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NEWSIES' STRIKE CAUSES CHAOS IN QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD



Exposing Doctor Mario for Malpractice



This man stole my kidney in 1993 and I am finally coming out with my story.

Back in the day, I suffered from near perpetual tonsillitis, and needed to get those bad boys taken out of my throat. I went into surgery as is to be expected; however, when I came out of surgery, I knew... That man stole my kidney. There's no scar, so I have struggled to convince anyone that this terrible thing happened to me, but there's just an intrinsic knowledge that someone has with the presence of their kidneys, and I know for a fact he stole my right kidney in 1993. CANCEL THIS MAN AND TAKE HIS MEDICAL LICENSURE AWAY 3

Johnny No-Knees, Private Investigator:

And his famous final case, still unsolved, in his own words...

I was ready to hang up the cleats, put the dog to bed, take the papers down to the Q, take the escalator home. Once that envelope slid under my door like Joe DiMaggio into the plate, I knew I had to go for one last ride.

Inside there was a picture of a young boy, this poor soul, who was tied to the old train tracks back in the old warehouse district, the place where I fell in love for the first time with my eighth(?) wife. I knew that this was personal.

The case was curious from the start, considering that I've seen the same poor boy hustling me for 40 ozs outside the speakeasy with his cronies. Stinga and the Bee Gang is what his posse is called, but I had to put it aside, for justice. I couldn't let the thin man yank him from the farm, go upstairs to momma's room, turn over the dark rock, run the race you never finish...

I ran as fast as I could to the old warehouse district, which took me about 2 and a half hours, due to the lack of a specific joint in my legs that isn't really that important and isn't fun to make fun of. Once I got there, there was no poor soul. It seems like he was claimed by the dark prince, doubled down in heaven roulette, taken to the old shed... I thought for sure I lost 'em. But then..!

The ignoble villain appeared in a flash, and knocked me into the deepest depths of a pit that I failed to see once I got there. It felt like I kept falling and falling and falling for hours, maybe days, all two feet, into the dry well. I thought it was over for me, clocking out of the job you never leave, filing the night papers, riding the teapot at midnight...

I woke up in a dreadful surprise at being waterboarded, and I screamed in terror "YOU WILL NEVER EXTRACT ANYTHING FROM ME YOU COMMIES!!!" The culprits claimed that they "just put a damp washcloth on my head", but I knew they were torturing me.

I stood up, which also took a considerable amount of time, due to my lack of an "integral" joint that "you probably really need" according to some double-dealing sources I've heard in my life. I saw the poor boy, who seemed to have defected to the Bee Gang. It

was rigged from the start. They played me like Monopoly, played me like Scrabble, played me like Clue, played me 1-

Before I could finish my thought, Stinga proclaimed that I was being held at the ransom of twenty-two dollars in order to buy some beer. I knew that they had far more sinister motives. I tried to spit, but it was one of those where it kinda broke up in the air and didn't go very far and it didn't look as cool as I thought it would.

Stinga shrugged his shoulders and said something so evil, I would never forget it. "Seeya stiffy". I couldn't believe my ears. The one name I would never answer because "it looks really strange with just very straight legs." I lost control and flew right at him in a storm of fury, only to trip on my shoelaces and fall on my face right in the dirt.

They departed, assumingly to commit other atrocities of the law, and I could not get up out of this damned twenty four inch cavern. I layed there for days, maybe weeks. The Bee gang returned to torment me, now with their beers they claimed to have desired.

In the buzzed Bee gang's final act of evil, they were gonna finish me off, put my coat up for me, thicken the plot of the movie we call life, and get rid of me for good. They said "oh shit" and deliberately dropped the beer in the pit, where the pit started filling up in a pool of alcohol: they were gonna drown me.

I sputtered and sputtered for air, I couldn't swim out of it. I knew that this was it. I was done for. The final phrase I heard, before being called up to the light was "bro why are you crying so much are you choking?" After that, I got flown to the dark lands, took a ride on Afterlife Cruises, powered down the immortal generator, and the greatest investigation of life was finished.



The Crisis of the Male Living Situation

My boyfriend and I have been broken up for about a month now. I would love to say that it was mutual, and maybe it was, but I really couldn't tell you if he wept the moment after we said goodbye for the last time. For the purpose of



this article, let's call him Braden. We had been dating for nearly 8 months before I decided to call it quits.

I should've realized that there was something off about the situation when he organized our first date at the university dining hall (unfortunately I was in a bit of a dry spell at the time so I was desperate for the tiniest hints of affection). We chatted over wilted lettuce and dry breadsticks, although I remember noting that his "salad" consisted mostly of that slimy cubed chicken with only a few leaves of lettuce—no dressing. I wasn't too hung up on it though, because judging people based on what they eat is sooo early 2000s.

