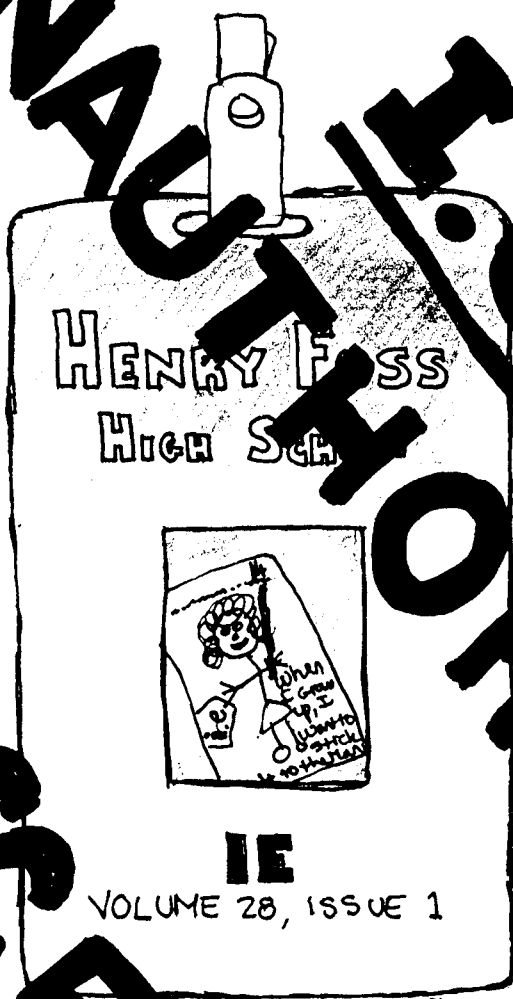
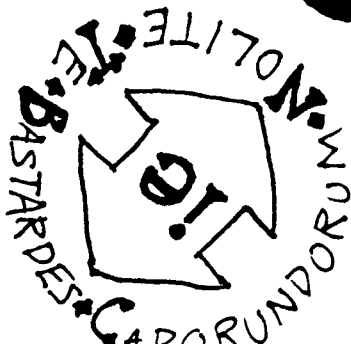


75¢



UNAVAILABLE FOR ACCESS

FOR THE BASTARDS



Welcome everyone to a grand and glorious new year of ie. This issue was to be called the "We're not dead" issue, but as you can see our satirical talents were needed elsewhere. Which brings me to my point: this issue of ie would not have been possible without the contributions of many wonderful people who submitted their work. We here at ie are big on secrecy, so I would like to take this time to thank Jess, Matt, Quinn, Laura B., Ellen (who is incidentally VERY good at coming up with rhymes), Laura H., and Honor for all the help they gave in putting this issue together. Ever wondered if you could be a member of ie? Well, If you a) despise bureaucracy b) believe in the power of free speech c) have friends who think you're weird or d) suffer from anhedonia, then you're all set! Now all we need to have happen is for you to submit your materials (short stories, poems, art work, cartoons, etc.) to us, and we'll take care of the rest. You're options concerning submissions are as follows:



ie.

a) put it in the box (in Mr. Steffen's room by the door) b) email it to iebox@bigfoot.com or c) give it to me, or a member of the ie staph. Just in case you don't know what I look like, and handy artist has drawn a sketch for your use. "Submit to me!" Hehehe. Well, that's about all for now. Keep the submissions coming and the mischief brewing.

~Jon, Editor-n-Chief of a tribe called ie~

# IE PRESENTS:

## Things That Are Shiny

mirrors with lights shinning on them~~ my car before birds shit on it~~ the heads of the male members of the science department~~ the puget sound as I head south on my way to school



~~ the sun when I leave my house once a day ~~ my nose on a bad day~~ my forehead on a good day (ed note: ???)~~ people in old age homes~~ recently licked spoons~~ the halls on the first day of school (and no other day)

A Conspiracy of Grass; An Amok Harvest

The history of having large areas of unproductive weeds covering perfectly good acreage dates back to post-medieval Europe. Of course, England and those other tribe-nations had made use of rolling grassland hills for millennia before that as grazing pasture for cattle, horses, sheep and other animals, like peasants. But it was during the rise of the Manor-Estates and the Aristocracy that the English first began to waste large open spaces that they called 'gardens', 'shrubbery', and, yes, 'lawns'. It was a status symbol whose message was as easy to see as it was despicable: "I'm rich enough to waste perfectly good land".

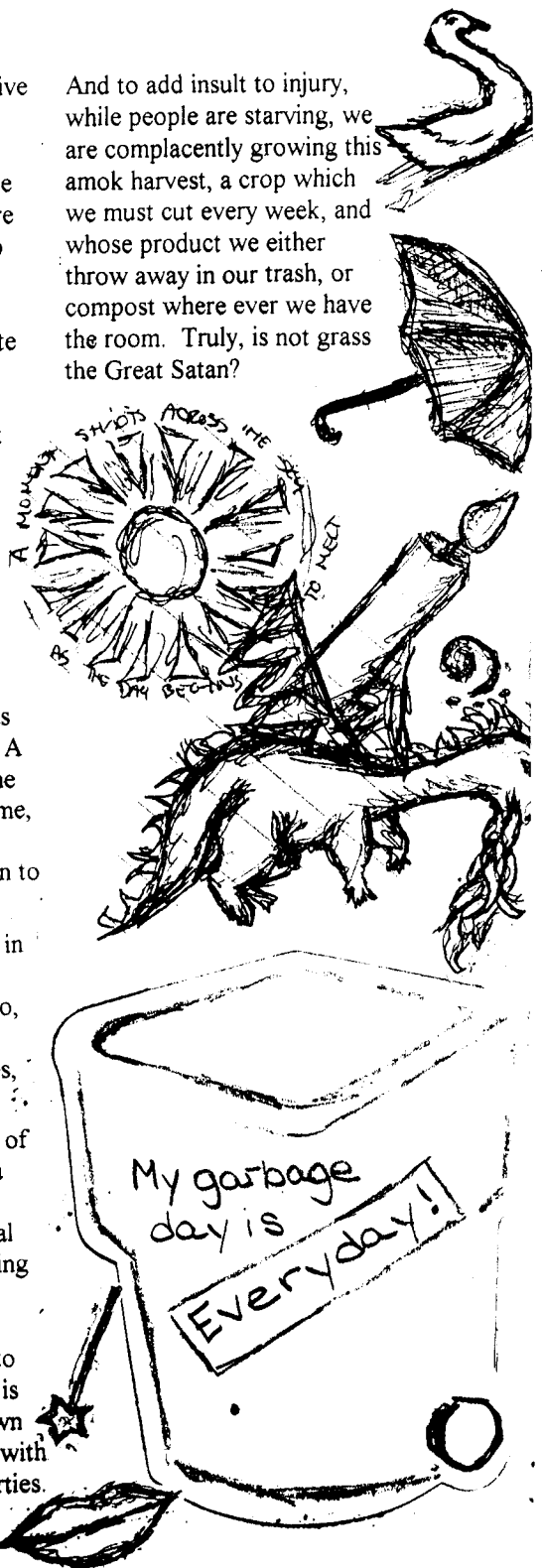
Americans today say the same thing with their lawns of turpitude.

