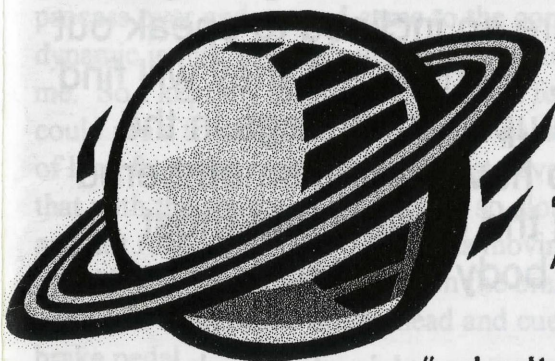


Chance Mumeey Presents...

in association with

Murder Inc.

THE SPACE CADET GAZETTE



"Funny." -Lisa

"Kind of offensive." -
Autumn H.

"Random and offensive"
-Rachel Foster

"...isn't really funny."-Michelle

"This is awesome..."
-Caroline

"Good but foul."-Brandi Pettijohn

Featuring The Goldstein Affair

by popular demand!



A special note from the author

To my esteemed colleagues and the general audience ...

I would like say thank you for taking notice of my first publication. I hope you enjoy reading my work, but...

...if you don't, you might find yourself in the midst of a homicidal frenzy. I can not take responsibility for my actions, based on the sense of rejection from my audience. If one were to vocalize their discontent with my work, the possibility of your ending up screaming in the middle of the night for "HELP!" greatly increases. If one were so inclined to speak out against my creativity, chances are they will find themselves chopped up in trash bags in the trunk of a car, only to have their dismembered corpses discarded in the earliest and most convenient riverbed, body of water, or dumpster.

So please express no objections, because nobody wants mommy and daddy to have to identify you through DNA and dental records.

I only provide the previous disclaimer because I don't think anyone wants their last outfit to be a toe-tag.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Love,
Your muse.

Justice is Served

On the seventh of July 1999, I was involved in an accident on the 215 Freeway. I remember the date so well because it was three days after my birthday and two days before my girlfriend, me, and the rest of our circle of friends were going to party in Mexico for a week.

I worked in a construction yard during that period in my life, but that day my supervisor had let me off an hour early to go pick up my transcripts at the local junior college I was attending at the time. I was on the freeway at about three-thirty in the afternoon, figuring I had about a half an hour before the school's Office of Records closed for the day. Thirty minutes was more than enough time to make the short drive. As I entered the 215 from the 30 freeway, traffic began to build up and eventually me and the rest of the freeway were at a dead stop. I was in the lane to the right of the fast lane. When the traffic began to move again, it was erratic. The entire freeway would start from zero miles an hour, accelerate to around forty miles an hour, then come to a halt, and repeat the process over and over. I came to the conclusion that in a situation as dynamic as this, it wasn't worth the risk to ride the ass of the car in front of me. So I kept my distance. Besides, a few hundred yards in front of me I could see a truck pulled over and its passengers were removing some sort of load from the road that they must have lost during their drive. I figured that with the source of the backup so close ahead, I might as well just relax and not rush. Since the traffic was moving in increments that required punching the gas, only to slam on the brakes a few yards later, I let the people in front of me drive ahead and cue me when to apply pressure to my brake pedal.

August 15th

I knocked on the door. Nobody answered. I knocked again, *Bang, Bang Bang.*

"Alright, Alright! I'm comin'," I heard a voice from inside yell.

I waited. Then, I heard the turning of a lock, the slide of a dead bolt, a loosening of a chain, and finally the squeaking of the door as it swung open, revealing an old woman in the house.

It's her, I rejoiced to myself.

"Yeah! What do you want? Can I help you?"

I had immediately recognized her face and it was *time to put my*

plan into effect.

"Ummm, yeah. Well, I hope you can help me. Ya, see I'm a traveler and I've done spent all my money, an' I was thinkin', well hope'n, ya'll could give me some work ta' do in exchange fo' some lodge'n an somethin' ta eat," I announced in my best Texas accent.

"Well son, I'm an old lady an' I do need some chores done 'round here. I ain't got much ta offer ya in the way a' cash money, but I reckon I could come up with a few thangs here and there fo' ya to do, that's deservin' of a few hot meals an' a place ta rest yo' head," she answered.

"Well, thank ya' kindly, ma'am, that's just what I'm lookin' for right now."

"Come in."

I stepped though the door and she told me "ta make myself at home."

When I got through the door and into to the living room I surveyed my surroundings. It was a cozy, little living room containing an old couch, a love seat, coffee table, and an easy chair, all of which encircled a television set resting on top a rickety, old TV tray.

"Have a seat," she said. "I'll go git ya something ta drink."

I sat down on the couch as she walked off into what I assumed was the kitchen.

"Where ya from?" she called from the kitchen in a loud voice.

Uhhhhh. Uhhmmmm, I thought, before I replied,

"Nevada...uh...Las Vegas
to be exact."

From the kitchen she yelled, "Is that so? Well whatcha' want ta' drink? I got lemonade, water, iced tea, beer..."

"Beer," I interrupted.

"Okay, beer it is then," she answered.

She came into the living room with a beer in each hand.

"A man after my own taste," she claimed. She handed me an ice-cold beer as she plopped down on the couch and began to sip her own beer.

July 7th

Finally, I thought to myself as the traffic began to move again. I pushed in the clutch and shifted into first gear. When I had built up

enough speed, I pushed in the clutch again and as I was shifting into second gear I looked in my rearview mirror. I saw a semi-truck barreling down the freeway towards me. Actually, the truck was so close that all I saw was a license plate in my mirror. I jerked the steering wheel to the left in an attempt to avoid being destroyed by the big rig. Unfortunately in the heat of the moment I forgot to look over my shoulder and check the left lane for oncoming traffic.

*

For the next three weeks following the accident, I worked and every day after I got off I would either call or drive down to the CHP office in San Bernardino to check on the report on my traffic accident. I waited, waited, waited, and waited, until I called the office one day and they told me that the investigation was complete and the report was ready for me to pick up. I borrowed my supervisor's truck and drove as fast as I could to the CHP station.

