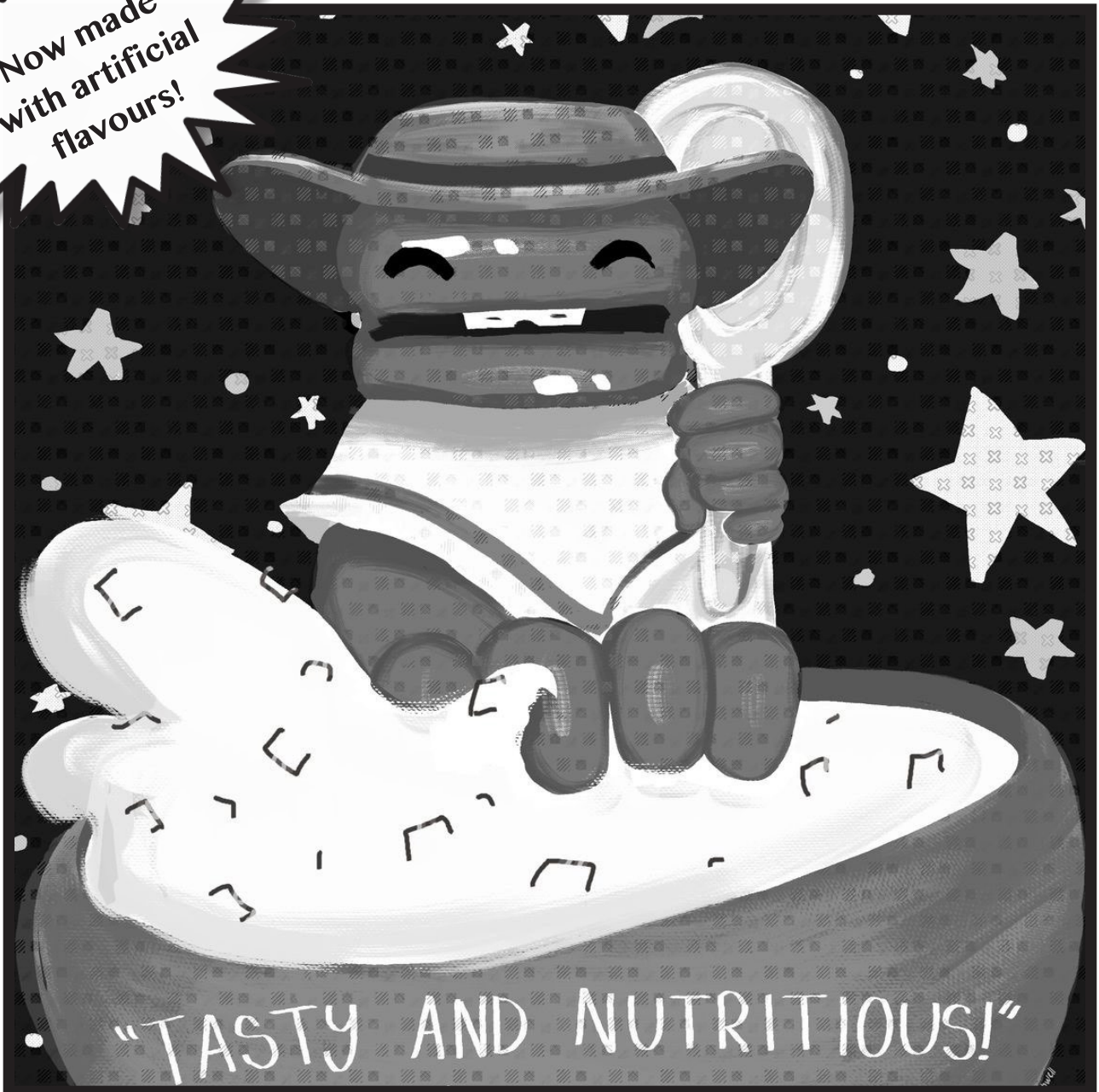


Kelvin High School's 3rd Best News Source

THE KELVIN STAPPLER

- ISSUE 9 -

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Editor's Note

Kelvin folk,

I am addressing you today with the sincerest sadness and admiration for you. Despite the whirlwinds of the last year, the radio silence that came with the summer holidays, and the absence of colour printing, you still picked up this issue. Even if you merely look at the pictures, I am sure the words on this first page carry through the entirety of the thin, glossy pages.

It is a new school year. The contributors have stormed my office demanding change. They claim they "want some colour in their lives again". Apparently, the whimsical Frankie Longstocking has lost her whimsy. Or maybe, and this fate may be even more tragic, having such an abundance of whimsy is no longer cool. All this talk of brat summer and Mamala Harris, maybe whimsy is gone because, say it with me, woke.

