

Your Mother Wears Combat Boots

TEENMOM

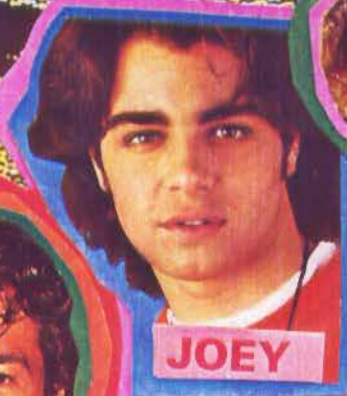
Ban This!

\$3



Jessica

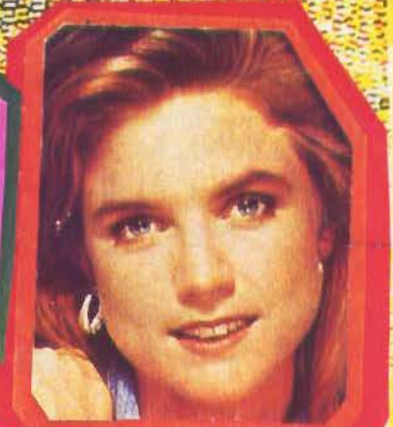
The Marines said she was "Too Old!"



JOEY



Air Force to Jerry: "We Don't Think You're Funny!"

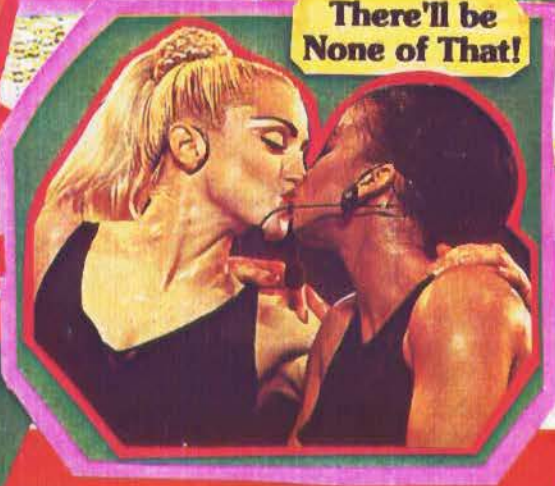


No TeenMoms in This Man's Army!



ANDREW

The Navy told him "No!"



There'll be None of That!



GRANT

Leaving Melrose Place to fight in Bosnia



Can't Serve. He's Canadian

JASON!



Hut two three four. We don't want your mean old war!

The avocado princess phone in my tangerine bedroom rang in the middle of the licorice night. I rolled out of my banana canopy bed and answered the phone's shrill, insistant ring.

"Debbi, it's Naomi. We have to talk."

"Can't it wait until the morning?"

"No. Listen. I just read the new issue, the one with all the polka dots."

"The Everybody Polka Issue?"

"Yeah. That one."

"What did you think?"

"I thought it was mean."

"You didn't think it was funny?"

"That's beside the point. It was so mean. Poor Tracey Gold. What did she do to deserve that? And Elke Sommer isn't German. She's Swedish."

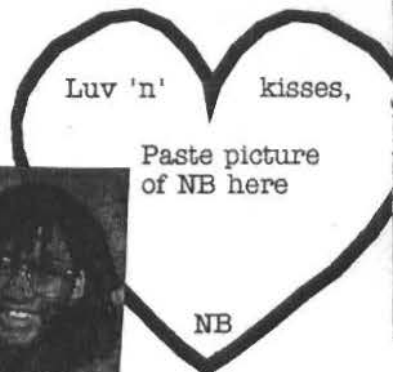
"Oh, they all say they're Swedish or Swiss, anything to avoid taking the blame for those atrocities."

"There you go again. I can't take it anymore, Debbi. The whole world has gotten so mean."

And then she hung up and I was left there with my conscience. Was Naomi right? Was I mean? Had TeenMom lost its innocence, its joi de vivre? That night I slept fitfully and the next morning I turned on my Macintosh Classic and sat staring blankly at its screen.

"I don't mean to be mean," I thought. "I wouldn't hurt anyone who didn't deserve it."

That being said, here's the long awaited Military Issue. We welcome reader response, so please let us know if it offends you.



UNLEASH "HELL-FIRE"™

TEENMOM

Logo →

ΤεενΜομ

Volume 1, No. 5

Military and
Para-Military Issue

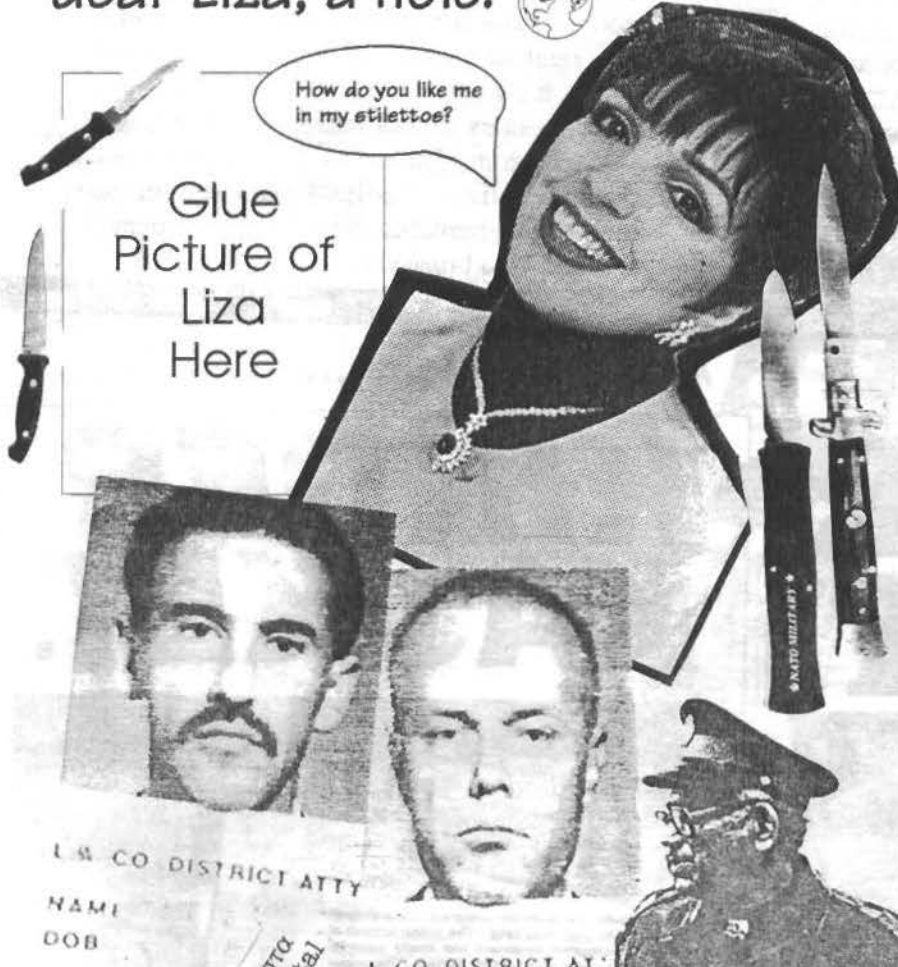
There's a hole in the ozone,
dear Liza, dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the ozone,
dear Liza, a hole.



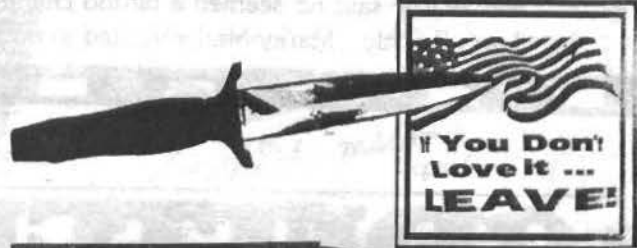
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Los Angeles, CA 90068

Print name of
the
other
nation
are

Remember, if it doesn't say
TeenMom, it isn't TeenMom.
Accept no substitutes.