August 15th

That summer was the hottest in the recent history of southern Texas.

After about two minutes we had both finished our beers and she looked at me and asked, "Ya ready fo' another cold one?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"Sure thang, baby," she said as she got off the couch and headed towards the freezer in the kitchen.

"Ya, wan' it in a the bottle o' in a mug?"

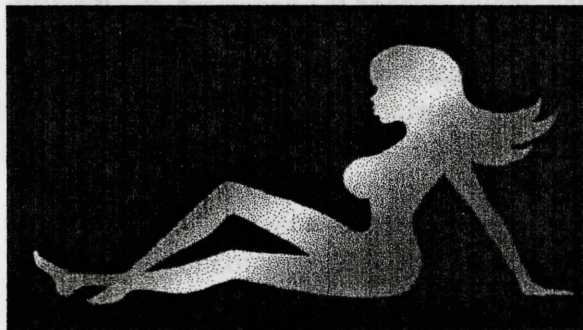
"Bottle's fine with me," I replied.

She promptly returned with a beer in each hand.

As she handed me mine I said, "Thanks."

"Don't worry 'bout it, Honey."

Honey? I thought to myself.



July 7th

As I served into the lane from which I had come, directly in the path of semi-truck again. All I remember was the feeling of impact, the sounds of crunching metal, the squealing of tires, and a thrusting sensation across four lanes of highway, before I came to a halt in the middle of an off-ramp.

July 29th

"What's your case number?" The lady at the window in the CHP office asked me when I came to collect my accident report.

"CA4584326," I answered.

After a few of the longest minutes in my life, I saw the lady produce a file from the pile of papers she had had to dig through.

"Got any sort of identification?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am," I returned as I displayed my California Driver's License.

"Okay, here's your report," she said as she handed me the document I had so desperately been waiting for.

I found a seat, tried to make myself comfortable and began to read my report.

July 7th

Immediately after the accident, I unbuckled myself, opened the car door, sprang out, dashed across five lanes of traffic, and ran towards the semi that had hit me, which had by then come to a halt and pulled over onto the side of the road.

When I got to the truck that had almost just killed me, an old lady was climbing out of the driver's side door. As she stepped down out of the rig. I waited and looked up into the cab and saw another old lady holding some damn, little barking dog. I also noticed the Texas licenses plates.

When the driver had finally reached the pavement, the first words out of my mouth were, "What's your fuckin' problem? Are you crazy? You almost fuckin' killed me!"

She looked at me for a second and answered, "What do ya' mean, son?"

"What do I mean? Are you fuckin' blind? You just rammed right into me!"

She looked at me for another second and replied, "Sorry, son, I think you're confused on what just took place here."

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe that the bitch felt that she wasn't at fault. I wanted to punch her fucking lights out right there.

August 15th

"Oh my God!" she said aloud.

I could see that in an instant she came to the realization just who she had permitted entrance to in her home. The bewildered look in her eyes told the story. The story of how she had been so foolish to let me in.

I bet you wish you hadn't lied on the police report now, bitch, I thought before I opened my mouth to let out my tirade.

"You fuckin' bitch. You stupid fuckin' bitch! Bet you thought you'd never see me again, huh? Bet you thought you could get off scot free and never take any responsibility for wreckin' my car."

She stood silently. She looked like she was about to faint. Sweat began to bead up on her forehead. She was terrified and I was reveling in the moment.

"Fucking dumb bitch! You were wrong. Fuckin' dead wrong."

"What are ya gonna do ta me?"

"What am I gonna do to you?" I responded, before I repeated to myself again as if I were in heavy contemplation. "What am I gonna do? What, what, what, what?" I repeated as I paced the room.

"Please! Please! Calm down. Please, I'll do anything. Anything at all. Plea-" was all she got out before I cut her off.

"Shut the fuck up! Shut your mother fucking mouth up!" I screamed. "And I'll tell you."

She complied and I began to explain to her what I was going to do to make myself feel better about all the grief she had caused me.

July 29th

As sat in what was probably the most uncomfortable seat in the history of mankind, I could not believe what I was reading. In their report the CHP documented that they had come to the conclusion that I was at fault for the accident. They claimed that I was the cause of the accident because I had slammed on my brakes to avoid colliding with the car in front of me. As a result, my car swerved into the lane to the left of me, crashing into oncoming traffic, which caused an obstruction in the road,

thus resulting the big rig's slamming into me.

Bullshit. Bull-fucking-shit! I thought.

I must have read the report a half dozen more times before I could make myself believe that the California Highway Patrol was truly and without a doubt that friggin' retarded.

Incompetent fuckin' retards, I thought to myself as I stood up and made my way to the back of the line I had already wasted a half an hour in moments earlier.

As I waited in line the phrase "incompetent fuckin' retards" ran through my mind over and over and over like it was a stock market ticker or one of those "crawls" that constantly run at the bottom of the screen on a news channel like CNN. I must admit that slightly different variations of the phrase ran through my head and came out under my breath as well. Instead of always being "incompetent fuckin' retards," sometimes it was "fuckin' incompetent retards" or "fucking incompetent retards." As I advanced in the line, mere fragments of the phrase ran through my mind like "retards," "incompetent retards," or I would ad-lib and convert "fuckin'" into "motherfuckers."

I suppose the subject of the many combinations and variations of the words "fuck," "incompetent," and "retard" I put into use could go on forever and admittedly I exhausted the majority of their linguistic possibilities in line, but the point is, I was pissed. Very pissed. By the time it was my turn in line I could feel the steam building up inside my head, threatening to shoot out of my ears.

August 15th

"Alright man, thanks a lot," I said to Jimbo as I collected my stuff and got ready to climb down out of the cab.

As I climbed down the cab Jimbo hollered out to me, "Nice ta make yo acquaintance son. I sho' wish I could take ya all de way, but I'm fixin' ta drop dis here load in Montegumry befo' sundown an' my bossman spectin' it by den too."

"Ah, no need for apologies Jimbo, my man. You done enough already."

I closed the door to the cab and walked around to the driver's side and stretched my arm up to shake Jimbo's hand and wish him well.

"Thanks a lot man."

