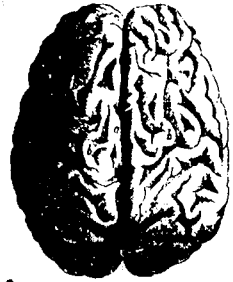


all YOU Hey, Carnal Kids



think of this as

The moment of truth you Are

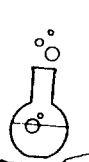
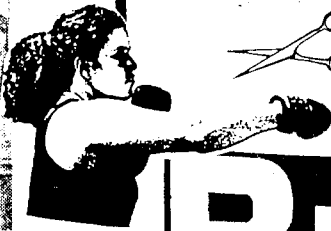
SIMPLY THE BEST

SO



What Have You Done for Me Lately? express yourself!

ie



is

Everything

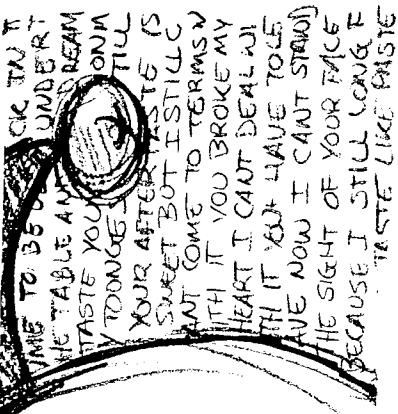
You Need



Brain- Wash Free!

A TIME PASSES SO SLOWLY
AND I DON'T REALIZE
UNTIL THAT I AM ON
THE TABLE AND I CAN
TASTE YOUR BREATH
YOUR AFTER TASTE IS
SWEET BUT I STILL C
WANT TO COME TO TERMS
WITH IT YOU BROKE MY
HEART I CAN'T DEAL WI
TH IT YOU HAVE TOLE
ME NOW I CAN'T STRAI
THE SIGHT OF YOUR FACE
BECAUSE I STILL LONG F
TASTE LIKE PASTE
I GO
STILL
IMAG
I W
FAM
JR
MATA
LAF

ONE-NIGHT STAND



Wandering
wall and
footsteps
down
through the
hall.
Wandering
why at all.
To tie it all
up, the
wandering
wall. Seen
not at all.
- Head Down

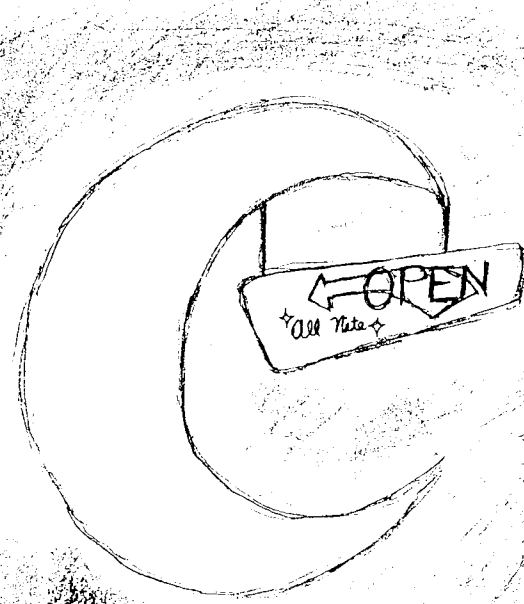
FOR MY TRIALS AN
UNTIL YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE STILL
I WILL NEVER BE A CHILD
BE SPECIAL OR UNIQUE I AM JUST A
AND TRUSTED ALL OUT OF R
UNTIL IT IS NO LONGER RECOGNIZABLE



(3)

JUST GET IN THE CAR AND DRIVE. 1:00 PM: OTHER, PLACE
NORMAL PEOPLE ARE AT HOME, OR AT A MOVIE, OR
HAVING SEX I GET IN THE CAR, CRANK IT UP, AND
DRIVE.
PEOPLE BECAUSE

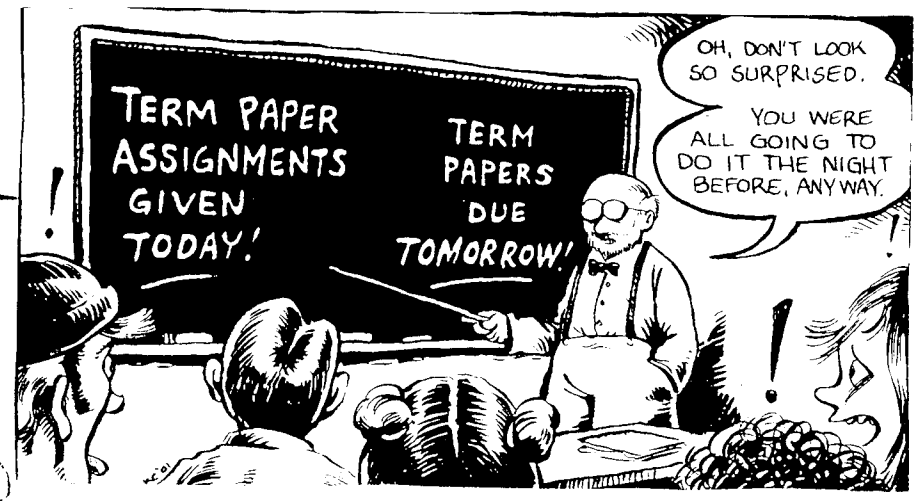
DON'T
OPPOR-
AVAL-
THEN
NIGHT.
ROCK
CON
SHOWS
1:00 AM
A
CONCRETE
OR
WHILE
FOR THIS,
AND
YOU
ME



