



To make good of Pilgrim Boy, take magazine, remove covers, and fold all pages as shown in Figs. A, B & C. When completely folded, stand magazine up and open into a full circle. To keep magazine open, you may glue a circle of card to the back.

LIBRARY
BONNET

Using pattern, cut eyes from white felt. Cut cross in eyes of red felt. Glue to eyes. Glue eyes to face. Have small end of egg for bottom of head. Cut stem short on Christmas ball and stick into head for nose. Cut and fasten tail glue to back of head. Attach legs to sides of body. Attach antennae and feelers to front of head. Attach wings to sides of thorax. Attach antennae and feelers to front of head. Attach legs to sides of thorax. Attach wings to sides of thorax.

Take the pink Foam ball, stick a 6" piece of chenille stem into it, stick the rest of stem into hole in top of book. This makes the head. Glue to hole.

You may fasten White Foam balls and eggs in hand for bal-

To make ha
in Fig. 4. G
circle. Slice

Cut raffia in
for hair. See

Press hat down.
Paint brown.
sequins down

Stick a 6" piece of chenille stem into ball and into hole in back. Glue to hold. Cut a $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 9" piece of felt for arms. Roll twice into a tube shape, Fig. 3. Run a chenille stem through tube. Let chenille stem stick out an

ed felt. Glue
edge of hat.
to a cone sh
hat to head.
blue a white

dickhead

essays • drawings • ephemera

"Library Bonnet #5" by Julie & Tommy

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Back issues of Library Bonnet are available for \$2.00 cash each from:

Library Bonnet

You can also send us a letter saying hello and how are you. We like that. The email contact is:

Fulie_4j@yahoo.com

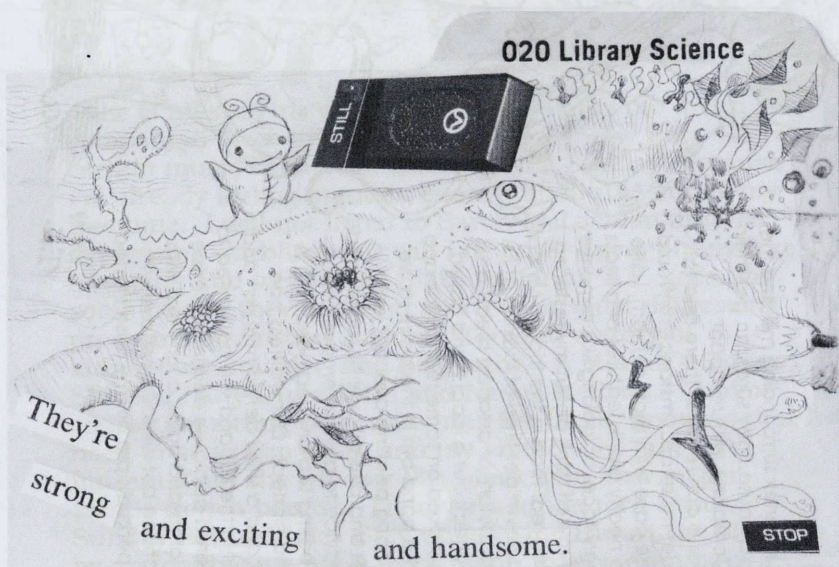
Special thanks to Tower Records, Quimby's Bookstore, Zine Guide, A Reader's Guide to the Underground Press, the Library Juice website, and all the distros that carry us!

