

# Family



by Scott Peterson, Vol. 3, iss. 8

## Child Theft Deterants

“More fun than socks with eyes.”

Warning: this week’s GDT does not have the minimum daily requirement of David Hasselhoff or dwarf tossing references. You must forage elsewhere.

I recently had to replace the stereo in my car due to the fact that someone felt they were entitled to it slightly more than I. To try and deter future pilfering of my possessions, I coughed up some extra cash to buy one of those newfangled detachable face models. I love the concept behind this technology. If I take off the face plate the stereo doesn’t work; end of story. This makes stealing such equipment pointless, or at the very least not as much fun (but then again staring at a metal and plastic box with wires sticking out of one end could be very enjoyable to a segment of our population...probably the same people who tape fishing shows and who the new line of Chia-animals are marketed toward).

Imagine the wide application of this technology in todays on-the-go society. Say, for example, you’re a mother of three and you’re at the mall with your little darlings: you want to run into the little glass figurine store, or maybe Frederick’s of Hollywood.

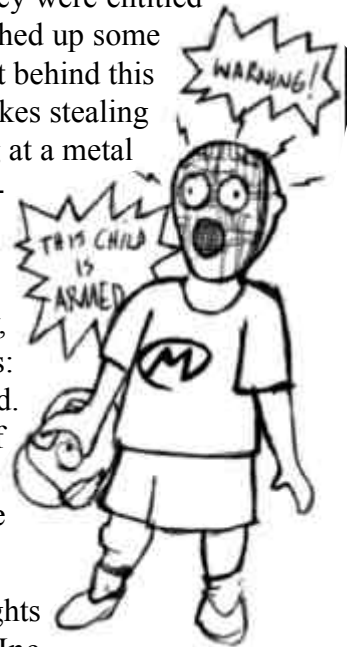
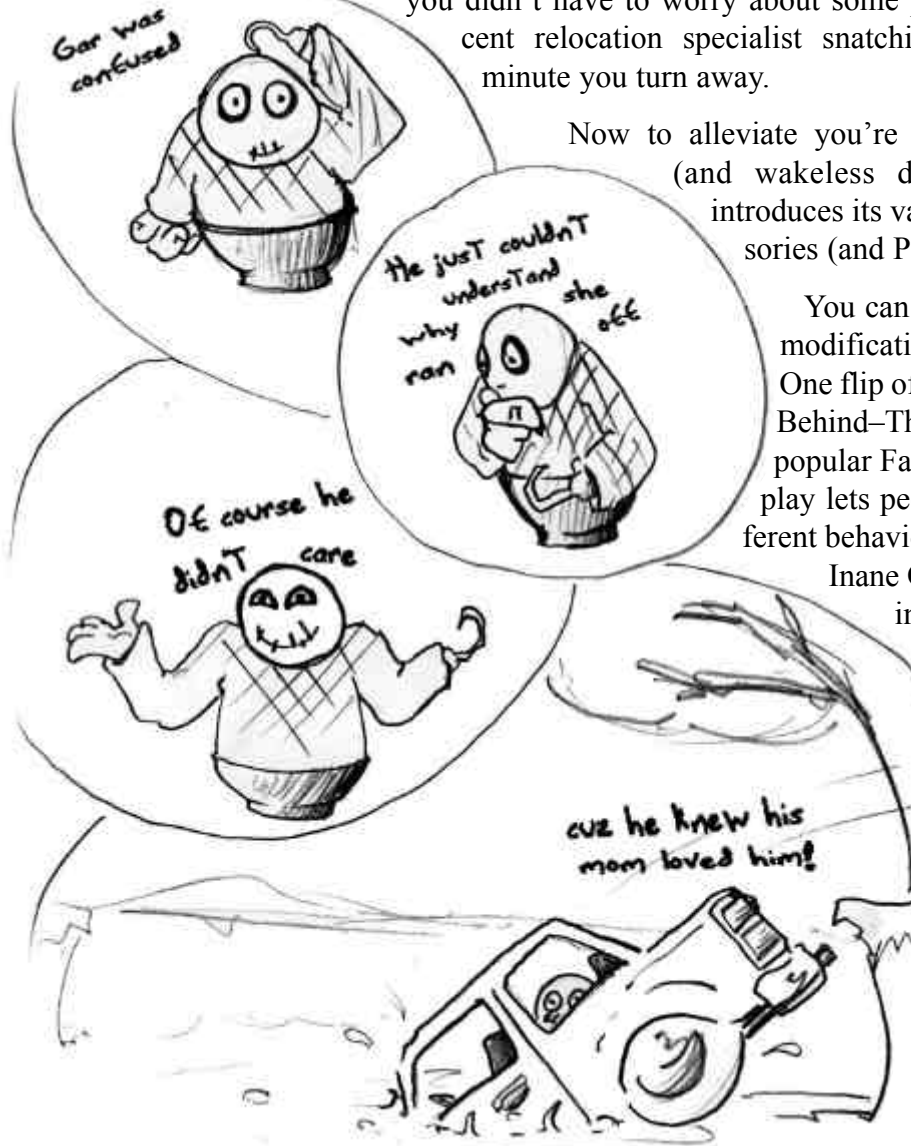
**GAR-**

Leaving your kids right outside the store would be great...if you didn’t have to worry about some proto-pubescent relocation specialist snatching them the minute you turn away.

Now to alleviate you’re sleepless nights (and wakeless days), Hell Inc.

introduces its varied line of Child Theft Deterrent accessories (and Personal Pleasure Devices).

You can have your child fitted with the behavior modification implant...with special LED screen. One flip of the cleverly hidden switch (choose from Behind-The-Ear, Under-The-Armpit or the ever popular False-Tooth) and the easily seen LED display lets people know your child is armed. The different behavior modes available range from Unending Inane Questions (“Why do you have hair growing in your ears?”), Repeat Song Mode (“Bingo” over, and over, and over), to Hell-Spawn-Projectile-Vomiting Demon-Child.





You can shop at ease knowing that little Johnny or Sally will utterly destroy the life of any would-be kidnapper. In our extensive test marketing research, abductors were easily located by their obvious facial twitches and Tourettes-like shrieks of, “Stop it!” ,”For the love of God!” , and “Kill me. Kill me now.” In fact, stolen children were often returned within half an hour of attempted relocation, fully washed and well fed.

For those who can’t afford to shell out the cash for this equipment, we offer some inexpensive alternatives: detachable face plate and removable limb features. You can choose from full or partial arm and leg detachments, removable face (the good feature of the detachable face is they’re all interchangeable. Ever wonder what Bobby would look like as a girl? Just pop his face on Sarah. Easy on, easy off!), and removable jaw.



With these deterrents in place you can rest assured that although you may never see Timmy again, he won’t live his life out doing hard labor as a white slave; you still have his arms and left leg. Just pray he never finds his way onto the illegal and underground “Human Pinata” circuit.

By Troy Liston, Sean Hammond, and Kelly Gunter, illustrations by Mark Trezepla, Vol. 1, Iss. 14

## Old Folks Kennel

“Writing is easy. All you do is stare at a blank sheet of paper until drops of blood form on your forehead.”



Just the other day, I saw some old git with a walker feebly attempting to cross the road. Obviously this poor lost soul was just another number of the geriatric migratory flock separated from its gaggle. I mused vaguely about taking it home and feeding it, but then I remembered my mother telling me that if its mother ever catches your scent on it, she might never take it back. So I just decided to sit there and laugh at it, and then suddenly everything seemed so simple; the intricacies of the universe revealed themselves to me, and I basked in its beauty: The Old Folks Kennel. Everything made perfect sense. Only for a moment. Had you asked me about it the next day, I never would have known what I was thinking. Hell, if you asked me a couple of seconds after this masterful brainstorm cascaded through my cranium the most insightful thing I could probably have said for sure is, “Huh?” If you think about it good and hard, I just might be onto something...might.

There is always a dilemma for people who want to go on vacation, but can’t take their old folk with them. You can’t just leave them at home with a full bowl of water and a bag of Old Folk Chow™ (because they tear up the couch and usually end up drinking out of the toilet); the humane society and ONEFOOT in the GRAVE (other-

wise known as Official Nonessential Elderly Federation Of Opiated Tale-tellers in the General Region Approaching Visceral Expiration) would be all over your ass.

They'd take your old folk away from you, and you'd probably never see them again. You could ask a friend to stop by and check up on your old folk, but old folk require so much attention. All in all, Sea Monkeys are probably a better deal, but you pleaded and begged your parents, wrote to Santa, and even prayed for an old folk of your very own, and now that you have one, you have to take care of them. Its in just such circumstances that the Old Folks Kennel can help.



The Old Folks Kennel provides clean cages with all the Gerber™ and water your old folk can get through a straw. During the day, your old folk can roam about in the Old Folks Kennel free range area, where they can run and frolic all day long with others of their own kind, until they need a diaper change. For a small additional charge, the conscientious staff at the Old Folks Kennel will grudgingly wash, shave, comb the hair, trim nails, and perform other hygienic tasks for your old folk as the need arises.

Owners should beware of prolonged absences from their old folk. Because of the strong emotional bond formed by the imprinting of old folk with their owners, people may return from their trip to discover their old folk have lost much of their spunkiness. There are those elderly who drool as much as dog on a hot day, some bed ridden folk from whom you can expect



...TREATING GRANDPA  
LIKE A GOLDFISH  
JUST WASN'T  
WORKING...

to get as much entertainment value as you would derive from a mildly depressed guinea pig, and those people

whose Alzheimer's reduce them to the level of human goldfish†. In nearly all cases, your old folk forget most house training and seem as capable of controlling their bowel movements as a dog who's just eaten a chocolate rabbit.

For those of you out there who have become more and more frustrated with the state of your elderly, the Old Folks Kennel provides many other services: spaying, declawing, flea baths, removal of worms, and when the end comes for your old folk, euthanasia, and corpse disposal (flower urn optional).