Glue
Picture of
Liza
Here



L.A. CO. DISTRICT ATTY
NAME
DOB
Χοντριβυτορα:
contributor:
Δαβιε Ποστα
Dave Postal

L.A. CO. DISTRICT ATTY
NAME
DOB
θανε Ηανσ-ΤεενΜομ
Jane Hans-TeenMom

L.A. CO. DISTRICT ATTY CO. DISTRICT ATTY
NAME
DOB
βαρρυ Ροτη
Barry Roth
Μαυριχε Κελμαν
Maurice Kelman

α σπικιαλ μεσσαζε το ουρ Γρεκ ρεαδερσ: δραχμα, ουζο, σπανακοπιτα, Νανα Μουσκουρι
a special message to our Greek readers: drachma, ouzo, spanakopita, Nana Mouskouri

Faux Cyrillic alphabet courtesy of Cyrus of Cyprus
Φαυξ Χιρριλιχ αλπηβετ χουρτεση οφ Χιφρουσ οφ Χιφρουσ

The Toughest Job (to get) You'll Ever Love

Many are called, but few are chosen. That's the way it is in this man's army. When it comes to defending our shores and keeping the world safe for Democracy, there are some mighty stringent requirements these days. They don't call it "Selective Service" for nothing. And as the defense budget is hacked to bits and military bases are closed right and left, they're exercising a lot of discretion in saying who gets the privilege of serving and who is denied that honor.

After all, this isn't 1968 when they'd take anyone they could lay their hands on. Hell, in those days there was a war to be fought and a draft to make sure that everyone got a fair chance to lose a limb in the jungles of Southeast Asia. A gal had to go to some pretty extreme lengths to avoid it: Canada, college - the alternatives were not pretty.

Now the armed service has become something of an exclusive country club with enough red lining to make an opera cape and a matching pair of gloves. That means if your a teenmom, they don't want you. If you're interested in the arts, forget it. Old? Infirm? Left handed? Sorry Charlene. They only want the elite, the überdamen, if you will.

Luke Perry tried to enlist, but they wouldn't take him. They said he seemed a bit too chummy with Jason Priestly. Marky Marky wanted to trade in his

Cal Klein® civvy skivvies for some of those extra-baggy, khaki boxers, but the folks at the recruiting office didn't like his attitude and told him to take a hike. Edward Furlong, Leonardo DiCaprio, Paula Abdul, Sara Gilbert, Sukreet Gabel, Soon Yi Previn - each and every one was turned away for below average IQs.

So with all this rejection who, exactly, is getting accepted? The list includes some mighty impressive Americans, among them Arnold Schwarzenegger, Dolph Lundgren and Jean Claude Van Damme. And what is the common thread? They're all muscular, blond movie stars, the kind of fighting men under whose able protection every child in the nifty fifty can sleep a little better. It's a policy not unlike the one that fella with the little moustache and the greasy black hair used over in Germany back in the late thirties and early forties. If it worked for him, it can work for us.

A strong military is a happy military. And even in times of relative peace we must maintain our superiority. It's important to remember that, try as they might, soldiers cannot reproduce. That's why they have to recruit. But before you go out to your local recruiting office, your head filled with images of behind-closed-barracks-doors fun, ask yourself this question: "Do I really belong?"

Holy Cow! You'd be amazed at the list of pop-stars who've been turned away. Some of Teen Idolom's most illustrious talents are unwelcome in our nation's elite fighting forces.

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Critter Caskets are a tastefully designed, dome-shaped resting place for your special friend. The casket is made of 200 lb. test corrugated cardboard and ideally sized for any pet 8" in length or less. This unique casket is enhanced by a rich golden wood-grain print. Each affordable casket comes with a soft foam cushion and a variety of blended decals for your individual touch. The Critter Casket is a special and dignified way to say goodbye.

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 QUOTES & DREAMS



"QUANTUM LEAP" CANCELLED!
 "CHEERS" IS NO MORE. BOO
 "LIFE GOES ON" DOESN'T GO ON.
 "JOHN & LEEZA" DOES.
 NBC ACTUALLY OWNS
 LARRY BUD MELMAN!
 "KNOTS LANDING" KNOTS ANYMORE.

SIX REASONS THIS TEEN MOM
 DOESN'T WANNA GET OUTTA BED
 COUNT 'EM!

ONE... QUESTION...
 IS JERRY SEINFELD
 really
 dating a teen mom?

ECHHH
 An optimist is a girl
 [read: teen mom] who mistakes
 a bulge for a curve.
 - Ring Lardner

Television proves that sight has a definite odor.

- G.F. Lieberman

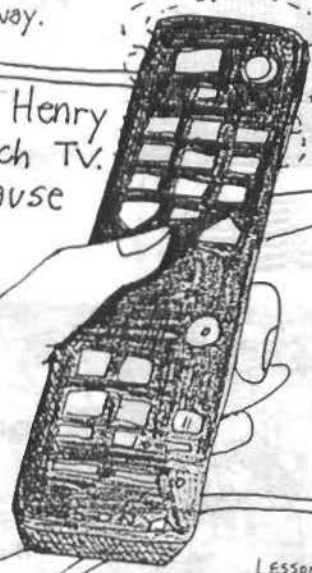


A man
 who carries a
 cat by the tail learns
 something he can
 learn in no other way.
 - Mark Twain

Do what we can,
 summer will have
 its flies.
 - Ralph Waldo Emerson



Whenever Tittle Henry
 sleeps I get to watch TV.
 Which is great -- 'cause
 he sleeps all the
 time. I'm really
 excited that Kathie
 Lee is having
 another baby!!!
 I wonder if
 she knows
 how lucky
 she is
 to have
 Frank G.
 by her
 side. Praise
 the Lord.



LESSON
 NUMERO UNO:

WHEN YOU BECOME
 A TEEN MOM, THIS
 IS WHAT HAPPENS TO
 YOUR CHILDHOOD

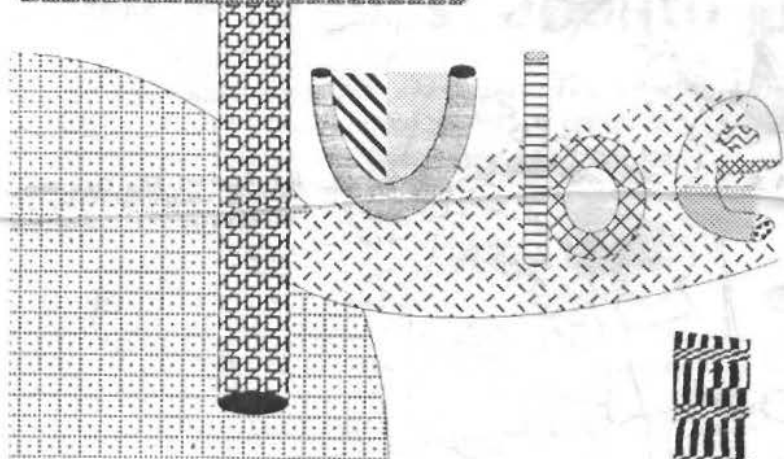
Which means
 My day looks something
 like this ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

TALK SHOWS
 (check local listings)

- Donahue:** Six wives and 10 fiancées of one man.
- Oprah Winfrey:** Plastic surgeon faces multiple malpractice suits.
- Regis & Kathie Lee:** Patti LaBelle; Kenneth Branagh.
- Jenny Jones:** Former spouses of celebrities.
- Vicki:** Blue-collar make-overs.
- Home, ABC:** Discrimination against the overweight.
- Joan Rivers:** Prostitutes and former prostitutes.
- Sonya Live, CNN:** Spirituality in America.
- Geraldo:** Strip clubs in residential neighborhoods.
- Maury Povich:** Parents charged with abuse for kids' obesity.
- Sally Jessy Raphael:** Surrogate mother fights to keep the baby.
- Montel Williams:** Prostitutes.
- Jerry Springer:** Woman in gang.
- Jane Pratt, Lifetime:** Breasts.
- Arsenio Hall:** Ray Charles; Dudley Moore; Charles Grodin.
- Jane Whitney:** Stepfamily woes.

Your peace of mind depends
 largely on whether you are shaping
 your future or letting it shape itself.

the



WAR IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS

Jill Jessica (*West Bank High*) **Lumet** makes the leap from the small screen (hour-long series) to the small screen (six hour mini-series) in the title role of **Teen Mother Courage**, an adaptation of the Bertolt Brecht classic. In this updated version, Jill Jessica plays the mercenary teenmom of three little boys one of whom she sells to an aging yuppie couple unable to conceive. With the other two she travels the world, vending snack treats and moist towelettes to either side of any armed conflict.