"Hey boy, don't chu fogit ol' Jimbo," Jimbo said as we released hands.

After I walked back around the front of the rig and stood on the side of the road I could hear Ol' Jimbo put the truck into gear and with a rumble he slowly started down the road again.

As he was leaving me in a cloud of dust, he had kicked up, I heard him shout, "Good luck wit cho aunty," and then he honked his horn as if to say goodbye once more.

Aunty, I laughed to myself. *Yeah right.*

July 29th

After I had come to the conclusion that my case was hopeless because the CHP had screwed everything up, I began to put my plan into effect. I knew that my parents were going to be gone for the last two weeks of August on vacation to celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and that work around the construction yard would begin to slow down during that same period of time. Plus, I was going to have to either quit or seriously cut back my hours right around that time because the fall semester at school was going to begin in early September. I decided that I was going to quit my job. I planned for my final day of work to coincide with my parents' departure. Luckily, they were going on a cruise and the dates of their trip were pretty much set in stone.

I decided that as soon as my parents left, I would hang around a truck stop somewhere and hitch a ride into Texas. Little did I know that things would work out perfectly and run so smoothly. I guess I was just lucky.

August 15th

"Now you listen here," I commanded. "You know you fuckin' crashed into to the back of me, right?"

She didn't respond. She just sat stood with her shoulders slumped down, staring at the carpet.

"Answer me, bitch!"

"I...I...", she stuttered, "I guess so."

Mimicking her, I shouted, "You...you...guess so! You guess so?"

I grabbed her by the arm, squeezing as hard as I could and flung

her to the floor. Looking down on her, I could see that the fall hurt because her eyes instantly grew red and swollen with tears.

"You guess so? You fuckin' guess so!?" I screamed in disbelief.

As she lay on the floor, she rolled over onto her right side and curled up into a semi fetal position. I glared down on her and waited for a response. After a few seconds of silence, I again screamed, "I guess so?" and then I stretched my leg back like a catapult and kicked her in the stomach with enough force to pop a soccer ball. I stepped back to watch her clutch her stomach and gasp for air as I began to chuckle. My chuckle soon transformed into full blown hysterical laughter. As she desperately gasped for air, I told her that she reminded me of a goldfish I had when I was six that had flopped out of his bowl and ended up jumping and dancing all over the carpet as he suffocated. I told her, "I felt more sorry for that fucking ten cent fish than I do for you." With that, I began to crack up again. "HA HA HA HE HE HE HO HO HO HE HE!" I began to laugh so hard that soon I was practically gasping for air just like her.

Just about the time I caught my breath, she caught hers again. I kneeled down next to her and grabbed her hair and looked into her eyes.

*

"Next," the lady behind the counter at the CHP office announced.

As I stepped forward, she said, "Oh, you again. Is there a problem?"

"Oh yeah," I sighed, "we got a major problem here."

"Yes," she responded in an obviously annoyed tone.

I knew that blowing up on this lady would get me nowhere, so I composed myself and politely replied, "Uhm... yes, well, you see, this report is wrong. I was wondering... well, I know it's not your fault, but is there any way to fix it or dispute it? Is there anyone I can speak to?"

She turned away from me for a moment and I wondered, *What the fuck?* Shortly after, she spun around and faced me and handed me a sheet of paper.

"This is a form that you need to complete and return to this

station," she told me.

"What's this?" I questioned.

"This is an amendment form. Fill it out with your side of the story and bring it back."

"Will it do any good?"

"Probably not. Next please!"

"Wait, is it even worth my trouble? This isn't fair! You guys screwed up the report!"

Just then a smelly old man pushed me out of the way and assumed his position at the counter. I exclaimed, "Please! What should I do?"

The lady looked around the smelly old man and said, "Just fill it out, bring it back here and we'll take care of it," and then she directed her attention back to the new person in front her. I heard her say, "Yes, can I help you, sir?" I walked out the door thinking, *Oh yeah, you'll take care of it. Just like you did a real good job with the accident, right? Incompetent fuckin' retards.*

August 14th

Two weeks after I quit my job my parents left for their cruise. The second they walked out the door I began to get ready to leave. I didn't plan on staying in Texas any longer than I had to, so I didn't pack much. Actually I didn't pack at all. The only preparation I made for the trip was shaving my head. I had long hair when that old bitch hit me and I figured a haircut would throw her off. Plus, my mom would be happy I cut it too when she got home. Other than the haircut, the only other thing I did was withdraw some money from the bank and copy down the bitch's address from the CHP report. From there I hitched a ride to a nearby truck stop.

July 7th

I stood on the side of the highway in total disbelief, listening to the lady who had been driving the truck that had just destroyed my car trying to explain herself.

"Listen here, sonny boy, you crashed into that other car and I crashed into you because of it," she claimed.

I could see that this conversation was going to go nowhere so I told her, "Oh yeah! Well, we'll just see about that when the cops get here!" With that, I sat up against the guardrail and waited.

Soon afterwards the cops showed up and immediately me, the bitch drivin' the truck, her passenger who had conveniently left the little, yappin' dog in the cab of the truck, and the people in the vehicle I had struck converged on them. We were all screaming and yelling, trying to plead our cases but the cops split us up and took our statements separately.

I told the officers the truth about how I had been biding my time, patiently waiting in traffic. I explained, "all of the sudden, this big rig came out of nowhere and in an attempt to avoid being killed, I tried to evade the truck and swerved into the other lane and hit the other car. Even after my impact with the car, I was deflected back into my original lane and rear-ended by the semi."

After the cop took my statement, I asked, "This isn't my fault, right? I mean, I was rear-ended. The only reason I hit that other car was in an attempt to escape being killed."

The cop replied, "Well, we'll see."

"Please, sir, I mean, come on, that lady," I pointed down the freeway at her, "was drivin' like a maniac. She could have killed someone!"

"Listen, sir, your statement has been taken. Now it's time for you to just relax and wait for the tow truck."

"Okay, thank you very much sir. I appreciate it," I said.

Before the officer walked off, he assured me that, "The CHP deals with many accidents on a daily basis and everything is going to be alright."

"Thank you."

