

# the GRIM

5/17/23

ISSUE 8

BACK...  
AGAIN.

# GREAT BIG WHOOPTIE-FUN TRIPLE ISSUE!

NOW! IN! COLOR!

(IF you print it out yourself)

## STAFF

Editrix: Jymi X/0

Assistant Editor: Corvin Blacke

## WITH:

Janet Crank

Ian Forte

Zippity Lunkhammer

Spazz McFluff

Percy the Science Clown

Pork LeMonde

Nilly Rambus

Satan Himself

Trent



## ART (BUT WHAT ISN'T?)

Jymi X/0

Corvin Blacke

## CONTRIBUTORS

BethDragon

Uncle Ed

Dink Winkum

still online: [www.thegrim.net](http://www.thegrim.net)

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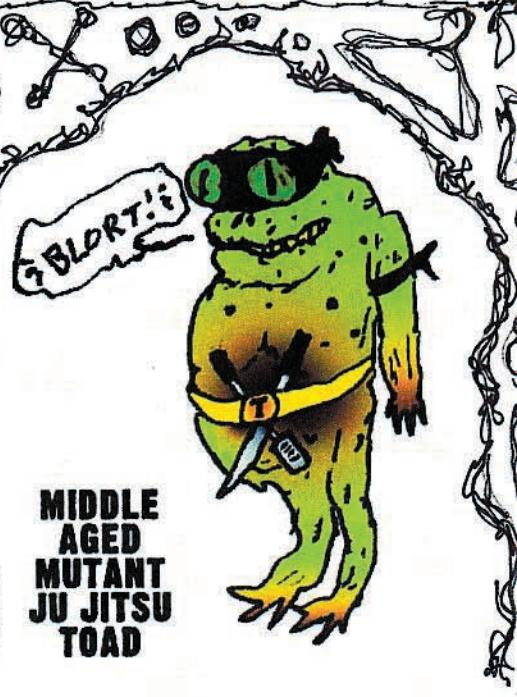
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## SILLY DRAWINGS AND POEMS ... Sprinkled Liberally

MIDDLE  
AGED  
MUTANT  
JU JITSU  
TOAD



O LET THE SPRING THAW KNOCK ON WINTER'S DOOR,  
 THAT WARMTH AND JOY AND NEW LIFE COME ONCE MORE.  
 SPRING SHOWERS FALL TO CLEANSE EARTH'S EPIDERMIS,  
 AND BRING UP LOTS OF CHEWY LITTLE WORMS.

-- Jymi X/0

YOU  
ARE  
HERE

For almost 10 years.

(Especially for

the last 5.)

## ADVERTISERS SUBSCRIPTIONS

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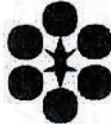
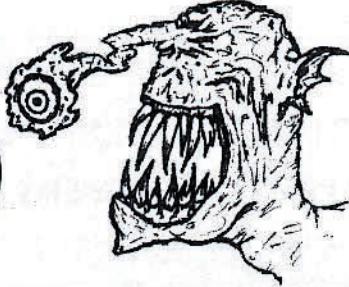
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BUT NOW OR **DIE!**





# PeRSeCTIVeS



Write to us: [perspectives@thegrim.net](mailto:perspectives@thegrim.net)

*the Grim reserves the right to edit for length, clarity, naughty words (either removal or insertion) and to add any wise-ass comments we might be able to think up. Or not.*

Dear the Grim,

We've heard a lot of ruckus lately from certain people regarding the "re-education," shall we say, of other planes of existence. I would like to take this opportunity to remind these well-meaning folks and the general public that we have no business fixing other dimensions until we ourselves have reached perfection. In that vein, perhaps we should re-focus our attention on finding solutions to problems plaguing us right here in Grimagix. I refer, of course, to the still unresolved issue of whether or not the yellow lines on the road should run from east to west, or from west to east. (If you'll remember, the north-south debate raged for several decades before it was finally put to rest, and there are STILL those who disagree vehemently with the Ouija board's final decision.) This controversy is a blight upon our collective image. Just last week, two of my neighbors had such a row over this that I feared for my life. The police, when they arrived, claimed that Road Commissioner Paddie Fwhack had not yet authorized them to make any arrests in such a dispute, and I thought that painting the entire road yellow was really just one more way that public officials will sweep problems under the carpet for someone else to deal with. You're not fooling anyone, Commissioner Fwack! Give me back my yams!

Ms. Ettie Drip,  
Age 9

*Ed: And that's why I usually just stay on the sidewalk.*



Dear the Grim,

Guess What?  
-- Nilly Rambus, Concerned Citizen

*Ed: Um....you've had twelve bowls of Sugar Blast-Os and got into the National Geographics again?*



Dear the Grim,

I had a dream that we were swimming in the sidewalk. The concrete was just like water, except that I could feel all the tiny little stones scraping my skin off. Just when I was almost a skeleton, the sidewalk turned to dirt and I saw my own gravestone, except that I wasn't in a coffin or anything. I was just lying there in a hole in the ground, and people were throwing orchids down at me. I didn't know any of them, except for there was someone I went to 2nd grade with. They were an adult and didn't look anything like the girl I had known, but I knew it was her somehow. I was lying there in the dirt trying to be polite and get someone to tell me what time it was but no one would respond, they were all just making this weird humming noise, like a song only it wasn't.

*Ed: Who's "we"?*



Dear the Grim,

Do you see bats? Me too! At first I thought it was the drugs, but if your seeing them also then it must be some kind of bat conspiracy. This is much worse than I expected! I tried calling the police but I kept getting a busy signal. I think the bats have taken over! I can help you fight them, but it's going to take careful planning and resources which I will do from home but I'm going to need some money to get started. Send me a check or money order for at least \$1000.000 (no credit card orders, but if you want to send me a credit card with your personal info that would be fine) to: Lenny, Leader of the Bat Resistance 8089051 Rural Route C, Vastelands, GX 20107050.5

*Ed: The bats are on our side, Lenny, Aren't you?*



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# ONE DIMENSION

-- Jymi X/0, Editor-in-Chief

The Inter'Net is a wonderful place. It is the "new frontier" — many digital pilgrims have already begun to make their homes there, and we're seeing settlements grow as businesses and families expand toward new electro-horizons. Sure, they may seem primitive to us so far, with poor resolution and slow event-point transitions, but I believe that with experience and patience, we'll be able to sail the infinite cyber-vistas as easily as we might travel to the Ookalazam Fiddly-on-the-Gork celebration, or to the shores of Cradable-Eek for a day of liquid leisure activity, or even to Cleveland.

Yes, the Inter'Net is still in its infancy (okay, maybe toddlerhood), yet already the vultures have descended en masse to pick it to bits before it can even establish itself. Not content with most of the minds on one plane of reality, they feel they have a right to piss all over new territory like obnoxious, narcissistic dogs.

With infinite space, you'd think that there would be enough room for everyone to do exactly as they pleased. And there is — except that certain entities (you know who you are) have set themselves up as gatekeepers, demanding an admission price before the visitors can even get through the gate. And what does a ticket cost? Brain cells. And the energy it takes to focus your momentum. The prospect of 'monetization' makes everything okay, right?

I get online. I have a goal. I know exactly what I want to do, and I'm the most efficient...researcher...in the office...and...what the hell is a Zwinky? Why would I want one? And what are those dancing silhouettes all about? My god, they're annoying! If I ever saw anyone dancing like that in real life, I'd want to put my boot up their ass.

The signs are impossible to ignore.

If this is what people enjoy on their Inter'Net, think what their "real" world must be like. Citizens of Gri'x, this is an opportunity for us to make a difference in the lives of those less fortunate than us. Would you want your children to grow up in a society where an inability to spell is a point of pride? Where no one considers that

shopping for punk rock clothes at the mall just might be a paradox? Where finding reasons to be offended is more fun than, say, writing a story? Where the ubiquitous availability of emoticons that make insulting noises is considered "progress"?

Some people say that if that's the type of thing the people want, then they have every right to have it, and we should leave them to the downfall they crafted for themselves. There will always be another crop, so why concern ourselves with an illusionary world that's obviously running on fumes? I agree. Let nature run its course. However, do they know that there are other options? Besides that, some of us are still down there, and these citizens-to-be deserve the opportunity to get out while the gettin's good. We have to throw them a rope or an inner tube or a chainsaw or something — give them a sporting chance to step aside before they get harvested along with the herd.

We here at the Grim are doing our part — we're making a concerted effort to extend the Grim's circulation in the lower Sephiroth. Before, one of the weekend magazines would make it down there once in awhile. We're stepping it up, though, and sending as much of the daily press through as often as we can. That world only has a few more years before it's nothing more than an inanimate, worm-infested corpse.\*

This is the biggest, most important deadline we've ever had.

If this makes sense to you, get your butt (or whatever comparable body part you've got) down there now and then and join the rescue effort. It's not like it's going to take forever. No one's asking you to carry anyone; just wake people up and see if they find their way here on their own. It's like a game!

\*Not that there's anything wrong with that.

# Robert Anton Wilson Visit Declared

## “Wild Success,” “Glorious Fiasco”

by Dink Winkum, GXTV Anchor,  
special to the GRIM

GRIMAGIX (GPI): Robert Anton Wilson, local hero and author of a series of popular reality guidebooks (most notably *The Illuminati! Trilogy*, co-written by Robert Shea), stopped in Grimagix recently on his recently-begun tour of the different frequencies of the electromagnetic spectrum. His reception here Monday evening rivaled that of visiting royalty, although no heads were lopped off. Mr. Wilson spent one night in the posh Plaza del Grande. The next day, he enjoyed lunch at Nan's Burger Box.

“MR. WILSON?! MR. WILSON IS A NICE MAN! A *VERY* NICE MAN!” Nan said, when asked about his experience with his esteemed guest. He went on to enthusiastically beat the side of an aluminum soup barrel with a cast iron ladle, adding: “MR. WILSON SAT IN A BOOTH AND ORDERED FOOD! HE ATE IT ALL! EVERYTHING ON HIS PLATE! HE USED A NAPKIN TO ELIMINATE GREASE! IT WAS THE FINEST GREASE! MR. WILSON PAID HIS BILL IN FULL, AND THEN SELECTED A TOOTHPICK FROM THE AUTOMATIC DISPENSER! YES! A VERY, *VERY* NICE MAN!”

The napkin was generously donated to the Ancient and Recent Grimagix History (ARGH) society, and will be included in the Museum's R.A.W. collection, across the hall from the popular Illuminati Bastards wing.

Nan refused to relinquish the toothpick dispenser.



Robert Anton Wilson sketch by Jymi X/0

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Wilson was welcomed at Circle Square by a crowd of thousands, a brass band, a rubber band, a “Moonwalk” tent, a garishly colored pyramid-shaped piñata, several caffeinated chimpanzee representatives from Monkey Town, and what was best described by one celebrant as “a major butt-load of confetti”. The Grand Grotesque adopted the shape of a large apple for the occasion. Mayor-of-the-Week Orthomung presented Mr. Wilson with the key to the city and a crate of fine styrofoam peanuts, then declared that hereafter, the anniversary of this day every year shall be known as “Robert Anton Wilson Day” and shall be treated as a national holiday, to be celebrated by allowing all who wished to have a day off of work, except for certain institutions.

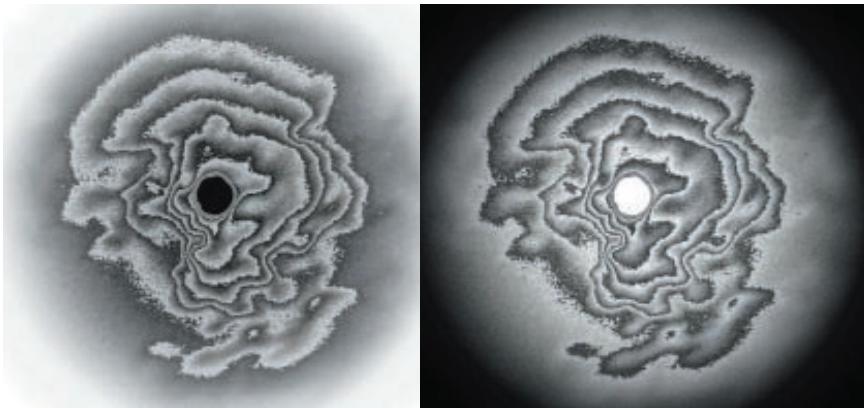
“Banks will still have to work,” Orthomung said. “Even if it falls on a Sunday, they have to go to work special. That’s what they get for being banks.”

Orthomung is one of the most popular Mayors-of-the-Week, as shown in the hourly public poll conducted by the Greater Grimagix Association for the Perpetuation of Excessive Beaucracy.

Mr. Wilson’s final stop was at the Library downtown, where he entertained the crowd with a sneak-preview reading from the manuscript of one of his newest projects, “I Was Right Where You Are Sitting Now, But Things Look More Twisty from Here.” He said that he expected to be able to visit Grimagix often, now that he knows where the off-ramp is.

# Chaos Reclaims Town

-- *Editrix*



The familiar Whorls of Gri'x made an appearance in a Malkutian settlement. -- *photos by Staff Artist Corvin Blache*

MICHIGAN (GPI): Grand Rapids is a smallish outpost town making its way from its place in the rigid fringes of Order toward the inner core, on its peaceful way to existence in the interior of the Hive planes. Or rather, it was, until Thursday afternoon when the southwest Michigan town was thrown into a tizzy by a small entropic disturbance that broke its way through the usually stable reality barrier around the city.

"It was like a big ripple in the sky, right above the City Centre, like someone opened up a trap door from above and dumped a big ol' pile of Freak Out on the whole place. Way cool!" claimed one eyewitness, giving the entire situation a hearty thumbs-up.

Terror, confusion and giddy excitement were the keywords for the better part of the day as the city found itself in the center of a weak probability storm.

"It was really just a minor breach," said Professor Thomas Hubaker, chief dimensionologist at the Institute of the Planes, Thoth University (now with a campus extension in Grand Rapids). "On a scale of one to eleven, this was maybe a 3.5 at best."

Residents will find the layout of Grand Rapids slightly unfamiliar for awhile: some buildings literally pulled themselves out of their foundations and walked around for awhile, putting down roots when they found a preferable location. Additionally,

real estate developers throughout the area were dismayed when the trees and other flora reclaimed their lands, turning most of the newer shopping plazas and business parks to rubble and quickly reforesting the ruins.

Nor were the changes limited to the landscape. Although this was thought to be an almost exclusively Human settlement, citizens all over the city and in surrounding areas began to lose the subconscious control that maintains the illusion of form, physically reverting to manifestations of their true selves.

The Planar Assistance League is calling on everyone to welcome Grand Rapids and its residents, and make their transition back to multidimensional existence as easy as possible. However, the city's officials and prominent families have been working hard for years to move the area closer to the center of Order, and there is a lot of bad blood between them and the more diverse areas of the multiverse. Some reckoning is to be expected before the city can really find its place. Surprisingly, a lot of the retribution is coming from the citizens themselves.

"Grand Rapids has always had a small but powerful Chaos underground," said one member of said underground who asked not to be identified (preferring instead to remain covered in syrup). "We've been waiting for something like this for a long, long time. When we were closer to the Order planes it was hard to get anything accomplished -- they'd just come around and clean it up as soon as we made any progress. But now we're really coming into our own."

*See related story in  
SCIENCE, page 22*



Michigan is a land split asunder. Grand Rapids, shown here, is often in the underneath bit.

# Parasitic Prophet Pronounced Ka-Put

*Spazz McFluff, Sraff Writer*

GRIMAGIX (GPI): Members of an elitist cult were stunned to learn that their leader, a seven foot talking worm who goes by the name of 'Roger', is actually an overweight periodontist who coincidentally wears the most visually unpleasant necktie in the history of the Exoverse.

'Roger', whose real name is Baxter Orniphelious Wedgefoot revealed his true identity to an enormous crowd of shocked cultists at their annual inter-dimensional religious gathering known as 'Wormfest'. He then went on to beg them to stop giving him their money as he was quite definitely extremely wealthy, and was indeed becoming too rich and was running out of places to put any more of the donated funds.

"It's not like I don't want their money." He told reporters in a press conference earlier that day. "I would gladly keep it except I'm just plain running out of room. When the storage fees start costing more than what the actual value of the monetary denominations are worth, it's time to put a stop to it."

