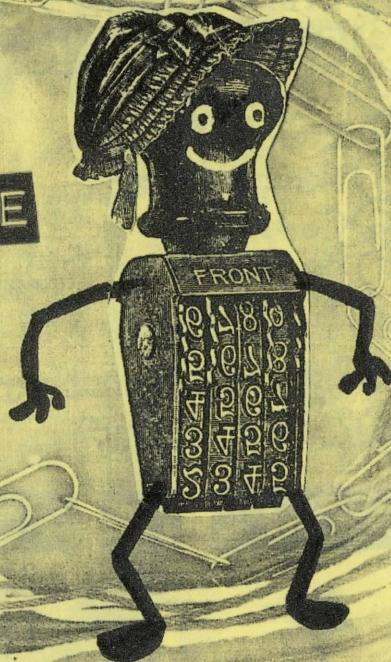




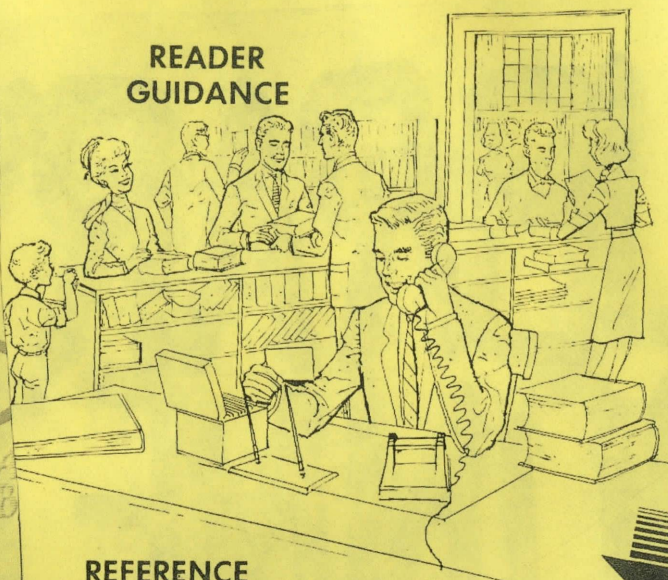
LIBRARY BONNET

Simple library cataloging

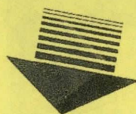
FIRST
ISSUE



READER GUIDANCE



REFERENCE SERVICE



page

- ① Library Knife
- ② **Subscription info**
- ③ Tommy's intro
- ④ Closet of Shame
- ⑤ Naughty Page
- ⑥ Comic
- ⑦ He said Touch Your Toes
- ⑩ Itchy Rash
- ⑪ Passive-Aggressive
- ⑫ Craft Time

page

- ⑩ Record Player Me
- ⑪ Monkey's Rebus
- ⑫ Mind-Numbing
~~18~~ (oops! La La!)
- ⑫ Teen Quiz
- ⑫ Clif Cherry
- ⑫ IHOP Interview
- ⑫ 100% Hetero
- ⑫ **Julie's intro**

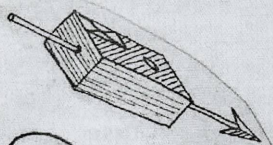
EMAIL US AT heenie@juno.com



THIS
IS YOUR

LIBRARY

KNIFE



But what if the librarian wants to comply
with a subpoena?



JULIE



030 Encyclopedia
Americana
000 General Works
100 Philosophy
200 Religion

300 Social Sciences
400 Language
500 Pure Science
600 Applied Sciences
700 Fine Arts and
Recreation

800 Literature
900 History
920 Collected Biography
B Individual Biography
(Biographies are also
located in sub...

To Be
Used in:
**STORY
KNIFINGS**
and
**BOOK
SLITTINGS**



Pom-pom makers are available in the
art and needlework sections of large
department stores.



TOMMY

①

Subscriptions

You already love it. Now subscribe to it!

"Library Bonnet" comes out 3 times a year.
You are compelled to send us cash in the amount of \$6.00
for a year's worth of library mystery and magnificence.

PUBLIC NOTICE: This page is no longer accurate because Tommy & Julie are flakes who cannot manage 3 crappy issues of this zine every year. You're best bet is to check Tommy's website, which has a Library Bonnet sub-site, and email us for availability. www.tommykovac.com
(P.S. the mailing address is still correct)

LIBRARY NOTICE

Name _____

ADDRESS _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

SEX: M ☐ F ☐

AGE: _____

email: _____

boxers or briefs: _____

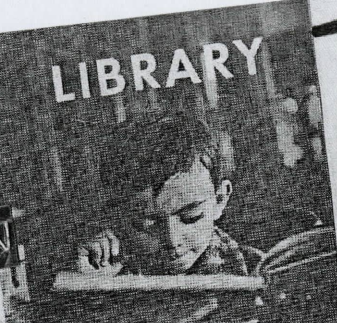
last book read: _____

fill out the above form and cut it out, stick it in an envelope
with the \$6.00, and send it to: _____

②



TOMMY'S INTRODUCTION



This is the second introduction I've written. The first one came out sounding so bloated with self-importance that I was forced to discard it. There's really very little that needs to be said about "Library Bonnet" and its creators, I have come to realize. It is a joint effort by Julie and Tommy, who met in a public library setting, and became fast friends. I remember the good old days in the children's room, when Julie and I used to sit side-by-side and pass notes to each other behind the counter. The messages were usually about our coworkers. Stuff like, "Does (so-and-so) realize how horrid she looks in that dress with the plunging neckline? She's going to scare all the children away."

