

DEFEND MARRIAGE TODAY!

Details on Page 27

Official
Magazine
of the
RTRAMSOM

Volume 456-BR7
Issue 12
Pentember
2005



INSIDE

Sporks!
Greens!
Disaster!
Scooter!

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NEWS FROM THE FRONT
Battle for the South Pole



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Axes and Alleys: Featuring Many Animals!

Volume 456-BR7 Issue 12,
Pentember 2005
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Dear Readers,

Once again we have been hoodwinked. Recently we had to fire a member of our staff. It seems that correspondent Lilly Saunders (Age 10) failed to properly research her latest story. Entitled "New Advances in Tractor Headlight Fluid" the piece dealt with the varied intricacies of headlight

fluid and how they can impact the entire operational capabilities of tractors. It seems that Lilly Saunders (Age 10) was unaware that tractor headlights are air-cooled and do not require any fluid. It's that sort of spotty research and writing that forces us to let our contributors go. It's sad when we have to sack someone who has been with this publication for over twenty years, but sometimes it's necessary to issue the old pink slip in order to maintain this magazine's outstanding level of quality and excellence.

She will be replaced by a machine.

xxx 000

Delores R. Grunion.



Pentember Cover-Girl
Rose McGowan. She
didn't actually die in a
garage doggy door.

WRITTEN
CORRESPONDENCES
FROM GOOD NA-
TURED GENTLEMEN
WHO HAVE READ OUR
PREVIOUS INSTALL-
MENTS AND WISH TO
COMMENT ON SOME
ASPECTS THEREOF.

Dear Editors of *Axes & Alleys*,

I have several complaints concerning the movie *Hackers*. It is highly unrealistic that a character such as Cereal Killer, or Emanuel Goldstein, would have knowledge of First Corinthians 13:11. A Jewish Hacker, or Ordohinni, would probably have little understanding of the Christian writings of Saint Paul the Evangelist. This major error has ruined an otherwise enjoyable film.

Lucky Sturgeon
Himmotsburo, PD.

To the Editors,

I would like to complain about the 1995 theater release *Hackers*. This film is clearly labeled PG-13 on all video home system, digital video disc and laser disc packaging. In 1995, the Motion Picture Association of America's PG-13 rating indicated no nipple, aureolas or other such breastal phenomena were shown in the film. However, it is quite clearly evident in Dade's (Johnny Lee Miller) disgustingly wet dream sequence that Kate's (Angelina Jolie) jacket does not conceal her nipples, aureolas or breastal phenomena. Two rosy tipped breastal phenomena are quite evident under Kate Libby's unnecessarily sensual leather jacket. I demand an NC-17 rating under the Motion Picture Association of America's current movie ratings guidelines. Sight of Angelina Jolie's breastal phenomena, while becoming more common, is still aberrant behavior.

Lex McGreevy
Plantation Depths, EL

Dear Axes & Alleys,

I am writing to you to complain about *Hackers*. A couple of times in this flick they go on about the four most common passwords people use. They are love, god, sex and secret. This doesn't make any sense. I have an email account, cloetoey@gmail.com, and my password is electricity. That's not even on the list. What gives?

Chloe Percival
West Arbutte, NY

To Whom it May Concern,

I would like to laud the Iain Softley directorial accomplishment of *Hackers*. In one of the most faithful depictions of hacking culture, he presents such common words as "leet," "GPI viruses" and "hello." Mr. Softley also has his finger on the pulse of hacker culture in his depiction of 1995 era hacker setups. The Macintosh platform of 1995 combined with advanced graphical interface programs and a 1.44MB 3.5" external floppy drive and leather fashion accessories is exactly what I remember from the time. Every hacker I've ever known uses such a setup to great effect. One guy I know even managed to break into a nursing home public address system using such hardware. For what it's worth, hack the planet Mr. Softley, hack the planet. Rock on dudes,

Ellingson Putors
Worm Bucks, PR

To Delores Grunion et al:

Recently, I sad down with my extended family to view the movie *Hackers*. In the climax of said film, Matthew Lillard's character Emanuel is seen giving a televisual radiophonic address to the people of humanity. He is features on the screens at Times Square (The Crossroads of the World). His voice is clearly heard despite the fact that these screens do not feature speakers of any sort. Wouldn't Johnny Lee Miller make an excellent James Bond? He is currently as old as Sean Connery was when he took the role. Johnny Lee Miller is so hot, I wish he was James Bond.

Pope Benedict XVI
Vatican City

Dear Axes and Alleys Magazine,

Hackers was okay, I guess. It's my favorite. My friend liked it. One time he even built a mannequin out of radiator parts. It was cool.

Eleanor Swordy

Dear Axes & Alleys,

This letter comes in regards to the film *Hackers*. I hate it. I do not appreciate its depiction of a rag tag group of United States Army soldiers merrily making their way across Europe in an effort to steal a secret stash of Nazi gold to the communist hippy soundtrack of 60's music. I'm not even sure what the studio was thinking releasing such a picture. Who would buy such a scenario with Clint Eastwood as a hacker or Don Rickles as part of his "elite" gang. I am very dissatisfied with my experience and I demand you refund my money.

Regards,

Lenny Hamilton
Hamilton!, OH



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NEWS OF THE WORLD
THE WAR AT SEA

TWENTY MILE SQUINT

Running the McMurdo Blockade

As our hovercraft slid through the night, I could make out shadows grouped on the horizon. I took another bite of my tomato and let the juice dribble down my chin. It was a little over ripe, making loud squishing noises.

“The blockade fleet,” Seaman Mylar pointed out as he, too, munched unenthusiastically on a tomato. “They’re on constant patrol all through here.” One of the hovercraft crew, Mylar was a fit young man with the bronzed skin and muscular build characteristic of his Maori heritage. Though he told me he had joined up six months ago, just after his eighteenth birthday, I’d have never guessed it; already he spoke with the calm certainty and bore the tomato-stained battle blouse of a veteran. To a man, despite their ages or ranks, the Hovermen showed an emotionless acceptance; other fruits and vegetables had long been left behind. For an army man it’s the Thousand Yard Stare. For

As I tried to focus my eyes on the vague BGN ships in the distance, I couldn't help but feel the beginning strain of the Twenty Mile Squint. It was hastened by the remaining hangover I was experiencing after a night playing cards and drinking homebrew Cayton (tomato liquor) with the seamen below decks. I'm still absolutely positive on how I ended up on a hovercraft trying to sneak through the Bad Guy's blockade with 20 tons of tomatoes and other provisions, and I'm upset about it. It all began two days ago in New Zealand.