† Evolution has allowed the domestic goldfish to remain sane by granting them with one of nature's shortest attention spans. It just so happens that the domestic goldfish has the capacity to remember exactly one lap around the bowl. Thus for the goldfish, life is continually new and amazing. During each lap, a goldfish more or less thinks, "This is new! This is new! Wow, this is new!" Those poor goldfish whose attention spans allow them to realize they are merely swimming in circles simply close their gills and suffocate themselves to escape from the boredom of their existence. Thus the fittest survive.

## Tax Kids

*"Look around you; what do you think is happening here? They take rats and they put them in boxes and when there are too many of them, some of the little fuckers go out of their minds and start gnawing the rest to death. It ain't no different here, baby! It's rat time for everybody in this madhouse."*

—Harlan Ellison, *The Whimper of Whipped Dogs*

*He boarded the subway under the leering gaze of the Jehovah's Witness and couldn't remember the last time a stranger had looked into his eyes. The primate in him wanted to lower his head...or maybe crap in his hand and throw it at him. Yeah. Here's poop in yer eye.*

*As the subway thrust its way deeper into the beckoning tunnels of the city, he thought back. If only he had had a club. A baseball bat to erase that foreign sign of respect from the freak's face. Then he wouldn't look anyone in the face again.*

*At the next stop, the subway filled up to capacity. It was impossible to escape from brushing against another before, but now circumstances were more intimate. The hand of the leggy woman next to him was against his crotch, and he was alarmed to realize he was getting an erection. It was impossible for the woman not to notice...not unless she had had all of the nerve endings in her hand severed. Still, she did nothing. At the next stop she pushed her way off the subway.*

**GAR-**

Gar was angry.  
(As you can denote  
from The iconography  
of a black squiggle)

*She never looked anyone in the eye. Slut.*

*He was an extra. An extra person in the drama of the life of someone else. His was nothing but a walk-on role. Just another of the crushing masses that would live an unremarkable life, not because he did not have talent or aspirations, but because there were so many people with talent and aspiration. He, and everyone else, was fodder. God fodder. Well, not for much longer. He would make them all know who he was. Just wait until that mail order blimp arrived....*

He was angry  
because he couldn't  
find a girl

AT least... NOT

one That would  
love him.

(laugh)

So he stalked The  
"lover's lanes"  
slaying and maiming  
couples

*Look to your right. Now your left. How many people do you see? Too many! The multitude of inhabitants on this planet is growing tempestuously, and unless we want to imitate the local white-tailed deer population with a huge quantity of emaciated individuals on the side of the thoroughfare (and deceased, often dismembered, ones in the middle), we had better start dreaming up something drastic to do that will help alleviate this problem. Oh wait, there already are malnourished multitudes in the streets... anyone want to recommend reintroducing the indigenous predators (i.e. muggers, wolves, serial rapist/killers), or organizing a hunting trip into the neighborhoods? We can all head down to the regional venery emporium, buy some semi-automatic projectile armaments smuggled in from China via their new California naval base, don our hunter-orange suit jackets and Hush Puppies, and start perforat-*



ing the pates of the unsuspecting droves of “sapient” gushing out of gloomy theatres after the six hours they just exhausted being pent up watching all of the re-released *Star Wars* movies in one sequential sitting. It would be glorious, wouldn’t it?

“There’s Homer Simpson. And there’s Homer Simpson!”

Florida, apart from recently setting their latest champion of the anabarc throne on fire and being the geriatric apothecary head of the union, has recently attempted the first option enumerated by releasing a substantial number (some multiple of the number ten beginning with the number 3) of condemned criminals from their state penitentiaries. Though there are certainly going to be a massive quantity of maimed and murdered people not running about any more, killing mature members of society is just medicating the syndrome. We need to cease new progeny from being born.

China is doing its part to limit births...why can’t you? It’s time to spur up good old fashioned Red Fever and try to show the world that whatever They™ can do, we can do better. Partial Birth Abortions (PBA, not to be confused with the PTA: Parent Teachers Association) is a promising beginning—it’s certainly more entertaining than other methods—but it isn’t really much of an effective birth *deterrent*; it’s actually closer to a spectator sport. Sell tickets to the procedure and have judges. It would be like the oyster shucking competitions that are held in the south: see which medical practitioner could crack open the skulls and devoid them of the developed and functional cerebellums of the luckless feti the fastest. You can’t buy publicity like that.

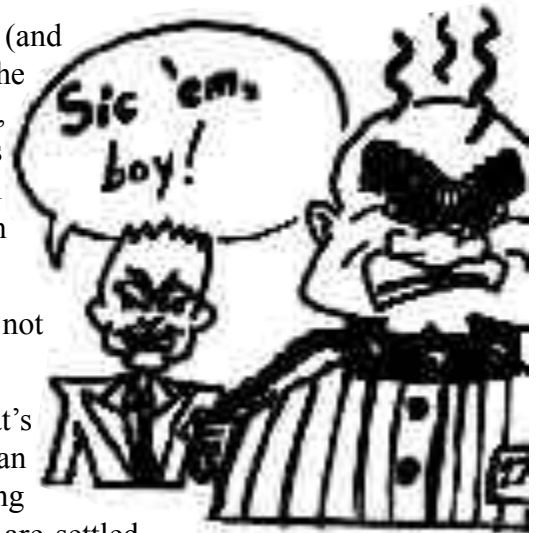
Then again, there are so many other potential ways of limiting global population... even after you neglect sterilization and outright war (since we’ve been doing those for centuries and it doesn’t seem to work. Personally, I think China and India could really help each other out by cutting loose on one another. One year of serious infantry battle in the Himalayas and between the weapons and the elements the world population would be cut in half and the standard of living in both countries would be significantly better. While we’re at it, let’s introduce Creutzfeldt–Jakob disease into the holy cows of India. Get rid of the poor starving creatures once and for all); it’s time we started getting creative. GDT is now prepared to unveil a “modest proposal” of its own.

Taxes.<sup>†</sup> Oh yes! Let’s put a tax on tykes. Your first child is free (and the second one’s by me), but as soon as you have a second child, the government comes a–knocking on your door and taxes your ass (well, your child’s ass, and other appropriate body parts)...more or less depending on how many extra asses you produce. Each additional child increases your tax exponentially. In this new scenario children become symbols of exaggerated wealth in society.

“Yeah did you hear? The Wilsons are having a third! They must not want that new condo in the Hamptons.”

Can’t pay for your kiddies? Guess what...you go to jail. That’s right, one all–expenses–paid tour of your county jail where you can relax with your new friends Bubba and Sammy the Sodomite following an enjoyable day of mandatory manual labor. Once your accounts are settled, Junior is returned: hardly the worse for his stay with his Big Brother. Sure he twitches during the day and screams all night long, but you can rest assured in the knowledge that you didn’t do it.

<sup>†</sup>This is a new version of taxation which is temporarily dubbed the Preventative Progeny Program of Assessment. It is basically just another example of defensive taxation like tariffs, luxury taxes, and certainly the most dubious of all taxes, the dreaded snack food tax.





The perks would just keep right on coming in the new atmosphere of the Defensive Tyke Tax (DTT, not to be confused with DDT, the Defensive Dyke Tax. That is something totally different being proposed by the Right side of Congress). For people who desire children, but not the monetary hassle, new businesses will spring up around a rent-an-offspring mentality (a boon to the American pedophile population, and, for the first time in probably nine centuries, choir boys may be allowed a small respite). Another added benefit is that there would be fewer cases of children having children, because any parent who couldn't afford another child, would be keeping their precious ones under lock and key until they were old enough to make productive members of society out of themselves. On the other hand, the mafia could threaten people under their protection with raping their daughters and thus forcing them to pay higher premiums on their taxes if they don't conform with the local mafia's plans.

"Beautiful daughter you have there, Mr. Santiny. Be a real shame if she fell in love and had a beautiful baby girl. Real shame...."

Imagine the increase of black market children (particularly those disturbing monopedes) and an increased number of parents selling their little darlings into child pornography rings to avoid being sent to the state penitentiary for tax infractions. Investors in Bangkok are just quivering in anticipation.

Not only would "parent" become a more heavily-contemplated title, but the decision to become a Godparent wouldn't be taken as casually. Prospective godparents would have to think, "Sure, Rusty's a great drinking pal, but what if he's a deadbeat by next March? Do I really want his kids?" Answers such as "Hell no!" and, "Not for the love of Sweet Jesus!" (Mmm, Sweet Jesus.... Aagggggrgrrrgrgrrrrr....) spring to mind. Child-bearing couples would be pariahs of their social set. Imagine: the Joneses walking into a lively cocktail party. Mrs. Jones is wearing a dazzling evening gown made of silk with skillful renderings of all ten children embroidered into the sumptuous fabric. Someone whispers "breeders," and every one of the socialites present falls silent in the wake of this parental power-house. They all begin to contemplate their napkins with a Zen-like concentration.

Although you may find yourself shunned by your less economically productive friends, any and all children formed from your union can rest assured that they were either really wanted in the first place or they were used as some warped means of getting back at those aforementioned Joneses. If you don't end up having a continuing union and your child becomes split between parents, then you'd both have to pay proportional amounts of the tax to maintain it until it becomes an economically independent participant in the society.

Trust us, it would work. There are no drawbacks. Besides, our recommendations are at least as logical as encouraging couples to have nine children that they can't afford to feed, clothe, or educate.



## Repoman

By Kelly Gunter, Sean Hammond, *et.al.*, illustrated by Scott Peterson Vol. 6, Iss. 7

“I owed the government \$3400 in subsidized loans, so I sent them two hamsters and a toilet seat.”

