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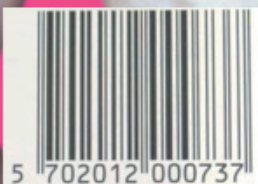
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a**

Official
Magazine
of the
RTRAMSOM

Volume 456-BR7
Issue 11
Caliguly 2005

INSIDE
Our Actual Interview
with Mary Kate Olsen!
Seriously, Really,
We're Not Kidding.

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A Capacity For Change...

Axes and Alleys: A Labor of Love.

Volume 456-BR7 Issue 11,
Caliguly 2005
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One of the Axes & Alleys interns came into our office the other day to talk about the core reasons for the existence of this magazine. It was an exciting discussion, based on morality tales extrapolated from ancient cave paintings and pictographs while referencing the seminal binding work of Peter Mackleby. It was an historic day in the Axes & Alleys offices as, to our knowledge, we've never hired an intern.

While some consider the contents of the magazine to be a bit lacking in the history department, we must point out

the numerous years of its publication, encompassing vast tracts of the modern, post-modern and lacto-modern eras.

Beyond that obviosity, the magazine has incorporated at least two articles based in part or in whole on the subject of history. One in our August, 1953 issue was on the subject of southwest Polynesian economics and another in our June, 1986 issue mentioned history in its fourth paragraph.

Axes & Alleys is clearly history, but it is also the essence of the *Homo sapiens sapiens*, and *Homo florinensis* spiritual journey through the trials of existence. We also feature some wonderful advertisers whom you might wish to patronize.

xxx 000

D. Grunion



This Month's Cover Girl Sarah Polley, star of stage, screen, and various anti-globalization protests.

**WRITTEN
CORRESPONDENCES
FROM GOOD NATURED
GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE
READ OUR PREVIOUS IN-
STALLMENTS AND WISH
TO COMMENT ON SOME
ASPECTS THEREOF.**

Dear Mr. Rosen,

Thank you for your kind message during this joyous holiday season.

I am humbled and honored to lead a proud Nation. Through courage, compassion, and strength, Americans are demonstrating the character of our country. As we celebrate, I encourage our citizens to give thanks for our blessings and to pray for our men and women in uniform and their families.

Laura and I send our best wishes for happy holidays with family and friends. May God bless you, and my God continue to bless America.

Sincerely,

George W. Bush

To the Editors,

I have never had an orgasm. That is, I had never had an orgasm until I read about how to have a dog birthday party in issue 9 (*How to Do It*, Volume 456-BR7, Issue 09). I mean, how bloody useful is that? Studies show that 201 million Americans have a dog with a birthday and you've just done all of them a big, big favor. Statistics also show that 173,001,0012 Americans own a sponge with a naming day, so I hope to see an article on how to throw a party for that in a future.

Affectionately yours,

Millie Townsend
West Hibernia, Hibernia

Dear Charles Kopfkin,

Our graphic design team has completed pages 7 and 102 of you Frequently Asked Questions

section. The Board of Natural Climate has approved the new manufacturing process for pages 47, 53, 99-100 and 2. We have also created a new ID system for each individual element so that it may be tracked and reused. Please let me know what you think and how we can better serve your company.

Regards,

Dormer Smit
Smit, Smoot & Smut, LLC

P.S. It appears as if I stuffed this letter in the wrong envelope. However, I've put this little note here to let you know the letter's not for you and resealed the envelope with clear tape.

To Whom it May Concern,

This is an official communiqué from the United States Patent, Trademark, Copyright and Green Jacket office.

Please consider this letter a cease-and-desist letter for your infringing practices stemming from Volume 456-BR7, Issue 09, p.17.

You do not have a permit to feature a character in your magazine wearing a jacket of any shade of green. Our analysts assure us that the figure pictured in the lower right hand corner is wearing a green jacket. Our records show no application for permit to display, nor do they show your legal acquisition of such permit from another party.

Please contact us so that we may discuss how you may take care of this matter. Do not contact us.

Sincerely,

Cat Ution
Director of Jacketing
USPTCGJO
Washington, D.C.

To Delores Grunion,

There are many important things about your magazine, but the one which I love most is your excellent page numbering system. Regardless of which page I turn to, I can be sure to find the page's number.

Sincerely,
Lance R. Hootenhollar
Moldaviatowne, Miss.

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NEWS OF THE WORLD

THE WAR AT SEA! BATTLE OF BERING SEA

Declared Major Victory for Good Guys

Bering Sea June 3, 2005 – The latest naval engagement in the Bering Sea is set to send hostilities into a protracted state of being really, really high as the Good Guys have handed the Bad Guys their hat on the way out the door.

Lt. (j.g.) Samuel Joe Hansen of the Good Guy Navy describes the action in certain terms:

“We were hit afore with a volley when the crate of beef fat we keep topside went overboard. Midshipman Odiman is a big fan of french fries and went overboard after the crate. Thankfully, he got that crate back to the ship and will only have to spend six months in recovery and therapy before his prosthetic is fitted.”

The Bad Guy Navy suffered heavy losses as crewmen leapt into the heaving ocean during heavy attack from the GGN, trying to recover various foodstuffs that had been stored on deck. The Good Guys came through, though, destroying the massed and bobbing forces of the BGN while simultaneously liberating several containers of nutritious cargo.

When asked to comment, Defense Secretary Herbert Nordstrom made it pretty damn clear that we were kicking the Bad Guys' asses.





All Hands on Deck: The AEGIS Cruiser USS *Dachshund* headed towards the enemy in the Bering Straights. Ships played an important part in the recent naval battles.

Secretary Nordstrom also added that in coordination with the Rationing Agency, several tonnes of veal parmesan would be made available to the public in next week's luxury lottery allotment. Government largesse and generosity has been on the uptick in recent weeks due to our beating the crap out of the Bad Guys.

Armstrong Administration sources, during conversations on the recent name change from United States Navy to Good Guy Navy made by President Armstrong, were hesitant to respond to questions about proper comestibles containment and storage aboard GGN ships. It is unclear how such losses could be avoided.

With the recent demise of GGN *Cocker Spaniel*, concerns about such proper storage have become apparent. The *Cocker Spaniel* was sent to the bottom in action around Greenland with all flour tortillas

lost and few fresh beans recovered from the wreckage. Secretary Nordstrom offered no comments on this incident, but promised that the loss of the *Cocker Spaniel* with all soda syrup containers aboard would be fully investigated and avenged.

The Tortilla Flotilla operation was not a complete loss as the GGN *Pekingese* captured a BGN merchant-frigate with all monterey jack aboard. However, the House Sub-Committee of Naval Nutrient Portage convened hearings yesterday in the new Armstrong wing of the Capitol Building to consider means by which the U.S. could ensure proper storage and survival of its transported foodstuffs. The hearings are intended to resolve recent losses, but no developments on that regard are available at this time and it is unclear if any solution to the problem of stored nutrition careening off of ship decks can be found.

