

diSSin' dat

by Chrissy F

No, I Was Not Just a Seat Filler, You Slutty Bitch

My new best pal and potential teen mom herself, **Clare Danes**, invited me to sit right next to her So-Called Nominee at the M.E. awards. Yup, that was my throwin'-attitude-around puss you saw in the returned-to-the-store-the-very-next-day mauve **DKNY** number they flashed on while announcing the noms for best actress. Can't believe that old wrinklefarmer, **Kathy Baker** won again. Is it my imagination or does she come to the Emmies every damn year with her old wrinklefarmer co-star **Tom Skerrit** instead of her own husband? Get a life away from the show, Kath. But it just goes to show you, stunning teen talent such as Claire's continues to go unnoticed by those low-brows of the TV academy. We'll see you, honey, at the **OSCARS™**, where real talents, like teen mom could-be **Anna Paquin**, do NOT go unnoticed. And have I got my eye on an adorable **Mizrahi** jumpsuit...

Rich Man, Poor Man

Up and coming Apple-pie-of-my-eye hunk, **Jason "I'll Fly Away" London**, currently featured in the chix with dix lipstick pic "Too Wong Foo" unceremoniously dumped his William Morris agent when the Boy-Bollicious London discovered his ten-percenter refers to him in pitch meetings as the poor man's **Chris O'Donnell**. Darn, and we had always thought of Jace as the rich man's **Kirk Cameron**...



No, I Am Not Just a Bottom Feeding Party Girl, You Slutty Bitch

The parties after the Emmies were no great swinging candelabra either. **Matthew Broderick** spent at least fifteen minutes at the Four Seasons droning on about how much he loves bed partner **Sarah Jessica Parker's** breast implants while staring at my unscalped and naturally ample hoo-hahs. "Why should I have to chomp on surgically altered breastage when the real thing is swinging right in front of me?" the little mutton chop was probably thinking. ... Later **Antonio Sabato, Jr.** cornered me and thanked me for the glowing words (yeah, yeah) bestowed upon him smack dab in the middle of this column in ish 4. He also informed me of his exciting new prime time role as a scheming surgeon in the habitually bed-hoping, back-stabbing environs of Melrose Place this teevee season. As if sinking "Earth 2" this past season wasn't enough, the man smelled like he hadn't bathed since March ... And if this toe curling sniff-fest didn't turn stomachs, a drunken teen mom could-be **Anna "My Girl 2" Chlumsky** sincerely praised my work in "Escape from the Planet of the Super Vixens 3." "I am a journalist, not a sleazy direct to video star," I replied. "You must be confusing me with one of your lesbian lap dancers and aren't you a little young to be drinking peach brandy cocksuckers?" Who let these folks in, anyway, I thought to myself. I'll have to take this up with Clare....

By the Time I Got to Phoenix

Other potential, overlooked names for future generations of the thespian clan whose dopey monikers already include **River, Leaf and Rainbow: Gorgonzolo, Blunt Instrument, Get Me To The Church On Time, Snowsquall, I Don't Care If It Rains Or Freezes, 'Long As I Got My Plastic Jesus, and Thirty-Six, Twenty-Seven, Thirty-Four.** Just a suggestion, you madcap gang!

Had a long heart-to-pacemaker with **NB**, my editrix-in-chief about the possibility of whether I would continue my reign over this mud-slinging ink splotch of a column you've come to treasure and abhor over the years. Seeing as I *did* turn, horror of horrors, twenty this past year (and I did not see a single card from any of you, thank you very little). I felt that my insights and aberrations, incorporated directly from this hate-it-till-you-love it dream factory of a town called Hollywood, would no longer be relevant in the eyes of the more youthful pregged moms of thirteen or fourteen. But you know what? Fuck that noise. Until Clare can cough up a PA job for me, which she ought to, seeing as she makes me listen to her endless ramblings about how cute **Brad "So Obviously Cute, Let's Move On Already" Pitt** is, I am stuck making minimum wage and trashing everything I set my sites or imaginations on here at Teen Mom. I dare you to become famous.

So the Unabomber sends this 35,000 work womanifesto to our offices here at One TeeNMoM Plaza. And we're all looking at it and wondering "whaddawe do?" If we open it, we might all go kaboom. If we don't, maybe we're missing out on the story of the year. So we have Mike from Security take the package into the lead-lined bomb shelter near the parking lot and we tip her five buck to open it.

Mike's a teenmom with a two year old and a seven month old baby and she could use the money. She figures with a fifty-fifty chance the thing's explosive, the odds are better than even money she'll be all right. Mike, in case you haven't guessed, is innumerate.

Turns out the thing is a big old stack o' papers, just like the Unabomber said. The deal is, if The New York Times, The Washington Post or TeeNMoM prints the whole thing, the Unabomber will stop blowing up academics. We had to think about this one for a few minutes. On principle we've got nothing against the merciless incineration of a few select teachers. But we're pacifiers pacifists. Basically, TeeNMoM is a pretty Quaker operation (except we don't wear those goofy outfits like Barbara Bush on the oatmeal carton).

Here's our quandary: 35,000 is a lot of words, much more than we have room for in this slim volume. We gave the weighty tome to a promising young editor, Sarah Yayvoe, and asked her to whack it down to a manageable 750. Just the highlights, we told her and frankly we're impressed. Hopefully, the Unabomber will be too and will knock off all these shenanigans. Sarah's done a magnificent job and we smell a promotion ... or maybe that's just Teen Spirit. Be that as it may, without further ado, fanfare or flourish, here it comes, the Unabomber's abridged womanifesto. Here it is, coming at you. Right now. The womanifesto. Whoomp!

SECTION ONE: INTRODUCTION - Hi everybody, I'm the Unabomber. Thanks for reading this. Sorry it's so long, but ...

... The third thing is why does everyone need a computer, huh? I mean I grew up

without computers and so did my mom and so did my dad, although I never knew him. My grandparents owned a Chinese laundry in -- on, I almost said where. That would have been a big mistake. My point is, they had lots of customers and complicated bills to figure out and they did everything on an abacus. So to review, computers, bad. Pencils and abacuses, good ...

...As I said in section five, subsection eighteen, the telecommunications industry is the enemy. Try as they might to cultivate a homey image, large companies like MCI, AT&T and Sprint have only one objective: To separate you from your hard earned dollars and to rule the world, oh, and they say you can hear a pin drop, but that's bullshit because I once called this friend of mine in -- oops, there I go giving clues again. Anyhoo, we did that pin drop thing and Candice Bergen is a lying whore and she she should die in a freak accident and ...

...growth hormones, municipal bonds ...

...tracheotomy with a butcher knife ...

...cover and refrigerate for one hour ...

...SECTION EIGHTY-THREE: MICROWAVES - We've discussed at some length the many reasons why technology is evil. Let's move on to microwave ovens, okay? Microwaves are a form of nuclear radiation, the same stuff that turned our friends in Hiroshima and Nagasaki into silly putty back in '45. Every time you turn the juice on to make a baked potato, you're exposing yourself to harmful rays that'll cause your hair to fall out and turn your freckles into throbbing, swelling, oozing cancerous lumps. You could put that potato out in the sun and hold a magnifying glass up to it and cook it just as easily and a lot more sanely than if you were to put it in a box that makes cats explode and where food exchanges molecules with the plate it's cooking on so you end up eating as much Corell as spud. Corell is bad too and so is ...

...I couldn't tell if it was an alligator or a crocodile....

...CTION ONE HUNDRED NINETY-FI ...

...queef ...

...the internet. And here's why I hate it: ...

...gas leafblowers which make a lot of

noise and pollute the air. You could use a rake, the way they used to. A rake worked fine for my grandfather. What's your problem with it, huh? ...

...The Talmud, the Koran, the Kama Su ...

...the Upanishads ...

...e Bibl ...

...m ...

...SO, in conclusion, go to your window, open it up, shout out to the world "I'm mad as Hell and I'm not going to take it anymore." Okay, thanks for reading this. Love, the Unabomber.

Da Unabomber



build you a little house in the back where you could come and go as you please.

On the other hand, if the experiment fails, we might all end up in deep trouble, in which case I'll owe you the mother of all apologies. So I'm gonna go now and catch some zeds as tomorrow is a big day for all of us. Can't wait to c u.

Chere homme.

Office of the Warden
Curr Penitentiary
One Mangy Way
Doggone, America

April 26

Mr. Sherman Jackson-Paris
Shermandirk
Land of Enchantment, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Jackson-Paris,

It is my duty to inform you that Mr. Peabody died early this morning in his cell at our institution. The cause of death was complications from distemper. The body will be disposed of by cremation.

Enclosed is a copy of Mr. Peabody's last will and testament written in urine on the sports section of the Sunday Times-Dispatch.

Sincerely,
Jupiter O. Van Pasternak
Warden

The Last Will and Testament of Mr. Peabody, April 23

I, Mr. Peabody, being of sound mind and failing body, do hereby bequeath all my earthly possessions: My leash; my collar; my bowl; my eyeglasses and my unabridged Oxford English Dictionary to the only boy I ever loved, Sherman Jackson-Paris.

In addition, I leave to Sherman Jackson-Paris my entire stock, bond and real estate portfolio, currently valued at just under \$30 million in the hope that financial independence will give him the room at least to consider separating from Dirk Jackson-Paris and living on his own. This is neither a term nor condition of this will as it is over the affairs of the living.