UTILIZE THE
TUNING
MUSIC T.
LATE IN
THE SOFT
STATIONS
REQUEST
OF THE
NOW NORMALLY,
WOULDN'T
THE USE
CELL PHONE
DRIVING, BUT
F WILL MAKE
EXCEPTION.
CAN THANK
LATER.

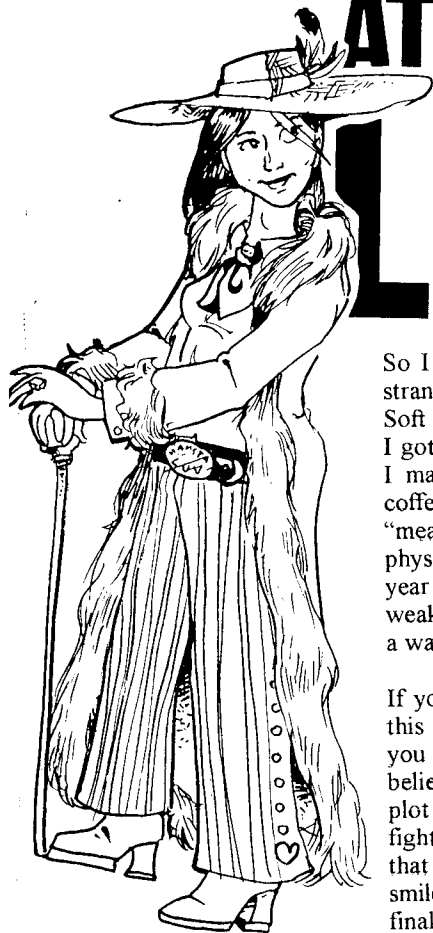
3 AM ...

BSW



(4)

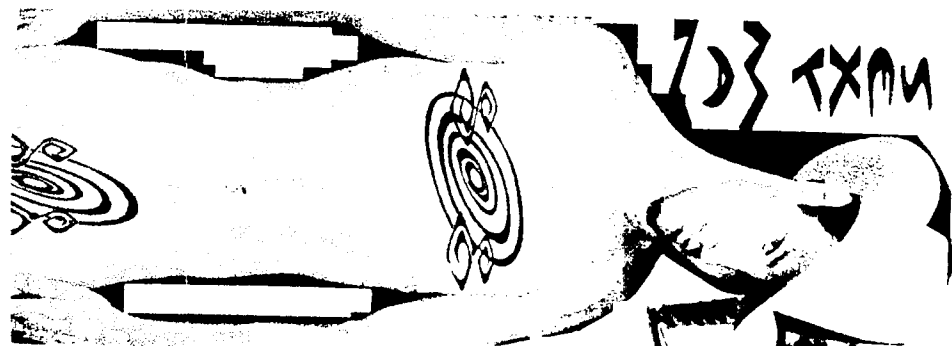
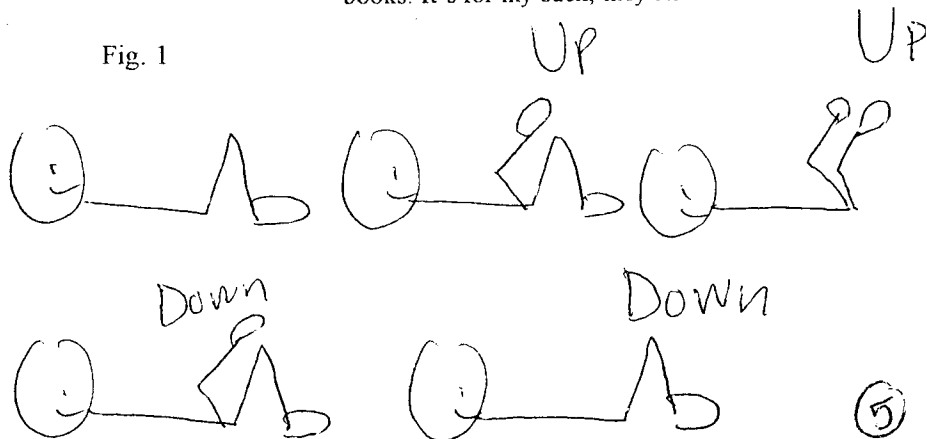
AT HOME WITH LAURA



So I have this physical therapist. She makes me do strange and terrifying things. I have a bad back, see? Soft tissue damage, they say. I wanted a chiropractor. I got something much, much worse. I got exercises. I maintain my girlish figure with a steady diet of coffee and carbohydrate based, easily prepared "meals." Apparently, this is not conducive to peak physical condition. I have the hamstrings of a 40 year old, and the abdominal strength of a little girl - a weak little girl. So I have stretches and crunches and a walking regimen.