Are you tired of the constant riots and other social disturbances in your home town? Do you long for a homogenous society free from racial tension? Why not make your next vacation destination

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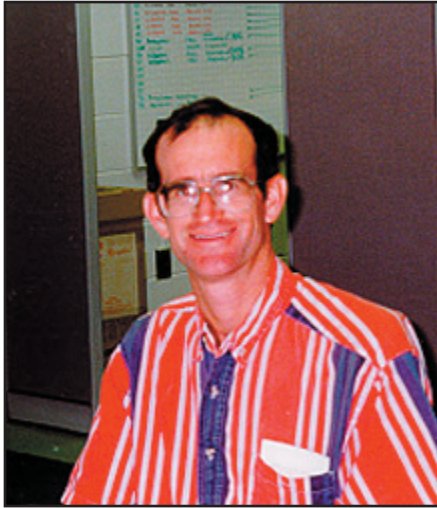
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CUBES ON THE BATTLEFRONT

AN ENLIGHTENED EDITORIAL BY

DAVE HUNDAI



Dave Hundai is a most remarkable man who has killed no fewer than four great white sharks with his bare hands.

Throughout the past week we have received report after report of alarming events concerning the actions of naval fleets on or below the ocean's surface. At once the Good Guys seem to have gained the advantage, then the Bad Guys show up to ruin their aquatic cake party, then the Good Guys give a right solid kick up the Bad Guys' backsides and the dance starts all over again. It can be disconcerting.

This new naval conflict as it stands, presents an exciting opportunity for us to review the subject of cubes. There are many different types of cubes currently involved in this growing war and each type of cube illustrates a unique aspect of the ongoing situation. Though many, including Toynbee and Balzac, have written before on the subjects of cubes and naval warfare, the last word, so to speak, has not yet been spoken.

For starters, the Ladies' Homefront Association of Ponderada had dispatched thousands of care packages to the brave men and women serving valiantly with the Good Guy Navy. Alternately, the Guild of Special Means Warfare has dispatched thousands of uncaring packages, containing bombs and ultra-sharp razor blades, to the despicable war criminals of the Bad Guy

Fleet. The care packages, getting back to the main point here, contain many important morale boosters for our men and women including, but not limited to, fresh cherries, rubber condoms, orange flavored toothpaste, unbreakable combs, bottle openers, latex gloves, personal lubricant, and for the sailors' entertainment; pornographic magazines and Rubik's cubes.

Of all the sailors I have spoken with over these past few harrowing weeks, roughly 93.4% were overwhelmingly happy with their Rubik's cubes. Many sailors attempted to solve one side of the puzzle first, before attempting to work the other sides. Instead, others focused on solving the corners while their compatriots set their sights on the center square of each of the six sides. The more disreputable of seamen, many of whom worked in the pumping stations, attempted to peel off the colored stickers so as to solve the puzzle by cheating. Regardless of which method chosen, the fighting people we spoke to all enjoyed Rubik's cubes.

Yet, Rubik's is not the only important cube in the current situation. Good Guy Admiral "G" spoke to us of the Navy's dependency on other sorts of cube. "Sailors," he said "need drinks, both for refreshment and for the purposes of intoxication. To maintain morale and fighting spirit, we like the drinks to be cold." The Admiral then spoke to us of the importance of cubes of ice, or ice cubes, which are frigid crystallized equilateral hexahedrons composed of water. These ice cubes help keep drinks cold, helping sailors to win battles. "War," shouted the Admiral at no one in particular "comes down to ice; victors have it, losers drink warm slop."

Whichever type of cube you prefer, it is no doubt of great importance to the Good Guy Navy, which depends on cubes to assure victory. Here's to cubes, and here's to Victory!

To learn how you can help support our men and women in uniform across, under and on the seas, please feel free to contact Delores R. Sturgeon of the Ladies' Homefront Association of Ponderada at www.lhap.org. Ladie's Homefront Association of Ponderada coffee mugs and tote bags are available for a minimal donation.

**AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH TV AND FILM STAR
MARY-KATE OR ASHLEY OLSEN**
(We're Not Exactly Sure Which One)



Recently, I took the opportunity to have a discussion with actress Mary Kate, or perhaps actress Ashley, Olsen. Stars of *Full House*, *New York Minute* and *The Olsen Twins Ride Again*, the twins have become major celebrities; stalked by the paparazzi, seen on countless shows and interviewed by countless publications. Hence, I decided that my interview was going to be different. Here we are going to strip away the layers of media creation and look into the soul of a real person struggling with real problems. Of course, I'm still not exactly sure which Olsen twin it was, but I think we all gained some valuable insight into this woman's soul.

Axes&Alleys: Which one are you looking for?

Mary Kate or Ashley: The cork board. What size does that come in?

A&A: A couple different ones, 18 by 24, 24 by

36, or 36 by 48.

MKorA: Which one is that? (*referring to the display model*).

A&A: That's the 18 by 24.

MKorA: So what's the next size up?

A&A: Two feet by three feet.

MKorA: That's a bulletin board, right?

A&A: A cork board. Yeah.

MKorA: Can have three of that size?

A&A: Do you want an aluminum edge or a wooden edge.

MKorA: Which one is better?

A&A: That depends on which one you want.

MKorA: I want just a big area.

A&A: You could just get a roll of cork. Then there'd be no border, just a large board.

MKorA: Cork?

A&A: That's what this is, just cork.

MKorA: Oh.

***“I just want
a big area”***

A&A: Do you need something self-healing?

MKorA: No.

A&A: You could just use big pieces of foam core. That's lighter and you can tack things onto it.

MKorA: Yeah, that's good. That's on the... second floor?

A&A: Third floor.

MKorA: Third floor. Thank you very much.

A&A: Do you like muffins?

MKorA: What?

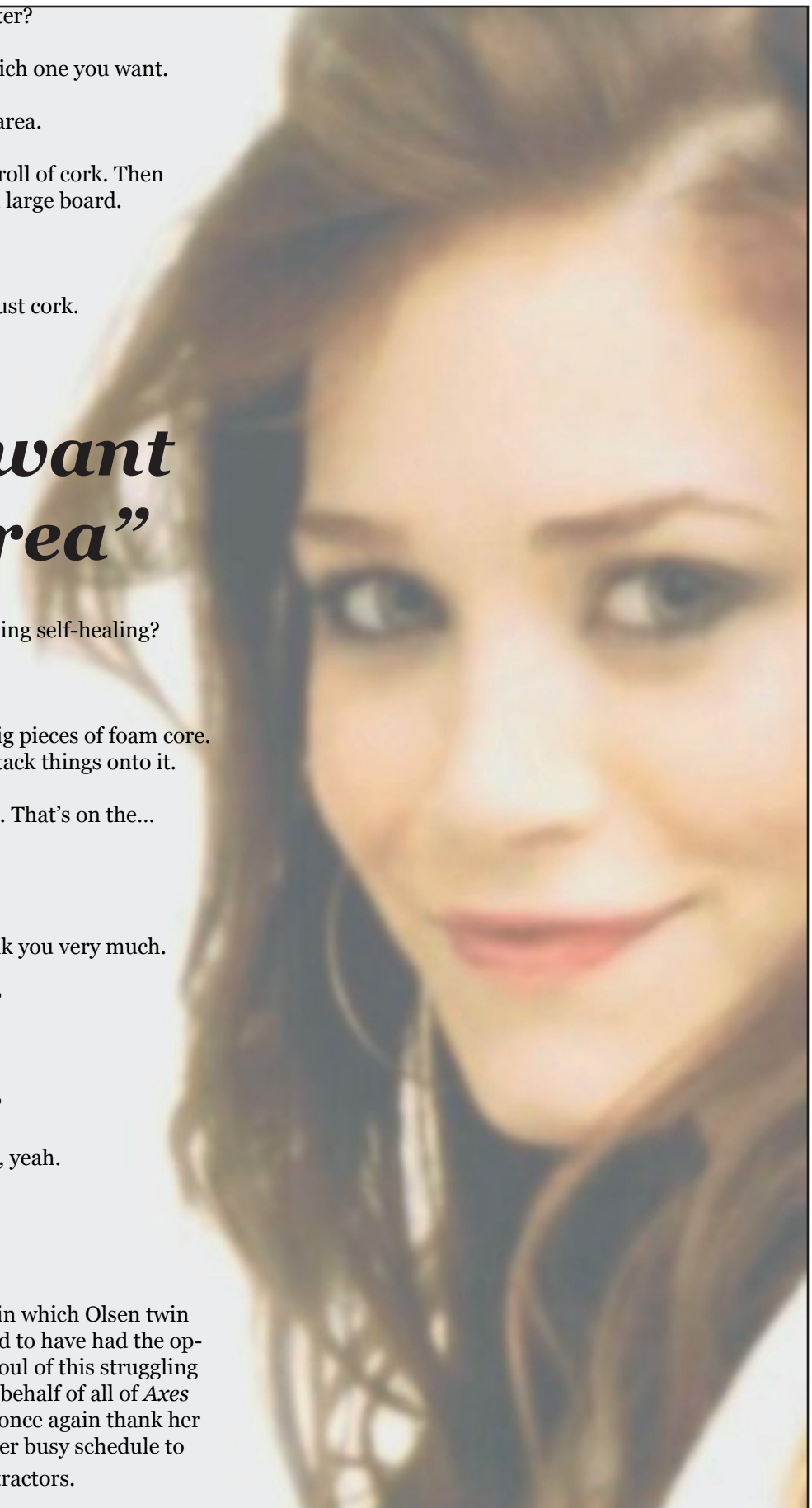
A&A: Do you like muffins?