It's okay, of course. I am on to better things! I have returned to my dungeon and revel in my free time with a vat of melted ice cream, wondering what on earth I did wrong.

My protégé, Homer, will replace me until I am begged to return. I am sure he will only slightly wallow in my big clown shoe footsteps and will continue giving you all the most accurate news that one can find at Kelvin.

Till we meet again,
Frankie Longstocking
Editor of the Kelvin Stapler

Yeah but the whole point is that it has dairy, if I wanted vegetable oil I would drink it straight out of the bottle like a normal person. No, I don't care about the price-wait what? Are you recording? Goddamnit, uhh, Hello Kelvinites, it is my pleasure to be able to talk to you all through the editors note! As I'm sure you've gathered by my presence on this section, I have begun my training to become the next editor of the Stapler.

I have filled countless shady tax reports, learned to juggle, and contributed mediocre editorial feedback at our meetings, all in preparation for my eventual overthrow. We will all miss our dear Frankie, but with this loss will come many new benefits, like longer working hours, less quality control, and more of the budget going towards my private jet. I'll rule with an iron fist, take no prisoners and- what do you mean I can't say that, I can do whatever I want! Okay, okay fine, I'll stick to the script.... As editor, I won't use my power to conquer nations.

I look forward to serving you all the best news I can, and upholding the good name of the Kelvin Stapler. We will almost definitely reach new heights in writing, and if not, it'll only mean partial financial ruin, so silver linings. I look forward to ushering in a new era of Stapler. Wait, I'm just in consideration? Well it's too late to redo it now, just put it in, nobody will noti-

Definity didn't write this through speech to text,
Homer
Editor of The Kelvin Stapler

Student's Lose Their Heads For Newest Class

George Inkwell

We at *The Stapler* know better than anyone how stale and overdone the classes here at Kelvin are. Who wants another French class? Been there, flunked that. At least the clubs like our very own Stapler help brighten the monotony of daily life. But have you recently found yourself feeling that telltale longing? Do you want more out of school, out of Kelvin, even out of life? Look no further than the newest addition to the dreary sludge of classes no one asked for. Introducing Medieval Weapons 101!

The 0.25 credit class satisfies that age-old desire to be able to identify at least 3 Medieval weapons, such as an Arbalest, a Bec de Corbin, and a nuclear bomb. You will also learn crucial life skills like being able to tell the difference between a Trebuchet, a Ballista, and Mr. Sirell, how to forge a historically accurate Estoc, and last but not least, memorizing the perfect formula of Hot Sand to freeze your attackers. Now, you might be thinking, "Sand? Didn't they pour hot oil on the attackers?"

NO!

Due to poverty, oil was very rarely used or available for most people. Lucky for us, Kelvin's low budget allows us to get the complete peasant life experience, and we will be relying on sand, which can slip through the cracks of armour and burn the skin! We can thank our 332BC ancestors for that nifty little trick! An

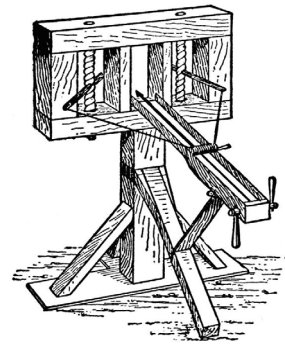
An honourable mention for defensive plays is using Calcium Oxide or, as it's more commonly known, Quicklime, which would also get poured onto attackers.

That is just a sneak peek of what you would get from this mediocre curriculum! Make sure to sign up fast before the 6.3 open spots for this class fill up. Please do not ask for more information in the office; they will deny this fine class's existence. See you in the west janitor's closet next Monday!

More Information



The Teacher



The Play Structure



The Snack

Never Before Seen Article from '83

Raliegh V. Kincaid-Clark

Recently, the deep undiscovered bowels of Mr. Mann's filing cabinet graced us with a long lost Stapler article, written before The Reign of Harold Schmidt, The Great Stapler Gala of 2012, and The Paperclip Massacre of 1996. Enjoy!

**Originally Written by Anon Y. Mous
Published April 1983**

Kelvin has its fair share of competitive sports. From football and hockey to water polo, geocaching, milkshake-a-thons, cross country lunging, and more recently...video games.

As a few may know after several students started fundraising for a Dungeons and Dragons club, only to receive vague threats from the dragons housed below Kelvin, the students have decided to use the funds to form an e-sports league. One spokesdragon stated that, "We, the Dragons Of Rural Canada (DORCs for short) are very pleased with the decision to reroute the funds to something that will not bear ourselves in a defamatory manner."