Shot on location in Bosnia, Somalia, Peru and Myanmar, this compelling drama is television at its gutsiest. Jill Jessica turns in a performance that is sure to be remembered at Emmy time.

Cast includes: **Brian Austin Green**, **Jennifer Jason Leigh** and *Home Improvement's* **Zachery Ty Bryan**, **Taran Noah Smith** and **Jonathan Taylor Thomas**.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

The Bob Hope Christmas in Cvrnica Special - **Brooke Shields**, **Miss Piggy** and the **Barbi Twins** join Bob as he dons a uniform, tells a few bad jokes and cashes in once again on the horrors of war.



GENERALISSIMA

Blossom's **Mayim Bialik** pulls out all the stops in her patriotic salute to General George Patton. Especially moving is a five minute clay-mation documentary on the making of the movie *Patton* narrated by **Louis Melcher**, **George C. Scott's** body-double for the love scenes in that film.



SISTER AGAINST SISTER

The Great Mason-Dixon Mix-Up - In the tradition of **Bette Davis**, **Patti Duke Astin**, **Jeremy Irons** and **Timothy Hutton**, **Mary Kate Ashley Olson** plays twins sisters separated at birth in this hilarious romp set in the time of the Civil War. As Louisa, she grows up the privileged daughter of a New York City abolitionist, while as Sweet Pea, she struggles in the role of downtrodden adopted daughter of a struggling furniture maker. Louisa and Sweet Pea's paths cross and re-cross without ever meeting during a weekend at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Based on an old **Bette Midler/Lily Tomlin** picture. Cast features: **Whitney Houston Brown** as Harriet Tubman and **Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio** as Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Lissen up! Since **Marky Mark** has vanished like a liver spot on prescription strength Porcelana, there's a humongo void in the Teen Hunk corner of the Mega-Celeb Galaxy. Where is that BuffBoy someone with the glistening pecs and the face of a mischievous angel? Consider this a want-ad and put the word out -- **TeenMom** needs a cute, non-threatening guy with no talent, no personality and no aspirations, a super babe who'll just stand there and look dreamy. He has to be young and have a great pair of buns. He has to have strong arms and legs. Other requirements for the job are straight, white teeth, a full head of hair (sexy curls might be nice) and sparkling eyes. We're looking for that hot number who's prepared to make appearances at shopping malls across the country and get his clothes torn from his flawless body by throngs of screaming, delirious fans. But, most important, the next Stud Wonder has to understand that interest in him will rise meteorically and then plummet just as quickly. We need a dude who's willing to give us ten months of service. No benefits (except as many groupies as he can handle while avoiding statutory rape charges), no future, no pension. This offer will not be repeated...that is, not until we've all gotten dog-tired of him and have to search for his replacement. Apply in person at the offices of **TeenMom Magazine**. Bring photos and resume.

**N
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!**



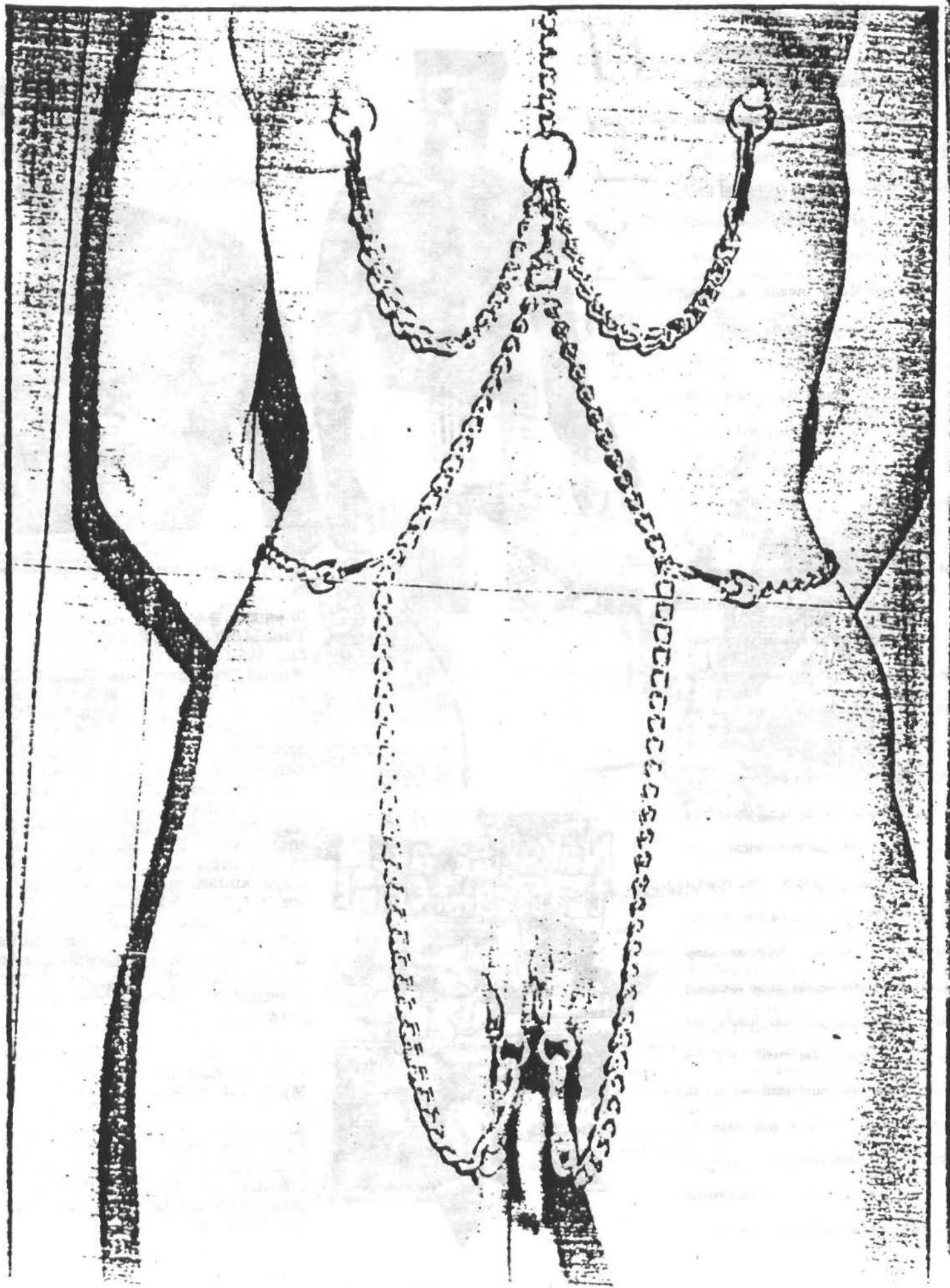
and in other news...

It hasn't gotten too serious yet, but **TeenMom** thinks she might be falling for another 'zine called **Naked Teenagers That Fight Crime**. Here's everything we know about him: He's from a good family in Minneapolis where it's very, very cold so people have to snuggle very, very close. (Mmm, we like that) His measurements are 36 (pages), 8 and a half (Mmmm we really like that) by 11 (Mmmmm we like that a whole lot) and he's into a lot of the same things we are: Boys Boys and more Boys. He knows we're a TeenMom and seems totally cool with that. So keeps your legs crossed for us. Here's his address if you want to write him and tell him we like him and wouldn't mind meeting him behind the gym and making out:

Naked Teenagers That Fight Crime
1907 Lyndale Avenue #5
Mpls, MN 55403

And one more thing...if you try to steal him from us, we'll come to your house and tie your panties together and give them to our little brother to use as a kite tail. Hands off, bitch! He's ours!





TeenMom Phenom: The (W)hole Exotic Piercing Story

To look at pictures of her from as little as two years ago, you'd never suspect she'd soon become a human pin-cushion. At fourteen Roxanne Ludoviko was sweet and unpunctured, the shining apple of her mommy and daddy's eyes. Today, at sixteen, she is the mother of a temperamental one and a half year old, Gustav Ludoviko and has multiple piercings.