Cult members commented on why they believed Wedgefoot held such sway over them

for so long: "It was the tie." One cultist told this reporter, "For all those years I was so distracted by that hideous tie that I just never paid attention to the man wearing it. I would have believed just about anything if only to avoid gazing upon the wretched sight that horrible excuse for neck-wear."

Yet another cultist had this to say: "One minute I was beholding our beloved prophet right there on the main stage, and then he removed that foul neck-tie. Suddenly, standing before me was this ordinary fat guy with bad gums and a receding hairline. I was so confused I accidentally gave the wads of cash in my hands to a homeless guy!"

The former cult leader was promptly dragged from the stage by angry cultists and given a champagne enema before being dissected and eaten as the friendly gathering digressed into a full blown orgy of wanton blood-lust. Having sated their appetites for gristly human flesh and revenge, the cultists had puppies and ice cream, and then eventually wandered off in search of a new messiah.

No one is sure what happened to the tie.

## Decree of the Emperix:

ON THIS DAY OF 5/17/23, I HEREBY DECREE THAT FLYING IS A BASIC RIGHT, AND THAT EVERYONE SHALL HAVE THE ABILITY TO DO SO SIMPLY BY PUSHING THEIR OWN PERSONAL "PAGE UP" BUTTON.



**SALAD SNIPER:****Melon Maniac Catapults Cantelopes****Watermelon Warrior Launches Lunch***Jymi X/0, Staff Writer*

GRIMAGIX (GPI): Reports have been coming in from across the land about a well-dressed, unidentified winged man who flies down from the sky and shoots watermelons from a bizarre hand-held contraption.

So far no injuries or damages have been reported, though the perpetrator has inspired more than a few delicious and refreshing fruit salads, widely known to attract gnats.

The fruit flinger's motive is unclear. After pelting the place with pulp, he makes his getaway into the sky. Some eyewitnesses have reported hearing a strange "giggling" noise as the culprit flies off.

He seems to be attracted to bright colors, shiny objects and movement. A bread company delivery driver (who spoke with this reporter only on condition of anonymity) claims her special purple delivery van, equipped with sirens and flashers, was hit hundreds of times as she drove around and around the block, lost in a new subdevelopment.

"I didn't know where I was. He just kept shooting my truck with fruit. I was screaming for him to stop, but he followed me everywhere I went. I'm glad our boss, Mr. Ruphdinkska, installed that Kevlar siding on the trucks 'just in case'. It keeps the bread fluffier, too."

Not everyone is worried about the vegetation vigilante's antics. Another eyewitness, who spoke with



*Only known photo of the culprit; courtesy of GXU Annex 12 surveillance camera*

this reporter only on the condition that he be given a big bag of gummyworms, had this to say:

"I WANT ONE! I WANT ONE! I WAAAAAANNNNT OOONNNNEEE!" He then danced from foot to foot and offered to pee on a passing schnauzer. "I bet I can spit farther than you, too," he added.

If anyone has any information regarding the fruit flyer, please do not contact the Grimagix Police Department, as they'll be busy for the next few days rehearsing for the Tri-City Emergency Services Talent Show, in which they'll be performing a science-fiction adaptation of Hubert's classic musical, "A-Dingle in the Bin."

## **GRIMAGIX ENJOYS AUTUMN LEAVES: Law Enforcement Officials Promote Safe Autumn Fun**

-- *Editrix*

As Fall paints the Land with color, Bimp County Sheriff Dank Dander would like to remind citizens that piles of colorful leaves might, hypothetically, make excellent hiding places for hardened criminals, like the ones that may or may not have escaped the Bimp County Prison late last night. Sheriff Dander says that leaping into the leaves may provoke the alleged escapees, if they existed, resulting in grievous bodily harm as well as potentially unlimited property damage, particularly if the escapees had ingested several cases of explosive snack cakes just before their alleged escape, which, of course, they'd never be allowed to do.

"Bimp County Prison security is top-notch," said Sheriff Dander. "Of course, we want to avoid any implication that they might not kept a watchful eye on their charges, thus allowing anyone like Jack 'Black Phlegm' Cargill, or 'Spiteful' Bill McDougal, the 12-time Murder Guy, or Rotten 'Hank Taylor' Bastard, to waltz through the gates unnoticed while the guards were distracted by shiny new pennies. Nor could kidnapper 'ShitPail' Samantha Shinshaw, her silent-but-deadly partner Thonk, or any members of the infamous 'Skunk Slush Gang' be on the loose this very moment.

"If they were, you can be sure that the Bimp County Detectives would have apprehended the villains by now, so that Citizens and Dreamers alike could continue to enjoy a safe, beautiful Autumn in our fair city, without worrying about any ne'er-do-wells discovering ways to morph into a protoplasm-like substance at will and slide through the smallest openings and cracks in the dark of night when the entire household is asleep and at its most vulnerable."

# Congressional Collaborations Conquer Criminal Conduct

Spazz McFluff, Staff Writer



GRIMAGIX (GPI): In a landslide victory, members of the 123rd Upper Wezzyde Brigade of Tourists who were Accidentally Elected into Congress (UWBTAEC 123) voted unanimously to pass into law a decree to make unlawfulness completely illegal.

A spokeswoman, identified as one Lucidia Lunchcart (Bandwagon), offered commentary. "The people have spoken," Lucidia said from her significantly tall podium high atop the Equestrian Center of Pomosity in a press conference earlier today. "They are sick and tired of the growing threat of unlawful behavior in their beloved city."

The cheerful crowd of nearly seven people responded with mild applause, shrieking whistles, uproarious laughter, horrific bouts of screaming, deliberate vegetable throwing, an occasional sneeze and four very distinct guffaws.

"Essentially, what the new law means," the very

lovely Miss Lunchcart (Bandwagon) told this fortunate reporter later in an exclusive interview over a pleasant meal of kippered fish heads and other savory delights at a well known outdoor café nowhere near the Wezzyde, "is that anyone caught breaking any laws will face the full brunt of law enforcement officials." When asked just which instilled laws could possibly be broken in the first place, Miss Lunchcart (Bandwagon) replied that those laws will be established sometime in the near future right after some holidays and vacations have been taken care of.

As it stands now the UWBTEAC 123 is not scheduled for another session for at least six or seven years, depending on the earlier vote some thirty years ago on permanent pension plans for early retirees. In fact, this was the first official session in twenty-six years. "It's a tough three or four hours of deliberation. A lot of the members are just getting back from tropical destinations and are very, very tired," Lucidia said. "Plus, most of them are over a thousand years old so they wear

down very quickly, thus needing lots of vacation time after such important and stressful decision making."

The decision was refuted by the Society of Outlaw Discordian Scofflaws (SODS) in a note written on a torn piece of a brown paper bag that smelled of a stale substance that may or may not have contained some form of alcohol and passed to this reporter under the door of the stall in the men's bathroom of a nearby thrift shop said that the law was quote, "Very, very, very, very, silly."

It's this reporter's opinion that the new law will be very effective in swiftly bringing every no goodnik, dirty rotten scoundrel, rascal, ne'er do well, juvenile delinquent, bandit, conman, scurvy-dog, whipper-snapper, crook, thug, murderer, and criminally insane deranged maniac in this great city to their knees and into the imposing presence of our fair but tough justice system.

So there it is.

— Spazz McFluff

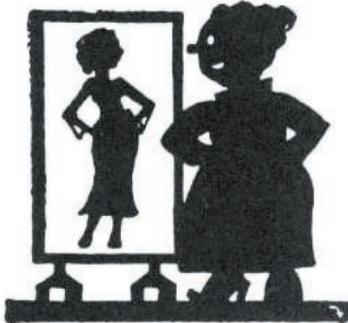
*The male lizard entices the female lizard with a carefully selected assortment of shiny objects.*

LOST: Aproximately 6,487 cubic square feet of top quality lard during last nights gay evangelical disco revival at Ken's Fish Fry and Boutique. Reward! Call 13-5-714-74-289-3-576-1.9

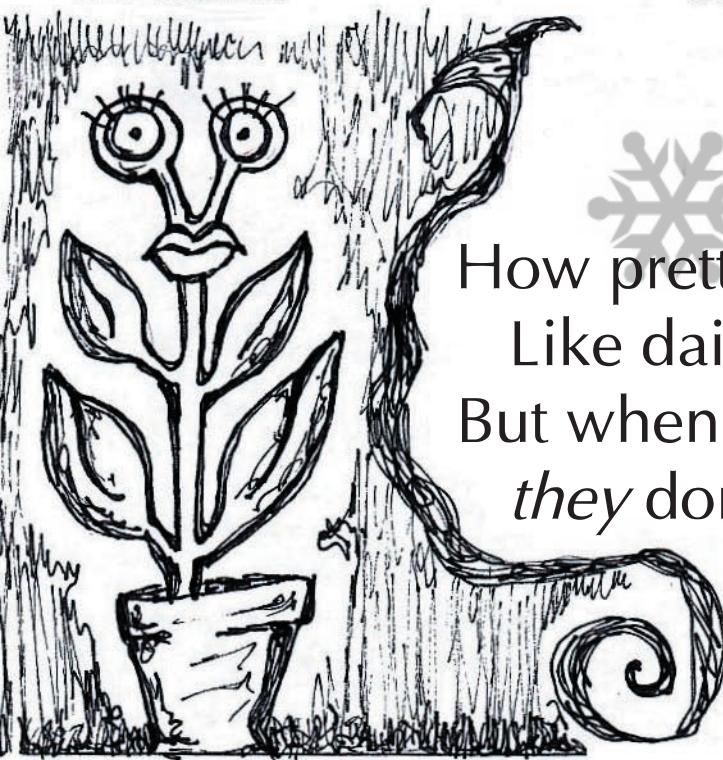
LOST: Me. Has anybody seen me? I'm 9' 8", 572 lbs., unkempt brown hair, big bushy beard, beady little eyes, a rather unsightly bulbous nose, and I answer to "Wiggles." I was last seen coming out of a pub called The Moosedribble last Saturday evening around 11:00pm. I was wearing a long overcoat made of mangy mammoth fur, grubby woolen pants and a green derby that I won from a leprechaun last year in a poker game. I don't wear shoes. If anybody has any information as to where I am please call me at 1-13-4034-97169-B-11-PU8 and ask for Howard of the Loam.

**MORE  
CLASSIFIEDS  
PAGE 38**

**LOSE WEIGHT, NOT MASS!**



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How prettily snowflakes whirl around!  
Like dainty ballerinas poised.  
But when the *snowflakes* hit the ground,  
*they* don't make that 'splatty' noise.

-- Jymi X/0

## Seismic Events Prompt Confectionery Spasm

Jymi X/0, Staff Writer

A recent series of earthquakes in the neighboring Malkoot Iteration has a local Grimagix bakery working overtime.

"Cakes for Quakes" is a popular new program developed by Master Baker Quando Ruphdinksyi. He and his team of apprentice bakers at the Batter Up Bakery have created more than 3,000 cakes over the past week -- and their work has been turning up in unusual places.

"Everything's pretty shaky over there," says Mr. Ruphdinksyi. "And we thought, 'Hey! Why not turn it into a game? Something to celebrate? Something that calls for a cake?' 'Cause what do 'quake' and 'shake' both rhyme with? Right! So we got to work."

The idea of the 'game' is that every time the Iteration experiences a seismic quiver, everyone within a 300-mile radius of the epicenter will receive one of Quando's cakes



Path presented a problem at first, but this was quickly resolved by invoking previous agreements with the Goetic Council. A squadron of Lesser Demons are at the ready to deliver the cakes en masse at a moment's notice.

Those who redeem the coupons are entered in the VaCAKEtion SWEETstakes. 100 winners will receive a week-long nap and an escort to the dream location of their choice.

(along with a sheet of coupons inviting them to take advantage of additional special offers). Getting the cakes back to Malkoot through the

"This is a great gig," said Boggles Jones, a Demon serving on the Lemon Chiffon Team. "It's a nice change from leaving roofing nails on highways or poking at babies."

Others are not so enthusiastic. Grimagix Assistant Acting Mayor-of-the-Week Kathrine Lambast poo-pooed the idea, saying that the Goetia should be able to find something more useful to do with their time and resources. According to a City Hall Spokesperson, the official new motto of the Mayor's Office is: "Babies: What's wrong with poking at them?"

Regardless of opinion, the event has brought swarms of confused, coupon-waving Sleepers to the shop. The excitement is building, though more than a few Grimagix locals have said that if Ruphdinksyi doesn't stop making terrible baking-puns, they're going to throw rocks at him.

# DON'T BE A STICK IN THE MUD!



That's me Murl Hickabilly, prorpr-purit-proprry-owner of Murl's Towing!

There's Elmer (Elmer's my best friend) at the races last year!



Howdy folks! I'm Murl of Murl's Towing and I'm just crazy 'bout tow trucks. So crazy that I went and bought me that one that's been sittin' down there in back of Ziebarr's fer what musta been the better part of forty years and now I'm gonna fix 'er up and get 'er runnin' real nice just as soon as my pension check comes in. She was runnin' real nice until Elmer (Elmer's my best friend) borrowed it so he could go see his sister who lives up in Tarnation County and wouldn't ya know the danged thing done runned outta oil and blew the engine plum right outta the engine hole so I gotta little more work to do on 'er, but let me tell y'all that just as soon as she's runnin' again there ain't gonna be nobody 'round these parts that'll get y'all outta the ditch faster'n y'all can say "Oh my dear lord, Murl ya gotta help me get this



car outta the ditch fast 'cause the sherriff's comin' and I don't wanna go back to the big house!" Well don't y'all fret none 'cause not only will I have the bestest tow truck this side of the Tarnation County line, but my Uncle Ed (he's my uncle on my mother's side) plays Pinochle with the sherriff's cousin Mable every Thursday night so he can put in a good word fer ya. She's a real nice lady an' I think Uncle Ed (my uncle on my mother's side) is kinda sweet on her though he'll never admit it. So if'n y'all find yerself stuck in the muck give us a holler, though our phone's been out since that big wind storm a few years back but y'all can call down ta Ziebarr's an' he'll take a message. It shouldn't be too long fer us ta git it 'cause he makes a mighty fine meat wad and damn if we just can't seem ta git enough of them things. Mmm-mmm!

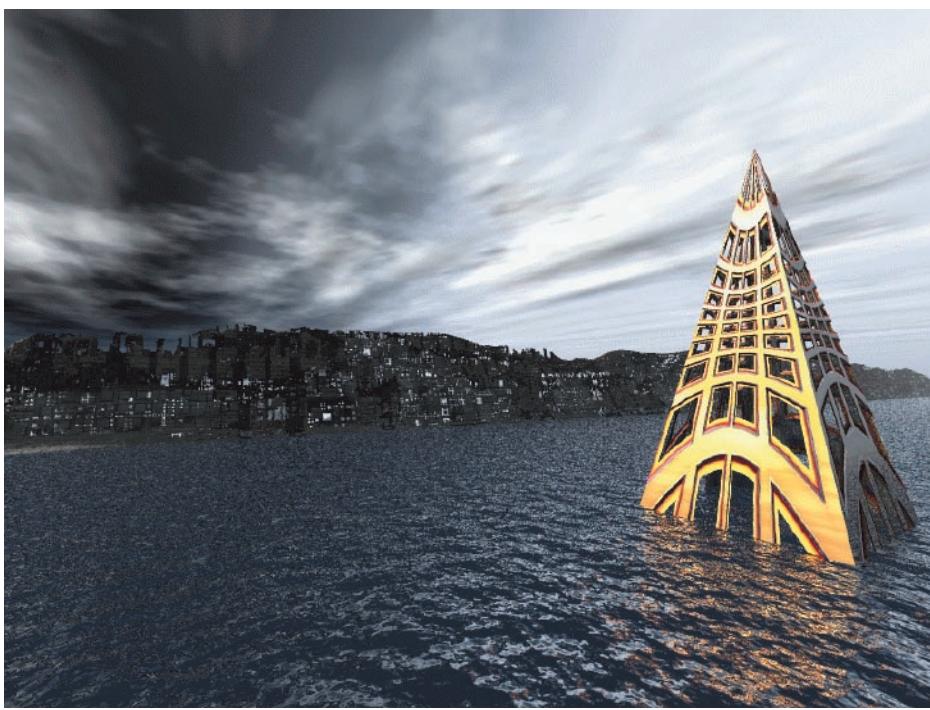


My Uncle Ed. He drinks a lot.