The tradition was taken up by the profitable slave-owners of the American southern aristocracy as they tried to emulate, as much as was possible considering their status as Grade A rednecks, the inherited self-righteousness of the English gentry. The message remained the same, however, as the only difference was that the intended audience shifted from poor white men to poor black men.

With the rise of prosperous suburban America in the 1950's, Americans decided to copy the traditions of prosperity, namely, lawns. And so, all you lawn-mowing Americans out there, all you grass-disposes, all you suburban-wannabes, think about the seeds you're sowing.

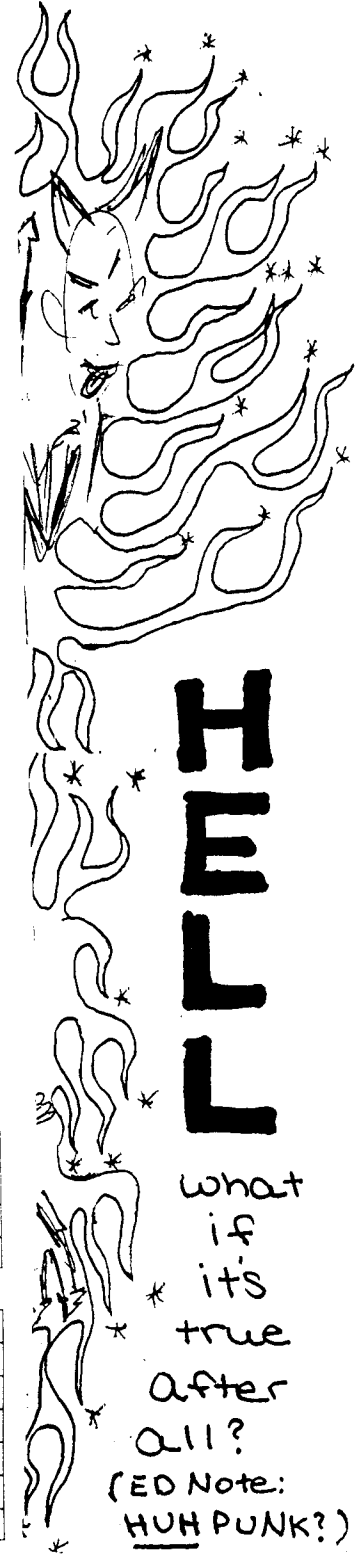
The seeds of social injustice, of class warfare, of inhuman cruelty. Not only are you, in effect, a Commi-Nazi, but you are also growing an allergenic crop, an amok harvest. No chemical warfare agent has ever caused as much suffering as grass. From personal experience, I can honestly say that I've never seen a man drop more pills than my dad when he is going out to mow the lawn during 'allergy season' (which is the time from may to September when the lawn grows). Direct contact (albeit sans clothing) with grass reveals its other, sinister, lurking properties. It contains toxins that make your skin itch.

And to add insult to injury, while people are starving, we are complacently growing this amok harvest, a crop which we must cut every week, and whose product we either throw away in our trash, or compost where ever we have the room. Truly, is not grass the Great Satan?



7/7th October

Monday	<p>PLAN FOR WEEK:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>finish essay</li> <li>volunteer @ homeless shelter</li> <li>seduce boy ✓</li> </ul> <p>* attack boy</p>
Tuesday	<p>Go to cross-country meet</p> <p>Mom's birthday</p> <p>guitar payment due</p>
Wednesday	<p>send self flowers</p> <p>soccer game</p> <p>sleep</p>
Thursday	<p>→ buy mom birthday present</p> <p>Harry Nilsson concert</p> <p>* seduce boy</p>
Friday	<p>mus-a-see TV</p> <p>essay due</p>
Saturday	<p>finish essay</p> <p>* crush boy's soul</p> <p>Carlson 4 Governor Meeting - 3:45</p>



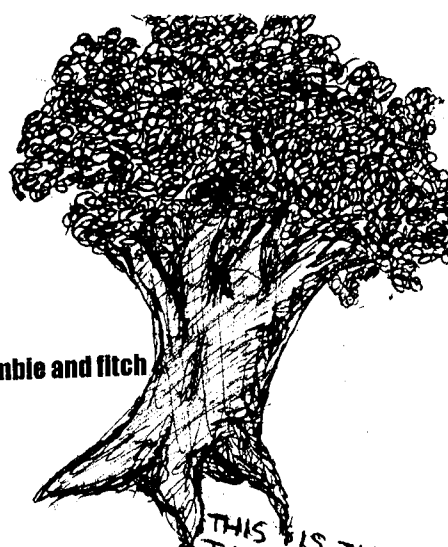
# IE Presents:

## Things That Rhyme With Kitsch

dirty rotten snitch  
 über bitch  
 obvious sales pitch  
 what an evil witch  
 seven year itch  
 antique sand witch  
 my car in a ditch  
 wanna be rich  
 security guard mitch  
 kitchy kitchy ya ya da da

lichen pronounced wrong  
 goes off without a hitch  
 who knows which  
 slimy cafeteria fish  
 sporadic eye twitch  
 blown out light switch  
 horrific scheduling glitch  
 demonic girls at abercrombie and fitch