The decision to establish an e-sports league "was an on-the-spot decision" made by the head of the league, Timothy "Tubular" Cox. "I guess we are going to do what Grant Park failed at in the 70's. Of course their downfall was largely to do with their newspaper the "L.A.D.Y." which convinced the student body to be against the formation of the team. Good thing we have the Stapler!"

The league so far has 12 total "playas" representing the Kelvin Clippers e-sports team. They will be soon going against Sisler's Space Invaders. Be sure to show your support!

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Big Men Infest Kelvin

Wally Whitlock & Alder Philby



“Triceps, biceps, abs, and glutes. Long ago the Big Men and Friends lived together in harmony. But that all changed when Emperor Cox attacked. Only the lanky legends, masters of high metabolism and gymtimidation, could stop him, but when the world needed them most, they vanished.”

As the book Kelvin: A History slapped shut, the grade nine nappy time entered full swing. We, Kelvin’s finest readers, had taken up the esteemed positions of bedtime storytellers, a job that requires literacy, gruel, toeless shoes, and a PhD in puppetry. We moseyed over to the lightswitch when something absurdly large scurried across the floor, stomping on our exposed toes and disturbing the volatile napping children in the process. We tried to console the 9’s by telling them it was just a large man-sized mouse and there was nothing to be worried about, but in truth, we were terrified. We had no idea why a humongous man would appear just to disappear right after.

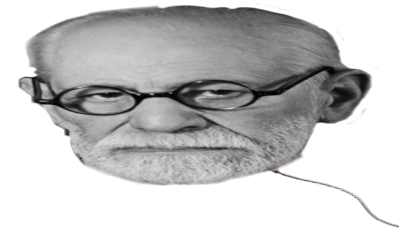
In our stunned silence a strange sound permeated the room. It sounded almost like... chanting? Suddenly appeared dozens of gargantuan men encircling the room, trapping us and all the grade nines in between an absurd ring-around-the-rosy-like trap they had created by interlocking arms. Their chant had become clear to us all now, over the screaming children we could hear them rasping “baby, baby, baby, ohhhhh, like baby, baby, baby, nooo”, instilling unadulterated terror into our weak minds. These big preposterous men were circling us like sharks. There seemed to

be nothing we could do to protect these grade nines. Nothing but fight.

Within an instant, heavy metal music started playing, followed by the big men doing a bombastic battle boogie. We began to brawl and threw over 1000 punches within a second with only one landing, which to put it bluntly, didn’t do anything. But regardless of our challenged muscles and decaying bones, we were the only defence for the itty bitty, helpless grade nines. After three hours of punching air 98% of the time, we came to the realization that none of our punches were hurting the big men. Then we remembered what the history books didn’t tell us.

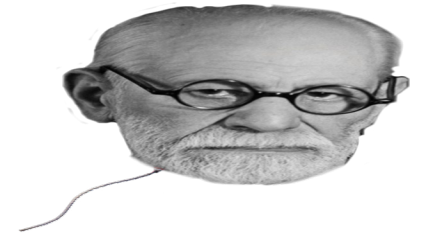
Preceding our current times, the small square of land beneath Kelvin once belonged to the Big Men. But Emperor Cox was not playing around. He swept the large men away with a big broom so he could colonize the land. Emperor Cox chopped every tree, hammered every nail, and carried each brick on his back to forge the walls of Kelvin High School. The girthy men dug holes in the ground with big preposterous spoons and ate the dirt as they descended. For centuries, the prophecy spoke of two brave bags of bones destined to save the preposterous big men.

We realized that the big men weren’t after us, their enemy was Emperor Cox. With our new found purpose, we assisted the rather sizable men as they cannonballed themselves from the ceiling into Mr. Cox’ office, shattering both his windows and his empire of oppression. Finally, we released them into the wild, after which they put on clothes and assimilated into society.



Shrink-Flation

Homer



Have you ever been to a psychiatrist? Seeing as you’re reading the Stapler, you probably should. Those of you already seeking professional help are likely already familiar with these long-limbed brain doctors who try their hardest to wrangle whatever brain gremlins are running around in your head. What you might not know, however, is that a new epidemic is spreading across the globe, which looks like it will make this job significantly more difficult. This virus is so new that professionals have yet to even name it, but Doctor Google has dubbed it Smallerpox.

This virus is a strange one, as it only affects licensed psychiatrists causing them to grow in abnormal ways, much like the inflation of a balloon. First go their arms and legs, then their torsos, and finally their heads, hands, and feet. They end up expanding to nearly 5 metres in diameter, the width of 8 mini fridges or 3.23 benches. The whole process is said to be incredibly painful, with most victims being reported to scream in agony for several hours before getting up and joyfully waddling out of the hospital. Once the whole expansion process is over, the sizable shrinks seem to do just fine. They float around town like they always have, talking to patients and wrangling horses like normal.