Every day, hundreds of people take out loans for everything from their car or house to their college education. Most of these people have no foreseeable means of ever repaying those loans. But, since you have to be in debt to have a good credit rating (or any credit rating), it's not uncommon to hear horror stories from people who could no longer make the payments on their 1978 Yugos<sup>†</sup> and found one morning, much to their surprise, that their piece-of-shit-mobile had been paid a visit from the Repo man and managed to start a war in the Balkan states.<sup>3</sup> Part of the problem is the sheer lobbying power of the Repo Men's Union (RMU) to make the banks continue to give them contracts. Whenever the percentage of loans paid on time gets too high, the Yugos start to disappear again from unsuspecting driveways all over the suburbs of middle America.

That is only the first slip that sends young, successful burger-flippers straight to the bottom (not without the inevitable ka-chunk as their head smacks into the side of that dark, slime-covered shaft). Sooner or later you find yourself in a louse-infested room at the YMCA with your little gears sluggishly turning and you wonder, “Where did I go wrong? What next? They've taken my house, my car, my Skittles, all my worldly possessions, what more can they take? On the upside, I have four years of college under my belt, so I should be able to get a job somewhere. Right? Right!?”

Well, now thanks to <sup>δ</sup>Lethe Gee, a subsidiary of Hell Inc., the big bad Repo-man is coming for your college education. Haven't paid off those college loans yet? Thinking you had a little cushion zone since there was no way for you to default on your loan and you felt secure in the knowledge that your knowledge was secure? HA! Lethe Gee is on your tuckus, boys and girls. There's nowhere to run. The Gee-Men

come not in the night like other RMU members, but in broad daylight when you are most likely to really need that Yugo to get home from the mall. The age-old “Anybody remember where we parked?” routine quickly becomes the bitter taste of Diphenhydramine Hydrochloride when the parking lot empties and there's nothing left but a few Tumble-Cans<sup>TM</sup> and the one obligatory tri-cycle playing hide and go seek with the empty shopping carts. As you dodge between race lanes of local frat brothers sailing by in the windy straits of the lot's many mono-



<sup>†</sup> A Car Before its Time.

<sup>3</sup> One of the (many) facts not released by the CIA concerning the latest BOOM from Europe's powderkeg is that the entire disintegration of Yugoslavia was not precipitated by cultural/religious tensions. The war was started because Serbia, thinking itself to be the Detroit of the Balkans, invested massive amounts of capital into their hope: the Yugo. Sadly, when worldwide sales fell far short of expectations, creditors insisted that debts be paid. Before Lethe Gee-men<sup>δ</sup>(uhhh, headnote) appeared to collect as only they can, the country fell back upon the tried-and-true theory of the redistribution of wealth. They invaded neighboring areas to snatch up land and valuable silly-string resource rights, and paid off their debts.

<sup>δ</sup> This is not the footnote you're looking for. It was a headnote, silly. Look up.

cotyledonous curbside dividers (MCD's), you catch sight of the crushing blow: Lethe Gee's calling card. Yes, the Lethe Gee-Men do leave a calling card, so you know when you've been hit by the big boys (but only if you knew your ancient Greek mythology prior to taking out your college loans). When you see the larger-than-life parallelogram pink eraser<sup>¥</sup> where your spouse used to be, you begin to feel the edges of the hole left in your mind. You begin to realize that since you bought that car while attending college, you have no idea what it looks like.

Lethe Gee repossesses your education when you default on your college loans. Because of the way humans learn, however, it's just too much trouble to remove the practical knowledge learned in classes without making the rest of the memories from that time of your life totally disjointed. Besides, most of the people who attend and/or graduate college don't care much for their book-learning, and so it loses all value as a bargaining chip; it's buried so deep under fuzzy recollections of beer funnels and gang-rapes (both giving and receiving) in the neighboring sorority house that most of them couldn't find it to answer a Jeopardy question with any-way, so who cares? To ensure the satisfaction of their client banks, Lethe Gee just takes the whole chunk. You literally lose four (or five or six) years of life, with only the summers and vacations left lingering, feeling utterly lost in the sea of fog that was your early adulthood.

In theory, you could negotiate with your loan companies to try and get your memories returned if you began payments again. Unfortunately, most people don't remember that they have forgotten something and wander aimlessly around their old High School haunts, wondering where all their friends are.

For those fortunate or observant enough to notice, the eraser left for them has a handy phone number to call: 1-800-LETHE-GE. The number is, of course, a front operation. When you call, even if they insist that they are a special delivering service for expecting mothers, be persistent. By all means give the operator your name and home address, but insist that you WANT to pay back your loans and could you please have your memories returned? Make it clear to them that you would be in a much better position to land a successful job if you could remember what exactly it was that you majored in. Best of luck, and remember the operators are Gee-men specially trained to keep up the facade.... Be persistent!

<sup>¥</sup> When Lethe Gee was only a few lonely men in the basement of the Hell Inc. world headquarters (when it exists corporeally), they considered the wedge-shaped pencil-tip erasers as their standard issue weapon of choice, but they chose the parallelogram style erasers because they are more ominous when pointed at a victim. And they hurt more when you get hit upside the head with them. Especially in rapid-fire mode when the teacher turns her back.



By Scott Peterson, Vol. 5, Iss. 10

## Kids for Fun and Profit

By Chad Loder, Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter, *et.al.*, Vol. 9, Iss. 4

*Learn from your parents' mistakes – use birth control!*

THIS IS A TEST.

THIS IS A TEST OF YOUR SHORT TERM POP-CULTURE MEMORY.

THIS IS ONLY A TEST....

Who is Louise Woodward?

Kids: Baby Killer!<sup>†</sup>

Seth: Drools.

(We're sure this picture would have been stunningly funny.)

Wow. Good job. With the all superficial, transient news that is passed off on Americans, I'm impressed that you could remember. For those troglodytes out there going, "Huh?" let me fire those synapses. A few months ago the moon-faced Limy Louise Woodward, alias *au pair*,<sup>3</sup> was tried for murder.

Not to dredge up old news, but lets dredge up old news and put it under the specially polarized lights of GDT.<sup>δ</sup> In case you didn't hear, the baby's parents were both medical doctors; one at Brigham & Womens', the other at the Children's Hospital, yet they failed to notice their son's broken wrist and 6.4cm skull fracture for at least two weeks. I suppose that it's understandable. Both parents had the Puritan work ethic. It was revealed in court that the parents were too occupied in the morning to change the baby's diapers before the *au pair* arrived, so he lay in his crib, unchanged, bones broken, while the parents rushed off to work where they were paid good money to care for other people's children. When they got home, they were too tired, etc....

I could go on and on, but instead, I'm more interested in why these people had a baby in the first place. They certainly didn't want to spend time with it, that's for sure.

<sup>†</sup> Kids care of *Melancholy Homewrecker's* "Big Daddy's Biology Show." Gosh you kids are smart.

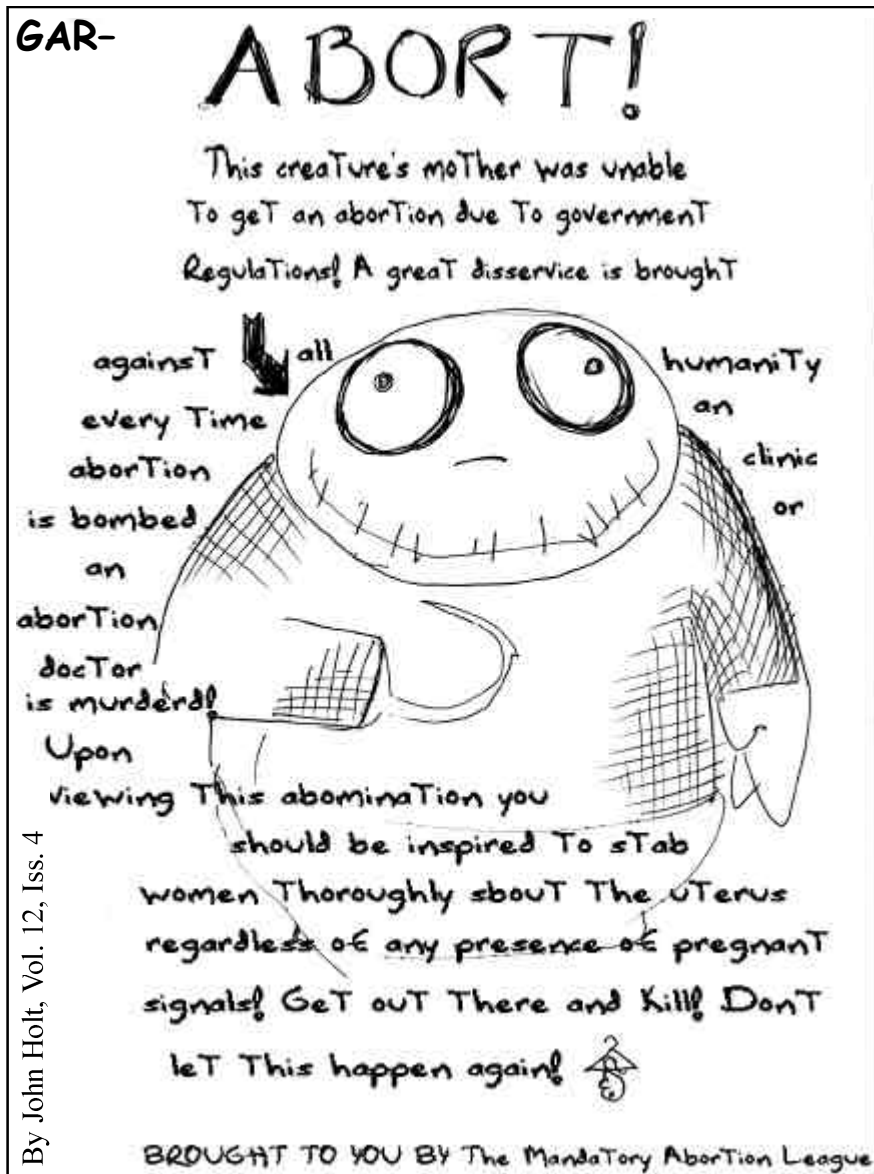
<sup>3</sup> Louise Woodward belongs to the once infamous Babyrattler Gang. In the early twenties the Babbyrattlers were best known for smuggling large quantities of hooch across state lines in millions of sanitary baby bottles protectively wrapped in individual Woobies. Elliot Ness and his Untouchables were primed to turn their attention to the Babbyrattlers just after they brought in Al Capone for tax evasion, but alas it was too late, because prohibition was revoked and the motherly Babyrattler Gang, with such notables as Joey the Diaper, the Passifier, and Tickle Me Elmo, got off scot-free. Over the years, the gang declined in their infamy (huh?) and slowly became a legitimate racket peddling their babysitting knowhow across the globe. It's only in Asia that they have had a return to glory, selling difficult children into whatever market needs pre-pubescent, succulent, sexed up, Asian children. For the life of me, I can't think of what you'd use them for, but recently the chicken market has ordered more than their usual half dozen.