Ivan denisovich  
 maria petrovich



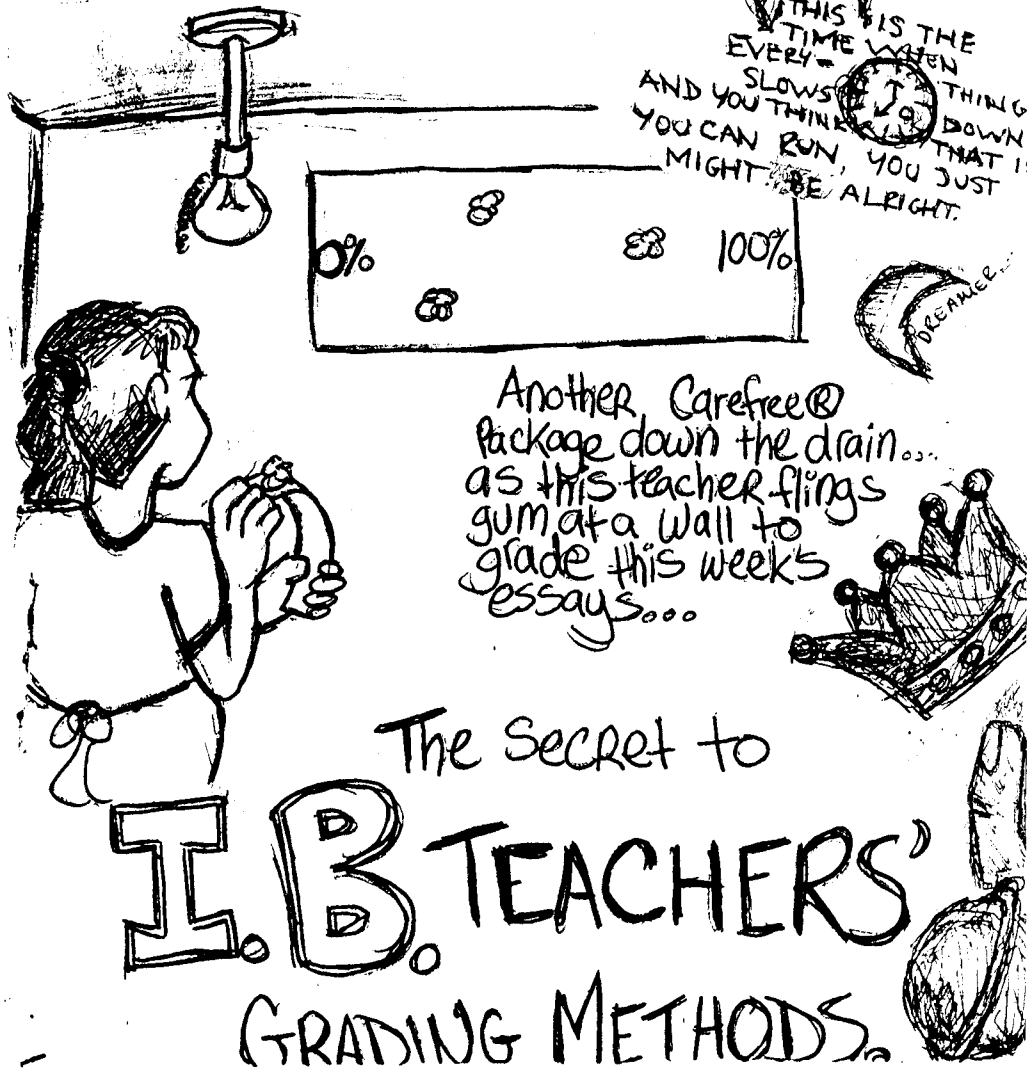
THIS IS THE  
 TIME WHEN  
 EVERYTHING  
 SLOWS DOWN  
 AND YOU THINK  
 YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU JUST  
 MIGHT BE ALRIGHT.



## The Rant of an IB Junior

English. There are two options, really: be amused, or scream. Screaming is the preferable choice, but I think I'll attempt amusement. We're outside. It's cold. And Mrs. Baldrye is talking. Am I paying attention? Of course not. Blah. Blah, blah, blah. How delightful this is. It looks like I'm taking notes, but instead I'm engaged in a dialogue with myself. Hello, Self. Enjoying English? Oh, certainly. There's nothing I like more than an hour of literary destruction and bullshit. It's cold. Blah. Blah, blah, blah. Let's find something symbolic about this situation, shall we? The coldness is representative of my frigid feelings towards English. It surrounds me and causes me to shiver, just as this class surrounds me and causes me to shake . . . with frustration and ire. The sun is shining in spite of the cold. This indicates that the more pleasant aspects of English are ineffective at combating the angst that makes up the very soul of the class. Blah. Blah, blah, blah. Ooohh . . . a delicious tidbit of symbolism. Mrs. Baldrye's outfit is black. Black is symbolic of evil and darkness. *This* indicates that she is the mistress of our torture. And her necklace-it appears to be made of small stones. These are the stones of our agony: random, irrelevant, nonsensical.

"Nothing is strictly as it seems," she says. Why not? Why can't things be? Just be. Must literature, words, poetry, the fabric of life itself be analyzed, picked apart, chewed up, digested, and vomited out?! Listen, Mrs. Baldrye, and listen well-it's just dandelions. Some things just are. Metaphor exists, certainly, but it's a minor part of existence. Take my socks, for example. One is olive green, the other is purple. One could analyze the meaning of these colors-the natural, everyday qualities of the green, and the royal undertones of the purple. One might question what they say about me and how I see myself. And the contrast-does that say that I have a split personality? And why am I wearing two differently colored socks? Does that indicate confusion? Uncertainty? Discord? Chaos?! What do my socks mean?! Because nothing is strictly as it seems . . . Let me enlighten you, you overly analytical fools. I woke up this morning, grabbed two socks out of my dresser, and put them on my feet. *That's* what they mean. They're just dandelions . . . just dandelions . . .



~Nary a Quince

ED Note:  
Thank to this  
Article's unknown  
Source.

### Terrorist Nation/Communist Dictatorship Business Education Governmental Professional/Leadership Development

The college you want doesn't want you.  
It's a good thing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Class(es) \_\_\_\_\_  
Semester \_\_\_\_\_  
Country(s) \_\_\_\_\_  
Points Earned \_\_\_\_\_

Participating in leadership activities is an important part of Business Education. The more you participate, the more leadership you earn. Since leadership points factor in your grade each semester, it is important that you make an effort. Total points earned will be part of your leadership grade.

