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**Official Magazine
of the
Royal Tractor
Repair and
Maintenance
Society of
Outer Mongolia**

**Volume
456-BR8
Issue 12
Clauduary
2007**

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**Volume 456-BR8 Issue 12,
Clauduary 2008**

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Axes & Alleys

The Twelfth Branch of Government!



If you've ever noticed that instructions involving tabs always tell you to insert Tab A into Slot B, then you'll know we've noticed that, too. How couldn't we? Instructions, directions, edicts, proscriptions, prescriptions, directives, or whatever you choose to call them are of great interest to *Axes & Alleys*.

In fact, there's an entire manual saved to a special folder on our office server detailing exactly how to write this page. This instruction set (or "procedure file") was last opened on Vespril 29th, 1999. The IT department can't tell us exactly who it was who opened it, but it was probably our intern Myra Levins since it was opened from the intern computer station.

Myra has been an intern at the magazine for over 15 years and, as is the usual process for such an occasion, we would like to dedicate this issue to her past and continued unpaid and, before now, unappreciated service. At 30 Myra can still collate with the best of 'em and is certainly one of the hottest women to ever grace the *Axes & Alleys* offices.

Levins, here's to you!

XOXO

Delores R. Grunion
Editor-In-Chief

The Clauduary Cover Girl: Cassie Hack



Cassie Hack is the protagonist of the indie comic *Hack/Slash*. As she is a fictional character, she has no real existence and thus has no soul and only eight toes.

WRITTEN CORRESPONDENCES FROM GOOD NATURED GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE READ OUR PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS AND WISH TO COMMENT ON SOME ASPECTS THEREOF

Hi *Axes & Alleys*,
Thanks for the nice words and cool idea. I love a good zine. When the movie hits maybe we can get the live-action Cassie Hack actress on your cover. Would love to be a part of a rad zine in some way.
Todd Lincoln

Axes & Alleys,
Go ahead! :) Haha. So awesome. And kinda hot. Thanks for the advertising.
TIM!
Tim Steely

Note- The “Go head” in the above correspondence was an affirmative answer to our request to have Ms. Hack appear as our cover girl. Ed.

Sir:
THE TROTSKY RED PUPPET MOVEMENT is on the move along the Eastern Front. We are just now infiltrating the 900 block of B'way. YIELD TO YOUR FATE before it is too late! As our leader said in his lugubriously persuasive manifesto: ‘Papier Mache forever! We give the finger to the lie.’
Dmitri Tolteca
Trepassey, Newfoundland, Canada

To the Editors,
Your characterization of Dothan, Alabama is atrocious (Volume 456-BR8, Issue 10)! As you could no doubt tell if you had bothered to visit our city's fine web site (www.dothan.org), you would know that we have an entire section of the site devoted to tourism. In fact, that section has sub-divisions. Yes, it's true, we have murals! In addition, the “advertisement” included in your magazine does not contain an authorized promotional photograph of Highway 231.
Pat Thomas, Mayor
Dothan, Alabama
mayor@dothan.org

Dear A&A,
Mud flaps. That's right, I said it. Mud flaps.
Lacey Mosley
Arlington, Texas

To Whom It May Concern,
We must endeavour in these darker modern ages to take stock of the cultural enigmas passed down to us through the generations. Why have we stopped at only six simple machines? Why not have seven? As cartographic technology becomes more precise, why are border check points not moved accordingly by inches? When it is merely an artefact of artistic Darwinism and the accidental happenstance of overtones, why is most

popular music entirely tonal? When it isn't, why is it that it's always the successful popular musicians who are experimenting with drugs at the time who take a non-tonal or semi-tonal approach to their compositions? I was just wondering.
Russ Bertie
Cookie Monster, UK

Axes & Alleys,
How come your covers never feature a wispy English girl with light brunette hair? I mean, I'll keep buying the magazine and all, this isn't a threat. I'd just like to see a very thin young woman from the British Isles with the aforementioned hair. Maybe just this side of cute, but you know, leaning toward the pretty. like you talked about in your “Cute, Pretty, Beautiful” article (Volume 456-BR8, Issue 01).
Dan Simmons
Colorado, United States

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,
I've written to you several times this year under various names. I just wanted to point out that your Clauduary issue contained letters written entirely by me! Thanks!
Jane Moist
Knightsbridge, UK

Axes & Alleys,
With over 7 million albums sold, we feel that we should be reviewed or appear in your magazine. Over a century of issues and yet not a single mention of us at all. Sales that high should count for something.
Various Artists
Hollywood, USA

To the Editors,
Hi Editors. Ja, we are writing to announce the German Shame Parade here in New York City. You see, every type of person gets their own parade of pride here, but we Germans cannot because we are ashamed and a shameful people. We would still like a parade, however, so we have created this one to celebrate our shame. Don't be fooled by the smiles; we are deeply unhappy.
Lars Halter, General Chairman
German-American ~~Steuben~~ Shame Parade
New York, NY
www.germanparadenyc.org

Dear Editors,
Is this some kind of sick joke? Do you honestly believe that you can get away with it? I'll get you. I'll get every last one of you.
Katie Stalin
“Queens”, New York