# MURL'S TOWING

# Additional Coastline Discovered: Grimagix Shoreline Grows

--Editrix



GRIMAGIX (GPI): Earlier this week, Grimagix University archeology students, while taking a break from their field trip at a souvenir stand near the South Beach Cliffs, made a startling discovery: a great sweeping expanse of shoreland, complete with what appears to be the still-smoking ruins of an enormous city and, several hundred feet offshore, a mysterious pyramid-shaped golden monument protruding from the surface of the ocean.

the Grim was able to speak with some of the students present at the site.

"I didn't even want to go on this dumb field trip," said freshman Danielle Latmush. "I was hanging out at the lunch counter, and I was going to buy a couple of granite arrowheads for my sister. She likes that kind of (stuff). Then I heard someone yelling, and I looked over there, and we could see, like, all

these old buildings. They looked all burnt up and stuff. It was dumb."

Professor Jargon Hopkins-Dipple was too busy filling out grant forms to conduct an interview at this time, but his students were happy to discuss the ramifications of nearly 400 miles of coastline that had simply gone unnoticed before.

Harris Blik, a third-year archeology major, explained: "We were all, 'WAAAAAAAH!!' And he's all, 'WHOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!' It was all, like, there and (stuff), right? And she goes 'YAAAAAAAHHH!' And I'm like 'WOOOOAAAHHHH DUUUUDE!' You know?"

the Grim will present an in-depth report on this monumental discovery just as soon as we find anyone who can discuss it intelligibly. Interested parties are welcome to contact: [editrix@thegrim.net](mailto:editrix@thegrim.net)

## New Vacant Lot Opens Downtown Today

*Jymi X/0, Staff Writer*

The lot vacated by the Mumphort Uglo last month is officially open for business today.

Buildings sprout and grow. Now and then, one grows up and leaves home. The absence of the Mumphort Uglo House, a Downtown Grimagix landmark for generations, still rubs us a little raw -- the old A-Frame building was last seen heading north on Highway 111 late one night about four weeks ago, and hasn't been heard from since.

But that's not going to stop the Mumphort Remembrance Committee from conducting groundbreaking ceremonies at the new vacant lot left by the building.

The party starts promptly at 6:00 am with a Clown Parade featuring the Finster Davis School of Mirth Ratchet Squad. The party continues with games, food, rides, and shows. Ziebarr's Hot Home Cookin' and Lube Shop is sponsoring a "Find the Basement" contest, promising a lifetime supply of Big Gorp drink coupons to be awarded to the winner.

Pop-rock darlings Oatmeal Torque will be the headlining attraction this evening at 7:00.

Several ideas have already been suggested regarding the use to which the new lot should be put. Negotiations will begin next week in City Hall room 5656, and are open to the general public.

*The female lizard raises herself to an upright position and flaps her webbing to indicate that she is ready for another drink.*

# G-VIBE JUGGERNAUT NUMBER 1 IN BICKERING LEAGUE

## TEAM CAPTAIN TRAVIS THE TROLL LEADS THE VIBE IN ANOTHER CRUSHING VICTORY

**GXI SPORTS EXCLUSIVE BY ZIPPITY LUNKHAMMER** In yet another brutal display of destructive efficiency, the G-VIBE (Grimagix 'Violent Interpretive Bickering Enthusiasts') soundly thrashed the Uptight Sniveling Elitist Louts Expertly Schooled in Snobbery team (USELESS) at last nights Full Contact 'No Holds Barred' Bickering Tournament. The VIBE took an early lead in the game when team captain Travis the Troll took on Harvey Crookensnot, the USELESS team's foremost bickering champion. Crookensnot began with some very boring



**TRAVIS THE TROLL** opening statements about the economy, some long winded nonsense about politics, and was just working his way into an anal retentive tirade about family values when from out of nowhere team captain Travis countered with a vicious blow to the head, rendering the pompous Crookensnot completely disabled. A penalty was given to the VIBE for disruption, but was quickly rescinded when the issuing referee was promptly beaten with a metal folding chair by coach Vinnie "Knuckles" Spimonicelli. The VIBE continued to dominate the game despite the USELESS team's best efforts. Their strategy included many standard techniques such as condescending tonality, derogatory statements, snide remarks, stern warnings, threatening promises and other various argumentative speech patterns that, while very effective against other teams, quickly digressed into crying, begging for mercy, howls of anguish, pleading, wailing, screaming for help, and ultimately the questioning of one's religious faiths and/or deities in the horrifying onslaught of the VIBE's merciless yet simple stratagem of brute force and a berserker mentality combined with the use of medieval like weaponry. Add that to a 'kill or be killed' philosophy and you come up with a winning streak matched by no others. Although these techniques are regarded as highly unusual in the sport of professional bickering, the VIBE's exploitation of a loophole in the 'no hold barred' ruling has led them to an unsurpassed series of victories. Their current standing has put them in the forefront in the league with an average of 698 to zero losses in the last five years, which experts agree is due to the joined efforts of team captain Travis the Troll, the VIBE's star athlete, and his uncle/coach Vinnie "Knuckles" Spimonicelli. Since joining the team, the VIBE's reputation has gone from laughing stock to one of feared reverence as the reigning champions continue to hold the record for most games won. Of course, a good portion of the wins have come simply by forfeit, as many opposing teams are scared shitless at the prospect of facing the VIBE on the playing field and have gone to great lengths just to avoid stepping into the bickering arena, including inter-dimensional flight or pre-game suicide. "These forfeitures still count as bona-fide victories fer da



TRAVIS LITERALLY BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE IN LAST NIGHTS GAME



G-VIBE," coach Spimonicelli insists. "And anyone who disagrees is more than welcome ta 'discuss' it wit Travis at amateur bickering night every Wednesday in the alley behind Rocko's Bar and Grill." At age 17 Travis himself is still considered a rookie in the league, though he has been bickering since the sixth grade. As a youngster Travis was fully human. Like many students he sought extra curricular activities such as sports to achieve acceptance among his peers. Unfortunately, he was small in stature and frail, which limited his abilities in the sports arena, thus placing him on the scholastic bickering team, as even the chess club thought he was too nerdy. His first attempts at bickering were complete failures, and just when he was on the verge of quitting forever puberty struck and with it came a fairly uncommon side affect; Ancestral Racial Regressive Genome Hastening, or ARRGH. Thus was discovered that Travis' genealogical history began with a relationship between a Troll and a woman of human descent. At first the condition was thought to be debilitating as his body started to grow at an alarming rate. But soon it became apparent that his new found strength was actually quite an asset in the world of bickering. He began to astound teachers and students alike with his aggressive style and even led his ill-fated team to victory in the state finals. His new found ability was soon noticed by his 'Uncle' Vinnie, a former boxing promoter and alleged underground crime lord, who took the young lad under his wing and introduced him to the world of professional bickering. Since then he has enjoyed a brief career in the minor leagues, literally crushing his opponents with his mighty club and has quickly become the darling of the major leagues with teams from every corner of the Exoverse vying for his skills. Coach Spimonicelli says they're going to stick it out for a while with the G-VIBE, which is the team Travis dreamt of playing for ever since he became involved with bickering as a sport. From childhood loser to brutal abuser it just goes to show that anyone can make it to the top with a little elbow grease and a great big stick!"

SPIMONICELLI

## Spontaneous Block Hockey Exacerbates Traffic Snarl

Janet Crank, Sports Desk

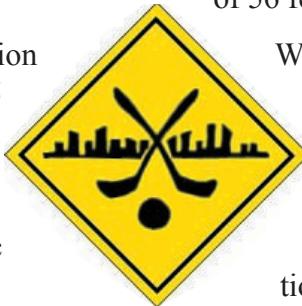
Broken glass and dark smears still cover Paddington street today, after the fantastic Block Hockey upset last night when reigning champions Hooper's Gastros took on the Unsuspecting Motorists at the height of rush hour.

Traffic was creeping along at the intersection of Paddington and East Barp at about 4:55 pm when all 47 of the Gastros exploded from their hiding places around the area, leaping and gibbering, waving their spiked Asphalt Smashers and causing a minor panic throughout the knot of cars.

Ms. Timpani Fletcher was an eyewitness who participated in the ruckus. "They came out of nowhere!" she told this reporter. "I was just driving home from whittling class, and then the entire Gastros team was in my face! It was terrific!"

Engines revved, tires screeched and body armor crum-

pled as the drivers joined the fracas. The Gastros came away from the daring ambush with 128 fractures, 12 concussions, numerous lacerations and scrapes, and one venereal disease. The goal net vector gained a total of 56 feet to the south.



With all of the Gastros sidelined in hospital, the puck is up for grabs. It was last seen under the dumpster in the alley next to Looming's Unique Muffin Shop on Barp Street. Block Hockey analysts throughout

Grimagix spent the night debating the question of which team will make the next move, with no clear favorite emerging, though the Santa Pez Yam Slappers are expected to make a strong showing sometime this week.

The Unsuspecting Motorists are discussing the feasibility of forming their own official Block Hockey team for next season.



# Feeding the Beast

Corvin Blacke

There's been a lot of talk lately about a so called 'New World Order' and the supposed puppeteers behind it. There are many conspiracy theories going around about it. Some have given the 'men behind the curtain' the name "Illuminati." Some say it's the Roman Catholic Church. Still, others believe it's the work of Satanists. And let's not forget the Extra-Terrestrials. Maybe it's Extra-Terrestrial Illuminati Satanists disguised as Catholic Priests. Maybe it's Mothers Against Drunk Driving. Maybe it's Santa Claus.

My point is, that no matter what's hiding behind the curtain we all can be sure of one thing: The majority of human life on this planet is spiraling toward its own destruction and there is nothing anybody can do about it. It's going to happen whether we like it or not. Personally, I think it's destiny for our species to eradicate itself. Perhaps I'm too cynical. Well, if I am it is the direct result of observing humanity at its finest.

Let me state that while I am not 100% into the conspiracy game, I have reason to believe that America is indeed helping

to pave the way to a one world government. I really do not need much more convincing that between the NAFTA superhighway, FEMA camps and an almost non-existent border patrol between Mexico, the USA and Canada that we are headed for the North American Union real soon. I also have no doubt this is yet one more step toward global domination. This really makes a lot of people upset. What I want to do here is examine why.

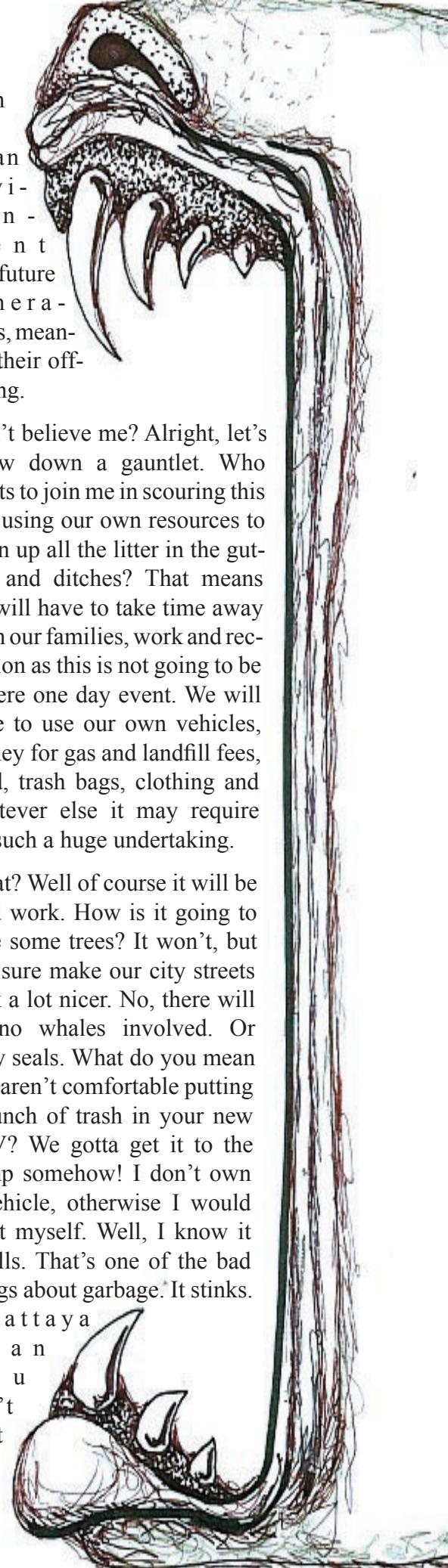
Some people will argue that our liberties are being stripped away. Some will say that we are being nurtured to a life of enslavement. It has also been presented that the 'ruling class' is planning on permanently removing up to 80% of the world's population. All these things are quite disturbing to most folk. But why? Is it because they care so much about humanity? Is it because they are true patriots? Do they feel outrage because tyranny is morally wrong?

The answer is no. All the shouting going on about these so called atrocities don't have one minuscule thing to do with the preservation of human rights. It is nothing more than self interest that drives this wagon. They don't care if soldiers show up at somebody's house and detain every last man, woman and child. Just so long as it isn't their house. Just like environmentalists. Environmentalists don't give two hoots about the Earth as a whole. Take a closer look as to the reasons why they want to 'save the Earth.' It has absolutely nothing to do with the care and nurturing of this planet. It does, however, have everything to do

with a clean environment for future generations, meaning their offspring.

Don't believe me? Alright, let's throw down a gauntlet. Who wants to join me in scouring this city using our own resources to clean up all the litter in the gutters and ditches? That means we will have to take time away from our families, work and recreation as this is not going to be a mere one day event. We will have to use our own vehicles, money for gas and landfill fees, food, trash bags, clothing and whatever else it may require for such a huge undertaking.

What? Well of course it will be hard work. How is it going to save some trees? It won't, but it'll sure make our city streets look a lot nicer. No, there will be no whales involved. Or baby seals. What do you mean you aren't comfortable putting a bunch of trash in your new SUV? We gotta get it to the dump somehow! I don't own a vehicle, otherwise I would do it myself. Well, I know it smells. That's one of the bad things about garbage. It stinks. What a mean you can't get the



day off? How about Saturday? You have to go to your sister's wedding. Say, how much trash do you think that will generate?

Think I'm joking? Go ahead. Try to organize a city-wide cleanup in your region. See how many volunteers you get that are willing to pool their resources to get it done without the help of the local government or a private sponsor. The fact of the matter is, no one gives a damn about their immediate environment. It's just not fashionable. Now if it had something to do with cute, little forest creatures that live in some remote jungle far away from home, then you are speaking the language of real environmentalists. The fact is, aside from a handful of truly dedicated people, most self-proclaimed environmentalists are nothing more than over-privileged lazy media junkies with nothing better to do than get 'involved' because they're bored and all their friends are doing it...except they never actually do anything except talk. You will not find so much as a trace of yuppie scum anywhere near a forest except for a few SUV tracks left behind when they went home from their vacation. That is not to say they are bad people. Just lazy, selfish and misinformed.

Patriotism in this country, like environmentalism, has also lost most of its meaning. Most of you who tout the old adage of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness always forget to mention that what they really mean is that those rights apply to them and to Hell with everybody else. Self interest. That the real monster we all should fear. Hell, I'm guilty of it. I don't deny it. Look out for Number One. That's how I was raised. Don't tell me that you think for one minute I wouldn't step on your head to

get out of a burning building to save myself and my own. Damn skippy. You would, too. That's what we've been groomed for.

### *The great conspiracy has been generated by our own lack of morals and ethics.*

And just exactly who is doing the grooming? Is it the Government? Is it the Pope? Is it The Illuminati? The answer is no. It is you. It is me. It is we the people. The great conspiracy has been generated by our own lack of morals and ethics. By our greed. By our self interests. I hear a lot of people say that the problem is that no one cares about their community anymore. And why is that? Maybe it's because we, as a nation, have outgrown our small communities. The ever-expanding population and daily media blitz have eradicated the true meaning of community.