The recent skirmishes are the largest naval campaign since the Second World War. The last battles in the 50th Parallel Engagement left both sides frantically attempting to bring their guns to bear, escalating the conflict into what appears now to be something mostly like a war, but with some other bits quite like an amateur basketball game. Neither side seems in possession of a good power forward.

On the 28th of June, after a near-disastrous defeat at Battle of the Bering Sea, Bad Guy Grand Admiral Tsotsigo sent the bulk of his forces steaming south where they joined up with the Third Water Danger Squadron off Argentina. In response Marshal Kreiguerre deployed of the 512th Steam Armor Division and 113th Entertainment Auxiliary to McMurdo Station in order to defend and entertain the Continent of Ice. Coal-laden transports sent to supply the 512th, however, proved to be too fragile to resist damage from the lovesick sperm whales of the Antarctic.

With the Good Guy Navy's closest attack group at least nine days from the Tasman Sea, Tsotsigo saw his chance and surrounded McMurdo Sound with his 9th Task Group in a matter of days, fortifying his airbases in the South Shetland Islands.

As these developments unfolded, I was in New Zealand, on assignment covering the infamous Porridge Festival, which for no apparent reason is held only once ever 38 years. A profanity-filled telegram had me, at my editor's suggestion, meeting one Tim Friskin at Thatcher's Tavern, a local bicycle enthusiasts' favorite. Like every bicycle bar between here and Timbuktu, the place was rife with contrast and semi-pleasing odors.

"The boys have it rough down there," said Friskin, downing a half a pint of Gi Sum and a quite unhealthy number of black licorice whips. His face displayed some rather dangerous scars and his arms were covered with fake tattoos, one of which pictured a naked woman barely draped in a New Zealand flag with the caption "The Northern Island is superior by far."

"For one," he continued as he struggled to light a massive cigar "it's cold as hell. Now don't tell me that's an oxymoron, because I don't care." As instructed I ignored his blatantly oxymoronic remark. I wasn't in the mood for a hearty sack punch this late in the day. "Those Steam Tankers are down to saltines and penguin meat."

He didn't mention any more about the conditions down at McMurdo Station, though he did go on about a girlfriend, Betty, he had in San Diego. I had seen some photos and after five days the food, coal and other supplies had yet to reach the 512th. One could only imagine their walkers frozen and useless without coal for power and the oil and wiper fluid necessary for maintenance, reminiscent of the photo Tim had shown me of Betty.

With a few of his men, Friskin had concocted a plan. Formerly a navy man and freelance sloop pilot, Friskin convinced a number of New Zealand's many hovercraft crews to run the blockade. There was no other choice before me; I grabbed my camera and hopped aboard.

Just after dusk we set out; the wide ocean before us like a sea, only bigger. The stars slowly came out providing the only light apart from the thin red pencil points of the sailors' smokes. It was here that I first met Mylar and became familiar with the men of the tomato run.

The trip had been long, agonizingly long. Landlubbers like myself often fail to recognize the vast distances between landmasses. Water going out endlessly from horizon to horizon. Each day the air got a bit chillier as we moved further toward McMurdo Station. Every hour, day or night, two crewmen stood watch for the blockade fleet, although luckily they never saw us.

Finally, we reached McMurdo Station, offloaded our gear and exchanged a few words with the Americans there. I met First Lieutenant Avery Fox, who told me "These hovercraft are keeping us alive right now. Hopefully the Fleet will reach us soon. I'm sick of waiting for BGN raspberry bombs to hit us and I'm damned tired of tomatoes." After offering him a cigarette, whereupon he gratefully accepted the whole pack, I asked him how the units' morale was. "It's easy for the boys to get down. It's easy to think you've forgotten us, but every time we see the hovercraft, laden with supplies, we know we haven't been forgotten. We haven't been forgotten. And we're gonna show these Bad Guys what we can do. We're ready to go on the offensive, we're ready to win this war. We're ready to move on to victory and we're ready to throw these tomatoes at the swollen, rotten bodies of the Bad Guys."

An aerial photograph of a naval fleet, likely the US Navy's 7th Fleet, sailing in formation on the ocean. The ships are visible as white and grey shapes against the dark blue water. The formation includes several large aircraft carriers and numerous smaller escort ships, all moving in a coordinated pattern. The sky is a clear, pale blue.

INTO THE BREACH:

The Good Guy Navy Speeds Towards Victory!