If you will, please turn your attention to fig. 1. In this illustration rendered by my physical therapist, you will note that the subject has no arms. It is my belief that this is to symbolize some sort of sinister plot to turn me into a mindless drone, powerless to fight back, as they transform my body into something that is no longer my own. You will also note the smile on the face of this crude rendition waiver and finally fade in defeat. I must do something to stop this. But perhaps it is already too late - as I type, my computer monitor teeters precariously atop a stack of books. It's for my back, they tell me.

Fig. 1



HAVE YOU SEEN MY MUFFIN MAN?
SWF looking for a love muffin. Must be moist, fluffy, and full of blueberry goodness.

BABY GOT BACK
Punkass G seeking yo mama. Must be up for bumpin' in my phat ride.

I SAW YOU
Standing outside my house late at night. You: behind a tree. Me: turned on the sprinklers. Up for a night on the town?

I SAW YOU
Smoking pot in the bathroom. Can't remember the rest. Please call and fill me in.

♥ To respond, call 1-877-925-5579 ♥

These pages are packed with girls and boys looking for love.

PERSONALS
 UP CLOSE AND

PLACE AN AD FOR FREE TODAY!

YOUR AD: The first few words will be your headline -- so make it good! You only have 40 words or less.

STRICTLY IE
Personals

CATEGORY: I Saw U Girls Seeking Boys Boys Seeking Girls
 Girls Seeking Girls Boys Seeking Boys Other Seeking

SUBMIT TO THE IE BOX TODAY!



GATES GRANT: WHICH WAY WILL HENRY FOSS GO?

PLAN A: HONORING OUR FOUNDING FATHERS

School to be divided into four smaller, inner schools: *Energy, Purity, Tranquillity, and Happiness*. Each section will be comprised of 400 "passengers" and 4 "inner enlightenment tutors." All recently-constructed walls will be removed. Each passenger, upon embarking on his or her introspective journey toward understanding, will adopt a new name to reflect his or her own oneness with the world. The first day will consist of all of the passengers gathering in the center of the Communal Energy Center, previously the gymnasium. Each tutor will stand in a circle on the perimeter of the Center holding powerful magnets. The passengers, channeling the forces of nature, will be drawn to their destined tutor through the attraction between the magnets and the metal circlets each passenger will wear around their heads for the Selection Dance. The tutor they meet will be the one destined to guide them to inner harmony over the next four years.

School day will be divided up into five sections each day, with each section consisting of a guided search for inner tranquillity and harmony with nature. These sessions will contain 100 passengers and their assigned tutor, who will guide them through a series of breathing and blinking exercises, yoga positions, and introspective journal writes. Every hour passengers will have a break to visit the Communal Impurity Release Center, previously the bathroom. When the sun is directly overhead each day, passengers will renew their energies with a meal of whole grains, organically-grown strawberries, and Fig Newtons.

A small natural stream will run down the middle of each hallway, from which each passenger is encouraged to drink. The stream symbolizes the flow of energy through the universe, and how we are all able to draw from that stream if we can bend that low. Passenger Supporters will traverse the hallways, giving hugs to every passenger they see in need of one.

PLAN B: PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE

The plan endorsed by the Gates people, the school will be divided up into four smaller schools: **Productivity, Obedience, Discipline, and Order**. "Denizens" will spend an hour and a half in each school each day, where they will receive the training they need for tomorrow's world.

The hill on which the school sits will be raised 1400 feet for better radar scanning. The building which houses Henry Foss will be replaced with foreboding stone buildings without windows. Only the Little Theater will be kept, as it is already a foreboding stone building without windows. Hallways will be made of solid white marble thirty-two feet high. "Inter-Building Disciplinary Monitors" will be in charge of order in the hallways. Each will carry a clipboard, a pen, and an electric shock prod. To help prevent dissident behavior, small security cameras will be placed on the ceiling at opposite ends of each hallway. Furthermore, each training room will contain a white board, which will also be a transmitter of live video and audio to the Main Control Office so that the Grand Poobah will be able to monitor all training sessions. Each white board will have a complete view of every corner of every training room.

The day will start promptly at six-thirty with a morning meal of tofu and Starbucks Coffee, which will condition denizens for the food of the future. Promptly at seven the first Period of Training will begin. Inoculations will occur at thirteen hundred hours. The rest of the day will be spent in recreational activities, such as anthem singing, marching, and Morale Congregations, to which mandatory attendance will be required. Not all denizens will be able to physically attend Congregations, and the capacity of the Center to hold Congregations will be slowly decreased over the four years. This will help weed out unfit denizens, for those unable to attend will be removed.



