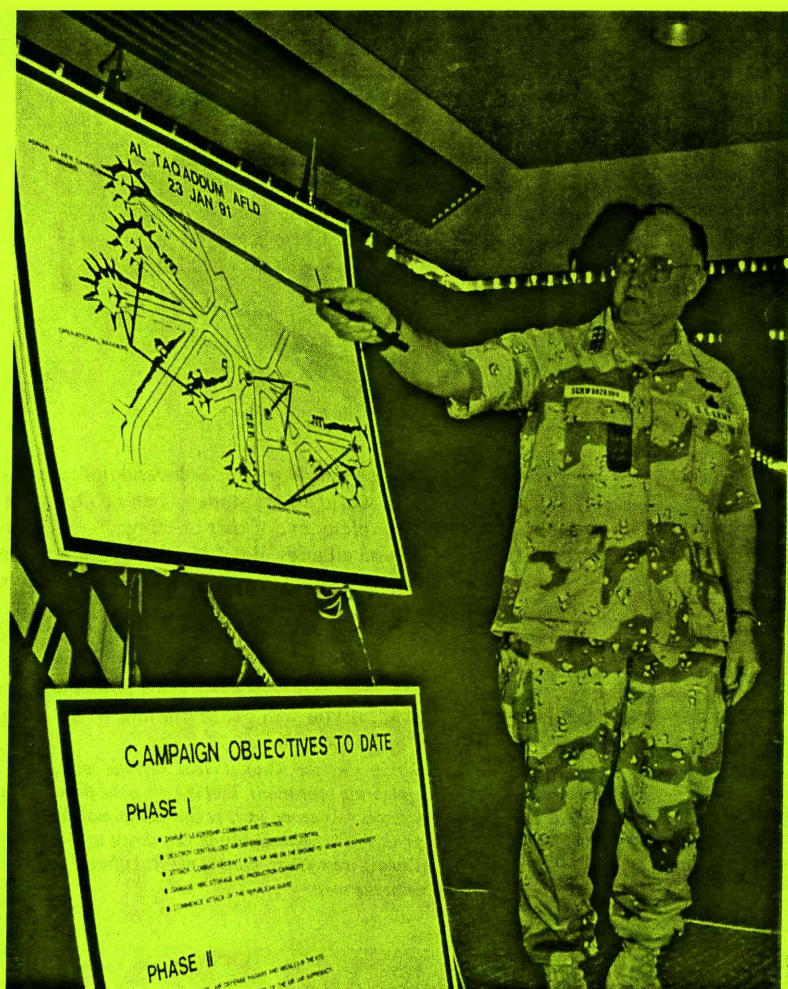


FREAKY FUCKIN  
CORNSTALK:!



# Freaky Fuckin Toilet-Saw



number  
13,087

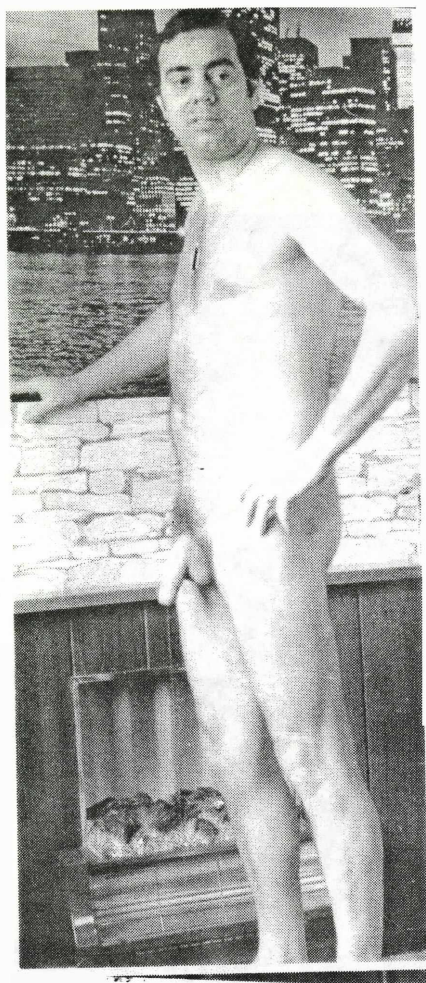
by cuss  
Baxter  
and his  
"friends"  
and

Mortimer Khan

Post Office Box 4438

RICHMOND VA 23220





Hi, Janet.  
would you  
have a  
cup of  
good coffee?