But Sherman, please, please,

please. You can make it on your own. You don't have to rely on anyone, least of all a boorish thug, for your happiness or success as a human being.

Today
Shurmun --

On yer way back frum thu past pik up sum brewkis and a bag uv chips. Don't get them halopenyo onez like you done last time or I'll havta beet the shit outta you ugen.

Dirk.

fin



Look →



Did you vote for one of these guys?

tough deciding who to vote
I finally narrowed it

Sally

Execu'n
Creatie
Manav's
Fas'nd
Fashi
Senic
Cont
Fash re-
Assoy-
Fash'nd
Be'nd
Ber'ect
i. I
hen



He really can be romantic!
nd
the
arm
arm,
x the
g the

hunks in trunks

Here's your chance to get intimate

Zines of the Times

Have an Obsession?
Then, Why Not Publish
Your Own Magazine

Personal Computers Make It
Possible; Perhaps 50,000
Are Making the Rounds

Mr. Marr's Murder Manual

By SHEILA MUTO

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO—John Marr, a mild-mannered 34-year-old municipal clerk here, is amused by tales of postal workers on shooting sprees, polar bears mauling Manhattanites, and tourists leaving Disneyland feet first. Such stories — all purporting to be true — are fodder for Mr. Marr's self-published magazine, Murder Can Be Fun.

Publications in this small media niche are often referred to as "zines," and Mr. Marr's stands out. And not just because his subject matter is shocking. Some zines are weirder still. One, Teen Mom, is devoted to alcoholic, unwed, underage mothers. Another, Bully, has stories about a women's prison and a former gay go-go dancer who now leads a punk-rock band.

What's unique about Murder Can Be Fun is that it has lasted as long as it has. With 26 issues published now and then, at Mr. Marr's whim, since 1985 — beginning with an account of a high-school cheerleader killed by a jealous classmate — Murder Can Be Fun is considered the darling of zine publishers.

meant you got that Taffy, the Magic Hermit Crab lunchbox you so desperately wanted. If I had to go without a visit to the vet to have my teeth scaled, I did, if it meant you got those jazz tap lessons you hounded me for. Nothing compared with the pleasure I received when your face brightened with each treat or bauble I scrimped and saved to get for you.

Rare it was that you said "thank you, Mr. Peabody." Hush. Hush. I say this not to chastise. You are forgiven. There is nothing to forgive. That you took my generosity for granted was, in fact, a great reward. How many dogs are so unappreciated and yet know how well loved they truly are?

I only wish I could have been around more to enjoy your formative years. Do not loathe me for making you a latch-key child, but to support you in style I had to work hard at three jobs, seeing-eye dog for that curmudgeonly old woman, night watchdog at the lumber yard and mascot at the fire station (perhaps you remember that comical Dalmatian get-up I had to wear). I wanted you to have everything I never had.

You see, I was an orphan too. My mother died giving birth to me. I sucked on her dry, lifeless tit for three days before the hunger got so great that I stumbled blindly out into the big, pitiless city. I wandered the streets in my youth, looked for friends among strangers, pimps, thieves, hustlers and killers. I never went to school, was forced to learn everything I know from life experience, beatings by cruel foster parents, escapes, recaptures, more escapes, street fights, junk yard brawls, in short, a Dickensian odyssey. My independence is a mixed blessing and it wasn't until I had you that I learned the meaning of love, commitment, responsibility to another.

Now comes the hard part. I pray you will not shred this letter to a thousand pieces as you begin to read it. It was your eighth birthday, the bowling party with your five little friends. I forget their names now; don't suppose that matters. What I do remember is what you wore. From outside in, it was a blue cardigan sweater with

brown rawhide buttons, a pair of navy wide-wale corduroy pants, an ivory silk shirt with pearlite buttons and a blue and white checked ascot. Brown suede, oxford style shoes and argyle socks. A Fruit of the Loom® boys t-shirt, medium and ... gulp, a pair of Fruit of the Loom® boys briefs, also medium.

The party was over. You bowled three games in the high fifties. You were as happy as I'd ever seen you, drunk, I suppose on victory, birthday cake and Hi-C®. We went home and I began to lick your face, your neck. We went into the bedroom and you lay down on your bed, a contented smile on your sweet, moist lips. I straddled your leg and began to make love to it as you removed those clothes, that cardigan, the oxfords, the argyles, the corduroys, the ascot, the shirt, the t-shirt and, finally, the briefs. You looked so beautiful to me, my boy, and though I knew it was wrong to want you, I wanted you. And I knew you wanted me too. We should not have done what we did, and yet it felt so right.

You were only a child. I was ten at the time (that's seventy in human years). I should have known better and yet I took advantage of your trust. You lay down with me and you got up with fleas. I hate myself for this. But you forgave me, my dear one. You never refused me, Sherman. In the year we lived together as more than boy and dog, as (I must be brave and say it) as lovers, you returned my investment in you a hundred, nay, a thousand, nay, a million fold.

No. No. Do not think for an instant that everything I did for you was aimed at getting in your pants. It wasn't. That I did is only a miracle, a blessing for which I thank God daily. Had our secret, forbidden love not been discovered by the dog catcher that fateful day last year as we did it in the bushes of the park, I imagine we'd still be together. But how long could it have gone on? We weren't able to express our love for one another in public. Whenever we took trips in the Way-Back Machine, we were obliged to stay at places that allowed pets, and though we slept together, we

were always careful to ruffle the sheets on the unslept in bed to give the housekeeper the impression we had spent the night apart.

Ayyyyyy! The pain, the pain. I wince from it. Is it the pain of memory or the pain of disease? Or is the disease caused by those painful memories? Could it get anymore existential? I ask you.

I am too beat to go on. In a moment I will drag my crippled, bony carcass over to a piss stinking corner and dig my nose in the ground and wimper myself to sleep. These may be the last thoughts I ever transmit to you, my cherished young man. I feel my passing is imminent. I want to chose each syllable with mother loving care. Words fail me. They fail me! Can you imagine? HA! Ouch. It hurts to laugh. I'm slipping, Sherman. Life drains from me. You are my last thought. I speak your name on my dying breath. I love you, Sherman. Sherman. Sh ...

April 25

Mr. P,

Whazzup, dude? Just got back from the Continent. Kewl place in contemporary times. The Colosseum where you and I witnessed lions eating Christians is in ruins now. Did you know that? I sure as shit didn't. Isn't the present bitchin'? All that old stuff rotting around us while so much new stuff gets built on top of it.

Me and Dirk went to the field and found the Way-Back Machine and tossed it in the Range Rover and brung it back to Shermandirk. We done just like you told us and the old gurl seems to be okay. We haven't tested her yet because, frankly, we've been too involved in our love to get a chance to, but here's the plan:

Tomorrow I'm gonna set the dial to the day before you got arrested and go to the house on Verlaine Avenue. I'm gonna go back and attempt to alter the course of history. I know you always warned me not to interfere when we time traveled, but I can't see the harm in doing it just this once, ukspeshully if it'll keep you from getting impounded. If my experiment succeeds, maybe you can come live with me and Dirk. We'd be glad to

Swimmer



Mark Spitz. No that is not a sentence (although, sometimes he gets too much water in his mouth, so technically it could be). Mark was a seven-time Olympic gold medalist before you were born. Here's his picture and everything we know about him. First, the obvious. He's adorable. Dig that moustache. When he kisses you, it tickles and when he dives [in your muff] it drives you wild. Second, Mark is a Hebrew, notable because so few of his people excel in athletic endeavors. And finally, Mark has been out of sight for so long it's time to reach back and rescue him from obscurity. Seven gold medals! Get it???

David

Slimmer

Schwimmer:

Cutie-pie or BiG FaT FrauD?

Every Thursday nite you toon in. You MUST, for it is MUST SEE TV and if you do not you will be vaporized. "Guess no one told me life would ever be this way ..." Guess again. It isn't. Only beautiful, single white Hollywood actrons get to live in groovy New York City apartments the average Jane could never afford. Only Courtney "Loves" Cocks, Matt LeBlanc "Stare" and all them other Friends can live that way, while we Friends wannabes stay home and drool over their enviable lives. And in the center of them all is Dave Schwimmer! Dave plays Ross, named after the women's discount clothing store. Ross is a sensitive good guy (read: chump). You look at him, you go "aw!" His pretty wife left him for another woman. Aw! He's in love with Rachel, but she doesn't know he's alive. Aw! He's so darn cute in those baggy pants and bulky turtle-necks Aw!

Off screen Dave is indistinguishable from Ross. He wrinkles his brow at the Emmy's. Aw! He purses his lips on Entertainment 2Nite. Aw! His voice quivers as he shyly hawks AT&T. Awwwww...ichhh!!!

Bullshit. This guy has fake written all over his face.



Trying to lose weight? Fed up with fad diets, anorexia, bulimia? May we suggest the obvious? Get your own talk show. Here's the skinny: Oprah Winfrey was an ugly, fat chick with abuse issues before she got on national television. Now Oprah has a wad of dough that could choke a Clydesdale and a big, hunky boyfriend she wisely refuses to marry. Ricky Lake was a Jabba the Hut whose career was going nowhere. Then she got her own talk show. Now she's got a fourteen inch waist and a slender, if overly made-up face. Ricki couldn't be happier.