Which came first the baby or the holes? "I was at the mall getting my ears pierced for the first time the day my pregnancy test came back positive, so I guess they came at the same time," Roxanne explains.

After those first two innocent gold studs Roxanne was hooked. Next came second, third and fourth piercings in the ears, then the nose (side and septum). From there it was a quick trip to the eyebrows, the navel ("That one kinda hurt"), the clitoris and the tongue.

"It got to the point where I was doing it myself. At first I was pretty careful, using alcohol and sterile gauze pads, but when that got to be too much trouble, I just used whatever was handy – upholstery needles, push pins, finishing nails, ice picks, paper clips, a staple gun, you name it." Because of this disregard for sanitary precautions, at any given time Roxanne is nursing three or four festering wounds. Fortunately, being young and resilient, she always heals without complication.

What drives a teenmom to this extreme form of self-adornment? "Oh, you know, I just want to have fun with my body," Roxanne giggles. "Last week I did my nipples and that looks pretty cool. I'm thinking of getting my hands and feet done, crucifixion style and I'm looking into having surgery to do some internal stuff, a little ring through my pancreas, a stud in my lung or maybe the ultimate, a hoop through my heart."

And what about the baby? "So far just his ears and I'm like totally sorry about that. I mean, I now realize that piercing has to be a personal choice, not something forced on a kid by his parents. You know, I always skeeved my mom and dad for bossing me around, telling me what to wear and all and here I am doing the same thing with Gus. I don't want him to grow up hating me. He's all I got."

Teenmoms across America are picking up on the piercing trend. A study of piercing parlors in New York, Washington, D.C. and Miami indicates that business is up by as much as 300% in the last year.

Aside from the complications associated with infection, there are some other hazards. One of the most common and least mentioned is Ring Link Syndrome or RLS, a sexually transmitted condition which occurs when two pierced partners become joined at the jewels. Examples include mouth to mouth, mouth to genital and genital to genital and can often lead to painful stretching and tearing as the frightened victims struggle to get free. Experts caution that abstinence is the only sure way to keep from getting RLS, but if you must have sex with a pierced partner, make sure you always use condoms, dental dams and Saran Wrap®.

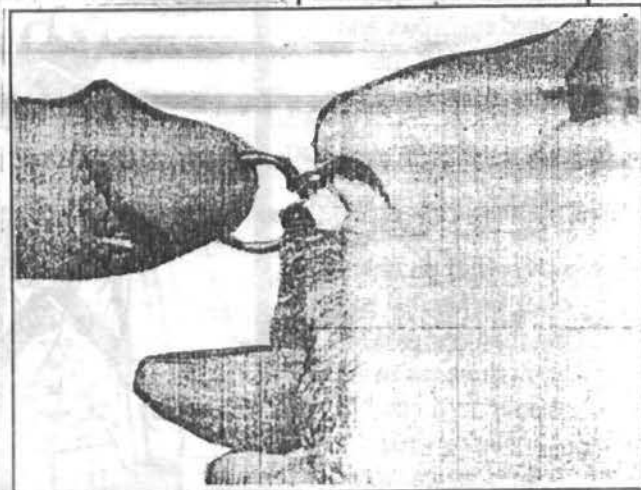
What about tatoos and shaving? "Okay, here's what I think about that," Roxanne says. "I don't have any tatoos. I just don't want to be a canvas. I've done some shaving, but I'm not a fanatic about that." And scarring and burning? "No! Look, I'm not crazy. That's not where it's at for me."

side bar

Herstory is littered with famous Pierces. How many do you know? Huh?

Franklin Pierce
Mildred Pierce
Pierce Brosnan
Pierce Arrow
Ring Lardner

illustration



Ring Link Syndrome (RLS) can be an embarrassing and painful condition.

Why is this Guy E-Shue-ing Us?

TeenMom editor, NB, attended a charity shindig recently at Hollywood's historic Roosevelt Hotel. The function was to unload leftover items from the successful Cable AIDS Auction Block which aired in April.

Tipped off that *Melrose Place*'s bite-sized morsel of young manhood, **Andrew Shue**, would be in attendance, our intrepid editrisse brought along a couple o' complimentary copies of the product (the Polka Issue which, by the by, featured le Shue's magnificent mug on the cover) one for him and one for his co-star slash date, husky-voiced **Courtney Thorne-Smith**. Also in tow was *TeenMom*'s staff photographer, **Marv Ritts** (Herb's cousin).

NB introduced herself to His Heinee, Prince Andrew and offered him the mag. He looked at it with raised eyebrows and asked "Oh, is this another one?" When NB wondered if the next **Sir Lawrence Olivier** would pose for a few shots for the up-coming ish (this very one), he handed back the mag and said "I don't think we're allowed to do that."

Here's what *TeenMom* wants to know: How much do they pay that little putzlicker to be such an asshole? His hand must be so deep in **Aaron Spelling's** pocket he's hit lint. As Billy on *MP*, Shue is sweet and friendly. In real life he is heartless and cruel. Now we know what a truly great actress he is.



Troll Doll, Inc.
proudly announces three
new additions to their growing line:
**The Luke Perry, The Madonna and the
Mary Kate Ashley Cisen**

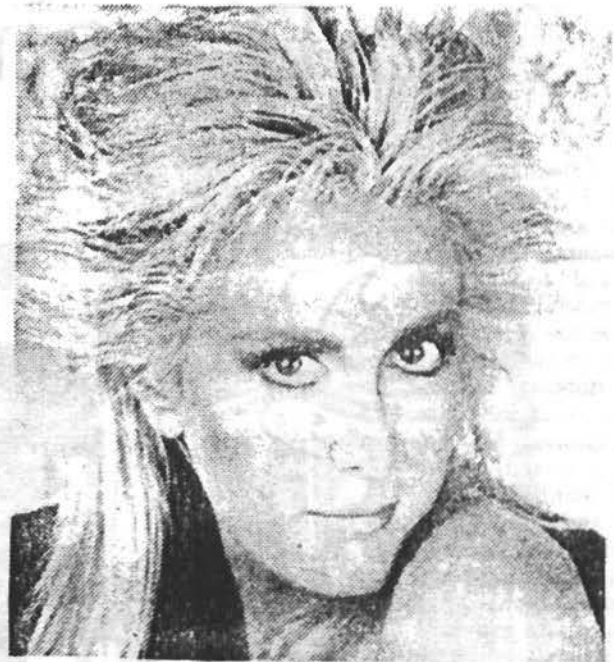
Famous Last Words

"You guys are going nowhere."
- Pete Best



Joan of Arc

Parental Status: TeenMom
 Nickname: Maid of Orleans
 Fave Color: Purple
 Fave Ruler: The Dauphin
 Fave Role: Christian martyr/saint
 Hobbies: Hearing voices, dressing in soldier drag
 Languages: French
 Last words: "Ouch!!!"



Joan Van Ark

Parental Status: TeenMom
 Nickname: Moose
 Fave Color: Magenta
 Fave Ruler: Baby Doc Duvalier
 Fave Role: Val, "Knots Landing"
 Hobbies: Skeet shooting, stamp collecting, shop-lifting
 Languages: 3 years of French in high school
 Last words: "Send my residual checks to this address."

***** Write To Your Faves!

GABRIELLE CARTERIS
 c/o Beverly Hills, 90210
 Fox Broadcasting Company
 10201 West Pico Blvd.
 Los Angeles, CA 90035

ANTONIO SABATO, JR.
 c/o General Hospital
 ABC-TV
 2040 Avenue Of The Stars
 Los Angeles, CA 90067

TORI SPELLING
 c/o Ms. Lisa Twill
 ICM
 8899 Beverly Blvd.
 Los Angeles, CA 90048

ZACHERY TY BRYAN
JONATHAN TAYLOR
THOMAS
TARAN NOAH SMITH
 c/o Home Improvement
 ABC-TV
 2040 Avenue Of The Stars
 Los Angeles, CA 90067

CHRISTIAN SLATER
 Christian Slater Fan Mail
 132A Lasky Drive
 Beverly Hills, CA 90212



DAVID CHARVET
 c/o Baywatch
 5433 Beethoven Street
 Los Angeles, CA 90066

TeenMom's Ten Most Eligible Two-Dimensional Hunks

Bamm "Bamm-Bamm Rubble" F. Kennedy, Jr.
As a little boy, he broke our hearts, wearing those short pants and saluting his father's funeral procession. He played the little orphan on endorphins, Betty and Barney Rubble's adopted founding, on the hit series, *The Flintstones*. Now he's all grown up and working for the Manhattan D.A. Athletic and handsome as ever, he is America's Cartoon Prince. Bamm (he dropped the echo effect years ago) is a perennial hunk and always at the top of our list.