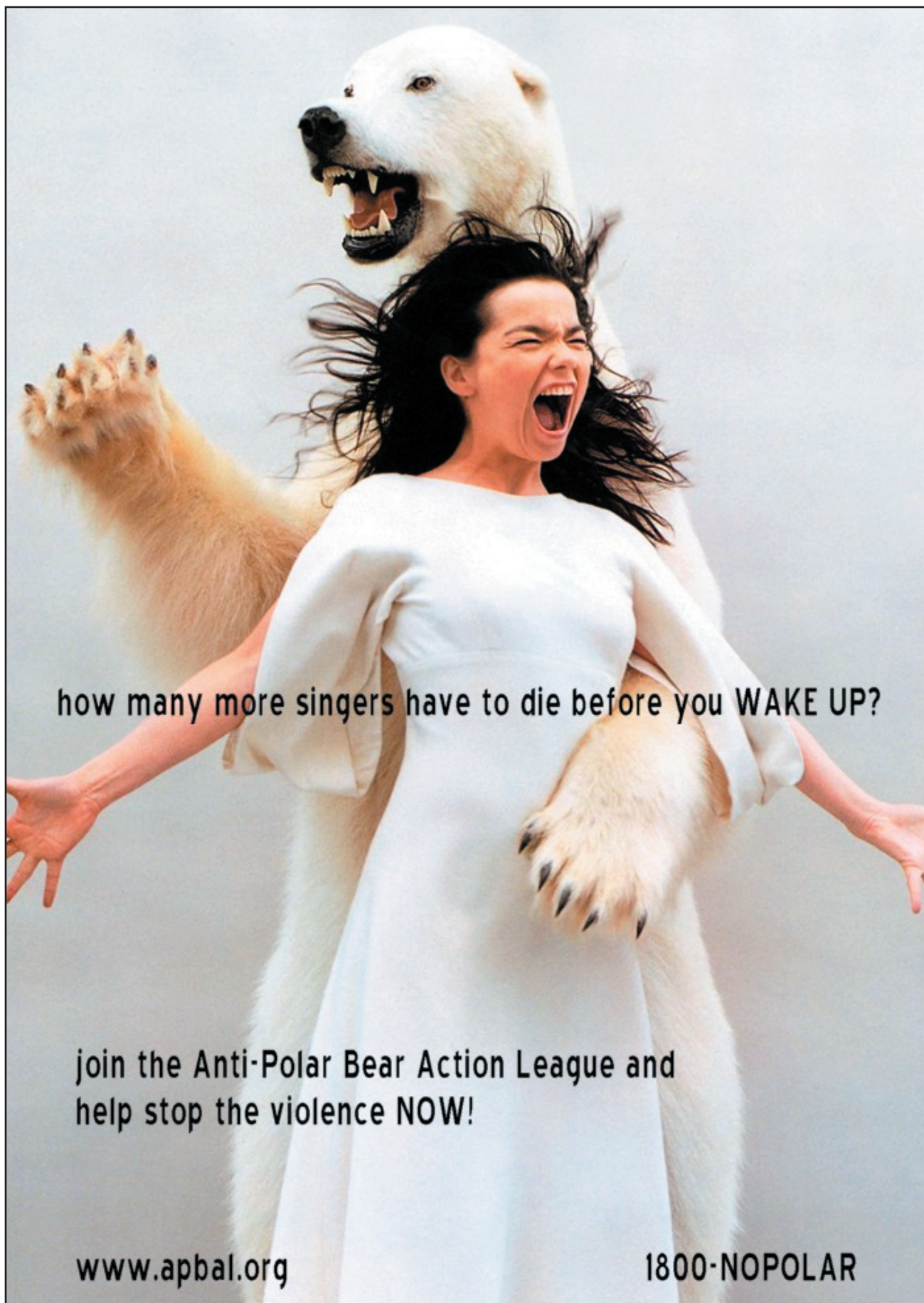
As our hovercraft slips away from the sound, headed back through the blockade to its New Zealand homeports, I take my first taste of salted penguin meat, look back over the Continent of Ice and realize that while times look dark right now, victory will be ours. Then I retch over the side of our hovercraft, disliking my first taste of Southern cuisine. There are men like Mylar, Friskin and Fox who are willing to fight on regardless of the odds or the amenities. Just like them, I'm looking forward to victory. Hopefully it will be soon.



Into the Night: One of the Hovercraft Patrol brings much needed supplies to Antarctica.

Bottom of the World:
The dangerous McMurdo Run.





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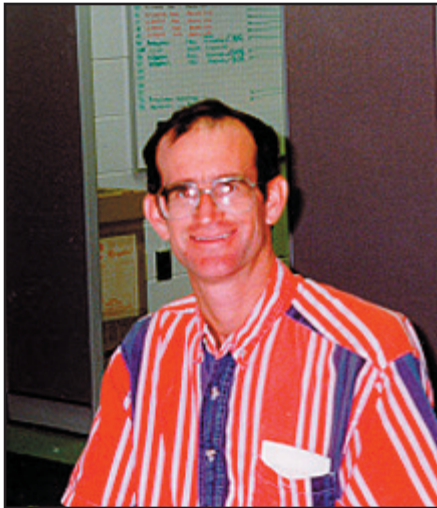
www.apbal.org

1800-NOPOLAR

SPORKS

BEHOLD THE GLORIOUS FUTURE

BY DAVE HINGE

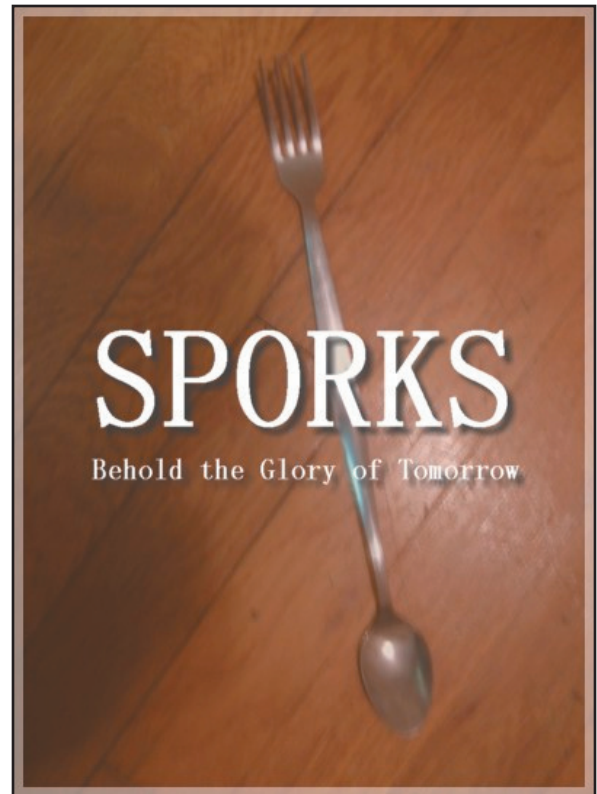


Dave Hinge is the Director of the International Sandwich Institute. His latest offering is the tome *Revising Basic Sandwich Theory: Projected Global Impact of the Reuben Paradigm*.

Sporks are a very serious thing. While many in the public feel content to mock sporks, they are fools. The spork is perhaps the most amazing human achievement of the past two hundred and thirty two years. Eclipsed perhaps only by the aeroplane, the spork is a matter of pure genius. It is at one a fork and a spoon, and yet it is neither.

In an age of dwindling natural resources, it is important that our consumer-driven economy conserve every bit of material. Why spend twice as much energy producing a fork and a spoon when you can produce a single spork for half the cost?

The same can be said about the popularity of the new camera-phone. For years, going back to the nineteenth century, people have been craving a contraption which is both a camera and a phone. Now they have it and now we need not waste our precious metals and plastics on producing just phones or just cameras. We have camera-phones and we have sporks. How glorious. Hopefully new conservation-minded products will be on the horizon.



Perhaps today some plucky young scientist is working on a rake-frying pan.