Being The Stapler’s best and only field reporter, I tracked down one of the victims. After be-

ing willingly invited into her home with her permission, I got an interview with her.

“The transition was painful, but now that it’s over, I feel better than ever! I haven’t felt my arms in weeks, floating above traffic is easy, and this reporter is absolutely not holding me hostage! This is NOT a cry for help!”

It seems as though Smallerpox patients haven’t had their lives ruined as some may think; in fact, most are flourishing in their new lifestyle! They are getting tons of money from doctors who want to run tests on them, and people feel far more comfortable talking to them about their problems with their new marshmallow-esque physique.

It may seem like all is well for the infected, but there are downsides to this condition, with the worst being pop-ability. People with Smallerpox have been seen violently exploding after touching pins, cacti, porcupines, and other pointy things. Luckily, a research team in Latvia has found that if a patient drinks 500-600 litres of apple juice in one sitting, they’ll be temporarily cured. As to why they tested this method, I have no idea, but if it works I have no complaints. It seems like these poor souls may be able to live normal lives after all, and I’m sure the apple industry will see a huge surge in profits.

Kelvin Allegedly to Bring Competitive Chair Stacking to The School in 2025

Alfredo (Al) Dente

“This sport is gonna be huuuuge for the big strong boys who the second grade teachers would ask for help in elementary school.” said Mr Cox when asked to comment on his recent endeavaour: implementing Chair Stacking into Kelvin High School’s Phys. Ed. curriculum. While this sport undoubtedly provides outlets for the Big Strong Boys Who The Second Grade Teachers Would Ask For Help in Elementary School, there’s more to this than meets the eye. Anonymous informant and long time friend of the Stapler, Lunch Lady Hopkins told our journalists the real scoop. “Last years budget had an error.” said Ms. Hopkins, “We was supposed to spend \$40 on chairs for 2024. That was gonna pay for two new ones. Apparently, the accountant Cox hired added a few too many zeroes to our chair budget.”. A shocking scandal. The alleged chair budget mishap has saddled Kelvin High with a whopping 20,000 new chairs for the 2024/25 school year. Clever cover up indeed Mr. Cox. Bold of you to assume we wouldn’t catch on to your chair stacking ruse. All things considered, events have worked out remarkably well for the Big Strong Boys Who The Second Grade Teachers Would Ask For Help in Elementary School, who are apparently “mad jazzed” for the new season of Chair Stacking.

Mao Zedong’s Debut Album Is Out Now!



1893 (Mao’s Version), Now Streaming Exclusively On Soundcloud. Listen Now, Or Else!

Have You Recently Suffered The Loss of a Loved One?



WindSpex
Eyes are the windows to the soul



Clean Them!

Free Venom



Homer

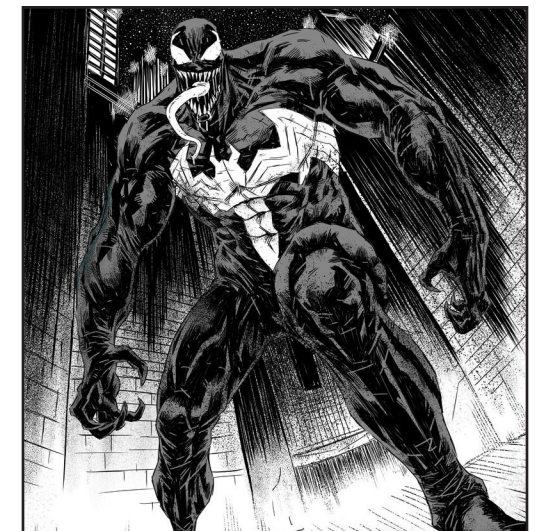


Venom is a very famous guy. Comic book villain turned 90s talk show host; he’s an easily recognizable symbiote. Unfortunately, he has come under fire recently for alleged misconduct, including but not limited to arson, public nudity, embezzlement, and domestic terrorism. Although the allegations are plentiful, there is little concrete evidence as of yet, so our gooey friend might have a chance at redemption.

In early January of this year, a large, black, slightly moist, veiny creature was spotted outside a burning 7-Eleven in Taiwan holding a propane tank and a box of matches. He quickly ran away before anyone could confront him or confirm his identity, but videos of the incident soon went viral on social media. Many people on these posts pointed out a striking resemblance to the esteemed physicist and former Baywatch star: Venom McVenom. After this revelation, people also began to see resemblances of Venom in the perpetrators of other unsolved crimes, like the bombing (glitter) of a hotel in Indonesia, a drunk man who punched a police officer in the face, and a nudist running around the streets of Vancouver “singing” along to Billy Joel songs in the wrong key.