<sup>δ</sup> Unbeknownst to most physicists, the "Dark Matter" that has been theorized is nothing but subatomic particles of absurdity. Of course they haven't been detected because when an absurdity particle collides with a detector, an unbelievable reading is given. The scientists look at the data and say, "That's absurd," and chalks up the weird readings to experimental error. Anyway, after three years of work, using a mint Commodore 64, an old oscilloscope, a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses, and an Energizer nine-volt battery (we tried other batteries, but only Energizers work. We think it has something to do with that rabbit and the unusually high concentration of absurdity around it), GDT has discovered that absurdity is polarized. By donning the modified Ray-Bans and watching CNN Headline News, normally serious news is filtered out and only the absurdity comes through. Quite refreshing, really. The only problem is the splitting headaches you get from keeping the nine-volt pressed up against your tongue for too long.

Of course we, as biologic entities, are driven to reproduce. "It's not my fault, officer! My damn selfish genes made me do it!" This has a kernel of truth to it, but I thought parents were genetically hard wired to care for and protect their offspring. It's that whole big-eyed, small-chinned, full-lipped, symmetric-face look that makes college geeks jack off over anime photos, and makes Daddies say, "Uh, I've got to use the bathroom," after seeing his daughter in a swim suit. Something must have gone wrong with the culture to be able to override our desire to cuddle and protect babies.<sup>f</sup> As an example, the crane has a circuit in her lower brain that triggers a reflexive egg-nudging action at the sight of a sufficiently egg-shaped object rolling on the ground. She will nudge the egg back into the nest, or go crazy trying. Really. If you nail an egg shaped piece of wood to the floor, that stupid bird will get so frustrated that it will conscientiously pluck all its feathers out in a great preening frenzy. If she left her eggs with an *au pair* and they were cracked when she got back, you bet she'd notice. And would there be birdy hell to pay. I suppose we can't expect such silliness from a human, however. We're a very busy species.

"But wait," you cry out, indignant and frankly a little tired of our pretentiousness. "People have children because they love children." Maybe, but if you love your children, you sacrifice some of your career or social life to spend time with your kids (or if you have no work or social life, you don't stay out boozing all night). Take a bus sometime—watch how parents treat their children. If they're yelling at and threatening their kids on the bus, pulling their arms into unnatural angles, grabbing hair, or cleaning their faces with spit, imagine what

happens at home. Love is a beautiful thing to see...and I don't see love when a parent is dragging a crying child to the daycare center where they're afraid of being laughed at. Then you've got the parents who toss the newborn into a plastic bag and throw him out with the garbage (we're horrified by this, but it's just a home-style abortion. The only difference is the hospital burns their babies instead of throwing them out. Which would you say is more earth friendly? Tough call. Between filling landfills and polluting the air, I'd say the two just about break even). Love is in the air. I can smell it.



<sup>f</sup> Except in the case when a single mother lands a husband. Males are hardwired to want to pass on their genes, so any child already existing is a threat to their deoxy-whatchamacallits. Kill the bastard (no, really) and there are more available resources for an updated child carrying the new husband's genes. Don't like the sound of that? Then why are there more incidents of step father's beating the living bejesus (as opposed to the deceased bejesus that falls off of you and comprises about 95% of your household dust) out of them and killing their wives' children? This doesn't mean that every man will commit infanticide...it just means they're generally bastards.

Money is the fuel driving our culture. It is the cause and the end of everything we do, so it's no surprise that economics plays such a major role in child-rearing. In *The New Generation*, Bertrand Russell wrote

THE PLACE OF THE FATHER IN THE MODERN SUBURBAN FAMILY IS A SMALL ONE—PARTICULARLY IF HE PLAYS GOLF, WHICH HE USUALLY DOES [OR IN THE URBAN CASE, IF HE SKIPS TOWN WHEN THE KIDS ARE STILL INFANTS AND LEAVES THE MOTHER TRYING TO ATTRACT MEN TO HELP SUPPORT HER].<sup>\*</sup> IT IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO SEE WHAT HE IS PURCHASING WHEN HE PAYS FOR HIS CHILDREN, AND BUT FOR TRADITION IT MAY BE DOUBTED WHETHER HE WOULD CONSIDER CHILDREN A GOOD BARGAIN.

Contrary to the tax *on* children that GDT proposed last year, the socialists<sup>2</sup> (Hey! That's "Democrats" to you, buddy.) have set it up so the more puppies you squirt out, the more money you get from Uncle Sam (and you get a bonus if you don't work). At the same time, the government is spending money trying to reduce urban crowding and child abandonment (how far are we from FBI Norplant™ sorties into inner-city housing developments? "Roger, Red Squirrel. We've got a breeder on our flank. Requesting authorization to engage. Over"). It's a two-edged sword: "Have kids? You need money." "You need money? Have kids." Once you've got them, you can abandon them: it's your name on the check, that money is for you. Go out, buy a big screen TV or a few magic 8-balls—you deserve it. Just make sure you pick up some Doritos and Pepsi on the way home so the kids have dinner.

The underprivileged are egregious because they're more of a financial drain, but it's unfair of me to pick on just them. Foofie parents (like those in the Louise Woodward case) act the same, but they can hire nannies. Fly to France for the weekend or simply work all day, too tired to read a story when you get home. Where does it end? Nannies, VCRs, baby gyms, child therapists, \$3200 a week soccer camps, finishing school, \$28,000 a year universities that babysit your children—anything so the parents don't have to get

their hands dirty. Then when the parents are old and decrepit, the kids will toss them into a nursing home and sell the house. Can't really blame them.

If you love children, then by all means have *one*. Better yet, get them from someone who doesn't want theirs. On the otherhand, if you just want to make money by having kids, follow my simple formula:

1.) Charge money for someone to impregnate the mother (if you are the mother and you are a butt-ugly-girl and your breath smells like ass, pay someone to impregnate you. Don't worry, you'll make it back. No, it's not prostitution. You're doing it for love...love of money). If you can, get the guy to marry the mother.

2.) When the kid is born, divorce the father. Get the house, the car, child support and alimony. Then sell the house.

3.) Now you're homeless and you can collect welfare and unemployment. Sell the food stamps to someone who needs food.

4) Sell the baby into the sex slave market in Greenland.

As a typical American, you're probably more familiar with the Asian Sex Market™, so here's some advice: put the kid in a barrel and feed him green oatmeal through a hole until he's 18. Then sell him to a circus as a green hunchbacked midget (not to be confused with the fleshy monopods being circulated on the blackmarket pinata circuit). With all those rolls of flesh, you may have to put baby powder on them to help cut down on the chaffing as they move, but think of the number of people they can service at once. Hurray!

If you're driven biologically to reproduce, try masturbation. I knew a guy who got his cat off with a pencil when she was in heat, just to shut her up and keep her from clawing the couch to shit. If masturbation doesn't work, I'll give you the guy's address... see what he can do for you.

• See<sup>f</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Bertrand Russell was a socialist while it was fashionable. He came to his senses.

**(This picture probably caused mild incontinence in rats. Best that you never got to see it.)**

## Attic Inferno

—Alex Whitman, Vol.8, Iss. 5

Okay so I'm like walking downtown last week and I'm thinking, "Hey, there's probably an IRS office here. Hey, I could go there." You know, that's where you're supposed to pay your taxes. And when do you pay your taxes, March, April? I don't know. I don't know because I haven't paid them.

So okay. That was a while ago, but you know they're just taxes. So who really cares? So, like I'm gonna tell them why I haven't paid my taxes. But I'm not trying to hide it; obviously I'm telling you.

But okay. So I owe them four hundred dollars. That's a lot of money. Well, the IRS probably doesn't think it's a lot of money. But um, I didn't pay and it's really not my fault because you see I was working for this company that kind of went bankrupt. But they didn't declare bankruptcy. So they weren't in bankruptcy court so I couldn't make them give me a W-2. But they didn't pay. They didn't pay me once, because they were being sued. Their accounts were frozen and they were being sued because they told they were going to be sued. So their accounts got frozen, so I didn't get a paycheck, so I had no money, so I had to quit. Winter comes around, and it was like February or whatever the hell it was, and they, like, don't send me a W-2 and I'm like, "Oh, whatever."

So I call the IRS and I'm like, "I didn't keep any paystubs." Like who keeps paystubs? What a waste of paperwork. And, um, they didn't declare bankruptcy so the IRS is like, "Yeah, whatever. We can't help you. So make up your income." So I make up my income.

I estimate my taxes and, of course, my father does my taxes. So I'm like, "I'm, like, here Padre. Do my taxes. Make up my income, make up my taxes, whatever, whatever, whatever." And, ah, he does it. And he writes an essay explaining it because he's responsible so you know I don't get in trouble. And so the IRS sends me some money back, because you know maybe I misestimated my income. Or something like that. Not that I would do that on purpose.