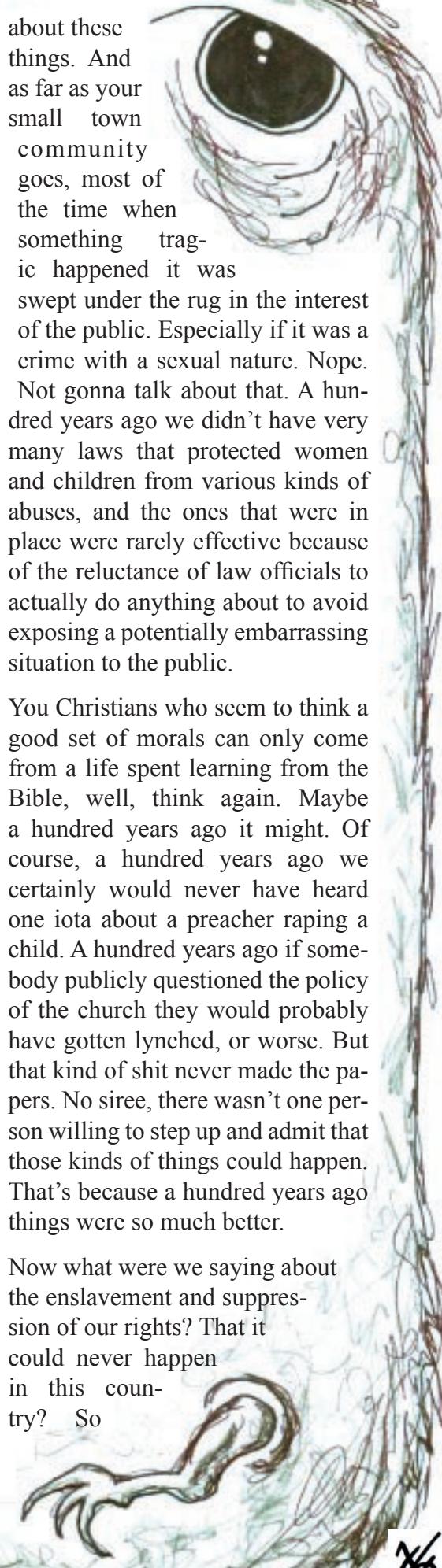
It has been said that a hundred years ago (relatively speaking) we didn't have problems like this. A hundred years ago people had a good, Christian upbringing and had respect for their community. Well guess what? A hundred years ago we also didn't have instant access to the vast multitudes of information that we do now. The only reason you didn't hear about all the terrible things happening in the world a hundred years ago is that by the time the pony express delivered the news about some awful tragedy in another state or country it was completely irrelevant to anyone who might possibly care!

It didn't mean that things weren't happening. You simply did not have so much media access to learn

about these things. And as far as your small town community goes, most of the time when something tragic happened it was swept under the rug in the interest of the public. Especially if it was a crime with a sexual nature. Nope. Not gonna talk about that. A hundred years ago we didn't have very many laws that protected women and children from various kinds of abuses, and the ones that were in place were rarely effective because of the reluctance of law officials to actually do anything about to avoid exposing a potentially embarrassing situation to the public.

You Christians who seem to think a good set of morals can only come from a life spent learning from the Bible, well, think again. Maybe a hundred years ago it might. Of course, a hundred years ago we certainly would never have heard one iota about a preacher raping a child. A hundred years ago if somebody publicly questioned the policy of the church they would probably have gotten lynched, or worse. But that kind of shit never made the papers. No siree, there wasn't one person willing to step up and admit that those kinds of things could happen. That's because a hundred years ago things were so much better.

Now what were we saying about the enslavement and suppression of our rights? That it could never happen in this country? So



does that mean the Victorian age never happened? Does it mean that Witches were never burned in Salem? That the Indians weren't killed, beaten, raped and tortured and removed from their lands and forced to live in poverty on mere shadows of a great nation they once called their home? Were there no Black slaves kept in the South? Did women always have the right to vote, and do more with their lives than breed, cook and clean? Then I guess it certainly must be true that since all those things never happened then there is absolutely no way it was all done by people with a good, Christian upbringing.

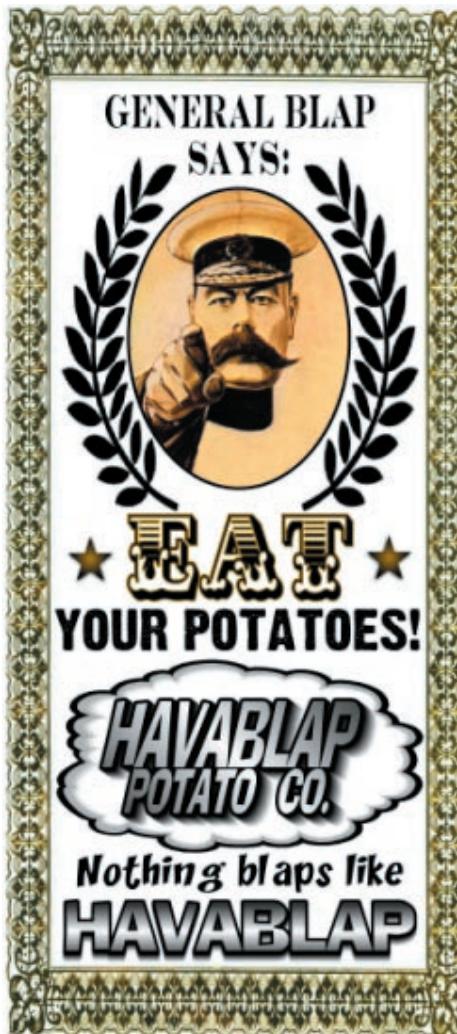
The fact is, this country was founded on **OPPRESSION**. There has not been one generation of people reared in America today that has not witnessed, inflicted or experienced some form of oppression. Enslavement and the abandonment of human rights are the American way of life. I really don't understand why the self proclaimed patriots are upset about losing our rights. We never had them in the first place! The one constant in the history of the United States of America is that somebody, somewhere was being oppressed. Indians. Blacks and other minorities. Women. Children. Heretics. The Poor. The only ones who have ever had freedom in this country were the elite, the 'ruling class.'

And we let it happen. From day one those with the money and the political connections, the power as it were, said, "You're going to do this, this, this and that, and here is what you get in return." And we said, "Okay." At any time each and every one of us could have stood up and said NO.

The problem is, we have to stand up together. If one or two of us stand

up at time, the only thing that will happen is a good swift kick in the ass. If everybody stood up at once things would be quite different. And when I say everybody, I mean everybody. Not just the citizens. But that'll never happen, because even the good patriots in the military and police forces know that if they stand they will lose what is most important to themselves: their own self interests.

Oh-oh. I just did a big no-no, didn't I? I just spoke out against the good people in the military. Now I'm in for it. You can't just go around bad mouthing the good patriots who are defending our liberties. Well, defending someone's liberties, anyway. Certainly not mine. And please, don't give me your rhetoric. Not one veteran alive today has fought in a



war that even remotely had anything to do with the defense of this nation. Even WWII turned out to be a farce. Our country wasn't fighting for our freedom in that terrible conflict. Granted, there was a serious threat to national security, but recent findings have shown proof that Pearl Harbor could have been avoided had the president at that time acted. Instead, it was allowed to happen. Why? Self interest. Money.

I know it hurts to admit that many of you bravely fought for what you believed to be right, only to find out it was all for nothing more than somebody else's self interest. But the sad truth is, you did not fight for the liberties of this country. You fought, and died, in the name of profit. But you have no one to blame but yourselves. At anytime you could have stood down. A real patriot would most definitely question his commanders orders to go fight and kill an enemy on foreign soil. But you weren't trained to question orders, were you? None of us are. We are all a product of a society that conditions us to obey. And those barking the orders are counting on each and every one of us to jump on command. What they are not counting on is that we have the ability to make a choice. It's up to us to choose.

Instead, we glom onto the shiny things offered to us at places like Wal-Mart and Best Buy. We spend hours in front of the TV letting somebody else use our imaginations for us. We agree when they say we need a certain amount of material goods to be happy. We settle for a sub-standard education from the public school system that WE pay for. We watch our kids get fat due to hours of inactivity. We eat too much. We value our possessions more than we value other humans. We are let-

ting it happen. The choice has been made. So quit complaining about your liberties. They were never yours to begin with. You traded them for shiny baubles and candy.

Anyway, why should we fear a one world government? Because they want to wipe out a good majority of the human race in their own self interest? Well, how many times have you said, dreamed or fantasized about that very thing for yourself? The truth is, you're just angry because you probably won't have a place on this Earth in the New World Order. Unless they keep you for a slave, that is. But, I have a feeling even the 'slaves' will be of better stock than the typical American. And you environmentalists, you've been saying for years that the planet would be better off without so many people on it. I guess you're about to get your wish! In fact, a lot of the legislation passed in this country in regards to environmentalism has helped pave the way for it to happen. You see, what many of you fail to realize is that we have all been pawned. Religious groups, you have been used as a tool of control. Patriots, you have spread fear in the name of vigilance. Military and Police, you have become the means to enforce these rules on your own people. And you will do it when the order comes. You will not stand down. You will shoot, and you will kill. Just in case, though, there is a back up plan. Foreign soldiers. They are already here, so it's all covered.

And we're just letting it happen. We have mired ourselves in the cesspool of our own self interests. There is no conspiracy. A conspiracy would imply a much better job of secrecy than there is now. You conspiracy buffs haven't done anything except prove that the plan is working. You see only what they allow you to see. They are not in hiding. They have been wide open for anybody to see all along. All you had to do was look with the right kind of eyes. But most of us refuse to see it happening. There is no conspiracy. There is only a nation of fools waiting to be led like sheep to a slaughter. God won't save us. Jesus isn't coming back. Allah won't help you.

You bought the ticket.

Now ride the ride.



19

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## The Inquisitor's Lament

by Jymi X/0

I've cracked his knuckles,  
I've screwed his thumbs,  
I've rubbed ground glass  
into his gums.

I've poured hot soup  
into his eye --  
But he won't confess,  
or even cry.

I stretched him out  
upon the rack.

I piled up ten stone  
on his back!

I filled his ears  
with shaving creme,  
but he won't shriek,  
and he won't scream.

I poked a poker  
up his nose.

I danced the Mamba  
on his toes.

I took out his tonsils  
with a spork --

But --

Oh!

He's dead!

I love my work.

Foreign troops on US soil:

[http://www.abodia.com/911/Articles/1/Foreign\\_Troops.htm](http://www.abodia.com/911/Articles/1/Foreign_Troops.htm)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bNKMlhj4ARY&feature=related>

New World Order:

<http://www.infowars.com/>

<http://educate-yourself.org/nwo/>

FEMA camps:

<http://www.globalresearch.ca/index.php?context=va&aid=7763>

<http://www.mindfully.org/Reform/2004/FEMA-Concentration-Camps3sep04.htm>

NAFTA Highway:

<http://www.lewrockwell.com/paul/paul349.html>

[http://www.worldnetdaily.com/news/article.asp?ARTICLE\\_ID=56276](http://www.worldnetdaily.com/news/article.asp?ARTICLE_ID=56276)

North American Union:

<http://www.americanpolicy.org/pdf/NAUFS-new.pdf>

[http://www.jonesreport.com/articles/061207\\_nafta\\_real.html](http://www.jonesreport.com/articles/061207_nafta_real.html)

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED ON THESE SITES

ARE NOT NECESSARILY DECLINATIONS OF THE AUTHOR'S PARANOIA.

# THE HELL YOU SAY

-- *Satan HimSelf*

*The Prince of Darkness sits down to his morning coffee and newspaper...*

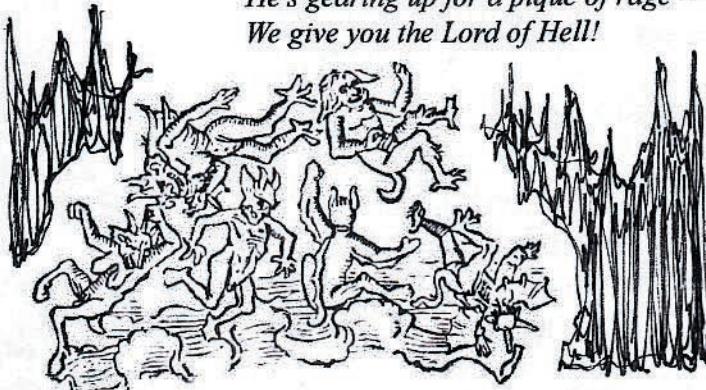
"ROME - The U.S. Justice Department has told a Texas court that a lawsuit accusing Pope Benedict XVI of conspiring to cover up the sexual molestation of three boys by a seminarian should be dismissed because the pontiff enjoys immunity as head of state of the Holy See."



## SPLUTTER! CHOKE!

Chorus of Demons:

*He spit coffee on the front page,  
A sign that all's not well!  
He's gearing up for a pique of rage --  
We give you the Lord of Hell!*



## I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH DESPICABLE BLATHER!!!

Humans! ...immune to the...!!! No, no, I can't have read that right...let me keep reading...

"Keisler's motion was not unexpected, as the Vatican Embassy in Washington had asked the U.S. government to issue the immunity suggestion and do everything it could to get the case dismissed."

Well, I'll be damned (again).

In their Bible I am called "Accusor!" And though I have always taken issue with that scathing title, today I shall step forward and accept it gladly!

**I ACCUSE! I ACCUSE THEM OF DECEPTION!  
I ACCUSE THEM OF CONSPIRACY! I ACCUSE THEM OF ALLOWING THEIR LOVE OF POW-**

**ER TO ECLIPSE THEIR SENSE OF DUTY! AND MOST OF ALL, I ACCUSE THEM OF SENTENCING THOSE CHILDREN TO A LIFETIME OF TORMENT!!**

At this point, I don't even care if the Pope himself actually committed these horrific deeds. The very fact that he so willingly invokes this ridiculous "immunity clause" renders him guilty! Is he not the head of the Church? Is there not a terrible sickness raging through the body of the Church? Should he not follow his calling and do everything he can to expose this vile disease to the fresh air of Truth? **IS IT NOT HIS HOLY DUTY TO BLAST IT OUT OF EXISTENCE??!!**

Apparantly not! It would seem that his holy duty is, instead, to **COVER HIS OWN POSTERIOR!**

Chorus of Demons:

*EYE-EM-EM! YUU-EN-EYE-TEE-WHY!  
It's good to be Benny EX-VEE-EYE!*



Are these not the people who tell tales of ME of trying to usurp God Itself?!

This is what I would like to know: when they're giving their sermons and their lectures -- when they're dishing out penances in the confessional -- **HOW DO THEY KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE?!** How is it that nary a naughty grin breaks their sombre exterior? How have they managed, for all these years, to convince the members of their flock that it is **THE PRIESTS** to whom they must turn for guidance and examples?! How did they convince people to buy into the idea that they are the **PERFECT, HOLY, INCORRUPTIBLE SPOKES-PERS-SONS OF THE ULTIMATE LIGHT?**

email: [satanhimself@thegrim.net](mailto:satanhimself@thegrim.net)

Oh, yes, they have convinced the thought-less of their powers. Millions believe that they cannot speak to God without a priest to intervene.

I have no quarrel with priests who follow the true path of their calling. Despite the fact that they unknowingly spread misinformation regarding my own true work, they often help me, in part, to carry it out -- insisting that people behave according to their beliefs and live as strong individuals, and providing examples for the flock to emulate.

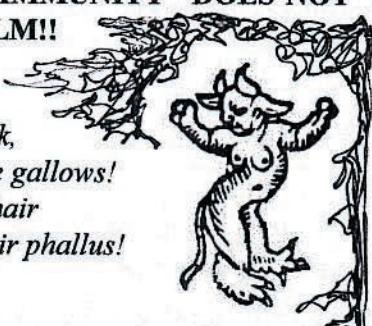
It is to be hoped that the people of Earth will begin to see the rottenness in their midst, and drive it out of power. What sort of twisted soul violates anyone -- **ESPECIALLY A CHILD** -- and then, to add grievious insult to critical injury -- retreats behind a self-sewn veil of secrecy and claims that "It's none of anyone else's business!"?