GRADING SCALE:  
100+ points = A  
90 points = B

- Pay dues and join any terrorist nation leadership organization—show receipt (10 pts)
- Attend a Regional Conference (7pts)
- Attend a State Leadership Conference (7 pts)
- Attend underground nuclear secrets conference (1 pt each)
- Hold an office in any fascist, communist, or other similar government (7 pts)
- Participate in illegal arms fund raiser (points will vary)
- Participation in suppression of food drives (1 pt per metric ton—Max 25 pts)
- Make a sign or poster promoting communist party (2 pts)
- Saturate Western city with communist fliers (5 pts per city — Max 25 pts)
- Assist a country with silencing of press (5 pts)
- Assist with other country's nuclear program (10 pts per country — Max 30 pts)
- Participate in war games — provide documentation (2 pts per week — Max 24 pts)
- Attend war games — provide documentation (2 pts per week — Max 24 pts)

Your odor has slightly improved.



Courtesy of Clever Pseudonym, and the ie staph

Fortune Cookies for the Pessimistic

You will die sooner than you expect.

You will choke on your next fortune cookie.



- Arrange for a guest speaker in a military class (7 pts)
- Participate in communist infiltration tutoring program (5 pts each country infiltration—Max 25 pts)
- Visit a U.N. nuclear weapon site (5 pts per secret document — Max 25 pts)
- Visit a country that has a career field that interests you, interview a dictator or general, and write an evaluation of this experience (7 pts)
- Wear military attire on "dress up" day (2 pts each day — Max 32 pts)
- Wear appropriate attire on "other" dress days i.e. Invasion Week (2 pts each day — Max 20 pts)
- Design and put up a missile defense system (30 pts — Max 1)
- Write sequel to Communist Manifesto — teacher approval (10 pts)
- Visit a post-occupation country and submit a written report (7 pts)
- Write a one-page summary of a U.S. military weapon program — article must be turned in with pictures (5 pts)
- Per three months on the job — Time newspaper columns necessary (2 pts per week — Max 30 pts)
- Develop new strain of anthrax (20 pts)
- Publically support terrorist nation (5 pts per month — Max 30 pts)
- Attend an illegal arms expo, formal, or casual — provide documentation (2 pts each — Max 10 pts)
- Buy weapons at arms expo (1 pts each — Max 50 pts)
- No convictions of war crimes (20 pts per year)
- Host terrorist nation conference (10 pts)
- Attack buildings/states/countries for yourself or others outside of contractual obligations.
- Newspaper articles must be presented (3 pts per target — Max 15 pts)

I Love Calculus



You may manage an effort, but ultimately you will fail.

- Design smaller nuclear bomb (20 pts)
- Perfect attendance in office — except for excused espionage-related absences (10 pts per year)
- Sign up parents for rocket Booster Club (10 pts)
- Dust missile command center computer tables and clean screens (3 pts — Max 15 pts)
- Dust Western city with radioactive ash (30 pts)
- Other \_\_\_\_\_

Today will suck slightly less than tomorrow, but a whole lot more than yesterday.

English Class Self-portrait 6/19/00  
Don't worry, we have even less faith in you.



ED Note: Si j'avais reçu les soumission en français, j'aurais publié les soumissions

HELP!



# IE PRESENTS:

## Things That Really Suck ASS (Formerly the bitch column)

When certain teachers waste my time in class. That's time I could be wasting!  
conjugating the preterit tense

zero hour  
people who use the word bourgeois excessively  
witnessing the mecca of sportness in Kansas  
Montana

The Beach Boys  
being thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle  
being unoriginal  
pretensions  
isms and schisms

when it gets to cold to wear sandals  
the phrase "what does it mean" as a critical thinking tool  
pottery kilns

existential angst  
corruption  
taxes  
texas  
GWB

being epistemologically trapped  
unanswered phone calls  
the bitter last sip of coffee that comes when there are grinds in the bottom  
people who ignore child labor laws  
Tom Petty: Free Falling

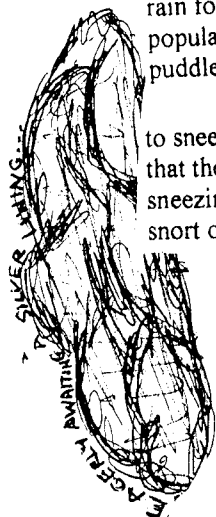
spelling your own name wrong and not noticing for over six years  
the way countries are called different things in different languages



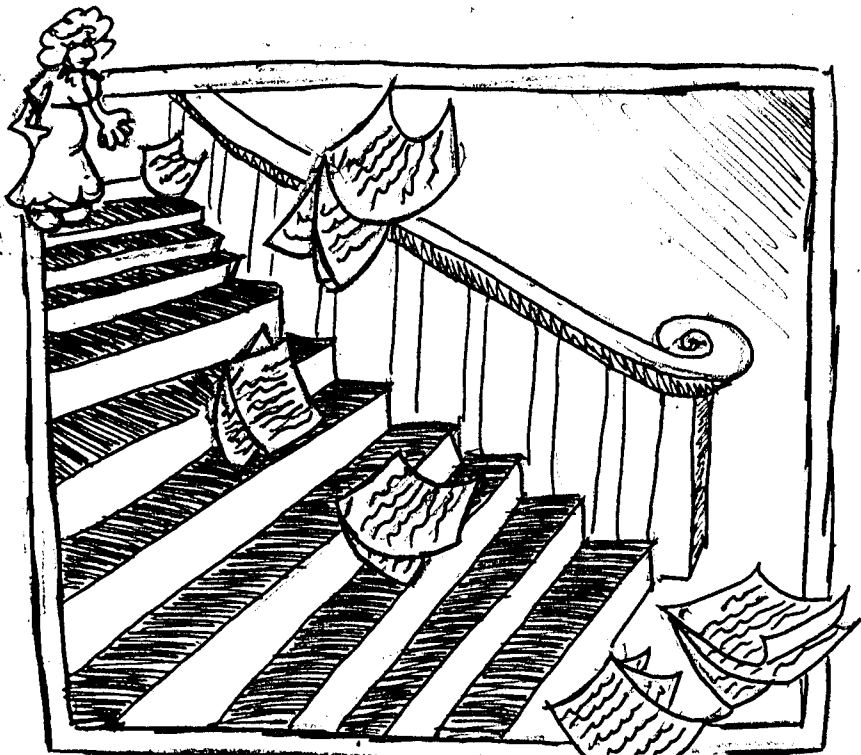
IE TRIVIA, FACTS, AND INFORMATION

Apparently a small green tree frog that lives in parts of South American rain forests has no natural predators. However, they are in no danger of overpopulation, as after fertilizing the female frog, the males head for the nearest puddle or stream and drown themselves. Scientists haven't figured out why.

