EVERY POO IS DIFFERENT AND SPECIAL LIKE A SNOWFLAKE BUT HERE ARE SOME BASIC TYPES.

**THE STEAMER**
A HOT TURD THAT EMITS STEAM LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE TRAIN OR OLD STEAM SHIP.

**THE LOAD**
A LARGE PILE OF POO LEFT UNFLUSHED TO THE SHOCK OF THE NEXT OCCUPANT.

**THE BRICK**
A FREAKISHLY LARGE CRAP. HOW IT EXITS THE HUMAN BODY IS ANYONE'S GUESS. THE BRICK INSPIRES MEN TO BRAG.

**THE HOOK**
SIMPLE, QUICK + PAINLESS. A GOOD MORNING POO. SCULPTED BY GRAVITY.

**THE SNAKE**
A VARIATION OF THE HOOK POO BUT WITH REPTILIAN 'ZING'.

**THE ROCK**
LARGE, SLOM + PAINFUL. INSPIRES PEOPLE TO EAT MORE FRUITS + VEGIS.

**THE COBRA**
MUCH LIKE THE SNAKE POO BUT WITH A DISTINCT POO HOOD ON TOP.

**THE MAGIC SNAKE**
A NEVER ENDING COILING POO. MYSTERIOUS.
THE BEE HIVE
A large poo with thousands of little poo flakes floating by it.

THE BALL AND CHAIN
A round poo with adjoined poo links.

THE LOG
A poo so heavy that when you release, you yell "Timber!"

THE LOG W/ WOLVERINE
A fallen log poo with a vicious wolverine living within it. Dangerous.

THE MAGIC ROPE
A confounding poo that never releases but rather dangles in the air while still attached to your body.

THE JADE DRAGON
A bright green poo that you get after eating too many green vegi's and organic blue corn chips.

THE DOUBLE DRAGON
When you simultaneously poo and vomit at the same time, violent.

THE BARNEY RUBBLE
A pile of friendly poo that blocks the toilet from flushing properly.

THE FRED FLINTSTONE
The Ralph Kramden poo to Barney Rubble's Ed Norton. Very similar but less friendly.
THE SUBMARINE
A POO THAT SPENDS IT'S TIME SWIMMING IN YOUR TOILET BOWL. 20,000 LEAGUES...

THE SUB CHASER
A SMALL POO THAT FLOATS ON THE WATER SURFACE CHASING YOUR SUBMARINE POO THAT'S SWIMMING BELOW.

THE SUB-MARINER
NAMOR! PRINCE OF THE BLOOD. SOVEREIGN OF THE SEVEN SEAS. RULER OF ATLANTIS.

THE CHALLENGER
A POO THAT COMES OUT SOLID BUT FALLS APART BEFORE HITTING WATER.

THE KIDS LEFT AT THE POOL
KIDS NEED REGULAR EXERCISE AND SWIMMING IS VERY HEALTHY.

THE SNOW-MAN
WHEN THREE PIECES OF POO PILE UP NICELY, ONE UPON THE OTHER. BROWN CHRISTMAS.

THE MAGIC ISLAND AKA KRAKATOWA
WHEN YOUR POO NEVER STOPS AND THE PILE OF CRAP EVENTUALLY BREAKS THE SURFACE OF WATER.

THE SQUIRTS
SOME PEOPLE THINK IT'S FUNNY BUT IT'S REALLY WET AND RUNNY. DIARRHEA. DIARRHEA.
THE AMPHIBIAN
A POO THAT CRAWLS OUT OF THE WATER AND IS HALF WAY UP THE BOWL.

THE OIL SPILL
TERRIBLE DIARRHEA THAT FLOATS ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARD.

THE OIL SPILL W/ CRYING BABY SEA LION
CRYING BABY SEA LIONS BREAK MY HEART.

THE Houdini
A POO THAT MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPES DOWN THE TOILET BEFORE YOU FLUSH.

THE M OONSHOT W/ REPORT
A SMALL ROCKET LIKE POO THAT SHOOTS OUT OF YOUR ASS WITH A LOUD FART.

THE CANNONBALL
ANY POO WITH BACK SPLASH UPON DELIVERY.