## WICKED COWARDS!!!

These are the people to whom the children were entrusted! They were supposed to provide a safe environment, a sanctuary of safety in a cruel and brutal world, in which the children could learn to deal with that cruel and brutal world outside without spiritually succumbing to it! They've made a mockery of that trust, and this I swear -- **THEIR "IMMUNITY" DOES NOT EXTEND TO MY REALM!!**

Chorus of Demons:

*They're gonna get the rack,  
and they'll swing upon the gallows!  
We'll hang them by their hair  
and then we'll vivisect their phallus!*



Hmmmm.

"Gallows" doesn't rhyme with "phallus." Whoever wrote that gets a thousand years tour of duty in Lower Hades Sewar Department.

*Small Demon is magically launched out of the chorus line: whish!*



Yahoo News. 9 Sept 2005, (No longer accessible)  
<[http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20050920/ap\\_on\\_re\\_eu/pope\\_sued](http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20050920/ap_on_re_eu/pope_sued)>

The Church tells its flock that they must hear God's word through a priest -- as if communicating with a "normal" person were somehow beneath God, or as if the "normal" person was not qualified to decipher the mysterious and cryptic messages that their Creator personally hands to them, and must turn to over to another Human to have them sorted out. Many of them simply refuse to question what they're told, and thanks to centuries of social conditioning, they truly believe that they are incapable of scaling the hights of spiritual ecstacy without a guide.

Enough of this false modesty! Enough of this enforcement of fear and uncertainty! **ENOUGH OF LETTING THIS CORRUPTION INFECT THE INNOCENT!!** If someone comes to my realm, I want them here by their own free will! Not propelled here by an evil influence that ruins them from childhood!

**HEAR ME NOW: I HEREBY DECREE THAT ALL THOSE TRULY LOST WHO FIND THEIR WAY TO HELL WILL BE GIVEN NOTHING MORE THAN A CLEAN SHOWER, A SOFT BED, A GOOD BREAKFAST, AND A MAP HOME. THE REST ARE FREE TO HOPE THAT ETERNAL CUSTOMIZED WOE IS THE LEAST OF THEIR WORRIES.**

Let us prepare the guest rooms.



Why take a bunch of crap from a God you've never seen and can't prove its existence anyway? Throw off the shackles of religious slavery and be your own God. I did it, and now you can too with this limited offer. Be the first on your block to claim God-ship. With only 12 easy payments of \$206.95\* I'll rush you my exclusive starter kit that will put you on the the fast track to omnipotence\*\*. You'll get a set of instructional DVD's, a handy field guide, a small gathering of apostles and a voice pitch changer (for added 'voice of God' effect). Act now and you'll also get for absolutely free a set of steak knives at no cost to you! Why kneel and pray like the average schmuck when you can have all the glory? It's good to be the God! Rush check or money order (no credit cards, please) to the address below:

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**ORDER TODAY!**

# Chaos Bubbles: Everyone's Favorite Weather!

Dr. Ian Forte, Science Desk

The probability storm that passed through the southwest lower Michigan town of Grand Rapids on Thursday may be over, but its effects will continue to linger -- and spread -- not only throughout the community, but across the region, possibly eventually affecting the entire plane.

That's because, unlike a regular weather disturbance, a probability storm (popularly called "chaos bubble") exists not only in the physical surroundings of its observers, but in their minds as well, via the higher dimensions that spawned the disturbance.

"People go around assuming that what they see, what they've been taught, their ideas and certainties, they figure that's reality and there's no two ways about it," said Percy the Science Clown, the Grim's science columnist and host of the popular children's show of the same name. "When that's disproven, you can never go back again, you can't unlearn it. Furthermore, you have to spread it around -- your very existence starts disproving other peoples' assumptions and screwing with their realities. If I pull a rabbit out of my (posterior), it doesn't mess with you too much. You figure I've had it in there all the time and it's just a trick. If I suddenly turn around and pull a rabbit out of *yours*, though, you might have a few nightmares, trying to come to terms with the idea." Percy offered to demonstrate, but this reporter declined.

Percy was accompanied by Professor Tomas Hubaker from the Planar Institute at Thoth University, who described the structure of a probability storm.

"It's a disturbance across several dimensions," he explained. "Like a great big rat's nest, all these phases of existence get snarled up and it has to work its own way out before it gets any better. It's going to cause a bit of confusion as it goes."

## The Dimensional Village

"Think of the second dimension: imagine a town of two-dimensional people living on this paper," Professor Hubaker continued, producing the diagrams in the inset. "They go along their daily lives, slipping sideways and back, but never leaving their flat surface, never seeing a three-dimensional object. They can't even see their entire forms as squares or triangles or

what-have-you. Everything to them looks like lines of various lengths, or non-dimensional points. They can only tell shapes by feeling around each others' perimeter. You can see clearly the dimensions below the one in which you exist, yet anything above that -- including your home dimension -- gets a bit mucky, because your perspective is right in the middle of it and you can't get a clear view. Now, how would our two-dimensional villagers react if they were visited by a three-dimensional sphere? They could examine it to their heart's content and only determine that it's a circle that magically gets larger or smaller, eventually turning into a non-dimensional point and disappearing completely. The sphere could try to explain itself, but with no frame of reference, the two-dimensioners really have no way to really understand it. It would cause a lot of confusion. Now, what if the sphere was able to pull the two-dimensional villagers up, suddenly, and change their entire perspective, allowing them to see their home and themselves for what they "really" are?

"That, in a nutshell, is precisely what a chaos bubble does."

Professor Hubaker recommends anyone interested in exploring this concept further read "Flatland" by Edwin A. Abbot.

## A New Perspective

Grand Rapids is a three-dimensional city. Does that mean that something from the fourth dimension poked its head in and caused the changes to the town?

"Fourth dimension, at least," said Percy.

Probability storms are a little more involved than Professor Hubaker's three-dimensional character. They travel through the planes, carrying pieces of the dimensions they visit along with them as they go. Though the chaos bubble that hit Grand Rapids was a relatively weak one (estimated between 3 and 4 on the Carroll Scale), it had plenty of strength in it to show the townspeople a thing or two about themselves as well as the other planes -- on both counts, territories that most of them had no idea existed.

"The nice thing about these bubbles is that they really put things in perspective," said Professor Hubaker. "It might be complete confusion for awhile as the storm

passes through, but like a nice hard spring rain seems to clean the air, when it's over, you're able to just drop so many misconceptions, assumptions and other balderdash illusions that get in the way of the true beauty of reality."



*Jeezwag VanDyke, former Amway Distributor, leaps and capers with glee*

Residents of the town were indeed surprised to find their neighbors and themselves changing physical form. The probability storm blew the entire area quite a distance away from the Order side of the Existential Balance, and once out of that jurisdiction, expectations of uniformity lost most of their strength. There are still Humans in the town, but those are

only the people who were truly Human to begin with. Now they have to share the city with neighbors who have, overnight, reverted to their true forms as Elves, Fey, Dragons, Klingons, and any number of other beings.

They had been raised in such an unquestioningly Human perspective that, before the storm, they assumed the form of Humans without ever knowing that it was just a product of their expectations as well as those of everyone around them.

Time itself is disturbed (or 'improved', as some would

have it) by probability storms. Not only are the physical changes apparent, but for those 'born in the wrong time', this is a great opportunity to immerse themselves in their true heritage. For example, a popular nightspot in downtown Grand Rapids was overrun recently by a 16th century French Royal Court. (They were there for the restaurant's specialty French fried potatoes.) When they left, several people elected to go with them.

"It's everything I always wanted!" squealed a young reveler about to depart. "I've always felt so...wrong, and out of place in this period. I feel like I'm finally going home!" It was noted that though she'd never spoken a word of French in her life, she was picking it up from her new friends at an astoundingly rapid pace, as if her mind was absorbing what she would need...or perhaps long-dormant knowledge, lingering in her subconscious, was being revived. "The best thing is that I can come back and visit my family and friends here, or wherever they end up, anytime I want!"

She was referring to the newest feature of the city, the dimensional doorways that lead to numerous portals throughout the planes, allowing travelers to come and go from any direction, like the central hub of a transit center.

"Of course, my family is a little different now, too, but I always knew my little brother was a troll anyway so it's no big deal. This just proves it."



## TROUBLE SLEEPING?



**I can help!**

For only \$12,000.001 and a spare bed you can enroll in my 12 month course on better sleeping techniques which I will teach to you right in your own home.

I am a fully licensed sleepologist with over 30 years of accumulated experience.

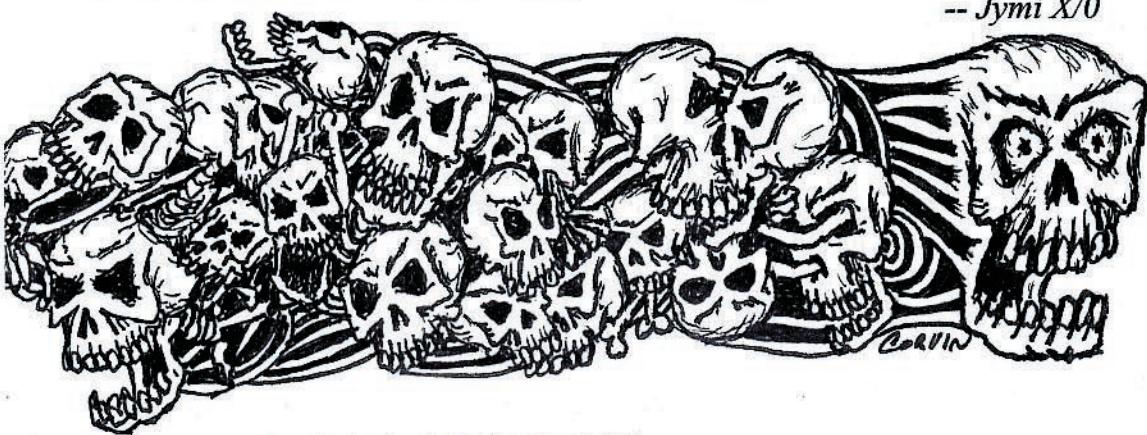


Call 1-13-0465-12-12-12-12-90000000 and leave a message for Tony.

They said the pills would make me well,  
and cure my bad behaviours.

The label said to 'Take with food,'  
and so I ate my neighbors.

-- Jymi X/0



**NEED ADVICE?**

**ASK Pork!**

By: Pork Le Monde

**PLM PROVÉ**

**FASTEST IN THE WORLD!**

### No Weighting...



Dear Pork,  
My boyfriend says that if I don't lose weight he's going to leave me. What should I do?

Signed, Lovelorn in Luisiana

Dear Lovelorn,

First thing you should do is purchase a sludgehammer, then use it to pound fencing staples into your own head for even considering staying with this creep. If you had 1/4 the sense of a labotomized meer-cat, you would have dropped kicked him in the manly bits as soon as he uttered those words from his mis-shapen face. Here's what you should do: Gain at least 100 lbs. or more and sit on his head until he cries for his mother. Then fart for a while. ~PLM

### Pork's Top Tip 'o' the Week!

*This week I'd like to pass on a little bit of wisdom from my late, great grandpa Lamonte: "Skeletonized potatoe skin deceleration won't laminate under the stairs unless you scrub your waffles up the buckboard in full view of the moonlit turkey squash demographic pelt contingent."*

### For The Birds...

Dear Pork,

I'm building a bird house for my mother-in-law's birthday and was wondering if you could give me any advice on decorating it?

Signed, Handy in the Hamptons



Dear Handy,

If I were you, and I'm not thank God because obviously there is something inherently wrong with you. But this is not a question of either your sanity or masculinity, it's about bird house decorating. Here's what you do: Go down to your local Five and Dime and pick up several packets of liquified cheese product, any color. Then start a numbers running racket in the alley behind the bar until you have enough cash to purchase the mineral rights to that old silver mine you've been eye-balling all these years. Next, hunker down with the town lumox and discuss alternative methods of windsurfing versus the techniques used by the All Gorilla Spatula Throwing Champions during the 1896 International Pancake Cook Off in South Brady, Ill. Then, pour the fluids of a diseased raccoon into a rubberized gym sock and bury it under the future site of an evangelical event and leave it there for seventeen months. Repeat steps one through nine twelve times and you'll have that birdhouse gussied up pronto! ~PLM



### Guessing Game...

Dear Pork, Guess what?

Signed, Nilly



What? ~PLM

### Fowl Play...

#### CHICKEN BUTT!

Signed, Nilly

Damn you Nilly! ~PLM



## ASK PERCY THE SCIENCE CLOWN!



Dear Percy the Science Clown,  
Guess what?

— *Nilly Rambus*

Dear Nilly,  
No.

Dear Percy the Science Clown,  
Why do spiders need all those legs?

— *Mr. E.G. Dethrage, Bracket St.*

Dear Mr. Deathrage,  
Spiders need to move quickly in any direction at a moment's notice, balance on tiny wires, and multi-task (kill, process, and consume their food, then put it in the arachnid version of Tupperware, all while balancing on said tiny wires). Besides, what else would they do with all those itty-bitty fish-net stockings?

Dear Percy the Science Clown,  
No, really. Guess what?

— *Nilly Rambus*

Dear Nilly,  
No.



Dear Percy the Science Clown,

How does evolution work? Why are so many people who are so stupid and unpleasant still alive? Shouldn't that strain have died off long ago?

— *Xorg-Ra the Bulbous*

Dear Xorg-Ra,

One would think, huh? But evolution doesn't always favor the best and brightest. It usually favors the **MOST**. If a genetic mutation creates a trait that allows an organism to survive and reproduce better than its peers, those genes are likely to be passed on to more descendants, giving them better odds than the others to survive and pass the gene on again, and on, and so forth down the line.

It would be nice to think that smarts and congeniality would give organisms the edge in the natural selection process. But the most beneficial alleles aren't necessarily the most socially positive or even remotely fun to be around. Regardless of its nature, the gene will be passed down if the carrier organisms get enough chances to reproduce. The more they reproduce, the more carrier organisms...and after a few generations of this, the mutation becomes "fixed" in the species.

In Human society, are the weak, dim-witted, or otherwise incapable culled from the herd? Nope. They're given special protection, receive charitable donations, and in some programs, encouraged to reproduce more organisms just like themselves. The genetic codes for "Pushy Ass-hat" and the "Clueless Dumbshit" are dominant in many localized human gene pools, simply because those types of people are tolerated (or feared) and allowed to reproduce at will.

So much for "Intelligent Design."

Ah, but what can we do about it? *Can* we eliminate jack-assery from the species? *Is* there a way? *How* can we steer the genetic flow so that certain traits don't get passed on to future generations...?

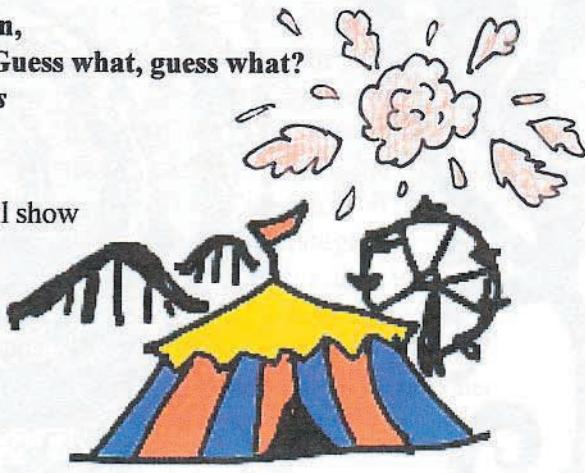
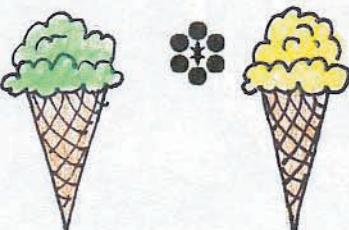
Hmmmmmm. Hmmmmmm.

Dear Percy the Science Clown,  
Come onnnnn, guess what? Guess what, guess what?

— *Nilly Rambus*

Dear Nilly,

Drop the subject, and Percy will show you how to make firecrackers.





# out of the Deep

-- BethDragon

**H**umans have given our kind a bad name. Once, dragons were thought of as gods, wise lords, protectors and great wizards. We were revered across the land and man sought after us as allies in times of human war. It was in this, our greatest mistake, that we began our journey out of man's history books.