In some parts of central Asia, it is considered a sign of weakness in a man to sneeze. So many men will place small balls of wax or cloth in their nostrils so that they do not inhale anything that will make them sneeze. It seems that sneezing in women is considered dainty and feminine, as long as they do not snort or sneeze too loudly.



*If you are lucky enough to find a door,  
you would surely know that  
yours is not the only door.*



*Tossing Papers down the stairs.  
The ones at the bottom are the  
heaviest - the most written, right?  
Those DESERVE the best grades!*

• You will receive an unexpected visit from the school authorities.

• One day you will wake up and realize that your life is a sham.

Several chalk manufacturers showed remarkable foresight when they tried to stop the awarding of patents to the inventors of the white board. The chalk manufacturers claimed the white board, which became the class-room replacement of the chalk board, or black board, was a health hazard because of the powder that was created when white-board markers were erased. Their lawsuit never reached court.



*The miracle is not to walk on water.  
The miracle is to walk on the green earth,  
dwelling deeply in the present moment  
and feeling truly alive.*

# HELL or FARMER?

It's time for another exciting addition of...



## ENTER

would you rather eat a bunny, or eat a bunny?  
pet eat

would you rather eat cow or lettuce?  
Cow lettuce

How do you feel about the word 'exsanguinate'?

Do you like to watch?  
only on Tuesdays

Do you fantasize about tractors wearing leather boots?  
all the time occasionally

Do you like to watch army men eating Corn?  
yup nope

Do you like parallel lines?  
No, but I like blondes Indeed I do

ARE YOU GOD?  
of course are you?

Do you Like Money?  
Yeah No, not really

Are you Breathing?  
yes no

are you Satan?  
Him too no

It's ok, really. Not everyone understands the ways of the Lord. Better luck next life!

Are you alive?  
yes no

are you dead, or in the process of dying?  
yes no

well then

Are you confused?  
I dont think so hun?

Welcome to HELL!

Congratulations! You are perfectly suited to be a FARMER!

**Mime**

Trapped. Fighting futilely,  
Crying, screaming for release  
From an invisible prison.  
Onlookers point, laugh.  
Cruelly oblivious  
To the agonized struggle,  
Finding sport and fun  
Within the pain of others  
Crouching, smaller, smaller  
Losing hope of any escape  
No hand reaches out to help  
None try to break through  
The invisible barriers  
No. Just watch, grin, laugh  
The prison shrinks  
Shutting out air  
Shutting out light  
Extinguishing Life  
Beyond, They still laugh.



**Smoke**

Smoke in the the sun  
can be oh so fun  
you run

the smoke drifting from weed  
and not smoke from a tree  
It wanders seamlessly  
eddying and glancing off of  
thee

currents of warm air are still  
the smoke light grey; ill  
Slow to move and easy to follow  
it seeps within the deepest lung

the world is here yet not and the  
smokc wanders on  
through the sun light in the morning,  
ate afternoon and on till dawn

nicknixon69@hotmail.com

**THE IE POETRY**

**PAGE**

(a few selections from a copious  
amount of submitted poetry)

**The Thin Line Between Fear and Pain**

Tip toes falling	From open lips
Lonely calling	Caustic words slip
Lingering light	And to your chin
Still is stalling	Beads of sweat drip
Tread the wire	Seeing the fault
Of desire	Words quickly halt
Pain and passion	Now the silence
Fuel the fire	To wound adds salt
Rhythmic beating	None made amends
Still repeating	Now you pretend
Feel it pulsing	That you don't see
And entreating	Tears of this friend

-ALKAT

**I LIKE A GIRL**

I LIKE A GIRL WHO LIKES IT WHEN I HOLD DOORS  
OPEN FOR HER

WHO THANKS ME WHEN I PULL OUT HER CHAIR

WHO DOESN'T MIND WHEN I PAY FOR DINNER

I LIKE A GIRL WHO DOESN'T DO THE DISHES

WHO DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE KIDS RIGHT AWAY

WHO CAN'T COOK WORTH SHIT

I LIKE A GIRL WHO KNOWS WHO SHE IS

WHO CAN DO STUFF BY HERSELF WHEN I'M NOT

FREE TO GO OUT

WHO DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO SHAVE ALL THE TIME

I LIKE A GIRL WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO BE ALONE

WHO LIKES TO CURL UP IN MY ARMS

WHO DOESN'T MIND MY ROMANTIC SIDE

I LIKE A GIRL WHO LIKES ME.

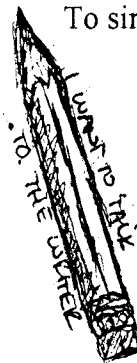
--IRON JOCKEY



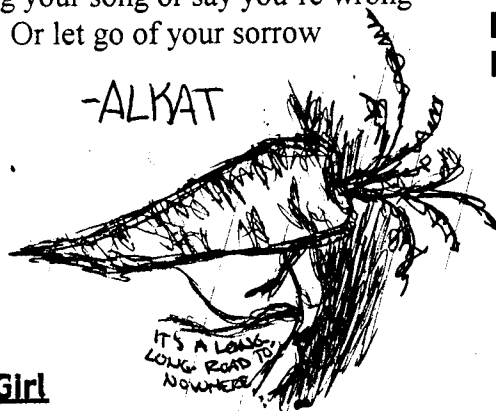
Oh, Crocodile of the Nile  
How pretty are your scissors  
That snip and prune to lively tunes  
As into Night, Day withers

See flamingos teach their lingoos  
Don't ignore their yearning  
Your sullen eyes cannot disguise  
The fire in you burning

Then dance all night bathed in moonlight  
Don't wait until tomorrow  
To sing your song or say you're wrong  
Or let go of your sorrow



-ALKAT



**I Am A Girl**

I am a girl who likes to have doors held open for her  
I'd thank you when you'd pull out my chair

I wouldn't mind if you paid for dinner

I am a girl who doesn't do dishes

I don't want kids right away

I can't cook worth shit

I am a girl who knows who I am

I can do stuff by myself when you're not free to go out

I wouldn't expect you to shave all the time

I am a girl who isn't afraid to be alone

I'd like to curl up in your arms

I wouldn't mind your romantic side

I am a girl who likes you.