Smoky odors,
Shifting colors,
Odd.
Doesn't seem normal.
Fade in,
Fade out,
Fade in,
Light,
Darkness,
Light again.
Odd.
Is this normal?
Hands to temples,
No head there.
No mind.
Where'd it go?
Isn't funny anymore.
Not even slightly

Amusing.
"Damn it! Who stole my head?"
Faint laughter,
Or tears,
Can't tell the difference.
"What's that? What'd you say?"
Murmuring.
"Oh, Of course I will.
I'll tell the blue elephant hello for you"
More laughing tears,
Sobbing laughter.
Still groping for my missing head
"Damn it, this isn't a joke!"
F a d e I n
F l o a t i n g
F a c e s
A h! T h e r e i t i s!
R e a c h f o r o n e,
G r a b a n e a r.
N o t g e t t i n g a w a y t h i s t i m e.
"Ouch! Embarrassed!
L e t g o o f m y d a m n e a r!"
O o p s! S o s o r r y.
L a u g h t e r c o n t i n u e s
O r i s i t c r y i n g?
A l i t t l e o f b o t h?
S t i l l n o t q u i t e s u r e.
O h w e l l,
D o e s n ' t m a t t e r n o w.
T h e o n l y i m p o r t a n t t h i n g i s . . .
I f o r g e t
"N o w w h e r e t h e f u c k i s m y h e a d ? ? ?"

"Damn it! Who stole my head?"
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Or tears,
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O h w e l l,
D o e s n ' t m a t t e r n o w.
T h e o n l y i m p o r t a n t t h i n g i s . . .
I f o r g e t
"N o w w h e r e t h e f u c k i s m y h e a d ? ? ?"



-Peanut Butter pixie

The corrosives of the soul,
Are wearing a giant hole
Time to break these silent chains
Before nothing does remain



History repeats itself,
You claw for your mental health,
Trying to be recognized
Finding more things to despise.

Constantly you find yourself
Being placed on the back shelf
And you bury all your wrath,
In the bubbles from your bath

The Back Burner -ALKAT

I need a fast car
Or maybe just a ride home
I need a phone call
And official recognition
By the Queen of England.
I need to see the first star
(but not to make a wish)
I just need the bragging rights.
I need a glass, not a bottle, of water
And and a lullaby sung by Van Morrison
And a good night's sleep
And, for the love of god, I need a little inspiration.



In The Image of God

Echoing screams...
Fear and disease...
Spreading
Cattle cars full of the 'impure'
The working dead
Made poor by the 'perfect'
Breathing through a barrel
Freedom a lost memory
Rows of dormitories...
Rows of corpses...
Fire consumes evidence
Propaganda is truth
God's greatest creation, huh?



--Anarchy Boy--
anarchy_boy_lives@hotmail.com

A LITTLE INTROSPECTIVELY, SHE SAID...

I need a boat
And a dock
And an industrial wasteland.
I need a pair of Doc Martens
And the soul of a poet
And I need a set of bongos to go with it
And man oh man, I need a cup of coffee.
I need a stop sign
And a sweeping manifesto
But I don't need a boyfriend.
(I do, however, need a dancing partner
to go with the ball gown
that I also so desperately need.)
I need a photograph of myself
And a little more light
And a beach house
Or maybe just a beach.
I need an accurate timepiece
And a woolly scarf (preferably red)
And maybe a skimpy swimsuit
Although I'll never wear it.

POETRY PAGE

--Anarchy Boy--
anarchy_boy_lives@hotmail.com

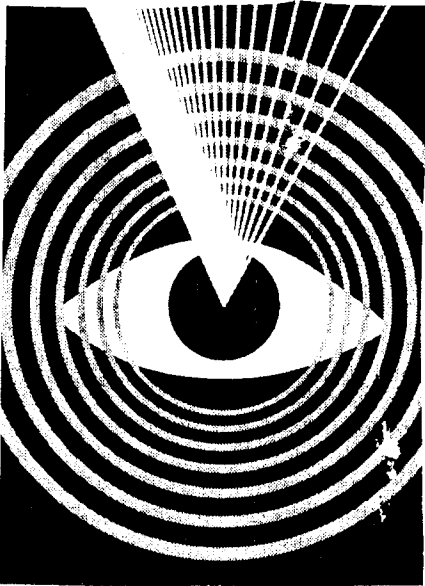
Your mouth is closed
Your eyes held shut
Can't see the lies
That they construct
Living your life,
Having fun,
As your rights deplete
One by one.
Fake wars
To incite fear.
Martial Law
Is getting near.
Say your prayers
And your goodbyes.
Very soon
Democracy dies.

The 50 Word Teen Angst Poem

Sad. Empty.
My heart is hollow and the hallaowness
Haunts me in the lavender depths of slumber.
You do not see me.
Only despair will see me.
Look now,
It is raining. It is raining in my heart.
The sky is crying,
I am crying.
Sad.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**Foss ASB President
 Detained after Park
 Brawl**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 By Nicholas Mirra
 THE MIRRA WORLD REPORT



Henry Foss President A [redacted] "Good Kid" [redacted] was detained by the police in connection with a fight that occurred Wednesday night in Tacoma's Titlow Beach Park.

The fight broke out about 10 p.m. in a park notoriously frequented by drug dealers, local street gangs, and now seemingly upstanding presidents.

Police responded to reports of yelling and cursing coming from within park. Upon arriving at the scene, police found Mr. [redacted] trying to leave the scene in a blackberry Saturn. Mr. [redacted] is known for loud and violent bursts of anger and profanity, thus earning his other moniker "Bad Ass."