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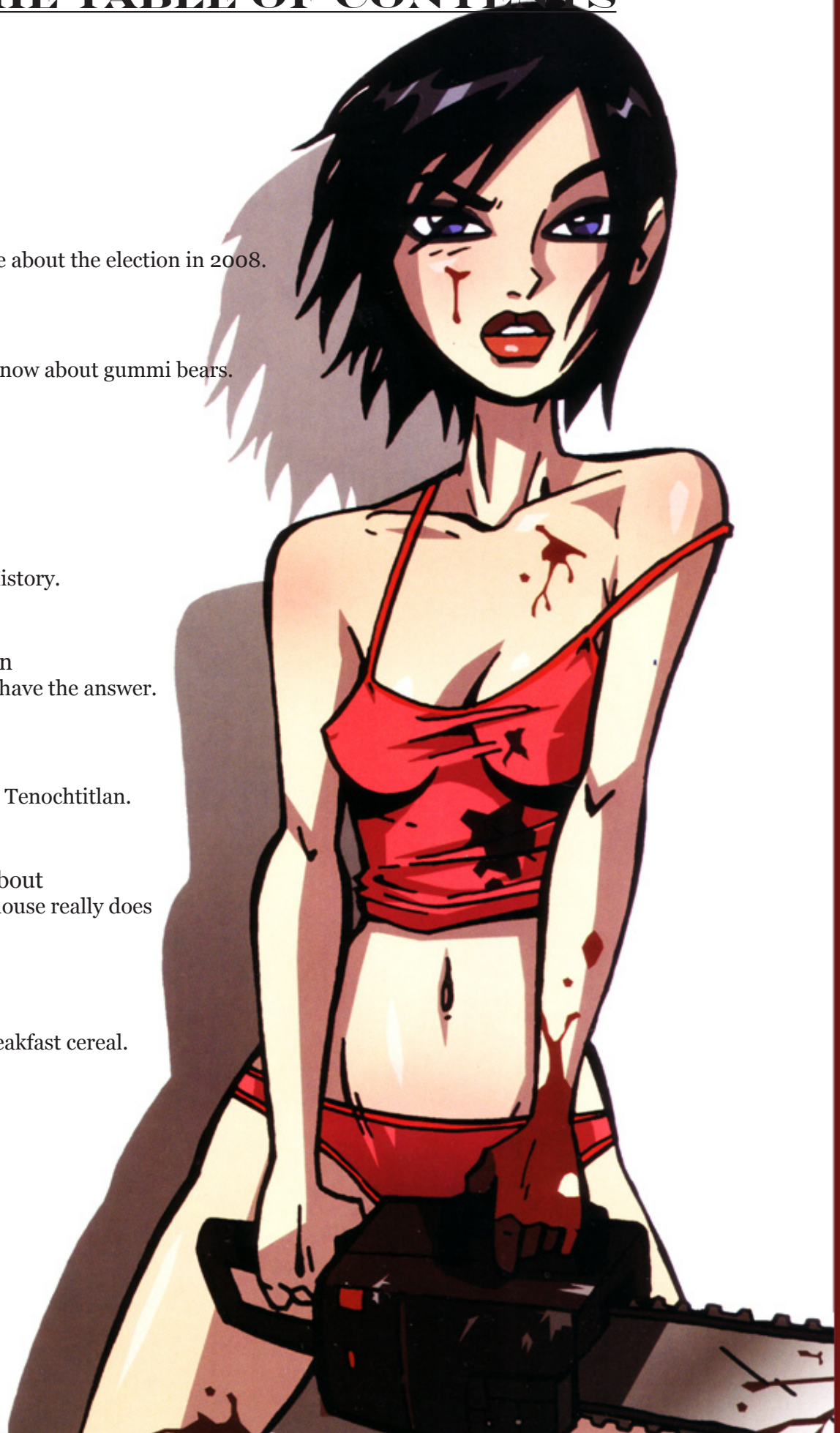
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The Sticker Page!

Fun with glue and paper.



Election 2008

An Axes & Alleys Article About the Presidential Election Which is Scheduled To Take Place in Year 2008.

Contumacious, WL This year, primary can be taken literally with Willinois, the nation's newest state, holding its first primary; the first in an already-contentious electoral season. The ascendancies of several candidates and the meteoric fall of another have made for another first: the first interesting primary in 37 years. The American Freedom Party has never before been so glamorous.

While Rupert Olive won and Mitch Damage came in a close second, reflecting months of alternating at the top of the polls, perhaps most surprising was Mary Tarzan's apparent self-destruction over the course of the four weeks leading up to the Primary on January 1st. The front-runner for much of the past year, Tarzan's series of gaffes, foibles-come-to-light, and unfamiliarity with state customs in existence for only six months slashed the tires of her campaign and jimmied open its glove box.

The first hint of trouble came towards the beginning of December at Phil's Pickle Factory located in Rueben-on-Rye. Shortly before she was to give her stump speech, Ms. Tarzan was overheard on a hot microphone saying to campaign manager Cyril Hendrix "Pickles are a stupid food. Anyone who likes pickles is

stupid, too." Willinois has the highest per-capita rate of pickle consumption in the Western hemisphere. (Pickled cucumbers are the favourite, but other varieties of pickled foodstuffs, most notably Japanese oshinko, are quite popular.)

Following such a major gaffe was Tarzan's wearing of a left-breasted blazer in Strapami, a city in the Southwest of the state best known as the birthplace of the right-breasted blazer. Pundits across the country took carefully-aimed shots at Ms. Tarzan, with Pete Rendle of the Missoula *General-Star* calling her "Ready to Wear Out," "On the Rack," and other fashion-political puns.

Perhaps the largest contributor to her six point drop, though, was her fifteen minute indictment of ice cream presented on the capital steps at Contumacious. Tarzan turned a ten second sound bite about the familiar brain freeze into a lengthy harangue on the ridiculous amount of flavours available, cone sizes and textures, as well as "those Sinonipponesian hippies Ben & Jerry."

Not that Willinois is a particular bastion of dairy farming or ice cream production in particular, but fully 90% of living Americans enjoy



ice cream. A three point drop in poll numbers was soon to follow, with Tarzan finishing out the month and the primary at 15% and fourth place.

The largest increases came for G. Thomas Borden, mayor of Katharinetowne, West Dakota, and Elmo Wrigley, first governor of Willinois; each receiving a six point bump in poll numbers. With Borden coming in third and Wrigley right behind Tarzan at fifth, late-term stump promises certainly gained one candidate the right kind of attention.

Borden, previously “way behind,” made headway on December 14th in Selenium with his declaration of “small government for all,” followed shortly thereafter by a promise in an interview with the Selenium *Heavy Metal* to “bomb evil.” Further trumpeting of his war record and ancestry was seen by campaign managers as being somewhat boring.

He later showed off his wife and children, in order to prove that he was capable of carrying on an interpersonal relationship and engaging in unprotected coitus; followed, strangely, by a visit to a soup kitchen downtown, where he grabbed a bowl of soup for himself, claiming hunger. Press flacks for the campaign claimed that the visit was

nation, but it was widely reported that Borden went back for seconds.

Wrigley, however, has led one of the most unusual campaigns in the history of presidential politics. While filing the paperwork for his candidacy himself, and making sure to have logos and signs designed and printed, the Willinois governor has done absolutely no stumping. In fact, though his schedule often shows him as purportedly appearing at one place or another, Mr. Wrigley is usually on the rear veranda of his house penning romantic short stories set in Asia (when he is not involved in legislation).