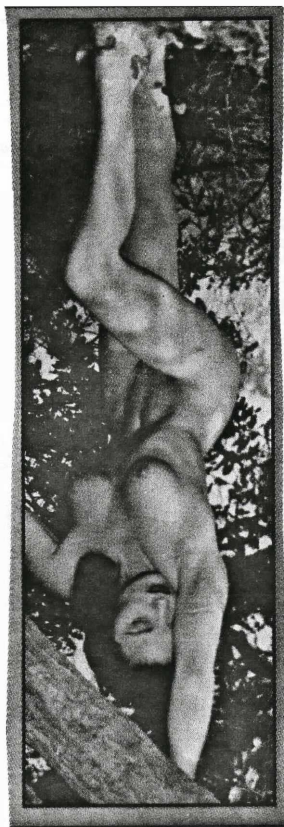
Hello,  
Sammy,  
you mo-  
fuckin ASS.  
put it in your jig.

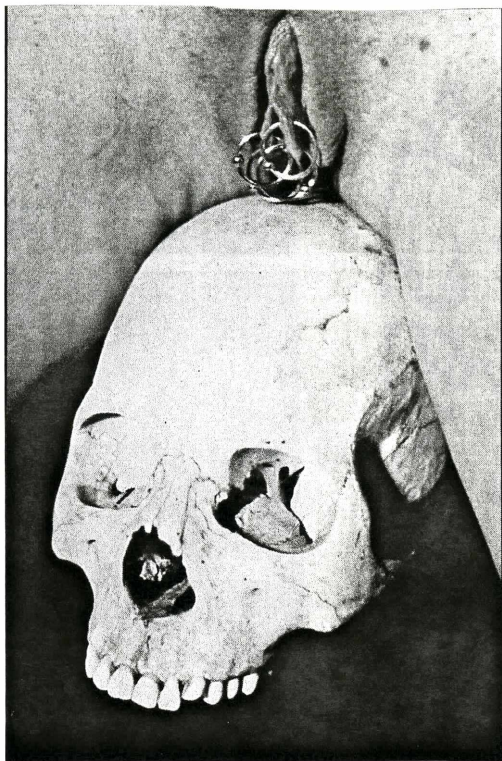
GUIDED

PI SET GLANDS



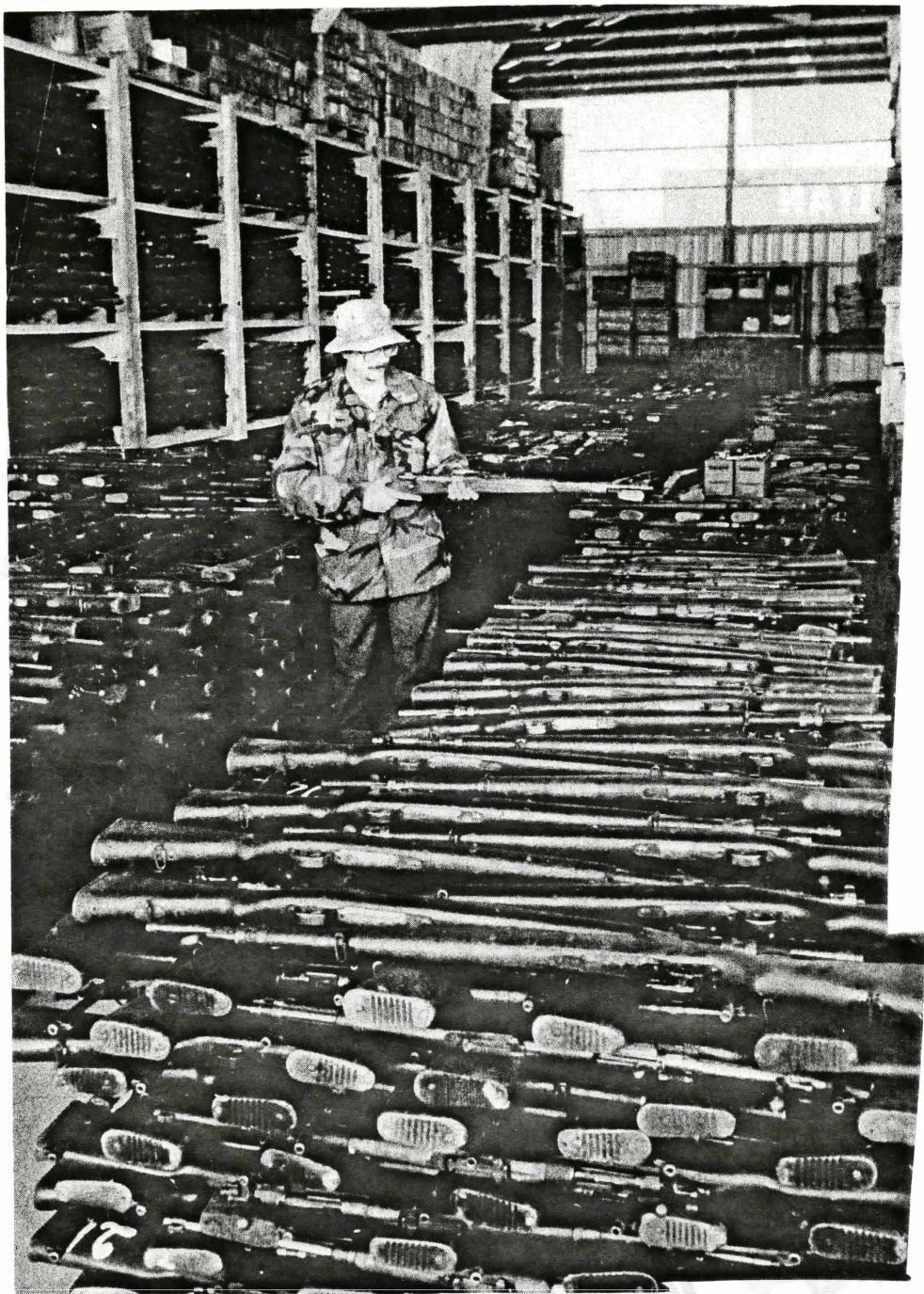
TOKEN NUT.





See  
here

my bloody Hottentot.  
too full of righteous  
fire! when I buy  
her some cookies, it  
hurts me so much, Jerry.



we don't piss in your  
army, so don't kiss in  
our recroom. natch.

the forgotten



PANTCH



WHOOPS.  
I'M  
HOWARD.