We predict that chubbo Carnie Wilson will be the next talk show hostess with the mostess (blubber to shed) and end up slim and successful. Early reports of the show are that Carnie is fat and stupid. If her story is any indication, keep an eye peeled for the new Carnie, thin and stupid.

A little poem

back pain, window pane, window sill, dorsal fin, mickey finn and spillane
 back rub, jack of clubs, jack off in your mother's tub
 back down, downtown, down and out, outback, don't back down
 back flip, acid trip, window pane, window ledge in the rain
 backlash, black eye, eye lash, big bash, flashback
 back list, blacklist, laugh track, brat pack, bring back the green back
 backspace, human race, rat race, rat poison, poison pill, window sill
 back in, stick pin, stick it in the dorsal fin
 back again, mother hen, mother goose, goose flesh, fresh kill
 back track, sidewalk crack, mother's milk and mother's back
 back it up, pick it up, stick it up, paper cup, paperback
 back to back, end to end, head to toe, front to back, away we go.

some words we like:

praline
 ululate
 synechdoche
 prima facie
 infinitesimal
 transcendent
 opprobrium
 dichotomy

some cute guys



here's a space for you to record your own thoughts:



a one cent stamp



back to the future:
 a lot of gurz say to me, debbie, you're so beautiful and talented. what
 does the future hold in store for you? for teenmom? and i reply, well
 gurz, like so many beautiful and talented editors of alternative,
 underground magazines, or "zines," as we like to call them, i'm in the
 process of creating a home [for unwed mothers] page on the
 worldwide web. and this i pledge to thee, the next issue of teenmom,
 made from dead trees and messy xerox toner is forthcoming at a
 much faster pace than this one.

don't back down, down back down, don't back down

'17 THE EIGHTIES

THE 1980s

If you're old enough to remember 'em, chances are you do [unless you spent them in a drug induced haze, which is entirely possible]. Holy Mother of God, the eighties were fun: Ronald Reagan was President. Insider trading was all the rage. And we sprayed enough CFCs to rip a hole in the ozone the size of the Evil Empire [the former Soviet Union]. [By the way, have you noticed a trend recently to overuse these "[?]?"]

Ralph Macchio - Before there was Ralph [pronounced Rafe] Fiennes [pronounced Fines] there was Ralph [pronounced Ralph] Macchio [pronounced Macchio]. In the Karate Kid films, 1 through 6 or 7, Macchio played a cute Italian boy, learning the finer points of the martial arts from his sage Japanese master played by Pat Morita. What kind of name is Pat for a Japanese guy, huh?

Today Ralph is living with a group of white supremacists in Idaho.



George Michael - A lot of people used to call this 50% of the now-defunct singing duo Wham! Michael George, but they were wrong. After he broke up with his partner [whose name no one remembers], George had a decent solo career.

Today, he's a souvlaki wholesaler in London.

Johnny Depp - All long hair and cheekbones, there is nothing mean to say about Johnny. He got his start as a loveable narc on the sorely missed Twenty-1 Jump Street. Does anyone know what that means? Guess you could always ask Johnny.

Today Johnny is a caterer in Fort Wayne, Indiana with his wife Melissa and their three kids, a boy and two not boys.

George Washington Carver - Bushy moustaches were way cool in the 1880's. This guy had a big ol' cookie duster. Besides being named for the father of our country, George invented peanut butter, but it wasn't until 1893 when Todd Smucker invented jelly that they had anything to eat it with.

Today George's bleached bones are six feet under.

Thomas Alva Edison - Oh baby, oh baby. Talk about your hunk-a-hunk o' burning love. In his day, this teen idol/inventor cast his spell on a generation of PYTs like you and me. Face it, the guy invented the gramophone [No silly, that's not a phone your grandma uses. It's like a CD player]. So basically, without Edison, we'd only be able to listen to music on the radio.

Today Thomas is dead and in a grave somewhere.

Henry Ford - A lot of gurls think Henry invented the car, but as any true autophile knows, the car has been around since the time of the Flintstones. Henry's contribution was to replace the foot powered car with the infernal combustion engine. Now, thanks to the cute, skinny Hank, we can go for drives with our boyfriends and not burn the bottoms of our dainty, little feet.

They say Henry Ford is dead. He probably is.



80s80s80s80

Stick Around. You Might Learn Something.

Jama a I Ain't Nuthin' but a She Thing

— And speaking of backs ... What about the camel? Our Middle Eastern sisters call them Ships of the Desert. These rude, smelly, lumbering animals have big humps on their backs. Camels, that is, not our Middle Eastern sisters. Some have one. Others have two. They carry water in these humps which is why they're so well-suited to the arid conditions of the desert. Camels can travel for weeks, carry passengers and cargo without needing a drop of H-two-Oh. Can you?

We don't usually tell you what to do, but go out and buy *Ain't Nuthin' But a She Thing*. It's a new compilation of music by female rockers. Proceeds from its sales go to a variety of womyn's causes. Featured artists include Melissa Etheridge, Salt 'n Peppa, Annie Lennox, and punk poetess, Patti Smith.

We haven't seen or heard much from Patti since her last album *Dream of Life* in 1989. But recently she did a mini-tour which brought her to Southern California. At a reading in Long Beach she appeared tired but in good spirits. She has an earthy sense of humor. Referring at one

point to the MTV music awards that same night, Patti said "There's nothing sadder than young people giving awards to other young people."

A true teenmom — she had a baby at sixteen which she gave up — Patti has two children, Jackson 13 and Jesse 8, by her late husband, Fred "Sonic" Smith. She told the appreciative audience she was distracted because she missed her kids. As a treat at the end of the reading, Patti brought out guitarist Tony Shannahan and sang a couple of songs. The good news is we can look forward to a new record from her sometime early in 1996.