Of course, it was also fun to sneak notes of a more personal nature, like, "Have you ever smoked pot?" or, "If you were stranded in the mountains with no food, could you eat another human being?"

Now, years later, Julie is in another public library system, and I am working in a junior high school library. We both alternately love and loathe library work. "Library Bonnet" walks a fine line between farce and tribute. For instance, we hate rigid rules and fussy procedures, and the library field is just FULL of both. On the other hand, we LOVE office products, like paper clips and rubber bands and stick-on labels and new erasers.

One time some homeless person wandered into the children's bathroom at the public library, and left a big fat poo log lying on the rim of the toilet seat. There was also one on the floor, as if the person was actually still pooping as they were exiting the bathroom. Or perhaps they BEGAN pooping as soon as they entered. Whatever the case may be, that poop sums up "Library Bonnet," in the sense that it was:

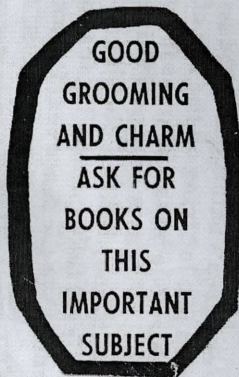
GROSS, MYSTERIOUS, AND PERPLEXING.

Enjoy!

①

The Closet of My SHAME

Every year passes..January comes in cold and optimistic, then the months trot along and melt into the gaudy excesses of December. People die. Friends move away. I change jobs, get promoted, inch that much closer to being an actual grown-up. But one thing does not change: The wretched state of my closet. Inside a groaning laundry basket, dirty clothes writhe in a mound that butts up to the clean clothes hanging warily above. Blouses are wadded up and stuffed underneath crumpled skirts and stale underwear. I can see my previous year in the strata; winter clothes, rejected turtle-necks and bodysuits groan underneath the light linens of spring, then shorts, angrily stretched under stained t-shirts jockey for position under the final layer, winter. Winter, in its dark glory, a cloak of black pants and hand-wash-only sweaters covering the whole wad of shame. It is shame, this closet, revealing my unbuttoned mind and childish rejection of chores. One time I was frantically looking for another shoe and found POO in there, and then a cache of dried up, spat out hairballs. My CAT even realizes that these are the killing fields, a cursed, barren place. It is possible that every bad decision I've ever made or unfortunate comment I've ever uttered is lodged in there, nestled between the smelly socks and the shunned dresses, corroding...



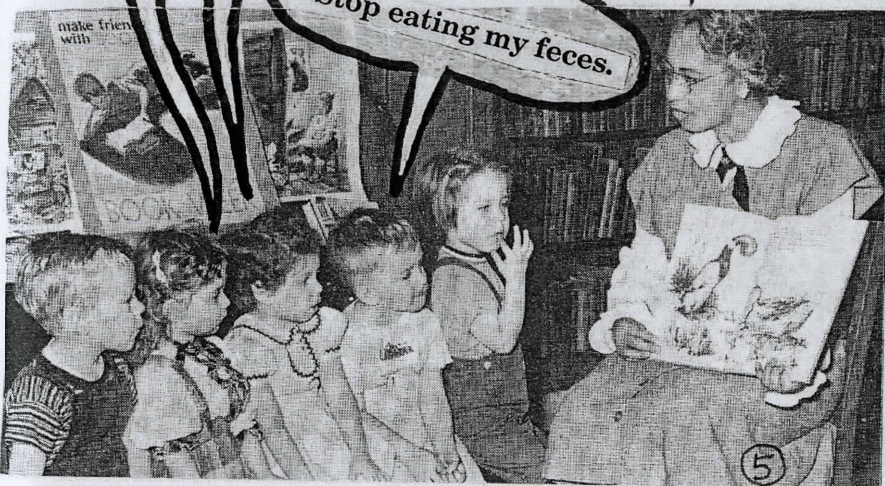


Nothing tastes better than
fresh-cut testicles in cuntbutter!

My slint hurts.

Fill in the slit with fudge.

Stop eating my feces.



a

COMIC

By: TOMMY.