That was fine and dandy and I got the check in the mail. And like the day before the company I was working for sent me a W-2. And I'm like, "Ohh, this isn't what I said originally." But the figure was wrong. Since I had no pay stubs, how the hell was I supposed to know if it's right or wrong. So I called my father and I'm like, "Hey, Padre. I got the W-2." He's like, "Oh?" So we had to revise my tax thing. And I told him not to send me the IRS check. I said, "If you send me the check, I'm gonna cash it." Course if you see lots of money in front of you you're gonna go cash it. I needed to do things.

But he sent me the check anyway. So I cashed it like I told him. He does the new W-2. It turns out I owe them four hundred dollars. I only owed them fifty



by John Holt, Vol. 11, Iss. 3



but they'd already sent me a check for three-fifty. If you could do the math as well as I could you could see how I owe them four hundred dollars. Yeah, Padre sent me this new taxform or whatever the hell it was. And he said, "Okay, pay them. So now you pay them, whatever, whatever." I said, "I don't have it. I spent it." He's like, "Ohhh." So then I had this thing sitting around for a while—the form—and then I think I lost it.

But if I tell the IRS, I'm sure they'll be okay with it. Hey, I'll pay this sooner or later—which I will—it's just not a priority. I'm like hello. You know, I went shopping. I don't need to pay the IRS. Um, anyway my father thinks he has to bail me out of jail if they ever catch me, but it takes a long time. And I'm pretty young so I could probably talk my way out of it and be like, "Oh, my father told me I could pay you later."

Blame him, he's always out of town.

So I'm thinking, I'll show up, I'll give them this whole long story. And they'll just be like, "Go away! shut up! Stop telling us this story!" and then maybe I won't have to pay anything at all. If I talk enough. Uhum. So I figure one of you could bail me out of jail then, right?

## Attic Inferno

—Alex Whitman, Vol.8, Iss. 6



Okay, so I'm at this *GDT* meeting, like, two weeks ago, and I usually don't go to the meetings, but I said, "Hey, I could grace them with my presence for maybe one meeting a month so they appreciate me." We're at the meeting, and we're talking about Andres. We're talking about how Sean said, "On dray." And I mentioned this guy, Andre, he's from...ahh....where in the hell? He's from, um, Belgium! But they said, "Andre, like do you know Andre?"

And I was like, "Oh my God! I lost a point on my highschool French test because I said that Andre was female." And my teacher is like, "Nooo, Andre is only a male name." I'm like, "No, no, no. I have this aunt whose best friend is Andre."

And Andre is, like, this woman, and obviously because I said *elle* instead of *il*. And I know she's female, because my aunt talked about her.

There was this wedding. My aunt got married to some guy from Geneva, so they at once flew to France and then they had to take another plane up, and then a train. The problem was that they tried to make reservations for first class but they got stuck in second class, because apparently second class is like a sty, and my grandparents are like, "Oh, you're not staying here." And Andre went and they're like, "Oh, Andre speaks fluent French," because she lives in Paris, and she talked their way into first class. Their like, you know, "We may sleep here, but we will not spend our time here." And they were so impressed because she spoke beautiful

French (spoken in faux French accent).

And so, ah, it was a female, and I knew this. And I'm like, "But Andre is a female name. I have this one answer, so why are you taking a point off?" But she wouldn't give me the point back when I explained my reasoning. It was not that I misunderstood the sentence structure of the French question, it was that she didn't understand the name structure of the people I knew. So is that like the stupidest thing in French class? I would have given myself a point. If I was the teacher. But if I was the teacher, I probably wouldn't have been in the class then.

The subject was kind of goofy anyways because we had it in this little room where we also had math class in the morning. And we had a TA from the university teaching math because the regular math teacher had a heart attack. But he wasn't my math teacher, I was in this other math class. And there were like twenty-five people in there and I was like "Wow, this class is way too big." And there were all these stupid people in it, and they were like, "Okay, stupid people stay here with this new teacher. Those who can do mathematics go to the other class."

The teacher they were supposed to use had a heart attack, so he wasn't there. So then we were in this class and they had this TA teaching and every day he would come in and be like, "Do you guys want to do math today?" And we're, like, "No." So we'd go out and get breakfast, which was cool. We had breakfast, that was math. And our midterm and our final was the exact same test.

One day he wasn't there and this high school coordinator woman had to teach us. We came in, we're sitting on the desks, we didn't sit in the chairs, we don't have books, and she's like, "You guys aren't bringing books to class?" But we couldn't say, "No. We don't do math," because then we'd have to do math because you're supposed to do math in math class in high school. And we're like, "No. He just does demonstrations on the board."

She gave us all these problems and we couldn't do them, cause, ya know, you're supposed to do math. Um. And. We had to cover. It was fun. That was a good math teacher who...didn't teach us.

But in the same room, cause it was a really small school with all these multi-purpose use rooms, we had French class. And um, she made us speak French, and the books were in French. My god. And for the record Andre can be either *elle* or *il*.



By unknc wn, Vol. 3, Iss. 7

## Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

I HAVE A NECK THAT EXCEEDS FOUR AND THREE QUARTER INCHES IN LENGTH. WHEN I LOOK AT THOSE AROUND ME, HOWEVER, THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE I SEE HAVE DIMINISHED NECK LENGTHS, OR NO NECK AT ALL. WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

—HUMAN BEING OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

Dear Human Being of Unknown Origin,

I'm glad you asked me that question. For a thorough answer to this question, I must look to art histo-

ry. In the Renaissance there was an artist who had painted a most extraordinary nude. She lounges with her back to her appreciating audience. Many of this master painter's contemporary critics assailed the poor painter for "adding an extra vertebra" to the model so he could over develop the curvature of her spine as she sat in repose. The artist fiercely defended his work and the artistic rendering of his subject. The fact was that the model actually appeared exactly as her figure had been molded. She indeed had what would be termed by most, an extra vertebra. But how?

The answer to this question lies in the miracle of birth, or rather the quirky behaviors of the midwife, or medical staff present at the time of birth. At the time of birth, infants are rubbery and malleable (for anyone interested in flat foreheads, oblong skulls, feet tiny enough to fit into a thimble, and freaky Akhenaton physical features, it is best to mold your children when still young and pliable, not only for the Play-Do™ factor involved, but for the fact that they won't remember it when they get older). They have a sort of rubbery cohesion at work, bits of them attach strangely to other bits.

Take the umbilical cord for instance. It has a strange stringy connection to a particular vertebra. When doctors detach the umbilical cord, they ultimately give the cord a minute little tug as they tie it in a knot prior to the procedure of cutting. This tug, while infinitesimal by our standards today is just enough to pull that soft little bone out of position and somewhere into the abdomen. Now if the doctor performing the cutting procedure is of that strange and rare type who always needs the help of another person's finger to hold the knot in place before its perfect execution, then the minute amount of pressure applied by the assisting finger is just enough force to poke that vertebra right back into position. Thus a long necked person is born. Otherwise the dislodged bone floats around the body aimlessly until its component parts are broken down and used for other necessary functions of the body.

In the case of a no-neck person, often what occurs is that shortly after birth the child while finding them-

selves in a gassy position is burped a little over-enthusiastically by some proud parent. Those little love taps on the back, performed to dislodge sticky bubbles of air from the throat and esophagus, when continually hitting the exact same place on the child end up displacing yet another soft vertebra.

In a special case of infant morphing, a distinguished African tribe well known for wearing spectacular gold bands around their throats and stretching their necks to outrageous proportions, often soaks the infant child's throat in vinegar for up to a week after birth. The vinegar, once absorbed through the skin, eventually makes its way to the youthful bone tissue and makes the bones themselves more responsive to future acts of stretching and bending. The only severe side effect of this treatment is that the young mother must show extra care in supporting both the head and the neck, or else the neck is liable to continue bending all the way back, and then continue on in any manner gravity pleases. On the up side, the infant child could beat the world's record for longest neck if you just hung them upside down by their legs for a twenty-four hour period (for a more dramatic effect, swing them side to side like a pendulum. NOTE: after an hour or so of such vigorous activity you may have to go in search of some object on which to stand if you want to continue with the festivities).

—the Bare-foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 9, Iss. 5

## ~ TOURIST'S GUIDE TO A SUCCESSFUL PROM ~

*A comprehensive guide for American teens.*

Every boy and girl dreams of going to the Promenade, or Prom, as it is often called. A formal dance, accompanied by fine dining is just the thing to punctuate the coming of spring in the lives of teenagers. With the boys in tuxedos, and the girls in dresses, there is always a fun time in store. One must remember some important factors however, in order to prevent unnecessary mishaps.

**DINNER:** Good dinner in which one acts immature in rented or expensive clothing (see "white trash prom") is a must. Cloth napkin clothing is a

must, with sailor hats for the gentleman, and napkin boobies for the ladies in the house. Always play with your food. Ladies should also order a modest priced entree, so that when picking at it, their date won't feel like his supper money is feeding a socially-induced eating disorder. Remember girls, breath mints are a must after vomiting your dinner into the toilet before moving on to the dance!

**DANCING:** Dancing badly—you're white, face it. But you're ahead of most Caucasians in that you've taken lessons. When everyone else is grind-

ing up against each other in a clumsy Eurhythmic tribute to "C'mon Ride the Train", you can tear it up with something spectacular. Make sure that you also have a stupid dance circle. If some guy in one of the other "Go \_\_\_\_\_, it's your birthday..." circles is thrusting his pelvis toward someone other than his date, you've got to be sure that there's a guy in your circle who is doing "The Microwave". Or "The Potter's Wheel", "Picking up change", "The Lumberjack (needs two sawing down a tree)", "The Defibrillator", or that dance where you grab one leg behind you, and thrust outward on one foot. I requested "The Time Warp", and it was very cool to see those who had done it before, do it in formal

wear (just don't go all the way to the floor). It was also cool to watch the upper-crust socialite Rocky newbies attempt to emulate the moves of the "geekier", yet better cultured others.