Hot tip! Check out this website: **www.tommykovac.com**

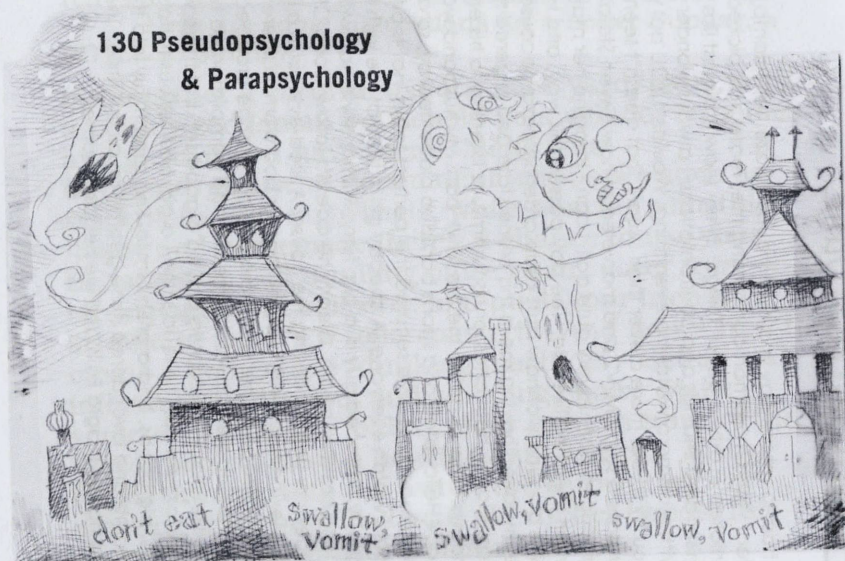


cover photo of Mr. Scoots by official LB photographer Anthony See

020 Library Science

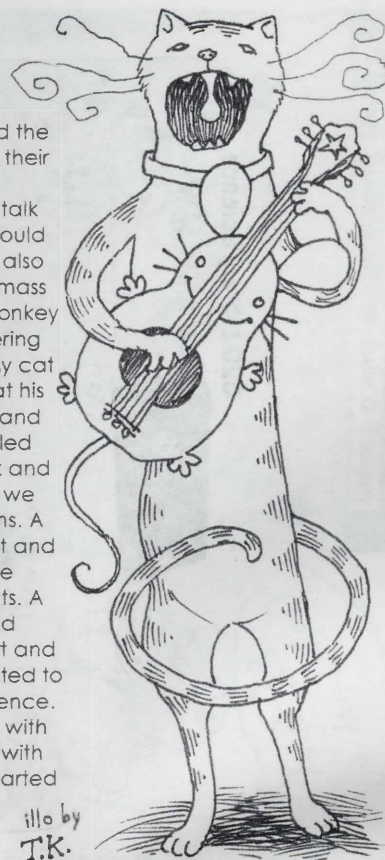


130 Pseudopsychology
& Parapsychology



LIVE RAWK by Julie

I had spent the day in a cold induced haze, with damp wads of Kleenex surrounding me and the Real World marathon confronting me. Those kids, picked to live in a house..they sure can get their knickers in a twist about things. Every show is almost like Three's Company, with rampant misunderstandings and confrontations. I always wonder how anyone can really sit there and talk with a camera watching everything. Wouldn't YOU act weird under those circumstances? Would you try to act more clever than usual? That doesn't seem to be the case with most of them. I also watched some MTV2 and marveled at how Gwen Stefani has the nearly blank features of a mass produced doll. A very cute doll. I can't imagine her making an ugly face, or looking like a monkey when she cries, like I do. The day passed this way, and I didn't let myself think about my festering piles of laundry or how I just keep ordering pizza because there's no real food in the fridge. My cat Tenny loved having me in this prone state and lingered near me. I never get tired of looking at his stripes, or his haunches, or his tummy, or listening to his endless vocabulary of assorted bleats and meows. Now I'll get to the live rawk part. My husband wanted to check out a local band called Black Helicopters at a sports bar/club place nearby, so at 10 pm I slicked on some red lipstick and we headed out. We secured the perfect table, not too far from the band but in the back so we could watch everyone. A chubby girl in front of me with her lacy thong peeking over her jeans. A squatty, tattooed guy in a big, furry, Russian style hat, with patches and pins all over his jacket and a long braided beard. Clearly he doesn't follow Coco Chanel's advice to always remove one accessory before leaving the house. A tired-eye girl in a shoulder baring top and leather pants. A big Mexican guy with a black feather boa worn indifferently around his neck. Our waitress had some mileage on her and wore a bright orange cropped sweater and a short denim mini skirt and high heeled sandals, as if someone had complimented her on that in the 80s and she committed to it for life. Black Helicopters played a good set, but there was scattered applause and indifference. Then Foxy set up. The lead singer, a girl, had serious tattoos on her arms and back, a furry hat with ears, big boobs, and a pretty smile. She sang thinly into the microphone but wielded her axe with aplomb and I wondered if she gets hit on all the time. The crowd perked up a bit, my nose started making like Niagara Falls and we headed home.



illo by
T.K.

SUNDAY ROT



Oh,
fuck...



Julie is making me write about Sunday Rot, so it can be a companion piece to HER stuff about Sunday Rot. There is certain music I refuse to listen to on a Sunday, because I'm already feeling maudlin enough about the end of my free time. I will not listen to Sarah McLachlan and her depressing warbling, nor will I listen to Enya, or anything sweeping and weepy like that. As far as T.V. goes, for some reason they insist on airing their most depressing programs on Sunday nights. "Tonight: a story of kidnapping, murder, and heartache-- A Mother's Sorrow. Starring Patty Duke Astin and Nancy McKeon." And of course I'm sitting there watching the clock, knowing that I need to be asleep soon, and my chances of "fun" are fluttering out the window like black ashy newspaper scraps from a bonfire. I'm always kinda torn about Sunday Rot bedtime. Stay up late and thwart the blues by pretending it's not a work night, maybe even have a couple of beers, go to a local shopping mecca that's open late? Or observe a prudent bedtime, so as to awaken refreshed and maybe ready for Monday? It's a toss-up.

Here are some suggestions for a better Sunday, a ROTLESS Sunday:

Put together a carnival in your back yard/patio, with a petting zoo (small household pets will do, or ponies and goats if you have them), Make your boyfriend/girlfriend do amateur acrobatics such as somersaults and cartwheels, while wearing something flashy and homemade (here's a chance to use your Bedazzler!). Get a rolling office chair, cover it in crepe paper and balloons, and push your friends around in it-- It's a rollercoaster!!! And here's how to create a homemade "dunking machine": Get an inflatable kiddie pool and a folding chair. Make someone sit on the folding chair right in front of the (filled) pool. Throw a bowling ball at them. If they fall backwards into the water, the thrower gets an amazing prize bag filled with old rubber bands, free shampoo samples, and stolen ash trays.

Illustration by Tommy

③

***** Voila! Your Sunday is rot-free!!! *****

Living BARBIE®

#1116

I thought she looked very

Barbie's
arms swing
to any pose.

She can wave
and wiggle
her hands
all around.
Living SKIPPER

Wiggling. doubtful. I had
an old skool Skipper with
freckles, like me. This one
is very Cindy Brady.

by
Julie

dashing here when I was 10.

scene Now Knit

This is Julia. remember her?
Modeled after Dianne Carol.

Maxi 'N Mini
#1100

This is FIERCE!!

rs Lemon Kick
#1465

She's gon kick your ass.

NEW!
FRANCIE Hair
Happenin's #1122

Twist waist FRANCIE with
4 fashionin' fun
hair pieces.
(In blonde only.)

'Nuf said.

Fancy Pants

Now THIS Ken... grrrrf!
My Ken was older and looked
weak and afraid. My Barbie
dated GI Joe, who had a scar
and muscular arms.

4 T:

CHEW ON THIS by Julie

UT

I put some eggs on to boil and then wandered off, doing laundry, checking email and a good hour passed. I heard popping sounds from the kitchen and figured it had finally happened, a gang had home-invasioned me and were taking some practice shots at my cats. I heard sizzling...I smelled acrid stink...and remembered the damn eggs. My favorite small cook pot was black and smoking, and the eggs...they looked angry, the yokes like hard little tennis balls, the whites long cooked off into mean shards. I threw the whole thing away.

How do people do it? How do they cook meals? I seem incapable of it. When I first got married I really tried. I remember wok-ing things and patting ground beef (hargh) into shapes and gamely tearing up lettuce and stirring soup. Sometime between then and now that trickled away, and now all I can ever think of are buttered noodles with Parmesean cheese. Luckily, my husband loves his own cooking and doesn't need me to feed him like some husbands I hear about ("Honey? What's fer dinner?"), and I don't have kids. Maybe it's because I don't have kids that my fridge isn't stocked with pork chops and labeled Tupperware containers of frozen spaghetti sauce and my larder (I just wanted to say "larder") isn't groaning with onions and potatoes and whatever the hell people cook with. We eat out a lot, and I know my Mom thinks we could save a lot more and just be better people if we didn't, but who doesn't love a basket of warm bread and a little plate of butter brought right to you? Who doesn't love the thrill of a steaming pile of Chinese dumplings set down before you? I make a few good cookies at Christmas time, and when in the throes of Autumnal glee will usually make chili or sometimes soup, but it's never really very good, and we both eat it, politely, and then never speak of it again.