Fry eggs and rake your leaves with only one instrument. No more searching through the kitchen or garage when you need to proper tool. Or the bottle opener-iron lung; another wonderful idea which will save countless dollars. Maybe the bicycle-sombrero won't be too far off; I can foresee a wondrous future where you can ride your hat to work. Just after that scientists will invent the photo album-gargoyle. It's a gargoyle, perfect for any gothic decoration on your castle, but it also holds and displays photographs of your loved ones. What about a combination between a coffin and chewing gum? That would be perfect for any occasion. And let's not forget the ironing board-rowboat or the cigarette lighter-Persian rug or the all important dueling pistol-wheelbarrow.

For each combination we cut our society's waste and pollution in half. So the next time you see a neat two-in-one product make sure you purchase it. Not for yourself, but for your children, and your children's children and for those people's planet's future.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS GREENS: THE NEWEST TREND



It's Not Easy Being Green: Lovely young trendnik Emily Lancing shows off her brand new photosynthesizing skin.

From Maine to California there's a new trend that's growing more popular with the kids. More and more teenagers and twenty-somethings are getting chloroplasts implanted in their epidermal cells.

Chloroplasts, the organelle which enable photosynthesis in autotrophic organisms, allow humans to go months without eating, provided they inhale plenty of carbon dioxide (CO₂) and ingest copious quantities of water (H₂O).

"Oh yeah, it's great, I don't even have to eat. My cells just make their own food, it's deck, dude, totally deck" said a man to which we spoke "Everyone's

green, green's the way, dude." While green may be moving toward increased popularity in urban centers, some scientists are skeptical of the long term benefits of chloroplast implantation.

"We don't yet know the long term effects of chloroplast implantation" stated Dr. Julia Killian of the hospital.

Either way, more and more people are enjoying engaging in photosynthesis. "It's cool" said Chance, one young trendnik "I can totally form glucose. I'm not shackled by the cellular respiration chains anymore. Adenosine Triphosphate is for losers. Glucose is the new future, man."

*"No More
cabbage
Farts
for me"*



Do you live in Brooklyn?

If you do then you're a big idiot.

ASTORIA

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Great Bars

Zero Crime

Low Prices

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POETRY
BY
HG PETERSON
THAT LOVE SONG OF R. ALFRED PRUFROCK



H.G. Peterson is the world's first sub-aquatic poet, having written over eighty three percent of all his works while playing checkers at the bottom of the Java Sea.

Eurasia is quite immense
It goes from Lisbon to Beijing
With mountains, deserts, fjords and steppes
It is the greatest land mass thing

Africa sitting right below
Home of Sahara and Nile
Elephants, giraffes and lions
Live on this land in much style

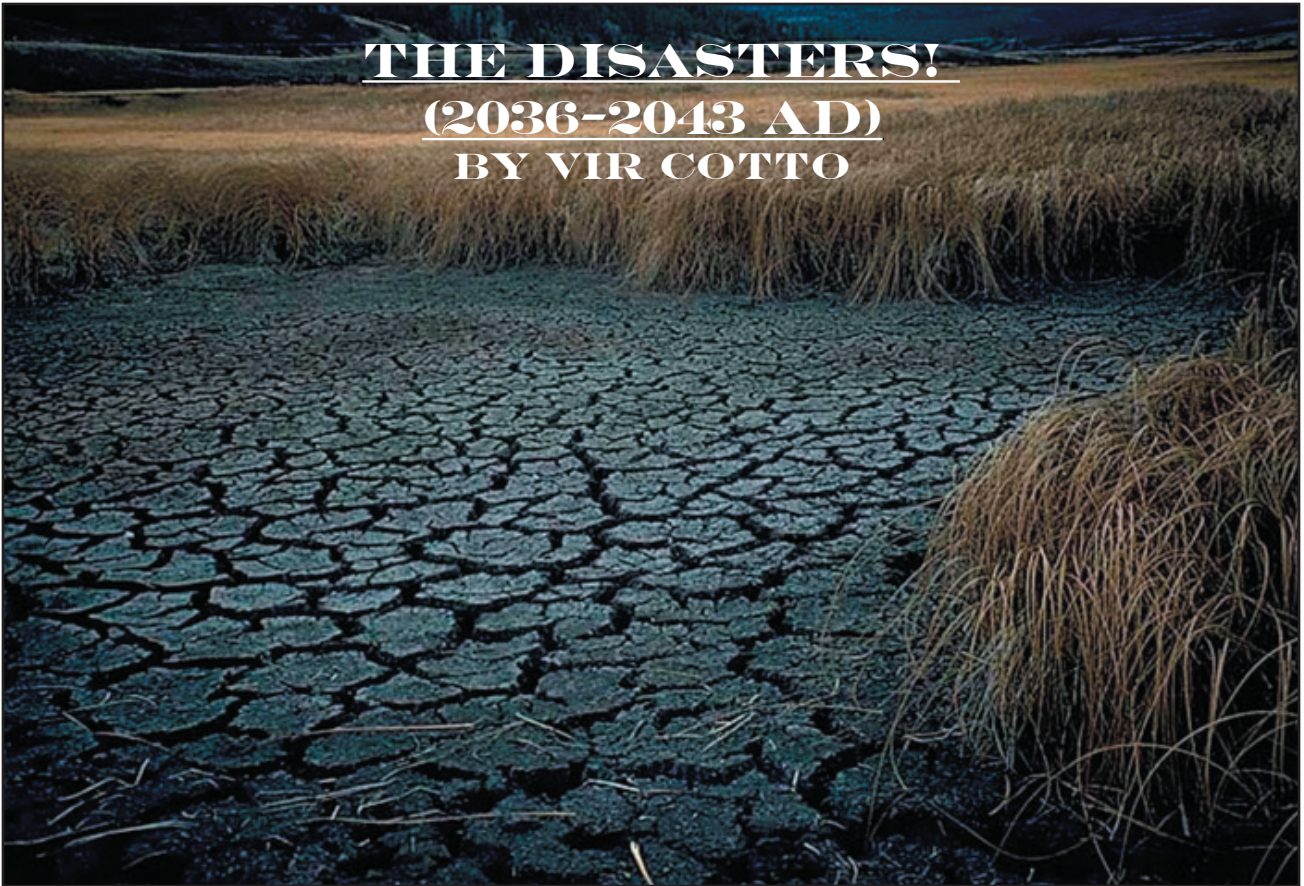
North America is quite nice
For it has the Great Plains and Lakes
Panama to Baffin Isle
Sweetest area for Christ sakes

To South America we come
With The Enigma, Nazca lines
And its quite mighty Amazon
Which is a jungle full of vines

Australia, once home to crooks
Features marsupials, all types
Ayer's Rock, Outback and wombats
And Ned Kelly the guttersnipe

Last Antarctica the frigid
Where amok all the penguins run
Here you'll find McMurdo Station
And that there Weddell Sea's quite fun

THE DISASTERS!
(2036-2043 AD)
BY VIR COTTO



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

Although there had been indications of environmental degradation as early as the end of the 19th Century, the time known colloquially as “The Disasters” is generally said to have started in roughly 2034-2036. Most historians give the date of June 9th 2036 as the true beginning of the Disasters, for it was on this date that the last natural rain fall occurred in Europe. Despite disagreements over the precise time period of the Disasters, the middle years of the 21st Century proved to be a cross-roads for humanity; a time of death, destruction, chaos and hope.