Aladdin.
Talk about a smile that could melt the polar ice cap. Inch for inch there's more enamel in this handsome hunk's mouth than in the men's room at Grand Central Station. Lauren Hutton may be attractive for that gap between her front pearlies, but Al is gorgeous for going the other way. No spaces at all.



Uncle Sam.
In this flattering rendering our country's greatest recruiting officer looks especially comely. He says he "wants you." We're in no position to disagree.



L'I Abner Yokum.
Recently divorced from Daisy Mae, Dog Patch's strapping man-child is once again playing the field. Don't wait for Sadie Hawkins Day to make your move. Ab tells *TeenMom* that he likes "aggressive women folk" and he's "feelin' mighty lonely."



MANNY MOE & JACK

The Pep Boys (Manny, Moe and Jack).
Three for the price of one. With "the boys" you never need to worry about where your next bottle of Armoral® is coming from. And now that the state of Rhode Island has passed that new polyandry law, you don't have to choose among them.

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Brawny.

The name says it all. This strapping six foot four inch hunk of lumberjack hasn't changed his hairstyle or shaved that adorable moustache since the late seventies and we wouldn't want him to. But in every other way, he is a man of the nineties. Don't be put off by the axe he wields. Its blade never nicks so much as a twig of old growth forest.



Mr. Clean.

Good Housekeeping called him the "Yul Brynner of Household Cleansers" and gave him their highest award, the coveted "Seal of Approval." A bachelor all his life, Clean has been romantically linked to Miss Reingold, Betty Crocker and Aunt Jemima. We love him because he looks so darn good in that white t-shirt.

1285

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George Brazil.
A local favorite among Angelenas, Brazil has the square jaw and practical haircut that fairly scream "dependable." Look at him in his crisp uniform, tool box and flashlight in hand, stepping toward you, ready to fix that broken furnace, air-conditioner or heart. What more could a girl ask for?

STATE LIC. NO. 585942

Colonel Sanders.

Yes, he's an older gentleman, but we suggest you put the emphasis on "gentleman." Dripping with Southern good manners, chicken fat and more money than you can shake a stick at, the Colonel has that one quality most coveted by gold-diggers: He's already dead. Instant inheritance.



Kilroy.

He's cute. He's uncomplicated and with a nose like that you can just imagine what he's packin' behind the wall!

rapunzelstiltskin

A TeenMom, TinyTot Bedtime Tale.

There once lived a very ugly girl named Rapunzelstiltskin. Her father was a miller and so ashamed of the little meeskite that he kept her locked in a tall tower and allowed her to have no hair care products. As a result of this, her natty dred locks grew long and unruly.

All alone in that tower all day Rapunzelstiltskin had a lot of time to think about things. She thought about fractal geometry and about the fall of Ancient Rome. One day she discovered a cure for small pox, but she didn't have a pencil and forgot it before she could find one to write it down. Of course, that didn't matter since a cure for the disease already existed.

More than anything, she longed for a husband and a child or, if the husband part would be too hard, at least a child, and preferably a girl since she already had the name Vicki all picked out. She wanted her daughter to have all the things she did not: nice clothes, a sassy haircut and a front door that opened from the inside.

Each morning the miller would bring Rapunzelstiltskin a bowl of Malt-o-Meal® and the New York Times crossword puzzle. "Eat your gruel and do that puzzle," he'd command. She was very good with crosswords and always did them in ink, finishing them every day except some Saturdays or when one of the clues was "Egg, combo form." At night the poor girl's father would return to retrieve the bowl and check her work. If there was ever a mistake, he would humiliate her and make her stand with her nose to the wall and recite the Magna Carta in Pig Latin.

In spite of this, she loved her father. "I love you, Papa," Rapunzelstiltskin would cry after him as he'd turn the key to lock her in for the night.

"You're butt ugly and you'll die a virgin," he'd call back to her. "Shut up and get some sleep."

One day a handsome, young man with big, strong hands and muscular legs stood at the base of Rapunzelstiltskin's tower and

called up to her. "Hello. Is anybody up there?" he asked. "It's Federal Express. I have a package for someone at this address, but I can't read the name on it."

Rapunzelstiltskin went to the window to see what all the commotion was about. Seeing the attractive delivery man she began to salivate like a bull dog, showering him with spittle. "Is it a package for me?" she asked, barely able to contain her delight.

"I can't hear you way up there. Buzz me in, wouldja?"

"The buzzer doesn't work," Rapunzelstiltskin shouted.

"Well, how am I supposed to get this package to you?" It was a tough question, but Rapunzelstiltskin had an IQ of a hundred forty-seven and so the answer came easily to her. "I have about sixty feet of knotted, matty hair in here. I'm gonna dangle it out the window so you can use it to climb up."

And down at a rate of thirty-two feet per second per second came Rapunzelstiltskin's hair. It landed at the feet of the young man who looked at it for a moment in all its greasy stringiness and thought, well, this is what they pay me for. Carefully balancing the parcel on top of his head, he shimmied up the hair until at last he reached her window.

"Wipe your feet before you come in," Rapunzelstiltskin admonished him and he honored her request the best he could. Hoisting himself into the tower, the delivery man set the package down and had a look around. "I love what you've done with this place," he said. "It's very Craftsman."

"This is all authentic Stickley," Rapunzelstiltskin told him proudly. "Look at this hutch. I paid ten thousand for it. And that rocker cost four."

The delivery man liked her taste, but he found it gauche of her to quote the prices of things. "So anyway, here's the package. I can't make out the name. Is it you?"

She looked at the package. The name on it was truly indecipherable. "I don't know. I can't read it either."

"Well, what is your name?"

he asked impatiently. A devilish smile crossed Rapunzelstiltskin's lips. She thought it might be fun to make the delivery man guess. "I'm not going to tell you," she said. "Let's see if you can guess it. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"Look, lady," the delivery man said testily, "do you want the package or don't you? 'Cause I can't give it to you if I don't know your name. You see, it says right



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here 'CONFIRMATION REQUESTED. RECIPIENT MUST SIGN AND PRINT NAME'."

"Guess it," Rapunzelstiltskin said with an almost sadistic taunt. "No."

"Then how about having sexual intercourse with me? If you do, I'll let you have this Tiffany lamp."

He considered this proposition for a moment. The girl was a real bowser, but the lamp was exquisite. He could easily imagine it on the oak partners desk in his study. "Okay," he said. "You've got a deal. Take off your clothes."

Rapunzelstiltskin disrobed. Her body was even more hideous than her face might have led him to expect. The delivery man removed his uniform. He wore a bright, white pair of Calvin Klein® underpants and had a body that was even more perfect than his face might have led Rapunzelstiltskin to expect. She lay on her platform bed and spread her bulky, misshapen thighs. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and mounted her, concentrating with all his might on the lamp.

The act did not take long. The delivery man dismounted and dressed. Rapunzelstiltskin lay on her bed and drifted off to sleep.

"I'll just take my lamp and get going," the delivery man said, but now Rapunzelstiltskin was sawing some big logs. "I gotta take the package, too," he shouted at her.

Rapunzelstiltskin did not stir.

"I'm sorry, but that's company policy," the delivery man yelled in her ear.

Rapunzelstiltskin was out out out of it.

"WAKE UP!" he screamed on the top of his lungs. "YOU GOTTA LET ME OUT OF THIS PLACE!"

She wouldn't wake. He stood there for a moment, consulted his watch and thought of how late this delay would make him for the rest of his deliveries. Why was she not waking up? And then the reason hit him. He'd read about this sleeping business in fairy tales. It usually was the sort of thing that lasted a long time unless broken by...Oh no, oh no, no, no. Screwing her was one thing but a kiss was something altogether more serious.