"Just sit tight and I'm going to get statements from the other parties."

I never spoke to the officer again. When the tow truck came and loaded up my demolished car the cop, was still taking statements from the other people on the other side of the freeway.

As I got into the tow truck and told him where to take me, I thought, *I hope everything turns out all right.*

August 14th

After my ride dropped me off at the truck stop I stood

around for three hours trying to get a ride. Nobody was going to Texas or at least that's what they said, but finally this big, fat dude named Jimbo said he was heading to Alabama and he'd drop me off along the way, for a small fee of course. It was all right though, I mean all it took was fifty bucks and a dirty magazine to pay my fare in Jimbo's rig.

I took only took us a day to get to Texas and me and Ol' Jimbo got along famously because we both liked The Beatles and that's all Jimbo played the whole way. Although I did find it kind of ironic that an old redneck like Jimbo would like The Beatles, but he was cool.

We hardly spoke a word to each other the whole trip. I guess we both had our minds on other things, but Jimbo did ask, "Whatcha, gunna ta do in Texas?"

"Uhm, just gonna look for my aunt."

My answer must of satisfied Jimbo's curiosity because he didn't ask any more questions after that, which was fine with me.

A few hours after I told Jimbo that I was looking for my aunt we arrived at my destination or actually about a mile from my destination. I figured it was better to do it that way so there would be nothing to trace me to that bitch's house.

*

"Hey, what's wrong, dude?" my boss asked me as I handed him his keys back.

I said, "Thanks for letting me borrow your truck."

"Well, what the hell happened dude? How the report go?"

"Not fuckin' good. Not fuckin' good at all. Here look at it," I said as I handed him the report.

He took it from my hand and I sat down in a seat and basked in my few moments of peace and quiet while he read. I put my hands behind my head and began to contemplate all the possible options I had in dealing with my increasingly desperate and annoying situation.

I oughtta kill that fuckin' bitch, I thought just before my boss put down the report, looked at me and announced, "That's fucked up, dude."

"No shit, huh?"

"Fucked up, bro."

"Tell me about it. I mean the lady at the CHP office gave me this form to fill out if I feel like disputing the initial report, but I don't really think it's..."

"Gonna do you any good?" he said as he cut me off.

"Yup."

My boss looked at me as he handed me back my report. Shaking his head he just said, "fucked up, dude. Fuckin' way the fuck, fucked up."

"What's fucked up?" I asked.

"Do you even have to ask, dude? I mean, bro', fuckin', you're getting' fucked over here."

"No shit," I sarcastically agreed.

"Dude, I mean," he paused, "yo dude, ya know what I'm sayin'? Fuckin' no matter what you put in that amendment or appeal paper, it don't matter. You're fucked regardless. Even if you were to fill out that form, it don't mean shit. It ain't gonna do shit. I mean, fuuuck, it's over bro'. You're fucked. You got screwed."

I looked at him and asked, "what should I do, dude?"

"Fuuuuck. What should you do? Fuck it, bro'. It's over, man, fuck it. Can't do shit really, you know what I'm sayin' bro'. It's fucking over."

"Yeah I guess you're right. I quit."

"You what?"

"I quit." With that, I walked out.

I was so angry about the report that I forgot that I was going to quit when my parents left but I just figured *fuck it*.

August 15th

As I looked into her eyes, I could see the desperation.

"Now, where's that fuckin' old ass other bitch and that little piece of shit dog you all had with you that day?"

A voice came from behind me and said, "Right here!"

What?!!? I thought as I swung around to see who was there.

Right before she smashed me across the face with a tire iron, two thoughts raced through my head. The first was *it's her*, and second was *oh shit*.

August 16th 1:33am

When I came to, I found myself handcuffed to a hospital bed. My face was throbbing almost as bad as my head was splitting. I saw the nurse go tell the cops that I was awake. They immediately rushed

through the door to begin questioning me.

The cop who I guess was in charge of the situation asked me, "How ya doin', son?"

"Alright."

"Do you have any recollection of what happened?"

I hesitated for a moment, before I looked the cop in the eyes and said, "Well, I always bin tol' dat when all else fails, tell da troof."

"Why are you talking like that?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm just trying to make the best out of a bad situation."

"Well, you better start talking son. Soon! And tell the truth!"

"The truth. Right, the truth. Well, you see, I met these two old ladies at a bar and we started havin' some drinks. Things got a little out of hand and I ended up back at their place last night. Well, one thing lead to another...they thought I was a spy or something...I don't know why she hit me...she said I was trying to kill her. No, no, that was self defense...Of course I've never scene these women before."

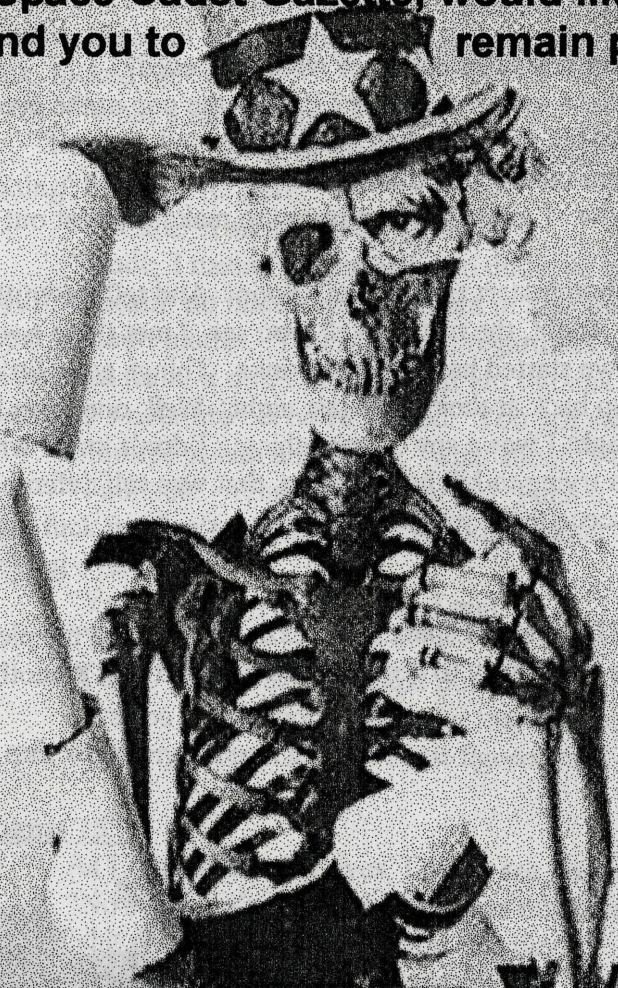
"Bullshit."