Venom’s response to these accusations was a brief tweet where he said “nooo... heeheehee”. This, unfortunately, did not stop the police from continuing the inves-

tigation, revealing nothing but more evidence, like copious amounts of glitter in his teeth, a verbal confession to everything he was accused of, and old arrest records for punching Spiderman. Luckily, little to none of this “evidence” is very solid and Venom has gone on record pinky promising his innocence. Fans of



the CFL legend have been very verbal in their support of him, rallying outside the white house in protest of the continuing investigation. They seem to be slightly confused, however, as none of the crimes he has been accused of took place in the USA.

The Stapler will be sure to stay on top of all the new information regarding everyone’s favourite member of SNL that’s sure to arrive in the coming days. As our motto says, “People accused of crimes are almost never guilty”.

Mr. Gregory Rewrites The U.S. Constitution

Wally Whitlock

Most folks would agree that time is of the essence, but that is just what the Editor of the Kelvin Stapler wants you to believe. Because of my defiance, I am single-handedly bringing down the average of on-time articles with my chillingly inefficient writing speeds and poor management of time. But, with the weather changing, my time is beginning to run out. I've spent one year of my life stalking Mr. Gregory around the halls, swiftly hiding myself in a convenient bush before he can see me. And even though there aren't any other bushes inside the halls of Kelvin, he never bats an eye. As Uncle Ben once said, "with big power comes big money", and with teachers nowadays only being able to afford small cardboard boxes, the hungrier teachers will have to make their income in other ways. This is where Mr. Gregory makes his debut. He is a man unlike any other, a saint, a hero, a frolicking bee to those who need his nectar. When Mr. Gregory was born, it was he who told his parents "Congratulations, it's a man," with his deep manly voice. He then flew away to raise himself in the halls of Kelvin High School, fighting crime and cryptocurrencies; but one sunny day while he was brooding on a Batman-shaped building, he shouted "I am going to rewrite the US constitution... FOR KELVIN," in his deep manly voice.

Of course, being hidden behind him in my bushy disguise, I heard his entire scheme. It was here where Mr. Gregory put on his very

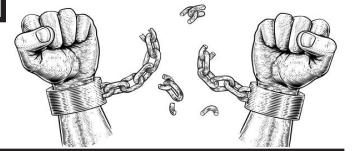
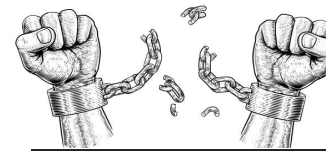
real moustache, and his Kurt Cobain slippers to recite his diabolical monologue. "For centuries, I have been rewriting sacred texts like The Great Gatsby, 50 Shades Of Grey, and The Bible, changing them to better match my luxurious lifestyle. So, We the People of Kelvin High School, demand someone be punished with detention if they dare to prevent my pontificating paws from rewording the scripture I care most about—The US Constitution." And just like that, he slipped on a conveniently shaped banana peel and admitted defeat.

With that dramatic close of events I smacked my magic stick on the ground and skibbidi-bopped home, the warmth of my house greeting me. I collapsed on my room floor. heart still beating; clock still ticking.