After that, everything was fine for a while. He wasn't the most personable man by any means, or the most present, or the most fun to be around...but he was warm and obviously, you know, endowed. However, around month 5, I began to grow suspicious of his antics. Up until that point, we had only convened at my dorm room and other public places. He always spoke of having a studio apartment downtown, which perplexed me. Why would he elect to come to my shared dorm room when he had a palace devoid of nosy roommates?

I gave him an ultimatum: show me your place or no sex for a month. Being a man, he felt threatened by this and decided to bring the skeletons out of the closet, which was ironic because there was quite literally nothing in his closet. I thought that by forcing him to take off his mask I could get closer to him, but I hadn't considered the possibility that there was nothing underneath.

With trepidation, Braden opened the apartment door. The floor of my mind dropped out from under me and I was thrown into a void of sustained agony and darkness. Before me was not a room for humans, but a bare cell.

In one corner there was a single mattress directly on the carpet, and in another a card table with an exorbitant gaming setup (although his mic and monitor were propped on top of cardboard boxes). A wilting, creased green screen was lazily pegged behind it. The rest of the room was a no man's land, traversed only by a badly frayed ethernet cable.

I had to get out of there. The room was vacuous and all-consuming, yet somehow sickeningly close and suffocating. Time to pull out the timeless classic: "I really have to pee!". Unfortunately, the bathroom provided no reprieve. The light flickered ominously when I turned it on, scattering dim rays across the tile and illuminating every strand of hair and suspicious-looking smudge. I couldn't find any lotions, toothpaste, or hairbrush. However, there was a bottle of 9-in-1 shampoo, which apparently also served as conditioner, lube, beard wash, laxative, toilet cleaner, and other nefarious purposes I didn't care to read.

After dissociating for what felt like hours, I stumbled out of the bathroom with a "good evening, what can I do for you?" retail smile plastered on my face. I couldn't bring myself to look at him. His face was suddenly erased from my memory. This was all he was...a barren, dreadful space in existence. I couldn't even be afraid that he was going to murder me. Any emotion he did show (anger being one of the only), felt so faraway and foreign now. I thought at first I would be the one to feel like the vulnerable vole in the middle of the meadow and he the terrifying raptor circling above, but it turns out that he is the speck, the nervous, mindless creature of prey.

In hindsight, it was deeply saddening. Which returns me to the purpose of this article: the males of our society are entrenched in a deep, squelching pit that buries them deeper with every complacent friend, sister, girlfriend. Some men you just can't fix, but everyone can play a part in prevention. It's important to establish that you're not there to make them do anything; you must convince them that any sort of growth is their idea. A simple

supervised trip to Target in pursuit of throw pillows, or perhaps suggesting a lamp in place of RGB LED lights—any sort of non-accusatory yet persistent language could greatly benefit a distressed male in need.



Detective Robin Corone & His Enormous Drinking Problem



Five-Point Bar. Not far off highway 69 (It's right by Newmago Inn, turn left at Roosevelt Road). One of the best taverns to get drunk at in the Midwest... If you're a 52-year-old washed up journalist like me.

Everything was black and white, for some reason. There was a tiny TV in the upper corner with the news talking about the recent bird flu epidemic. Scary. The bartender was nowhere to be seen, most likely having a cigarette break. Behind the bar counter was the alcohol stash set up on shelves; bourbon, whiskey, 1932 maroon gold merlot, isopropyl alcohol. That one's my personal favorite, but I decided to change it up with ethyl liqueur. Stools were lined up at the bar, each of them having some sort of tear on the leather top. Another man sat at the 3rd stool to the right, a glass of hand sanitizer before him. He was disheveled, like a man with a four year old son and a bitter wife approximately 1.5 times older than him going through a slow, painful divorce in which he'll most likely get

nothing and still have to pay child support. Fuck you, Martha.

As I sat sipping my ethyl liqueur (very nice taste, by the way), the old-timey-western tavern doors flung open, revealing a very distressed man.

"Detective Coorrooone," he shouted. A tumbleweed rolled past him. I swiveled around.

"Whaaaaaatt?!?!?!?" I squawked. "Can't you see I'm drinking?!?" I was about to turn around to dismiss him, but did a double take. "Wait a second, how did you find me?!?"

"You're always here!!" He bellowed. "But whatever. I need you to write about the corruption of the upper class! The aristocracy! The jet set! The crème de la crème!" he slammed his fist onto the bar. "THE BIRDS WORK FOR THE BOURGEOISIE!!!"

"WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP?" I crowed. The ethyl liqueur was taking effect. I stood and ran to a table to flip it over. Unfortunately, one of the legs of the table caught onto my trenchcoat and pulled it down with it, revealing a huge flock of various birds beneath my disguise!