Police reported that the embattled President tried to talk his way into leaving, saying he was a "good kid" and that his "girlfriend" was somewhere in the area. Police searched the area but could not locate the alleged girlfriend.

What Mr. [redacted] was doing in the park at 11 p.m. is yet to be determined. Mr. [redacted] stated to the police that he was walking through the trails with his "girlfriend" and they were "just leaving" when the police showed up. Friends of Mr. [redacted], when told of the President's explanation and speaking on condition of smug anonymity, were quoted as saying, "yeah right."

When asked to explain his presence in the park Mr. [redacted] screamed, "I'm not on trial here!" The police suspected drugs were involved. However, Mr. [redacted] is known for somewhat dazed and inexplicable behavior, and the police were unable to determine whether Mr. [redacted] was under the effects of narcotics, or just being himself. When a witness could not identify Mr. [redacted] as being present at the fight, the police removed the handcuffs and allowed Mr. [redacted] to leave. The President then got into his vehicle and drove off in what the police described as an uncontrolled rage, classical music blasting from the windows.

It was reported that earlier Wednesday morning Mr. [redacted] had hurled himself, screaming, upon a metal hallway barricade at Henry Foss High School, nearly toppling it over.

Reasons for his actions were not immediately clear, as is the case with much of what Mr. [redacted] says and does these days.

William Sigel, a political analyst working for the Mirra World Report said that Mr. [redacted] may just be trying to establish a tough-guy image with the members of his cabinet. "Mr. [redacted] seems to be saying to other political leaders, 'I'm not somebody you want to mess with....bitch.' I think this will come out well for the President." This theory has been contradicted by one of the officers who detained the President. The officer was quoted in his initial assessment of Mr. [redacted] that night as saying, "You don't look like the fighting type." Mr. Sigel's tough-guy theory received another blow Friday when Mr. Sigel was shown a videotape of Mr. [redacted] running. The Mirra World Report was not able to obtain a copy of the videotape, but witnesses to Mr. [redacted]'s track meets have described the scene as "indescribably funny," and "pathetic from a guy with such hot brothers."

It is unclear whether this run-in with the law will hurt Mr. [redacted]'s credibility in office. What is clear is that as of Monday evening Mr. [redacted] had not informed his parents of the incident, saying only that he was eating hamburgers with friends in the park Wednesday night, and was detained by the police. Mr. [redacted]'s parents, who both have tried so hard to raise a respectable son and instill in him values worthy of the family name, could not be reached for comment but their grief and disgust is speculated to be great. Whether they will ever find out the truth about the evening's events should be determined shortly when the first meeting of the FAI (Friends of A [redacted] with Information) convenes. The goal of the meeting is to discuss how much money and favors they can extract from the President in exchange for their silence, both in the press and with the President's parents. Said one member, "He deserves it, the bastard. And besides, it's A [redacted]."

The road to success is always under construction.
 -Unknown

Inspirational Hun?

**CRAP
 ARRIVING
 DAILY**

In other news a family near Titlow park reported an unidentified person hiding behind a tree on their property Wednesday night. The family suspected that the individual was not a thief, for he or she attempted to avoid detection by standing behind a six-inch wide tree. The tree stands about five inches from the driveway. Once inside the family turned on their automatic sprinkler system, which sent the individual high-tailing it off down the street. The unidentified individual likely has a great fear of water.



Screams rent the air as children fled, horrified, from the kitchen. Sylvia called, "Come back, kids! Come back!" But it was no use. She had made a grave, intolerable, mistake. Her reputation as a good mother was ruined. Never again would parents send their children to play with those of Sylvia's, unless it was only for a brief while. No one would let their kids stay at her house for dinner, now that they knew. Despite her protests, Sylvia's husband, Dan, left her. Her kids, Nate and Mark, began listening to Limp Bizkit and hanging around with the "wrong crowd." Soon Nate, the older of the boys, was sent to juvie for many crimes, including grand theft auto and assault and battery, and Mark became withdrawn, and turned to drugs. Sylvia didn't say anything about his habits, as she herself began looking for answers in the bottom of gin bottles. After some time had passed, Sylvia learned that Dan had been killed when a train was derailed and ran through his living room where he had been sipping martinis with his fiancé, Hilary Clinton (no relation to the former First Lady). Nate, after escaping from his place of confinement, eloped with an obese Vietnamese prostitute. Mark dropped out of high school and went to work for the rest of his life at the McDonald's on Westgate, after a brief stint at WSU. Sylvia was forced into slavery by some passing Serbian pirates. She was put to work as a janitor in an adult movie theater. After ten years of grueling labor, she contracted syphilis. As she lay on her deathbed at the age of 53, her mind was filled with one single regret: "Why, oh why did I use American cheese that day?"

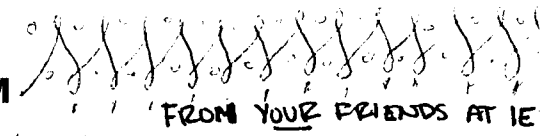
Moral: Always buy imported goods -or- sleep with a gun under your pillow in case of marauding Serbs.
-Stumblebum

"IT TURNS THE SCREWS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TERROR"



Chances are you'll see a lot of the folks you saw along the way and maybe a glimpse of what Jesus sees in all of us: mediocrity, brokenness, a longing to belong, the desire for greatness with the fear of being great, hard work, lots of heart. Tacoma.