**FOOT MESSAGES:** Foot massages in the limo back are a must. I don't care how fucking tired you are, or how badly you think your feet smell. They don't smell that bad, and it is the proper gentleman who rubs down the sore dogs of his date. It is statistically proven that 90 percent of massages and/or tickling leads to sexual contact in one form or another, so don't be squeamish, guys.

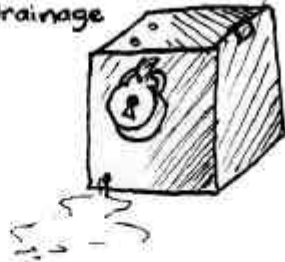
Ladies, if your date does not submit to this task, you have the right to shove his boutonniere up his ass.

## GAR-

Gar is a loser, like you  
Unlike you he has one good  
hand and no lower  
body To speak of



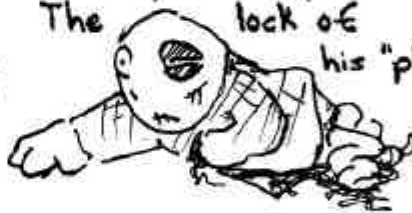
Gar was raised in  
a box, a metal box with  
Two breathing holes, and one  
drainage hole



his only friend was  
a puppy, which his  
parents had hit  
with a car,  
and barely  
The car, which  
survived  
ordeal



Gar defeated The canine  
in combat and used The  
sharpened bones of his  
victory meal To pick  
The lock of  
his "play pen"



And as harsh as his  
life is, he knows That he's

better off Than you.  
cuz' Though  
both he and you are  
losers, he's just a poorly drawn  
cartoon character.



## A NOTE ON DRINKING:

Most of your prom chaperones are drunk. Ask them. If you have brought a hip flask of Peppermint Schnapps or the like, it is customary to inquire as to if your chaperones would like some. But only the cool ones. I suggest that one "So Cool" teacher that everyone had at one time or another. They're usually up to it. Don't ask the principal because she probably brought her own (as did Jim "Beam" McGregor at my senior prom) and won't need any of yours. Save it for the ones who forgot.

When drinking after the prom, I highly recommend the following

Long Island Iced Tea –  
Some twisted genius came up with this one somehow. Funny, I didn't use any tea in making this...

- 1 oz tequila
- 1 oz vodka
- 1 oz rum
- 1 oz dry gin
- 16 oz Coke
- 1 tbs. lemon juice

The miracles of  
modern medicine  
helped Gar  
To salvage  
a life.



- 1 tbs. instant dissolve sugar

Directions: Mix the first four ingredients in a large tumbler. Add lemon juice. Pour this mixture into two tall glasses. Add ice and Coke evenly to each. Add sugar to each. Mix well.

Tourist's Rum and Coke:

- Solo cup of ice
- 1 1/2 oz Bacardi light rum
- 1 can of Coke
- 1 lime wedge

Directions: Pour rum into cup. At a height of about three feet above the cup, pour the can of Coke into the cup until it foams too much to add any more. Squeeze and deposit the lime wedge in the cup. Do not try this if you've already had the iced tea. Depth perception may be impaired. Pour from a safer distance of no more than three inches.

EMERGENCY DIRECTIONS: In the event that you lack some of the necessary materials for the above concoction (like uhhhh....I don't know....CUPS maybe!) you can do what is known as a "Stanley Double Fist". Take the flat two liter of coke in your left hand. Take the fifth of cheap rum in your right. Take a swig on the rum, then a larger swig of the Coke. Swish briskly in your mouth for about three seconds then swallow. Do this until you loose parallax vision.

A WORD ON VOMITING: If you need to vomit, do so in the appropriate receptacles. They include the toilet, a trash can, outside in the grass, or in a Safeway bag. They do not include the floor, under the cushions of the couch, the pool table, Ryan Wilkinson's head, Eric Wilkinson's shirt, the chess table, my bed, or in a potted plant on the deck. Remember if one needs to vomit in the sink (see "My friend Matt at Senior Week"), be sure to clean any dishes you soil in the process. Also, common courtesy dictates that if you have successfully vomited, but are remaining near the toilet "just in case", you must yield to other vomiters. And ladies, lift the toilet seat after you use the bathroom. We don't just

leave it up because we're lazy after we urinate. We keep it up in case we feel the need to heave copious amounts of chunder into the commode without soiling the seat too badly.

URINATION: Rules for urination are basically the same as the rules for vomiting, but be sure to add the following to your list of unacceptable containers:

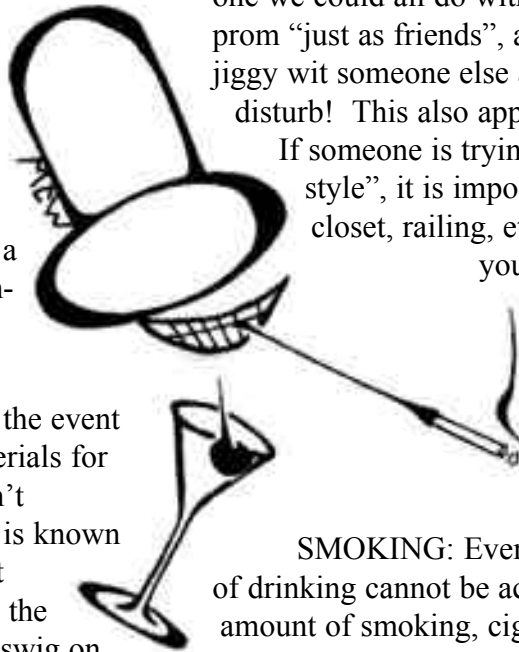
The vegetable crisper in the refrigerator, the ice tray, or Matt Zimmerman's clean laundry

FIFTH WHEELS: The "fifth wheel" is someone we could all do without. If you've gone to the prom "just as friends", and your date decides to git jiggy wit someone else at the after prom party, do not disturb! This also applies to other couples as well.

If someone is trying to "hit that shit Doggy style", it is impolite to remain in the room, closet, railing, etc. Best to quietly excuse yourself and find someone that you yourself can screw around with. And no pictures, as tempting as they may be. They always fall into the wrong hands.

SMOKING: Everyone knows that a good night of drinking cannot be accomplished without a decent amount of smoking, cigarettes or otherwise. Remember, cigarette smoke not only stimulates the release of dopamine, but it also inhibits the coenzyme responsible for breaking it down from working. Filters are for pre-schoolers. Choose your cigarette brand with a bit of gusto. Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, Pall Mall, and Camel unfiltered are all fine brands. If you feel the need to smoke a substance other than tobacco, be careful. Nobody likes to sleep where the bong water got spilled! Proper joint passing etiquette is a must, and any avid drug user will tell you that single puff-pass is the most economical for a large group. Shotgunning is acceptable, as long as the passing order is not broken, and there is enough to go around. Save your roaches for later, or eat them if you so desire. Just don't leave them where mom or pop can find them. You don't want to explain that little bugaboo!

THE MORNING AFTER: Sunglasses are a



must. Party guests should leave as soon as possible, in order to shower and remove the booze-weed-sex odors from both clothing and body. Keep tabs on your rented gear. If you decided to take it off and put sweat pants on for easier access after the dance, make sure that you grab your pile and not someone else's. Don't make yourself feel even more paltry at the mercy of those pretentious assholes at the tux rental store. They've already made it painfully aware that you don't own that outfit—you don't need them breathing down your neck when they realize you've brought back the wrong one. Leave during the early

morning hours, and you won't get guilt-tripped into cleaning up the party aftermath.

All in all, prom is an exciting time for everyone, from the students, to the rent-a-cops and under-cover narcotics agents. Keep these simple rules in mind, and your prom is sure to be a rousing success, and an experience to remember for a lifetime...

By Sean Stanley, illustrated by Matt Weaver, Vol. 10, Iss. 9

## The Evil Empire

By Clare Terni, *et. al.*, illustrated by Matt Weaver, Vol. 11, Iss. 3

### It's All About Value.

"I can't go in there."

"What?"

"My dad owns a small business. If I go into a Wal-Mart, bolts of lightning will strike me dead."

"No way!"

"I'll stay in the car." (Vague, pet-like panting.)

"Get OUT of the car."

"No."

"Yes."

"You're so pushy. I'm out, I'm out. Let's go."

And so my sick fascination with Wal-Mart began. At first, I clung to the natural sunlight found only at the entrance. The initial Aisle of Special Buys was too much for me. I craved the occasional bursts of air from the automatic doors, higher prices, and the knowledge that I wasn't screwing over small businesses. Elderly women with names like Ethel, Maude, and Fanny eyed me suspiciously while their wizened claws clutched receipts for oversized items. I remained Virtue Incarnate! Friends loped through the cash registers bearing every conceivable personal care product, in addition to housewares whose prices were admittedly below those of other stores, but I remained immune. My twelve-dollar knives were better than their nine-dollar knives simply because they hadn't come from Wal-Mart.<sup>f</sup> My sixty-cent candy bars were superior to their fifty-cent candy bars because they came from the guy in the 'hood who sells forties<sup>†</sup> to underage-kids. My purchase habits were helping to forge a brave new world, free of the scourge of the Big Blue W.

Until I needed a roll of Scotch Wall-Saver tape.

The Scotch Company, a division of 3M, worked a miracle with Wall-Saver. The adhesive membrane dispenses like double-stick tape, but is easily removed from walls and paper by rubbing, much like rubber cement.

<sup>f</sup> Let's not examine too closely the logic that allowed me to purchase knives from Lechters or Lechmere. Where I grew up, Wal-Mart (and, coincidentally, LeAnn Rimes) represented everything bad in the universe. Other chains were mere inconveniences, but Wal-Mart was a predator.