Global temperatures increased incrementally but substantially throughout the 20th Century, eventually leading to a reduction in the size of the polar icecaps. As ice reflects more sunlight than seawater, the melting of the icecaps served to augment the greenhouse effect of heavy industry and other emissions. Slowly but steadily, the sea levels of the Earth rose, as did the global temperature. Increased air temperatures led to major disruptions of wind and storm patterns.

What meteorologists of the time named a “near-permanent high pressure system,” began to setting in over the North and Baltic Seas, cutting off most of Europe from rainfall. As crops failed in both Europe and South Western Asia, a combination of economic depression and food shortages left nearly a billion people in the depths of poverty and famine. In 2038, the Euro collapsed under the weight of runaway inflation; for the average European family in 2038, a loaf of bread cost nearly 10 million Euros. By December of that same year, the American Dollar and Japanese Yen suffered reductions in value as well, crippling international trade.

In 2039 matters became even worse. The rise of sea level throughout the world brought chaos to the coastal cities of countries across the globe. In the United States, the government sought to fight endemic unemployment by ordering massive public works projects at crucial ports from Norfolk to San Francisco. It would prove to be of little effect against the rising waters and increasingly frequent hurricane systems in the Atlantic. The burgeoning Pacific superpowers China and Indonesia suffered enormous human casualties in the wake of the storms and flooding. Official PRC reports estimated the deaths from destroyed dams and dykes, the subsequent flooding and power shortages, as well as the ensuing disease and famines to be nearly 50 million between 2038-2043.

Throughout 2040 and 2041, a world wide economic depression, coupled with rising rates of infectious diseases, mostly malaria and cholera, led to chaos which brought about the collapse of governments from Madrid to Beijing. Governments which escaped from anarchy and civil war, found themselves still impotent to provide but the most meager solutions to their citizens’ myriad problems. Even North America, Europe and Japan fell into Third World conditions in regard to health and public sanitation. No exact numbers exist for the death toll, but some estimate that nearly one sixth of the world’s population died during the Disasters.

Though the rise in sea level was less than cataclysmic, it led directly to the economic



chaos that crippled governmental power, forcing the environmental disasters to act as an antecedent to the civil destruction which followed. Though many people called the Disasters “The Second Great Flood,” the true fact of the matter, is that the flood did little more than force people from the coastal cities. Geologically, it was of little consequence, but economically, it made hundreds of millions of people homeless, beginning a wave of economic disruption, which coupled with a dramatic decrease in agricultural yields, sent of a wave of depression throughout the world.

By 2043, the Disasters had killed over a billion people, leading to the greatest loss of life since the Black Death of the 14th Century. Civil wars spread, in many areas of the world, bandits and gangs disrupted what little help governments could provide. At a meeting of the United Nations Security Council in August of that year, the representatives of the world’s 28 nuclear powers voted UN Secretary General David Hewey the authority to do whatever he felt necessary to do solve the problem. Although it was intended as a token gesture, Hewey who had previously served as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom and as the President of the European Union, drew up a plan that he hoped would provide for a solution.

A person wearing a white, featureless mask and dark clothing is crouching in a dark, textured environment. The person's hands are visible, and they appear to be holding something small. The background is dark and grainy, suggesting a cave or a similar underground setting. The overall mood is mysterious and slightly ominous.

When the Mole People Come for You
You're Going to Need a Balloon You Can Trust...

BALLOONCO
Only the Best™

David Hewey's plan called for the creation of a world wide government, which he named the United Fascist Government, which would act with complete authority. The report made a special case of Venice, Italy. For years, the various governments of Italy had deliberated endlessly on the problem of Venice, but were unable to provide a solution. Although there had been a plan to build movable gates across the entrances to the lagoon in which Venice sat, the myriad governments were unable to ever complete construction. Hewey claimed that this was due to the democratic system, which forced political leaders to attempt to please voters at the cost of real solutions.

On September 11th, 2043, David Hewey presented the UN Security Council with a 12 page document entitled "The United Fascist Government Charter." It called for a Council to oversee the decisions of a Governor, who would rule the world with otherwise unlimited authority. The representatives of the world's nuclear powers would form the first Ruling Council of the UFG, and would each individually choose their successor. On Christmas Day 2043, the United Fascist Government was formed.

At 2:38 pm, Eastern-Standard time, David Hewey stepped up to the hastily assembled platform on the Main Concourse of Grand Central Terminal in New York City and delivered an a short but stunning address, which, when broadcast throughout the world, heralded the beginning of the Unified Fascist state.

After his short speech, David Hewey stepped down from the platform to somewhat lackadaisical applause. Though the world had no say, the transition to Fascist government proved to be a smooth one. And, although it would a quarter of a century more before the Advanced Climate Control Engine would right the Earth's climate once again, the United Fascist Government and its successor, the United Fascist Empire, gave the people of the world something they needed; hope.

The Disasters would prove to be a crossroads for humanity. From the darkest abyss of destruction Humanity moved upwards into the Golden Years of the U.F.E. A new age of exploration began in the Solar System and beyond, a new time of golden prosperity settled over the Earth for a time. Though over a billion people would die in the span of five years, the new developments in government allowed humanity to take a new course, to perhaps stave off a new dark age.



Creating the UFE: David Hewey outside Parlaiment.