When pressed, campaign manager Darren P. Darren said that Wrigley had attended “no more than three” of his scheduled 672 campaign stops in December. Once he had even enjoyed a cappuccino in place of his speech to be given at the Daughters of the American Revolution in St. Tiddleboro.

Rupert Olive and Mitch Damage, the current overall front-runners, experienced another exchange of places as the former barely won. For months Olive has been trumpeting his “Olive for Olives” plan and his work seems to have paid off by finally taking a win at the first primary.



MITCH DAMAGE

"America is a good place, and together we can make it gooder."

American Freedom Party

Current Position:
Congressman (AF-OH)

Supports:

Medium-sized Government.
A ban on grain.
Federal subsidies for parades.
National Bird Registry Bill.
Tax cuts for the middle class.



MARY TARZAN

"If you want real leadership, vote for me and not those f*cking losers"

American Freedom Party

Current Position:
Governor of Ponderada

Supports:

National 9PM curfew.
Increased soup exports.
Ban on squirrel cloning.
Deportation of lepers.
Tax cuts for the middle class.



RUPERT OLIVE

"To win a war you need courage, spirit and lots of tanks."

American Freedom Party

Current Position:
U.S. Army Field Marshal

Supports:

War with Platha.
New eight day week.
Manned missions to Sirius.
Socialized medicine in Maine.
Tax cuts for the middle class.



GAVIN ROSSDALE

"Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow. Dave's on sale again."

Tory

Current Position:
Part-Time Musician

Supports:

Return of the Rebellious Colonies to British control.
Reintroduction of the pound as the official currency.
Tax cuts for the middle class.



**AL
PAGE**

"I intend to perform the Presidential duties in an acceptable fashion."

American Freedom Party

Current Position:
Former Vice President

Supports:

Staying the course.
The status-quo.
Keeping America great.
Disliking our enemies.
Tax cuts for the middle class.



**ELMO
WRIGLEY**

"Sure, we all like free chewing gum. But that's not government's job."

American Freedom Party

Current Position:
Governor of Willinois

Supports:

Mandatory National Service for all Irish-Americans.
Increased bean subsidies.
Cutting funding to the USDA.
Tax cuts for the middle class.



**ALEXANDRA
HAGUE**

"Death to the capitalists. May their blood flow three foot deep in the street."

Platha State Union

Current Position:
People's Commisar for PZ1

Supports:

Repealing the Bill of Rights.
End of sufferage.
Collective farms.
Outlawing of private property.
More beets for the workers.



**JAMES
RANDI**

"The New Age? It's just the old age stuck in a micro-wave for fifteen seconds."

Skeptical Inquiry Party

Current Position:
Entertainer and Curmudgeon

Supports:

Ban on homeopathic products.
Deportation of Uri Geller.
Outlawing of so-called psychics on television.
Tax cuts for the middle class.

branch, olive oil, and olive loaf with each respectively representing peace, good health through low-cholesterol cooking, and the good bits hidden in the processed meat of life. While still somewhat vague, many onlookers see the "Olive for Olives" strategy as encouraging.

Accruing a sizeable number of delegates for the upcoming American Freedom Party Convention, Mitch Damage could emerge the winner in later ballots should Olive's hold on the lead prove ephemeral throughout the coming primary season. The stylish young congressman from Ohio spent arduous hours throughout the last year locking up the vote amongst women.

Notable endorsements included Mrs. Lewella Drumbley (age 23) the mayor of Knitting Needle, Stacey Howell (19), Ms. Willinois, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wrigley (27), wife of Willinois Governor Elmo Wrigley and a former hand model. Flashing his bright smile and mischievous grin while surrounded by a bevy of Thompson's Dairy milk maids, Damage stated that "hard work and sweat pay off."

Vice President Al Page experienced a five point drop, which Libertarian commentators have explained as due to his support of an immoral system such as government. However, experienced commentators such as George F. Will found it more likely that Page's absence from the scene for three of the final weeks due to surgery on his overworked kidneys likely led to the crumbling of the campaign in Willinois.

Still, said Balavaster Gremlinson of *The New York Times*, Page's drop could have been much greater had he not reappeared in the final week of the campaign. In his first appearance after the surgery the Vice President, lacking his signature caffeine, attended the opening of the Porcupine Race Track in Scabrous. Wearing a no-Commies flame-retardant suit and bearing a flame thrower, page threatened the racing animals and their jockeys, then the audience before deciding to find out what running a flame thrower in a car wash was like.

His 11th hour endorsement by entertainer and non-citizen Björk led to a novel dance competition between the two where both sewed themselves in burlap sacks and rolled across the Little Streeple River Bridge through blue paint.

Page received a last minute poll increase of 1 point after this episode.

Of the trailing candidates, James Randi was sceptical of his abysmal performance, emitting a curmudgeonly "I don't believe it" when told of the results and offering \$1 million for proof. Few spectators stayed behind to watch him bend spoons using slight of hand and misdirection.

Alexandra Hague remained jovial as she applied a beet-based rouge in the Willinois International Airport ladies room, which she hasn't left since early September. "I'm really happy to be here," the loser said "It is the safest place, because there are American agents after me." Though neither the FBI nor the CIA would confirm that they are "after" People's Commisar for Population Zone 1, Hauge concluded the interview by crouching ready in the corner with an AK-47 trained on the bathroom door. Despite a poor showing in Willinois, in which she recieved only two votes, Hauge won the Platha State Primary with an astonishing 128% of the vote; a record for any candidate thus far.

Gavin Rosssdale, the Tory candidate for president, referred all questions about his trailing finish to his wife's publicist. When pressed on the issue, he proceeded to mumble a few things about a "new album" and "green to red" before wandering off in search of "a pint."

From here only the six leading candidates are likely to continue, though Randi did scowl when asked of his intentions to campaign in the final couple of days before the Iowa caucuses. It is still conceivable that Tarzan could pull into the top three by New Hampshire, but all eyes are still on Olive and Damage as they battle for each possible delegate to the convention. Because the race is still a close four-way, analysts expect a great upset before Über Tuesday.

No matter what the final outcome may prove to be in the primary and the ever approaching eleciton, many pundits and commentors have noted that this is likely shaping up to be the most exciting Presidential election in four years.