Hours passed before he finally worked up the nerve to plant a quick smooch on her thin, chapped lips. It did the trick. Rapunzelstiltskin's eyes popped open.

"I gotta go," he told her. "I'll be back tomorrow."

"Why?" she asked. "Because you've fallen in love with me?"

"Company policy. We have to make three attempts before we return the package to the sender," the delivery man said. And Rapunzelstiltskin let him leave with his lamp and the package.

Just then, the miller came to the door. He looked at his daughter and noticed that she had that fresh-fucked glow.

"What's up?" he asked her suspiciously.

"Nothing." She demured.

The next day Rapunzelstiltskin missed her menstrual period and was pregnant. The delivery man came to her tower and stood at the base calling up to her. "Joannie, Sheila, Louise, whatever your name is, let down your hair."

Down came the hair and up climbed the delivery man.

"Look," Rapunzelstiltskin said, turning in profile, "I'm with child and it's yours. Isn't that wonderful?"

"You're full of it," came his reply.

"I am not and don't you try to shirk your responsibility."

"My only responsibility is to deliver this package to the person whose name is on the bill of lading. Now I'm gonna ask you again real nice. What's your name?"

"Guess."

"All right. That does it. Let me outta here."

As she honored his demand, Rapunzelstiltskin teased the poor, befuddled delivery man. "You'll be back. You'll be back."

"The hell I will," he said.

"That's right. You have to make three attempts. And you still don't know my name."

The miller came to Rapunzelstiltskin's door. Upon seeing her swollen with child, he flew into a rage. "How could this happen? Who did this to you? How did it happen so fast?"

Rapunzelstiltskin just smiled, for she knew that she was carrying a girl. The miller stormed out with the empty Malt-o-Meal® bowl. That night Rapunzelstiltskin dreamed she was at a Muddy Waters concert and everyone was eating fried plantains with their feet.

The next day the humpy delivery man returned. From the base of the tower he could hear the miller shouting at his daughter.

"Now see here, Rapunzelstiltskin, either you tell me who the father of your baby is or I'll, I'll..."

"You'll what, father?" And with that the old miller had an aneurysm and died.

Yes, now the delivery man could make it out. The name on the package clearly said "RAPUNZELSTILTSTKIN." Pretending not to know the girl's name, the delivery man called up to her. "Oh, Miss, could you let down your hair for me, please?" Down it came and up he went. He noticed the body of the miller, but discreetly said nothing.

"Well, here we are," Rapunzelstiltskin said. "Just you and me and baby makes three. Have you guessed my name?"

"Is it Lunchbox? Humidifier? Suburbia?"

"Ennnnnh!" blared Rapunzelstiltskin. "You lose."

"Is it...RAPUNZELSTILTSTKIN?"

"Shit? How did you know?"

"Lucky guess. Sign here."

Rapunzelstiltskin signed her name and let the delivery man go. She opened the package. It contained a layette, some Pampers® and a first edition, signed copy of Dr. Spock, along with this note: "Just in case. Love, O."

But who was O? She didn't have time to worry about that, for just at that moment, Rapunzelstiltskin went into labor.

Baby Vicki was born with out a hair on her head and Rapunzelstiltskin loved her more than words could express. She lifted the key from her father's rotting corpse and took her beautiful child out to explore the forest.

A week later mother and daughter were found by park rangers, starved to death and half eaten by wolves.

Fin



Debbi, Love your peaches. Want to shake your tree. Problem is I hate the way the pits always split in two and there's that thing inside that looks like an almond, but is really what they use to make cyanide. Sometimes I suck on it to see if I'll die, but so far I haven't. It tastes bitter, though, and I don't like that. Anything you can do for me? Je t'embrasse, Rivka

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Corporal Stapleton



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Simper Fi



A Lexicon for U.S. TEENMOM
Military Personnel in the Balkan Conflict

What they say...	...what it means
No Fly Zone	Flies are not allowed
Button Your No Fly Zone	I am willing to pay many black market dollars for a pair of your Levi's 501s
No Med Fly Zone	Keep your damn fruit out of my newly independent nation
Pop Fly Zone	Easy out
Shoo Fly Pie Zone	A diner in Sarajevo
Grace Van-Owen ☺ Plan	Send Susan Dey to Belgrade and let her work things out
Slobodon Mllocevic	Sam Miller
Macedonia	It's Greek to me
Muslim Enclave	Ghetto
Ethnic Cleansing	Genocide



A Letter from One of Our Adoring Fans

Dear NB (Editor):

First of all I would like to congratulate (sic) you on the fantastic magazine. My friends can hardly wait till I buy the latest issue (since my friends are all so cheap) and read it from cover to cover. I would like to share with you a recent incident I had with a mega-star. Be forewarned: after you find out whom it is you may place this person in another category of stardom.

My friend Mark and I went to the King-Kong Club on La Brea in Los Angeles. The band playing was the Blue Bonnets. One of the members is an ex-Go-Go's (I hope you guys remember this band) Kathy Valentine. So while Mark and I were posing for the crowd, in walks Belinda Carlisle with her entourage minus her husband!! The entourage was made up of Belinda, 2 guys and 3 girls. Belinda was looking wonderful, having been a recent MOM herself but nowhere near a TeenMom. But what shocked us was that Belinda lit up a cigarette and started smoking. I always thought she was so pure to her body and her soul. Now we know how she lost the weight. Mark and I thought: How nice and sweet, here is a mega-star (we place Belinda in this category) coming to see her ex-band member playing in this tiny hole in the wall club.

After smoking her cigarette, Mrs. Carlisle brought out several surgical gloves and began passing them around to her entourage. Was Miss ex-Go-Go afraid of germs from other members of the crowd???? Or was she practicing her safe-sex guidelines????? Later, Ms. Carlisle passed me and I grabbed her hand and told her how much I loved her latest hit I'm Every Woman. She squeezed my hand and at that instant I knew what a faux pas I'd made. Being the polite mega-star that she is she said thank you and then turned around and went the other way. Then Mark told me how frightened she is of her fans and I should not have done that. I agreed but pointed out I am not one of her fans; I was only trying to see if the watch she was wearing was really a Rolex.

Soon the Blue Bonnets climbed up on stage and we then noticed that Belinda and her entourage were gone. Missy ex-go-go left without hearing her ex-member playing (may I emphasize EX-MEMBER and not friend). I guess I frightened her so much she left the club and went back home.

Anyway, that's it! Not very exciting compared to the lives you and your staff lead, but for an average Valley Boy (I am proud to say that) it was a very exciting night.

Jeffrey Haig

From the Desk of
Sandy Day O'Connor
Grrrl Supreme Court Justice

Monday

Blll,

I hope you realize how much you're fucking up my life by attempting to put that little Jewess, Ruth Bader Ginsburg, on the Supreme Court. Heretofore, I was the sole grrrl on the bench, a position that really brought me a lot of attention. I like the way people fawn over me, especially the other Justices (especially Scalia, Kennedy and Souter). I like the fact that the boyz all have to leave me alone in the Supreme Court locker room to change into my robe. They are total gentlemen, always pulling out my chair and opening doors. All, that is, except Thomas. That colored grrrl, Anita Hill was way totally right about him.

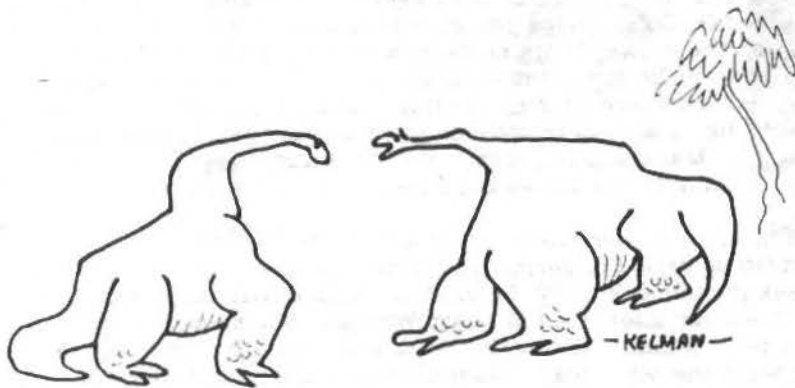
Now you're telling me to make room for this bitch, Ginsburg. Well, I have news for you, Buba. I happen to know that she is related to Allen Ginsburg the notorious homo poet and to that other Ginsburg, Douglas, the one who was up for a seat on the Court a few years ago and got yanked because of his incessant marijuana use -- obviously not a problem for you President Pot-head, but believe me, there are still plenty of Americans who haven't forgotten that sad moment in our country's past and would be only too glad to hold you accountable.

