yellows have changed color, the factory workers take a handful of each and toss them into a box. The box is then sealed, and allowed to be shipped via third class mail to arrive at any of the country wide distribution spots. During

By Sean Hammon, Vol. 11, Iss. 7

I love dairy. Unfortunately for many Africans, the path of the dairy loving man is lbeset on all sides by the inequities of hypolactasia. Cursed is he who, after eating dairy, suffers cramps, bloating, and diarrhea. But the white man eats dairy as though with a great vengeance and furious anger.

You will know it is the white man’s dairy when it lays its vengeance upon you....

Random Fact:

By Sean Hammond, Vol. 15, Iss. 2

Chicago artist Haddon Sunblom was hired by the Coca Cola Company in 1931 to create an image of Santa Clause for their 1931 pre-Christmas advertising campaign. Prior to becoming a fat Coke bottle, the Dutch Saint Nikolass often wore glue, green or yellow, and was thin, tall, and had hollow cheeks.



this long and arduous journey the crunchberries reach sexual maturity, and begin a three day long period of frenzied orgy (these circumstances can only be fostered through the third class mailing process). After three more weeks of being lost in the mail, the crunchberries have given birth, often to quintuplets, and have reared the young undifferentiated berries to a ripe age to begin the rest of their magical life journey. I hope this brings a new perspective to breakfast cereal. And thanks for the question.

Incidentally, when the box refers to the cereal settling in the mail, this occurs when the cereal was shipped too quickly and did

not have ample time to fornicate.

—the Bare-foot Girl, Vol. 9, Iss. 3