*

At least the five years I spent in a Texas jail afforded me plenty of time to figure out a better way to get those bitches, but that's another story.



In these turbulent times, all of us here at
The Space Cadet Gazette, would like to
remind you to remain patriotic.



**I WANT YOU
FOR U.S. ARMY**

NEAREST RECRUITING STATION

Write-A-Round

"Fire! Fire! My house is on fire! Help!"

"Damn what's that old bag next door crowin' about?" I thought to myself as I had just eased back into my Lay-Z-Boy and suddenly it hit me, I had lit the old bag's house on fire. I didn't think it would work. Last time I pulled that shit I was seven, I couldn't even get the lighter to work. If I wasn't so lazy maybe I'd go help.

I hear Ranger barking.

"Fire, fire," the old bag keeps repeating and I think of poor Ranger stuck and I get on my boots and walk out my house.

That crazy bitch I said to myself.

Someone needed to put her out of her misery. Hell, she'd been dead for years, even though she was still breathing. Watching talk shows all day, lived in that little house all alone. She had no life. No one would miss her except maybe her god damn cats.

I slowly walked from my front door and surveyed the scene. The mail truck was half way down the street and my crazy ass elderly neighbor was still yelling about God knows what. I love walking onto the porch to survey the scene. It's a morning ritual really-like peeing or coffee. Standing on the front porch, sometimes dressed-sometimes not, I felt was a polite reminder to my neighbors, and frankly to God-that I was still there.

Hopefully there was a fire and that ol' nag next door would finally die. Her breath smelled, she couldn't hear, her back was humped, she was

missing teeth, I mean burning up in a fire would save people the trouble of having to look at her in an open casket funeral. Yup, fire was a good way for her to go. Plus, I wanted to see her suffer a little. I'd kill any hero fireman that tried to save her. Because no fucking hero would save anything like that.

The smoke is filling the air and is beginning to invade my lungs. No wonder that house burnt, even now I can smell her cheap ass old lady fire hazard perfume, that prevented the whole neighborhood from getting laid.

Someone is pounding on my door right now. I don't want to get it because what if it's her. But then I think of her poor dog. Maybe that's who it is. I know it sounds crazy, a dog knocking but this dog became super intelligent after years of sneaking away from her.

"Police!" the dog yelled. "Call the police."

I was shocked, that old bag taught her dog to speak. A feeling of guilt poured over me. Maybe she did have a purpose in life. She broke the language barrier between dogs and humans

She asked the dog "So are dogs really man's best friend?"

The dog said, "Get me a milk bone or shut the fuck up."

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ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER

**"I love The
Space
Cadet
Gazette!
Me and
all my
girlfriends
can barely
control
ourselves,
while we wait
for the next
issue to hit
the stands."**

- Daphne Z.



THE GOLDSTEIN AFFAIR

The last time Mrs. Goldstein and I stepped foot on the campus of Wildwoods Public High School was the same day.

A part of the curriculum at my school was that in the spring all seniors were required to learn about the holocaust. It had become a tradition that at the end of the unit a "special visitor" would come and talk to us about the horrors of having spent time in a concentration camp. Turned out that it was always the same lady every year for the last ten years or least up until that point: Mrs. Goldstein.

When the day finally came for our viewing of a real, live Auschwitz survivor, most kids were pretty excited and not only because all our classes were cut short that day to make time for Mrs. Goldstein. After me and about 400 other mindless students filled the small auditorium where Mrs. Goldstein was to speak, we all received very strict orders on how to behave while in the presence of Mrs. Goldstein. Our principal Mr. Horowitz had made it unmistakably clear to us that we could not possibly imagine what the woman had been through in her life and we owed it to her to be attentive, polite, and to show some respect. After a short wait Mr. Horowitz took the stage and announced that Mrs. Goldstein was about to come out from behind the curtain and give us a first hand account of what we had only read about in our text books. I wondered, if our textbooks were so inferior to Mrs. Goldstein, then why didn't we just spend one day listening to her instead of wasting the previous four weeks reading the books? Horowitz wouldn't have appreciated that little thought so I kept it to myself. Besides Mrs. Goldstein was finally about to reveal herself to us. "And now it is my honor to present to you Mrs. Anne Goldstein so please give her a warm welcome," and at that point Mrs. Goldstein came out from behind the red curtain that had previously concealed her and slowly made her way to a waiting Mr. Horowitz at the podium. There they embraced and kissed each other on the cheek. I knew that Mr. Horowitz just wanted all of us to see what "old friends" he and Mrs. Goldstein were and impress us kids. I don't now why he would do that or even care. If and when I am a fifty year old man I will hopefully not give a damn what a bunch of seventeen and eighteen year olds think about me. If Mr. Horowitz really knew anything about us he'd know that the majority of us thought very little and most of the time not at all. To think that Mr. Horowitz thought

that this little public display of affection would somehow raise his status by non-verbally communicating to us that he shared a bond with this almost mythological survivor of a Nazi Death Camp was a testament to his stupidity. I mean the only thing Mr. Horowitz and Mrs. Goldstein had in common was that she had lost most of her family and friends in tragedy, and Mr. Horowitz had tragically lost most of his hair. He did, however, have the standard horseshoe ring of hair that started around to temples, and stretched along the back of his head, but leaving none on top.

When Mrs. Goldstein began to speak and tell us her story, the room was silent.