"Citizens of the world, I need not tell you of the gravity of our situation, I need not read to you the numbers or names of the dead, I need not tell you that today we stand as witnesses to the death of civilization and the birth of a new dark age. The economic, political and environmental decisions that we have made, and have been made by the previous generation have backed us into a wall. Right now, self-preservation is the only thing that matters. The survival of our species is the only thing that matters now. No longer can we wonder if our grandchildren will live in a better world, now we must ask ourselves if our grandchildren will even have a world in which to live at all.

There are no simple solutions, for all the simple solutions have been tried. All the simple solutions have failed. All the democratic institutions we have built, that we have loved, that we have fought and died for, have failed us. Failed us miserably, failed us to a disastrous degree. Failed us in every way. The experiment of democracy, the experiment of freedom has led only to our destruction.

Therefore, I offer a reluctant solution. A horrid, but necessary solution. No longer can we bind governments by the chains of popularity, no longer can we allow our governments to please voters at the expense of the safety of our future. No longer can we allow personal freedom more importance than the survival of our world. I need not tell you that these are desperate times which call for desperate measures. The path we are on will lead only to death and desolation, the other path, though it may seem deplorable, will lead us to safety and to survival.

Therefore today, I announce that world-wide military, political, civil and economic authority will be vested in the Ruling Council of the new United Fascist Government, which will rule with absolute authority for one hundred years. I ask this generation to bear the burden, to pay the price for the crimes of their ancestors. This is not fair, but it is necessary if our species is to continue. It is our sacrifice. We must give up our freedom, give up our lives if necessary so that the whole of humanity may endure.

We must not let sentimentality steer us, we must face these Disasters, and we must defeat them. And to do that, we must sweep away the pleasant, yet destructive, ideologies that have led us to this most dangerous situation. We must not give up hope, we must not surrender to despair. We must sacrifice what we can, so that we may survive until the dawn. God save us."



CRUSHING YOUR ENEMIES

**BY STEMDRIN MOLTOPNEY
EXARCH OF THE MOLTOPNEY GROCERIES CHAIN AND
FAMOUS CANDY STRIPER.**

**he key to crushing
your enemies is to
strike them swiftly
where it hurts
most, where it will
cause the most
agony, the most
confusion and the
most sweet, sweet
revenge. Follow
these steps and
YOU WILL WIN!**

Thirty Steps to Victory!

- 1. place an ice cube on a pillow next to the ear of a sleeping enemy**
- 2. sign up your nemesis for home-improvement junk mail**
- 3. disable the 3 button on your arch-fiend's calculator**
- 4. purchase Girl Scout® cookies in their name**
- 5. change the timer on their automated lawn sprinkling system**
- 6. take page 5 out of their daily-delivered newspaper**
- 7. release aphid swarms in their pumpkin patch**
- 8. dull the bastard's steak knives**
- 9. send them flowers with a note containing coarse language**
- 10. turn up the furnace boiler by two degrees**
- 11. replace a favourite record with an exact duplicate missing one song**
- 12. inject hot sauce into their milk containers with a syringe**
- 13. remove vanadium from all periodic table references they use**
- 14. organize a party and don't invite them**
- 15. exchange their ice cubes for Hammond's H₂ Woah!**
- 16. leave a stack of restaurant flyers under their door**
- 17. cut all of their rubber bands in half**
- 18. hire a clown to follow them honking a horn**
- 19. put campaign stickers on their car in a non-election year**
- 20. disable all cable reception**
- 21. hold a bake sale opposing them**
- 22. follow them in a taxi**
- 23. send them a letter inviting them to the United Nations**
- 24. set fire to the logs in their fireplace**
- 25. put holes in their car tarpaulin**
- 26. report them to the Better Business Bureau**

ASK MONTEZUMA

ADVICE FOR SOMEONE



Montezuma is former Emperor of the Aztecs. He is not mentioned in the Book of Thessalonians.

Dear Montezuma,

I seem to be having a lot of trouble with my neighbors. Every time I go about on my daily errands, picking up the mail, taking rivets out of bridges, doing the grocery shopping, etc., my neighbors spray me with their water hoses. This happens even when they're not watering their lawns or flowers. They don't appear to do it in anger. Most of the time it seems calmly rational, if that is to be believed. Getting wet doesn't really bother me so much, though I have to launder my clothing quite often (which of course leads to more spraying). Can you help me out here?

Melvin Tomás
Eldritch, MD

Melvin,

With curiosity I began your letter and felt an almost stereotypical serendipity approaching my humble figure. The first clue presenting itself was the concrete fact that you have neighbors. This narrows down the causes of your malady quite a bit. Secondly, your residence in a region containing riveted bridges engendered a certain certitude within my sparkling neurons. However, I couldn't quite be sure yet. The calm, almost nonchalant, manner in which your fellow townspeople exchange aqueous streams with your clothing nigh on clinched it. Then I nervously scanned over the closing lines of your letter and exclaimed out loud with glee, for the answer was there to be had. As

settled by a certain subset of people from Warwickshire in England who in turn originated in Spain. They ended up in Warwickshire as a result of the disastrous calamity that was the Spanish Armada of 1588. These people were from a highland region of Spain near the Pyrenees, where they resided next to a Basque settlement. The two villages invigorated one another each year through the trade of sons and daughters in the spectacular Dornaquo Festival, where couples were judged appropriate for one another by the calm and collected manner in which they decanted buckets of icy water upon their future mates. Such traditions don't die easily and the Dornaquo Festival took itself with the Armada survivors to Warwickshire wherein it became known as the Door Knack Festival. Linguists, in their inherent stupidity, almost never connect the two, but we know that I am a cut above. The travelers from Warwickshire brought the Door Knack Festival, in some form, with them wherever they went. This included Eldritch, Maryland. I would suggest a good macintosh and pair of galoshes.

Hey! Montezuma!

I've been wanting to ask you about what kind of dress you wear. I can't really get a good look at you in that picture they have of you up in the 'zine, but that looks like a dress you got on. Being the cool guy at my high school, I know I should be wearing one of them dresses you got on. You're pretty damn cool and people think you're one of them tastemakers. Like, everyone does what you do.

Yours drooly (ha ha),

Sammy Lumpkin
Aiken, SC

Mr. Lumpkin,

Such a scampy closing to a letter of query truly draws the attention of my mail room staff. Someone ran into my office just a few minutes ago with this communiqué. Apart from the puzzlement of who that person was crossing my mind, I am simply tickled that you chose to ask me about my fashion. Most persons believe it to be a simple matter of careful waxing for my pencil thin mustache. Others find that a sprig of herbs and my regal sash enliven my ocular cavities. However, you dearest Sammy, quite clearly have what it takes to deliver my correspondence. My dress was designed by and provided courtesy of Ann Warbomber Couture. You might destructively withdraw coinage from your porcine banking container to get one, but you may also become a tastemaker in your "hood."