MKorA: Muffins are good, yeah.

A&A: Okay. Thanks.

MKorA: Thank you.

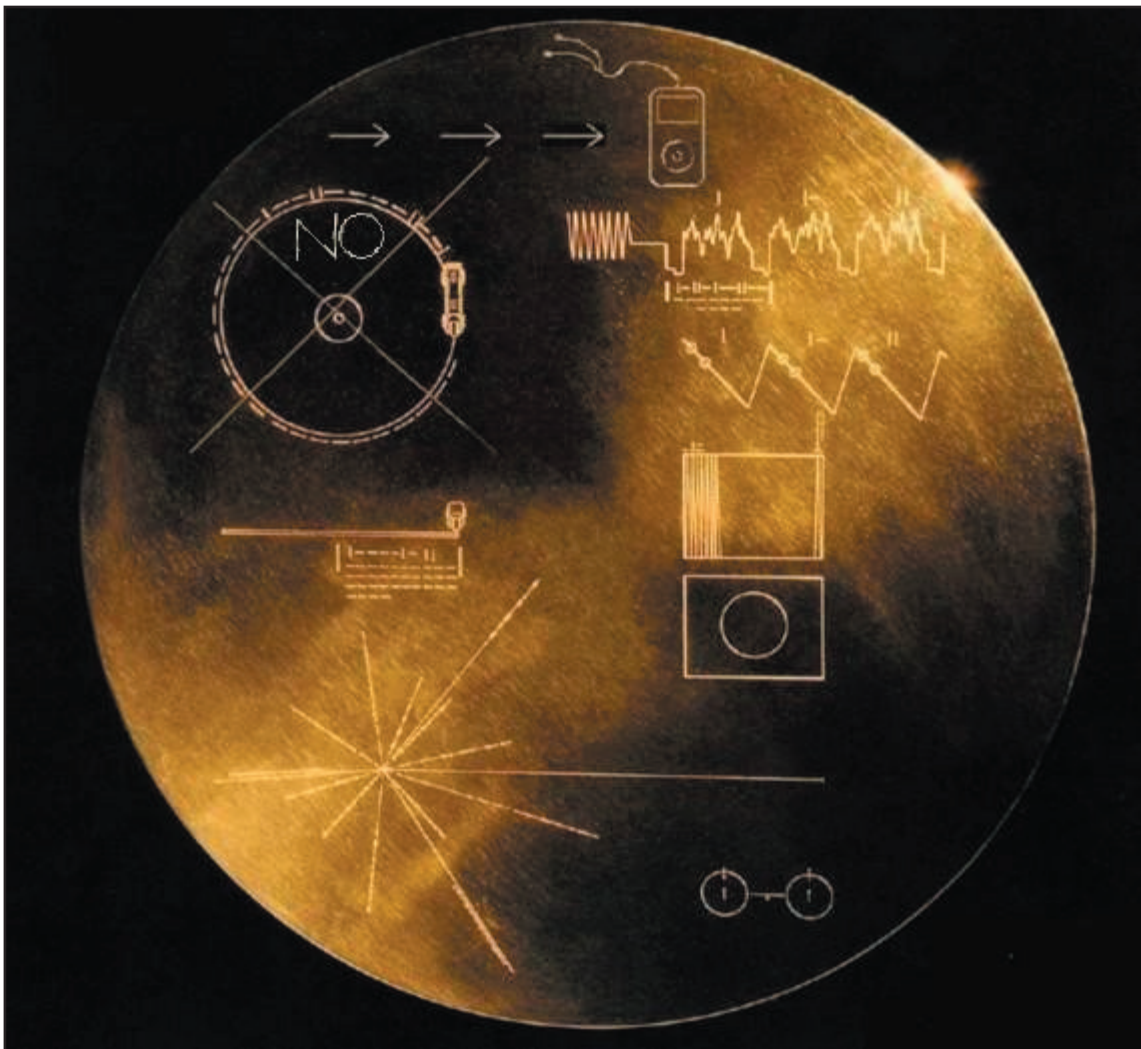
Though I am still not certain which Olsen twin this was, I am still delighted to have had the opportunity to look into the soul of this struggling and noble person. And, on behalf of all of *Axes and Alleys*, I would like to once again thank her for taking the time out of her busy schedule to show her appreciation for tractors.



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

TRAVELER I SET FOR LAUNCH

Space Flats, Florida: Scientists, many of them loosely affiliated with NASA (National Aerospace Science Association) have announced the launching of a new interstellar space probe which will follow in the footsteps of Pioneers Ten, Eleven and Voyager. Dr. Aves Dimnation, Barron Administrator of NASA declared in a press conference early Tuesday morning that Traveler I will “utilize new advances in stellar propulsion to catch up with Voyager and Pioneer. Hopefully Traveler I will arrive at some unknown alien civilization roughly two or three weeks after the first probes. It will be a hopeful moment for humanity.” Scientists are hopeful that the new information contained in Traveler I’s specialized platinum plates will correct some of the erroneous record playing instructions contained on the Voyager Interstellar Record. NASA, as you may recal, was heavily involved in the space race of the 1950s and 1960s.



Changing Direction: The new plate aboard the Traveler I will help aliens better understand how to listen to interstellar recordings, which now feature a hot new dance remix of the Whale Song track.