HI BABY

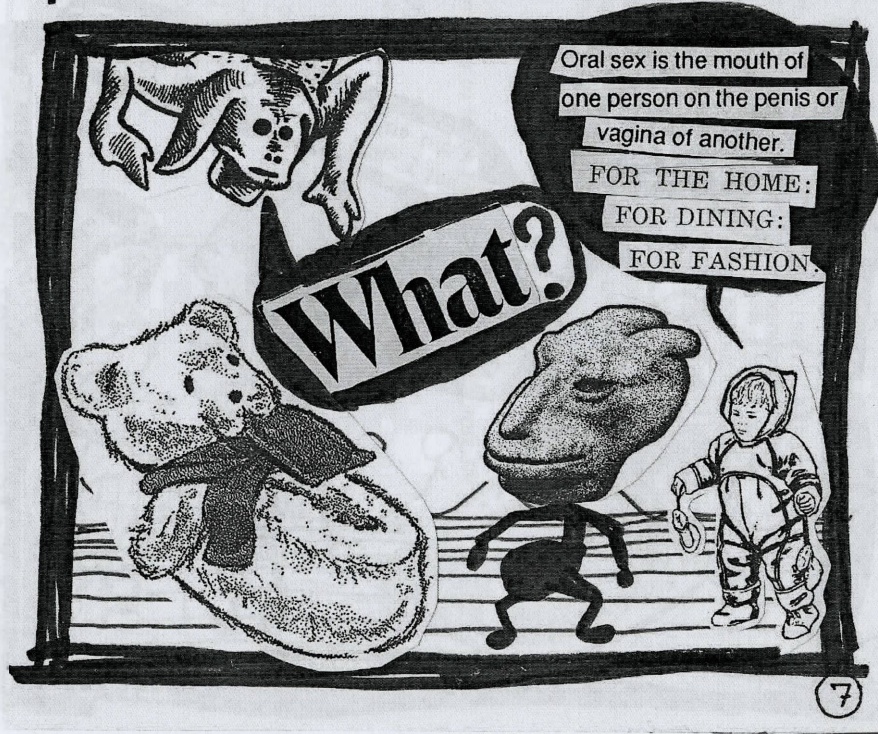
"why are you so big?"

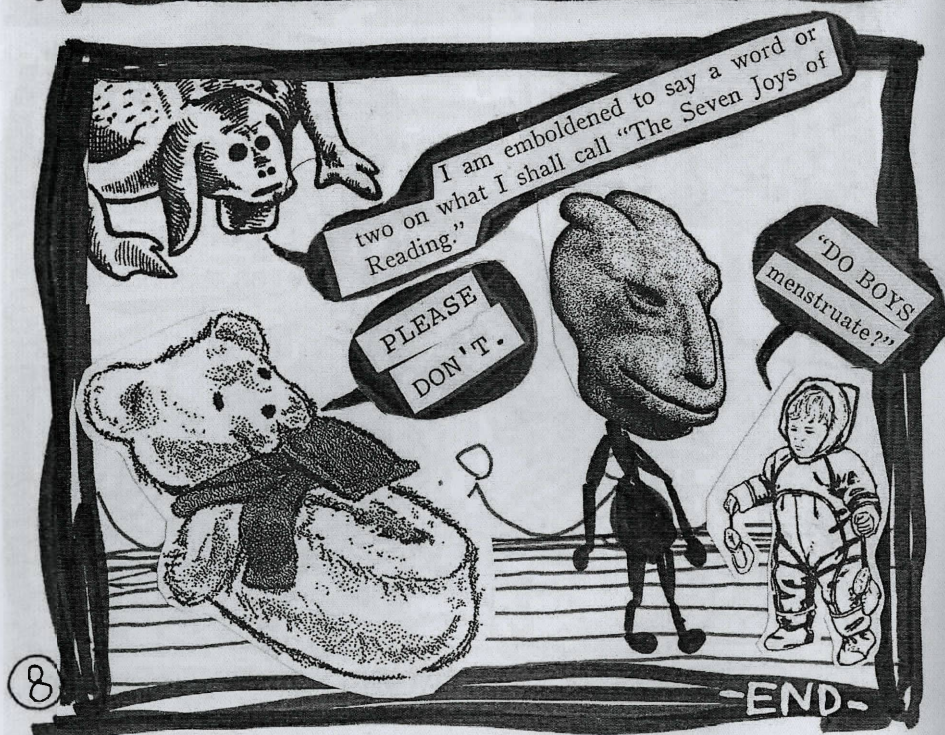
MENSTRUATION.

they don't do that in
the library, do they?

"IT'S HARD TO SAY NO"

Do not use a cloth that is
too moist or the solution
will saturate the page.





He said, Touch your TOES

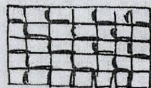
I'm at the doctor's office. I'm sitting in the waiting room, leafing through a **Parenting** magazine. I am not a parent, nor do I plan on being one, but it's between this and **Road and Track**. I have already hassled the nurse about not wanting to, nay, not really **NEEDING** to wear that goddamned slit-backed hospital gown. She backed away, setting the gown gently on the table, and left me alone. I read about how to select the right juice for your child. Then the doctor came in and made me wear it after all. In the harsh light of the examination room I looked even **paler**. Just minutes before I had felt pretty and powerful, all dressed and bossing the nurse around. Now, my **knobby** knees and black, cat-hair coated socks stuck out from the bottom of the gown. We talked about my gimpy hip and then he made me stand and bend from side to side. He sat behind me. Then he asked me to touch my **toes**. I had no choice but to bend over, immediately realizing that my underwear clad ass jutted through the slit-backed gown and was pretty much in his face. Like some awful, hospital-themed reverse lap dance...