FROM OUR FRIENDS AT THE
TACOMA NEWS
TRIBUNE: A 12-STEP PROGRAM



FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT IE

A 12-STEP PROGRAM TO FOS!

- 1** Drive through (town on) I-5 on a hot August day with a slight nor'wester... aaahh breathe leep!
 - 2** Friday night at the Java Jive with "Steve and his Sexy-Sticks" playing "Age of Aquarius."
 - 3** Off to the Spout 'n Toad for whatever makes you croak.
 - 4** Saturday morning. Wake up. Walk along Dock Street. Don't miss the people under the 705.
 - 5** Breakfast at the Busy Bee. Everything on the menu is smoked.
 - 6** Ride a Pierce Transit bus to the B&I to buy some boots.
 - 7** Continue the bus ride (if I-695 hasn't shut them down yet) along South Tacoma Way for some adult bookstore shopping and then to one of the many show bars on the strip. Rob's is my favorite. You can't miss the sign: "Live Nudes."
 - 8** Have lunch at a Korean grocery mart. Any of the little malls with no English signage will do.
 - 9** Take in a movie at the Grand Cinema and realize this is as good as it gets.
 - 10** Go for an early evening stroll through Wright Park. "Hey, didn't I see that guy this morning under the 705?"
 - 11** Dinner at Seven Cities Comedy Club. If this won't make you cry ...
 - 12** Sunday Mass. 10:30 family service at St. Leo Catholic Church.
- Chances are you'll see a lot of the folks you saw along the way and maybe a glimpse of what Jesus sees in all of us: mediocrity, brokenness, a longing to belong, the desire for greatness with the fear of being great, hard work, lots of heart. Tacoma.
- 1** Walk into the bathroom during a passing period on finals week. Breathe deep! Getting high just got cheaper.
 - 2** Friday night on your bedroom floor writing text response Journals, playing tetris on your TI-89
 - 3** Off to Shari's for shitty coffee and whatever you can stomach
 - 4** Monday morning. Wake up. Haul ass to school. Don't miss the students skipping class in the pit.
 - 5** Breakfast? What is this breakfast of which you speak?
 - 6** Try to blend in with the crowd Buy knee-high pleather boots to go with your skintight plaid mini.
 - 7** Sex in the green room. Every couch has a stain and a story. Can't get ass? Arrange lunchtime Twisted competitions.
 - 8** Get lunch from the vending machines. Cheez-its have protein too, you know.
 - 9** Catch up on sleep during movie in history and pray that it gets better than this.
 - 10** Try not to leave your car near the skate park. "Hey you punk, that isn't an ashtray!"
 - 11** Dinner over a calculus textbook. If this won't make you cry...
 - 12** Pep assemblies. 1:05pm in the gym. Chances are the smart ones have already left the building. Look around you: mediocrity, brokenness, apathy towards each other, the desire for escape and the fear of being caught, the minimal amount of work, lots of BS. Foss.

- Clever Pseudonym
* (and her name makes me...)

Patriotism

A truck, adorned with American flags, pulls a platform carrying the cow and pig mascots, and a group of Boy Scouts, around the Puyallup Fair. From the youngest boys, of nine or ten, to the adults, sweating profusely in the animal suits, everyone proudly waves a flag, to the cheers and shouts of the passersby. And the Fair Song plays . . .

"Mommy, Mommy! Why do the cow and pig have flags? Is it the Fourth of July?"

"No, Little Johnny. They have flags to show the Arabs what we're made of."

"Who're the Arabs, Mommy?"

"They're the evil people who tried to destroy our country by crashing some planes into buildings, Little Johnny."

"But WHY, Mommy? Did we do something to make them mad?"

"No, Little Johnny. The Arabs are the agents of Satan who are trying to hurt us because we're the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world."

"What're we gonna do, Mommy? I don't want the Arabs to hurt us!"

"Don't worry, Little Johnny. President Bush is a very smart man, and he's going to lead the world to victory against the Arabs, and all the other terrorists."

"... Mommy, I'm kinda hungry. Can I get something to eat?"

"Yes, Little Johnny, as long as it's not pistachios."

"Why, Mommy?"

"Because Arabs grow pistachios."

"They do? But I thought they were all busy planning to attack America!"

"Of course not, Little Johnny. The peasants and their families wouldn't be of much help when it comes to planning the attacks. So they grow pistachios."

"... But if the Arab peasants who grow the pistachios aren't helping plan the attacks, why can't we eat their pistachios?"

"Oh, Little Johnny. Don't you understand? All Arabs are evil! The money you spend on pistachios goes right to the people who want to destroy America."

"ALL Arabs are evil, Mommy?"

"Yes, Little Johnny."

"Even the Arab kids?"

"Yes, Little Johnny. Because they're going to grow up to be Arab adults who want to destroy America. And when that happens, I won't be alive to protect you. That's why President Bush wants to do you a favor by getting rid of people like that so there will be no more terrorism. That way, you won't have to worry about it when you're all grown up."