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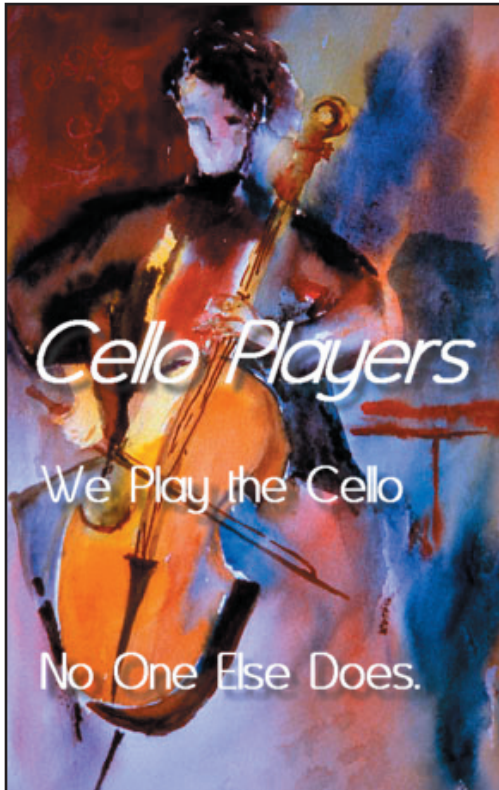


**ASTERSTAR
TECHNOLOGIES**

POETRY
BY
HG PETERSON



H.G. Peterson is the world's greatest living helicopterist. Throughout all of Asia he is loved and adored for skill in piloting helicopters. He can fly all sorts of helicopters; blue ones, red ones, and even a striped one once.



“I’m Going to Berlin”

The Solar System has planets nine
About the Sun they take their time

Mercury, the closest in
Flies ‘bout real fast, and has slow spin

Next comes Venus, with cloudy sky
Its temperatures are very high

Now there’s Earth, our home sweet home
There’s grass and you and Styrofoam™

Mars is fourth, and really red
It may have life, but is likely dead

Asteroids are this far out
It’s too far ‘tween them for you to shout

King of Planets, Jupiter is gas
There is no ground to grow some grass

Saturn is large, with many rings
And home to other interesting things

The name Uranus sure is funny
But it’s skies are hardly sunny

Blue and beautiful is Neptune
And quite too large to fit in your room

Pluto is tiny and really quite strange
About it in a car you could easily range

Kuiper Belt objects are icy and cold
Much too much so for bread to grow mold

Far out in space, the Oort Cloud is found
This is where comets spend time flying ‘round

And so you can see, with the Sun at the center
The Solar System’s neatness gets better and better

ON THE SUBJECT OF THINGS

BY

AMANDA SIBERIA

Although few people are aware, things are quite easily classified. Carolus Linnaeus attempted to classify things based upon their similarities, others have attempted to classify things based upon their function, their shape, or their color. One Dr. Reginald Hooper once attempted to classify things based upon the noises they make when stepped upon. There are numerous ways to classify things, but only one correct way.

The Herkimer-Bose Scale puts all things ever in existence into one of three sets. According to this quite authoritative scale things are either Stupid, Cool, or Neutral. Thousands upon thousands of scientists and philosophers, not to mention scienosophers, have measured thousands upon thousands of objects, things and bits of stuff according to this scale. They have been able to prove the nature of things to an accuracy of seven thousand decimal places.

Rocks are cool. The earth is made of rocks and rocks are everywhere. They come in a variety of sizes and have many uses.

Chimpanzees are cool because of their human-like behavior. It's funny to see chimpanzees ride tricycles, smoke cigars and wear diapers.

Matzo is cool as it's bread without yeast. It's very crunchy and tasty and if you find the afikomen then it makes Passover all the more special.

Tires are neutral. You just can't really get into tires. It's sort of interesting that in England they spell it "tyres," but it's really not that interesting.

The Dead Sea is neutral. Sure, it's full of salt and

everyone floats in it, but it's still just a bunch of water in the middle of a desert. Whoop-de-friggin' do.

Albert Einstein is neutral. While he formulated a lot of interesting theories and had a neat mustache, he also spent a lot of time espousing socialism and political nonsense. Plus, he turned down the presidency of Israel.

Lip-synching is stupid. Either sing the song or don't. Moving your lips to the words of a song is just pointless. I know you're not singing, so why bother pretending. And lip-synching is especially stupid when it's coupled with dancing. What, are you too useless to be able to sing and dance at the same time? Have to lip-synch while you contort your body? Who cares? I sure as hell don't.

Picture frames are stupid. Do I really need a bit of wood to border my picture? What, the picture itself isn't good enough...not wall worthy unless it's got a bit of wood stuck up around the outside. Who thinks up this nonsense?

Bishops are stupid. Why do we need bishops anyway? We have the Pope and parish priests, what, these people can't communicate? Ever heard of the internet you dumb Catholic weeds? Plus, bishops only move diagonally, I already have a queen that can do that and a lot more. For Christ's sake, work this out before you put on the silly little hat.

Indeed, everything in the universe that has ever existed, currently exists or will exist fits in to one of these three categories. No doubt this information will introduce a new era of organization and classification, and will allow humanity an ever greater understanding of both things and stuff.



AN EXCITING LOOK AT
SPACE-BASED COMBAT OPERATIONS
PART XVII: INTO THE VOID!

BY VIR COTTO



Vir Cotto is diplomatic attache to Ambassador Londo Mollari of the Centauri Republic. He enjoys spoo.

Most ancient craft, with a few experimental and non-mass-produced exceptions, used an exhaust based propulsion. Although the current ion coil drive is of this same basic principal, the ancient star drives, which relied on emission of charged particles; ions, electrons or light bosons, were far less efficient, rarely being able to propel a craft beyond the velocity of a few thousand miles per minute. Since all these early drives relied upon a fuel source carried with the craft, their range and maneuverability were dependant upon this limited fuel. Thus extreme maneuvers and erratic evasive techniques were foolhardy, as they would tend to threaten to exhaust the limited fuel supply and leave the craft helplessly headed out toward its last trajectory, unable to make necessary course corrections.

In the situations where two hostile craft found themselves engaged in potential combat, these difficulties became paramount, and, as often was the case, made early attempts at space combat futile gestures at best. A perfect example of this case was the events that transpired on or about April 28th 2115 A.D. in the system of Alpha Proxima. There took place a chase between local Colonial Authorities and a fugitive who had commandeered a mining scout ship in an attempt to evade capture. The Colonial Authority ship, a transport shuttle armed with a single primitive laser weapon and using a high energy photon emission drive, left the planet's orbit at 0800 local time in response to the reports of the fugitive's escape attempt. Rounding the planet, the Authority ship decreased its altitude in an attempt to use the planet's gravity to boost their own velocity. With this maneuver complete, the Authority ship shot out from the orbit of AP-04 in pursuit of the stolen scout ship, now two point four light hours away from the Authority ship.

A major problem now confronted the Authority vessel. Their laser ray weapon could reach its target only as fast as the speed of light would allow. This meant that were they to fire, their shot would take over two hours to reach the target. As the target, the fugitive scout ship, was traveling at a velocity of sixteen thousand miles per minute it could, by the time the weapon's ray had reached their original position, be anywhere within a sphere of some seven point one cubic light hours. Hitting a target under such conditions is, of course, highly improbable.

Another major problem would of course need to be overcome. Without increasing acceleration substantially, the Authority ship (traveling at a velocity of 17,500 miles per minute) would take three point one years to catch up to the fugitive ship, if both ships were to maintain their velocities and relative trajectories. Such were the limitations of ancient ships, in a time when interstellar travel was still in its barest infancy. Of course, these ships drives could have sustained much higher velocities, but doing so would threaten to exhaust their fuel and make a return voyage difficult at best, impossible at worst. Historically, the fugitive would have gotten away, had not the gravitational effects of the three nearby moons overwhelmed his limited piloting capabilities, causing him to crash.