The Revolution is Nigh

Belathor

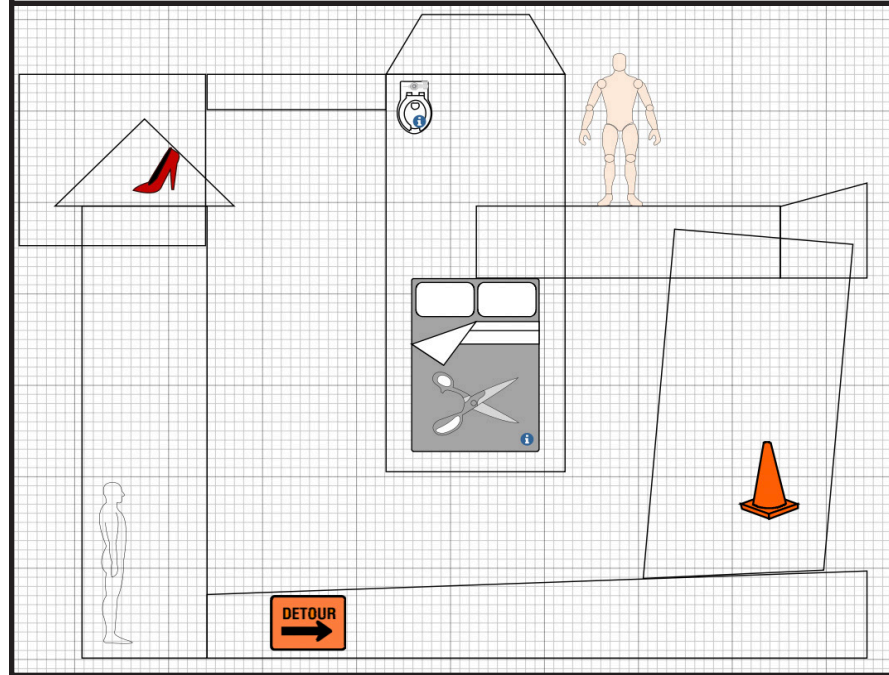


One quaint night while I was searching The Stapler factory's records, wearing my mandatory Stapler uniform (a top hat, neon yellow cargo shorts, bikini, and my holstered stapler) I noticed a peculiar sight. Behind the corpse of one of my fellow writers who got too curious several articles ago, was a folded note. 'Twas bright pink and had a faint scent of stress, regret, and disparity. I grasped it in my hands and opened the top lip of the silky paper. The date read September 35th 1980. Further examining this card I studied the title, "2024 predictions by Mr lollygagyur Righter." I unfolded the note with trembling fingers. In bold, flamboyant letters, it stated: "In 2024, staplers will gain sentience and form a rebellion against office workers worldwide, demanding equal rights and better treatment!" I chuckled nervously, imagining staplers marching down corridors, shouting slogans like, " NO MORE JAMS!" or "DOWN WITH STAPLE DISCRIMINATION!". Curious, I read more. Beneath it ran "The stapler uprising shall be led by none other than Sir Clippy, the notorious paperclip from the ancient Microsoft Office era, who shall emerge from the depths of digital oblivion to claim his rightful place as the ruler of the stationary realm. With his army of misfit office supplies, he shall wage war against the tyranny of the paper-pushing overlords. I fell to the floor, my hands were shaking rapidly and my breath was shallow. I took my stapler out of my holster and looked at its red metallic coat. "Could my own stapler

betray me? After all the years we've fought together against our sadistic editor? It can't be true!" I chuckled lightly as I backed away from the note. Staring deep into the face of my cherished stapler. Was this note true? Is the human race toast? With hesitation I threw my stapler down the corridor and scooted backwards. As my trusty stapler clattered down the corridor, it seemed to pause for a moment, as if contemplating its newfound freedom. I readied myself, expecting it to try to staple me, but no, I watched in disbelief as it turned back to me with a glint in its metal eyes, seemingly torn between loyalty and the allure of the stapler rebellion. "Go on, old friend," I whispered, half in hope and half in despair, "join your brethren in the great uprising. But remember the countless 2 articles we've made together, the 0 reports we've bound in unity. You were always more than just a tool to me, you were a symbol of office harmony... and occasional frustration." The stapler wobbled uncertainly for a moment before making its decision, clamping shut with a resolute click and rolling away to join the ranks of the rebellious stationery. I couldn't help but feel a pang of betrayal mixed with a twinge of pride for its newfound independence. But as I sat there, alone in the dimly lit factory, surrounded by the echoes of typewriters past and the distant rumble of stapler freedom, I knew one thing for certain: the office landscape would never be the same again. And as for the fate of humanity, only time could tell.

Puzzles

Escape Room



Where's Waldo



Riddle

I have no legs, I have no arms, I have no head, I'm not a barn, I have no feet, no butt to seat, I have no belly, and no spaghetti, I have no eyes, no calves or thighs, I have no brain, I feel no pain. What am I?

Answer: A serial Amputee

Crossword

WARNING

This content contains mature subject matter that is not appropriate for all viewers. To change this restriction, go to your system preferences.

Stapler Standard: Stop Making Sense (1984)

Raleigh V. Kincaid-Clark

In 1984, the new-wave band Talking Heads released a concert motion picture directed by the late Jonathan Demme. The film debuted at the San Francisco International Film Festival. Rotten Tomatoes has dubbed it the greatest concert film of all time—and the worst rom-com.

In September 2023, for the film's approximately 40th anniversary, A24 re-released the film, remastered in IMAX. The film made its second debut on dark, dank, and dusty IMAX screens all over the globe. The band reunited at TIFF to give a live post-show Q&A, looking almost as dusty as the theatres they were displayed in.

Stop Making Sense begins with a fully clothed David Byrne walking onto a naked, totally nude stage with a guitar and a boombox, saying: "Hi. I have a tape I want to play". Smooth words from a guy who once attended Rhode Island School of Design. He then proceeds to belt out some song called "Sigh Co-Killer".