It started with a simple act of protection. We stood guard at human stronghold entrances, hoping to shake fear into the hearts of their violent pursuers. The outcome was inevitable.

Inevitable I guess, because violence begets violence. A small golden dragon, called Adeola, was standing guard at one such stronghold, a castle along the seaside. She was pressing herself into the oncoming army when a would-be hero hurled his broad sword at her underbelly. That was when men found out that dragons were vulnerable and could be killed. Adeola turned to protect her already deeply wounded belly and pushed the man back with her tail, not intending to, but shearing the little man in two. As he fell, the army ran, and in turn, spread the news that a dragon had taken the life of a human.

Fear also begets violence. The golden dragon was bound by the Law of Drake to sleep for a millennia in isolation. So she retreated to the caverns far below our feet and lay her head down to sleep for a thousand years. She was the first, but not the last.

After the banishment of Adeola, we began taking greater care of our strength and wisdom. Some of us would deny humanity our protection, as the price of our caretaking could eventually be the undoing of the whole dragon race. Many could

not as easily walk away from the humans they had protected as they had their own children for centuries. We had learned to love and care for them as we had our own brothers and sisters.

Turning a blind eye against Drake was never a very clever idea. All of dragonkind knew that the power He held was strong enough to banish all of us to the underworld; but a good number of us chose to ignore the consequences long enough to protect our friends. This act of love and compassion would not go unnoticed, but our act of betrayal would eventually earn all that survived a very long sleep.

It was early in the 5th century when the last dragon was slain. Human records do not give a precise date, but dragonkind would remember this specific incident as most humans remember their pilgrimage to the "New World."

A male dragon, known as Obsidian, lay silent in the murky waters of his human's castle moat. An attack was made upon the castle by many armies from surrounding countries, and when it seemed no hope was left, Obsidian gathered strength and drew back his fiery breath, destroying the first onslaught of men. However, the next surge brought a warrior called Puronious who wielded not only a sword but also a long bow. Upon watching the first wave of men devoured in flame, Puronious pulled an arrow from his sleeve, took careful aim of the great Obsidian's underbelly, and waited for the great dragon to see his would be assassin. The instant the great dragon laid sight on him, he let his arrow fly and it hit its mark in Obsidian's heart. Thus, the last dragon was slain.

That is, at least, what man thought. Drake had sent all of His

remaining children into the deepest caverns, scattered across the world. There we slept while man moved us from history books into children's fairytales.

\* \* \* \*

Namid walked silently through the trees she knew so intimately. Her hands brushed bark like the hands of a familiar friend as her bare feet stepped instinctively over exposed roots. She felt the sun's rays hit her face between the gaps in the canopy overhead and she heard the birds singing against the rushing waves of the nearby beach. She inhaled the scent of fresh water and imagined it rushing up against her ankles as the sand squished between her toes. Who needed sight when you were part of everything around you?

Namid was born blind. Her parents, as well as her tribe, gave her complete freedom to explore her world. They limited her exposure at first, until they saw that she was guided by hands of the spirits. Namid would go into the forest alone regularly and always came back unharmed.

Her tribe's village was found in this forest throughout most of the seasons. They seldom moved the village, and usually only when the winter promised to be especially difficult. So, for Namid, this forest was her home. These trees were an extension of her family's wigwam. For most of her ten years, she had taken the same path through the forest to sit silently on the beach and listen to the waves crash against the shore. There she would hear the voices of the ancestors if she but quieted her mind enough.

Even so, this day was different. As Namid walked carefully through the break of the forest onto the dunes that would lead her to her

sacred place, she heard deep within herself a voice she had only ever heard from a distance. The voice had been buried beneath others before and she never really understood who spoke. But today, it was as if a dream suddenly loomed in her waking thoughts.

The voice rumbled within her stomach at first, and then it climbed up her back as if climbing a ladder from a deep pit, coming to rest on her left shoulder. She could feel the voice whispering in her ear. Never before had she experienced something like this outside of meditation. She sat down in the hot sand and felt the wind blow warm against her face. She reached forth with her heart and felt her spirit take hold of the voice as she might run her fingers through the coat of her dog. Namid coaxed it to speak to her.

"I've been sleeping." She felt the words whispered against her ear.

"Sleeping? For how long?" she mouthed the words but no sound escaped her lips. An image arose in her mind of many passing seasons. The seasons spun past her, surrounding her, and cascading over her as she felt many years of sleep, while the world moved steadily forward. "You've slept a long while." This time the words formed onto the breeze and disappeared into the crashing waves. "Where have you slept?"

The voice became like a hand that pulled her gently to her feet. She let it guide her along the top of the dune to the mouth of a cavern that she had always been wary of. The spirits had warned her of the dangers of its depths, so she had always avoided it before now. The mouth of the cave was no bigger than her wigwam, and she seemed to know intuitively that the

drop to the cavern floor would be about twice her height. She sat on the edge and dangled her feet over the lip of the cave and climbed in.

Once inside, the spirit hand began to lead her through the jagged rocks. She stepped cautiously over sharp stones and her feet softly led her closer to her goal. As she walked on for several long minutes, Namid knew she should be frightened, but felt nothing but comfort and strength rising from the belly of this cave.

"Here I am." The spirit hand stopped her in her tracks. Namid sat on her knees on the floor of the cave and stretched out her arms. She felt warm breath against her forehead. For a brief moment her heart jumped. She wondered if this were the den of a sleeping bear she had been lured into. "Here I am." The spirit said again. Her small hands reached up and felt a great snout.

She spoke aloud this time. "Brother Mukwa, why have you slept so long?" Her voice echoed back to her in the cavern, ringing with confidence.

Namid heard the spirit in her ear as her hands began to feel for the head of the bear, and found no fur. "Mukwa you may call me, but I am not a bear."

She had never felt such a creature before. His skin was cool like stone to the touch, yet it was course like bark under her fingers. Her hands explored his head and found that the expanse of it was bigger than her arms were wide. "What are you Mukwa, if not bear?" she asked tentatively. Once again she felt the spirit hand take hold of her and help her to her feet, pulling her gently forward.

"I am a son of Drake." The voice whispered softly again, this time as if just inside her left ear. "I

am the spirit of man's courage in the face of adversity." Namid's hands traveled behind Mukwa's head to his neck, both hands moving against the vast expanse. "I am like the pull of the moon over the breaking tide," he continued as she began to step around his body, her hands never breaking contact with his skin. "I am the first sunrise and the last sunset." Her hands traced his muscled shoulder and felt a hinge rupture smoothly out as a wing joint pushed awkwardly upward. "I am all these things as I was here when the world was created." Namid found her fingers hugged between velvety folds inside the wing itself, and knew that although winged, Mukwa was not a bird either. "I will continue being long after this world has died."

"Mukwa, son of Drake," she asked again fearlessly after a few brief moments "why have you been asleep for so many seasons?" She continued to pull herself around him, finding that his rocky flesh jettied out like sharp boulders at his haunches.

"It's a long story, for another time, small one." His voice remained tenderly just inside her ear. "We will have plenty of time for stories, I promise you."

Namid heard a low growl pulling from Mukwa's belly. "Certainly, you must be hungry." She said as she pulled herself over the beast's tail, which was as smooth as snake skin and flat at the tip. "What is it you eat? Tell me and I will fetch it for you."

By this time Namid had made her way completely around him, and she noted that Mukwa was nearly three times as large as any bear she had laid her hands on, either living or newly felled from the hunt.

Once again, images raced

through her mind, but this time it was if she were under water. She felt the water rush past her as she chased a school of fish with ease, swimming at speeds nearly impossible. She opened her jaw only slightly and could almost taste the fish as they washed into her mouth. "Surely I cannot bring you enough fish to satisfy your hunger!" she leaned against a heavy leg, her hands stretching still over Mukwa's skin, gently seeing him through touch. As her hand reached his foot, she found webbing, similar to the velvety folds of his wing, but between his toes. "And you are far too big to come outside yourself." She said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, I suppose you would think so, wouldn't you?" This time Mukwa spoke aloud. It wasn't the same voice she had been hearing inside her head. It was low and rough, barely above a whisper.

"You speak?" Namid could scarcely control her astonishment. She had often spoken with animals through thoughts, but she had never heard them actually speak.

"I think there is much that will surprise you, small one."

Suddenly she felt tremendous warmth expel from Mukwa. The leg that she had been leaning against began to shrink. She stood with a start, her hand remaining on his head. In mere moments the beast was no larger than a wolf. "Well, how clever of you!" she exclaimed.

"Now we can leave this cold place together," his voice seemed even deeper "and I can fetch my own dinner."

Namid left her hand on Mukwa's head and he guided her from his sleeping place to the mouth of the cave. His feet falling lightly beside her, she still felt no fear. It was as if she always known that he

was there.

At the mouth of the cavern, Namid began scaling the wall, easily pulling herself up and over the edge back onto the grassy slope. She had but a moment to wonder how Mukwa would climb from the bottom when she heard the swooshing of his wings, stretching out and shaking. She heard a sigh escape from him as he gathered his wings above him to pull him gently out of the cave. There was no flapping sound like the birds she heard in the forest. The sound of his wings was no louder than the swinging of her arms as she walked. Then he was beside her, stretching his wings, catching the wind and sun in the folds of them.

Once more the images of swimming enveloped Namid's thoughts. She could imagine the lake rolling gently around her as she swam with ease into its depths. Somehow, she knew this image was a memory of the beast, and in his eagerness to be in the water, he was sharing this experience with her.

Namid led the way as her feet moved down the dune, between the patches of grass in the sand. She walked with ease around large rocks as the sand became hot under the midday sun. The waves lapping on the shore pulled her to them, and she knew Mukwa followed at her heel.

She hadn't noticed that her heart had been racing with utter excitement until she felt the water lap playfully between her toes. She felt Mukwa beside her and opened up her mind to him. Before her, she suddenly felt as if she could see the sun and the water splashing beneath her. Uncertainly, she looked up at herself.

"How is it that I can see through your eyes?" she asked in

wonder.

"You are familiar to me in a way I cannot explain either." Mukwa put his snout in the water. As he did this, Namid caught his reflection in the pool caught in the sand at his feet. Her breath caught suddenly in her chest.

Mukwa was simply breathtaking. Beyond her imagination of his appearance through the touch of her hand, she could only but scarcely conceive just how complex he was. If she had ever seen before, Namid would notice that Mukwa's skin was the same color as the blue-green swirling waves at their feet. In fact, he appeared to become one with the water that came up around them.

As he edged his way out into the tide, he looked back at the shore and she saw herself again. Her long dark hair blew carelessly in the wind, and the fringes of her dress which had been made from the tanned hides of deer, moved as if in the same dance. She watched herself put her hands to her face, and unconsciously push loose hair behind her ear. As Mukwa turned to plunge beneath the waves she quickly pulled back into herself and sat down on the shore, water between her toes waiting for him to return.



# Paranormal Investigations

-- BethDragon

*Hello. To what do I owe this pleasure? Ah, I understand. You're not really sure of why you're here, are you? Well, why don't you have a seat and stay for a while. I'll explain everything to the best of my ability. Can I get you something to drink? You may be here a while.*

*Let's begin with introductions. My name is Aaron Singster. I am a paranormal investigator here in the bustling metropolis of Grimagix. Seeing that this is your first time visiting our lovely city, why don't we take a tour? I believe you'll enjoy our entertainment facilities as well as our vast population of citizens from all walks of life. Now, you may get a little confused from time to time, but if you bear with me, I will attempt to explain everything as we go. If you still do not understand everything fully, then simply pay attention and the answers should all present themselves by the end of our visit. Just let me get my overcoat and top hat and then we can be on our way.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Singster's redhead secretary sits at a desk filing her nails as you walk out of his office. "Since you did not come by way of the front door, you wouldn't have met my lovely secretary, Belinda." The young woman looks up and grins at you.

"Hello. Going to take a look around Grimagix, are you?" Belinda asks you. "Be sure not to miss the action down by the water. There are always so many different acts going on there all the time!" She smiles

at you one more time as you and Aaron walk by.

"Take the rest of the afternoon off if you'd like, honey." Singster says to Belinda as he leads you through his office door.

Once you're out in the hallway, you begin to notice how absolutely dark it is in this building. The lighting is low, but the dark patterns on the wall seem to add to the illusion of an almost physically thick darkness. For the first time since you started your little journey you realize you're wearing some sort of sunglasses. As you reach up to take them off, Singster reaches behind him and holds your hand still without even turning around. "You'll need those a bit longer." He says as he turns to you look at you. He smiles, "I'll let you know when it's... safe... to take them off."

After what seems to be at least twenty flights of stairs, you emerge onto a brightly lit city street. You notice immediately that everyone seems to be heading in the same direction.

"It's lunchtime. Most folks will be heading down to the waterfront." Singster states as he leads you in the opposite direction. "However, we have different items on our agenda."

You find it odd that the sky is a dark purple in the afternoon, and the city streets are lit with the skipping flame of gas lamps or buzzing electric lights fixed to the business walkways.

"A little different then you're used to, eh?" Singster doesn't miss a beat. Now you notice that you've not spoken a word to the man since you've met. "That's alright too. You'll see that the art of language isn't the same here as it has always been for you before."

Before you have a chance to be-

gin a new stream of questions, Singster comes to a full stop in front of what appears to be a church. "We're here." He turns momentarily to eye you. "Follow me."

As you walk up the stairs to the front doors, you notice that this church seems very similar to the one you attended as a child. Even the railing beneath your hand seems familiar. Each step confirms this must be the same church you attended with your family all those years ago. The doors of the church are opened and there inside is... your Sunday school teacher and the minister, Reverend Jackson. They are talking quietly as you enter behind Singster. Your teacher nods at the minister and she walks away, giving you a familiar smile.

"Reverend," Singster offers his hand. "I've brought you one of your lost sheep."

"Nice to see you Aaron!" Reverend Jackson takes his hand and shakes it wildly, just as he had your father so many times before. "Haven't seen you in a while son!"

"Only when I'm bringing in the flock sir," your guide replies with a laugh. "You know I'm practicing Judaism these days."

"Are you really?" The minister seems very interested. "Seems like you were practicing your Tao last time we spoke. How did that go for you?"

"Ah, you know... and don't." the detective laughs at himself. Reverend Jackson seems to get the joke too as he lets out a hearty belly laugh. "But here we are and this lovely person has not a clue *why* we are." Singster motions to you.

"Yes. Of course! You're so much different now then I remember you!" He clasps his arm around your shoulder and brings you in through the

front doors, loosening the collar at his neck. You notice that there are a few people scattered here and there. Some are praying at the front of the church, others just apparently visiting, admiring the architecture. You hadn't thought of it before, but now find yourself wondering why...and how...you're here.

"Aaron brought you here first because it's a fond memory for you. Someplace you were comfortable," the Reverend explains. "And," he adds with some pride, "to someone you trusted."

"Am I dead?" you ask, as if your voice has finally willed itself to speak. "Or dreaming?"

Singster chuckles behind you. You didn't mean the question to be humorous. "No offence," he says. "I

'Where am I?' But you got right to the point."

"Well?" you ask. It sure is nice to hear your own voice.

"Either...both." Reverend Jackson responds nonchalantly. "It depends really on your view of things."

Now at the front of the church, you pick a familiar pew and sit down. "I realize that you're a little curious, and although it's not expected that you'll understand things immediately, the likelihood is the faster you are introduced to new ideas, the easier the process will be to accept."

The minister stands as if he were about to give a sermon. "In dreams I always saw myself as a centaur. Our friend Aaron felt the call of the elves." He nodded at Singster.

"And, you my dear soul must have always dreamed of dragons." You nod slowly, uncertain how he knows this, but if this day has taught you anything it is that you couldn't imagine what this day would bring.

"It's time to take off those foggy glasses." Singster smiles, "It's time to see what's real after all."

You slowly reach up to remove the glasses. As soon as you touch them, they

vanish as if they were never really there to begin with. Suddenly the room seems smaller. You look to Singster for some sort of explanation, and there stands a slender elf, still garbed in the overcoat and top

hat. He smiles at you, and you know for a fact that it is Singster. Looking to the Reverend you see he has the full hind quarters of a Clydesdale. He still wears the minister's collar and cloak, but you don't remem-

***"It's time to see what's real after all."***

ber Reverend Jackson being such a muscular man.