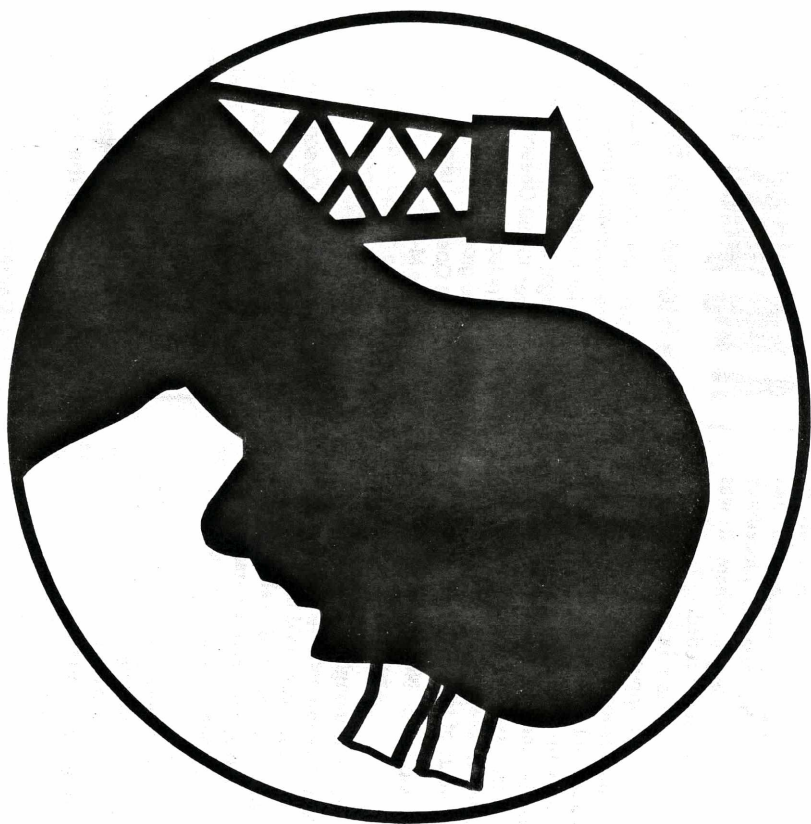
SORRY



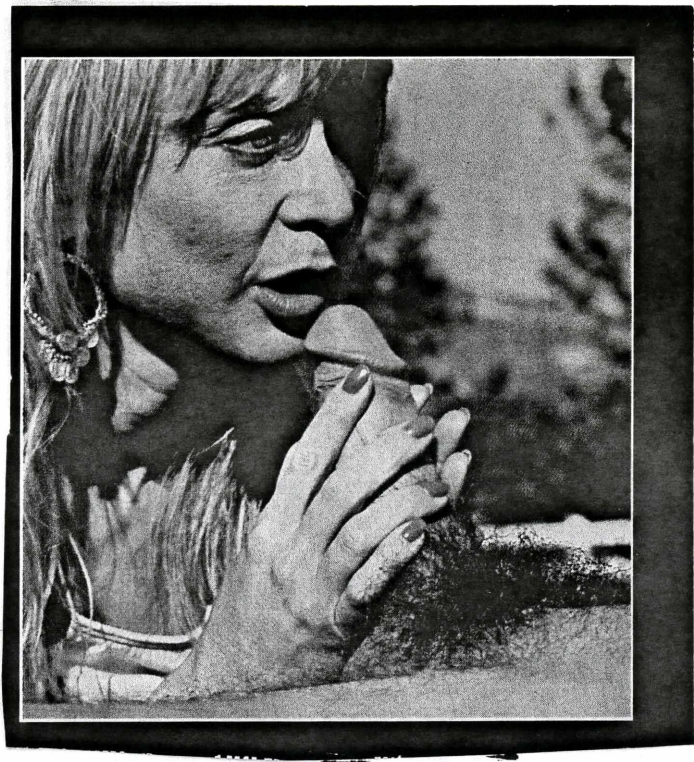
74305678232550910

We tried to  
baste the  
wool over Last  
night.

# Beaver Hunt.



WOW - FOUND ONE!



NINA HARTLEY

FOR SURE.

# REVIEWS

pulp fiction: its by  
QU TARANTINO, WH  
O MADE RESERVOIR  
DOGS. THE GIRL WITH  
AN ACCENT WAS  
GOOD.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR A GOOD BOOK,  
GO TO THE LIBRARY:

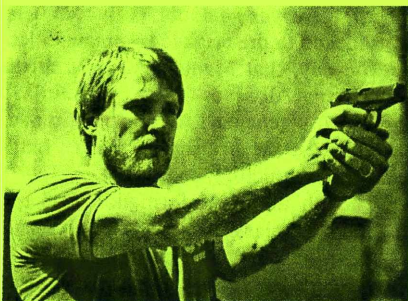
THEY HAVE  
SOME.





Mister told me: super  
hard and downer/

Yaks and bents are  
very welcome. try  
to see if it works  
for you. Then go suck.



GRACIE.  
GRACIE.

GET THE CHECK.

GRACIE.  
GRACIE.



JIZZFACTOR: TIMES TWO.  
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY  
SIX OR SEVEN DOLPHINS.  
MEAT.  
DON'T FISH.  
OR SWELL UP BIG.  
I SAW.

