



thankies to our hard
working angels <3

vera

editorial work + *sabine's western pilot* + *John*

cal botelho

smoke break +
portfolio review

riley

bourbon with miles

kelly

dogs + *geek special* + *hamster*

rachel cali

soda + *grandmas worldwide*
+ *sexual roadwork* + *my candle idea* + *solve this carrot puzzle*

emma chase

haikus +
poetry corner

shea stevenson

payphone signs *public phone pay telephone*

naomi j

history of drinks +
what's on my mind
+ *esther gets the jist*
+ editorial work

hal bb

lonely seals
lament

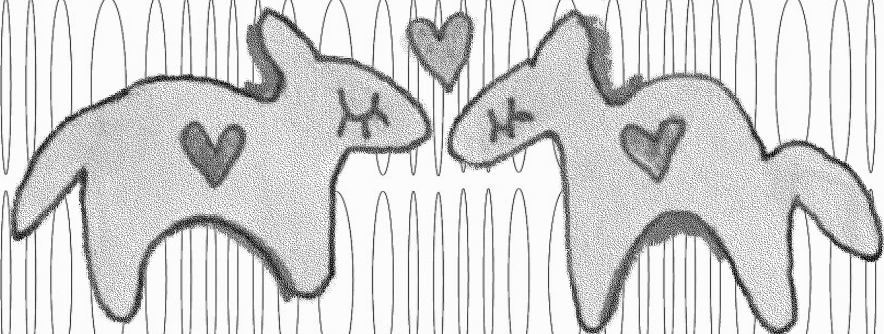
frankie

wubbaworld +
unicorn

gracie

dithered art +
watermarks

if you like this zine and want to see more, check out
<https://pleaseandthankyourecords.neocities.org/> where you can do whatever



please

thank you

Issue
One

HISTORY OF DRINKS

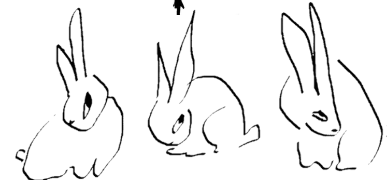
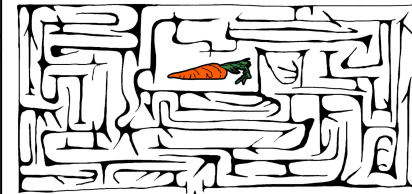
while the origin of drinks is still not widely understood, using modern technologies we can etch out a rough timeline.

Italicized drinks would go on to be influential

1. coca-cola (1991)
2. **milk** (1991)
3. swamp (1992)
4. car battery (1992)
- [1993, *milk takes off in the market. drinks become widespread*]
5. drinks (1993)
6. kissing with tongue (1993)
7. fountain of malice (1993)
8. drink (1993)
9. root beer (1993)
10. **mess** (1993)
11. paste (1993)
12. list (1993)
13. chester's quest (1993)
14. **device** (1993)
15. grandma's house (1994)
16. green (1994)
17. blue (1994)
18. red (1994)
19. **two balls touching** (1994)
20. punching (1995)
21. drink (1995)
22. **girlfriend** (1995)
23. chester's feast (1995)
24. blessings be upon him (1995)
25. don't touch that! (1995) [movie tie in]
26. puke (1995)
27. **taste** (1995)
28. **trick finger** (1996)[the first "drink"]
29. **juice** (1996)

SOLVE THIS CARROT PUZZLE

i went to the store got some treat but when i got home i realized i didnt have any hunger for eating it so i went back to the store and got hungry at said store so i could bring it back hoem and rot in a pit and die in the pit and have my bodies rot apart wjatever bored of this can u solve this maze and help the three pouting bunnies get to that carrot cuz they hate the fact that there put up to a task and now theyre sulking around instead of even giving it a try. u could also not do it if u think its better not to coddle them in this situation honestly its up to u im just offering u a chance to play a little



**PAYPHONE SIGNS PUBLIC
TELEPHONE PAY TELEPHONE
SIGNS FROM \$25 - \$80**

(LEVITTOWN NY) (Uploaded 9 days ago)

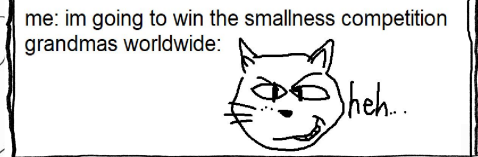
[Signslisting.jpeg, Signlisting2.jpeg] [Imagine ID: a lineup up four blue payphone signs, all about square, of varying sizes.]