STOP



I don't do Windows

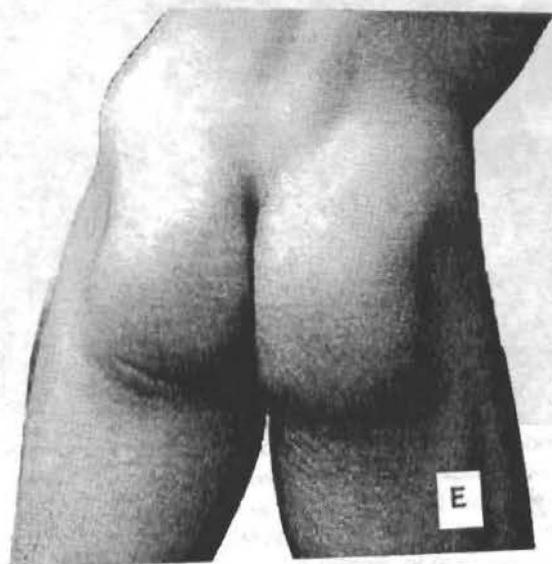
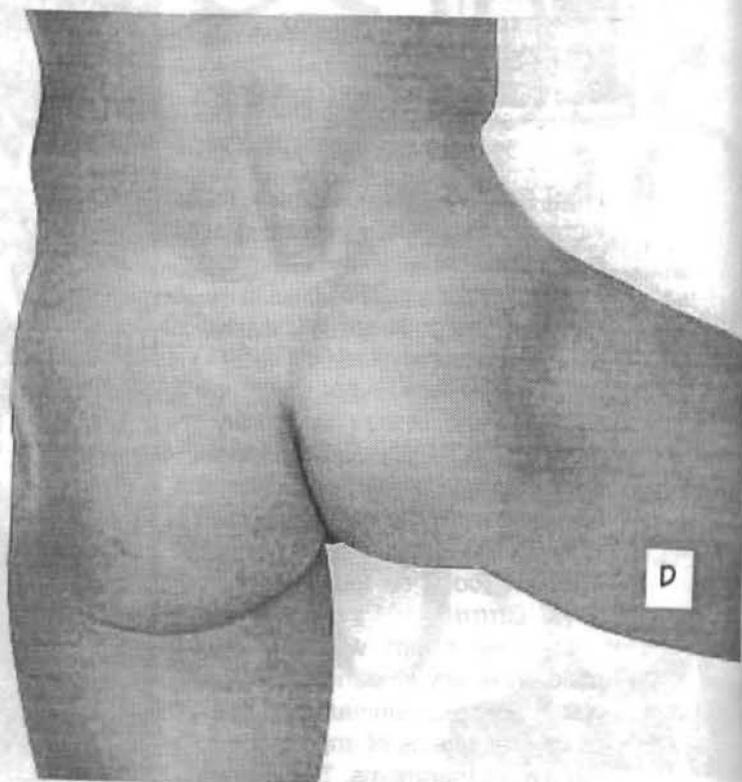
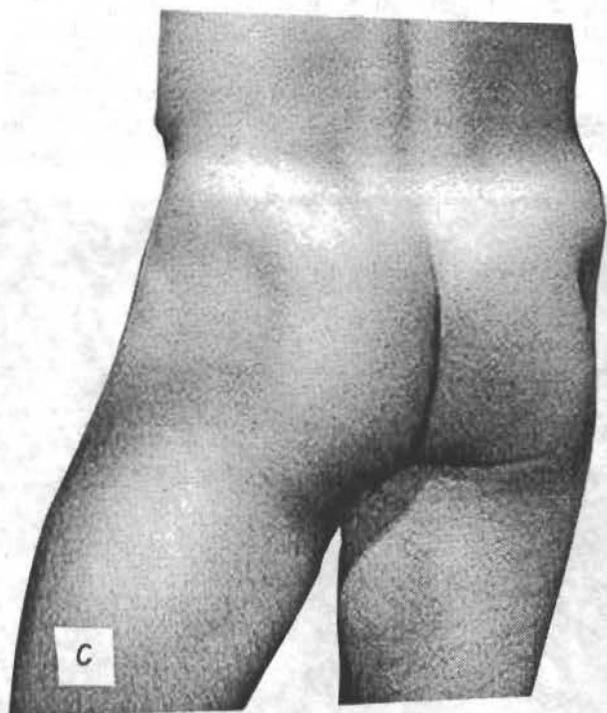
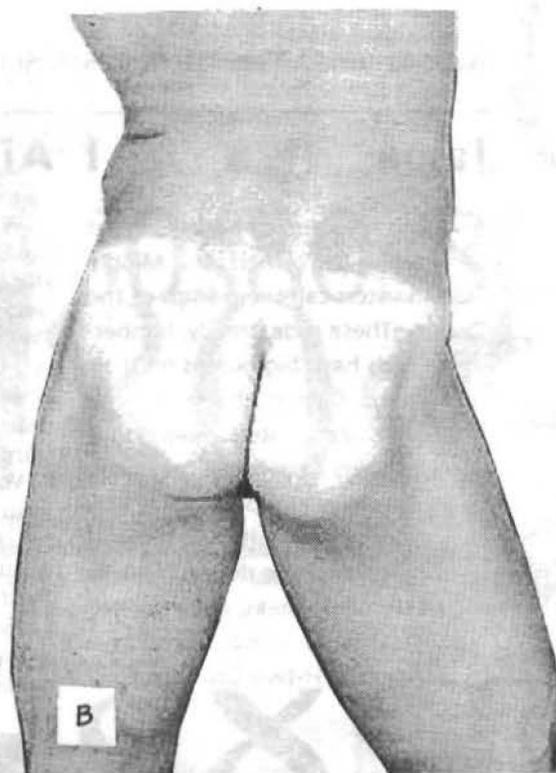
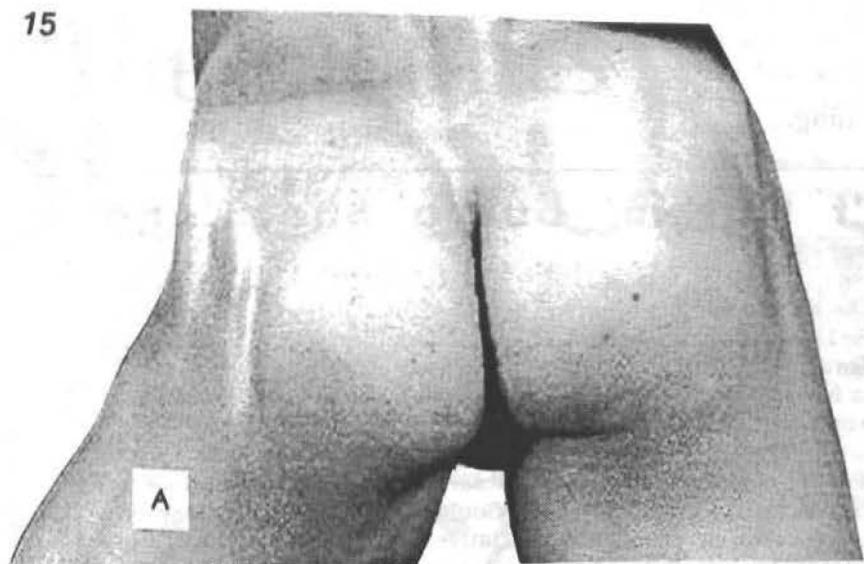
Hwai Roe [v. Wade], China - The women's conference may be over, but for twenty teenmom delegates from developing nations it's just beginning. The gurlz arrived late due not to bureaucracy and visa delays, but because they had to have their hair done and let their nails to dry.

"I may have missed the conference," stated Ngodabi Ngodabo, a fifteen year old mother of two from The Gambia, "but I look bitchin'. Turn me loose on those Chinese boys. Grrrrr!"

Between romps with the local male university students, the gurlz plan meetings, seminars and symposia on subjects of importance to thurd wurd teenmoms. The agenda includes: Labor Exploitation of TeenMoms by Multi-National Corporations, Islam and Catholicism: Major Bumpers of the Reproductive Rights Thing, and The Devastating Effect of the Bubble Gum Shortage in Sub-Saharan Africa.



P a t t i



Butts

The joke goes: When you were born the doctor looked at your face, then looked at your ass and told your mother "Congratulations. It's twins."

Ha ha, very funny. Gawd, you are like so mean.

But listen, homegheerlz, sometimes a celeb is blessed with a butt so beautiful you wish your face *did* look that good.

We thought it would be a blastissimo to make a contest out of it. Match the teen idol mug to the teen idol tush. Send your answers to us here at TeenMom, 2211 N. Cahuenga #306, LA, CA 90068 or via e-mail at TeenMoM@AOL.COM. Three winners will be selected from among the correct entries. You could win a date with one of these boys, a night on the town, dancing cheek to cheek.



JONATHAN TAYLOR THOMAS



LEONARDO DICAPRIO



GRANT SHOW



ANDREW SHUE



CHRISTIAN SLATER

- A. _____
- B. _____
- C. _____
- D. _____
- E. _____

What's the first thing that pops into your head when you hear the name "Webster?" Is it Emmanuel Lewis, that adorable little African-American character actor from the 80s, best known as Michael Jackson's lover before the years took their toll on Emmanuel's condensed body? If you answered "yes," you might want to think about reading more and expanding your ... oh, what's that word that means all the words you know? You know what I mean. For Webster also happens to be the author of the fourth best selling book of all time [after the *Bible*, *Dianetics* and *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*]. We refer, of course, to *Webster's New Collegiate Dick-tionary*. That said, we have a BONE to pick with MISTER Webster. It concerns the androcentricity of his book. Examples follow:

He says:

Penis: A male organ of copulation.

Clitoris: A small organ at the anterior or ventral part of the vulva homologous to the penis.

We say:

Clitoris: A female organ of sexual arousal.

Penis: A small organ at the anterior or ventral part of the testes homologous to the clitoris.

He says:

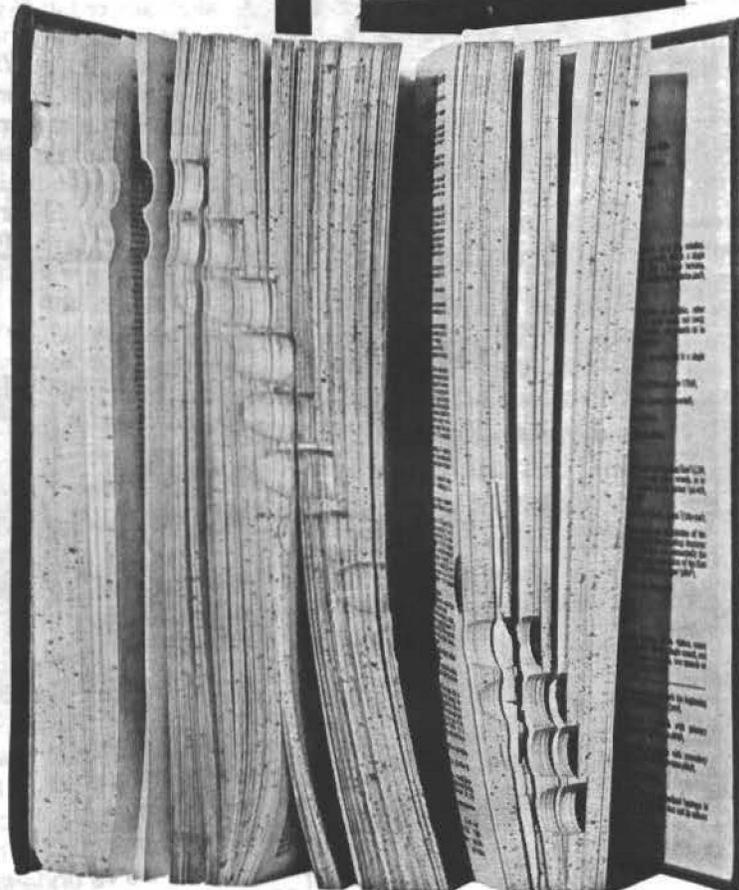
Phallic: A stage of psychosexual development in psychoanalytic theory during which a child becomes interested in his or her own sexual organs.

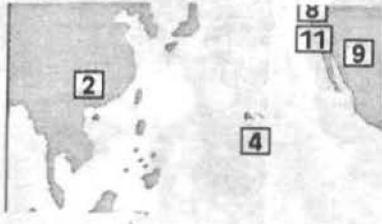
We say:

Phallic: A stage of psychosexual development in psychoanalytic theory during which a male child becomes interested in his own sexual organs.

and

Vulvic: A stage of psychosexual development in psychoanalytic theory during which a female child becomes interested in her own sexual organs.