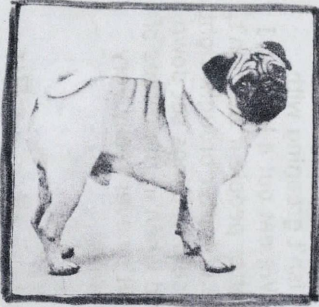
Note: I have mentioned "doing laundry" a few times in this issue. I'm not sure why. I never do it, I hate doing it. So...disregard. - J

Stinkpug

GENETIC ENGINEERING

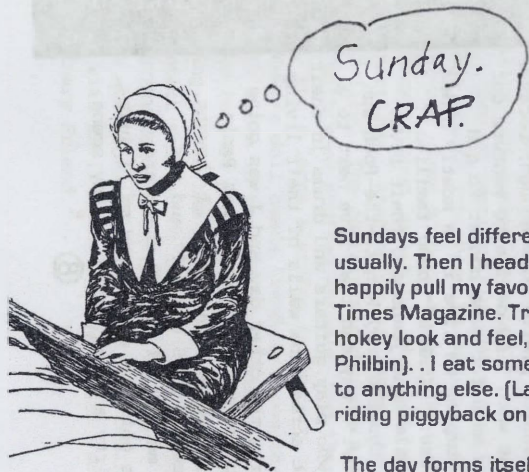
AT LIBRARY BONNET

HEADQUARTERS



I had this great idea, so I went down to the LB lab and asked one of our robots to crossbreed a pug dog with a stinkbug, thusly making a "stinkpug." Bobo the trained monkey helped, and cleaned up the mess afterward. Now I have the most fabulous little pet; by fabulous I mean fabulous in his utter hideousness. He is very tiny, makes lots of loud congestive breathing noises, and smells like shit. I like to have him sit on my shoulder when I'm out in public, particularly at nice restaurants and in elevators. When Stinkpug gets overexcited, he snorts like a pig AND farts. He is very happy, and has 6 spindly little legs that he can't really walk on very well, which is why I have to carry him everywhere.

by Tommy *



by Julie

Sundays feel different from the second I wake up. Oh, I try. I get up around 6 a.m. Check my email, usually. Then I head for the kitchen and there my husband has nicely stacked the newspapers. I happily pull my favorite sections out of the L.A. Times, to read them in strict order. Calendar. LA Times Magazine. Travel. Living. No hard news, folks. Parade, for some reason, even though I hate its hokey look and feel, its hyper-American mediocrity ("Why I pray every night," an essay by Regis Philbin). . I eat something, and we listen to music. I try to feel like the day is timeless, and unrelated to anything else. (La! I'm reading the paper and have the whole day to luxuriate in!) But it is. It's riding piggyback on Monday. It's got its heels dug into the flank of Monday.

The day forms itself. Usually some chore I left from Saturday is beckoning (car washing, grocery shopping, opening some complicated mail I got about my insurance coverage) and I do that. Sometimes my husband and I go to a movie or a field trip to a new restaurant or a store. Meanwhile, I'm aware of a whirl of wings behind me; dark wings of a ghastly creature that's trying to alight on my shoulder. I push it away and blink at the sunlight. Look! It's early yet! 3 p.m. arrives, then 4 p.m., and the day begins to rot like a mealy plum, softening and glazing over with the fug of decay. I make a last-ditch effort to read; I lie on the couch, open a book and feel my heart triphammer like a bunny's. It's no use. Now, my brain takes over, reminding me of the things I didn't do, the projects I should have started, the writing I should have considered, the laundry I ignored, the exercising I shunned, the shitty workweek ahead. Pummeled, I surrender, changing into my pajamas and brushing my teeth. The flap of dark wings and the scrabble of claws fills the air and I go down.

Won't Somebody Please Be Interesting

by Tommy

One of the last times my boyfriend and I were up in San Francisco for a comic book convention, we were walking along one of the little windy streets and went past a boutique that specialized in weird bondage-themed costumes. It was the holiday season, and they had a sign in their window advertising an upcoming event called "Spanksgiving." I loved the idea of it, although I would be terrified to actually attend such a thing, and thought sadly that you would NEVER see anything like that in our hometown area of Orange County. Republican, conservative, staid, BORING. One time before a signing, one of my fellow comic book artists was prancing around the SF city streets wearing some sort of queeny Mardi Gras mask and cat's ears, and I thought, "God, he'd be SHOT for that in Orange County."

San Francisco scares me because of those freaky streets and the freaky people ON the streets, but I pine for a more artistic community to live in. I long to see people with blue hair and studded bracelets and belts marching around and sticking flyers up for performances and concerts. I sit there at home at my drawing table, alone, thinking about all those other artists and writers up in San Francisco, and in L.A. and other cultural meccas, bumping into each other in cafes and at goth clubs and shit, and it makes me HATE Orange County. I mean, is there even ONE other zine being produced in Orange? If there is, TELL me, 'cause I wanna know. And it better be a COOL zine. I guess I'm piny and picky. Julie and I have talked about trying to get some sort of zine collective together here in our area, but I don't know how we'd advertise for it. Put a flyer up in the local Starbuck's that the church choir meets in after services? Yeah, right. We're so alone.

It's not like I'm looking for friends. I have my best friend and my boyfriend, and that's pretty much enough, because I'm ultimately reclusive. But when I DO decide to venture out of our home, is it asking too much for some honest to god counter-culture? The condo complex we live in is mostly older people and some "young families." I HATE "young families." With their babies and their pale blue jeans and their SUVs. All smug and Christian, with those Disney Winnie-the-Pooh sun shades in their cars for "Baby." Why can't we live next to a bunch of punk rock lesbians who play guitars and drums in their garage and write lyrics right across the walls of their living room?