"I understand . . . Mommy, why are the Arabs evil?"

"Let me explain it this way, Little Johnny. You know that Americans are good, peaceful, loving, caring people, right?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"That's because most Americans are Christians, and Christians are good, peaceful, loving, caring people."

"Yes, Mommy."

"But the Arabs aren't Christian—they're Muslims. They don't believe the same things that we do, and so they're going to Hell. That's why they're Satan's helpers."

"What do Muslims believe, Mommy?"

"... I don't really know, Little Johnny. But I don't need to know. It must be an evil, violent religion because the Arabs, who are evil and violent, belong to it."

"So the Arabs are evil because they're Muslims? That's why they're attacking America."

"That's right, Little Johnny. America has to fight back against the Arabs because that's what God wants us to do. We're God's special people, here in

America, and when someone attacks us, it is our duty to do away with those enemies of God. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mommy. I understand, Mommy. DOWN WITH THE ARABS! YOU SHOW 'EM, PIG AND COW! YOU SHOW 'EM WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN AMERICAN!"

~You can do it at a trot. . . ~

~God Bless America. . . ~

~You can do it at a gallop. . . ~

~Land that I love. . . ~

~You can do it real slow. . . ~

~Stand beside her. . . ~

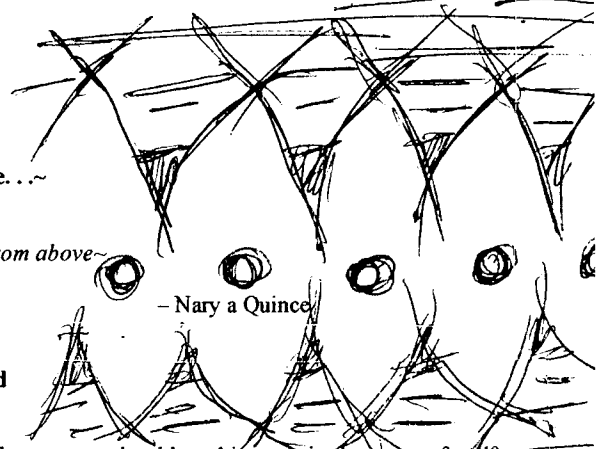
~So your heart won't palpitate. . . ~

~And guide her. . . ~

~Just don't be late. . . ~

~Thru the night with a light from above~

~Do the Puyallup~



- Nary a Quince

Ginsberg Revisited

America...

America, will it make you proud to blow things up in the name of god?

Really, America, I expected more of you.

America, you don't really want to go to war.

Remember when I was your superstar?

Now I'm the bad guy because I say it's your fault.

It is your fault, America.

America, are you ashamed?

I certainly hope so.

America, what happened to us?

We used to be so close.

I'm not a nationalist.

I can't say I'm sorry.

I am sorry, America, for letting you slip through the cracks.

Can you still hear me, America?

America, I'm sorry. Forgive me. Come back.

America, is it too late?

Can we put souls into our newly rebuilt lives?

I would spearhead the effort, America.

My workers wouldn't cause too much trouble, I promise.

Better yet, they'll be clueless and capitalists.

You know, America, you are only half wrong.

Fifty percent is not too bad.

I hope you don't resent my keeping the other half.

I'm more than willing to share with you, America.

I like to share.

I'm a godless commie, America, please don't kill me.

You gave me that name in your shopping malls, America.

America, is that really fair?

My fortune cookie lied to me, America,

Will you blast China while you're at it?

America, I'll offer you all of the resources that I have.

I have ten dollars, half a tank of gas, and I won't give head to your soldiers.

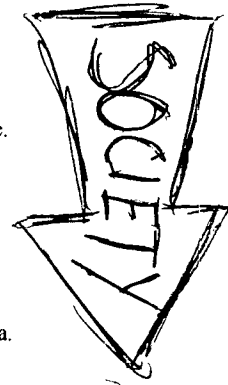
I think they want to stay home, America.

Remember when it mattered what I thought?