Now, for some questions:

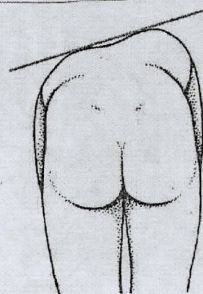
1. Why wasn't the author just happy it wasn't a PAPER gown?
2. Why is there cat hair all over her socks? She could be cleaner.
3. Why didn't she turn to the side or something before she bent over to touch her toes? The doctor probably wondered that too.
4. Why does the word "gown" sound so prissy?
5. Why didn't she just shape-shift into a bunny?



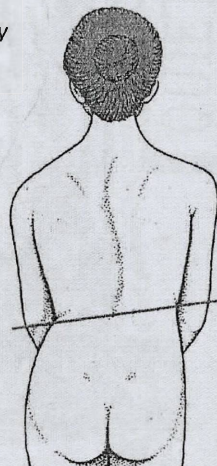
woven
mat
basket
pinned
to shape

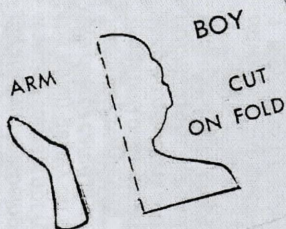


Bending Over



Standing



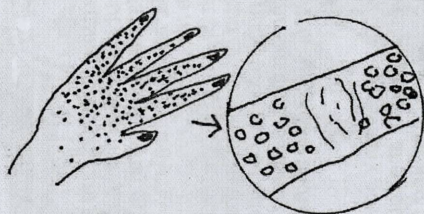


ing skin and body temperature with cool compresses or baths; using drying preparations; and lightweight (preferably cotton), absorbent clothing. When possible, a child should go without clothes to allow maximum exposure to air. Consult the physician for specific recommendations.

(See also *allergies*; *diaper rash*; and entries on specific infections and illnesses.)

PREVENTION

Rashes can be prevented only if underlying conditions and causes can be prevented.

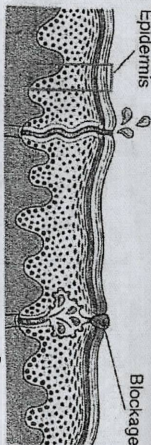


why i like to itch

I like looking at a rash. All those clustered little angry raised bumps. All fitting together like that; it's comforting. I like a scratch when it's healing. It's a line with tiny scabs on it, like buds on a branch. You can scratch them off, bit by bit. I love to scratch my head and find a cluster of dried hair gel, or some kind of bump I can pick-scratch off. That is great fun, and frustrating if one discovers this in public and can't get RIGHT on it. Once I had a nervous spell during college (many nervous spells would follow...) and my hands were covered in red small bumps. My hands were so MOUNDED with bumps I could hardly move my fingers. My skin was pulled so tight over the WELTS. It was alternately horrifying and thrilling. I could stare at them for long periods of time, fascinated. The manifestation of 18 years of being a nervous wreck. It could have appeared as dark circles under my eyes or a little tail, or horns. But bumps...welllll. It was like a painful, perfect present.



I love the aftermath of a sunburn. The skin puckers, it WANTS to be peeled. It peels enough to give you a little pull-tab, then off it comes in sheets. My big toe is trying to separate from my foot. I get a big deep crack there, right at the base of my toe. This is NOT a pleasing thing, but it is something to gaze at, and involves the application of salve from a little tube which is always pleasing. Special salve. The crack is dark and deep, like a peekhole into something bleak: my soul?

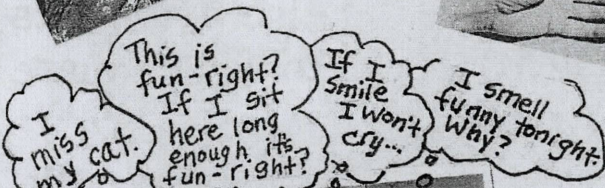


BE GLAD THEY ARE CURIOUS

PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE THINGS TO DO AT THE LIBRARY

I like to ignore the patrons. I'll be reading a magazine or leafing through some new books, frowning, with a pencil in my hand. A clipboard is also good to have nearby. I'll feel them approach, try to catch my eye. I make them speak. "Excuse me? I don't want to bother you..." Yeah, well. I keep my finger at my place in the book. Sometimes a mom will approach with a mortified daughter. "Do you have anything on mens-troo-ation?" the mom will ask, the poor pimply daughter looking like she smelled something rotten. I zero right in on the daughter. "Menstruation...periods..." "MY FIRST PERIOD"...how does that sound?" I'll walk them over to the stacks to enjoy this special moment in their lives WITH them. I look over the girl. I wonder: tampon nervously inserted? Or maybe an unopened box sits at home, shuttered inside a closet, next to her Sasabee cosmetic case. I want to tell her, it only gets WORSE, kid. I also like to tell parents to keep their voices down in FRONT of their kids. This shifts the whole dynamic. "Excuse me, sir, could you lower your voice? People are trying to study. Thanks a bunch..." The kids look at me, startled. The dad, my favorite choice for this, looks sputtery. They usually recover quickly and say, "Kids, she's right. Let's keep our voices down..." But everyone knows what just happened. Hee! At the end of the evening we get to check all the doors and turn lights off, and this includes the men's public restroom. I'll give a light courtesy knock, then I fling open the door. "LIBRARY'S CLOSED!" One of these days I will hit paydirt and some man will be in there, peeing into a urinal. This will be awkward and I will LOVE it.