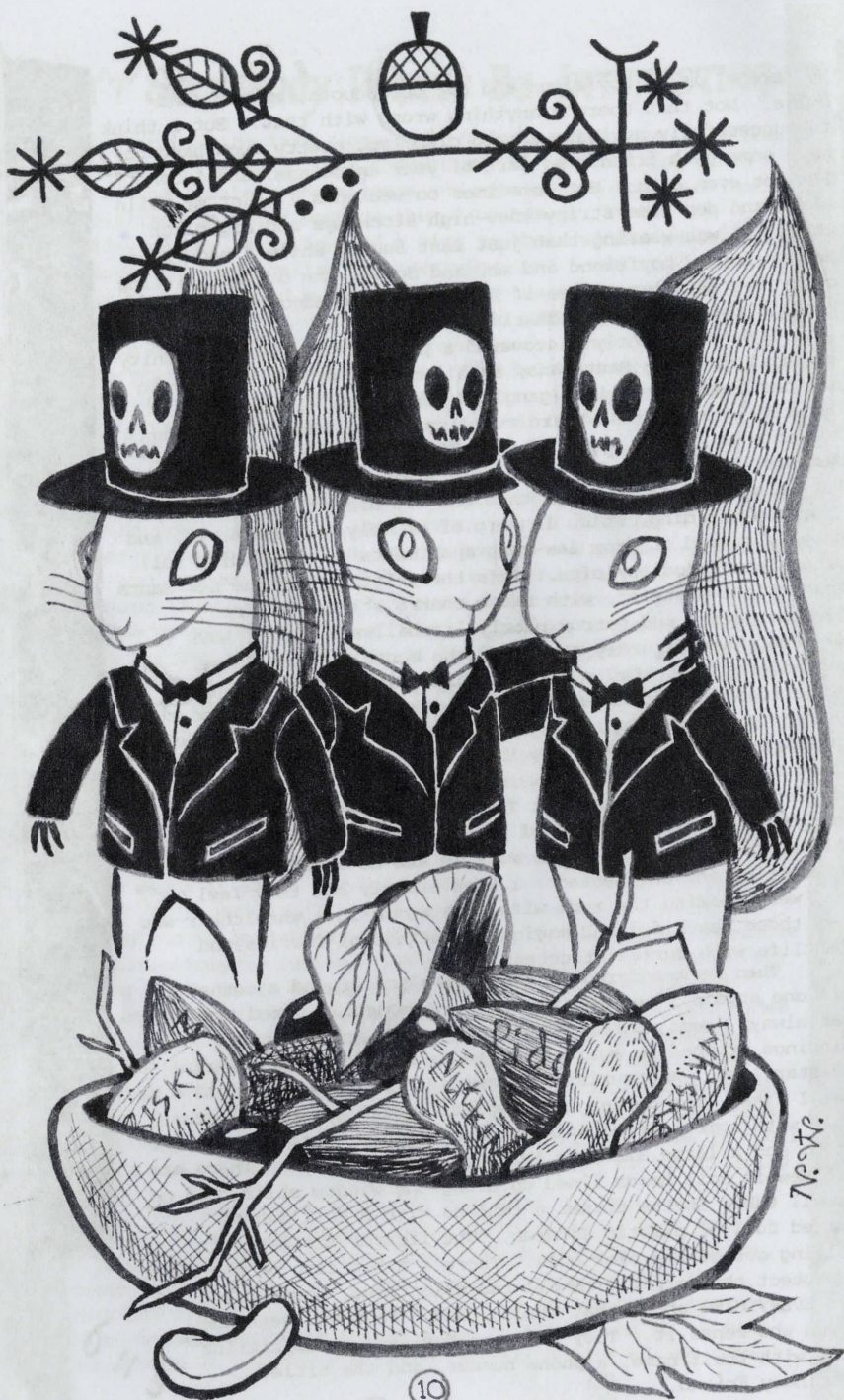
We picked up a local rag the other day and I was going through the entertainment section and discovered that Penis Flytrap was playing at this goth club in Anaheim. I thought, "Goth club in Anaheim??? When did THIS happen?" and the terrible thought occurred to me that of COURSE there are interesting subculture things going on all around me, I just don't know it because I'm thirty and not a part of any scene.

My "scene" is my boyfriend and our dog Scoots, my mom, and Julie. Not that there's anything wrong with that. But I think to successfully navigate a goth club, you pretty much have to have some goth friends as part of your entourage, and I don't. I'm not even goth. But sometimes on weekends I paint my nails black and don some stripy knee-high stockings and big black shoes. I was wearing that just last Sunday while I made Tuna Helper for my boyfriend and me, and Scoots the dog was sitting on my foot waiting to see if he'd get any handouts. I don't know if that's sad or endearing.

We've recently discovered a planned "artists' community" in local downtown Santa Ana, an old city that had its hey-day and has degenerated into gangland territory. I was very derisive when I first heard rumblings about them turning Santa Ana into an "arty" area. I thought, No way, it's just gang members, churro stands, and people living in cardboard boxes. But lo and behold, there's this one old historic building, the Spurgeon building, which is sort of crumbly and weathered, and they've turned it from low-rent apartments to a building full of artists' studios/lofts. It's the grittiest of the new Santa Ana artists district, with those churro stands out front, peeling paint, and narrow poorly-lit hallways, but I LOVE it. We were there Saturday night for the monthly "Open House," and we wandered into studio after studio, watching people play didgeridoos and drums, and in one room they had a full-on stage set up, and were encouraging people to do impromptu spontaneous "performances." A young fey Hispanic lad in a see-through black shirt beckoned us forward, begging us to please feel free to perform. We declined but I was enchanted with the idea, and charmed by the small group of people gathered in the room, just WAITING for some stranger to walk in and do something interesting and unexpected. I know exactly how they feel. They were sharing the room with this woman in a wheelchair who does these beautiful and magical paintings of faeries and plantlife with surreal touches.