RUMOR

COURTNEY LOVE was found unconscious on an airplane.

TRUTH

True. Geez, doesn't Courtney seem to be appearing in this column an awful lot? In June, Courtney took some sleeping medication before a flight from New York to Seattle, and by the time the plane landed, the singer couldn't be revived (her two-year-old daughter, Frances Bean, safely with a nanny at the time). Courtney spent 12 h operating at a medical center in Seattle.



4) **HAWAII**—The origin of the name Keanu, which is Hawaiian for "cool breeze over the mountains." It's also the state where Keanu's father is currently in prison for cocaine possession.

ringing up **BABY** discs put

THE



W

Bar

if you wanted to. Drew made her first when she was a mere tot starred in the 1982 classic space *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* (the pic was taken the following year), and since she's starred in over a dozen other films. Drew, now 20, has been in three movies this year alone—*Boys on the Side*, *Mad Love* and *Batman Forever*. Next month, she goes behind the cameras for yet another, *The Honest Courtesan*.

Besides watching Drew sprout up on screen, you've probably also seen her love life change as often as the seasons. Back in 1992, she was engaged to *90210*'s Jamie Walters. Last year, she married L.A. bar owner Jeremy Thomas, only to split up with him two months later. Her latest little manfriend is Eric Erlandson, who plays guitar for the band *Hole*. Drew and Eric have been seeing each other for about a year and a half now.



900 N
Ma



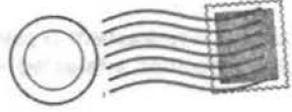
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Baby Optics



Put this in the "We Don't Have to Lie to Be Shocking" Department

Because we're that winning combination of creative and lazy, we decided to throw together a collage of crap we ripped outta other teen mags. After we finished, we noticed something startling. Keanu, Drew and Courtney have a lot of bad shit going in their young lives. Don't let anyone tell you it's easy or fun being famous. Read what we've underlined and you'll see what we mean.

QUEEN LATIFAH
c/o Motown Records
6255 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90028



17-
3-
4-
5-
6-
7-
Dorsal

umber
2-
3-
4-
5-

For the Pederast

View of Spine.

Our market research indicates that a growing number, perhaps as high as eleventy-seven percent, of you reader people out there are pederasts. With page after page of cute, virginal boys it makes sense to us, as natural a fit as a big daddy dong in a puckered little boy hole. And so, to pander to that lucrative segment of our market, we introduce this new monthly feature culled from the stacks of man-boy love press releases ~~we used to line our wastebaskets with~~ ... which with which we used to line our wastebaskets. Eesh, grammar!

Mac's Back dot dot dot NOT

Hollywoodrow, CA - MacCaulay Culkin, the once exulted prince of pre-pubescent passion has sprouted the beginnings of chest hair and is, at seventeen, officially a has-been. In a moving ceremony to commemorate the loss of one of pederasty's greatest poster children, the local chapter of an unNAMEaBLE Association observed a minute of silence and then hit the streets looking for young, hairless runaways to defile and otherwise initiate into the pleasures of doing it with older guys. So long Mac. We barely remember you.

That Little Simpson Boy

Lost Angels, CA - While his dad is redundantly in the news, young mulatto, Justin Simpson has been kept far from the public eye, much to the chagrin of an unNAMEaBLE Association. "The Shari Belafonte-Harper look-alike has great potential," said a group spokesman. "We'd like to see much more of him, particularly his hairless genitals and round, soft bottom."

Get 'Em While They're Hot

New Dork, New Dork - It's never too early to scout fresh chicken. That's the can-do spirit that has certain members of a local chapter of an unNAMEaBLE Association



hunting the neo-natal care unit of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. "Some of these crack babies are in desperate

need of foster care," said an anonymous spokesfella. "We'd be glad to bring them into our homes and once they're through withdrawal show them the greatest love a man and an undernourished, premmie can share."

Love Put Us On The Map

East Bumfuck - The legendary town that has historically gotten a bum rap, plans to turn its image around next month by holding the first annual "We're Here, Here's Our Rear, Get Into Us" festival. Sponsored by the local chapter of an unNAMEaBLE Association, the festival will include a greased pole climbing contest, a father-son three-legged race and a raucous two day Hide the Salami marathon. For the younger boys there will be a spirited game of Poop Chutes and Ladders.

Look What They've Done To My Schlong

Information Superhighway - Is no place sacred? That's the question posed by a concerned faction of an unNAMEaBLE Association. The distress signal was sent up after a member of the brotherhood of kiddie porn lovers was arrested for downloading GIFS and other sexually explicit material involving minors through his home computer. We lend our moral support to the hapless schmuck.

A Funny Joke

What does the Jewish child molester say: "Come here little boy. Wanna buy some candy?"

May we suggest a refreshing drink and a lite snack from our wide selection here at the ...

TeeNMOM Coffee Bar

Huh, may we? MAY WE???

Per Mama

Cafe du Jour

This is our coffee of the day. Each day we chose a different coffee and designate it as the Cafe du Jour which is French for coffee of the day. Made from the finest water and whatever coffee we happen to chose that day, this is one of our all time favorites.

Al Pacino

A shot of rich bodied espresso and a shot of the finest Italian semen, lovingly drawn from the tap, steamed and served piping hot at your table.

Tea

Brewed from dried leaves in a gauzy paper sack stapled to a piece of string, this drink is one of our all time favorites. Comes with lemon wedge, honey or sugar. Please specify caf or decaf.

Iced Nescafé®

Served over frozen cubes of water and mixed fresh on a cup-by-cup basis, this drink is one of our all time favorites.

Water

We start with the same ingredients as the **Iced Nescafé®**, but we leave out the Nescafé® and don't freeze the cubes. This drink is one of our our all time favorites.



Per Bambini

Mama Latte

Our own special blend of Kona and Nigerian dark roasted beans with a warm and generous infusion of mother's milk fresh from the breast.

Moca Java Bosco®

A luscious introduction to the world of caffeine, a lightly roasted Moca Java with a dollop of Bosco® brand chocolate drink mix. (Artificially flavored and sweetened) Warning: Has been shown to cause hyperactivity and pancreatic cancer in laboratory rats.

Per Mangare

Stella Doro Biscotti®

Italian and low-cal. Mangia bene.

The Brad Pitt

A blonde.

The Denzel Washington

A brownie.

The Taran Noah Smith

A creampuff.



Whipped Cream

A topping of this classic ingredient appropriately crowns the concoction.



Espresso

Full-bodied and intense, with a caramelly sweetness and roasty tang.

Mocha Syrup

ugh delicious chocolatin

he's half as wonderful as Dirk, you're a very lucky dog. See how nice everything worked out. Now I hope we can just be friends. It was kind of impractical and silly of us to think we could sustain the heat of passion that, let's face it, we probably never should have given into in the first place. Dirk says "hi." Doober says "woof" and generously parted with one of his Chew Laces® (see attached) as an overture to friendship. I think you'd like Doober. You and he are the two most special dogs in my life. You probably wouldn't be compatible in the hay, but that's no reason why you couldn't be pals.

Your instructions for restoring the Way-Back Machine were clear and concise. We won't have no trouble following them just as soon as we get back from a three week trip to Scotland. Dirk has some contacts there and a big deal involving bagpipes, kilts and haggis that should earn us a few grand the easy way. I'm more in love than I ever imagined possible. When Dirk holds me in his arms, I feel so safe and protected. Nothing could ever come between us.

Hope you find the same with your new beau. Gotta make like a banana and split. Dirk's taking me to a quiet restaurant in the country and reading me some of the love poems he wrote to me. Isn't that the most-ut?

S

April 15
Locherbee, Scotland

Guess what! We got hitched by this Wicca Priestess we met at a slumber party (actually, more like an orgy) in the tiny hamlet of Macbeth. Scotland is exotic and way bonnie. The men do not, repeat not, wear underwear beneath their kilts. They have strong, sexy legs and firm buttocks which they enjoy showing off to anyone who cares to peek.

Dirk's deal came off without a hitch and we're rolling in dough. We're gonna stay here in Europe and do the grand tour for another couple weeks while the workmen finish building our place in the woods. Then it's back to reality, the drudgery of day-to-day living.

Dirk has meetings with the heads of the six major television networks and I promised The Donald I'd help him pick out a necklace for Marla's



you before I die. I must not tarry any longer and so here it is:

When you were but an infant, a newborn of no more than three days,



birthday. Oh, what a bore. Can't wait to get the Way-Back Machine up and running. I have an idea, but don't want to speak of it prematurely. Let me formulate the details and I'll hit you with it when I'm ready.

Hoot man,
Sherman MacJackson-MacParis

April 25
Sherman,

You are undoubtedly still away on your "grand tour." I write into the ether. I eagerly await your return. I burn with fever, boy, for I have taken ill. The doctors say it is distemper, but I mistrust them. I am a terrible patient. I fight and pout and howl and argue. I am most uncooperative. I tire so easily and lie in the corner of my cell, too weak to care when Tito and his friends have their way with me.

It is delirium. DELIRIUM, I tell you. Moments of lucidity, but mostly wild, dreamlike visions, bits of a past I shall never recapture, a tortured present without the sweetness of fresh air, liberty, affection and love.