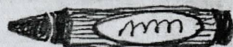
White or yellow under
daisies. Brown center.



Fun is a good part of our library conference.



(CRAFT TIME CONT.)



Place crayons in pie tin and heat in oven at 350 degrees. While the crayons are melting, it's time for yarn! Cut the yellow yarn into equal sections, and then follow the directions below carefully:

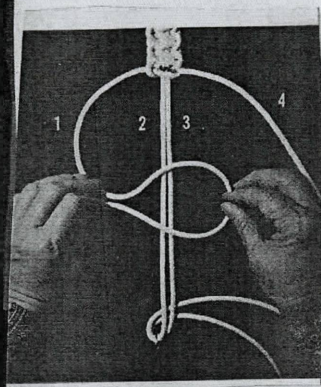


FIG. 1

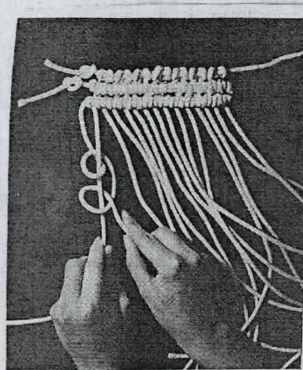


FIG. 2



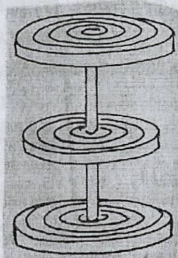
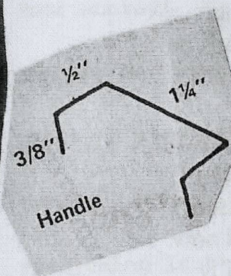
FIG. 3

It should be clear at this point how to integrate the false eyelashes and empty margarine containers into the craft. Some creative license can be taken during this step, and remember, YOUR craft doesn't have to come out looking exactly like your FRIEND'S craft! Be original!

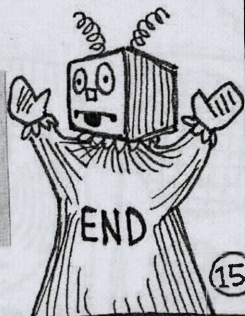
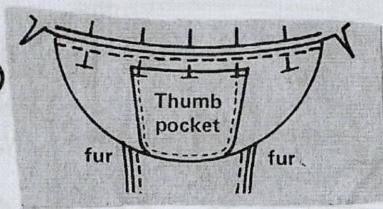
Use caution when applying items with the staple gun, as wayward staples can become embedded in your eye and cause instant and permanent blindness. Collect any stray staples that might be left lying around, because if you don't, you might accidentally swallow one, and it would puncture the lining of your esophagus or stomach, and you would die.

(CRAFT TIME CONCLUDED.)

Now that the main frame of the craft has been constructed, you may take the dried pipe cleaners and buttons, and cut them from their felt backings carefully. Tie each pipe cleaner and backing into a triple barnhole knot, using the buttons as anchors. These configurations can be joined to the main frame, and a delightful effect will be seen!

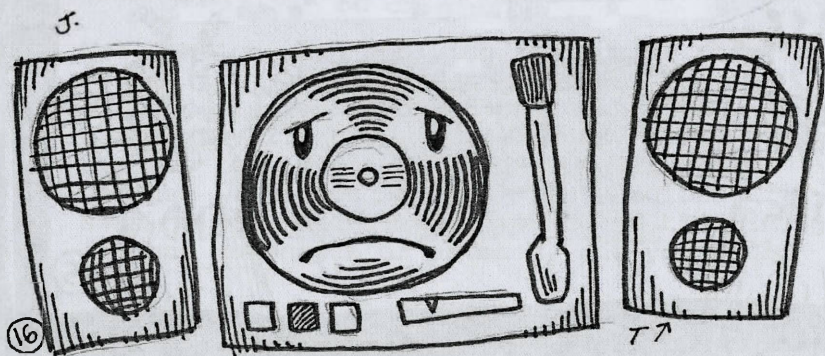


Any remaining items may be used freely as embellishments. And now you're done! Enjoy!




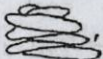

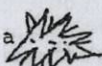




Record Player, Me.



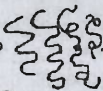



I am a record player. I sit unused in the kitchen, and watch as it all drifts before me. I don't have a needle so no one plays me. The girl forgot to turn me off once and my turntable rotated for hours and hours, my needle grinding into me. It hurt. Finally the needle ground down and the man noticed and swore and turned me off. I've been off ever since, no electricity moving through me, no sound vibrating out of me, throbbing. I am very still. My arm is idle. I see the shiny discs they use now to hear music. They are beautiful and I am in love with one of them. The girl left one on my cover, and I could see it through the smoked plastic. It was like a rainbow captured in a circle. Don't laugh. I loved it instantly, and it had a hole in the middle, like a record. But I could never play it and that made me sad. I want to try but no one sets the beautiful discs on me. They set coffee mugs and pens and boxes on me. Sometimes a cat sits on my lid, I can see the pink pads on the paws and its pinched behind-hole as it sits. I'm not sure how long they'll leave me here. I am of no use to them. I heard the man say he can't find a needle that will fit me and the girl, it is hard to understand the screech of her voice, the girl said he had to try harder. She missed hearing records. But not as much as I do. I am dead now. I hear music coming from the other box, with the shiny discs. It does not sound alive, without my sure arm moving over it, then gracefully arching away when the record was through. The other box will sometimes try to talk to me but only speaks Japanese. Its guttural, sharp voice is always a shock so I don't try to engage it in conversation. I hum to myself and think about electricity.