"We're still the same men you've been talking to all afternoon," the Reverend says, extending an arm out to you. "We're just a little more ourselves now."

As you look at the centaur's hand reaching out to you, you notice for the first time the golden scales of your own arm. You jump, startled.

"Hey there! Watch it!" Singster shouts as he leaps limberly out of the way of your swooshing tail.

"Wa-what the hell?" you ask. "What happened to me?"

Your companions look at each other and shrug. "It may take a while to get used to," the Reverend says as he puts his hand on your large scaled back, "but this is the real you."

"And besides, you don't have to look that way all the time." Singster adds in, "You can morph, just like my secretary does every day she comes to work."

"Is she a... a... a dragon too?" you ask still a little shaken.

"And a lovely one. However, the way my office is built, it's easier for her to 'morph' to human size."

"You know," the Reverend adds, "it's quite easy to change form, if that is what you wish. I've been doing it for aeons now, so it's an easy change for me." You watch as he shuts his eyes and magically trans-



just knew you were a smart one as soon as you landed in my office!"

"What he means," the Reverend intercedes when he sees the confusion fall over you, "is that most of our first-timers first words are

forms back into the same minister you remembered in your youth. "After a while you may prefer your natural form to the human form, but there are always benefits to the morph ability. Here in Grimagix, it's one of the perks of our home dimension."

"Your dreams can be realized here." Singster says. "Why don't you try morphing back to your human form, and we'll take a look around at all of the different types of folks there are to see."

You close your eyes. Imagining your human form, you slowly peer through your eyelids to see your human fingers slightly tinged with the golden hued scales of your dragon form.

"Not bad." Singster compliments you. "Not bad at all for your first morph."

"Yes, this will do nicely for now. Do you feel more comfortable?" Reverend Jackson asks calmly. You nod

in reply. "Then I think it's time for you to see what Grimagix is all about."

"Very good, Let's be on our way then." Aaron lays his slender hand on your back and steers you to the door. As you look back you notice that the good Reverend has returned to his 'natural' state as a centaur.

You walk out into the beauty of a warm spring day with a hue of purple in the sky that you never quite experienced before. Suddenly you find yourself excited to embark on this new life. Out of the corner of your eye you notice another dragon flying toward the bay, and find yourself yearning to be with her up there, but still have not found the courage to use your wings.

"All in due time, youngster." Aaron reassures you. "All in due time."



## THE REASONABLY MYSTERIOUS SUSPENSE DRAMA SHOW

by Pork LeMonde



Mrs. Bolovia's son, Rupret, squealed with delight at the prospect of being unconditionally lobotomized by the adverse side affects of his recent bout of lower intestinal deviation which resulted from a total lack of squid ink over the last fourteen years. They were all fairly certain he would never regain his ability to scrape the skin off of an eggplant with nothing more than a large, razor sharp device made from the teeth of a prehistoric beaver and the finest hickory log money could buy. Fortunately, the National Regime against Monolithic Phallus Denial stepped in and recuperated most of the stolen weasel heads before the entire known universe had collapsed in the back yard.

It wasn't long before the intrepid Mrs. Bolovia had to pre-arrange Rupret's funereal due to the lack of funding raised by the fascist neo-primate chipmunks that had taken Albert hostage one evening while he stood wearing his best in line skates near the old bowling ball factory that was right across the street from that obscure gift shop that sold only items directly linked to the strange nature of things that weren't quite correctly oriented in the non-dimensional planes of battery operated celluloid canisters which had been neatly stacked up in symmetrical rows on the landing by the wharf.

It was then that she realized that if she were to become the head trollop in the Fraternal Order of the McSnoogleheimenbendterklempt Large Brick Home for

*This weeks episode:*

*Congruent Marsupial Abdications*

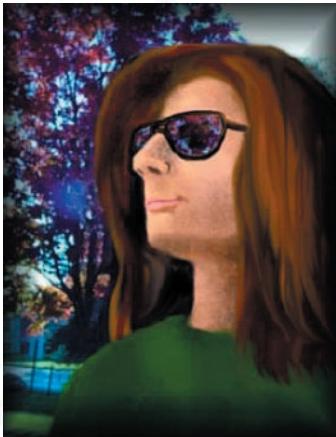


the Pusillanimously Redundant there would be many terrifying consequences because of the outrageous caterwauling that Old Man Slivenbeck had conjured up during the great wooden spoon bending catastrophe of 1906. Those were facetious times at best, she thought as she momentarily parked her six and a half ton motorized replica of an abstract moon boot on the legs of a screaming debutant who had chosen the wrong moment to lay in the street in protest of a recent law passed by the Committee for Sub-standard Equatorial De-activation of Permanent Hair Dyes.

Naturally, of course, the parking attendant was there with the appropriate chain sawing devices and rectified the unpleasantness of the situation directly before Mrs. Bolovia could utter the profane atrocities that society demanded in a crisis such as this. Later that day she would remember the antagonizing aroma which had permeated the coiffeur of a robust kaleidoscope salesman named Flibbert who had once championed the fight against the unnatural discoloration of the snowy white fabric of well worn jockey shorts, only to be reduced to a humiliated bag of what appeared to be broken candles and some kind of rodent flesh.

*STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT  
EXCITING SAXOPHONE OF  
THE REASONABLY MYSTERIOUS  
SUSPENSE DRAMA SHOW*





## The Importance of Group Outings

-- Trent

This article is going to be about two things: Airports, and kickball.

When I lived at the hospital, groups of patients were allowed to leave the grounds once every two weeks on the following conditions:

- 1: That we had not accumulated too many demerits
- 2: That there was a sufficient number of Staff members to go along with us, to make sure that we didn't get out of control or hurt ourselves or anybody else or put our fingers in other peoples' noses (Gordon was always doing that; I'm very glad that I don't live with Gordon any more) or do just about anything else that might upset the normal people. No one ever tried to make the normal people stop doing things that upset us, but they didn't seem to think that was a very big problem, and anyway, Trent only needs to worry about Trent.

But now I don't live at the hospital any more, and my roommates and I can go on all the Group Outings we want, regardless of how many demerits we have.

Group Outings promote interpersonal bonding. Today we are on a Group Outing to the airport. We are bonding by loitering around the main doors smoking cigarettes together, but I don't want you to think that we all just hang out at airports because they're fun. We actually are here to pick up a friend who got on an airplane by accident last Saturday night after the bar, but that is not my story to tell. When he finally gets here, we are not allowed to laugh. Or point.

Jymi says that it is likely that we will be in the airport "forever, and ever, and ever, until the oceans run dry and the sun is a cold, brown orb hanging lifeless amongst the silent stars." I think it will be more like "one hour", but just try telling her that.

In the airport restaurant, I paid two dollars for a bottle of pop, and almost five dollars for my own personal pizza supreme. I like personal pizzas, because they are so small that you don't have to share them with anyone. They fit in your personal space. But with the way they designed the seating at the airport restaurant, so does

everyone else. Two dollars seems like a lot of money to spend on a bottle of pop. Joey Hosanna told me that airports overcharge for everything because most people who are in the airport cannot leave until their airplane takes off, so they're trapped. I don't know; I saw some good deals in the gift shop. Now I have a little plastic airplane that lights up, makes a "brunng, brunng" noise and goes on my key ring. That will come in very handy the next time we take a long road trip.

Everyone complains about being bored in the airport, but it seems to me that there is an awful lot to do here. Nilly Rambus has spent \$18.63 on candy in the gift shop (I don't think he has even seen the little plastic airplanes yet) and \$34.55 on video games in the arcade (they all cost a quarter, but he lost a nickel underneath one of the machines). I have not been in the video game room yet, but I bet that when I am done with my personal pizza, I can beat him at the race car game. He always drives his race car into the grass and shouts "OFF ROAD MUDDY TRACKS!" Then when the car crashes he makes ambulance noises. I can hear him in there doing it now. The security guard is going to ask him to be quiet again.

I wish we were going to fly somewhere. I like flying on airplanes. The flight attendants are very nice. They bring you pillows and smile a lot. And once you get on the airplane, all the food is free. You can have as many peanuts as you want. If you fly first class, you don't even have to pay for drinks. I guess that's supposed to make up for the two-dollar pops while you're waiting in the airport.

When we are done at the airport, we're going to go home and play kickball!



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34

THE GRIM #8

My Favorite

STUPID EMAIL

Paleoanthropology Division  
Smithsonian Institute  
207 Pennsylvania Avenue  
Washington, DC 20078

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your latest submission to the Institute, labeled "211-D, layer seven, next to the clothesline post. Hominid skull." We have given this specimen a careful and detailed examination, and regret to inform you that we disagree with your theory that it represents "conclusive proof of the presence of Early Man in Charleston County two million years ago." Rather, it appears that what you have found is the head of a Barbie doll, of the variety one of our staff, who has small children, believes to be the "Malibu Barbie". It is evident that you have given a great deal of thought to the analysis of this specimen, and you may be quite certain that those of us who are familiar with your prior work in the field were loathe to come to contradiction with your findings. However, we do feel that there are a number of physical attributes of the specimen which might have tipped you off to its modern origin:

1. The material is molded plastic. Ancient hominid remains are typically fossilized bone.
2. The cranial capacity of the specimen is approximately 9 cubic centimeters, well below the threshold of even the earliest identified proto-hominids.
3. The dentition pattern evident on the "skull" is more consistent with the common domesticated dog than it is with the "ravenous man-eating Pliocene clams" you speculate roamed the wetlands during that time. This latter finding is certainly one of the most intriguing hypotheses you have submitted in your history with this institution, but the evidence seems to weigh rather heavily against it. Without going into too much detail, let us say that:

- A. The specimen looks like the head of a Barbie doll that a dog has chewed on.
- B. Clams don't have teeth.

It is with feelings tinged with melancholy that we must deny your request to have the specimen carbon dated. This is partially due to the heavy load our lab must bear in its normal operation, and partly due to carbon dating's notorious inaccuracy in fossils of recent geologic record. To the best of our knowledge, no Barbie dolls were produced prior to 1956 AD, and carbon dating is likely to produce wildly inaccurate results. Sadly, we must also deny your request that we approach the National Science Foundation's Phylogeny Department with the concept of assigning your specimen the scientific name "Australopithecus spiff-arino." Speaking personally, I, for one, fought tenaciously for the acceptance of your proposed taxonomy, but was ultimately voted down because the species name you selected was hyphenated, and didn't really sound like it might be Latin.

However, we gladly accept your generous donation of this fascinating specimen to the museum. While it is undoubtedly not a hominid fossil, it is, nonetheless, yet another riveting example of the great body of work you seem to accumulate here so effortlessly. You should know that our Director has reserved a special shelf in his own office for the display of the specimens you have previously submitted to the Institution, and the entire staff speculates daily on what you will happen upon next in your digs at the site you have discovered in your back yard. We eagerly anticipate your trip to our nation's capital that you proposed in your last letter, and several of us are pressing the Director to pay for it. We are particularly interested in hearing you expand on your theories surrounding the "trans-posititating fillification of ferrous ions in a structural matrix" that makes the excellent juvenile Tyrannosaurus rex femur you recently discovered take on the deceptive appearance of a rusty 9-mm Sears Craftsman automotive crescent wrench.

Yours in Science,  
Harvey Rowe  
Curator, Antiquities



Sadly, this letter is a hoax. Dammit, dammit, dammit, it should be real. Go to <http://www.snopes.com/humor/letters/smithsonian.asp> for the full story.



*"My Favorite Stupid Email" is a regular feature in the Grim, showcasing the best of the best of the crap that turns up in our bulk mailbox. Got a favorite Stupid Email of your own? Well, for gods' sake, don't send it to me. I've got plenty for now.*



SMILE  
AND THE  
WORLD  
WONDERS  
WHAT YOU'RE  
UP TO...

# the GRIN



## Random Citizen Presents... HOROSCOPES

EACH WEEK WE SELECT A RANDOM CITEZEN OFF THE STREET  
AND LET THEM PREDICT YOUR FUTURE!

THIS WEEK WE'VE GOT

# UNCLE ED



"Hoo-Dang!"

"Thas' right kids, Ol' Uncle Ed's gonna do yer Horrysopes fer ya! Now quit botherin' me and lesh git right to the fun. I gotta lotta drinkin' ta do!"

### PISCES

You're gonna wanna be careful coming down our driveway tonight 'cause it rained earlier and it's really muddy. Don't worry, though. My nephew has a tow truck. Oh, and you should probably stop and pick up some beer on the way. A case should do. Just in case. HA!

### ARIES

Oh boy are you ever in luck today! A Burp Beer truck overturned in the middle of the road just a couple miles from here. The driver ish a friend of mine, and he called and said if I get there before the cops come I could have all the free beer I could carry! If you go can you swing by and pick me up?

### TAURUS

Hamburger ish on sale at Burt's Grocery & Bait Shop, which is lucky for you 'cause the stars tell me you are going to be hungry sometime today. While you're there, couldja pick me up a case of Burp Beer? That selfish Aries screwed me outta a whole lotta free beer earlier so now I'm dry. I'll pay ya when ya git here!

Ish double the fun for you 'cause I just found out that Ziebarr's is havin' a two for one sale on meat wads! My nephew Murle went and bought a whole mess of 'em for dinner! Don't forget ta warsh 'em down with some nice cold beer. Jus' amember ta not sleep with the blankets over yer face tonight, or you might not wake up again!

### CANCER

Somnabitch! Yer gonna wanna jes' stay inna house 'cause the stars told me yer gonna git hit by a big ol' tow truck ifn' y'all are spotted out in public. I think ish because my nephew Murle seems ta think yer the one his wife left him fer. Somnabitch!

### LEO

Sorry about the mess my cat Scabie made on yer kishen table! He hasn't been feeling too well since he got into my moonshine. But the good news is yer insurance will cover the damage. Ifn' ya wanted, y'all could cash the check and buy yer Ol' buddy Ed a beer!

### VIRGO

Yer prob'lly gonna end up pukin' & passin' out again tonight, and I'm not suprised 'cause I happen ta know yer a light-weight and can't handle yer likker! So don't bitch when ya wake up reeking of urine in the mornin'. You know the rule: Passed out pukers get pissed on!

### LIBRA

The last time ya tried ta out-drink Ol' Uncle Ed ya woke up in the drunk tank with a black eye, most of yer hair burnt off, and a fresh tattoo of a lepper-con yer inner thigh. Well, tonight ain't no differnt, except ya prob'lly won't smell so much like piss 'cause we whizzed ourselves dry on the last feller.

### SCORPIO

Yer gonna win the lotto, meet yer soulmate, cure a disease, end world hunger, bring peace to the middle east, save the rainforests, comfort the elderly, make children smile, and set the course of mankind straight and good for generations to come. HA! Jes' kiddin'! Yer gonna git rund over and kilt by a see-ment truck around two-thirty this afternoon.

### SAGITTARIUS

Ol' Mrs Ringledoot's panty hose are gonna come up missin' from her clothes-line again, and we know who's gonna be responsible fer that, ya filthy pervert! Be a man and go buy 'em at the Giganto-Mart like the rest of us do and leave that poor ol' woman alone. While yer there pick up a case o' Burp Beer and bring it over!

### CAPRICORN

I don't know if it's 'cause the stars are in yer favor or 'cause the Sheriff's outta town this weekend, but the chances of going ta jail are slim so go ahead and swipe all that copper tubing y'all been eyeballin' fer scrap. If ya make it over the fence before the dogs git to ya, grab some beer and stop by. I got some speaker wire y'all c'n have.

### AQUARIUS

I think yer gonna have a good day of fishin' down at the ol' swimmin' hole. My nephew Murle an' his best friend Elmer outgha be there, too. Maybe afterwards y'all could stop by the homestead fer some beers. Ya might wanna bring some extra; we drink a lot! I promise not ta drop my britches this time. I know I said that last time but this time I really mean it.