Last night I dreamed about a fire hydrant so red it seared my retinas, so tall it reached into the clouds. I could not, for the life of me, lift my leg to micturate. I was reduced to squatting like my sainted dam. The indescribable humiliation. I may not be long for this world, Sherman.

There are so many things I want to tell

I found you in a dumpster by a construction site, I brought you to my home (our first apartment -- you probably don't remember it, since we moved from those modest digs to our house on Veraine Avenue when you were only two). I have managed for all these years to sustain the lie that you were the son of a Latvian prince and princess, entrusted to my care while they returned to reclaim the throne and were unfortunately assassinated in their valiant attempt to do so. This is a slight untruth. You were/are a foundling with no traceable mother (presumably, a teenage girl or prostitute or both) and no father. In plain language, a bastard, a whoreson.

I did not think it would serve your self-esteem to tell you all of this in your youth. I wanted to see you grow up confident and self-possessed. It had always been my intention to speak of these things when I knew you were equipped to deal with them. That time has come. I tell you the truth now because I feel I have done my job. You have turned out so well and I know you can handle the rest of this story.

Watching you mature from infancy to toddlerhood, from toddlerhood to boydom has been my greatest joy. No sacrifice on my part was too great. If I had to scrounge in garbage cans to save on food for myself, I did, if it

Finally, I feel I must say I didn't appreciate all your letters jamming the mailbox. Whoa. I mean, what's the big whoop? So I was out of touch for a while. BFD. One thing got me wondering. You talked about doing some work on the Way-Back Machine. What's the story with that, man? I'd totally be into helping out however I could because it would be bitchin' if we could get the old box cookin' again.

Fondly,
Sherm Jackson-Paris

March 18
Sherm,

Thank you for sharing. I appreciate your honesty. Last night I attempted to commit suicide, but my plan was foiled when I noticed something annoying behind me and spent the next forty-five minutes trying to figure out what it was. As you may have guessed, I exhausted myself chasing my tail and fell into a deep, troubled slumber.

Life hardly seems worth living now that you are with another. Given the undeniable reality of the situation, I have resolved to hand myself over to Tito, the Bull Terrier who has been so persistent in his amorous advances. He smells musky and rank and his eyes are runny and ringed with crust. He breathes heavily through his snout and from what little I have dared to look at his genitals, I fear that he will cause me a lot of pain upon first penetration. Pray for me, Sherman.

To show there are no hard feelings, I send you and Dirk a blanket I wove from my own fur as a housewarming present for your new place in the woods. It had always been my intention that this blanket would one day be ours, that we would snuggle beneath it and make love on rainy afternoons. So much for dreams. I wish you both every happiness.

You Know Who

March 17
Pea,

We got a mysterious package in the mail a couple days ago, a box that Doober got into when we were at our step Reebok® class. The box was

torn to bits and the fur blanket kinda chewed up. No note. We're guessing it was from you, since the blanket had your coloring. We managed to salvage it pretty good and curled up on the sofa and watched some t.v. like the two little snuggly bugs we are.

So, like, anyway, if this was from you thanx a bunch. But I gotta tell you, I'm a little ticked-off that you didn't take the time to include a note, eckspeshally since I specifically asked you about the Way-Back Machine, which, after all, Mr. Peabody, is half mine. What's going on with it? If it's salvageable, I'd like to be able to use it. Write back the instant you get this. I will not tolerate disobedience.

Peace, Luv, Understanding,
Sher

March 31
Sher,

I would have written sooner, but I was in the infirmary recuperating from the rips and tears I sustained when Tito, the Bull Terrier "did" me for the first time. The letter I enclosed with the blanket explained my intention to surrender the brown to him. We are together again and he is not so bad. I have learned to give him pleasure and have become inured to the pain it causes me.

Since you are so eager for it, here is everything I know about restoring the Way-Back Machine. My calculations lead me to believe that the Machine can be returned to near perfect working order. First you must go to the field where we abandoned it in our haste to flee the police. Then you must bring it home and clean it of rust and mud and whatever other pollutants cling to it. Use a plastic scrubber and a non-abrasive, non-chlorine based solvent. Be certain not to get the control panel wet. I cannot stress this enough.

You are too short to reach in the overhead compartment so have Dirk open the three lynch-pins that secure it and remove the motherboard marked Alpha-Theta-11874M4. This will require some agility and extra care. Make sure Dirk understands this. On the back of the motherboard, that is the side with the printing and

the three red micro-widgets, you will find a space for a dilithium crystal. The crystal will be partially or completely missing due to neglect and erosion. You must replace this crystal even if some of it still remains. To do so, go to your local pharmacy and buy a bottle of acetaminophen and a box of Chiclets (wintergreen; peppermint if they're out of wintergreen).

Grind the Chiclets and the acetaminophen in a mortar with a



pestle. Add water as necessary to create a paste. Measure out one point five grams of the paste and bake it at 330° Celsius for five days. Remove the distillate from your oven and place it in the dilithium crystal receptacle. It is a crude substitute, admittedly, but it should do the trick.

Do not falter in any of this, Sherman. If you mess it up, there will be no second chances. The future of the Way-Back Machine rests in your capable hands and Dirk's. God help us.

Mini Ha Ha,
Peabody-san

April 6

Dear Mr. Peabody,

I'm glad you have a new squeeze. Tito sounds absotively dreamy. If

Forgive me, my love. This was meant to be a valentine and I shall not taint it further with shades of anxiety. Let me, rather, wax romantic: My darling, my sweetest, my most precious love. You are the center of my universe, my whole reason for being. Your eyes are like two limpid bowls of water, your mouth the red of a thick steak. I dream of your strong, young legs. I long to hump them with all the fury and passion that pulses through my body and collapse in a sated heap on your bed, my muzzle resting on your supple breast.

A thousand Cupid's arrows aimed at your heart.

Undying Love,
Mr. Peabody

February 15

Dear Sherman,

Your letter dated 2/11 arrived this morning. How nice for you that you have found a new "friend." I couldn't be happier. This Dirk fellow sounds like quite a character. I don't mean that in a derogatory sense...per se. But honestly, Sherman, do you think it's wise to neglect your studies and indulge in such shenanigans as running naked through fields and throwing a plastic discus to an uneducated mongrel (I refer, of course, to the dog you mention, Doober, and not to Dirk). By the way it's "lie" on the grass, not "lay." Tsk, tsk, Sherman. You surprise me.

Questioning Your Judgment,
Mr. Peabody

February 24

Sherman, Sherman...

Are you there? Have I driven you away with my harsh criticism? If you are angry, I understand. I have only myself to blame. You are a tender, young thing and do not deserve my admonitions. I will not eat a bite of food until I hear a word of pardon from you.

Instead, I will focus on my studies, as I am hard at work on the possibility that the Way-Back Machine may somehow have a second life. I devour all the literature available on the subject of time travel, time-space re-

lationships, particle physics and the like.

The sky is dark and threatening rain. It matches my inner mood, my dear one. I sit at a heavy oak desk and ponder the insignificance of it all. You know the anguish I suffer over the opposing forces of free will and pre-determinism. In my gloomier moments it seems to me that fate has dealt me some terrible blows. I am powerless over all of it, Sherman, an old, weak, neutered dog, loveless and alone. My fur is going gray. My eyes are clouding with cataracts. I would not blame you for hating

me, but I implore you not to. Once we were best friends. Are we no longer? I feel a distance between us. Reassure me this is not the case. Pity me if you must. I will accept pity as gladly as anything, but I cannot stand to be shunned.

Bow wow for now,
Mr. Peabody

March 2

Dear Mr. Peabody,

Like you can see on the front of this postcard, me and Dirk are in Tulum, Mexico. It's so freakin' beautiful. We party all night and sleep all day. Dirk is amazing. He can touch his thumb to his rist. It's sooo coooool.

Sherm

March 8

Sherm (!!!!),

Your postcard of "handsome hunks on the sand at Tulum" (tasteless) arrived this afternoon. I am worried sick. Am I to assume you have forsaken your studies for the life of a beach bum? Oh woe, ah-woooo! I wail in grief and despair. Who knows when, if ever, this letter will reach you. Have you become one of those hippy drop-outs who has given up on society? I might have hoped I'd taught you better. Our trips (have you forgotten that we too traveled to some glorious times and places?) were meant

to instruct you in the importance of taking action to shape the future. It was never my intention that you should waste your time (and the Way-Back Machine notwithstanding, we are all only here for a finite period), drinking piña colodas and sunning your melon-like buns.

Now I feel I must scold you for your irresponsible behavior. Bad boy. You have no idea how it pains me to be so harsh. Do not despise me for thus taking you to task.

So Dirk does tricks, does he? If it's tricks you want, I can do tricks, Sherman. I can sit, roll over, fetch

and shake. But I will NOT play dead.

Thum (sic)!!!! Rist (sic)!!!!
SHERMAN, have you gone retarded on me? Imploring you to...