MONKEY'S

REBUS

There once was a  named Monkey. He was having such a bad day! First, someone stole his , then he lost his  and he would never find another one of those again. So Monkey decided to take a walk. But as he walked he saw a  and was alarmed. Monkey hates ! He hid behind a  and felt safe and warm, until a  came and pelted him with .

Poor Monkey! He decided to go see his friend Chippie to cheer him up, and took the  to get there faster. But the axle broke, a wheel fell off, and Monkey fell on his . That smarts! Monkey cried, and had a dark moment when he questioned everything in his life, and every decision he'd ever made. Then it started to . Monkey limped along, dragging his claw and hook and  behind him. Chippie, where are you? Chippie's house (made out of an acorn cap) was crushed, and his wee  tricycle was gone. Monkey sat down, closed his eyes and thought about .

The End



A library angel shows the librarian any torn pages or other damages in a book; he never does anything to damage books himself.

MIND-NUMBING TASKS IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY



By
TOMMY

Teacher Textbook Usage Card

1) Untangling long paperclip "chains."

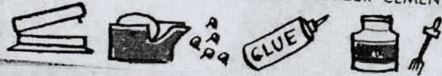
For some reason, the students who work in the library find it highly amusing to string the paperclips together. This means that whenever I reach in the drawer to use one, I inadvertently drag out an entire chain of them, and then have to spend close to half an hour untangling them. As I sit there sliding them apart, I think to myself, "Is this why I was born? To sit in an empty school library and play with paperclips? Are paperclips even necessary, in the scheme of things? Am I even necessary in the scheme of things?" But I figure the paperclips **MUST** be freed, so that they may be used for the reason they were created. So I continue to untangle them until my hands and fingers smell faintly of dirty metal. Then I find myself quite harshly reprimanding the students for stringing the paperclips together. I caution them sternly, "Don't **EVER** do it again!" It's not just about the paperclips anymore.

Course Title									

2) Gluing library "pockets" into the books.

I have spent many many LONG hours with my little bottle of Elmer's glue, and a bunch of standard library-issue manilla book pockets. After a while, the outside world disappears, and my entire existence consists of the pockets, the glue, and the books. Just to keep myself from going insane, I start drawing words with the glue on the backs of the pockets. I figure, no one will ever see the words I write in glue, right? So I write "fuck you," and "suck my dick," and other unimaginative but satisfying phrases. Only I will know that those words are there, in the library books, hidden under the pockets. Profanity writ in glue. It amuses me.

STAPLER TAPE TACKS GLUE RUBBER CEMENT



3) Unlogging the glue bottle.

This is a task that is at times intensely satisfying, and other times makes me doubt the purpose of my existence, like when I'm untangling those paperclip "chains." You see, if the glue bottle sits for too long before its cap is twisted to the closed position, the glue will dry in the cap and create this nasty booger-like cork. So when I pick up the bottle again, to glue the pockets into the books, nothing comes out. I frown. I shake the bottle. I squeeze it REALLY hard. Nothing. Then I realize it is hopelessly clogged, and I reach for my special "glue bottle unlogging paperclip." This is a jumbo paperclip I keep in my desk drawer. It is unbent into a long rod of metal, which can be inserted into the tiny aperture in the cap of the glue bottle. Sometimes you really have to dig, and you get these big boogery clots of dried glue. Some days, it seems the glue bottle will NEVER come unclogged. I dig and dig, extracting many clumpy corks of dried glue. When I realize I've been working at the glue bottle for about an hour, that is when the despair hits me. I think of other people who have more interesting jobs. I think of Courtney Love, who is probably shooting up somewhere, or howling out a song onstage, hurling herself into the audience. And here I sit, using a jumbo paperclip to unclog a glue bottle.

THIS IS
the GLUE BOTTLE
UNLOGGING
PAPERCLIP



Textbook Title

Room

High School District

4) Erasing/whiting out nasty grattiti from the books.

What annoys me most about this task is that the graffiti the students come up with isn't even interesting or particularly vile. If it was, this task wouldn't be so mind-numbing. If there were tons of poorly-drawn penises and lots of "fuck" and "cock" and "cunt," I could at least laugh at it before I erase it, or blot it out with white-out. But these stupid, STEWPID kids write the dumbest stuff. They rarely even draw penises. They draw conversation balloons with lame things like, "I hate you" written in them. The way I see it, if you're going to go to the trouble to deface school materials, at least do it right. Lots of obscenities, lots of genitals drawn in. For example, draw THREE penises on a man, and make him shouting, "BITCHFUCKY SEXCUNT!!!" or some other nonsensical yet vile phrase. So anyway, I sit there with my white-out and my Pink Pearl eraser, and get depressed at how unimaginative these kids are.