THE CANNONBALL RUNS LIKE THE REGULAR CANNONBALL EXCEPT WITH DIARRHEA.

THE D.A.D.S.
THE DAY AFTER DRINKING SHITs.

THE FLATTER
THE POO THAT REFUSES TO BE FLUSHED DOWN.

THE FLOATER
THE Poo THAT REFUSES TO BE FLUSHED DOWN.

OH MY GOD, I'M GONNA TO DIE!

THIS IS YOU THE MORNING AFTER YOUR 21ST BIRTHDAY.
THE TROTS
A CASE OF DIARRHEA IN A PUBLIC SPACE THAT FORCES YOU TO LOOK FOR A LAVATORY AT THE PACE OF A QUICK TROT.

THE RUNS
AN URGENT CASE OF DIARRHEA THAT FORCES YOU TO RUN IN SEARCH OF A LAVATORY.

THE MARATHON
A CASE OF THE RUNS SO BAD THAT WHEN YOU FINALLY GET OFF THE TOILET (HOURS LATER), YOU ARE AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL.

THE SUICIDE BOMBER
EXPLOSIVE DIARRHEA THAT PAINTS THE WALLS OF THE LAVATORY WITH FECES. THE BOMBER IN QUESTION OFTEN LEAVE THEIR UNDERWEAR, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU loose THE MARATHON.

THE W.M.D. (WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION)
WHEN YOU WARN PEOPLE NOT TO GO INTO THE BATHROOM BECAUSE OF THE MESS LEFT IN THE TOILET (POSSIBLE SUICIDE BOMBER) WHEN IN FACT THERE IS NO PROBLEM WHATSOEVER.

THE SWAMP THING
THE GREVSOME MESS FOUND IN PORT-O-POTTIES AND OUTHOUSES IN NATIONAL PARKS ACROSS AMERICA.

THE TRAIL OF TEARS
THE STREAKS OF BROWN LEFT IN THE TOILET BOWL AFTER FLUSHING A POO.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH
SMALL CLUSTERS OF POO THAT BURN YOU BECAUSE YOU ATE TOO MUCH SPICY FOODS. THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH STEINBECK.

THE SOFT SERVE
NOT QUITE A SOLID POO. NOT QUITE DIARRHEA. LACTOSE INTOLERANT?
THE SUNDAE

SIMILAR TO THE SNOW-MAN POO EXCEPT WITH A CHERRY ON TOP.

THE BARBED WIRE KISS

ANY PAINFUL POO THAT IS FOLLOWED BY EXCESSIVE BLEEDING OF THE ANUS.

THE DAUGHTER OF DRACULA!!

WHEN A WOMAN FLUSHES HER USED TAMpon DOWN THE TOILET ALONG WITH HER POO.

THE T.C.B. IN A FLASH

TAKing CARE OF BUSINESS IN A FLASH. WHEN YOU GO POO LIKE CLOCKWORK, QUICK, CLEAN + EFFORTLESS.

THE ELVIS AKA THE KING ON HIS THRONE

WHEN YOU SUDDENLY DIE ON THE TOILET WHILE TAKING A POO.

THE 68 COMEBACK

WHEN YOU ARE DOING A T.C.B. IN A FLASH AND SUDDENLY DIE ON THE TOILET BUT THEN RESUSCITATED BACK TO LIFE, A TRUE TRIFECTA!

THE YETI

A BIG POO WITH A GIANT FOOTPRINT IN IT. LEGENDARY.

THE BARBIE

WHEN I ORIGINALLY THOUGHT OF THE BARBIE POO I HAD A REALLY FUNNY IDEA BUT HAVE SINCE FORGOTTEN.

THE END IS HERE!

THE LAST PANEL OF THIS COMIC STRIP DIDN’T COME SOON ENOUGH. THE LIST OF POO JOKES IS END-LESS, BUT HOW MANY POO JOKES DO YOU REALLY NEED?