I don't like to stoop to threats, but in this case I'll make an exception. Withdraw that tree shrew's name from nomination or I'll go public with the whole scandal and, mister, it won't be pleasant. I have photographs of your grrrl and her stoner cousin, Dougie, partying in the nude with a five foot bong as well as taped phone conversations between her and that fairy Allen in which they plot her rise to the highest court in the land under the clever guise of a centrist and her evil intentions to come out as a raging liberal once her position is secure for life.

I am giving you this chance to stop this dreadful mistake without saying a word to the press, because, frankly, I feel sorry for you. Your approval rating sucks and I guess I'm just an old softy. Make it happen by midnight tomorrow or the whole ugly affair is front page news.

XOXO,

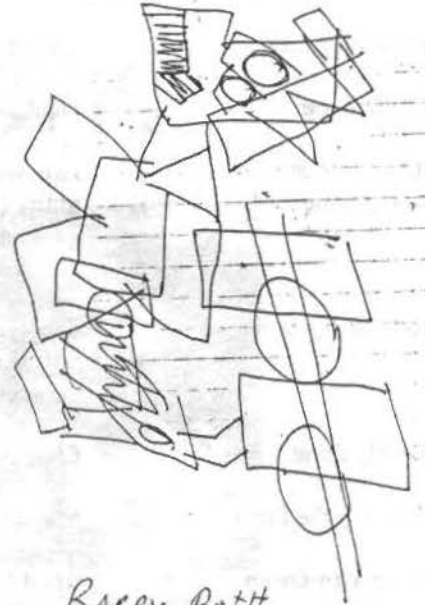
Sandy



"At times I think you just want me for my body."

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Barry Roth
92

NEXT UP FOR KIRK



Since the State of Massachusetts legalized fratrimony, Jordan Knight and Jonathan Knight of The New Kids on the Block decided to make it official and tie the knot. Seen here coming back from their honeymoon in antique-ridden New Hope, PA, Jonathan carries Jordan over the threshold of their charming townhouse in the tony Boston neighborhood of Beacon Hill. Ever the traditionalist, Jordan will be taking his new husband's name and will now be known as Jordan Knight-Knight.



In Praise of Blue

Liquid Sunshine

by Ursula Laundress

I know you're using cloth diapers. What self-respecting teenmom of the 90's would dare overload our already brimming landfills with her baby's shitty Pampers®? And since you probably don't have the money for one of those bourgeois services that picks up, washes and delivers, you're left with the age old problem of dingy didees. You don't want your little rascal running around in grey underthings, do you? Of course not. You want her to sparkle. This brings us to a solution as old as grandma's varicose veins and roughly the same color: Blue.

It's right there on your grocer's shelf, next to the detergent. It goes by a few different names - Bluette®, Rinso®, Mrs. Stewart's®. They all do exactly the same thing. But maybe you're not yet clued into blue's magical powers, its amazing ability to restore blinding whiteness to all your whites. Let's invest in a bottle together, shall we? Come on. Don't be afraid. It'll be fun...

...There now. That wasn't so bad, was it? You put it in the cart with the Hostess Ho Hos® and Hawaiian Punch® and now as you unpack, you can't wait to use it. Good. Let's hit the l-mat...

...Hmm. Quiet day. There's a wino passed out on the plastic bench and there's Amy Grant doing a load with a Dalmatian puppy and some hot looking guy (Baby Baby)...

...Got everything separated? Good. Gentlewomen, start your engines. Toss the whites into that scalding hot water and let the wash cycle run. Although the directions on the bottle say you may put your blue in either the wash or the rinse, I like to wait for the latter to get the full force and effect. I can see your chomping at the bit. Well, whoa Nelly. Nudge that wino aside, sit down and read this week's issue of US until it's time...

...That didn't take long, now did it? It's almost time for the rinse cycle so take an empty quart bottle (maybe the wino will let you use his) put a few drops of the lovely indigo elixir in and fill with water. The water should appear a light, sky blue. That's your key to the kingdom of clean.

Hotels have known about blue forever. It's what they use to keep their sheets and towels looking fresh even after hundreds of guests have done...well, you know what people do to sheets and towels. The beauty of blue is two fold. First, it is in no way harmful to fibers the way a certain so-called whitener which also begins with the letters "BL" but shall remain nameless is. And second, it does nothing more than create an optical illusion. The faint tint of blue left behind by the rinse brings contrast to the white dye in the fabric. And this is an important point: White clothes are not made from material with NO COLOR. They are made from material which has been DYED WHITE. Big difference. One more interesting fact. Our amigas south of the border use a pink rinse to achieve the same effect.

Okay, I hear you. I've said more than enough about the science of whitening, but I did manage to keep you amused while the miracle happened. Your laundry is coming to a gentle landing. Please remain seated with your seat belts fastened until the machine has turned off the "Spin Cycle" light, indicating that it is safe to remove your clothes.

Oh, how lovely they look. Even heavy with water they sparkle. Quick, toss them in a dryer. In no time you'll be fluffing and folding diapers that will make you and your baby the envy of every mother at the gymboree. And isn't that what it's all about?



Blue
In the 1992 consumer preference study from the Pantone Color Institute, blue-green was the preferred color of all Americans. If you suffer in the heat, wear blue to cool you down. Having trouble sleeping? Think blue. Blue walls, sheets, throw pillows all contribute to a sense of peacefulness and serenity. If you have to watch your weight (and who doesn't), but find yourself still hungry, try eating food off blue plates or paint your kitchen blue. This will encourage less food consumption.

TeenMom's Pet Peeve of the Month

People who don't aspirate their H's in words like "humid" and "human."



Who's Reading TeenMom?



Fresh Prince of Bel Air's
Will Smith



Full House's
Mary Kate Ashley Olsen



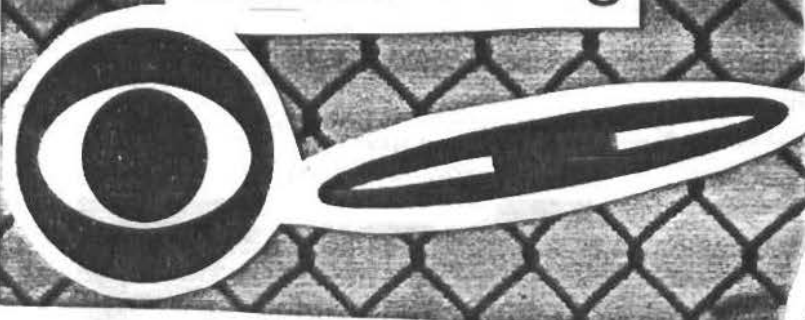
Blossom's
Joey Lawrence

"I read **TeenMom** because my dentist has it at his office. I haven't had a cavity in three years and my gingivitis is all cleared up. **TeenMom** has saved me a fortune in dental work and painful and time consuming visits to a periodontist. **Thank, TeenMom.**"

"I used to read *Variety*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Field and Stream*, but now I get all the information I'd find in those and more in the pages of **TeenMom**. I run a busy production company. Staying in touch with the industry is vital to my business. **TeenMom** makes that possible."

"Reading **TeenMom** is like checking into a tacky motel and blowing a week's pay on the Magic Fingers®. I read the damn thing from cover to cover every two months. I wish I could stop, but I can't. I'm addicted. I need help with this. The fame came too fast. I'm getting sucked in."

Eye to Eye with Connie Chung



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-John Lennon



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Spelling Bee. Or is it "Be"? Or is it "B"?

But if it comes before the movie, why do they call it a "trailer"?

Thalidomide Boyfriend

A novella, serialized to develop reader loyalty

Crystal heard her name everywhere at the discotheque. "Crystal. Crystal. Crystal," whispered in the shadows, by small, suspicious looking men. She'd learned not to turn around. They weren't calling or talking about her. They were selling drugs. It was none of Crystal's business, nothing that interested her and she felt a deep sense of irony that she, a fun-loving, seventeen year old virgin who'd never so much as taken a puff of a cigarette let alone dropped, popped, snorted or shot a controlled substance, should share the name of the most popular drug of the day.