Of course, in those ancient days, just prior to the development of the enormous and mythical Ark Ships; the first human craft to make the perilous and tedious journeys through interstellar space, the majority of space traffic was intrasystem, between the Homeworld and the mining and monitoring installations located in the Jovian Belt and among the Trans-Neptunian objects, the Oort Cloud, and Kuiper Belt. Each of the Jovian Belt and Rim bases kept large reserves of fuel on hand, continually replenished by robotic drone cargo haulers which slowly and steadily plied the vast distances of the solar system to supply these far flung human bases. The far bases were dependant upon these slow but steady drone fleet for every bit of necessary material that could not be mined or synthesized from the elements available amongst the cosmic debris.

With ready fuel and supplies available at the far bases, it was possible for intrasystem craft to travel at top velocity between Homeworld and the edge of the solar system in a few short weeks using these somewhat expensive yet effective fuel burning techniques. Gone were the days when such a journey would have taken years or even decades.

FUN THINGS ABOUT SPACE

Space is made out of emptiness!

Space is extra-big!

Ships in space are called spaceships!

If you go into space without a spacesuit, your head will explode!

Stars and planets live in space!

ASIMO



He has no soul



In the fledgling days of yore there were only two real destinations for interstellar travelers. In the Twenty-first and Twenty-Second centuries, the UFE had launched thousands of robotic probes into deep space, each one a tiny explorer of the far realm of the universe. While monitored on Homeworld, the probes sought out habitable planetary systems as candidates for colonization and terraforming. Over the years three were found; the somewhat inhospitable but terraformable AP-04 only four point three five light years from Homeworld, the bleak, barely habitable rock known ominously as Devil's Den, orbiting at the very edge of the Sirius System, eight point seven light years from Homeworld, and the planet CT-03¹. While CT-03 appeared to rather similar to Homeworld, its distance proved to be, at the time, an insurmountable obstacle to its colonization.

The world of Devil's Den is a terrifying, yet habitable planet, orbiting the large star of Sirius A and the white dwarf of Sirius B. The combined orbit of these two stars constantly sends large magnetic storms through the system, bathing the few small terrestrial planets with heavy doses of magnetic waves and radiation. The prior casting off of stellar material by Sirius B in its transition to the white dwarf stage left large amounts of heavy metals on the planets of the system. The atmosphere of Devil's Den consisted of forty percent oxygen, forty percent nitrogen, as well as certain amounts of methane, sulfur, and hydrogen.

Thus, the planet's atmosphere was breathable, but with constant rains of sulfuric acid, and with volcanic vents constantly sending up methane and sulfur into the air and causing large fire storms to rage both through the atmosphere and along the volcanic mountain ranges near the planet's equator. It is for these obvious reasons that the first human eyes to witness images of the world found it ominously similar to Hell.

Though the planet was seemingly an ideal candidate for terranizing, the magnetic storms of the binary system and high levels of radiation made the system too dangerous and unstable for standard colonization. But humans tend to be a resourceful species, and with real estate in the universe at a premium, were loathe to let even Devil's Den go to waste.

The only use ever found for the planet of Devil's Den was as a penal colony, and thus the trip there was taken slowly, the only passengers being criminals condemned to die. For this reason, expediency was not a concern, and the Devil's Den bound ships were most often drones, of a similar type to the transports used for interstellar supply. The voyages of these ships, even at high speed, were known to take up to forty years, and it was only the hardiest of criminals who could survive the long journeys onboard the prison barges. Enough did, however, to arrive and set up something of a rouge society on the horrid and hellish world called Devil's Den.

A&A



**Be Sure to Check out Next
Month's Exciting Issue of
Axes & Alleys for**

**Part XVIII:
A Most Interesting
Piece of Space
Furniture!**

THE PTA IS EVIL
A NOTED DIATRIBE BY RESPECTED
COLUMNIST
ELIZA ROARK



John Cantor is Welder-in-Residence at the Connecticut Society for Welding. Ms. Cantor has extensive experience in both arc and static welding and also likes men who own their own orange groves.

What on Earth is wrong with the PTA? Every single time I read about the PTA I hear about some new atrocity they've committed. For instance, a while back there were the stories, albeit urban legends but stories nonetheless, about how a few members of the PTA lured some wayward boys, gang members, and bicycle enthusiasts to a remote cabin deep in the forgotten Hallmet Woodlands. One inside the cabin, so the stories go, the PTA members attached electrodes to their victims' genitals and then proceeded to poke them with heavily sharpened sticks.

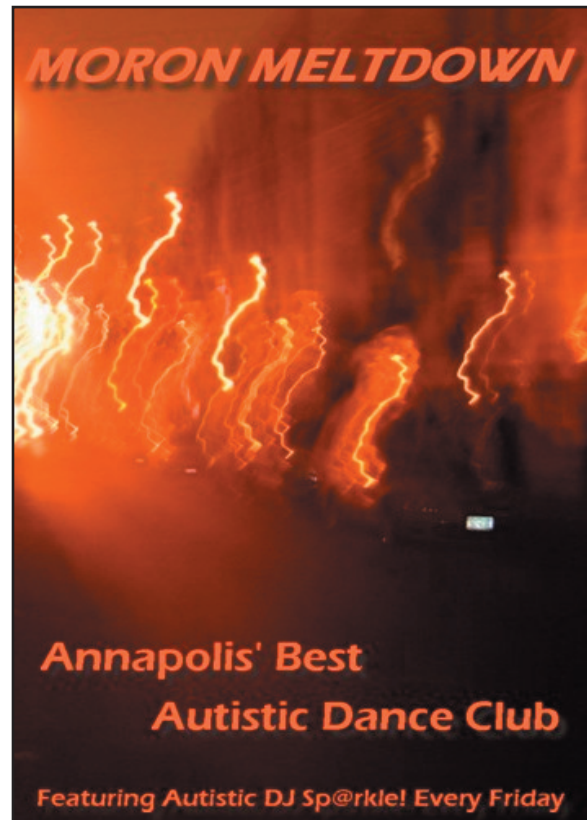
A spokesman for the PTA, who choose to remain nameless, stated afterward in a press release "...though there is certainly no definite proof of the allegations, it is the avowed policy of the PTA to inflict horrendous and senseless pain on its victims. The PTA insists on causing its victims psychological, mental, and physical anguish."

Rumors abound of PTA officials and PTA members utilizing scalpels, pliers, wire, riveting machines, X-Acto™ brand razor blades, nail files, Phillips head screwdrivers, pumpkins, knives,

dental equipment, scallops, swords, nun chucks, chains, golf clubs, power drills, iron maidens, and wire coat hangers to inflict severe physical pain on random people. Police and civil authorities have issued warnings to many citizens' groups to avoid the PTA and to report the activities of the PTA whenever witnessed.

Recovery Group is a non-for-profit organization dedicated to helping PTA victims recover from the PTA's horrid crimes. They have identified no fewer than 3,400 people who have had their lives destroyed by the PTA. It is known that the PTA does not discriminate; they will bring suffering to every innocent they find, they will pave a path of terror through any town they encounter, they will take their fiendish delight as their victims cry out for mercy. Mercy will not be found.