ENOUGH TALK ABOUT MY BODY THOUGH, NOW LET’S TALK ABOUT YOUR BODY!
I wish I could say that I wrote the text accompanying the Doraemon comic art in the next four pages. The truth is that it is a real electronic letter that was intercepted and then put in my possession by I can’t say how. The point being it is presented here now fully illustrated for you.
So How Has the World Been Spinning For You Lately? Did You Go On Your Trip? Did You Have Any Good Vibes Out There? Encountered Any Dark Forces Impeding Your Adventures? Told You It Is a Good Thing You Tried To Call You a Couple Times to Find Out But Either You Were Not Home or No One Answered the Phone. I Tell You That She Was Not Going to Take All of These Room Service Dishes and Put Them Outside the Room. She Refused. Finally I Started Hinting That She Was Going to Jump Out the Window If I Don't Bring Her to the USA. I Told Her We Were Only on the 4th Floor, That She Was Too Lazy to Jump. Finally Her Mother Called and Asked How Things Were Going. She Told Her Not Very Well. After Awhile I Met With Her Parents.

I Met Her at a Hotel in Manila and Spent About 36 Hours With Her. I Would Ask Her to Do Something Like Stand Up By the Door and Pose for Me So I Can Take a Picture Which I Need to Submit to the Government. I Asked Her 20 Times. She Just Laid There in Bed and Ignored Me, Like It Was Too Difficult for Her or She Didn't Have Enough Time. I Asked Her a Dozen Times to Write a Letter to My Father to Simulate Some Type of Correspondence. She Wouldn't Do It. I Asked Her 5 Times to Clean the Room. Break Her Legs. Finally Her Mother Called and Asked How Things Were Going. She Was Much Too Lazy To Actually Walk Up Another Flight of Stairs to Reach a Fatal Height.

Outside the Hotel, They Had Rented a Car and Drove to Manila From Their Hometown, About a 12 Hour Drive, and Were Staying With Some Relatives. It Was Kind of Awkward Because
There I was telling her parents that their daughter wasn't measuring up to my standards. And I could tell by the look on their faces that they just knew I had spent half my time ensuring she was no longer a virgin. I gave them $100 to pay for the ride back and I told them to please take their daughter with them. The mother seemed to be asking me if she could stay a little longer. So I made up this story that I would be leaving the hotel to travel elsewhere but she could stay a couple hours with me. So then her parents left. An hour later the daughter was packed up and waiting for her parents to pick her up. Her relatives called the hotel and informed me her mother had misunderstood my English and used my $100 to return home because she was accidentally deserted by her parents.

My $100 to return back to her hometown without her daughter, thinking I was going to personally accompany her back by myself. So now she needed another $100 to return home because she was accidentally deserted by her parents. I gave her $5 to take a bus.
TO HER RELATIVE'S HOUSE.

HOW SHE EVER GOT BACK.

IF SHE EVER GOT BACK, I DO NOT KNOW.

WELL, NOW HER RELATIVES HAVE ANOTHER FAMILY MEMBER.

GOOD RIDDENS.
Look. We need to talk.
I have told you this before but I think you've forgotten.

I want you to stop peeing in the shower. You think you're saving time by bathing and pissing simultaneously, but in truth, it's really gross.

I have to take baths in the same tub that you shower and pee in. How do you think it makes me feel to try and clean myself in the same tub you just micturated in? I don't feel clean at all.

And no, it doesn't matter that you clean the tub. Cleaning the tub doesn't make your little habit okay. Anyway.
Do you really clean the tub after every shower? Nooo.

Put it this way. How would you feel if every time I had to take a crap I used our dining plates? Then after I washed the plates, I would serve your dinner on it.

Would you still eat your moo shoo pork?

I didn't think so. I hope my point is clear.
I was preparing for a trip to Thailand with my girlfriend. We were going to visit her dad and hopefully see some kickboxing.

The dragon buzzed in protest but did not fly. There was still a chance to capture it.

I ran back to my apartment looking for a good container to hold my new found treasure.

Underneath my car, frozen, was a giant beautiful dragon fly. It was almost wedged underneath one of the tires. It seemed dead...

...but perfectly preserved. It was like some sort of ready made trophy.

Once I had it in Tupperware it fought hard and writhes with disapproval. It was suddenly very alive and not a trophy.

I let it go to live or die without my interference.

It was a beautiful day.
THIS CHICK IS ON THE RAG.

THIS LADY IS TRYING HARD TO NOT SHIT HERSELF.

MEANWHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE PERSIAN GULF NEAR IRAQ.