As she told her story of horror I took note that I had never seen a group of kids so solemn, attentive, and captivated by what an adult had to say. She had the whole senior class mesmerized. She described being rounded up by the Nazis in the Jewish Ghetto that she and her family lived in. What it was like during the cramped, stinking train ride to the camp. Being stripped down naked deloused, hosed down, having her head shaved, a yellow stripe painted down her back, and tattooed with a serial number, which she showed to us and what it was like when her and her mother her separated from her father. She told us about watching her father get shot like a "dog" and drug off and thrown into a pit with thousands of other dead bodies. She told us about how one day her mother did not return from taking a "shower." She told us everything we wanted to know and some that we didn't need to know, like what it's like to be raped. What it was like to be scared to death every minute of your life. How so many rotting dead bodies smelled. How she would try to sleep some nights while constant machine gun fire was exploding in the background and what it was like when a Russian soldier on horseback came in to liberate the camp. She told how even after the lucky few who had managed to stay alive were happy to be free, they might as well of died because they had almost nothing to go back to. The Nazis had looted and destroyed most of their homes and killed most of their families. When she finished she said that she was open to questions.

The audience was silent. I could see some students, mostly girls with tears in their eyes and hear an occasional snuffle or the blowing of a nose. Very few people raised their hands to ask a question and after a few "Mrs. Goldstein, do you hate the people

who did this to you?" and "Do you still have nightmares?" and other questions of the sort, I raised my hand.

"Yes you." She pointed at me. "The young man in the plaid shirt."

I was up. The whole senior class was looking at me. Not only was the whole senior class in attendance, but so were many other people. As far as the world of

Wildwoods High School and public school district goes this was a star studded event. I

mean the principal Mr. Horowitz was there, about half of the faculty, even the Superintendent of the school district was there with some of his flunkies, so I definitely had the audience I deserved for the comment I was about to make.

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Goldstein," I said. "I too had a family member who died in a concentration camp."

At this point I still hadn't crossed the point of no return. I could have stopped and played it off as though I was legitimately sharing some deep family secret, but I couldn't. I had to deliver the punchline.

"Really, I'm sorry son," said Mrs. Goldstein.

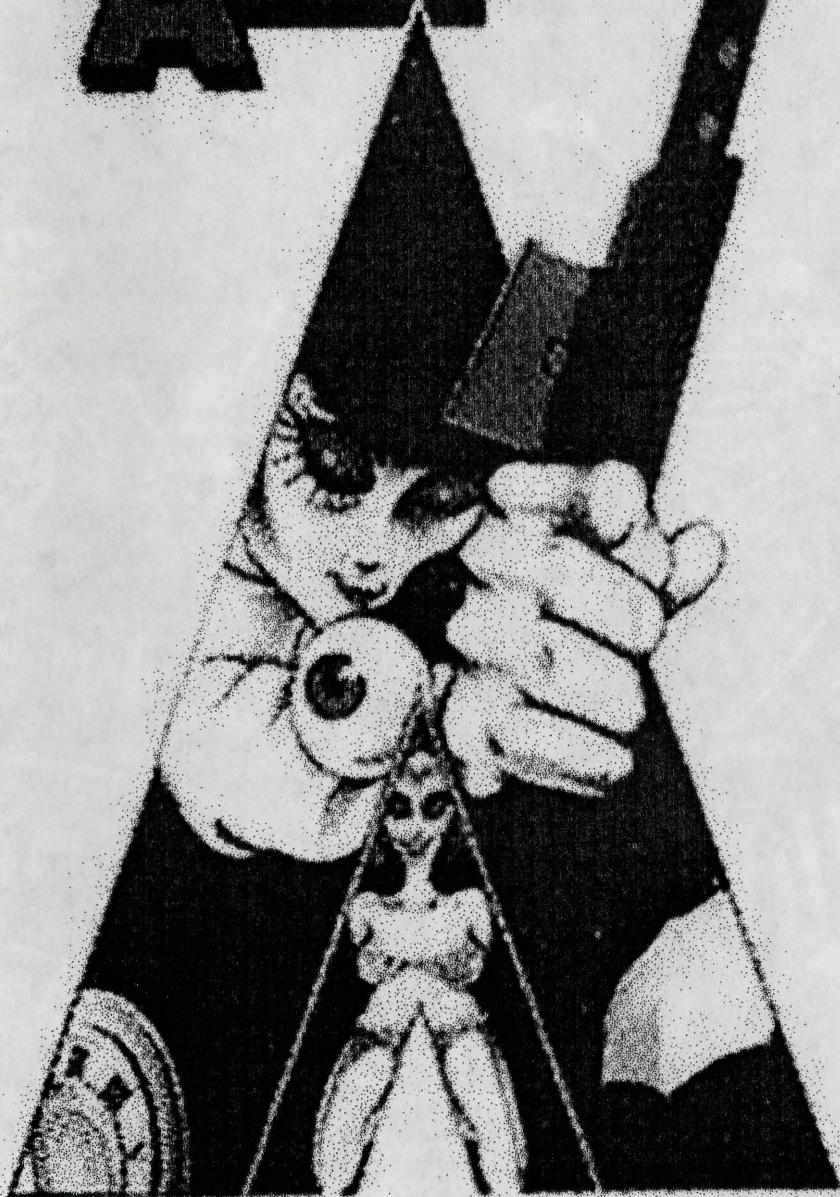
I spoke up again. "Yeah, guess he got drunk and fell off a guard tower." Initially the room gasped, then some people began to laugh, some hysterically, and some people booed. I barely had time to revel in the moment when Ms. Flannegan, a teacher, snatched me by the back of my shirt and escorted me out of the building.

I'll spare you the details of the aftermath but in short I was suspended, then expelled. I graduated by completing the rest of the semester's work at home but I didn't get to walk or go to prom. I was done with normal high school after I busted my little joke. I also heard that Mrs. Goldstein never returned to our school again. Things didn't really turn out that bad for me in the end, I still got into college. And looking back now on what happened I couldn't honestly say that I wouldn't do it all over again. I think I would. In fact I know I would, because I still don't understand people who can't take a joke.

THE END.