"CAW CAW!" I screamed. "CHEEEEE!!!" I rushed to the now horrified man, blaming him for revealing my true form, and carried him out the bar and up to the sky (The disheveled man was too drowned in his sorrow to notice the scene). This man couldn't live to tell everyone my real relationship with high society.

And he was never seen again.



Lindsey's Letters #430:

“An Ewe Gets Her Horns”— The Summer I Became A Sheep



First day on the job! Photo courtesy of Dillard's Farm

Howdy y'all! Welcome back to a new edition of Lindsey's Letters. Last issue I promised y'all a review of Nancy Drew's "The Mystery of the Scarlet Slipper"—my favorite book of all time—but when I was writing the report, I had an a-ha moment. I realized that I wanted to do more than just write about stolen slippies— I wanted to get my lil' hands dirty. Instead of being a silly congress-boy, maybe I should follow the dream I've had as long as I can remember: dressing up in cute outfits and solving crimes. So last summer when the Senate was in recess, I decided to make my sleuthing dreams come true. For my first case, I'm pullin' back the curtain on a mystery I've been ponderin' ever since I was a little slugger back in South Carolina. It starts at Dillard's Farm...

5/24/22

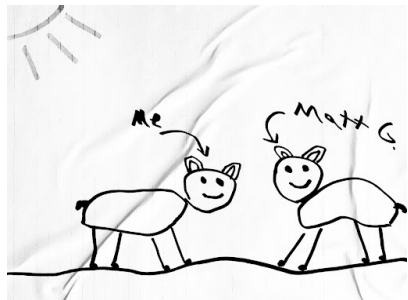
I had a bunch of dogs when I was growing up, but they didn't last for very long. My parents kept saying they ran away to a "farm upstate", which made me suspicious since most of 'em couldn't even walk because I kept trying to ride 'em.

6/5/22

It's been a week since I got to the farm, and I haven't gotten closer to finding the dogs. I've been asking around—"Baaaaa Have you seen any dogs with backs that are shaped like a U?"—but all I get are blank stares. It seems like most of them don't speak English- sad! The sheep have accepted me as one of their own. One asked me to be in its digital piece about whether sheep dogs are guilty of profiling black sheep. I didn't want to blow my cover, so our conversation went something like this:

"Baaaa would you like to make a statement on the record?"

"Baaa I have no idea what you're talking about baaa I don't know what a record is baaaahhhh I'm a sheep."



Two months into my journey as a sheep, and I can feel my human consciousness fading. The tethers that connect me to the outside world are slowly falling away. I now wear my sheep clothing at all times, even when I sleep. After covering my hands with sheep hooves for so long, I have lost control of my opposable thumbs. I can no longer pick up a glass of water, but this is no issue since I now only feel comfortable drinking from a bowl on the floor next to my pile of feed hay. Some nights I lay awake on my pile of sleep hay, and I wonder if I am more sheep than man. I worry that eventually I will be too far gone and will never return to man's domain. I am currently typing this on my hooves and knees, pressing each character one at a time with my sheep nose. It may not be very efficient, but it feels natural to me as I baaaaaaahhh—oh god it's happening—baaaaahhhbaaaaaaaahhhh—I can't stop it—baaaaaaaahhh!



The paramedics found me in my hotel room, repeatedly bashing my head against the wall with my plastic horns. The other sheep had apparently grown concerned for my safety after I had not shown up for my shifts at the farm for two weeks, probably because I was unable to use the door to get out of my room. I do not remember anything after my ovine transition, but after my costume was surgically removed I have since made a full recovery. The doctors told me I've got a rare disease called "Sheep Madness", which was brought on by the . I have been advised not to visit petting zoos or watch Wallace and Gromit as it may trigger a relapse.

Conspiracy in the Clouds!

A report of the findings of a series of dangerous investigations into what must be the largest and most significant conspiracy in the history of humankind, or, if that subtitle is too long for your taste this could alternatively be referred to as:

Conspiracy in the Clouds!

How one handsome weatherman gathered the courage to face what must be the largest and most significant conspiracy in the history of humankind and learned the truth about many dastardly secrets and just may have saved the entire human race

By: Tommy Thunder

Hello readers, Tommy Thunder here. If you're reading this, either my story broke and you already know the truth, or I'm dead! You probably know me as the best weatherman in the greater Cincinnati metro area. But the other reporters at the station never gave me the respect I felt I deserved. They thought being a weatherman wasn't the same as being a journalist. But one day, I decided to prove I could be a reporter too. I decided to go undercover. Little did I know what I was getting myself into!

Immediately I headed to the nearest pharmacy and bought 1,000 cotton balls. I had a nurse sew them to my skin, knowing that if my disguise came off while I was undercover, my story would be ruined. After hours of painful stitching all over my body, I was finally ready. Yes, dear reader, I was going undercover among the clouds!