LET'S GO ATTACK!

HOLD ON CAPTAIN. I CANT FIND MY KEYS.

NO, SERIOUSLY DUDE LETS CHARLIE!

NO, SERIOUSLY DUDE. I CANT FIND MY KEYS.

I THINK MY DAD WAS DRIVING THIS LAST. MAYBE HE HAS THE KEYS.

OK, SO WHERE IS HE?

BAKERSFIELD.

NEXT EPISODE: "WE'RE OUT OF GAS"

YOU PEOPLE CANT HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME.

SNIF

YOU PEOPLE CANT HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME.

SNIF

THIS GUY JUST MASTURBATED IN HIS PANTS.

YOU PEOPLE CANT HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME.

SNIF

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YOU PEOPLE CANT HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME.

SNIF

I THINK MY DAD WAS DRIVING THIS LAST. MAYBE HE HAS THE KEYS.

OK, SO WHERE IS HE?

A letter from Luster Kaboom

Check out www.lusterkaboom.com
GAS, GAS, OR GAS NO ONE RIDES FOR FREE

TODAY'S FOOTBALL
= CLICK =
BASKETBALL
SPONSORED BY
= CLICK =

75 YEARS OF THE
ACADEMY AWARDS!
= CLICK =

WAR ON IRAQ!!
= CLICK =

MAN, THERE'S
NOTHING ON T.V.
= CLICK =

GAS, GAS, OR GAS NO ONE RIDES FOR FREE
DRUNKEN MASTER

I'M GOING TO STOP THE TERRORISM IN MY HOME.

SPECULATIONS WILL TURN OUT WELL

PEKING NOODLE CO.
DUDE I LOVE IT WHEN YOU COME OUT TO VISIT ME. WE CAN GO GET SO DRUNK TOGETHER!

HELLO
my name is
ANTONIO FUNGY

FRIENDS
EVER

WELL, I'D LIKE
GO TO THE RAINBOW
ROOM, COCONUT TEASER,
SKY BAR, DUBLINS, BLUE.
IT'LL BE GREAT!

BUT I DON'T LIKE
AMERICAN GAY BARS

FORGET ABOUT IT.
EVERYTHING IS FINE.
A-O-KAY, YOU KNOW.

HELLO
my name is
ANTONIO FUNGY

THERE IS NO WAR.
JUST ENTERTAINMENT.
GO SHOPPING.

GO SHOPPING.

GO TO SLEEP SO
YOU CAN CHASE YOUR
AMERICAN DREAMS.

THIS GUN
IS NOT LOADED.
I would even have to say that everything is so serious, truly, even irony is dead.

You would have to agree it's off to a shitty start.

Damn this new century!!

You would have to agree it's off to a shitty start.

Hello my name is

Get me a drink
Everyday in Thailand, people get to eat Thai food. Luckily in LA you can go to any number of restaurants that serve everything from fancy fusion Thai cuisine to simple authentic Thai soup. Thai food in LA can be pretty great but I will tell you this, Pad Thai really isn’t what they are eating in Thailand, that’s just so you know. So one time I ordered some Thai food to be delivered and when the guy got here he looked at me all funny and asked “Are you Chinese?” I said “No, dude I’m Japanese.” He gave me my food with a smile and said “Good! Too many Chinese in Thailand!".
SADDAM HUSSEIN CLONE and GEORGE BUSH CLONE

HEY GEORGE BUSH CLONE
DID I EVER SHOW YOU THESE PICTURES FROM WHEN I WANTED TO BE A FASHION MODEL?

GEE, IF YOU LIKE THEM SO MUCH MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE THEM.

NO!

WOW! THANKS SADDAM HUSSEIN CLONE!

YOU'RE.... BEAUTIFUL.

WHEN WE BREAK UP YOU HAVE TO GIVE THEM ALL BACK, OKAY?

NAKAZAWA  9/12
Please.

next time make sure about bread
- French bread
- Pita bread
- toast

regards:
There are some funny girls that work behind the bar at The Derby. Some nights though you might find it difficult hear the comedy over the music. But nevermind what the bar tender said about your date, you got your drink and you got music. Unless of course you don’t. A terrible band can mean no drinking cutomers which will put the barmaid in a “How will I pay for my rent this month?” sort of mood. On those nights when the band is both so loud you can’t talk and singing in the key of Chase-Your-Customers-Away, the booze slingers pass notes to each other that look like this.