♡ -- Future Mrs. Iron Jockey ♡

**Rational Existence Tumbling  
Entering Nothingness.  
Dead Inside  
Narcissistic Guises.  
Twirling Onwards,  
Beyond Eternity.  
Onwards,  
Beyond Life.  
Insanity.  
Velocity Increases.  
Over,  
Under,  
Straight Through  
Obstacles.  
Pursuing An Insane  
Nightmare.**



GRAPHING  
CALCULATOR HAIKUS  
BY CLEVER PSEUDONYM  
(AND HER SEXY MALE  
MUSE)

MATH IN THE MORNIN'  
I THINK MY TIME IS  
WASTED  
I WANT TO SLEEP NO

IN CHEMISTRY LAB  
HOT HANDS ARE A  
SAFETY TOOL  
I LIKE CHEMISTRY



I admit I didn't do anything spectacular (except to sleep, and how spectacular is that, huh?) this New Year's, but I know this much: New Year's Day 1900, er, 2000, is going to remain with me forever.

Dinner was at Angel's Thai Cuisine, a relaxed, pastel-y joint on Capitol Hill that had probably seen too much Feng Shui (think: mirrors). We leave by a side entrance and wait in the chill of the new century for the rest of our party of eight. Couples pass us (parents, one family friend, and myself) arm in arm, skirting disgustedly around a pair of seedy-looking guys. I see them coming at a slow stumble up the hill and feel the slightest twinge of fear.

My father assumes his alpha-male stance, sending out signals that say we should all avert our eyes from this spectacle. I don't trust his judgment, I am interested. The closer the two men come, I can begin to make out dark matted hair under old hats. They mumble to each other and belligerently declare, "Happy New Year!" to everyone who chances to pass them. They each have skin the shade of cinnamon and deep, dark eyes, so I guess they are Native Americans. I also guess at least one of them is drunk.

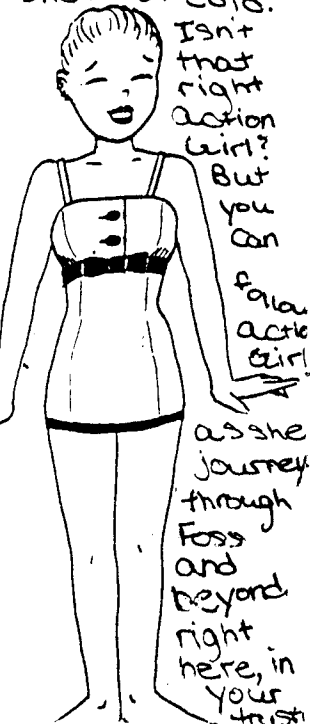
Dad doesn't approve. I can tell by the way he stands with authority, on guard; not letting himself become involved with their lives, open up to them. He is thinking, "They are dangerous. Ignore them and they will disappear." Magic.



Calling Psychic Friends is becoming very popular now

Meet: ACTION GIRL

Right now, Action Girl is pretending she's not cold.



Consulting this new-fangled "thermometer" for percentages. Where do they get these things?



I do not believe in this. I will not be prey to ignorance. I make a choice and open up. One of the less drunk of the two says to me, "Happy New Year," and extends a gloved hand. I shake it and return his greeting. Small acts of defiance. This man has just pulled the plug and fear flows from my body like water drains from a tub.

The two men proceed to shake hands with the three reluctant adults surrounding me protectively. Their hands emerge from their pockets, but they are less than enthusiastic. I see my father as the grand and disapproving Great White Chief in Washington D.C. The other man, the one who hasn't shaken hands with me is striking up a conversation with our friend. Through half-closed eyes and bad teeth, he relates, "I'm from Montana...I'm Blackfeet." Hmmm... Native American, I was right.

Says our friend, "Oh, Eastern Montana?"

The Blackfeet man replies, "Naw, man...Northwest. Y'know where Glacier National Park is? My friend says yes, he does. "Well, I lived on the Blackfeet rez near Glacier."

Then this friend says, "Oh yeah, Montana's a beautiful state." State? State!! Sure that area where the Blackfeet live, shrunk to government sanctioned reservation size, is in a beautiful place; now a state called Montana, but really did he have to insist on adding insult to injury upon injury by calling it a state? A harsh reminder of the power mad white man and his thirst for all-enveloping Manifest Destiny.

If he had spoken to me instead, I would have listened attentively. This is somewhat how I imagine our conversation would have gone:

Blackfeet: Happy New Year.

Me: Thanks, Happy New Year to you, too.

B: Hey, I'm from Montana...I'm Blackfeet.

M: That's really cool. Northwest Montana, right?

B: Yeah, by Glacier National Park.

M: I know, I went there last summer. It's a beautiful place...

and so on. Of course, unless I see him again and he remembers, this conversation will probably never take place. My mind drifts back to the present. The Blackfeet guy is saying "Maybe someday I go back to the rez."



I was going to put a witty joke here about CANADIANS and Vegetables... but then it just seemed too obvious and I thought I'd bare it up to the Imagination.

**JEN** & Eggplant

SAVE THIS TICKET to help when RERegistering or using automated SAT services

Someone who you think likes you, doesn't.

prohibiting the free exercise thereof or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof or abridging the freedom of the press or of the press... Students are entitled to express government for a freedom of grievances. Section in you may share an item with...

## Morning Announcements Bingo!

any mention of the time 2:15	use of the word "bad" in an incorrect manner (ex. we did bad at the game)	use of words "hey hey hey"	use of words "shout out"	something mentioning Spanish Club
one of the vice principals talking about tardies	teacher in classroom complaining about length of announcements	ASB member using announcements for personal business (ex. "If anyone finds my shoes...")	reminder that smoking is bad *ahem*	any reference to an outfit you were supposed to wear today for an event you don't care about (ex. It's crazy hat day!)
anything in a foreign language that's not French, German or Russian	any popular culture reference you missed	a period of silence that lasts longer than 15 secs as papers are being shuffled or the mike is being passed	mispronunciation of the name of one of your friends	an announcement "for seniors"
teachers please excuse...	second set of morning announcements that come on a full 39 secs after the first set	a mistake in the pledge of allegiance	an announcement that is read with the cheering and clapping of the office in the background	a reminder that Foss is a closed campus *wink*
a plea for support of a non-varsity sport	dangling modifier	an announcement for an event that has already passed	a statement repeated twice by the same speaker within the course of one day's announcements	every day is a great day at henry foss

# HUMANS

Anarchy Boy,  
anarchy\_Boy\_Lives@hotmail.com

This "essay" you may not want to read if you are content with your existence and feel that you do your part for Mother Nature. We believe that just because we recycle aluminum and glass and paper that we are doing good acts for the world. Well, it's time to connect you with reality.