Price from left to right.
\$25 \$50 \$80 \$80

I have all kinds of payphone parts like chrome faces, vault doors, locks, T keys, working parts, etc. because back when we were kids we would take them to my buddy's garage and mess with them. We were just messing but I had a science kit for FM radio and also circuit and we got a few of them working again! That was the start of the love for me. Word of advice is rubber gloves with the wire cutters or else you can get zapped taking them down! Luckily we weren't caught and back then it was different. These signs are from more recent now that no one really cares about these things except for us fuddy duddies. Acquired honestly!! Stealing things is hard, and you need friends.. and when you are young sometimes you don't see that those are your friends and you lose touch. And payphones are in one place only and people move away from them. But! Now the wife wants it out of the garage. A lot of the stuff is stuff I've had since we were in there at my parent's house just me and you. And I haven't forgotten but I don't know if you have a phone like we said we never would and that we would be pirate signals forever but the wires have changed and you can't pirate on these new phones anymore.

I don't know where their wires are and I need my son to help me fix my phone when it breaks. I wanted to tell you and I hope you're reading. It's all free for you if you want it, if you have somewhere to keep it. Ask about what you need and for prices. See my other listings for working Western Electric payphones and wall shelves for mounting and also some NOS lighted enclosures.

Thanks
-Mike The Phone Guy



WHAT'S ON MY MIND

list of afab trans women:

1. st vincent
2. lady gaga

list of things i need to buy for my picnic tomorrow

1. baby carrots
2. tahini
3. grapes
4. bread
5. avocados
6. lime
7. cilantro
8. chips



"you should work at outdoor world at the gun desk and talk to people who buy guns. they probably all work somewhere evil. And if a girl is working there they get so stupid they drool out the corner of their mouth & they'll be like durrrrrr i'll hire you"

"yeah I just applied. I could probably steal so much there."

Asleep in bed then I wake cuz my Uti piss urge. There's no windows in my room and it's almost noon. Picked clothes off the floor and put them right over my head. Shoes with no socks and when I get in the car the inside's all cold from being parked outside.

On 1-97 I talk with my friend who's an unsaved green-text number.

"BRUH that bass pro shop"

"i know at the sex trafficking casino mall."

"LOL"

I'm right in the center of things. everything real and bad that happens is happening near me.

Work went by uneventfully. I listen for all the proper nouns that sound my mind sirens. Aberdeen. Contractor. USAID. Average interaction was old guys with no social skills or straight-married couples fresh off one kid, wifey letting hubby buy something as a prezz-y. I just sit and listen and I they haven't trained me on register. I pretend the animals everywhere aren't stuffed kills but they are.

No one wants to meditate in ruins with me. "Ruins"- like, deep state zones. Meditate can be whatever. Car sex. I tried once near Key Bridge at a place I was convinced was a military base. She yelled at me for playing an annoying song and later i got scared that a truck was following me. Driving away I thought I would hit a mine, or one of those tire shredders. I think I pass it on trips home, out the bus window.

I talk to people who talk like me online. And sometimes we talk in real life. And sometimes we do things but they're not magic things. They're not things with, romantic viscerality. Something that enters history.. something.. action. And even when we even make something, our "secret language", our roleplay world, it comes with a deep insecurity of.. delusion. All in my head-ness. Are they my moments..

SABINE'S WESTERN PILOT

There's something industrial, off the interstate on the riverbank. A construction of pipes, something made of pipes and of ninety-degree angles. Presumably things happen there and they make stuff like they do at 7/11 and the pentagon. The place where they did something bad here... tested chemicals on people I know's grandpas. History stuff that I know is real to some people vs. stuff I know is real because I'm close. Something globally evil... I want to get inside but I already knows what it looks like, like a school. No green goo in floor to ceiling glass tubes, black everything with colored lights that don't reveal anything but themselves. Like nighttime car consoles. No evil cartoon, nothing cartoon visceral.

Exit onto south, then north again.. and then I'll see something if I lap it enough.

I need to see into other people and see it's like me. What if we used this land all for sky burials. And there'd be jobs for people-chopping and vulture feeding. And industrial scale corpse-world, all professional and secular and here. I guess there's slaughterhouses and people who work there.