Dear Montezuma,

I am a piece of paper taped to the wall. I'm pretty bored. No one has written on me in a few weeks and I'm kind of getting tired of watching the same television shows day in and out. They put me up near the television, but I'm angled in such a way that I can't get a very good look at what's going on. Sometimes they play music, but I'm also near the stereo so I get shaken a lot. As you can see, I'm both bored and uncomfortable. When I signed up to be a piece of paper, this is not what I had in mind. I'd give my binder holes if you could show me a way out of my predicament.

paper
Montauk, NY

paper,

One of the major flaws in the design of pieces of paper is that their designers never bothered to include any sort of articulated armature. It appears as if you, at this very moment, are in a quite similar situation to ancient Tantalus. He, too, lacked arms and was taped to a wall, hence our modern term derived from his name, "tantalus." paper, I'm deeply saddened that you are tantalus on the wall. Hope is sadly not a visitor which will be presenting itself in your doorway at any near point in time. Perhaps you should attempt to do some mental exercises, such as doing the Fibonacci Series as high as you can and then beginning anew in an attempt to get just one step more. Also, you could pretend that you had a hang nail and imagine various ways in which you could get rid of it. One final idea is to imagine that you are the label on a bottle of peroxide.

Montezuma,

What's the best kind of tread for a tire?

Sandra Elsworth
N. Wrensville, AD

Sandra,

Most of the time I try not to answer automotive questions. This is clearly the bailiwick of car professionals on National Public Radio. You should ask them.

Dear Montezuma,

Which is better: December 15 or July 22?

Benedict XVI
Vatican City

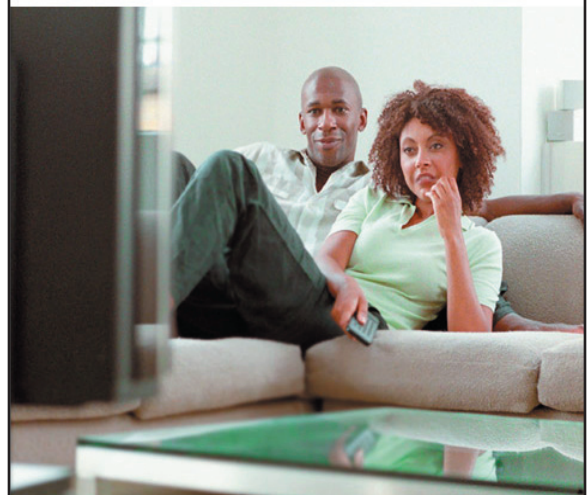
Dear Benny,

July 22 is the 203rd day of the year while December 15 is the 349th day. July 22nd was the day in 1937 when the United States Senate voted down President

Franklin Roosevelt's court packing bill. December 15, 1976 was the day when Samoa became a member of the United Nations. Janos Bolyai, the famous Hungarian mathematician was born on December 15 while John Dillinger was shot to death on July 22. Consualia was celebrated on December 15 in the Roman Empire. Ratcatcher's Day is celebrated on July 22. I was always keen on February 7, myself.

Ask Montezuma: montezuma@danielbester.com

If this next
commercial
isn't about
POPCORN,
I'm gonna be
PISSED!



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



Scooter was asleep on a train. He was in that half somnambulant state, the one caused by any type of close-quarter travel. The largest portion of the previous evening had been spent nursing one beer bottle, one cigarette after another and attempting to trace chains of facts through his mind. This was not an exercise he participated in often, but thinking of the East somehow brought this conscious-subconscious game out into the open.

He began staring at the cracks in his ceiling, laying there on the bed. The shoes on his feet dangled just on the edge of the mattress, a mannerism he adopted when he was young after his father taught him that shoes did not belong on the bed. Boots troubled him. With any other kind of shoe it was quite easy to keep the shoe off of the bed, but Scooter always saw all of the boot as the shoe. And because of this, whenever the extra material of a boot touched mattress, he felt a little guilty.

Mind viewed reality and began its process. Shoes come in many styles and serve many uses. They are sold in shoe stores, department stores and on that internet. People who made shoes were called cobblers.

Scooter did not know why some pies were also called cobblers. It was a suspicion of his that these were somehow related, but he'd never looked it up. Some shoes were made with nails at one point in time, but were no longer as far as Scooter knew. Medieval cobblers must have had a very deep relationship with blacksmiths. Maybe there had been a lot of households made up from the children of cobblers and blacksmiths.

The soles of shoes were often glued on these days. They had treads of all sorts and these mentioned in crime dramas as a way of identifying humour in place between the sole of a shoe and the fish of the same name. Oh, it had been tried, but Scooter could not name one such instance he actually found funny.

Shoe laces were usually measured in inches or centimeters, but the size of shoes themselves was based on some arithmetic progression the basis of which was never quite evident. Here Scooter noted another fact he'd never bothered to check.

Another hour was spent on the measurement systems that Scooter knew, but the fog at three in the morning began to close in. When he arrived at the train station, burning eyes and weakened body, Scooter had forgotten all about it.

He was on his way.

Something in the way train manufacturers tinted windows had always bothered him. It produced a light unnaturally imbued with blue. That blue, it seemed, was never conducive to total relaxation, always teasing the mind to look out the window. There were nice things to look at out of the window, garbage, decay, polluted canals and lonely stretches of brush, but the people on the train were always a problem for Scooter.

Communal property like the seats on a train was a puzzle. No one really owned it. They may pay for it with their taxes, but it really wasn't theirs. Yet most people who got on a train were so very territorial, spreading the detritus of their travels on surrounding seats, glaring at other passengers who sat near them, somehow violating a nationalistic sphere of influence.

Sometimes Scooter noticed people who mucked about with such conventions, taking the seat which would interfere with later passengers the most, keeping the seat when someone sat next to them (rather than move over and leave a space between), people who stood too close or breathed too hard. More than normal travelers, he wondered what the problem was with these people.

What psychopathology led these deviants to irritate and aggravate the tensions already in place on public transportation? Which neurons



were wired another direction, leaving something lacking in these malformed cretins? There must be some unholy compulsion about them.