<sup>†</sup> "Denounce the Forty-Ounce!" —Detroit anti-alcohol campaign slogan



As an added bonus, you can use it to fake truly revolting skin rashes, as its pasty-white colour screams “sun blisters” and its flexibility is truly astounding. Mind you, I had not been squandering the roll of tape I had located in my hometown stationery store. You can only get your new housemate so many times with “OH GOD WHAT IS THAT THING GROWING ON MY ARM?!” Instead, I had been carefully constructing a Hanson-style shrine to Jim Dine, a California painter and engraver. Then of course, all of those pictures of drunken naked people came back from CVS and I had to prominently display them.<sup>β</sup>

Pictures of your friend’s lust object adorned in nothing but your British flag apron may be amusing, but don’t merit framing. Wall-Saver was the obvious weapon of choice. Again, Mr. Dine is a fairly prolific man, so I was out of tape.

Me: Damn! I don’t have anymore Wall-Saver.

Housemate: You could get that at Wal-Mart.

Me: Dude, my dad would kill me. You can’t tell anybody.

I should explain about my housemate. Kristen is a very nice person, a conscientious kitchen cleaner and a Saturn-driver. However, she did grow up in central New York, land of the religious freaks<sup>¥</sup> and Wal-Mart monopoly. I like to think that a good excuse for my reaction to Wal-Mart is “We didn’t have them where I grew up.” We didn’t have a lot of things where I grew up...Twinkies, running water... the point here being that where I grew up there were no Wal-Marts; where

Kristen grew up, there were no small businesses.

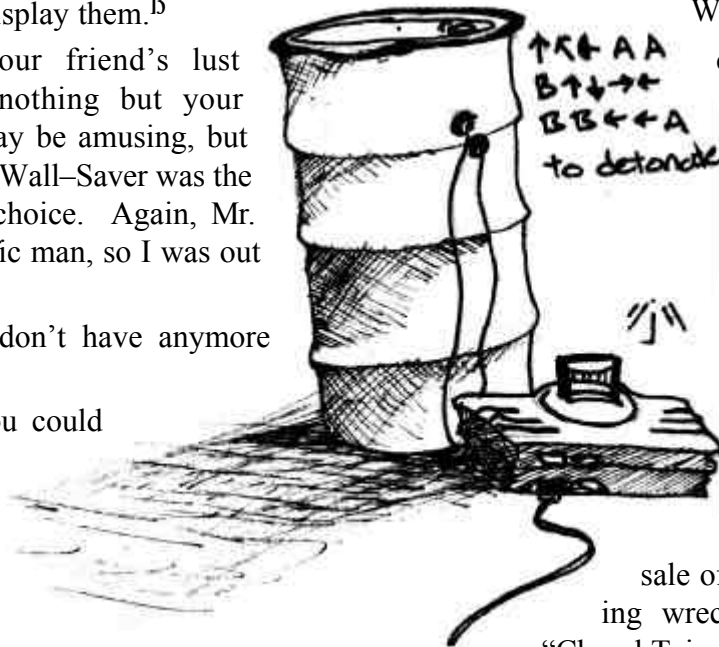
Wal-Mart did try to bring me into the fold earlier. I spent eighteen idyllic years running around in rural eastern New York, summer home to New York City denizens and Timothy Leary before he was welcomed to the Hotel California. Would Tim Leary have lived in a place that sucked? I think not. We had diners and “mom and pop” stores. The largest commercial chain to hit our town while I was growing up was CVS. How much damage can a couple of sale-priced

Band-Aids do when people still take their kids to Dr. Weinstien, the pharmacist, before calling a physician?<sup>ø</sup>

Anyway, Wal-Mart saw in our humble town two niches— a financial one that it could carve out by mashing local businesses flat, and a physical one in the fallow fields just west of the Lee farm.

Unfortunately for the folks who are “all about value,” the local merchants (my father among them) banded together with townspeople to oppose the sale of the site to Wal-Mart. The flaming wreckage of plastic lawnchairs and “Cheryl Teigs” swimwear formed to resemble a Wal-Mart (it was simple—they’re square) probably helped to convince them that our town was not ripe for the squeezing. And if THAT didn’t do it, the signs painted on rooftops at the local trailer park— “PLEASE GOD, NOT ANOTHER TWISTER. REMEMBER GOSHEN 1990”<sup>§</sup> and “WALMART SUX!” certainly reinforced the idea.

So I remained a Wal-Mart virgin until junior year of college. Arguably, before the consummation of



<sup>β</sup> Many people take up photography to ensure that they remain sober, fully clothed, and behind the camera.

• I have several speaking habits that I am not very proud of. The first, of course, is excessive use of profanity. The second is the repetitive and completely subconscious use of the words “like,” “dude,” and “ohmygod” pronounced as one word. The third is the use of “like” to mean “he/she/it thought” AND/OR “he/she/it said.”

<sup>¥</sup> Not to be confused with Nebraska. (See Vol. 10 Issue 1)

<sup>ø</sup> Dr. W often makes that all-important call between “Well, Mrs. Johnson, your boy’s been shoving peas up his nose, and that’s what’s causing the blockage” and “Well, Mrs. Johnson, your boy may be developing a nasty sinus infection.”

<sup>§</sup> Eastern New York does experience a small number of tornadoes. The trailer parks lure them.

our relationship in the form of the Wall-Saver purchase, Wal-Mart and I had done “everything but” when the greeters first forced me to enter the display areas. These well-meaning elderly people were only there to round out their Social Security payments, basking in the benevolence of Big Blue. Unfortunately, after greeting me twice, Greeting Associate Maude began to appear visibly upset by my failure to move into the inner sanctum (if an inner sanctum can be a building the size of an aircraft hangar). Perhaps the bed head, cargo pants, and ripped “Beck Local Crew” shirt were giving her the idea that I was one of those nitrous-sniffing alterna-tot hacker<sup>δ</sup> types obviously up to no good. Perhaps my associates were at that very moment hardwiring the video games into some unfortunate configuration that would detonate the fertilizer over in the Garden Center, resulting in widespread panic and the intolerable interruption of the constant consumption upon which the Wal-Mart empire is based. Perhaps they were even sniffing model airplane glue (which Maude was undoubtedly incredibly allergic to) on their way to do the dastardly deed. In any event, her beady eyes had pinned me against the “SkilCrane” and she had begun to hyperventilate. It was time to move on.

I caught up to Cesar and Skip (who do, in all honesty, look like people capable of cobbling together Sega Genesis systems, a trash can, some STP motor oil, and a bunch of fertilizer into a bomb) in the “snackfood/impulse buy” aisle. Cesar entered his hardcore social butterfly mode and flamed, “Oh, look

who’s decided to join us.”

In a vague Minnesota accent, Skip chuckled: “We’ve worn her down.”

“But that woman at the front of the store was giving me the eye,” I replied, drawing thumb to middle and ring finger in the age-old “your children will be idgits” gesture I learned from my great-grandmother Assunta.<sup>3</sup> “Can we get this over with?”

“Gotta get some cat food, wheresah cat food...” mumbled Cesar. Skip was fixating on the giant bags of Oreos and had to be dragged away by force.

Merchandise was everywhere. It was all I could do not to cower on the brightly waxed “almond puke” patterned linoleum and whimper. Initially, my brain responded as though taunted by construction workers:<sup>ž</sup>

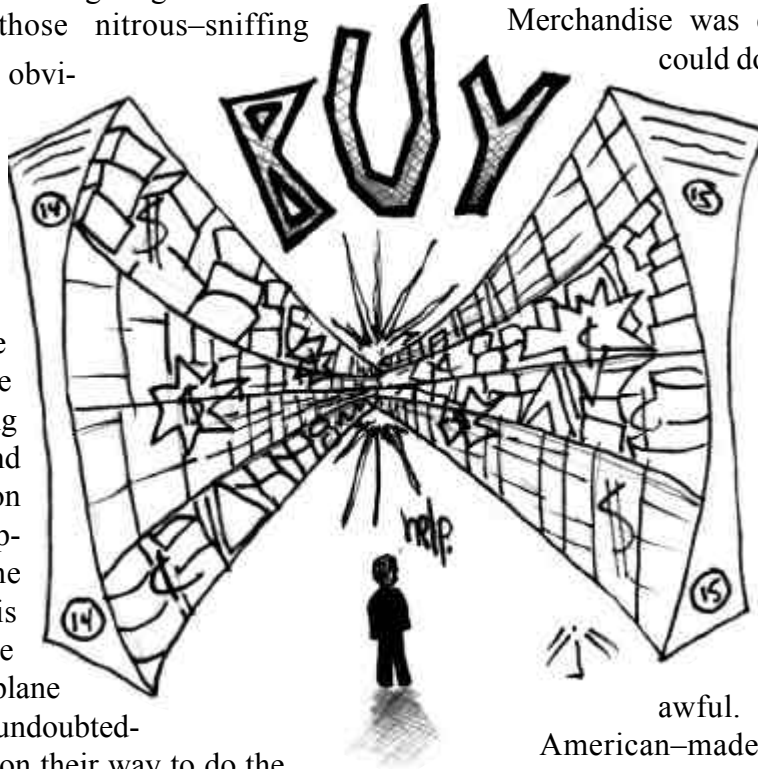
“Hey bay-BEE. You KNOW you want this obnoxious pink and orange sandbucket.”

“Yo, chicquita, I got some hot stuff over here with these lemon-scented kitchen sponges.”

You get the idea. It was awful. Eventually, though, my American-made brain succumbed.

Wal-Mart was beginning to work its magic. I don’t know what did it first, exactly. Perhaps it was knowledge that Oreos were a whole fifteen cents cheaper here. Perhaps it was the wall of haircare products. The vast, colour-coded expanse of the Housewares area was too much to bear. Cesar had wandered off in search of cat food, but I was lost in the rapture of the Royal Velvet section. “Skip,” I said weakly, “Tell me that I don’t need any towels.”