Helpful Tips for Winning Your Party's Presidential Primary



1. Reinforce your message of change by throwing quarters in the audience at the end of every speech. Everyone loves a gimmick.
2. Be "folksy."
3. Wear a blue sweater, it brings out your eyes.
4. Use your thirty seconds of debate time to do an interpretive dance about health care. Hey, it worked for Reagan.
5. When you go to a campaign stop, inform people that voting for you is an option they can take. Maybe even explain why taking that option would be in everyone's best interest. In the long run, you know?
6. For some added flair, cover your face and bill yourself as the "Masked Candidate." Offer to reveal your true identity only when elected.
7. Create colorful mobiles as a way to illustrate the importance of balancing the budget.
8. Remember that kissing babies is expected, but licking them just crosses the line into creepy.
9. Carry around a brightly colored noose to show that you're tough on crime, but in a fun way.
10. While voters do tend to like a candidate who they perceive as tough and determined, it's probably not a good idea to point out how many enemies you had murdered on your way to the governorship.
11. Wild claims such as "I can regenerate failing organs" or "Helium was my idea" can actually gain quite a few votes.
12. Leverage the possibility of hope. What we mean by that is make sure to throw the word hope into your speaking a few times. You might consider mentioning the future, too.
13. Try wearing a tank top. Well, everyone else is doing that oxford without a tie and the top button open look. Couldn't hurt.
14. Make sure to have a crew of short-shorts-wearing Filipino cabana boys follow you around.
15. Encourage reading. Mention that your opponents haven't done so yet. You were the first to encourage literacy. Being able to read is a good thing. That sort of stuff. Tell voters you have a secret reading program waiting to roll out. Folks like secrets.
16. Ensure all of your delegates arrive at the convention first. When a quorum is reached, start taking votes. By the time everyone else's delegates show up, you're the winner.
17. Have a pop-punk band compose a theme song for you. Nothing corny, but definitely catchy. If you're of a religious persuasion, make sure it mentions "Him" and that the capitalization is obvious by the way the band sings. Everyone loves pop-punk.
18. Spend ten years adopting children of various ethnicities. Okay, we're not sure about this one, but it just might work.
19. Promise anything. They won't really remember later.
20. Try really hard.



President Dick Armstrong

“The Uncle of Our Country”

Never one to shy away from controversy or to worry about the polls, President Dick Armstrong has been steadfastly ignoring the upcoming election and the frenzied campaigning of his would-be opponents. Instead, Armstrong has focused on running the nation, playing daily games of marco polo with his five sons and three daughters, and fruitlessly hunting the White House lawn moles with a frogging gig. Some insiders, however, think he's not quite ready for next November and the fight to the finish.

“We must not forget,” said amateur blogging pundit Lucy Coverage of Firedoglake.com “that Armstrong's first term was anything but a breeze. Between the War, the Reptile Crisis, the short-lived video camera revolt, the Nullification Confrontation and the situation in Belgium, Armstrong's had his hands full. Still, he has handled every situation with his usual wit and aplomb. Also, get a load of those suits!”

When asked about the election, Armstrong has developed an interesting new habit. Instead of answering he will smile coyly and then perform several yo-yo tricks. His most common is the “walk the dog,” though he has been known, on occasion, to do the “around the world,” or the highly difficult “Chinese loop the loop.”

Insiders have leaked reports that the president's scale models have become “sloppy and careless,” troubling since Armstrong is well known for his breathtakingly detailed 1:48 scale replicas of his favorite airplane: the A-10 Warthog.

“It was troubling, because the cockpit glass was all fogged up and the landing gear wouldn't retract because of a careless glue application. Half the decals were ripped or placed crooked,” stated White House Model Describer Mary Hargrove. “He even sanded the rudders in a sloppy fashion. Can you believe that?”

While the President is no doubt preoccupied by the upcoming election and the ongoing needle shortage, he seems upbeat as evidenced by a recent Daughters of the Agricultural Conflagration luncheon where the President displayed his charismatic wit and humor by recounting his third favorite joke:

In a tiny village on the Irish coast lived an old lady, a virgin and very proud of it. Sensing that her final days were rapidly approaching, and desiring to make sure everything was in proper order when she dies, she went to the town's undertaker (who also happened to be the local postal clerk) to make the proper “final” arrangements. As a last wish, she informed the undertaker that she wanted the following inscription engraved on her tombstone: “BORN A VIRGIN, LIVED AS A VIRGIN, DIED A VIRGIN.” Not long after, the old maid died peacefully. A few days after the funeral, as the undertaker/postal clerk went to prepare the tombstone that the lady had requested, it became quite apparent that the tombstone that she had selected was much too small for the wording that she had chosen. He thought long and hard about how he could fulfil the old maid's final request, considering the very limited space available on the small piece of stone. For days, he agonized over the dilemma. But finally his experience as a postal worker allowed him to come up with what he thought was the appropriate solution to the problem. The virgin's tombstone was finally completed and duly engraved, and it read as follows: “RETURNED UNOPENED”

Despite the best efforts of the FA challengers, Armstrong seems more-or-less ready for the election and for another term. Polling asking whether Armstrong was preferred over any generic Free America candidate found the President ahead by a 5-to-1 margin. Against specific candidates, he led by as much as 90 points. As several taxidermists shouted at a recent speech, it seems that both Armstrong and the nation are ready for “Two hundred and eight more weeks.”

In 1888 the Free-American and American Freedom parties went head-to-head in a presidential election for the first time. While neither party won (Republican tailor's dummy Benjamin Harrison took the prize), the nation split noticeably along each party's political lines.

The Free-American Party (The Greens), as the new children in the sub-division, planned to exploit every regional factor they could in an attempt to gain a huge electoral bloc. From the project representing the inchoate plans for what would become the Hoover Dam, through the speculative land crisis that would last decades and leave fallow the region which eventually formed Platha, into the Ohio Religious Persecutions, and all the way to immigration problems in the industrial and urban New England, the Free American Party stabbed at everything.

While neither party would make headway in presidential politics until the election of 1898, the Free-American Party and the American Freedom Party have essentially each taken turns in the leadership role and for the most part the geographic blocs created through their competition have remained static. And so every four years it becomes another battle of Green versus Purple, with the winner taking the White House.

Green and Purple, always diametrically opposed, continue to battle to this day. In 2008, the nation will see who will triumph; Dick Armstrong, who proudly wears the Green sash and golden starburst, or the eventual Purple-sashed contender. It is an exercise as old as 120 years and as fresh each time as the newborn calves of the field. And it is our choice, our vote, our will which decides if this year Green or Purple shall triumph.