Then we meandered up the stairs and around a corner to this one studio I've been in before, a modestly sized studio that always seems to have an open door and nobody in it. The paintings propped up against the walls are bold and colorful and startling. Amateurish but immediate and powerful, which is what I like. The centerpiece depicts a girl (or doll?) at a table with some stuffed animals, and there's a big cake on the table, and a large alarming knife next to the cake. There are also Kewpie doll heads lined up along the window sills, and on a small table in the corner a tableau with a doll's head stuffed full of plastic lizards. The lizards are sort of spilling out of the neck hole. There's a big tarp on the floor to protect the carpet from all the splattered, messy paint. I love EVERYTHING about that studio, and I've never seen the person who rents it. They had some business cards sitting there with their name, a phone number, and the title, "Imaginary Friend."

end



☆☆☆SQUIRREL GODS☆☆☆

(1st installment)

THE THREE BARONS



You wouldn't want to run across this dashing trio late at night. Whimsical though they may seem, with their dapper tuxedos and top hats, they are the keepers of the gates of death.

Belief in these three seems to have originated with the flying Squirrels of Haiti.

The Barons have distinctive and charismatic personalities, and are quite fond of lewd jokes and swear words. Sometimes young Squirrel tots will try to excuse foul language by blaming it on temporary possession by these three spirits.

When a loved one is sick or hurt, the family will carve the name of the afflicted Squirrel onto a nut, and make an offering to the Barons, in hopes that they will take pity and keep the gates of death closed. In some Squirrel homes, it is customary to perform a weekly ritual to the Barons, which involves sketching out the symbol for the Barons (as seen at the top of the illustration) in cornmeal, and offering up a bowl containing a nut for each family member. Then a wild dance is performed atop the cornmeal symbol, scattering it to the winds.



Text, & Drawing on opposite page by Nutsy Whiskers

Chowdah

So my husband and I left California for a week to see the East Coast. It was great. We got to Boston and I sat back and waited to hear some regional accents. It's such a rarity to hear a truly regional accent in Southern California, except for the usual, Valley-Girl rooted, slurred, fast talking irritating accent most of us have. We got lucky with a cab driver who drove us all around Beantown (is that a stupid thing to say? Do Bostonians hate that?) and had an accent as thick as clam chowdah. He made fun of the late JFK Jr ("that fagit") and anyone pretty much not from Bahston. We got to Maine, Bar Harbor to be exact. I went into shops, hoping to hear tones like the old Pepperidge Farm guy ("Pepp-ridge Fahm..remembahs...") and heard only the teeniest sort of New England lilt. We got to Quebec and those people had wonderful accents. Their French was singsong, their English was murmured in a most fetching way, like a bunch of Rupert Everetts. But I felt almost sorry for them. Don't they know they're not in France, but Canada? It makes them all seem crazy. Merde.

by Julie



Get a load
o' **THIS.**



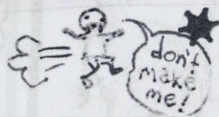
13

GROUP JUGGLING

Divide students into 10 groups of about 10 students per group. Have them form a fairly tight circle. Have them all raise their hand to pick a PATTERN. Tell one person to choose a person they will toss the bean bag to. Once chosen, they put their hand down, so you can tell who still has to be chosen. Last person with hand up, tosses back to first person. **YOU CAN'T PICK SOMEONE NEXT TO YOU.** Only after they have picked this pattern, issue the first person a bean bag. Let them go around twice with a single bean bag, **USING UNDERHAND SOFT TOSSES.** Once they become proficient, add a single bag at a time, slowly moving up to 3, 4, or 5 bags. If a bag hits the ground, **STOP**, get organized, and re-start. **EMPHASIZE THAT THEY SHOULD NOT WATCH THE BAG, BUT RATHER THE PERSON WHO IS TOSsing TO THEM.**

STRING TOGETHER

Divide students into 5 GROUPS of about 18-20 per group. Put them in a line, side to side. Give first person the SPOON ATTACHED TO A ROLL OF STRING. The first person puts the spoon down their own shirt and out the bottom and holds on to the remaining string. They pass the spoon to the next person who also threads the string down their shirt and out the bottom. Continue until all members are **STRUNG TOGETHER.** Have first person reel the spoon and string back. Can repeat to get an improved time.



HULA HOOP CIRCLE

Divide students into 5 GROUPS of about 18-20 per group. Have them get in a circle and give them each a black string which they will use to join together to complete the circle. Place HULA HOOP around one of their arms and have them manipulate the HULA HOOP completely around the circle and back to the beginning, without releasing the strings. Can repeat it to get a better time, if time allows.

Dear Reader:

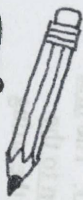
These are actual
real 7th grade
orientation activities
perpetrated on the
students at the junior
high I work at. I
refuse to participate
because I feel their
pain...

Drawing Duel!

We hid from each other and had a minute to complete each of these...

Julie

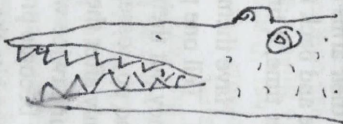
Tommy



Guinea Pig



Alligator!



Toast



cocoa smear!



Dammit
I'm BURNT
Bitch.

Faerie



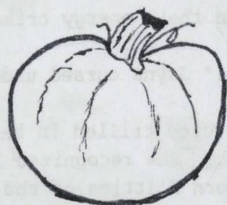
Julie

Tommy

Lady in a golfcart



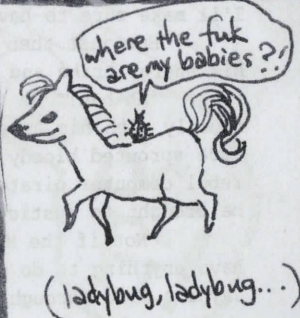
Pumpkin



Mouse
Wearing a hat



Horse with a
ladybug on its
back



(ladybug, ladybug...)

Jayna McSassenbrott shrugged into her telepathic tunic, the one made from the hair of extinct psychic were-dragons, and with her typical spunky swagger, strolled down the tech corridor of the space station.

Garm N'schossul walked by with his 5 eyes swivelling in their Garmulian manner, and high-fived Jayna. They were in the same play module group on the gaming deck, and often traded holo-cards. Jayna was one of the very few females admitted to the gaming deck. She was a rebel, and was known for her sharp tongue and scruffy, scrappy habit of getting into fights.

Jayna made her living illegally by pirating complex computer programs from various agencies on the space station.

She heard a humming sound, and ducked into a closet as a troupe of de'tech'tives rode by on their energy trikes, laser blasters dangerously drawn.