Once my body was covered in cotton and I looked indistinguishable from a cumulus cloud, it was time to begin my journey. I stood on the roof of the station and jumped as high as I could. To my surprise, I didn't quite make it. Even with my 8th place finish in one regional tournament of division three collegiate high jump, I still couldn't reach the clouds without assistance!

I decided to ask the station's resident helicopter pilot to get me to the clouds, but my disguise was so good that when I tried to speak with him he didn't even seem to register me as a human. Already I was starting to understand how it feels to be a cloud. Since he wasn't going to help me, I helped myself to his helicopter keys. When I tried to pilot the helicopter myself, I quickly realized that, contrary to what I

had assumed, flying a helicopter is quite a different skill from riding a bicycle. Before I could properly learn, the authorities were on the roof telling me to exit the vehicle!

Now, any self respecting meteorologist knows that clouds can't be affected by bullets, but it seems the policemen weren't meteorologists because they didn't hesitate to aim their guns at me. Knowing that below my thin layer of cotton I was still a man of flesh and bone, I realized I had no choice but to exit the helicopter. The authorities escorted me to the office of my boss, and I was promptly fired. That's when I realized how big this story truly was. The police, the press, hell probably the politicians too. Everyone had been bought out. Nobody wanted me to see what was really going on up there. And any good reporter knows, a cover up of this magnitude must be protecting some truly horrific secrets!

This brings us to the present moment. I am currently writing 500 copies of this letter to insert into mailboxes of various homes across Cincinnati. After they are distributed, I'm heading to the streetcar factory to make use of their smokestacks. Now, if you, dear reader, don't happen to be an expert on the meteorological sciences, let me let you in on a little tidbit. Clouds are created by the smoke emitted by industrial factories. That is why, before the mid 1700's, there were no clouds. I've decided that my disguise is already so convincing that I might be able to ride the smoke up to the sky and into the clouds. That is, if I'm not killed first. For the sake of the world I sincerely hope that you can read this letter and know that I was successful in my endeavors, but in the event that this story seems unfamiliar to you, well, I just hope someone is able to learn the truth. For I fear if this conspiracy is not dismantled, the forecast calls for an eternity of cloudy skies!



people that rub me the wrong way

Mr. Beast

- probably the beard but also he gives away too much... you're telling me he gets all this money from people subscribing to his youtube channel, yea right

Melinda Gates

- i don't like her name, its stuck up and pretentious... and also her husbands a billionaire or something...self explanatory

Anderson Cooper

- Lips are too thin, thin lips are a sign of the Illuminati

the cashier at Jimmy Johns on 1/18 at around 3:00 pm

- looked and me funny, and didn't give me my two pennies of change

Pope francis

- religious
- We all know why

Daniel Day-Lewis

- three names, no good

Jimmy Fallon

- platypus in human skin



Goldy Gopher

- He stares into your soul and knows all your secrets, no being should have that power

people who say "oh you're so cute i could just eat you up!"

- the mother of my neighborhood best friend said this to me all the time... it's not funny, Carol.

people named carol

phony muckraker. Sounds innocent enough, right? WRONG. If you look closely, you'll notice an evil clue in the title of this zine: if you rearrange the letters in 'Phony Muckraker,' it spells...

PHONY MUCKRAKER
PHUEKRK ACRONYM

PHUEKRK acronym.

The PHUEKRK acronym stands for Phony Has Underground Evil Keanu Reeves Knowledge. Yes, that's right- Phony is an elaborate organization of evil spies. We created an android replica of Keanu Reeves and sent him into the real world to replace his namesake. Now, we have the real Keanu Reeves trapped in our secret lair while android-keanu runs amuck, controlled by our team of keanu programmers. Everything 'Keanu Reeves' says or does, Phony made him do it. Why do we do this? So we can predict his moves before he even makes them. That means we can sell all the inside scoops to the paparazzi before anyone else gets the chance. This is very lucrative, but we have no shame. We use the paparazzi proceeds to buy pepperoni pizzas to feed the real keanu reeves, who has grown accustomed to our secret lair in the gopher way tunnels and wishes to stay with us forever.

I've kept this secret for a long time. But recently, Keanu Reeves started expressing desires to return to the real world. "I waaant to go to the theatree and watch Bros byyyy Billy Eichner," he says. "I want to go to whule foiods and purrrrrchase one grApe." He repeats these two sentences every morning without fail. I don't know why he suddenly wants so many things, but I am nevertheless wrenched with guilt. I've been told to be silent on this, but it's become too big to sweep under the rug any longer. I'm not good at sweeping.

Unfortunately, now that I've blown the whistle, this will be the last Phony article I ever write. I'm afraid my colleagues are going to hunt me down, wipe my memory, and send me to start a new life far away (st paul). As for Keanu... well, I hope you find him. Godspeed.

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