Today, I ask you to write your congress people and tell them you want them to take a stand against the PTA. The PTA must be stopped. We must not allow the PTA to hurt any more people. Together we can stop the Platha Torturer Association.



SHUT UP, RANDY!

TM



Shut Up, Randy!
brand FROZEN BEETS

From Shut Up, Randy! Brand Things
Chrandrasekhar, Platha

ASK MONTEZUMA

ADVICE FOR THE ADVICWORN



Dear Montezuma,
I am a lonely forty three year old bachelor who lives with my mother. It is really depressing because I have no friends. My only "friends" are Babylon 5 characters that I think of as friends and who I talk to and eat lunch with sometimes (I put their pictures at the table while I eat and pretend to converse with them). Yes, I have no real friends. I can't seem to make any friends either. I've tried all sorts of ways to make friends; tin, molded plastic, even Radio Shack kits, but I can never make any friends, even when I weld. What should I do?

Oren B. Watson
F. B. I. (Female Breast Inspector, ha ha ha)

I don't really like you Oren B. Watson. There is something truly malignant in your quest for "friends." I find it very selfish and greedy. Have you considered the great many persons across this blighted plane we call home who do not have friends? Well? Have you considered this? Here's Oren B. Watson and his Big Ol' Shopping Bag of Greed. Oren B. Watson, the pustule man who came and took the friends away. Children and goats will become immobile with loathing at your farthest approach. Great cold winds will sweep the continents because here comes Oren B. Watson, the Robber Barron of the friend market. Take a moment from your avaricious quest to dominate others and contemplate the needs of others. For once in your life.

Dear Montezuma,
My garden is continually out of dirt. Every time I go out to inspect it, the dirt has run out again and there's nothing but gasping plants. How much dirt should a garden eat on a normal basis? My garden seems to go through dirt at an alarming rate. Is there some sort of dirt dispenser that automatically replaces the dirt my plants eat on a daily basis? I'm getting tired of all this dirt.

Steven J. Phrie

Steven,
You might want to try looking at the sole of a shoe some time. In fact, look at the sole of several different shoes. You'll notice many fine patterns. Some have diamond shapes, some little tablet looking protrusions, some even have metal bits in them. Put a pair on and walk through a puddle. Then track dirty water across your floor and let it dry. Then you can take a nice steady look at the sole pattern of the shoe. Butcher paper can be purchased in many general stores. Get some and use a pencil to create a rubbing of the sole. Use it as a decorative wall hanging. Seems like a good idea for an afternoon, no?

Dear Montezuma,
What is the deal with rice?

Condi Rice,
US Secretary of State

Thank you Condi!
I've simply been waiting for ages to hear someone (or in this case read someone) ask that question. Rice is a staple crop in many countries located around Eastern and South Eastern Asialand. I know your specialty is Eastern Europe and Russia, so perhaps you were unaware of many of the wonderful properties of rice. Firstly, it's a really great material for throwing. Secondly, it's great for sticking to the edge of pots. I also, personally (as a person) like to glue it to things and color the bits in with crayon. I've won a couple of Second Place and Honorable Mention prizes doing such things. Perhaps the deal with rice is that it's a happy grain. If you ever strike up a conversation with rice, you'll notice this fact immediately. Always a kind word with rice. Always a tasteful joke. Once some rice bought me a pair of pants. See, that's the kind of person that rice is.

Dear Montezuma,
You seem to know quite a bit about everything. Is it possible that you could manufacture a grape that was so tasty that even you would eat it? How great are your powers? Are they beyond level 4? Level 5 or above? Please let me know, I need to know to settle a bar bet.

Lou Gambrino

Lou, the best way to settle a bar bet is with cash. Most bettors in bars don't take credit.

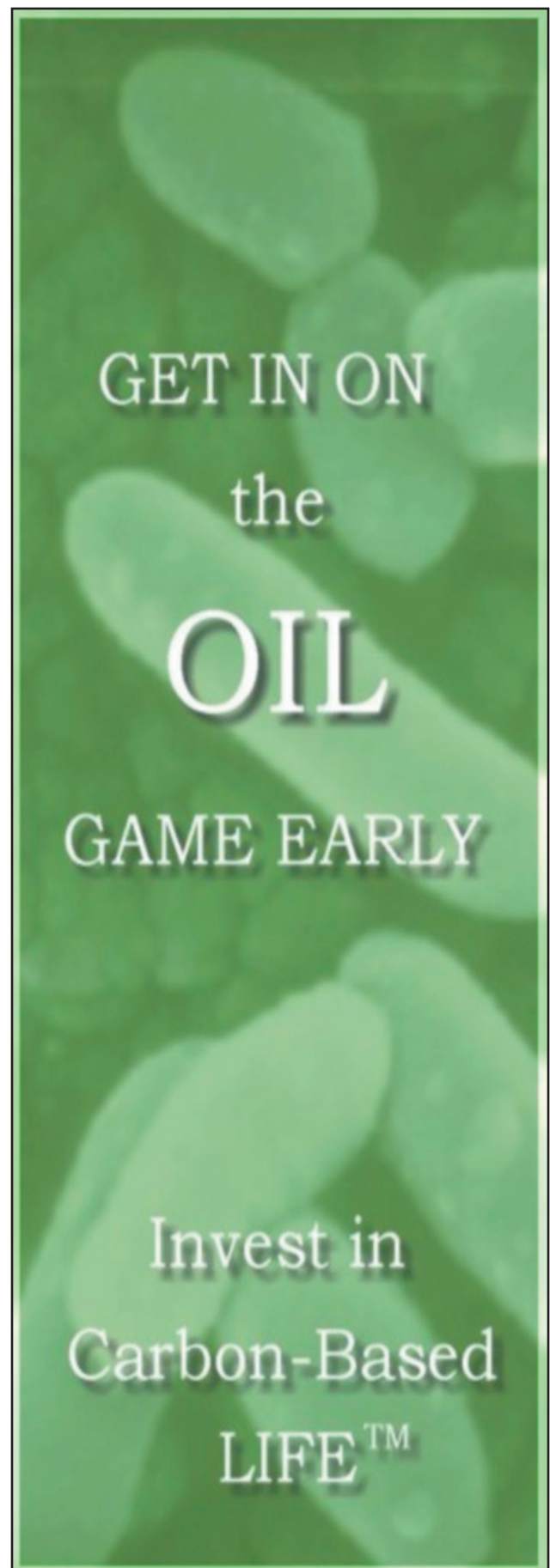
Great Montezuma,
My friend Gary and I were talking the other day.

Johnny Gomez

P.S. I forgot to mention that we were talking about that old television show with the cat that belonged to the guy with a mechanical body who always fought those giant plant machines with buzzsaws and then changed into common household kitchen appliances created by wizards from the year 4450. Is it true that this show was created by a well known Belgian animation house?

*Mr. Gomez,
You seem to have confused me with some latent homosexual Chicago column writer who can't be bothered to do his own research anymore. It's as if you expect some snooty, erudite response masked as common, blue-collar bonhomie. Maybe you believe I'm going to read this letter and turn it over to my sycophantic cadre of chained research staff who then turn around and do a cursory search on an interconnected network search engine, like you and "Gary" should have done. You got the wrong guy here, buddy. Let's skip the coarse language here and move on to the real issue. You, me and all the readers of this column know that Gary is actually you. Your embarrassment at the content of your question has led you, like so many sex column advice seekers and money-grubbing pulp novel writers, to assume a second personality. You know this personality is not real and that it has horrible taste in underclothing, bad skin and an inability to properly boil an egg.*

In the future I, Montezuma II, would appreciate some higher quality questions. This month's batch of communiques has been of horrid quality (and the perfume used to scent some of them was obviously a drug store impulse purchase, a choice made hastily over the Nutty Buddy Bath and Chocolate bar which is eminently more useful). In the future, try a little harder.