"Scorching Blamph Lizards!" Jayna cursed under her breath.

"Such language, dear!" a voice trilled in her mind, via the magic of the telepathic tunic. She recognized it as the voice of one of the magical Unicorn K'itties of the hidden asteroid, "Nhar-m'-Baul." The UKs had come to her assistance many times, due to the fact that Jayna's mother had helped the K'itties set up their secret colony on Nhar-m'-Baul.

"Oh, hello Unicorn K'itties!" Jayna answered silently in her mind. "I may need your help pirating a program this afternoon, do you think you could teleport here and assist me?"

"Of course, spunky princess! I just finished polishing and fine-tuning my magical horn." The K'itties had the power to use their pearly, braided horns to plug into certain computer sockets and tweak programs, and help Jayna download them into her pirate files.

"Thanks, K'ittie! You're so magical and benevolent, I'll make sure to have some treats for you..."

But just then a de'tech'tive sped around the corner on his energy trike and grabbed Jayna by her long unruly red hair.

"Ah-hah!" he thundered gleefully, pistol-wipping Jayna cruelly with his laser blaster until her urchin-like freckled face sprouted bloody gashes. "Now I have you! The infamous rebel computer pirate, Jayna McSassenbrott! At last you will be brought to justice!"

"Not if the Magical Unicorn K'itties of Nhar-m'-Baul have anything to do with it!" feline voices whispered in Jayna's mind through her tunic. "Don't worry, dear, we're coming to help you with our horns drawn!"



FUCKIN BICH SEE YA BICH

These four pages contain samples of actual, untouched writings by some of the 7th and 8th graders at the junior high I work at during the day. There are 3 apology letters for extremely poor library behavior, a graffitied page from a library book, and some confiscated letters. Please enjoy this terrifying glimpse into their stunted minds... -T

Dear Mr. Kovac

Mr. Kovac I am so sorry I was very loud.
If you let us back we will be quit in the
library. we will never be ~~read~~ read to the
people in the library again.

Sincerely,

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

P.S.

I am really, really, so, sorry
that we were read.

Dear: Mr. Kovac

I me sorry that Oure Class to
be loudend. We weall behave in the
library. We went bea loutha when whe
go tho the Library if you Oustious
agone in the library whe Ward
be good when whe go gagernd
to the library whe whe read
on tale whe life frome the library.

Dear Mr. Kovac,

I'am sorry for talking on the Library
and taking acras the room and runing and I'am
misbehave olwas. I promes I volt do it again
and pleis let us come bake and I'am sorry
agen

Dayna is a
fucking Bitch
she is getting
her ass kicked

fucking
Bitch
see
1/4 Bitch

White

Hi, this is your friend. I've come from so far to meet you.
promise me you'll remember me forever! I'll always be by your side.

Dear crystal,

My dad saw you dancing when we
gived you a ride do you
Remember?

(yes) or NO

P.S my sister thought
it was funny.

Hey Baby,
I'm in Hawaii, I want
you to come here with
me, Ok? We'll have a
great time together. Bring
the Bottle of cream. So
we could have another
baby together. Be ~~see~~
sure to bring the Babys
Oh, I love you more then
anyone ~~in~~ in the world.
Call me at ~~██████████~~



LOVE
WHITE

Everyone likes our special friend, WHITE
She wants to befriend many of you too!

A Ghilling Encounter

Part 1

(22)



I was out in the cabbage patch, right? And I sees this weird bouncy light in the sky...



They was squirrels...
But NOT squirrels...

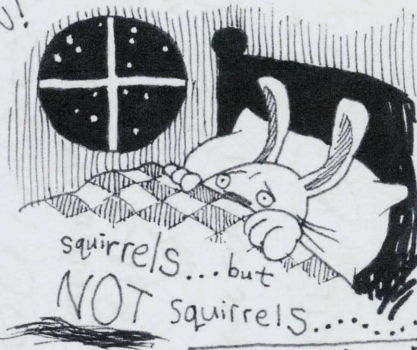
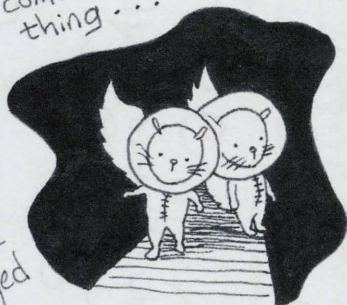


Well, it come down right there in the cabbage patch, and danged if it weren't a giant ACORN!

Next mornin' I wake up in the patch with cabbage leaves stuck all over me!



You may not believe me when I tell you what come outta that thing...



squirrels... but
NOT squirrels.....

To be continued

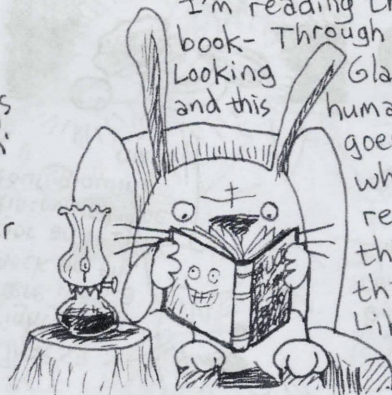
A Chilling Encounter Part 2



Well, I guess those alien squirrel-things didn't do nothin' to me, 'cause I feel fine. 'Cept for the nosebleeds & diarrhea.

(23)

I'm reading this book- Through the Looking Glass, and this human



goes into a mirror to a place where everything is reversed. It makes me think of those squirrels that aren't really squirrels. Like maybe they're 'looking-glass' squirrels in reverse...

Now, when I have tea with my squirrel friends, I keep lookin' at 'em real hard, thinkin' of everything they are, and puttin' it all backwards.

Figuring that's how those



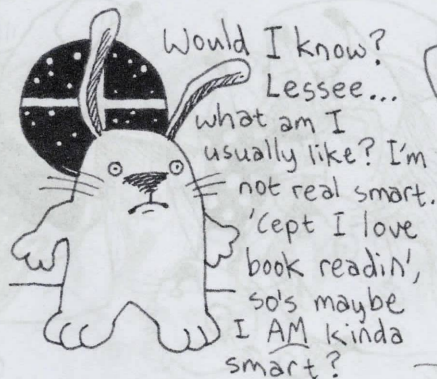
alien squirrels must be.

squirs	Not-squirs
nice	mean
soft	hard
cute	ugly
warm	cold
happy	angry
	or sad?