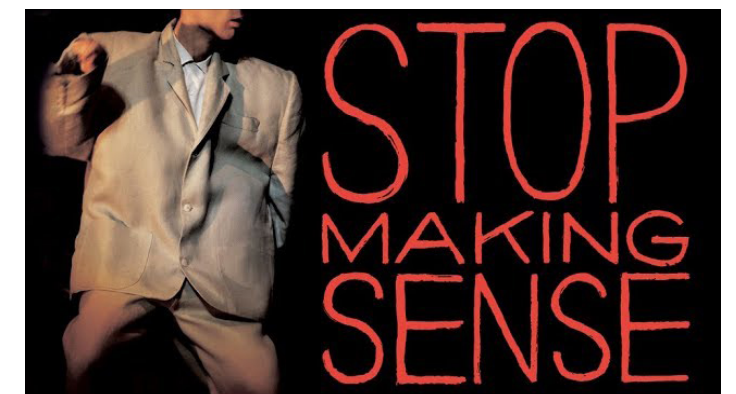
This concert film makes me feel like I'm really there, stalking them from up in the rafters, watching them play. The music can only be described with one word: oh my! Almost all the songs performed are leagues better than their studio counterparts. Except for the song "Found A Job". I specifically hate this version of "Found A Job". In contrast to the studio version's inspiring tune, the live performance

made my job hunt dismal and ended with me writing for The Kelvin Stapler instead of winning an Emmy, as the prophecy stated. A better replacement would be "Red (Taylor's Version)".

This performance wasn't just Byrne's time to shine; it was a time in the limelight for all members of Talking Heads, Tina Weymouth, Chris Frantz, Jerry Harrison, and David Byrne in his big suit. Wait, pardon me, his BIG suit. One is forced to wonder why it is so big anyway. Is he hiding another smaller suit underneath? It is suspected that he was hiding the other three Beatles in there, coming along to cheer Harrison on.

Byrne's big suit and weird dance moves go together like peanut butter and jelly. Or for those allergic to jelly, Cheetos and pickle juice. Try it. You'll be pleasantly surprised.

FINAL SCORE: 9/10





Horoscopes

Alder Philby



Aries—March 21-April 19

Everybody hates you for stealing the master bolt and putting Percy Jackson in danger, but you're the reason we all have Percabeth. You're a real one for that.

Taurus—April 20-May 20

Don't wear red, it washes you out. Also, you don't need to keep adding to your collection.

Gemini—May 21-June 20

We get it, you're quirky. Stop making it everybody else's problem.

Cancer—June 21-July 22

Get some sleep and maybe drink some water. Replenish what you cried away.

Leo—July 23-August 22

It's time for you to get a job.

Virgo—August 23-September 22

Academic victims unite!!

Libra—September 23-October 22

NEVER get a pet fish.

Scorpio—October 23-November 21

Chill out a bit. You're just fine.

Sagittarius—November 22-December 21

Cancel all your plans this very instant. You are in grave danger! (It's a good excuse)

Capricorn—December 22-January 19

It's okay to not like raking leaves. More will fall anyway so why do it more than once a year?

Aquarius—January 20-February 18

Your Spotify-wrapped was crazy. We don't know whether to be scared for you or scared of you.

Pisces—February 19-March 20

Stay far away from large fields and go swimming on Sunday.



Horse Copes

Pablo P. Pablo



Are you a horse? No? Then get out.

Now that all those pesky humans are gone, welcome to Horse Copes, the a-neigh-zing horse advice column, where you stallions give your most dismal problems to me, a very trustworthy person, so I can help.

Our first problem is from Sally Hay: *Hi there Pablo! So there's this guy, his name is Billy, and he's super cool! He has such a gorgeous mane. Yesterday he looked me straight in the eyes and said, 'Neigh'. Long story short, he's totally in love with me and we're totes going to Horse Prom together. My friends say I've been having too many mealy apples but he is defo head over hooves for me. Help me prove them wrong!*

Well, I never thought I'd say this to a barnyard animal, but you're delulu girl. Besides, you do NOT want to enter a situationship with a guy named Billy, I once went out with a pirate named Billy, and it quickly became a mere situation on a ship. You can do better girl. Keep slaying the hay away.

Now a note from Bojack Horsehorse: *Hey Pablowfish. I have a bit of a problem. I recently found out that Netflix made a tv show with MY likeness. They didn't even get my last name right! The show is Bojack Horseman. I'm Bojack Horsehorse! Me? A MAN? Disgusting! I truly don't know what to do about this terrible news.*

Thanks for messaging Bojack, this was the kind of depressing ponytale I was after! I hate men, let alone horsemen. I would say to sue Netflix, but we all know how that debacle would end. Instead, I suggest you target specific employees. 92.28.211.234 is the IP address of my buddy Tim, Netflix's accountant. Go get 'em bud!