AN ONGOING CONTINUING
SERIALIZED NARRATIVE
“SCOOTER MEMORIES, PART II”
BY JEREMY-JOSEPH ROSEN



When Scooter was a child, he was a collector, as most children have been throughout the span of human recollection. You probably collected something as a child; be it bottle caps, cards relating to baseball, insects of various genera and species, building block sets mixed up in large bags, coins or stamps actually collected by numismatic or philatelic grandparents, recorded works of music, toy train sets (though this may be considered its own hobby), stuffed animals, comic books or rocks.

Scooter was a tad different in that he collected palm trees. It was difficult for his parents to support this hobby as they had very little in the way of land, but the neighbors often helped out. Scooter was quite the horticulturalist, if a bit narrow in his proclivities. Through his palm collecting he also learned how to assemble and operate a mid-sized crane, which came in handy later in life.

He was not narrow in the scope of palm tree care. The child grew palm trees from many continents, including Africa and South America, and had attempted to recreate the Easter Island Palm, once the tallest in the world before its extinction at the hands of the residents of that island, by cross breeding several related species of Chilean palm with carefully cloned seedlings of Easter Island Palm. His flora cloning knowledge also came in handy later in life.

Scooter's neighbourhood was stuffed with palm trees. The local geezer Mr. Chartres, a retired distiller, had even started a small and profitable business selling palm wine (the beverage, not the music). Mr. Chartres' fist was one of the tightest

things in the Universe and some speculated that apart from giving out as little money as possible it could also compress coal into diamond. Remuneration for delivery of palm fruits did come to Scooter, though the palm fruits did not originate with Scooter.

The Palm Tree Phase kept up for several years after Scooter had developed a way of speeding up the growth process. Eventually he passed on the enterprise to his brother, who became the CEO of a large chain of hotels. David hired out the care for Scooter's palm trees to a Gambian emigree who did a rather nice job of it.

The palm trees were the vehicle through which Scooter met Javier. The child who could not return spoons was found by the child with a gift for palm forestry one day at dusk in the midst of a small grove.

"Hey," said Scooter, who was never surprised to find anyone in the trees. Javier looked at him for a minute and said "See you later."

He got up from the grass and scampered South through the palm trunks. This puzzled Scooter because there was no way to get out of the grove towards the South due to a rather high wall Scooter's sister had constructed around the southern end of the property (she was an expert stonemason). He decided to follow Javier through the trees and discover what he was up to down there.

As Scooter emerged from the trees, he spied Javier covering a hole in the ground. Behind him was a stack of coconuts. Scooter laughed. He walked over to Javier and his hole.

"Those aren't going to grow like that."

Javier looked at him strangely.

"How would you know," he said?

Javier grabbed one of the coconuts from his stack of coconuts and ran off East through the grove. Scooter was very confused, but he loved coconuts. None of his trees grew coconuts. He could never figure it out. Special orders went out every time Scooter needed new stock for his projects. Sometimes he even attempted cuttings, but those rarely worked with palms as he had discovered with his Easter Island specimens. The new stock he ordered always had a percentage reserved for Mr. Chartres.



Scooter gathered the coconuts and the small trowel which Javier had left behind and walked on to the tool shed. He turned once to look over his leafy charges, but didn't notice the small electric box humming away under an experimental lemon bush Scooter had planted last year. The box had very little to do with anything and quite a lot to do with some other specific things. The only thing you really need to know about it right now is that Scooter did not notice it.

Months passed before Scooter's schedule indicated he should get back to the South end of the grove. In that time Scooter had learned how to jump rope, read a few dozen simplified Chinese characters and operate a fork lift. The fork lift was Scooter's favourite new possession which he drove around the cul de sac at the end of the street. Mr. Chartres lived there and he lost a shipment of palm wine to Scooter while the latter was learning how to operate and drive the fork lift.

He now had a part-time job at a local warehouse, loading and unloading trucks for five hours every Thursday.

The work paid fuel for the fork lift and fuel for Scooter. Jenny Perl, the administrative assistant at the warehouse, often made something wonderful for lunch just for Scooter.

Jenny was only a few years older than Scooter and enjoying her first job with the help of a work permit obtained at the State Department of Labor. Jenny had noticed that Scooter was quite fond of soups and stews. She frequently brought in soups and stews for Scooter to consume, though she found he was quite repelled by her mushroom barley concoction.

One evening after work, Scooter checked his schedule and went on down to the South end of the grove, where he found a small palm sprouting where Javier had planted a coconut. Scooter had forgotten to dig it up. He looked at it, thought and went off East to try and find Javier, who he had not seen for some months. The small box under the experimental lemon bush (now a lime bush), remained conspicuously anonymous, but not to Scooter.

THE MUSTACHE MENACE

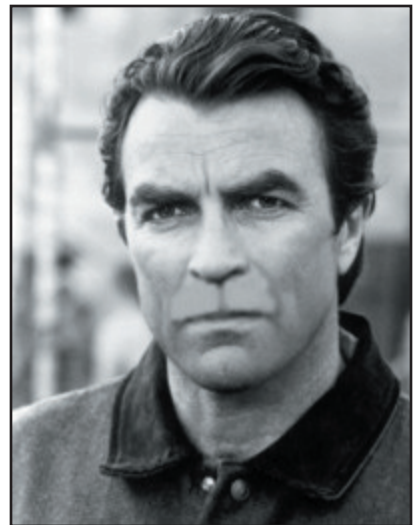
A HARROWING LOOK AT MUSTACHES

Across this world of ours a great many people have been taken in by the hypnotizing mustache menace. Little do they realize how dangerous mustaches can be. From the delicately queer handlebar of Salvador Dali, to the little brush muff of Charlie Chaplain, mustaches pose an ever greater threat to human kind each day.