What are you lookin' at!



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with looking at things.**

Available in two sizes.



Scientists Discover New Yorker Women are Idiots

New York, NY- The Institute for Freaking Out New York Women has released its 2008 report, forcing over 3 million vaguely informed and neurotically worrisome female New Yorkers to adjust their purchasing habits. Coupled with recent studies proving once and for all that astrology is utter nonsense, dames of the Big Apple sure are in a tizzy.

In a shocking revelation, the report reveals that shimmering lipstick contains fish scales, chewing gum is made with milk protein and that lotion is filled with ground up titanium dioxide.

"There are chemicals in everything. It's all chemicals," stated thirty year old Bethany Page of Park Slope, Brooklyn.

New York Women were recently left wondering what to do when confronted with the explosive fact that organic foods contained carbon. Ms. Page was particularly violent when told this while consuming an organic, gluten-free, smoothie, after which she shoved the container away, yelling "Evil!"

Even clothing didn't pass safely through the IPNYW's report this year. So-called fair trade items, New York women were told, are still made by poor people who would love to drink Pepsi and worry about whether they're too fat. Some of those workers use their fair trade earnings to buy meat.

The problem was compounded further when the IPNYW's semi-annual bar study found that over 90% of mixed drinks at bars, including the vaunted cosmopolitan, mojito, and Alabama slammer, were not made with "eco-friendly" ingredients. A statistically insignificant fraction less than 100% of bar limes were grown using pesticides in order to provide a nice shine and juicy interior.

While not as shocking as last year's IPNYW report, which announced that gummy bears contain corn syrup and are made out of crushed sheep bones, many New York women have vowed to try and purchase more over-priced "organic" and "natural" products. At least until next year, when the IPNYW helps them learn that "natural" products contain ground up spiders and that "organic" vegetables are grown in cow shit.

Say hello to liquid purity.

H2-Whoa!

ice and water substitute



Contains No Chemicals
100 % Organic
Half the Calories of Water
with All that Great Water Taste!

THE ONLY ZERO CARB WATER ALTERNATIVE

The Axes & Alleys HISTORIGON

This Month in History:

2008 AD- A monster attacks New York City, but no one notices this time.

2003 AD- High school sophomore Kayla Dobbs of Scranton, PA, fears that senior Michael Allen knows she likes him.

1995 AD- After six disappointing weeks without a single sale, Roscoe's Pumpkins Filled with Tuna goes out of business.

1972 AD- In a discussion about the Imperial Japanese attack on Nanjing, feminist Gloria Steinem declares that all invasion is rape.

1938 AD- The Japanese and the Russians have a tea party on the border of Manchukuo and Mongolia. Many thousands do not leave the party.

1918 AD- As commander of the Rainbow Division, General Douglas MacArthur leads the charge into No-Mans-Land armed only with a feather duster.

1555 AD- Several people engage in sexual intercourse. Two couples have a good time. One couple vomits from the smell.

1443 AD- King Sejong takes credit for inventing the Korean alphabet and has the entire group of linguistics wizards killed so they don't blab to anyone.

1066 AD- Australian aborigine Topath has no idea that the crucial turning point in English history has occurred.

800 AD- Pope Leo III is given a dirty look by Charlemagne as the former accidentally steps on his foot whilst crowning him Holy Roman Emperor.

700 AD- Stephen and John of Glastonbury invent the world's first commercial while acting out messages for pay from local shopkeepers at the town tavern during saga night. Some grog is thrown.

600 AD- The Mayans begin the only period in history where native Mexicans can feel themselves superior to anyone except the French.

500 AD- A raving Sterolab fan is accidentally transported to the past and dropped in Wei Dynasty Northern China. He is promptly killed after playing the neo-lounge act through his iPod for the local magistrate.

400 AD- The Roman Empire lets out a small fart.

320 AD- Chitartha goes one better and invents the super-zero, which is three times greater than zero, but fails to catch on with his fellow mathematicians.

89 BC- Another year goes by without Meso-Americans inventing the wheel.

207 BC- Someone in Sparta decides it's about time to have some fun.

530 BC- Cyrus II orders a fig pie. He dies shortly afterward.

753 BC- Those Romans liked to say their city was founded in this year, but it was really Poughkeepsie.

1203 BC- The Olmecs figure a big head on the porch ought to look pretty cool.

1492 BC- A large massing of weevils in the future Ohio causes lightning and cloud formation.

1666 BC- The first drunk dial occurs when Sham, son of Norath, uses his small bow to let his girlfriend know he's horny.

2545 BC- Seven brothers marry seven sisters, but each sister is really their own sister. It doesn't end well and we don't really feel like going into it here because it's too depressing. Ask about it again later.

3820 BC- Shaduthusha is voted as having the worst reedmanship of all the scribes in Uruk.

17,456 BC- Sparklegirl108 Smith, the world's first time traveler, goes off course and crashes her time ship, inadvertently killing her ancestor and erasing her existence, and thus causing time travel to never be invented in the future.

43,257 BC- Poga becomes the last person ever killed by a giant ground sloth.

4,007,373,387 BC A self-replicating protein begins creating copies of itself on a clay surface, beginning the long march toward the existence of James K. Polk.



Buying Tips for Children

A friend told me recently that he felt obligated to take his mother out to dinner. He had increased his salary since last seeing her through a higher-status job, moved to a nicer apartment, and generally felt the burnished brass button glow of the newly-minted “successful” son. I disagreed with him strongly, saying “Your parents should have to keep buying you dinner until you can afford to buy them a house.” The same goes for plane tickets.

You might think that Mom has done so much for you and that Dad couldn’t have been more supportive. This is not true. They can do more for you and support you more. For instance: by purchasing nutrients for you well into adulthood whenever you or they come for a visit. (This is of course not true if your parents weren’t there for you. In this case, feel free to stock up on free motel toiletries and give them to your parents as a gift.)

As a productive, self-supporting adult, it’s only natural for you to think you owe your parents dinner. After all your mother went through the pain of birthing you (double points if

cesarean section) and your Dad had to deal with figuring out whatever it is Dads are supposed to do after ejaculation. They fed you (most obviously) and gave you clothes. Probably even sent you to school for an education. Sounds like they did a good job right?

But it wasn’t altruism. At the other end of life there’s an expectation that you will take care of them. You’ll have to feed them and clothe them, wipe their bottoms; generally pass through all the indignities of life as a reverse parent. Of course the analogy to childhood isn’t lock tight. Right off the bat they probably weigh at least six or seven times what you did as a baby, slightly less as a toddler.