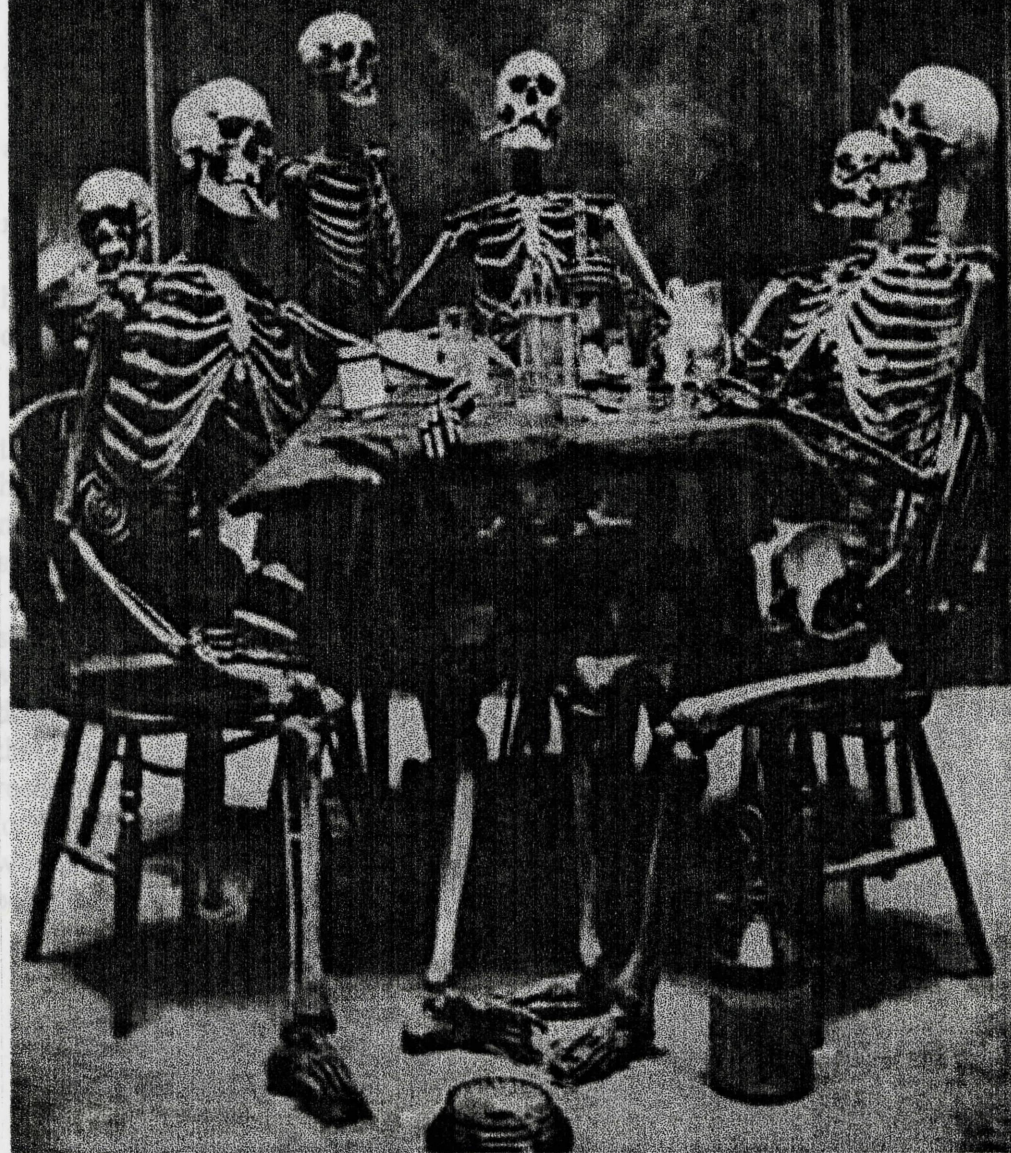


CLOCKWORK ALIEN



Little green men in braces, boots n' bowlers...

Dead Fellas



LAST NIGHT

It was about ten o'clock last night. I had just started writing this really awesome story I had in mind about a dog and a cat who, like most dogs and cats, hated each other. I know it sounds stereotypical and corny but the catch was that I was going to shock my audience by having the cat and dog fall in love at the end of the story. So, by the time I had come up with clever names for the dog and the cat, "Fido" and "Fifi," I decided that I had drained my creative juices for the moment and deserved to treat myself to a thirst quenching beverage at the local AM/PM. I saved my story on my computer under the title "Puppy Love." *How creative*, I thought to myself, as I threw on a pair of shorts and a shirt. After I made my way down the darkened hallway, I grabbed my keys and headed out the door. I checked the door twice to make sure it was locked after I closed it. Checking the door several times to make sure it was locked had become a ritual of mine when I left my house, because one can never be too careful. There are lots of weirdos around these days.

The mini-mart was about five minutes away. So, after I started my car and began to drive, I began to contemplate on how I was going to knock the class's socks off with my tale of forbidden love between a cat and a dog. By the time I finally arrived at AM/PM and parked my car, I had already come to the conclusion that my story needed a twist. I was considering the possibility that maybe Fido had a racist, anti-cat father who forbid any of his pups to commit to an inter-species relationship. I figured that this would add some depth to my story and allow me to include another level to the tale about the possible ramifications of dog and cat love and the social consequences of their relationship. I stepped out of my car, locked the door, checked it twice, and strolled into the store, confident that I had all the elements of a true classic.

Once inside the store, I immediately headed for the soda fountain. I figured that I needed to get myself an 80 oz. Thirst Destroyer in the souvenir Spider Man cup, filled with soda if I was going to stay awake until the wee hours of the morning to complete my masterpiece. As I began to fill the cup with ice, I remembered that I had bought this size drink before and it spilled all over my car because it didn't quite fit in my cup holder. In fact, it didn't fit at all.

It spilled because I had tried to drive carefully enough to balance it on my dash, and some stupid pedestrian had jumped in front of my car, causing me to slam on my brakes, sending my drink airborne and all over the car. That was not going to happen again. So I poured the ice in the trash and returned the cup back to its original place with all the other cups and made my way over to the freezers with the drinks in them. I looked though all the different beverages, not sure exactly what I wanted until I noticed that Coca-Cola was offering Coca-Cola Classic in those old fashioned bottles for only an extra twenty-five cents. At that point my mind was made up. I was going with the Coke. I figured that it was fitting that I should be sipping an American classic while I was busy composing the next "American Classic," plus I thought the vintage bottle would give me some inspiration. I grabbed a six pack of the Coke in the special bottles and made my way towards the register. There was only one clerk on duty. An old lady who looked she had been working the night shift for the past fifty years. She just had that look like she hadn't seen daylight for years.