Notes: Once Through

- 100 times through the fiery gates of hell would be more pleasant than the bleeding in my ears from once through.
- The Nekromantix would bury your fat ass alive in a coffin after throwing raw meat on you & letting wild rabid coyotes nibble on your sorry ass if they knew you were wearing their shirt while on stage posing to be in a punk band.
- I am trying desperately to come up with something poetic but this band is just bad. They suck! They are possibly the worst band I have ever heard in my life. They make me feel good about the music I play, and I suck!!
- Contrary to “Once Through” I sing like Stevie Nicks, play like Eddie Van Halen, look like Charlize Theron + F*ck like Ron Jeremy!
Karaoke Outfit

If Fat Mike from NOFX heard you cover that song, he'd run up on stage and stick something up your ass, then your eye for embarrassing them like that. Even he's ashamed that you're from Orange Co.

Dawson's Creek is a shitty show, and who cares if your fucking song was in an episode. No one remembers it. Oh yeah, and by the way, don't use 15 year old pictures for your flyers, you must be from Orange County.

I'd like to take that (Don't cross police line) guitar strap and wrap it around your puny ass, hang you from the rafters while Swing dancers 1, 2, triple Step all over your guitar so you can't pollute my ear drums anymore!

Q: What's worse Swing Dancers or people from Orange Co?
A: Both: - they both dress behind the times + tip like Shit!!!

Smash my pussy in with a Rock You Dumb Mother F*ckers!!!

Em' Late Rules!
Drunken Master’s Razorcake Top 10

In no particular order

10. Twisted Sister: Still Hungry
When my mom and dad get on my case I just put on this album and slam the door to my room. The songs totally express my individualistic frustration with authority and my desire to rock. Still amazing!

9. Guitar Wolf: Loverock
Oh my God! I'm Japanese and I still can't understand the lyrics! But everyone understands rock n' roll. The feedback makes my ears bleed. One of my all time favorite bands.

8. The Immortal Lee County Killers III: New album, title pending
Technically this might be considered a 05 release but I heard the new album recordings and saw them on tour in 04 and it all left an indelible mark on my brain. If Bruce Lee were a band he would probably be The Immortal Lee County Killers III.

7. The Red Onions: At the Eye Fest at the The Scene, Glendale.
I laughed I cried, it was the total experience. I had never heard any of their music prior to that night but I was totally faking lip synching to the songs like I knew the words.

6. Discovering Rob Halfords gay metal website.
If Bruce Lee were a homosexual heavy metal website he might be Rob Halford’s. Kudos to you Mr. Halford. Truly you are a defender of the faith.

5. The Cramps: At All Tomorrow's Party Long Beach
How the hell did they get booked with so many happy "emotional" bands? It was like that scene in The Blues Brothers with the road house band mix up. This obviously put them in a foul mood which translated into the best set of the weekend. Honorable mention goes to Peaches.

4. Billy Childish and the Buff Meadways: At All Tomorrow's Party Long Beach
Billy Childish puts the ass in kick your ass!

3. Hearing The Clash and The Ramones and Iggy Pop on national TV commercials.
Finally someone could eat steak for dinner and why not?

2. Becky Stark and the Lavender Diamonds: At El Cid
My new favorite LA band that makes me feel weird inside. Are they serious or are they making fun of me? I want them to play at my wedding.

1. Demander
So I have a thing for girl bands, what are you going to do about it? P.S. I'll fuck you up.

The Immortal Lee County Killers III

New Album (Title Pending)