On top of that, if there’s something wrong with their brains, it’s usually not learning, it’s forgetting. If there isn’t that big, stinky, baby of yours is embarrassed by defecating uncontrollably, and will tell you so. Probably in good English. At least you could be considered cute while learning to use the potty. Not so funny now that Mom can’t remember how.

When it gets to this point, there’s a huge

investment in money, too. If they were good, your parents probably planned for retirement, but like a lot of people they probably didn't plan on becoming senile pod people who only resemble the parents you knew. Think you don't recognize them? They certainly no longer even recognize you. I'd guess they couldn't remember what peas were, whether they were tasty, or why in general they shouldn't be thrown against the wall.

Let's be reasonable, most people (myself included) don't or can't conceive of their own death. This is even truer of their own decrepitude. In which case, they just don't plan for it. Medical science will get them through it, or it will never happen to them, they think. Meanwhile they've boarded the express train to foggy fogey town with no hotel reservations or baggage.

You might make the argument that your parents should spend all of that dinner money on money market accounts and mutual funds, but it's never going to amount to a lot of dough on their part. Certainly not enough to offset the cost of 24-hour in-home nursing care or an end-of-life run in a retirement community. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, two thirds of Americans aged 18-34 live more than 500 miles away from their parents. For the same demographic, parents see their children an average of twice a year.

Let's assume you have modest taste and the reunited family of three goes out for steaks at a reasonably-priced chop house. A blooming onion, three porterhouse steaks with the trimmings, and a bottle of pinot noir (a cheap one from Uncle Louie's Winery) will run you roughly \$135 with tip. With the other scenario, you shell

out that change and your parents put that money in a basic savings account for twenty years.

What do they end up with at the end? Slightly more than \$8000. That's certainly a nice chunk of money, but when you compare it to the annual cost of nursing home care (\$70,000 according to the American Association of Retired Persons), it's pretty much a given that spending that money on a good meal with you is a better investment.

When it comes down to it, they'll need that investment of good memories to stack up against all the bad ones they'll make as incontinent imbeciles for the last ten years of their lives. I'm not sure what the interest rate is on family dinners these days, but they definitely bring in a better return than the alternative: lonely, desperate, uncared-for old people going quietly insane as the prison of their decrepitude decays around them.

I'll have a side of steamed broccoli.



ASK MONTEZUMA **IT'S THE ANSWER MAN** **FROM TENOCHTITLAN**



Montezuma is an F-22 Raptor currently stationed at Wright-Patterson AFB.

Dear Montezuma,
My cat knocked over our "Nuts to You Hitler" commemorative Rebo and Zootie plates. The plates fell from the wall in the living room and onto my husband, who let out a surprisingly cattish yowl. This yowl scared the neighbours who called the police. When they arrived, they attempted to enter the wrong house and were fired upon by the tax protesters down the street, wounding one officer in the leg. This officer was to be the fifth generation of his family running in the Sligo Creek marathon at age 27, the very next week. In his anger, he beat his wife and shot himself using a Luger his grandfather collected in World War II. Incidentally, that grandfather ran the marathon with a gunshot wound to the chest and sold us our cat. Who came up with the idea of the proof of purchase you can send in to get "free" stuff idea?

Mary Herschel

Larry, Armpit, UK

Ms. Herschel, I think that the "Moon Madness" and "The Third Man Never Rings at the Cuckoo's Nest" Rebo &

Zootie commemorative coffee decanter and barbecue lighting apparatus are certainly my favourite collectible Rebo & Zootie memorabilia. I also enjoy the rare and fun Rebo & Zootie india ink orange fruit stamp. It is positively lovely to have Zootie's whiskered visage look upon me from the safety of my lunch time orange rind.

Hey Monty,
Why are silhouettes so dark?
Daimly Pattesron
Wayne Shorter, MI

I must admit, Daimly, that I'm terribly vexed. Which Wayne Shorter, Michigan do you come from? There's the Wayne Shorter, Michigan founded in 1888 by Bantu herders. It's located in the meta-carpal area of Michigan, is centrally planned, and contains a lovely horticultural park and history of the goat museum. The Wayne Shorter, Michigan founded by Steve Boilerplate in 1997 and located in the thumb area of Michigan has a run-down miniature sawmill statuette in the city center and a reflective paint factory. I do hope you come from the former.

Dear Montezuma,
There are always leftovers. No matter how much food I buy, nor how much I prepare, the damn stuff always has a bit left over. What gives! I just want the right amount of food!
Sami Westwood
London, UK

I find it mildly distressing that your name differs little comparatively from that of Clint Eastwood, a super-star of American cinema in both an acting and directorial capacity. Your surname, Westwood, is merely the opposite of Mr. Eastwood's, implying that your family comes from dark and depressing roots. People who only look to the sunset. Mr. Eastwood faces a bright future and is ready for the coming days. Your given name, Sami, is only one letter shorter than Clint. Whereas Clint starts with a voiceless velar plosive, a strong sound, Sami begins with a voiceless coronal sibilant. Yuck!

Monto!

My friend is a lot of fun to be around most of the time. He's interesting, engaging, good to talk to. That is, of course, until he starts drinking. It only takes a few, but once they're in him he gets weird. He'll insist none of us is having a good time, it's making him unhappy, we should go other places, even when that's clearly untrue. I love hanging out with him, but only for the couple of hours before it gets like this. None of us seems to be

able to say anything about it. Why does Pabst Blue Ribbon have a light aftertaste of peaches?

Marina Ferrer

West Hollywood, CA

MF, alcohol contains a taste molecule called a peachome. With a greater concentration of peachomes comes a greater taste of peaches. For instance, peach schnapps has a peachome concentration rating on the Kurasawa-McClatchy Scale of 4000. Stolichnaya Vodka, the mother of vodkas from the motherland of vodkas, has a KM rating of only 3. Pabst Blue Ribbon rates a 50 on the KM scale. Now, obviously that rating is low, so you would wonder why there's such a strong taste. I am glad you asked! You see, Pabst's in-house chemists have worked hard to contain the beverage's peachome content within a carbon bucky-ball reorganizing of the beer's carbon content. It's fairly ingenious. You should see the syringe they use!

Dear Montezuma,

Do you have any tips for me to start my penny collection? I don't have any pennies yet.