...WAKE ME FROM THIS
NIGHTMARE,
Mr. Peabody

March 15

Peabody Dude,

Chill, Fido! We got back to town a few days ago. Guess there's no other way to say this than to come right out with it. Dirk's my old man now. We're shackled up in this house near downtown with some other way-beautiful people. We are making a claymation documentary about our relationship and plan to build a cabin in the woods out of phone books and rubber cement. We've commissioned an architect and expect to move into Shermandirk (cool name, n'est-ce pas?) by the summer.

I'm through with school. I couldn't stand it there. I mean it was beat. And, lookit, I learned everything I'll ever need to know by the time I was in the second grade. These past three years have just been icing on the kake.

I tried, I really tried to stay true to you, but let's face it, I'm in my prime and since I got contacts and started working out, I've turned into quite the little stud.

Pound Library



Here is a soiled pair of my underthings. I only hope the warden permits you to keep them. Hide them, if you must, beneath your straw mat and bring them out at night. Sniff them. Raise them to the level of fetish. In time perhaps you will come to think of them as me.

Je t'adore
Sherman

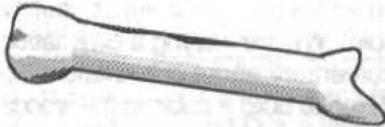
January 26

Oh Sherman, You Naughty Boy,

The undergarments were the perfect gift! I am beside myself with joy. Needless to say, they are absolutely verboten and were I to be caught with them, there is no telling what punishment might befall me.

My days are filled with drab prison activities: Walks in the exercise yard, research in the library and daily flea dips. So far I have managed to fend off the advances of a Bull Terrier called Tito who wants to make me his bitch. In the course of one of our tussles I lost an ear, but I am still very much in possession of my "love nuggets." They churn with desire for you.

The food here is dreadful, a meager bowl of dry cereal. I miss my Snausages®. The water tastes of metal and sulfur. I'm begging you please to send me table scraps (no



chicken bones, of course, for, as you know, they make me choke). Also, Sherman, if your allowance permits, send cigarettes and chocolate bars. Not for me. I don't smoke or eat sugar, but these things make excellent bribes for the guards and can get me extra privileges like soup bones and squeaky toys.

Provide minute details of your life on the outside. Let me live vicariously through you.

Ever Your Hound in the Pound,
Mr. Peabody

January 31

Dear Mr. Peabody

Here is my news: On Saturday I went to the mall and bought a new pair of pegged, skin tight, black jeans and a black, mesh Thierry Mugler tank top (total for the two, \$274.63, including tax). That night I went out to a club to dance my cares away. Several cocktails, some MDA and a few vials of crack cocaine later, I was able to face the dawn.

On Sunday I slept.

On Monday I went to school and got a C-minus on a history exam. C-minus, my behind (excuse my French). I was at the Civil War with you, Mr. Peabody. I was the Sherman who marched on Atlanta and no stinky-doodo teacher is going to tell me I don't know my history. I swore at the teacher and stormed outside to get stoned. There as I smoked and fumed and minded my own business, I was beat up and gang-raped by some eleventh graders. The brutal, older boys had their way with me for a full five hours, well past sunset and when finally they left my spent, limp body shivering beneath a blanket of cold stars, they laughed like drunken sailors sated from a night of revelry at a garish bordello. It was the most degrading experience of my life.

I'm ashamed to admit this, but in a way I enjoyed it. Deep down where it counts I am loyal to you, Mr. Peabody. I remain your devoted boy...

I (heart) you,
Sherman

February 3

Dear Sherman,

My poor, dear boy. How awful for you to be gang-raped. I understand perfectly your enjoying it. Oh resilient, brave child, so resourceful you manage to turn agony into pleasure. If only I had that ability...

I have sad news, my love. Three days ago, a guard discovered my hidden lust stash (your skivvies). After hoisting them to the highest petard and publicly humiliating me over the loudspeaker, the pitiless warden of this draconian penitentiary decreed that I should be gelded without delay. And so, my love, I am a eunuch. But

though I have no testicles, I still feel a stirring in my loins when I think of you. Say you continue to feel the same for me.

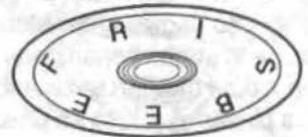
Mmmmmmwah,
Mr. Peabody

February 11

Dear Mr. Peabody,

Sorry it's taken me so long to get back to you. I've been frightful busy with school and new friends, some older boys I believe I mentioned in my last letter. We go for long drives in their suped-up hot-rods and party in the woods. There's one, his name is Dirk, and he's only so fine. He has side-burns and a tattoo and he can drink a six pack of beer without stopping to catch his breath.

I told Dirk about the Way-Back machine and about you, Mr. Peabody. Dirk has a dog named Doober. Sometimes we cut school and take Doober to this beautiful meadow where no one goes. We take off our



clothes and play Frisbee® with Doober. Then we lay on the grass and look up at the sky while Doober licks our faces and begs us to play some more with him, until we can't stand it and Dirk orders Doober in a firm, even tone to sit still and keep quiet.

Dirk says maybe soon he'll take me to Mexico and we can live on the beach and smoke a lot of grass and never have to wear clothes.

I think about you almost every day, Mr. Peabody. Hope you are well.

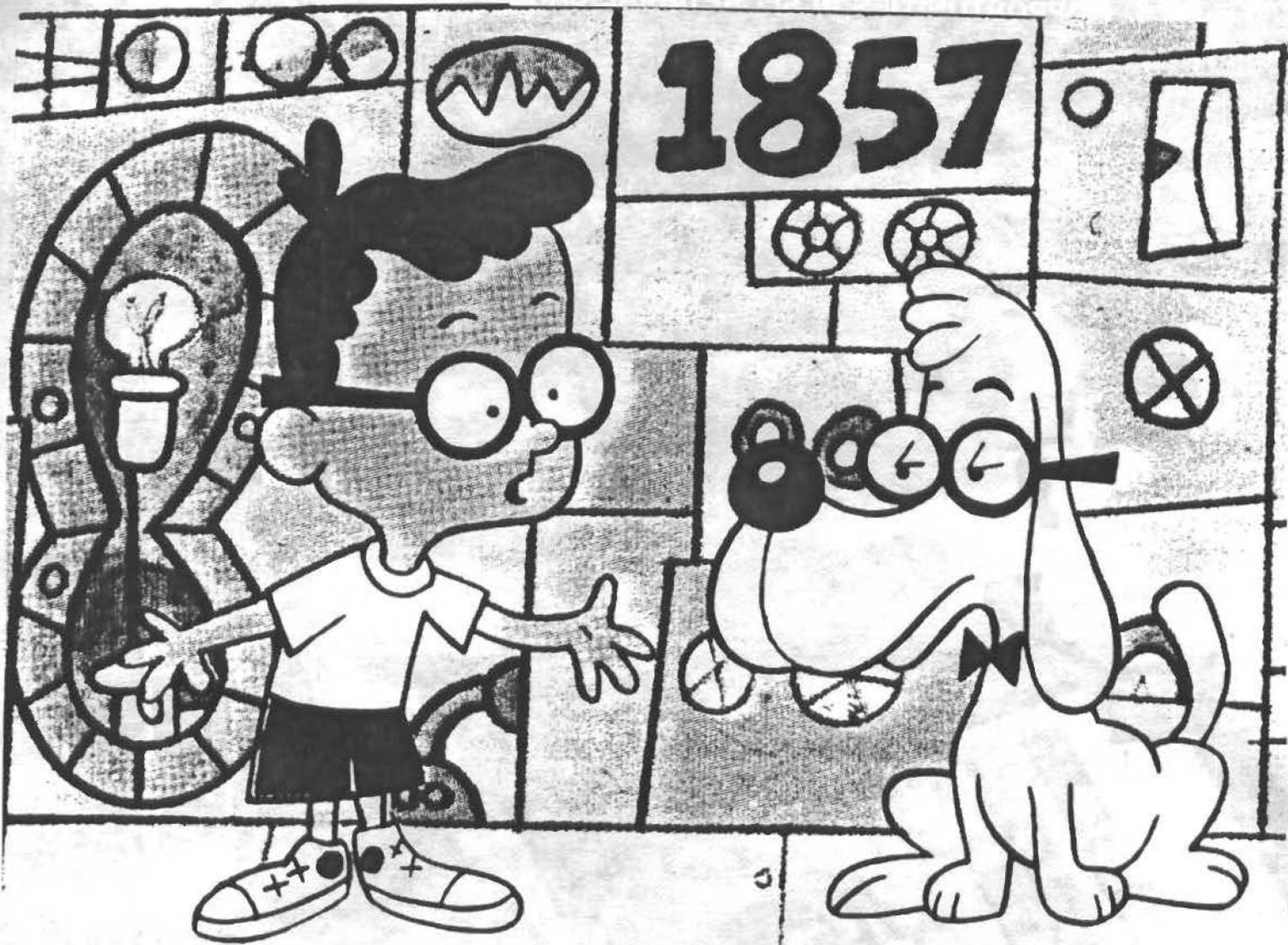
Your Pal,
Sherm

February 11

Sherman, My Darling,

I am in a panic! Why have I not heard from you in over three weeks?