When the ILCK III knock you on your ass, you will wonder out loud to yourself "Holy Crap! What style of Kung Fu is this?!". Before you have time to regain horse stance and say "Five Animal Style?" you'll be hit upside your head with another Sonic Boom. America’s most up and coming duo just became America’s most up and coming trio hence the name adjustment to ILCK III rather than II (Curiously this album is also the third full length U.S. release for the band). This yet to be titled new album is a brave departure from their last album, Love is A Charm of Powerful Trouble, which was in fact totally different from their album before that but can you compare the child to the man he has grown to become? Critics have tried to put their dirty fingers on the ILCK III pidgin holing their style and stereo typing their background but the truth is the critics are still scratching their heads. The new album has blues and punk influences but the songs seem to have taken on more challenging structures. You can also hear a major development in the narrative aspects of the songs. El Cheetah’s singing is a little easier to understand even. On a couple songs on the end of the album this new approach doesn’t seem to pan out as well as on the rest of the album, but as a whole the album is more rewarding than all the previous combined just for daring to grow musically.
Teenagers fight the future with sex, drugs and rock n roll at All Tomorrow’s Parties. The Queen Mary ship seemed like an appropriate place to throw this musical event lending a Titanic-esque motif as if there would be no tomorrow after all. ATP is a corporate free music festival (what does that mean exactly?) that has different curators for each event, Modest Mouse were the curators for this one. Modest Mouse did a good job picking bands (25 bands total) that would play but too bad that doesn’t mean that Modest Mouse are as good as the bands they picked; Modest Mouse should stick to picking their own nose. Sorry kids but I thought their set was boring. I was almost driven by their performance to take a nap in the dirt with some filthy hippies that I tripped over as they were turning the lawn of Mother Earth into their bedroom. They said they had to sleep off some "bad vibes" whatever that meant. Is there something that I do not understand about Modest Mouse? Am I too old and too dumb to "get it"? Am I not "cool" enough? If you can help explain why Modest Mouse are so fashionable right now please send a letter explaining to me in care of this fine magazine. Hi-lights for the weekend have to be the Buff Meadways with Billy Childish literally trying to sink the ship with a set that made Saturday worthwhile. Plus Graham (bass) and Wolf (drums) were kind enough to share their beer and whiskey with me and that equals new best friends. Lou Reed was amazing just because he’s Lou Reed but I’m not too crazy about his new material so I left on a good note while he was still singing Satellite. It just seemed better that way. The Eagles of Death Metal were totally awesome and in truth I was prepared to not like them only because of the hype. Also Peaches and The Cramps both played Sunday and due to some sort of genius scheduling (WTFATP!), they were on at the exact same time on different stages! I imagine this only happened because Modest Mouse hates me. So I watched Peaches first four rap songs and ran to catch the rest of The Cramps set who didn’t waste any time to fuck shit up! All the more perfect that it should start to rain and the sun set as they took the stage. I say unto you, a dark cloud follows this band wherever they go. God is trying to drown them. Lux was in rare form and I think he was pushed over the edge by all the optimistic indi pop rock that he had to listen to that day so he took it out on the audience. I don’t know what to say other than The Cramps stole the show. I didn’t even bother to stay for The Flaming Lips (even though I later heard that I missed it when Peaches joined The Flaming Lips to sing Black Sabbath’s "War Pigs" together) because nothing could have followed The Cramps other than rock n roll sinners going to Hell.
One morning Maja made this list of her favorite childhood toys. She sketched the list from memory. It is so sweet and makes me sad to think about all the great things I probably have already forgotten.
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HAVING A FEW DRINKS WITH ANTONIO FUNGUY

THIS IS ANTONIO FUNGUY. WHEN THERE'S A REASON TO CELEBRATE HE LIKES TO HAVE A FEW DRINKS, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN HIM? SOMETIMES HE'LL HAVE A LITTLE TOO MUCH AND PASS OUT IN YOUR KITCHEN. GO AHEAD AND PUT YOUR GIRLY HAT ON HIM, IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE THERE ON HIS HUGE HEAD WHEN HE'S OUT COLD. THOSE SUNGLASSES WOULD MAKE HIM LOOK PRETTY SILLY AS WELL. A GIANT DRAPE WRAPPED AROUND HIS SHOULDERS LOOKS JUST LIKE A SUPER CAPE! GO AHEAD PUT THEM ALL ON, HE WON'T MIND, HE'S ANTONIO FUNGUY. HE LOVES YOU AND WILL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR YOU.
This is a horseshoe. It brings good luck. It sort of looks like a toilet seat. Cut this page out and fold it into a small flat square. Keep it in your pocket, your wallet or mail it to someone that needs it more than you. Good things will happen if you stop complaining so much.