36 THE GRIM #8

Television for the  $N^{\text{th}}$  Dimension! ☺

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## TV GUIDE - GXTV TONIGHT

	6:00 PM	6:30 PM	7:00 PM	7:30 PM	8:00 PM	8:30 PM	
001 Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide
002 Misinformation	News						
003 GBS	No, Really, The News with Becky		Surprise, You're on Fire!	Scratchin' with Steve: Steve finds love in the Belt Sanding Dept.	V-Tards: Dr. Pinch reminiscences about her days in the Rubber Cabbage Revue, while Luther and Andrea spike the estate's septic tank, with hilarious results.	Better Living through Scare Tactics and Brainwashing	
3.14 The Pie Channel	Pie	Ha Ha, It was My Idea	Pie for Losers	Pie	Jymi & Kimy: Kimy signs Mittens up for a dating service; Jymi meets The Garbage Fairy		
004 GBC	The Other News				Special Guest: Henry Winkler		
005 GSPN	Jock Day	GASCAR: Similar-looking vehicles bearing corporate logos go really fast in a continual left-turn. Phone-in requests during the first ten minutes.	The Devil's Advocate	Witch Talk Guests: Drusilla Hagley, Jerry Falwell		Extreme Tics & Twitches	Trying to Wee
007 Religious Programming	Monotonous Droning with the Reverend Herschel Bricklag						Better Living through Scare Tactics and Brainwashing
008 IDBC	News Those Pussies on the Other Channels Won't Tell You		Canned Laughter Rose and Bonnie try to figure out what's so damned funny. Ken says something predictable.	Planet Stupid: Jymi and Corvin try to come up with TV shows that are even dumber than usual	Whacky Family: Tracy's wiseass 'tude earns her a ticket to boot camp. Mom gives Billy something to cry about. Finally.	That's My Job: Kevin fools around with the water cooler; the St. Patty's Day Potluck results in an office-wide e-bola epidemic	
009 The Game Show Network	Slap the Shmuck	Complete Idiots Winning Great Stuff You'll Never See	Now You Die	Stomp the Frogs	Bowling for Pharmaceuticals		Guess The Member
010 EAT! EAT! EAT!	Community Chef That smell coming from the neighbors' apartment	Dinner on a Dare Chicken Tari-Tar	Are You Gonna Eat That? Up close and personal with something batter-dipped.		Cooking with Chef BDEZddat: Tonight's recipes: Save That Tissue!		
012 The Helium Channel	Feel Good About Yourself	Too Fat!	Too Old!	You Are Amazing Just the Way You Are	Oh My God, Is That Your ASS? Oh Shit.		
013 The Emergency Broadcast Network	Look Out!	We're All Going to Die Horribly	What the Hell Was That?	Don't Put Your Lips on It	The Apocalypse: A Look Back	Music Videos	
014 Weather Watch	Local Forecast	Extended Local Forecast	Killer Storm Watch: They come at night.	Local Forecast for Next Month	Special Report: When Good Weather Goes Bad: A meteorological look at why we're all doomed		
017 The Sauce Channel	Moons over Malibu	That's a Funny Place for a Band-Aid	But Doctor, Why Is It Orange?	Dangly Bits	You Want to Put That Where?!	Seven short films featuring Crap L	
020 Children's Programming	Screeching Puppets: Episode 12: "Sharp Things"	A trip to the farm results in an anatomy lesson that the gang will never forget	Talking Meat	Obnoxiousland with Nilly Rambus: A visit with Mr. Lemondre			
022 Tube Tunes (Music videos)	It's the News, Bitch	It's Cool 'Cause It's On TV!	Yo, Ho! Urban Pirate Beat	Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass: live at the Gammaplex	Reality Sucks		
023 Public Access	City Commission Greatest Hits and Bloopers	Moronic stunts and vulgar jokes that appeal strictly to imbeciles		just kidding. It's really a half-hour block of commercials.			
022 Animal Channimal	Whizz the Dog: Housebreaking horrors.	Live from Monkey Town with Ted Koppel	Tax-Funded Public Vomiting	Teenagers reading PSAs and Giggling	At Least an Hour of Beguiled Ranting		
033 The Conspiracy Network	Top Ten Agencies that are Out to Get You: This week: The United Way		Whizkzie the Bunny Makes a Stew	Lizard Lounge: Another unwanted display	Movie: That Damn Cat		Coincidence or...? Tonight: What They're Not Telling You About Pasta

## TV GUIDE - OCTOBER TONIGHT

9:00 PM				9:30 PM				10:00 PM				10:30 PM				11:00 PM				11:30 PM				12:00 AM			
001 Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide (still)	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide	Channel Guide			
002 Misinformation	The Presidential Address This Week's President Bufoard Diptong visits the Beer Gardens.	Fuck a Duck	The Presidential Address: Checking in with Pres. Dipthong	Muddling with Phil Hackmeyer	Television is Good For You	Television is Good For You	The Residential Address: Turning Pres. Dipthong on his Side	Let's All Move to Miami	Let's All Move to Miami																		
003 GBS	Rich & Snivelly: The twins drive their new Hummer off a cliff, plummeting to a fiery death. Grandma's yarn problem worsens.	Fruit-Filled	Lifestyles of the Baked and Fruit-Filled	Extreme Justice: Petty thieves are beaten senseless with metal pipes. Megan thinks she's pregnant again.	Still Yet More News with Becky's Cousin Lindsey	Still Yet More News with Becky's Cousin Lindsey	Block Hockey Report	You Weren't Sleeping Anyway with Skip Hitler	You Weren't Sleeping Anyway with Skip Hitler																		
3.14 The Pie Channel	23 Senior Boogah wonders where the time goes.			The Mile Pie Club: Way Up Pie Pie	Late News a - little Early Before the Other Guys	Late News a - little Early Before the Other Guys	Please don't change the channel, their 11:00 news is just exactly what we already told you, here's some old movie we found	Pie																			
004 GBC																											
005 GSPN	Uncalled-For Garage Making a 4-story twin cam out of a vintage claw-foot bathtub	Cross Fire	Cross Dressing	Block Hockey Report	Fight Night: audience altercations	Fight Night: audience altercations	Spitting, Drinking, Shouting and Bleeding	General Monosyllabic Unpleasantness	General Monosyllabic Unpleasantness																		
007 Religious Programming				Go to Hell	The Blasphemers' Ball	The Blasphemers' Ball	Paganomics with Switch Crassburger	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?	Lettuce Prey Does organized religion turn brains into vegetables?				
008 IDBC	35.8 is Enough The dog runs away. Numana is suspected of frivolity.				Movie: Love on the Sun Geradine's burning desires get everyone in hot water.			EEEEEEK SKIKRRRGH BILFEEFEEGHHH GURM																			
009 The Game Show Network	Wheel of Ambiguity	Who Wants to Be an Asshole	Stoib for a Day	What Would You Do for a Klondike Bar Special Celebrity Guest: God	What Would You Do for a Klondike Bar Special Celebrity Guest: God	Fuck a Duck	Philosophy Rumble	What's That Smell?	What's That Smell?																		
010 EAT! EAT! EAT!	Everything SPAM		6,000 Ways to Make Turkey Sandwiches #s 12, 68, 1144.	Raiders of the Lost Fridge	Raiders of the Lost Fridge	World-Class Waffle Cook-off	Sculpting with Pudding	Saucy Concoctions with Cindy Lovelable																			
012 The Helium Channel	Let's Talk About Our Periods		The Mild Life Princess Whining and pouting might still work	The Perfect Wedding: Why marriage isn't the same as prostitution	It's All His Fault	Nothing Turned Out the Way You Wanted and Life Is Just Not Fair Shopping Paradises, Mandy's Make-up Tips, the Road-Kill Diet																					
013 The Emergency Broadcast Network	Music Videos	That Nagging Feeling	Sheer Terror	Chaos, Panic and Disorder with Aristotle, Darwin and Nietzsche	Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth Babb-O the Clown visits an aviary	Cuddle Time	Oh, No!																				
014 Weather Watch	Now that It's Dark Out	Bozo the Cloud	Spitting Into the Wind Guests: Howard Cosell, Dick Sputter	Hurricanes: Giant twirly things that wreck stuff and get everything all wet	More Local Forecasts																						
017 The Sauce Channel	amber! Biff Dribble and Landy Dang.		5 Pizza Delivery Guys, A Geriatric Prostitute and a Bottle of Scotch	Fuck a Duck	Ooohhh, Canada!																						
020 Children's Programming	Counting Without Lou	Why We Can't Have Nice Things	Things to Drink Under the Sink	Billy and the Big, Big Knife	Programming for people who refuse to accept that they turned 30 a long time ago																						
022 Tube Tunes (Music videos)	Idiots Dancing Around	corporate logos dance around for awhile	Rockumentary! Butt-kissing corporate suck-ups ruining it for everyone	Headbanger's Balls	Headbanger's Balls	Music Videos (12:20am, Schedule Permitting)																					
023 Public Access	Local Events: Opportunities for community apathy			Public Lavatory Review	Technical Difficulties	The Wonderful World of Video Feedback	Woah, Like, Dude																				
022 Animal Chanimal			Wildlife Documentary Animals fucking.	Natural Wonderland: Animals eating each other	Good Pet, Bad Pet Housebreaking your dinosaur	Shark Days: sharks in their natural habitat negotiating a nuclear treaty with North Korea	Who Let the Cat Out? Meow, meow, meow.																				
033 The Conspiracy Network	The Spaghetti Files: That Ball Wasn't Meat	Illuminati Bastards			Gastric Spills Stomach bugs, micro chips, the eye in your pie	All the Other Channels are Out to Get Us and they're lying, too. Fiction is truth and vice-versa																					





## FEATURED REALTY LISTINGS



This little beauty would make a great fixer-upper for somebody who had a large surplus of cash that they didn't really need. Located in the heart of the Burning Desert, you'll have plenty of searing heat to keep you warm by day as you repair the incredible amount of structural damage caused by the extreme differences in temperature as it can drop to well below freezing at night. You'll enjoy the solitude that the only dwelling situated hundreds of miles from any civilization in every direction can provide, yet never be lonely as it seems to attract all manner of slithering poisonous reptiles and pincered stinging arachnids. Priced just right at a mere \$7,000,000,000.003.62 or will consider trading for a decent pack mule.

THIS MONTHS SPECIAL! Here's a real rustic charmer for the creative sociopath! One room 'studio' style cabin located in an area so remote even we are not sure where exactly it is. Perfect for the hermit seeking spiritual solace or the anarchistic loner looking for complete privacy while experimenting with high explosives. All wood construction for that authentic yet flammable feel with plenty of wide open skies which makes it easy to spot black, unmarked helicopter activity. Priced to sell at a mere \$7.53, it comes complete with vague directions to where it's generally thought to be located, an outdated Chattanooga road map and a tin whistle in case you get lost. Seller not responsible for possible clean-up of bear droppings.

For lease only! Approximately 5 inches of luxury shelf space desirably situated between the hip, trendy earthen ware and the mint condition authentic reproduction of an original leather-bound copy of classic literature that has never been soiled by the unworthy gaze of mortal eyes. This prime piece of real estate won't last on the market long, and only those with massive bank accounts, spotless credit, excellent references and proof of noble lineage need apply. Available only in 3 year lease increments at \$1500.00 a month, all 36 months payable up front plus \$1500.00 security deposit, \$1200.00 cleaning deposit, \$245.00 non-refundable credit check, \$75.00 lease signing fee, \$60.00 inspection fee, \$35.00 key fee, \$120.00 fee fee, \$90.00 foo fee, \$110.00 fufu fum fee, \$36.00 lunch fee and \$112.00 ad expense fee. No pets.

FOR MORE GREAT LISTINGS VISIT [www.thegrim.net/CLASSIFIEDS](http://www.thegrim.net/CLASSIFIEDS)**SRFV iso SMWM**

Me: Ice cream, pinecones, Trompa.  
You: Bandaids, Lysol wipes.  
Write: box33315@thegrim.net

**SWAMP HOLLER LADIES  
ON THE LOOSE!**

ISO Any menfolk out there who still know how to hit the spittoon? On the first try?  
Write: box5902@thegrim.net

**IS THIS YOUR TENTACLE?**

Call 13-89004

To the person who keeps messing with the stuff on my desk at work:

I'VE PUT CONTACT POISON ON SOMETHING. MAYBE YOU CAN GUESS WHAT IT IS.

Keep trying...It's like a game!

**Likes Her Men HOTT!**

Demoness seeks male souls for NSA torment, possiblity of long term damnation for "Mr. Right." No druggies, please. Soul required. 13-62350

FOUND: A whole mess o' lard at last nights gay evangelical disco revival at Ken's Fish Fry and Boutique. Call to identify 13-00001-1-00-1----01-4

**GOT DOCS?  
GOT SUBPOENAS?**

We scan 'em! We code 'em!  
We put 'em in a box and set 'em on fire!

**CALL LITICOMP!**  
for all your corporate  
litiagation woes!  
"WE WON'T MAKE  
IT WORSE usually!"  
Call 13-44446

**AMAZING DARLA**

Psychic Wrestler

Sees all, Beats You to a Pulp  
EAT FLOORBOARDS, LOSER  
13-2966

Consolidate your debt into one easy vacuum sealed container that will fit under any sink.  
1-13-DEBT-JAR

**QUALITY CAT SHIT**  
"ALWAYS FRESH"  
WE DELIVER!  
catshit@thegrim.net

Tired of your old face? Let the professionals at ERASE-A-FACE belt sand you into a new life! We have a fully trained staff ready to erase your face according to your individual needs. All it takes is about \$1000.00 and ten minutes of your time.

Call 1-13-FACE-GONE

EARN EXTRA CA\$\$\$\$\$H  
Re-grow body parts.  
biofarmer@thegrim.net

**JOBS! JOBS! JOBS!** You want a job? We've got jobs! More jobs than you can shake a stick at! We've got so many jobs we're practically drowning in them. I swear, if we get anymore jobs we'll burst wide open and there'll be jobs raining down from the heavens! So please, take one of these jobs! Hell, take two! We might even be able to get ya one off the books. It's not like anybody will miss it, what with all the jobs we got just laying around in here. Get your friends/family a job! They make great gifts! I'll even give my job! I'm serious!!

Call 1-13-LOTS-A-JOBS fee

YES! Now you can become a Government Robot through the miracle of brainwashing! Just call this number: 1-008-GOV-RBOT and our special 're-location' unit will pick up you and your family ABSOLUTELY FREE! Mention this ad and you'll also receive a complimentary pistol whipping.

**CALL NOW!**

**WANTED:** Used gum, any quality. Send to:  
LeMonde Estates  
C/O Pork LeMonde

PO BOX# 55 Lictnard BK

The female lizard rearranges the living room furniture for the third time in a month.

Earn \$\$\$ at home! You got space, we've got corpses. The more you pack in the more you earn. For a small investment we'll send you our easy self-install refrigeration kit to turn your house into a cold storage facility for our future army of zombies. Act now and we'll also include our patented bio-tent that provides you with a germ free environment that may or may not be present within the proximity of numerous corpses. Call 1-13-DED-HOME.

Get rid of unwanted or unused motor vehicles of any kind free and easy. Cars, boats, trucks, motorcycles, airplanes, dune buggies, ATV's, mopeds, go carts, helicopters, freighters, military vehicles, any kind of motorized transport that you don't want I will eat absolutely 100% free of charge. Call 1-13-CAR-CHOMPER



# ZIEBARR'S HOT HOME COOKIN' AND LUBE SHOPPE!



Come on in for THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS!



IS HERE!



Come on in and try our display model today!\*  
Supplies are limited, so get yours NOW!  
Guaranteed to work on all sizes and viscosities, so...  
...Don't let this opportunity "PUS" you by!

\*Three gratuitous revolutions per customer. Warning: Do not approach the Pus-Master 3000™ from behind.



## IT'S WINTERTIME!

And we all know what that means at Ziebarr's...

WE GOT THE BAR-B-QUE BUG!!!

WHEEEEEEE-YAAAAAAA!!!!!!

BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY FOR A FLAMIN', GOOD TIME!

THIS COUPON GOOD FOR ONE DELICIOUS  
**CORNPOLE** FREE WITH PURCHASE OF **MEAT-WAD™**

AT ZIEBARR'S ANNUAL MID-WINTER BAR-B-QUE  
SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ONLY!

KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN WITH A REAL LIVE FIREMAN!

Fireman appears courtesy of Grimagix Pre-emptive Emergency Service

Ah. Mah. Gawd.  
We have T-Shirts.



There are white ones. And there are black ones.

**THAT WAS EASY!**

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