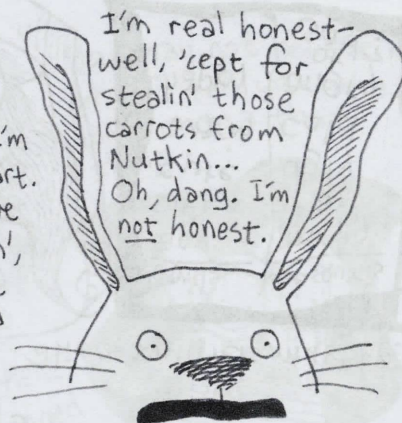
To be continued...



Okay...
so what if
those Not-
Quite-Squirrels
made me a
Not-Quite-
Bunny? You
know, while
I was asleep
that night...

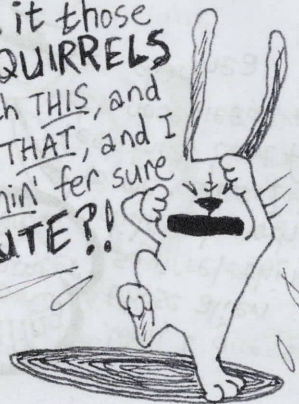


Would I know?
Lessee...
what am I
usually like? I'm
not real smart.
'Cept I love
book readin',
so's maybe
I AM kinda
smart?



I'm real honest-
well, 'cept for
stealin' those
carrots from
Nutkin...
Oh, dang. I'm
not honest.

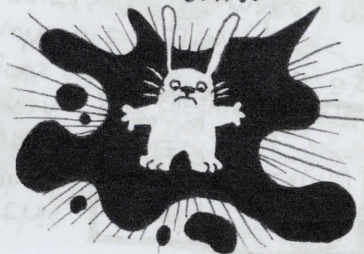
WHY is it those
DANG SQUIRRELS
is so much THIS, and
so much THAT, and I
aint nothin' fer sure
ABSOLUTE?!



That's
right when
there was a
knock on the
door and I
discovered the
four glowing
nuts!



I don't remember puttin'
em in my mouth, I just
remember swallowing and
thinking Oh Shit.



To be continued

A CHILLING ENCOUNTER

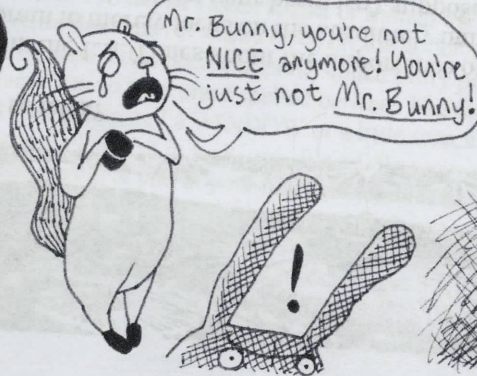
Part 4

HWAAAAARFFF!

I-I'm FINE.
Just a little
sweaty. Where did I
put my washcloth?



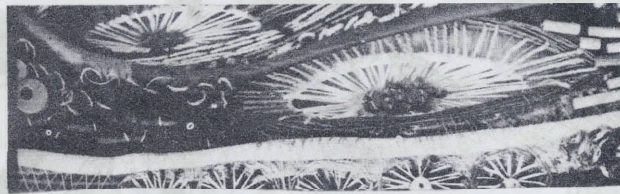
Don't want no stinkin' TEA!



That's when I
knew. The NOT SQUIRRELS
had done their job. They
had...



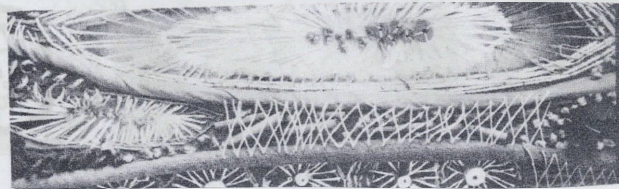
THE
END



Why is it so damn hard to relax?

(26)

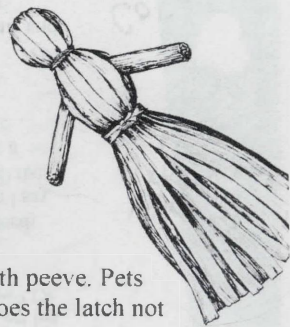
I read an article today in the L.A. Times about the importance of living in the moment. About allowing your brain to merely focus on the absolutely immediate details. For instance, when walking down the street your brain isn't supposed to be dashing spastically from one subject to the next, it's supposed to be letting your eyes say, look at the texture on that wall...and your feet are supposed to be saying, this pavement feels spongy...and there's a slight scent of fried chicken in the air...hmmmm...texture, spongy, chicken...uh huh.... This is sort of a meditative state without sitting and meditating. I'd LIKE to do this. I'd LIKE to take a load off and shut up my buzzing, beetling brain. I think the last time I sort of lived in the moment is when I tore into some Stouffer's macaroni and cheese. I reveled in the little crusty bits that formed cleverly on the sides, and felt the velvety texture of the cheese sauce on my tongue...ah YEE. But when I try to consciously take a deep breath and relax, I'm so hyper aware that I'm trying to relax, that my body tenses up. This is it, Jules. Start relaxing. And do it RIGHT.



by
Julie



My STARS
+ this is
whiny



Women's Bathrooms...and how they SUCK

I'll start off with my biggest pet peeve. I don't even want to use the term "pet" with peeve. Pets are loved and adorable. This is just a peeve. Why, in so many public restrooms, does the latch not line up with the thing the latch is supposed to fit in?? How can this be? You shut the door and then realize it doesn't really latch at all. The latch just kind of LAYS next to the lock, not sliding in at all. Then one has to anchor the door with one's hand. Don't come in here! This stall's occupied, bich! Did the person who attached these two pieces not bother to make sure they lined up? This boggles my mind every time. My other peeve is the presence of children in public restrooms. Children who haven't been taught or trained that it's not NiCE to peek between the door gaps (more on that later) or crawl UNDER the goddamn door. That's MY stall, kid. Go play in the sink. Door gaps...this occurs in pretty much every public restroom these days, the huge gap between (see? I'm so mad that I spelled between like that) the door and the door frame of the stall. Might as well just install a WINDOW or a little screen so people can watch. If you can find a nice chambered stall you're in luck, girl. It's a little room with no gaps and no danger of toddling children staring at you at your most vulnerable. But there are other dangers. The seat that looks dry but isn't, that no paper thin, well, actually it is paper, toilet seat protector can protect. The no hook on the door, so you must set down your bag/purse on the floor, where you know urine has dwelled. Because some people just can't get it RIGHT and miss the whole bowl somehow. Even WOMEN.