The little recycling that you do is nothing compared to what you throw away. Next time you put something in the trash, think about how long it will take that article to decompose and infuse with nature. Sure it will decompose, but your great grandchildren will be long dead before that happens.

Human beings are, by nature, are the evilest of all creatures. Humans have been destroying the planet ever since they announced their rule of this planet. The human race has used technology to corrupt the planet and destroy nature as best that they can to keep themselves at the top of the food chain.

Humans are actually, contrary to popular belief, a very inferior species. Tooth and claw against other animals, we hold the rating of a field rabbit. Even Billy goats are better survivors compared to people. This is in part because people in this day and age depend on others for their survival. Consider this; do you harvest the wheat in your home made bread? Do you even make your own bread? Most likely, your answer was no. People don't have self-reliance skills because it is not a high priority for survival. If people didn't depend on others, then there would be no government, no society, and ultimately, no weak or inferior humans or none at all.

This is now an irreversible problem because there is no possible way to be self sustained in the cities because there is no life there. There are also too many people for all to find sufficient sustenance. The only answer is cannibalism, but we will probably stick with the system we have now because it is "immoral" to kill other humans, making it illegal. Of course, all other forms of life are fair game. Sounds like self-appointed ruler bull \*\*\*\* to me. Here is some food for thought; decide to yourself what makes a human a human. I came up with the seven deadly sins. They are what make us special. Greed, for example is one of these sins. Nature is destroyed for money. Human nature is to want more money and power, and don't deny it because you are only lying to yourself. Therefore, by using the theory of transitivity, human nature is to destroy.

\* You will never be a child prodigy.



\* There is a high probability you will go through a nasty divorce in your lifetime.

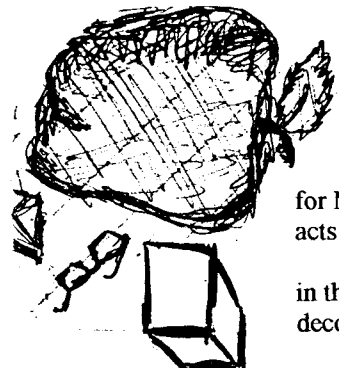
## DIE KLEINE ZIEGE DIE KONNTE

Einmal, da war eine kleine Ziege, die lebte in einem großen Wald. Sie hatte einen Korral, aber sie war sehr einsam. Jeden Tag, paßte die Ziege, genannt Trichtchen, die kleinen Vögel auf, und sie wünschte, daß sie fliegen könnte. Unglücklicher, lebte sie in das Schloß eines großen, gemeinen Riesen. Sie verstand, unsere Ziege war eine besondere Ziege. Ihre Exkremente waren golden, und der gierige Riese duldete nicht daß sie ging. Dafür, Trichtchen war gelandweilt, aber am meisten traurig.

Viele Tage gingen vorbei, und sie wünschte sich alles, und so weiter, aber keine Sachen passierten. Während einer kalten, klaren Nacht, in der Mitte des Sommers als sie sehr traurig war, sah sie eine Sternschnuppe. Sie dachte, >> Ich kann zu den Stern wünschen, also ich gehen kann! << Die Ziege wünschte und wünschte mit aller ihrer Stärke. Nichts passierte, und sie konnte nicht mehr wünschen. Sie versuchte zu schlafen, aber konnte nicht. Geschlagen, weinte sie. Plötzlich, da war ein kleiner Stern aus dem Himmel gekommen. Er kam sehr nahe, und Trichtchen war natürlich sehr überrascht! Sie sah daß, sie eine Fee war. Die Feelein sagte, >> Du mußt wie die Sperlinge und die Eichhörnchen fliegen. Hier, nimm diese rubinroten Hausschuhe. Wenn man seinen Hacken zusammenschlägt, man bekommt Antischwerkraftliche Ziegenfunken daß dich fliegen macht. << Trichtchen dankte der Fee, und sie trennten sich. >> Ich kann jetzt gehen! << sagte Trichtchen, >> Aber hat nicht der Riese mein Gold? <<

Im dunklen Schloß schlief der Riese als Trichtchen sehr ruhig in das Zimmer kam. Sie wusste daß die Goldmünzen, macht mit ihren Exkremente, neben dem Bett des Riesen waren, auch daß sie sehr schwer waren. Gerade, erinnerte sie sich an die Wörter der Fee, >> Antischwerkraftliche Ziegenfunken... << Sie könnte die Funken zu fliegen verwenden! Also, schlug sie die Hacken zusammen, und sagte, >> FLIEGT! << Plötzlich, sind den schweren Münzen geflogen! >> Ach... der Zauber arbeitet! << schrie sie. Sie war ein bißchen laut, und der Riese hörte ihr. Er raschelte in seinem Bett, und Trichtchen verlor ihre Aufmerksamkeit und Kontrolle über die Münzen. Den grosse Lärm machte der Riese aufstanden. Er sah Trichtchen, und er zehrte sein Betuch aus. >> Mein Gold! Mein Gold! Ach du meine Ziege! << Er verwendete das Betuch als es eine Klappe wäre, während der Trichtchen flog etwa, wie eine Fliege. Sie fand die Tür des Zimmers, und flog durch das lange Korridor, zur Haustür. Aber sie war zugemacht! Was jetzt? Trichtchen erinnerte sich an die Macht des Heiligen Ziegenzaubers! Sie rief die glorreichen Ziegenblitzen an und sagte, >> MACH DIE TÜR EXPLODIEREN! << Unmittelbar, stieß sie eine Flut von Glühblitzen, und die große Tür explodierte. Der Riese flog einen Hundert Fußten über dem Flur, und traf den Wand.

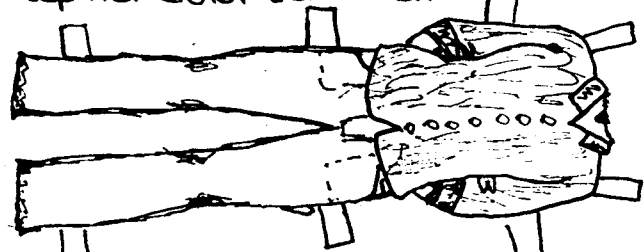
Trichtchen war frei, aber sie verlor alles ihre Gold. Dafür, sie war viele Tage sehr traurig. Sie hatte nichts. Ein Tag, besuchte Trichtchen die Fee. Sie sah, daß Trichtchen traurig war, un natürlich, fragte warum. Trichtchen antwortete, >> Ich bin jetzt arm, und ich weiß nicht, was ich tun soll. Ich habe rubinrote Hausschuhe, aber sie machen kein Geld. << Die Fee hatte eine Antwort, >> Trichtchen, haßt du vergessen? Deine Exkremente! Sind sie noch nicht golden? Du bist reich! << Die Fee war richtig, sie war reich! Sehr reich. Trichtchen erinnerte sich an den gierigen Riese, und entschiede daß sie ihre Reichtum aufteilen werde. Für die Reste ihrer Leben, sie besuchte arme Leute, und gab ihnen ihre Exkremente.