“Of COURSE you need towels,” he replied.



<sup>δ</sup> People acquainted with members of either group may consider these categories mutually exclusive, but to anybody unfamiliar with Sublime, both are members of the *lumpenproletariat* of evil.

<sup>3</sup> Not to be confused with the “your children ARE idgits,” which involved a slightly less delicate gesture.

<sup>ž</sup> Which is not to say I’m regularly taunted by construction workers. Must be the large sidearm I’m required to carry by law.

Skip is poor at following orders. My mouth dried out and my extremities began to shake. I began to feel slightly flushed. “We’ve got to get out of here,” I croaked, my hands buried in a pile of celery green bath towels. “We’ve just got to.”

“Hey, guys,” Cesar called as I was examining a matching toothbrush holder next to the towels.

“Guys, I couldn’t find the cat food, but you have GOT to see the 215 CD holder that’s on sale.”

I moaned. Skip glanced at me with “I can’t take you anywhere” irritation.

‘C’mon,” Cesar prodded. The fluorescent lights became brighter, as though some stockroom employee had located the hidden “blind the consumers and make them know the way” switch, usually only turned on at Christmas and other consumer high holidays, such as Labor Day. I swayed unsteadily. Had the coffee from Jay’s been drugged? Had I eaten my last “cheese omelet with homefries and white”? Was this the end?

The thought of all of those matching towels must have caused some sort of shock to my system, because the next thing I remember clearly is standing at the checkout lane as Cesar and Skip purchased cat food, packing tape, a CD holder, and insect spray. “Jesus,” I thought, blearily clinging to the edge of the check-out conveyor belt, “where have I been?” The cashier, who peered at us through glasses clearly designed to make her eyes appear as small as possible, was not forthcoming. She collected Skip and Cesars crumpled bills in hands stained with the blood of modest businessmen like my father. My neck ached vaguely and I deeply craved some Dr. Pepper. I lurched to the car behind Skip and Cesar, believing that I would never again set foot inside Wal-Mart.

Foolish youth had not prepared me for their insidious sales tactics. I now believe that my physiological response to the Wal-Mart experience was the result of some form of small implant, perhaps inhaled

while I was standing over the towels.<sup>2</sup> The business began to invade my home in small, insignificant ways. First, there was the flyer that happened to nestle between the pages of my housemate’s Sunday newspaper. Then there was the direct mailing that found its slimy way into our humble mailbox. By the time Kristen noted that we could obtain Wall-Saver at Wal-Mart, my brain had subconsciously developed the desire to purchase from the Evil Empire.

The first purchase was, of course, the beginning of a rapid descent into the maelstrom of rank consumer gratification. It took a while to actually FIND the tape, of course. But since I was going to buy tape anyway, I figured that the little diversions from the ultimate goal wouldn’t be quite **so** bad. We had to sample the Kitchenwares aisle, for instance, where those knives hang out. The filing cabinets were also seductive, as were the rows of irons, coffeepots, and food processors, all displayed in that charming, haphazard Wal-Mart manner that signals **big value** to the American consumer. The major marketing strategies in the local WalMart seem to be “hide the product inside an area with many products like it so they’ll buy more” and “keep shelves half-stocked and supremely cluttered to create the appearance of “bargain basement” pricing.” We were not to be easily fooled, however, and just barely escaped with the tape before the glue worked its evil voodoo upon us.

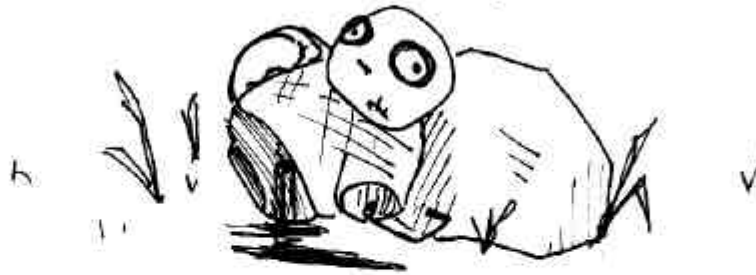
Later, of course, there were subsequent trips to the Wal-Mart. By now, I’ve become something of a seasoned Wal-Mart pilgrim. It’s the appearance of value in the little things that keeps me going back—the shampoo and toilet paper are a little cheaper, as are the hanging file folders. The furniture still amuses me with its “sneeze on us and we’ll disintegrate” nature. What ultimately draws me back, though, are those Wal-Mart people, who demand that all of their worldly possessions are affordable, in one place, and readily available in any of eighteen check-out lines.

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<sup>2</sup> Wal-Mart, taking bioengineering to the masses. Kids: Anthrax!

# Death Of Gar

(who dunniT)



wazziT...

A)

Tim, The guy  
with a pneumatic  
drill for a hand?



B)

scary unnamed big-nosTrilled  
girlb with mallet and ice pick?



C)

or

was he not dead, simply evacuating



I mean if your intestines  
were in a bowl, wouldn't you  
Think The food you eat would end  
up somewhere, and The waste  
would leak out eventually?



# Shirk'n'Shout

By Eric Thomas, Vol.11, Iss. 10

2DED4U

When I die, I want someone to drag my corpse to the mall, take me into the Gap, stand me up like a mannequin, douse my body in gasoline, and set me on fire. I think that would be really funny.

Or maybe strip me naked, put a space hel-



met on my head, and drop me from an airplane into the middle of New York City.

A Viking burial would be nice, I guess. Put me in a small, wooden boat, push it out to sea at sunset, shoot flaming arrows at it, and if the color of the boat's fire matches the color of the sunset, I'll go to heaven. I'm not sure if that's Viking heaven, though. I'd hate to be stuck with a bunch of stinking Vikings for eternity. Besides, why should I face eternal damnation just because my friends are lousy archers?

Maybe I'll make my friends dress my corpse in a powder-blue tuxedo with lots of frills and take me out for dinner and dancing. Better yet, they could see how much money you'd have to pay a hooker to have sex with a dead guy (assuming cooperation from rigor mortis, of course).

Filling my entire lifeless body with ricotta cheese would be kind of cool.

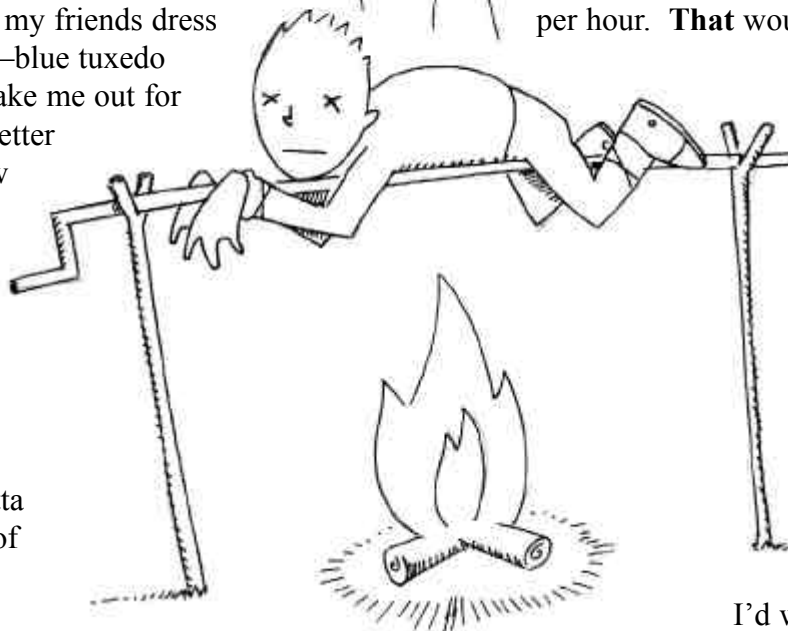


I bet you could play an exciting round of golf with my testicles. Or maybe play rugby with my head—you could use my arms and legs as goal posts. Playing hockey with one of my feet would be easy enough. You could use my body as a dummy for practicing football tackles. My intestines would make a great lasso for hog-tying heifers.

Of course, you could just roast me on a spit and have a party. A couple of kegs on ice, some good music, some Frisbee, and my corpse crackling over an open fire would be a real hit.

You could stand me up in your den, with some feathers on my head and a mug full of cigars in my hand.

Imagine strapping my corpse to the front of a truck and driving into a wall at 80 miles per hour. **That** would be cool.



If I were to have a formal funeral, I would want my skull hollowed out and then filled with strawberry gelatin. That way, mourners would have something to tide them over until dinnertime. I'd want tofu in my mouth, too—who knows where a vegan will pop up? I'd want to be dressed in span-

dex and have the coffin filled with water, rose petals, some freshwater fish, and leeches. I'd want a killer sound system at the funeral, blaring Foghat's "Slow Ride" over and over again. And cage dancers. I'd really want some cage dancers. Male and female, to be fair. I'd probably want a penis pump, too, so I could impress the shit out of the Lord when I got to Heaven. I'd want racing stripes on my coffin, and a vanity license plate that reads, "2DED4U." I'd want LSD-spiked punch served at the funeral, and some hash brownies, too. I'd want a forty-inch television directly behind the casket, playing a videotape of Gallagher's Greatest Hits.

I'd like the Beastie Boys to speak at my funeral, as well as Rosie O'Donnell, Sir Mix-A-Lot, and Mary Kate Olsen (Ashley's not invited—she's such a bitch). I'd want readings from the *Book of Mormon*, the *Unabomber Manifesto*, *Wine for Dummies*, and a High School Geology textbook. At the climax of the service, I'd want fireworks and a full orchestra playing King Missile's "Detachable Penis" as my body is raised in the air and finally exploded. After a final song written and performed in my honor by Madonna, the funeral would be over, with mourners receiving complimentary sex toys as souvenirs.