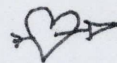
Julie

Etc.

by
Julie

(28)

The next time someone pronounces it "Valemtime's Day" in front of me I will kill them where they stand. Lop. Splat.



I was just at the store buying my carefully selected low-fat groceries, except for a Pepperidge Farm Coconut Layer cake that sat, sheepishly, alongside my oat bran cereal, carrots and yogurt, and noticed the people behind me waiting to pay. There were three girls, all with variations of dyed black goth/alterna hair, one girl had lollipop red artfully applied to the top of hers, the other had a knit cap pulled over her 'do and one had Cleopatra bangs. They all had on seriously red lipstick and novelty pants, cropped, low, held up with various studded belts, and topped with black tanks showing a few intricate tattoos on their milk white skin. They were buying six packs of Newcastle beer, cupcakes, cigarettes, and flowers. I felt like a yuppie, sanitized version of them with my dark bob and lipstick, but wearing jeans and Sketchers, and being about 15-18 years older than them, with my safe Honda accord and my Liz Claiborne hooded sweatshirt that my dad gave me for Christmas. (It's comfy, dammit). For a minute I thought wildly about asking them if I could join them. Where ya going? Can I go too? As Robert Smith once wailed, why can't I be you?

Weh!

Hella-
CAT!

I keep calling my cat Tenny "Punkin." Why? I also call him Monkeypants, The Royal Tennybomb (loosely based on the film title), Daydie (for Baby, I know, hideous) and other things that just fall out of my mouth, like pieces of unchewed cake.

Sometimes Led Zeppelin just sounds perfect. The lead in to "The Song Remains the Same" is scintillating. The bombast of "Achilles Last Stand" makes you wanna do something epic. The lazy pull of "Tangerine" makes you wanna crack open some cheap wine and braid flowers in your hair. How did Robert Plant, circa 1970-whatever get his jeans all worn out right by his crotch? Did he work at it with a pumice stone, late at night, cup of tea at his elbow? Or did his huge member just wear a HOLE in them?

Duuude.

I haven't mentioned the library enough. Yes, I still work in one. I manage the Public Services Division. Yes indeed. Lately I've been on the reference desk because we're short staffed. (I always picture little, midgety people when I say that). I pity the poor patrons, because my seldom used reference skills have become pretty feeble. Can they smell the fear when they ask for business information or anything involving downloading a form from the Internet? I love a straightforward fiction question. Do you have Nick Horn. er. "Nick Hornby? Right this way, sir." I hate science project questions, because now they do an experiment, and then want to do research. "Uh..I proved that chalk disintegrates in milk and I need books about that." Well, well, well. Hey! It's time for my break.

Libraries
change
Lives!

I just saw "Gosford Park" and once again wished I was British. The way they can spit out their words, all sarcastic and snotty. Right, old sport. Be a love and fetch me another scotch and soda. If you WISH to act like an imbecile, go RIGHT ahead. Bloody hell. I could use a fag. Hand me the pack, will you? Sodding matches...light this, and be quick about it. See? All bossy, but not American bossy, with that naggy edge. It's smooooooooo bossy.

Cor!

JE have a
Big Butt. Do you?
answer this and
then call 6469
1949 631-~~4400~~



Hi!



CAUTION:
NOT A LIFE SAVING DEVICE.
DO NOT SIT OR STAND

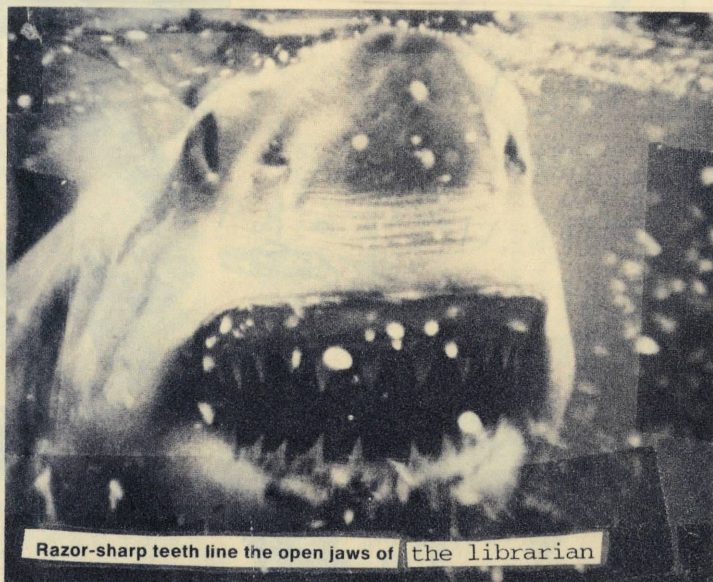
Hi, in case you didn't know, we wanted to tell you that Library Bonnet co-creator Tommy Kovac ALSO writes and illustrates some wicked bitchin' comics for Slave Labor Graphics. (www.slavelabor.com) They are called

"Stitch" and also

"Skelebunnies" and you're dumb if you don't read them. Demand them from your local comic retailer, or on-line.

They'll blow your nuts off.

Email "Library Bonnet" at: Fulie_4j@yahoo.com



Vile Library Product of the Month



DEMCO™ Runny Paste

- 5.2 to 6.2 pH
- Holds book pockets securely

Use with plain back book pockets (page 59) for economical, reliable pocket attachment. Apply right from the jar or add water to thin to desired consistency. Spreads evenly, smoothly and quickly. Forms a permanent bond. Also useful for attaching bookplates, labels or anywhere a paste is the preferred adhesive. For best results, use within one year of opening. **WI.**