Billy, Age 47

Montauk, NY

I would begin by collecting pennies. Perhaps in a jar. Definitely not in cattle.

Dear Montezuma,

Recently, I was reading a collection of C.S. Lewis's essays concerning the concept of a Moral Law; the idea that humans everywhere, even if they disagree about specifics, still agree that there are such things as right and wrong. Does this argument of the Moral Law constitute proof for the existence of God?

Florence Henderson

Hollywood, CA

Flo, while written about by C.S. Lewis and others, it should be noted that the Moral Law was never passed by Congress nor signed by the President. Thus it is still only, at this point, just the Moral Bill and not yet an actual Moral Law.

Dear Montezuma,

When was the cup holder born?

Al Consequence

Peoria, IL

Al, I am not helping you win the video trivia game at the bar. That's not my mandate.

Dear Montezuma,

How long does it take for people to get infected with the French disease?

Blemish Plucky

Sordid, Canada

Ish, ennui can take effect in as little as five minutes. A heightened metabolism combined with an increase in cigarette and wine consumption will follow close behind with an oxymoronic arrogant malaise. Productivity will decrease, with the average ability to work barely topping 30 hours a week. Less during the summer months. The desire to work for something will vanish within two hours followed by an increased sense of entitlement. Also, if you happen to own any nuclear powered aircraft carriers, they will become leaky from poor maintenance and the funding will not be available to operate them.



Montezuma's Helpful Hints for the Home

Pickle ranching in the home can sometimes be difficult.

There are the space considerations, of course, but also feeding and care. I like to use an old closet to house my herd. First, construct a hexagonal lattice arrangement of cubbyholes in your closet. Fill with synthetic sushi garnish to make the pickles feel at home. Once you've brought them home from the grocery store, transfer the pickles from the jar to the cubby holes using a spoon. Never use a fork or tongs. These damage the pickles. Once ensconced in their cubbies, make sure to spray the pickles from a mister filled with a 70%/30% saline solution every three hours. Keep the door closed. Pickles hate light. Make sure to exercise your pickles at least two times a week using a standard pickle maze. They love to solve these puzzles.

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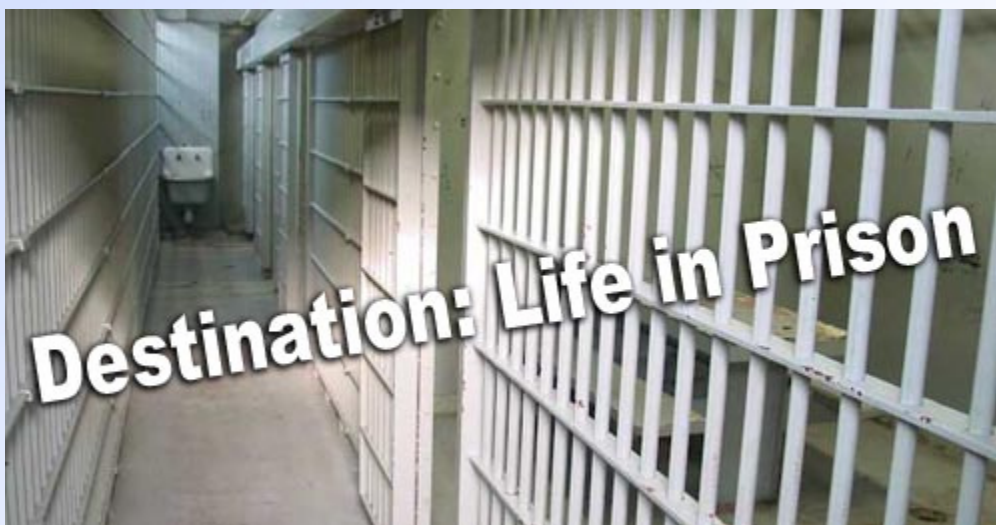
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Katie Stalin

Out and About



First of all, for the record: Riker's Island sucks. Seriously, they make you eat baloney! Then you actually have to write your award-nominated column with crayons on toilet paper because they say you're not allowed to have anything sharp. All while making you listen to alternative Christian rock. And don't get me started on having to "spread my cheeks."

Then the *Axes & Alleys*/Movable Type Printing lawyer comes in and tells you you can burn in hell, don't ever call us collect, and something about your expense account being larger than the gross domestic product of Guatemala. Like, that's not even that much. Guatemala's pretty damn poor and muddy.

So now I have this stupid public defender named, get this, Jack McCoy, who did say that my 1,832 indictments are actually a New York state record. But then this moron says that he wouldn't smuggle me in any nachos and also that he was going to do me an insanity defense. I'm not even insane!

So I tried to smack him upside the head with a chair, but the guards caught me and shackled me. My arms *and* my legs. It sucked, because my nose itched and the stupid lawyer wouldn't even come near me to scratch it. I had to use the table top, but then they tied me up even more because they thought I would be a danger to myself. It was just an itch!

The way these cops and lawyers and judges act you'd think they'd never seen anyone take a stolen tank for a joy ride and crash it into Air Force One. It wasn't even my fault. Tanks are hard to steer, okay, and it turns out the lieutenant in charge of maintaining the tank had removed one of the control bars for cleaning. Like I know much about braked differential steering anyway.

Then these people are all going off about all these extraditions and outstanding warrants. Like, whatever. There's no proof I've been anywhere.

It's not too bad though, I guess. I'm gonna try and get President Armstrong to pardon me, because one time he gave me a ride and I think he'll remember. Plus, you can make a killer drink by mixing bread, orange drink and sugar and leaving it under the bed for a while. Also, this one section of my wall is kinda loose. Think I might be able to pry it loose and escape through the air ducts. We'll see. If I can just get me a poster of Freddie Prinze, Jr., I'll be set.

Well, I'll be sure to keep you updated. Don't worry, faithful readers, no prison can hold me for long. Not when I'm hankering for some nachos.

Editor's Note: As of this printing, forty one new indictments have been brought against Ms. Stalin. Pending the outcome of her various trials, Ms. Stalin and the column "Katie Stalin: Out and About" will be on indefinite hiatus.