"How ya doin', honey?" she asked as I placed my soda on the counter.

"Okay," I replied as I began to remove a crumpled wad of one-dollar bills from my pocket.

As she began to ring me up, a skinny, dirty looking guy swung open the doors, stomped over to the counter, pushed me out of the way, and shoved a pistol in the clerks face.

"Empty the register now, bitch!" he screamed.

I stood there fixated on the scene, making a mental note of what the man looked like. He was white, tall, skinny, had a mustache, and long, stringy, brown hair that looked like it hadn't been washed lately.

"Hurry up, bitch, or I swear to god!" the robber yelled.

I swear to god, what? I thought. The man hadn't really completed his thought, but I was betting it meant that he was going to shoot her if she didn't hurry up.

This guy should really lighten up, I thought to myself. I mean, of course this poor, old woman was moving slowly; she was shaking like crazy. And this guy didn't really have to call her the B-word, did he?

After the clerk filled up his paper bag with the money, the man began to yell at both of us. "Alright, face down on the floor! Both of ya. Now!" After we complied and were face down on the most unsanitary floor I had ever seen, the man said, "Okay, don't get up until you're both done countin' down, backwards from fifty."

By the time we reached forty-five, he had run out the door. By the time we reached forty, we heard his car screech away outside. By the time I reached thirty the clerk told me to "Shut up and get up." She was already on the phone with the police, calming her nerves by puffing on a cigarette.

"Dang, that was wild," I exclaimed and then I asked the clerk if she was all right.

"Oh yeah, honey. Third time in two years I been robbed," she said.

As I stood there, the realization came over me that I had just witnessed my first robbery. *How cool*, I thought until the clerk broke my concentration with, "Damn, that low-down dirty dog took all the money."

"Yeah, whatta dirty dog," I agreed. The phrase "dirty dog" reminded me of Fido, except he wasn't going to be dirty, he was going to be the next American hero.

"I gotta go, lady," I said as I made way to the door. I couldn't let this little incident stop my train of thought about Fido and Fifi. But just as I had planted my first step outside the door, I was stopped and dragged back into the store by two policemen. They told me that I was a witness and they needed to "get my statement."

I told them everything they wanted to know, which wasn't much, and the clerk even let me have a soda for free. By the time I was finished with the cops, my brain had finally processed all that had happened that night, leaving behind very few good ideas for "Puppy Love."

On the way home I felt proud of myself for helping the police, because maybe my description of the man would help them catch him. After all, the man not only stole money, he also played a major part in denying the world of what could have possibly been the greatest story ever told: "Puppy Love."

Here at The Space Cadet Gazette we value our audience's input. YEAH RIGHT!

"Ha! Ha! Humorous." -Chris Kirkland

"Lots of effective 'fucking' language." - Samantha Bradshaw

"Very funny." -Noa

"I don't think this is appropriate for class, but it was written well." -Shannon Brainerd

"Great." -Kyle Mares

"Whoah! Violent!" - Felizon Vidad

"I kind of got offended." - Lauren Freeman

"This doesn't make sense to me." - Linda Tsoi

I
wish I had
an issue of The
Space Cadet
Gazette!





I hope you
enjoyed the
Zine.

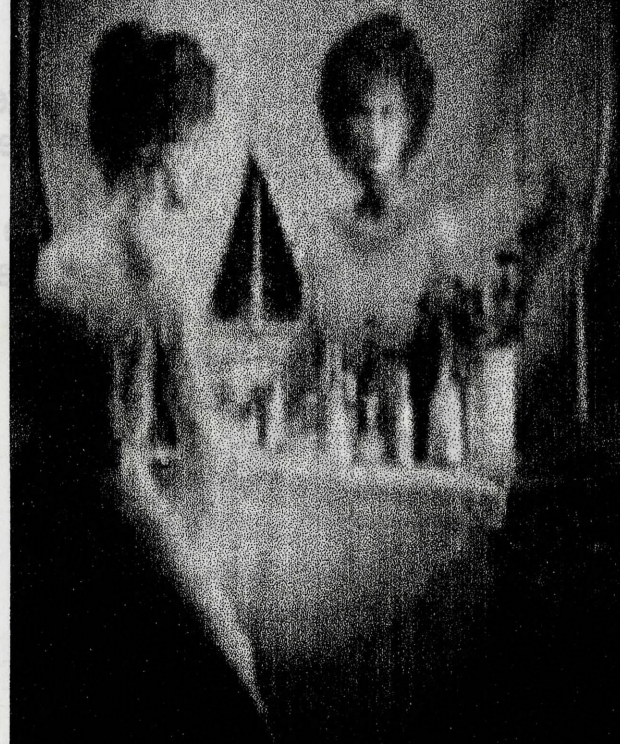
About the Author

Hello. My name is Chance Mumey. My whole name is Chance Mumey, I do not have a middle name. I was born on July 3rd, 1979 in Newport Beach, California. I lived in Yorba Linda and attended Friends Christian Elementary School until I was nine. When I was ten my family moved to Lake Arrowhead, where I would eventually attend Rim of the World High School. I enjoyed living in the mountains because it afforded me the opportunity to run a muck. But, by the time I had completed High School I needed a change so I moved to Las Vegas and went to college. I left after eight months. Vegas sucks. I spent the next three years at various junior colleges continuing my education. In the summer of 2002 I applied to The University of Redlands. I was accepted. Now I live in Redlands. I like the school a lot and the city a little, so I guess I'm breakin' even. The United States Government has advised me to not divulge any further information about myself because it could jeopardize my value as a top secret super agent. All I can say is that putting together "The Space Cadet Gazette" while trying to thwart international terrorism was a difficult endeavor. Thank you for your time.

For comments and questions the hard working staff at The Space Cadet Gazette can be contacted at:

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MUMEY CLASSICS



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