Neither camp of train warrior bothered him. Scooter just found these people curious. All other travelers were of either of these two groups. When a person sat down next to Scooter, he would try to guess which group the new person belonged in and see how he felt about it.

A beautiful girl sat down next to him.

"Hello," he sighed.

She glanced at him, discomfort showing, then calm.

"Hello," she said.

She pulled out a bright yellow book from her knapsack. The cover read "Poetry for Dummies."

He thought, "oh, one of them" and dozed off for a while.

Those dummy books had bothered him recently. He read somewhere in the last couple of years that it was doubly dumb to learn from something whose basic assumption was that you were stupid. It said it tongue-in-cheek, but everyone accepted the moniker in their own way and no doubt the publishers and writers had a dull time creating it, except when they thought of the drooling plebeians who would disburse

income on the things.

Scooter was coming close to declaring that people who bought the books probably were dummies. He saw one on philosophy the other week and wondered why? Philosophy was about thinking. No matter its length or subject matter, it was thinking and it was intended to make you think. Dummies books didn't involve thinking, so it appeared to be wasted pages. Readers likely could have learned more picking up one philosophy book and really getting to know it.

It was the same way with music. The fans went out and bought tons of plastic and vinyl and spent virtual eternities shuffling it as bits through device after device. Did you ever get to actually know anything about someone's music like that? They picked up facts, lots of them: who produced this record, what style of music these people belonged to, where that record label was based.

All this knowledge was really used for was to look down one's nose at someone else. It wasn't passion, not in any true way. It was fetish. They got off on it, but not in the way that music first touched them. It was childish adult. Boorish.

He roused for a bit and looked out the window.

"Hmm."

Scooter looked out the window. Now that was interesting.



IS NOTHING SACRED?

Not as far as we're concerned.

Simon Bros. Iconoclasm

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A WORD ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE

BY SKODT BIRDSEYE



There has been a great deal of controversy recently concerning the institution of marriage. While some believe that homosexuals should be allowed to legally marry, others believe that marriage was created specifically for a man and a woman. Call me anti-PC, but I tend to fall into the latter category.

I do believe that marriage is sacred. There is something absolutely sacred about a man and woman joining together in holy matrimony. The union of two souls, as indorsed by God, is the foundation of family, community and nation.

For instance, I would like to get married one day. I would especially like to get married to Maura Tierney. For many reasons, I have fallen in love with her. When I finally got around to breaking up with my last girlfriend (you know all about my ill-fated romance with that irrepressible Fiona Apple, so I won't bother

going into it now) I couldn't help but want to rekindle my infatuation with Maura Tierney.

Quite frankly I loved her as the wonderfully down-to-earth Lisa Miller on the situational comedy *News Radio*, and I swooned over her performance as Abby Lockhart in the critically acclaimed medical drama *E.R.* There is something indescribably amazing about Miss Maura Tierney. I love her, yes, I love her.

And that is why marriage is sacred. If the homosexuals are allowed to marry under law, then that means that my future marriage to the beautiful and effulgent Maura Tierney would be that less holy, that less amazing and that less sacred.

Believe what you will about marriage or homosexuality, but please do not take the joys of a sacred marriage away from me and Maura Tierney. Please, do not steal our happiness. Me and Maura Tierney deserve a happy future.



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Unsavory Foodstuffs

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FOR RENT

A container. Guess what kind of container and you could rent it. 5 closest guesses win an entry in my "Rent the Container" drawing, to be held on August 12, 2005. John Champlin, 35 Rodster Way

OPEN HOUSE

One Main St. I left the door open because I forgot my keys one day. Feel free to stop by. I have beverages and some board games (many pieces missing). It could be a good time.

WANTED

Dropkick Murphys to play wake. Please only apply if you are the Dropkick Murphys of Boston. Brutilda Murphy

WANTED

Counter-espionage agent for secret operations inside the United States. Contact Bob Polens, Supervisor at the U.S. Department of Education:

POSITION AVAILABLE

Need man to be rook in giant human chessboard. Diagonally moving people only. Bester Foundation.

FOR SALE

Record album of Albanians screaming. Very unpleasant. Box 201, Swedenstan.

WANTED

Wonderous smell, must be somewhere between wet bracken and camels in scent. I'm desperate. Traglo Perfume Company, Hobben, NJ.

WANTED

Do you have an infectious skin disease? If so, please let us take a sample tissue, we need it for an exciting new part of the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Details to be announced later. Contact Himey at Box 402.

FOR SALE

Søren Kierkegaard's right arm. Used only slightly. Comes with jar of fermaldihyde and scientifically accurate label. Great fun for parties. €1.99 or best offer. Gracy at g@gmail.com

FOR SALE

The Apocalypse. It can be yours for a reasonable price. Whether you prefer nuclear war, asteroid impact or a virulent disease, the end of the world can be yours. antichrist@hell.af

WANTED

Several robotic mimes for bank job in Holland. Must be profficient in Japansese language and customs. Contact Albert at Albert and Cousins Funeral Home and Pancake House.

WANTED

Apples. I sure love apples.

WANTED

One hundred and twenty eight million pounds of duck feathers. I need them to complete my master-work. Chairman Mao II. Beijing, China, Box 01.

NEEDED

Human kidneys for extra-special kidney pie to be served to Pope, Mick Jagger and other VIPs. Kidney must come from Asian virgin, female a must. Ducky at 81711.

FOR SALE

One cubic parsec full of turnips. Don't ask how I got so many turnips, just ask how you can get them at a low low price. Just drop Xeblebot a line and he'll tell you all you need to know.

FOR SALE

One hundred and eight replicas of Nelson's Column made of Munster cheese. Free photograph of Selma Blair feeding a lemur included. Tony Blair, 10 Downing St. London, SW 1.

WANTED

Lightning and thunder storm needed to bring my unholy creation to life. Dr. V. F. Buddeldorf, Germany.

FOR SALE

Used coffee. Some hammer damage. \$4.00 per kilogram. Call Antonia at 6244-2021.

WANTED

One image of Great Beast for use in Jerusalem Temple. Must be made to speak in order to sway the masses to follow Satan. Call Antichrist Preparation Action League for full details.

FOR SALE

Westen Half of Universe. God at bobal17@hotmail.com

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Conceived, Written and Produced

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Scott Birdseye

and

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2005 A.D.

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