She was there for the lights, the music, the excitement. With her best girlfriend, Bethany, she'd driven in from her parents' quiet ex-urban farmhouse to be part of the nightlife. She wore the exact same seventies retro-outfit she'd seen on the stunning African-American model, Naomi Campbell, in the last issue of *Sassy*. Six inch, blue, suede, platform shoes, green and black checked bell bottoms, a frilly white pirate shirt that laced up the front and a blood red scarf with long fringe tied Rhoda-style around her head. She looked fabu and all the way into town Bethany chattered about how she wished she looked half as cool and beautiful as Crystal.

But Crystal was distracted. She'd had another fight with her mother and was still disturbed by the unpleasant scene. It was the usual argument. Crystal's mom didn't want her hanging around with Bethany. Bethany was not a good student and she had a reputation for being of easy virtue. Everyone in town knew about Bethany's family, her drunken, travelling salesman father who had abandoned the family when Bethany was five, her slovenly mother, LuReen who entertained truck drivers in the back of their trailer and never went anywhere without her companion, Dorita, a four foot, eight inch Guatemalan manicurist who wore a forty-two D cup bra.

"Those people are beyond colorful, Crystal. They're down right bizarre. I forbid you to hang out with Bethany."

Protest, shout or rage as she might, Crystal could not convince her mother of what she knew - that Bethany was a sweet girl, tough on the outside but as gooey as caramel underneath. So she'd stormed out when she heard Bethany pull up in her '73 Nova and honk the horn rigged to play the opening riff of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D.

Now they were on the dance floor, twisting and swivelling with abandon. They'd only been there an hour and Bethany had already excused herself twice to "take the shine off her nose." Crystal didn't need a banner headline to know that it wasn't what was coming off her best friend's nose, but rather what was going up it that kept drawing her away to the busy, unisex lavatory. It hurt Crystal to think that such a

good-hearted girl was in such pain that she needed to numb it with drugs. She wished there were something she could do for Bethany, but she had her father's laissez faire approach to life well bred into her. She would be sure to get the keys away from Bethany at some point, for, while she knew there was no intervening in Bethany's life, there were some things one did to protect one's own.

"I met this guy," Bethany said, returning to Crystal's side in a sweaty panic. "His name is Linwood and he says he has a fifteen inch washaway. He's got a friend for you. Come on. Let's check it out."

"Do they want us to fuck 'em? You know I won't do that, Beth."

"Oh, loosen up."

Her friend was right. Crystal giggled and tossed her head. She was, after all, familiar enough with the martial arts to ward off the advances of a man twice her size. She doubted it would come to that and, frankly, her girlish hormones were somewhat stirred by the notion of a fifteen inch thingamajig. They'd charge a buck to see something like that at a carnival sideshow and here was her chance to see one for free. No one said she'd have to touch it.

The girls pushed their way through the crowd to a corner of the club. Sitting there in a battered overstuffed armchair was a huge black fellow in a pair of threadbare coveralls. By himself he was an odd enough sight, but what made the picture even stranger was what, or rather, who was sitting on his lap, a tiny, forty-something man wearing a tie-dyed diaper and matching baby bonnet. The little man had small, malformed hands that came right out of his shoulders and feet that came out of his torso.

"This is Linwood," Bethany said. "He's from Trinidad. That's an island someplace. Linwood, this is my best friend in the whole world, Crystal."

Linwood rose to greet her, holding his friend in one arm as he did so. "Aren't you beautiful."

"Yeah, well, don't get too over stimulated. She's a good girl. I'm the one who'll be taking you to the stars tonight, babeeeee."

There was an awkward pause, during which everyone's attention focused on the human oddity tucked under Linwood's arm. The little man cleared his throat and Linwood held him out to meet Crystal. "This is Flip."

"Armando," the little man corrected him in a surprisingly deep and sexy voice. "Nice to meet you, Crystal." He extended his hand and she took it without hesitation. She wanted to know how it felt. It was warm and alive.

To be continued in the next ishoo...

dissin' dat

by Chrissy F

"I'll be dissin' dat always..."
- Stevland Wonder Morris

NO WONDER...

While the adulation heaped on the "Cheers" finale reached critical mass, another generation-defining splatcom slipped quietly out the back door. When "The Wonder Years" wrapped production several weeks earlier, there was no love lost among its cast members. Teen anti-idol **Jason Hervey** was quoted as saying "I can't wait to get the blankety-blank out of this blank blank." Hervey was presumably eager to move on to the next phase of his career, forming a touring oom-pah band with already convicted second banana to a too-cute



man-child, **Todd Bridges**. Meanwhile on the set, futurewashed-up philanderer **Fred Savage** whispered something privately to role-model-to-teenmoms everywhere **Danica McKellar** which enraged the Winster into severely slapping the nasty Savage til his nose was bloodied. An astute cameraman filmed the interchange but was asked to surrender the film to Savage's agent, presumably for future legal proceedings against McKellar when syndication royalties wind down for Kev...



ALL BALDWINS!!! ALL THE TIME!!!!

With audiences in various states of agog over the lush-lush-lushiz brothers **William, Alec** and **Stephen Baldwin**, a laboratory in Toluca Lake has announced the finding of a recombinant DNA molecule that will allow scientists to clone thespian Baldwin siblings well into the twenty-first century. Currently on the launching pad: comedian **Shecky Baldwin** will tour the Poconos this summer while **Buddy Baldwin** will promote an underwear line and appear in the shot put event at the 1994 Atlanta Olympics. Super megamogul **Ted Turner** has even inked a deal to broadcast the Baldwin Channel in early 1995 with cable operators ecstatic. "Who wouldn't want a channel filled with sloe-eyed stud-ponies with incredibly sexy chest hair?" commented a local operator. "Who needs the Weather Channel anyway?" Darn right. **Kim Basinger** was not available for comment.

YOU COULD HAVE GRADUATED EARLIER IF YOU DIDN'T INSIST ON TAKING WOOD SHOP...

Congratulations to Beverly Hills High alum **Gabrielle Carteris** who not only got her diploma but also turned forty-five last week. Way to go GC!!



ERRATUM, ERRATUM, PUT YOUR HANDS ALL OVER MY BOTTOM...

We could have kicked ourselves in the head (but we'll leave that to future Gorgeous Lady of Wrestling **Judd Nelson**) when no sooner was last ish's dish in your hands that we found we made a few goofs. An on-the-rampage **Molly Ringwald** (whose career we wadded up into the size of a quark last time out) angrily phoned our office to make us aware of a very, very current screen credit unbeknownst to us, the 1993 DIRECT-TO-VIDEO fluke (insert film title here). Well, good golly, Miss Molly, skuze us pleez. I guess we'll be seeing you next year at the DIRECT TO VIDEO OSCARS, being held... in your red-headed imagination!!! In the same breath we pondered the prime-time TV career (or lack of prime-time TV career) of testosterone-plagued man-slab **Antonio Sabato, Jr.** No sooner said when Tony pops up in the NBC Movie-O-The-Week (insert title here). Critics were kind (they ignored it), and the ratings toppled a first run episode of "The Torkelsons," everything on the Fox Network for the week and in an eerie twist of irony, that week's installment of "The Wonder Years." Sorry for doubting your talents, AS2, let's discuss your future over a nice glass of Riunite, my place, 'round nine-ish?? Call me. I'll be there...



THE NIGHT KRAMER KISSED ME



WRITTEN BY
**LARRY
DAVID**

**"Right on target. Rude, crude,
fierce and funny"**

-Michael Kuchwa, Associated Press

**"Brilliant! A major new voice with a
soul big enough to touch us all."**

-Rex Reed, The New York Observer

**"An all encompassing vision...
genuinely, dear-headedly affirming."**

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**"Brash, naked...
eloquent, shamelessly
in-your-face."**

-Jan Stuart
New York Newsday

**"Wickedly comic. A
gay Eric Bogosian."**

-David Patrick Stearns,
USA Today

**"Incredible theatre
with a chic
underground
mystique"**

-The New York Times