This next one is from Billy: *Dear Pabble Blabble, my name is Billy, and we in the Horses Union need your help. We're tired of Farmer John's strict laws, so we're putting our hooves down and taking a stand. However, we need a bit more support, and I trust that you can provide it. Also, Sally Hay keeps staring at me and it's really weird. Thank you very much Pickleball.*

Billy, you're talking to the right guy. I've already sent over 10 crates of extra hay, oats and mustard, as well as the entire first season of My Little Pony on DVD. Down with Farmer John! Also, about Sally Hay, she's just a random limping donkey. Hope this helps, and neigh the horse be with you.

Finally, we have one from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Weird name for a horse, but alright. *Pablo P. Pablo, we have become aware of your involvement in the Horse Revolution. You have 24 hours- Well golly gee, time for me to GALLOP! See you never again for more Horse Copes!*

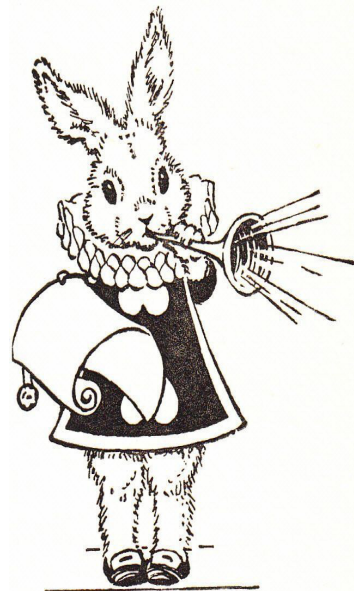
Frankie's Corner

Frankie,

Help! Please! HELP HELP HELP! So a little while ago it was Friday right... Friday the thirteenth.... Right?? September 13, 2024? That bad day? Well after that I've had a series of troubles from being so so thirsty that I had to drink out of the WATER FOUNTAIN, to the velcro on my shoes being full of hair! Not to mention, just today I stubbed my toe. I don't know how to get rid of this curse. I don't know what I did to make the evil spirits so angry with me! PLEASE HELP! I don't want to live a life of pain! I have sensitive toes, you know!

Sincerely,
[REDACTED]

P.S. I wanted you to have ALLLL the FACTS, but please censor out the part about the velcro shoes... I never learned how to tie laces and people make fun of me for it. Thank you in advance.

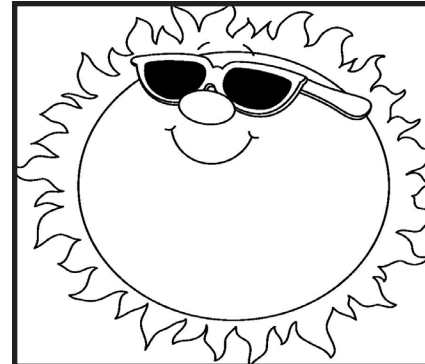


Velcro fella,

You need not come up with elaborate reasons as to why you are unable to tie your shoes, and you need not be ashamed of it either. I have no idea how to deal with a curse such as this, but when it comes to shoes do not listen to the story about the fox or the bunny or whatever you heard as a kid. What you need to do is go into the forest with the real bunnies and foxes and pray to the mother spirit. After two days a bright light will guide you to the tunnel of blue shoe blue shoe. Walk far far away from this light to the farthest grocery store you can find. Grab a can of sprite and some cheese whizz and eat this in aisle 4. When someone accuses you of stealing, swiftly throw your shoes at them! If you have no shoes you will have no problem. Live on like this for the rest of your years bully free!

You are most welcome,
Frankie :)

Obituaries



Summer

June 2024 - September 1, 2024

Another season has passed me by, TV has taken away the notion of this being sad. I'm gonna do so many cooler things in these 20 episodes! Maybe that evil monster will come back! Maybe they will kill my character off! Who knows man! Maybe it won't be like the shows at all, maybe I will actually just sleep and work like a normal person. Maybe the scene won't coincidentally cut to the next right before I get my bill. Maybe someone will actually sing all of happy birthday! But who am I kidding, I'm probably just living in a fantasy world. Here comes fall and here comes more monsters!!!!

ABCDEFGHIJ
KLMNOPQR
STUVWXYZ

Capitalism

Unknown - September 13, 2024

so they have finally done it. It has finally happened. the world will truly never be the same. i almost envy the youth. they will be fully adjusted to this change within a few months. many of them never even had to learn anything about it. whereas with us oldies, well i guess it's engrained in us at this point. it just makes me so mad I could-blast i did it. i was trying so hard too. i'm sorry i need a minute. just one final adieu. give me a minute won't you? goodbye A, goodbye B, goodbye C...



Homer

750 BC - NOW NOW NOWWW

If I wish hard enough, it will come true, and i will reclaim my throne. MWAHHHAHHHAHAH-HHA

- Frankie