FIFTY WAYS TO BETTER MARKET

BREAKFAST CEREAL

1. Include a coupon for 50% off next gallon of milk.
2. Corner the Mediterranean demographic by including dried chunks of goat marrow in the recipe.
3. Encase cereal in bio-engineered melon. Sell with "bowl included."
4. Include sugar-water packet with pin set to prick on a timer counting down three months inside box with light-sensitive exterior which changes over time so that the expired product can then be sold as an alcoholic beverage called "Liquor Charms."
5. Tell women that eating puffed corn will somehow reduce the pain and discomfort of the menses.
6. Continue the practice of not combining the thought of cereal with the thought of menstruation.
7. Free glow-in-the-dark combination cock-ring/secret decoder ring in every box.
8. Fill package with CO₂ for that fun "dizziness" effect.
9. Package the cereal in a container which by its very nature not only prevents resealing, but encourages the spilling of valuable cereal product all over the floor.
10. "Not Manufactured in Newfoundland & Labrador" stamped on each box.
11. "Authentic \$20 Bill Included!"
12. Put nude women on the box.
13. "Free laser with purchase."
14. "Now without phlegm."
15. Include a ticket for free robot sex.
16. Small RFID transmitters which broadcast the amount of cereal in the box wirelessly to your home computer via RSS feed.
17. Ads which proclaim "Eating this cereal is comparable to anal sex."
18. Embark on a global campaign for Asian Bjrnto, the cereal with prawns.
19. Tell people they can only eat your cereal if they are awesome.
20. Don't create commercials that are black and white homage to film noir and late Sixties French cinema.
21. Label your cereal as "Inspired by the television series *Firefly*."
22. Create cereal boxes that double as rape whistles.
23. Point out how much less fiber your cereal contains. You don't want to be on the toilet all day because of some Crusty Crunchy Roos.
24. Include a touch-sensitive keypad on the back so consumers can take notes during breakfast.
25. Have your cereal endorsed by The Skeptic's Guide to the Universe.
26. Take Cancer-Os™ off the shelf once and for all.
27. Replace deadly razor blade chips with colourful marshmallows.
28. Put chapters from *Great Expectations* on each box, so you have something to read at breakfast besides boring nutritional information.
29. Endorsements from RadioShack CEO Julian Day.
30. Create new promotion "Buy twelve boxes and we won't kill your mother."
31. Replace the standard six sided rectangle box with an eye pleasing dodecahedron.
32. Mention, via advertising, that the cereal meets the rhyming description of "nutritious and delicious."
33. Print Bible verses on the box.
34. State on the record that the rival, store-brand knock-off cereal supports communism.
35. Increase the levels of highly addictive nicotine in your corn puffs, flakes or whatnot.
36. Announce that you will reduce prices by 3%, then wow the public by actually reducing prices by an astonishing 3.0125%.
37. Get the stamp of approval from the Union of Ultra-Reformed Rabbis.
38. Tell children that if they don't eat your cereal their parents will stop loving them and sell them to Gypsies. Particularly cruel Gypsies.
39. Make it fully compatible with the CerealCaddy5000™.
40. Use science to create an alternate universe where your cereal is more valuable than gold.
41. Make the average breakfast cereal thirty percent more flammable.
42. Have an octopus in every box who can dispense the cereal without the need for complicated pouring.
43. Attach a plug to the box for some reason.
44. Get all four members of KISS to put blood in each batch.
45. Convince retail merchants to give you an end cap display.
46. Replace the traditional toy prize with a coupon good for one free informative lecture from Richard Dawkins.
47. Create Latin packaging to corner the ecclesiastical market.
48. Put a cartoon dinosaur on the packaging. Hey, it can't hurt, right?
49. Put nanites in every box that, once consumed, travel to the consumer's brain and take over higher functions, turning the person into a cereal buying robot.
50. Stop advertising the cereal as "the Nazi way to start your day."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE

Electric chin cleftor with harness. Wear it while you sleep and after ninety days you'll have a cleft chin. My own invention. £60.00 plus £4.50 shipping and handling. Pete Townsend, London, UK. Ring top bell.

FOR SALE

One potent bout of dysentery. Highly unpleasant and potentially life-threatening. \$4.00 per vial. Great for getting out of social obligations or for practical jokes. Alfonse Chicuba, Box 2417.

FOR SALE

Pudding. Slightly used, with skin over top. Bowl not included. \$1,250.00 plus insurance fee. Hydrich Himmler, Jr. 011-39-43-6901-777. 100% Confidential.

FOR SALE

Wax replica of scuba regulator. 90" x 54" x 60". Includes faux marble pedestal (also made of wax). \$150.00. Send inquiries to scubareplicas@lizphair.com.

FOR SALE

Eight thousand four

hundred and three sets

of M*A*S*H playing cards with Klinger as the Joker. Free red sofa cushion included. Gordon Brown, 10 Downing Street, London, SW1.

FOR SALE

Leaky tarp. Blue in color (hexadecimal #0000FF). Perfect for covering old boat. Fifty cents or best offer. Serious inquiries only. Mutton Chop Inn, 573 NE Ruffle St., Plame, WV.

FOR SALE

One human soul. Immortal and made in the image of the Christian God. Slightly tarnished by decades of sin. €50,000, includes carrying case. Rene Chupacabra, Paris, France, Boite #208.

FOR RENT

Dinner at my brother's house. Arrive by 2:00 PM, leave by 9:00 PM. Includes antipasto with various meats, cheeses, and other "yum yums;" lasagne second course, and main course includes roasted goose with cranberry sauce and trimmings. Dessert of apple crumb pie. Only

\$400. Find Angela on Facebook.

FOR RENT

Rabbit. One ear missing. 35 extra hairs. No insurance. \$2 per day or best offer. Charles Incharge, Lakota Nation, North America.

FOR RENT

Over one hundred cult members. Possibly as many as 103 or 104. Robes and brainwashing included. Includes seven different propaganda VHS videos included. Must provide own shoes. Grand High Empress Kiwi, 45 Mercer Lane, Chicago, IL 60609.

FOR RENT

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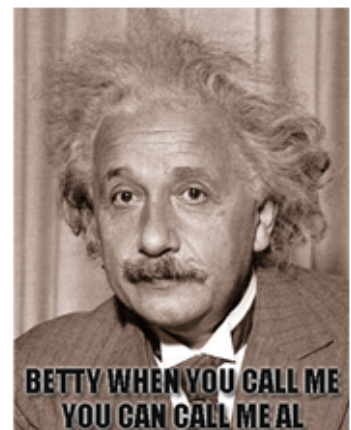


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I AM ART

LACK



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