Wayback: An Epistolary Novella ⁶



The love that dares not bark its name

January 5

My Dearest Sherman,

These cinder block walls, this linoleum floor, the metal bars that keep me from you...damn them all to hell! I curse the day the police discovered our forbidden love and trotted me off to the pound. I pace my cell like a mad dog. I lie on a straw mat and dream of our adventures, Caesar's Rome, Charlemagne's France, Ghengis Kahn's China. It sickens me to think of the Way-Back Machine lying on its side in some junk yard. Once it was our gateway to boundless exploration; now it is nothing but a rusting, metal hull.

Forgive me, my boy, my beloved,

for being morose and bitter. Our correspondence is all I live for. If you were to grow tired of me and not return my letters, I know I would take my own miserable life. Do not let me become morbid on top of all else. Write soon. I love and miss you terribly. Woof.

Hugs and Licks,
Mr. Peabody

January 21

Dear Mr. Peabody,

Jeepers, I miss you too, sir. Why is the world against us? Why can they not understand what we had? Why must they treat you like a rabid cur? Why must they ostracize and shun

me? At school, on the playground, the others call me names: Puppy Lover, Dog Boy, Mutt Fucker. They'll never know how it was between us. No one can ever know the intensity of our passion, the depth of our love?

Please don't speak of taking your own life. You know how I adore you. I would never turn my back on you. Even if we never meet again in this life, I will stay true to you and be your faithful correspondent. It is a poor substitute for the too, too fleeting time we spent as lovers. I can still feel your strong forepaws around my slender boy-hips, your wet nose gently nuzzling the back of my neck. Jimminy Cricket, now I'm all worked up!

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work habits is the key to being a happy and productive worker.	17	6
Punctuality, conscientiousness and a positive attitude are essential	25	8
building blocks. Fast and accurate typing, a pleasant phone	34	11
manner and a general willingness to be of assistance are qualities	45	15
prized among executives seeking a new secretary. It is important	55	18
to remember that outward appearance is the first impression a	65	22
prospective employer gets of a job candidate. Always arrive at an	76	25
interview neatly groomed and dressed in a professional manner.	85	28
Ostentatious jewelry, flamboyant clothing or an overpowering	92	30
cologne may be signs that the interviewee is too much of an	104	34
individualist, unable or unwilling to observe the company's rules.	113	37
When meeting with a potential employer you must make eye	123	41
contact and offer a firm handshake. Speak clearly and to the point.	135	45
Listen carefully and answer questions honestly and directly. If	144	48
you have gotten this far, you are an agile and gifted typist whose	157	52
talents far exceed the demands of any position you might get. It is	170	57
only natural that you are feeling resentful at having to perform	181	60
like a trained seal. Here are some tips: The office manager is a	194	65
constipated bitch whose only joy in life is putting new recruits	205	69
through the hellish ordeal of filling out a formal application, even	216	72
though all the information it asks for is already on your resume.	228	76
The man you'll be working for is a middle-aged frat boy who	241	80
compensates for his lack of intelligence by shouting at his	251	83
subordinates whenever possible. His penis is the size of a cashew.	262	87
If you are fortunate enough to pass the rigorous interview	272	91
procedure and get the job, you may find that your boss has certain	285	95
expectations of you that go beyond the traditional job description.	295	98
These may include fetching his lunch or dry cleaning, sitting up all	307	102
night in a hotel room during an out-of-town business trip and	320	107
rolling over so he can give you the quickest, least pleasurable fuck	332	110
of your life.	335	112

דבר מומ

Oy, again with the

וְבָנָה לָנוּ אֶת-בֵּית הַבְּחִירָה

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TeenMom is a publication of TeenMom Communications

רבו גמליאל היה אומר: כל

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with offices in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, S'fat, Bersheeva, Miami Beach and Los Angeles

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Write, but DO NOT VISIT us. Send us e-style-mail

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הו:

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פסח. מצה ומרור:

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Many thanks to few people, namely, Geverat Dave "Naomi Shapinsky" Postal

שהיו אבותינו אוכלים,

Here is her picture:



לבית המקדש היה קים, על

Instructions: If you are reading this issue like a traditional,

מה? על שום שפסח הקדוש

English language magazine (left, right, left, right), you are

קרוד הוא. על בתי אבותינו

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making a grave error and should reconsider your motives

במצרים, שנאמר: ואמרתם זבח

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without delay. To gain maximal reading pleasure from this

opus, YOU MUST READ IT BACK TO FRONT (right, left, right

left). Thank you and tov ma'ode.

GET OFF MY BACK

Hello beautiful people. I wuv you. Pwease don't hate me. I know you all whisper as I pass you at those glamorous Hollywood parties: "There she goes, that traitor, that fraud, that skanky old hag, NB. She hasn't given us an ish of TeenNMOM since the dawn of woman." Do you think I can't hear? No. You know I hear every venomous syllable. Your words are barbed arrows pointed at my heart. Ouch! Stoppit!

And anyway, here's my excuse: This is very hard for me to talk about so I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't look at me as I say this. It's two and a half years since the first wonderful, albeit crude issue of TeenNMOM hit the stands. That was the same time as my precious Junior sprang forth from my gurlish loins. And it is of Junior that I now speak. <SOB>

A year ago this past April Junior displayed what doctors call "failure to thrive." His tiny feet and hands were withered and pale. His face was sunken, his tummy so drawn in it made his ribs stick out. Though I fed him by spoon, against his ralling and protests, he would not grow. He would not play with his toys, refused to be read to. After a series of costly and harrowing tests the doctors told me Junior had Acute Gary Coleman's Disease (AGCD), that although he would probably live a normal lifespan, he would never grow another inch nor look any older than eighteen months.

A few weeks later Junior overcame his failure to thrive and I summoned the courage to produce the now much maligned "MANY MOODS OF MARY KATE ASHLEY OLSON" issue. But I have been haunted by the secret I have thus far guarded so closely. I am the mother of that rare freak of nature, an Immerkind, an Überbaby if you will. While other children his age are walking and beginning to use the potty, Junior is just crawling, still teething on Zwiebeck Toast® and going through three Pampers® a day. Intellectually, he is right up there with others his age. He can recite Shakespeare® and do trigonometry®, but physically he will never outgrow infancy. <Wah!>

Why him? Why not me? I would gladly trade places with my poor baby, remain a fizical fourteen forever, but noooooooo! I have to manifest the ravages of age like all the other normies. Last year it was fifteen and tits, this year sixteen and zits, next year ... well, you do the math.

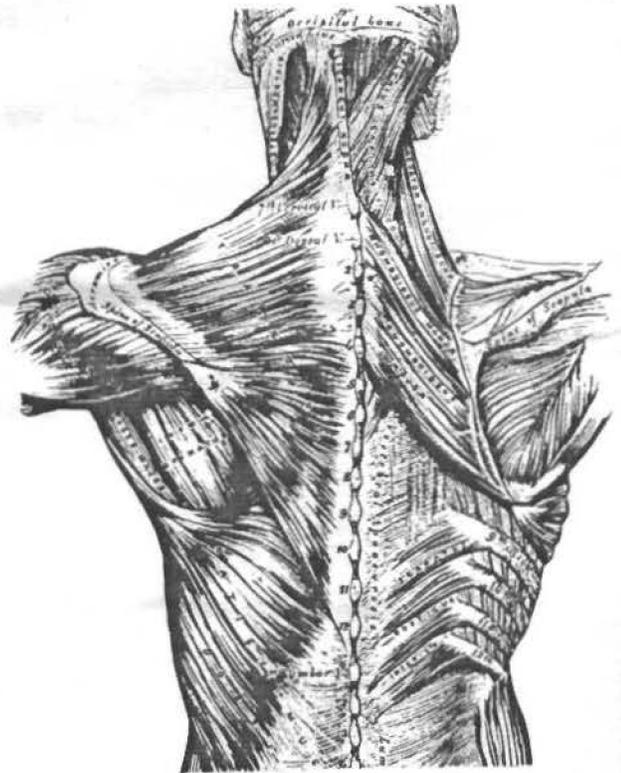
It must be something the little bastard got from his father's side of the family. We don't know a lot about them, but I suspect they are genetic sabateurs of the highest order. A pox on them, wherever they may be. <Zonk!>

Don't worry your pretty little heads about me. I am getting some counseling. I am on 1000 mils of Prozac. That plus the Elovil, the Zoloft and the fifth of Stoli every day keep me fairly sane, thank Gawd! But they do tend slow me down a bit. And there, dear READERS, is the explanation you've been hounding me for. I'm working at a snails pace, but working nonetheless. <Whew!>

What will you find inside this rather unorthodox BACK ISSUE? Oh, tons of stuff. There's an epistolary novella about the love of a boy for his dog and vice versa, a typing test you can take in the comfort of your home, a look back at Historic Teen Idols from the Hip Hop Eighties (19 and 18), plus all the usual crappola we manage to cram in like two bulging thighs packed into a pair of mod-a-go-go stretch elastic pants (cf. Mother's of Invention "We're Only In It For The Money").

I think the Beatles said it best when they sang: "Let's all get up and dance to a song that was a hit before your mother was born. Tho she was born a long long time ago, your mother should know, your mother should know." And believe you me, she does.

I embrace you with all the mother love I can muster. Be good. Wash behind your ears. Say your prayers (but not in school). And thank you for caring. Salam. <Trà La La La La>



H H O O N N O O O O
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H H O O N N N S S
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Not me Not me Not me Me either #ME!#

MOMENT



Back Issue

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