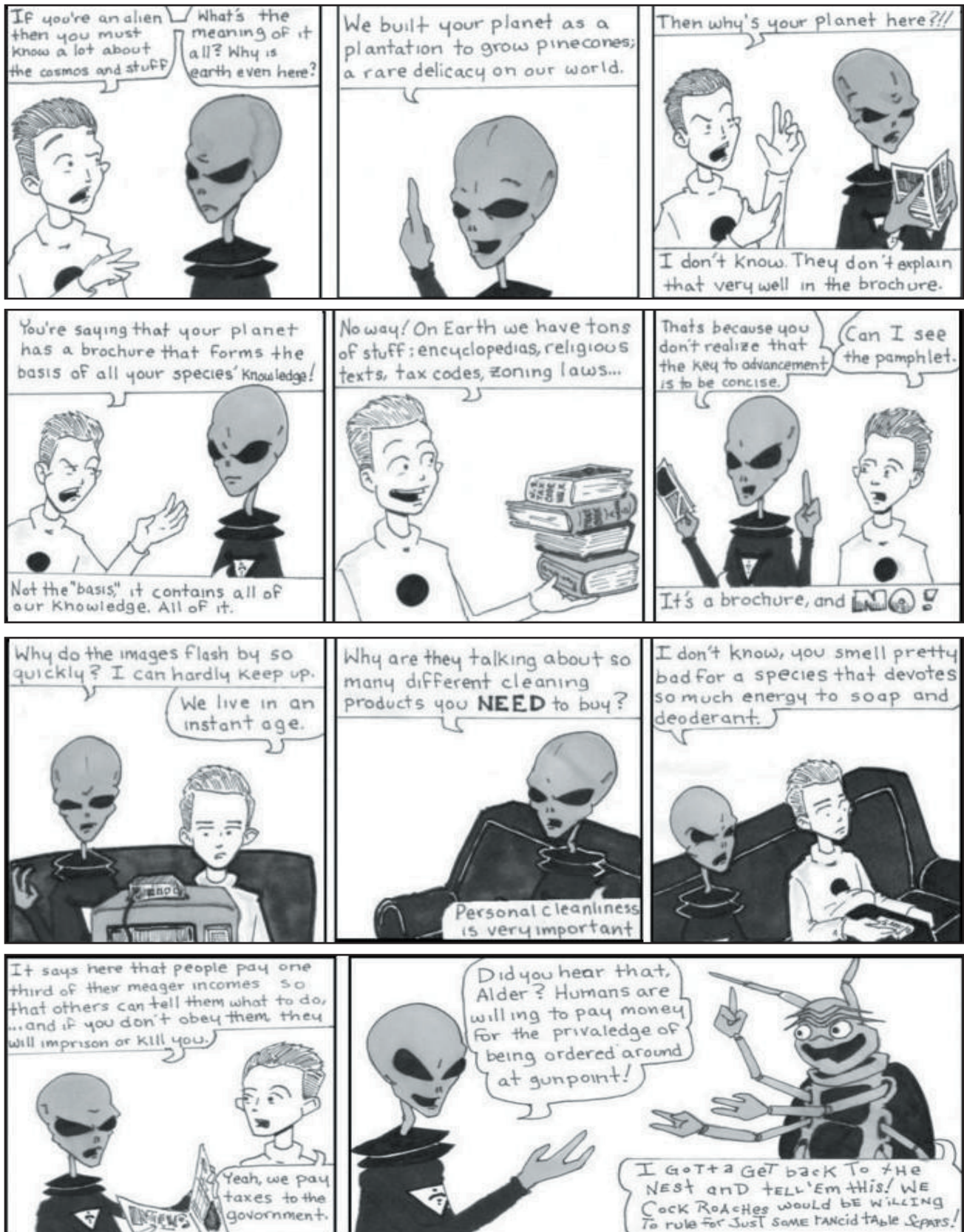
We are quite familiar with the mustachioed villains of the past. Their pictures stand before us in books which feature pictures and as we stare at their horrid visages we cannot help but shudder at the mustachioed monstrosities before us.

There is a serious link between mustaches and evil. This fact cannot be disputed.

With the help of special Theoretical Historio-Reconstructionists, we now present you with an alternate history of the world; the history of the world free from mustaches and their vileness. These famous mustachioed rogues have now been replaced by friendlier, clean-shaven versions. Remember, the next time you see a man with a mustache run away, run quickly and don't look back lest their facial hair consume you with its wickedness.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMOROUS CONCEPTS "THE RANGO AND LEM CHRONICLES"



RENAICO

At the Cutting Edge of Anachronism



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISMENTS

For Rent

Several "For Sale" signs in very poor condition. Some missing the "s."

P.O. Box 34-3
New Island, OI
111111

Lost

Left testicle. If found, please return to:

James Inchoate
c/o Alabama State Farming
Cooperative
Mobile, AL 36612

Town Hall

Lower Grundung City Council
Festival

Sub-Committee is having preliminary hearings on the reintroduction of the Bacon Festival.

For Sale

30 gallons of lake water. \$50, non-negotiable. Noel's boat house
Lake Murray right next
to the Free Plastic Bottle
Depot.

For Sale

Seven earrings, four nose rings, 13 nipple rings, two navel rings, three lobe plugs, two ampallang rings and one septum ring. I just turned 33 and realized how stupid that all was.
Nate, 707-252-0990

Free!

Come on by and pick out anything you'd like, except for my girlfriend. I'd like to keep her.
Gerald Leon 25 Saint St.

For Sale

I've invented the 3 wheel car and it can be yours for a song!
\$4779
May dip to the left.

Seeking

Really anyone.

Pets

Stoned centipede with an image problem. Free to good home with no birds.

Medical Study

If you are depressed, sexually dysfunctional, plagued with

and ugly, we're conducting a new clinical trial studying the effects of morbid people like you on perfectly happy and healthy people. Send applications to Centre Medical Center, attn: Tony Lazarius, Mobile, AL.

For Sale

One extra-small molecule, features hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and extra special atom of germanium. Must be used for cheesecake making purposes only. Only. €50 per gross or best offer. Call Tammile at my phone number.

For Sale

Non-bullet proof vest. Will fail to protect you from bullets, shells or cannon balls. Made of corduroy. \$4.00. Comes in blue or slightly darker blue. Box 401, Sweden.

Found

Right ventricle. Found in ditch on Highway 9.
I'm not giving it back.

For Sale

Jupiter. Features several cloud layers and a very faintly visible ring. Red storm cloud resembles an angry eye. \$5 billion or will trade for equivalent in asteroids. Bob at 413-1820-281982-1.

For Sale

Slightly used football, somewhat deflated. Once looked at by Pope Fabian IV. ¥5,000,000 to good home only.

For Lease

My eyeballs. I will look at whatever you want for only \$20.00 a week. Let me see whatever you want and I'll describe it for you with vivid details.
Tommy McMagnus. Box 021A

For Sale

Gigantic, fifty foot tall duck/monkey hybrid. Free half-finished can of deodorant included. Call Tony Blair, 10 Downing Street, London SW1.

For Sale

Swiss Cheese. Buy it now.
Toby, 718-293-2873.

Opportunity

India Based Limited Organization and Doing Business with U.S. and European clients since last over 5 years successfully. This we do you might know about. We call you later.

Wanted

Method of selling tattoos. I just turned 33 and realized how stupid my tattoos are. Call and we can talk.
Nate, 707-252-0990

For Rent

To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism; to steal from many is people will accept your ideas much more readily if you tell them that
if a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he homeless or naked? Find more ideas at John's Idea Bucket, corner of Mex and Lab Ave.

Wanted

Used Organotron 5440 with optional lausander mechanism. Will offer top dollar. That means I really want it.
Call Drim at 933-013-2222

For Sale

Cork of all kinds. Light cork, medium light cork, medium dark cork and dark cork. Great at parties and for boards.
Cork Amalgamated Warehouse
3 Lancaster Lane.
Monnaggassaheeatta, MV

For Rent

Choose life, choose liberty, choose my fabulous dog igloo. No longer have a dog, so you can rent it from me.
Jon, 453-097-2222

For Sale

Last American box bearing the term "tin foil" on front.
212-299-3596

For Ale

Seven old boxes of frogs in various states; some pickled, others stuffed. Also dirty magazines. All of these I will trade for ale. Any type of ale. Come and get a great deal on frogs and porno mags.
Call Lance Hutterwatten, Pinhole Flats, Platha.

Axes and Alleys

was

Conceived, Written and Produced

by

Scott Birdseye

and

Jeremy Rosen

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2005 A.D.

for more information please consult

www.axesandalleys.com