-end- (19)



Take this Teen Quiz!

**It's tough on acne...
but gentle on you.**

1. It's a school night. Your best bud calls you and says, hey let's go get polluted at Jared's house. You say:

- a) I'm there! and slip into your slinkiest halter top
- b) Remind your friend, firmly, that you have a French quiz the next day, quelle damage...
- c) You are too ugly to go to Jared's

2. Your cool new friend Liz just boosted a CD right in front of you! What do you do?

- a) Feel all itchy
- b) Call the cops, pronto. This could ruin her future and that blows, but let's get mature
- c) Kiss her...she's RAD.

3. It's Prom Night. You have a HUGEoid zit on yer mug. Now what?

- a) No prob..just pack some concealer in your mini-Caboodle and shine, girl!
- b) You are not at the prom, remember? Why would you be?
- c) WORK that zit. Draw a big red circle around it and glitter it up. Go get a baby animal. Ohmigod baby animals are cute. I like baby prairie dogs.

4) You wanna be down, but you think your new low-rise jeans make your butt look big.

- a) Be proud. You're a womyn and you've got curves!
- b) Your butt looks MASSIVE. Your whole body's pretty deformed.
- c) I like office supplies. Let's talk about those.

5) Office Supplies: Don't you love seeing rows and rows of pencils? I do and stacks of blocky erasers, which smell great, too. I love office supplies because they are serious. Most have a job to do and a specialized function. Paper clips: gem size or jumbo? Ridged or smooth? Brads are brilliant. PENS. Well. We could talk for hours. I like the Pilot Razor Point pen, fresh outta the box. Sharp! Black! New rubberbands are nice. Fresh, crisp envelopes. All good. But consider the pencil eraser; most of those just smear. That hurts.

end.

20

**Girls! Lose Weight,
Feel Great, Have Fun**



Sorry Clif



Clif Cherry

In junior high I secretly liked this boy named Clif. He walked in the classroom and the atmosphere started buzzing. He was funny, he did goofy voices and impromptu little dances. This was before high school when he became a big football player jock and got all haughty and started walking down the halls reeeeealll slowly. In 7th grade he still moved fast and would bound into 4th period, pretend to sharpen his finger in the pencil sharpener, wince loudly in pain, whistle a Cheap Trick song, and sprawl across the top of his desk, jiggling his feet. He had narrow, beady eyes and cropped brown hair and was just handsome as hell. I silently watched him, acutely aware of my crooked, buck teeth (braces would soon follow), freckles and flat chest. After squinting for a long time I finally got glasses, loudly insisting I had to get some just like my older sister's. They were tiny wire-rims and photographs prove that they were spectacularly unattractive. But I wore them to school, suddenly seeing the chalkmarks on the blackboards and the blades of grass on the softball field, and seeing Clif, clearly and beautifully in 4th period, sprawled. He looked up, and looked at me. Hey! He said. You got glasses! They look neat! I blushed. Others watched in wonder. For some reason I said, "Thanks," in a sarcastic, stupid cartoon voice. Stung, Clif backed away. Gawd. I still hate myself for this. Luckily Clif became a jerk in high school, bulked up and lost some of his supple beauty, married a girl we all hated because she had too much pep, and wore a skinny leather tie to the ten year reunion.



INTERVIEW

We spent a lot of time at IHOP yakking about Library Bonnet, so while we were there we asked our waiter, Scott, some questions that were on our mind. We liked his answers, so here they are:

What is your favorite movie?
Army of Darkness, dude. Yeah!

If presented with a box of paper clips and left alone for an hour, would you link them all together to form a chain, or leave 'em separate?
I'd find a rubber band so I could shoot the whole thing.

What hurts more, a shot or a bandaid ripped off your skin?
A bandaid, but a stab wound REALLY hurts (tells us with much animation how a friend stabbed him by accident)

Have you ever stepped in poop?
Of course..and in steamy horse poop..the worst.

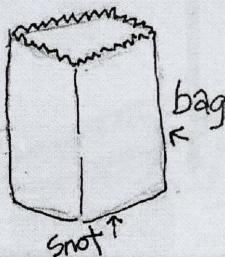
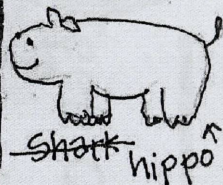
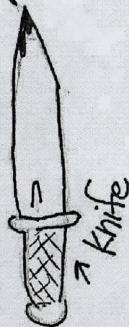
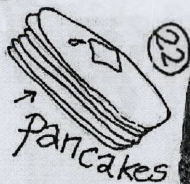
Would you like Casper, the Friendly Ghost, to live at your house?
No, cuz there's unusual stuff going on in my house..no one should be watching it!

Who's your favorite Star Wars person?
The blue guy with the snout.

What kind of animal would you be?
A shark. He's a predominant predator.

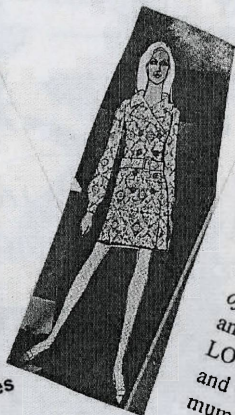
Do you own a Beanie Baby?
Yes, a purple mini hippo. (Editor's note: we hope this was a gift).