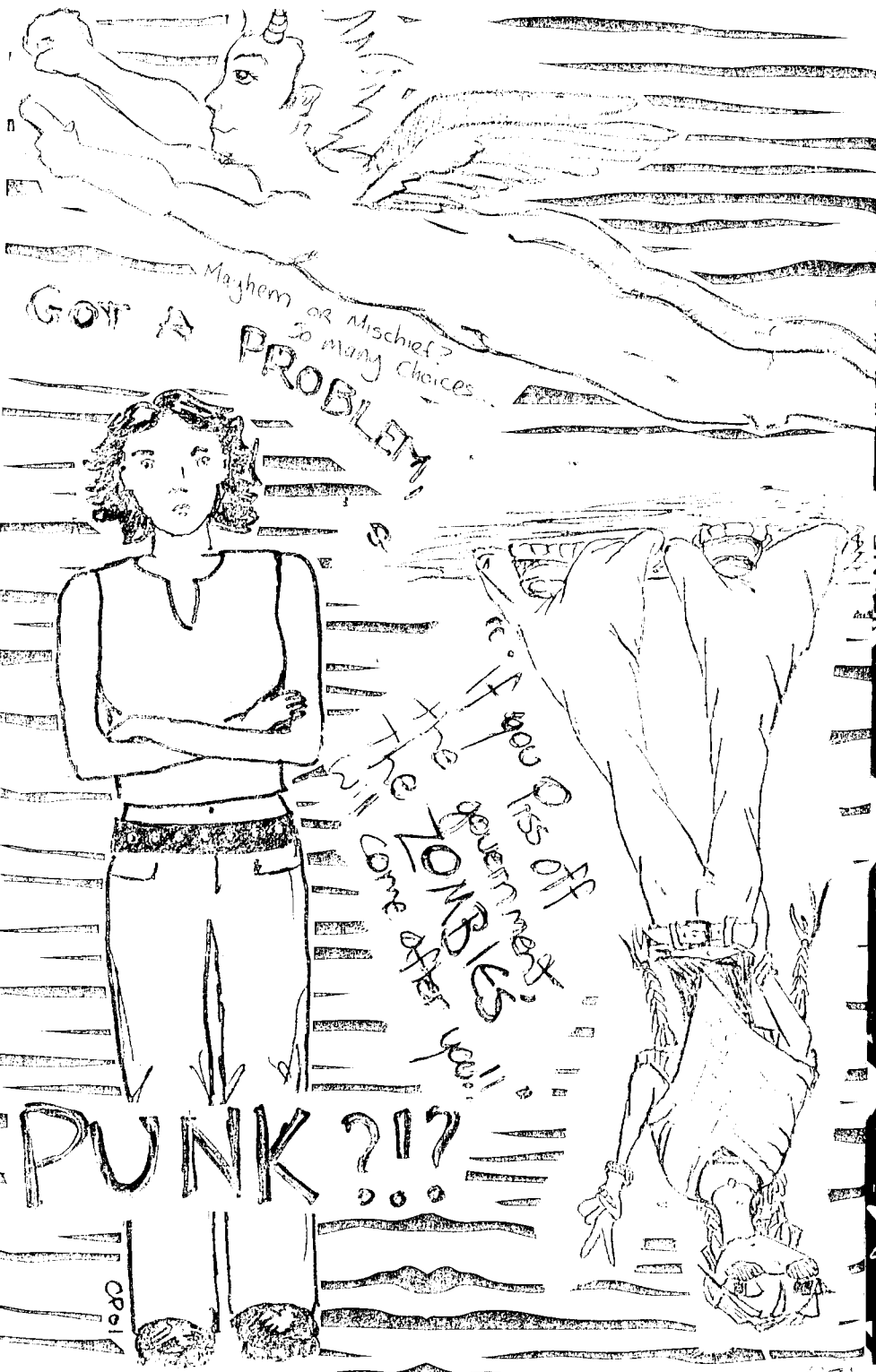
America, I know you're scared.

It's okay, America, I'm scared too.

- Clives pseudonym (a muse)



Have you ever had the urge to...



Mayhem or mischief?
So many choices
GOT A PROBLEM!

you piss off the government?
ZOMBIES
come after you!

PUNK?!



STAB
YOUR
MOM?
ARE YOU
A WAGY DANCE?

WRITE
YOUR
EXTENDED
ESSAY ONE
YEAR EARLY?

EGG YOUR
EX'S CAR?
HUH, BITCH?

JOIN GAMING
CLUB?
WHY?
(WHAT DO
YOU MEAN
"WHY"?)

MAKE TOUCHY
REQUESTS ON
KISSY?

START A
ONE-PERSON
FOLK BAND?

*KIDNAP A
FRIEND'S
FOREIGN
EXCHANGE
STUDENT

DRIVE TO
FRUITLAND?
(ED. NOTE: WHICH
ONE??)

BE "AT HOME"
W/ TH LINDA?

RUN DAKED
THROUGH THE
HALLS OF PASS?
DURING PASS IN?
PERIOD?

MAKE REPS!
JERLO TH?

JUST TO SEE
WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN?

SPRAY THE
BATHROOM
SMOKERS
WITH A FIRE
EXTINGUISHER?

CHALLENGE A
CHEERLEADER TO
A BARE-KNUCKLE
BOXING MATCH?
TO THE DEATH?

RESERVE YOUR
SEATING SPOT?
EVEN IF
NOBODY WOULD
EVER
FUCK
THERE?

SKIP DOWN THE
HALLS AND TELL
PEOPLE THAT
THAT'S A
-1 PT
GOD?

GO TO THE
HOODY DANCE
IN BOGA
WEAR?

DISCIPLINE WRITER'S CLUB AND ITS SYNDICATE, IE
ARE NOT AFFILIATED IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR
FORM WITH HENRY FOSS HIGH SCHOOL. THE
OPINIONS REPRESENTED HEREIN ARE THOSE
OF THE WRITERS ONLY. YOU KNOW WHERE
YOU DID NOT GET THIS ☆

IE:

**Even more delicious than
going back to bed.**

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING
ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION OR
THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF OR
THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR
OF THE PRESS...