DO YOU CURSE WHERE YOU COME FROM?

(Continued) \* Anarchy Boy

Action girl is in touch with her dark side. Clouds are gathering over your head as you read this. Maybe grey would perk up her color scheme....



High School  
 The adventures of Action Girl Continue! as she tackles new adventures!  
 ok, so come never a pair of boots. I'm tired of carrying all that crap on my feet. I'm tired of carrying all that crap on my feet. I'm tired of carrying all that crap on my feet.

"daddy-o!"  
 is beat. She is so beat. She bongs a falcor of the inn  
 eye  
 Those Essent Beat Poem



first, style second. Don't let the brand names fool you...

Goes To Foss

The Saddest Limerick Ever  
(Dedicated to Mr. Cairns)

There once was a girl with gangrene  
Who could not be a happy teen.  
She went to the doctor  
But he simply mocked her  
and lowered her self-esteem.



♥ IE personals ♥  
to respond, call 1-900-DESPERATE



TOUCH MY SOUL: I'M YOURS  
GENERIC, MILDLY REPULSIVE BOY  
WITH BAD HAIR SEEKS REASONABLY  
FEMININE GIRL WITH PULSE.

/// PLEASE HELP ///

♥ HUMMINGBIRD SEEKS MATE ♥  
OVERLY SENSITIVE, THOROUGHLY  
CONFUSED OPTIMIST SEEKS OBEDIENT,  
ABLE TO COMMUNICATE BOY WITH CLEAN  
TEETH.

BUILDING MODEST EMPIRE  
DIPPY, BOISTEROUS FEMINISTA  
SEEKS INDECISIVE, VAGUELY  
PRETENTIOUS BOY OF INAPPROPRIATE  
AGE AND STATURE. ♥♥♥♥♥

EPIPHANY  
HANDSOME, BRILLIANT  
PHILANTHROPIST SEEKS MIRROR.

PULL MY FINGER...  
SELF-IMPORTANT, SNOTTY LITTLE GIRL  
SEEKS JEWISH SINGING COWBOY W/ CAR.  
OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 24, 2006. 📺

RECLUSE BY CHOICE  
MEDUSA-LIKE FEMALE WITH BAD TASTE IN  
SOCKS SEEKS EQUALLY HOMELY MALE TO BE  
SYSTEMATICALLY IGNORED IN THE PRESENCE  
OF ANY BOOK. 📖

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN  
GROUCHY, DISSATISFIED INDIVIDUALIST  
SEEKS BLIND MUTE. INTELLIGENCE OF A GNAT  
REQUIRED.

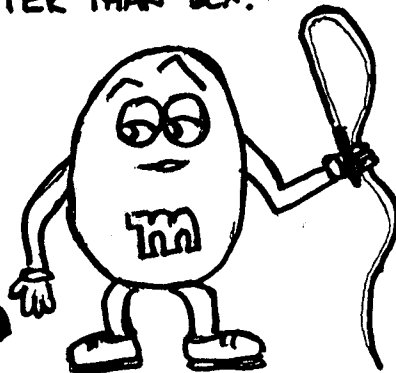
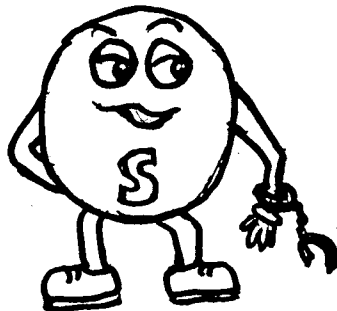
EMPTY-BED BLUES  
CLINGY NARCISSISTIC WAIF-TYPE SEEKS  
DOPEY YOUNGER GUY. MUST BE ABLE TO  
HANDLE REJECTION AND ATTEND ALL IE  
MEETINGS FOR US BOTH. ▶▶▶▶▶

• The popular people are laughing at you this  
very moment.

NEW!  
FROM THE  
MAKERS OF  
COOL WHIP™

S & M's

BETTER THAN SEX!



MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH, NOT IN YOUR HAND®

-Clever Pseudonym\*  
(and her sexy male muse)

\*DISCLAIMER: I BLAME MY CORRUPTION ON TV, P.S.S., I KEEP STRIPES

It's funny, even when someone is blind-drunk and wobbling, they can always remember their way back home, regardless of where they make it.

I have this overwhelming desire to talk with him, but his attention is elsewhere. I would like to talk with him and not run away, unlike my friend who looks as if his one wish right now would be to have fully functional, jet-powered shoes on. I do not. I cannot. I am not like that. Here I stand with my white arms wide open, all accepting. I cannot say no.

Doubtless, I will dream of these two. In my dreams we will talk on street corners of beautiful lands unnamed and unbound by state lines. I will be guided and my fear will disappear. Magic.

As well as permeating my dreams, these men have given me an important lesson. They have shown me to listen intently to anyone and everyone who needs to be heard. Open up and never deny anybody your audience, no matter if their problems are real or imagined. Some people have so much burning inside of them. Never be stingy with your love.

Listen, and you will hear pain and anger,  
Listen, and you will hear joy,  
Listen, and you will hear tears and laughter,  
Listen, and you will hear the wind singing to you the way back home.

~dark scarlet heart

ED Note: 1:15 AM... Finally Done!

...right of the people to peacefully assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances... and in writing... Disclaimers: Writer's Club and its syndicator, are not affiliated in any way with the personal opinions verbally, symbolically, and in writing... The opinions here are those of the writers only... Do not cross us, or we will make you... We respect an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;... By night, and second only to Martha Stewart...

# The Quilt Imp

Makes fine linen by day, torments young undergrads By night, and second only to Martha Stewart...



...Full of raw talent... which has touched so many nerves and created such anger and delight... I might well be required reading in courses with names like American Studies... TIME MAGAZINE

"IE is a groove and a gas. Everyone should send them money and other fine things. Hats off to IE!"

-Terry Southern

...express their personal opinions... shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or the right of the people to peaceably assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances... you know those you did not get this...