Would you eat a bag full of snot for \$10,000?
Well, like a grocery bag? Or a lunch bag..hmm. Yes. I don't mind snot..it's salty.



When I'm not 100% hetero...

I'm a straight and married gal, but sometimes, ya gotta love the *girlies*. I've met a few in my time that flip my skirt. There was a soft spoken young Asian girl who would ask me questions at the library where I worked. She had such a soft voice, and listened so carefully, cocking her head to the side like a wee bird, that I tumbled for her. I'd go ask HER if she needed help, when usually I just ignore people, just so she'd talk to me. Her voice was very soothing. There was also a French lady at ANOTHER library who would come in and speak in buttery tones about zees and zat. Oh merde! I liked how she talked to her baby in francais. Of course, almost any chick with a guitar gets me going, especially really angry, rockerly ones, not Lillith Faire style warblers, or oldster Bonnie Raitt with the haggly skunk stripes. No, the good ones have to stand with legs splayed and play confidently with strong arms, and ideally be playing songs they wrote. Courtney, natch, looks GREAT playing her axe, all full of sass and sinew. I don't think I want to LICK any of these girls, y'see. This is only a mild erotic buzz. I just want to be near them..



Lil' Story

(2)

I guess I didn't realize I was doing this, but I like to talk to myself with a thick, phony English accent. I realize no one really wants to hear me do this accent, how irritating and thespian-ish, so I just say things to myself sometimes. Yesterday I was walking to my car saying, "Right, now we're low on petrol, and must have been barking this out rather off to the bloody gas station then, oh *bullocks*..." LOUDLY because a lady nearby looked up and stared at me, hard. Thought I had been mumbling, guess not. No point to this story. I just like talking about myself.



GAWD.
Shut up,
Bitch!

Is there some medical treatment that will make me straight? Probably not.

F.

Why LIBRARY BONNET?

Because all these thoughts
like bees in a jar and
heads we had to put them*



* Somewhere... (Julie)
are buzzing in our
heads

It's what you've been waiting for...
Your very own SPECIAL EDITION pin-up of

"Library Bonnet" co-creator



OMMY



VITAL STATS:

AGE: 27

WEIGHT: Unknown,
don't care.

HEIGHT: Not very
tall for a guy.

JOB: library
technician/
comic book
artist.

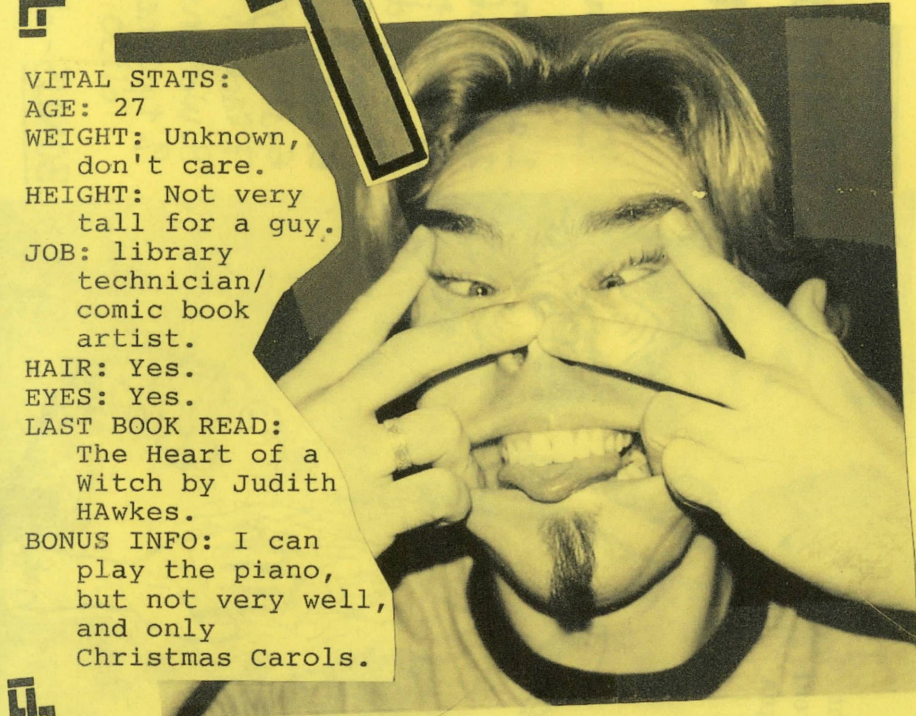
HAIR: Yes.

EYES: Yes.

LAST BOOK READ:

The Heart of a
Witch by Judith
Hawkes.

BONUS INFO: I can
play the piano,
but not very well,
and only
Christmas Carols.



It sends chills of joy up your spine!!!



We've been
waiting for it!



**Fine Quality
Bisque
Porcelain**

**Eight
Different
Designs**





Hidden Picture



Can you find:

1. naked mole-rat
2. hand of glory
3. cigarette
4. toilet deodorizer
drop-in
5. baby booty
6. jinksnadel
7. face of apathy
8. woman's torso
9. two-headed
dildo



BONUS - chicken leg