I had to park my car a good bit away from my apartment today and I counted my steps home. 180. I gave up halfway so ballpark 400. Now I'm home in my bed with my laptop in bed. I need to be near where things happen. I want an evil job. I want a job at the reality factory.

But I'm alone on my laptop.

"plus it's all
fucking retarded"
"no posts in
service :/"

"crosspost in
service and jobs."

POETRY CORNER:

One foot tall, two foot tall,
three foot tall, four
Dinner from the dinner store

Burger, sandwich, ice cream,
fries
Soup and soda, beans and rice
Slop and gruel eat at school
That food vibe

Sorrow, sadness everywhere I go
I ask for answers, all I get is
"no"

Disparity, hate
Rage through the days
#cinnamonchallenge



THE TIC-TIC-TIC - TIC-TAC-TOE (1979):

TRACK LISTING:

1. Don't It Make You Wanna Cry?
2. It Ain't Worth The Pain (Teenage Love)
3. Guitar To-Go
4. I Can't Stand It
5. Let's Talk
6. She Won't Swing My Way
7. Get Me In Your Picture
8. You're The One She Wants (For Now)
9. No More Tears

LONELY SEAL'S LAMENT

if only i had invented the lily pad or the fussing dragonfly, perhaps then i'd be a millionaire..



HAIKUS:

Little fucking bug
What do bugs eat? Dirt and stuff
Life as a bug, yay

Damn bug in my throat
Wash it out with beer and soap
Let's all watch TV

River flows gently
Dip my hand in, feel the rocks
Let's all watch TV

Water, ice, and snow
I don't care about water
Don't care about wa

MY CANDLE IDEA

i bought a fat white candle to keep in my bag and when, at nighttime, i am in the company of people with fun spirit i will ask them for a light and when they get out their lighter i will get out my candle and make them light it for me. this will make the world more complicated so its good

Maryland Shooters
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Maryland Shooters Forum - Weapon Discussions & Classifieds
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• Discuss all aspects of firearm ownership
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• Buy, sell, and trade in the classified section
• Chat with local gun shops, ranges, trainers & other businesses
• Discover free outdoor shooting areas
• View up to date on firearm-related events
• Share photos & video with other members
• ...and so much more!

PR 16, 2009 #100 K31
"Part of the Ultra MAGA Crowd"
MDS Supporter
Jan 18, 2009
38,498
MI county

"The Blow Me State"
On wall, that's Missouri, and I've got a type, sorry.
APR 15, 2009 #121

"Maryland - East Germany in Miniature"
APR 16, 2009 #42
BILGERATED
Member
Jan 31, 2009
187
Aberdeen
Maryland: If You Can Dream It, We Can Tax It

JOE BOB OUTFITTERS
SCOTT'S GUNSMITHING SERVICE
KIND SNIPER
Kindsnipers.com
Kindsnipershop

CLASSIFIEDS STATISTICS

Categories:	0
Open ads:	557
For sale ads:	459
For rent ads:	0
For loan ads:	0
For trade ads:	17
Free ads:	1
Wanted ads:	30
Service ads:	0
Job ads:	0
Announcement ads:	0
Sold:	1,467
Views:	2,033,809
Questions:	1,084

WELCOME FROM KINGSHIP!

For trade: Excellent condition Toro snowblower
REDUCED For sale or trade This snow blower is in excellent condition...

For sale: To Karav, Polish THIS is a Polish made To Karav TT93 in 7.62x25 with matching numbers...

welcome to baltimore...the rest doesn't matter
damn, beat me to it

JOHN

a dream someone died
(one of ours)
we went to someone's funeral
(one of them)

another dream of him again
back to life :D

i told frankie
(she had a dream we ate food
with plastic in it)
(she had a dream about my
fingers <3)

a dream where i hallucinate
that im with him
and everyone thinks im crazy

I never asked
if you got your dream of him,
If you got to speak to him

i had a first one where he's
in the background
then one where we hugged

I got to see him
and the whole time we spoke
all my words were
for someone else
and i was talking to him

and so we didnt really get to
say anything
but i uh touched him

felt his hair
felt his skull under it



**THAT TIME WE FOUND
A UNICORN!1!** ↓ ↓ ↓



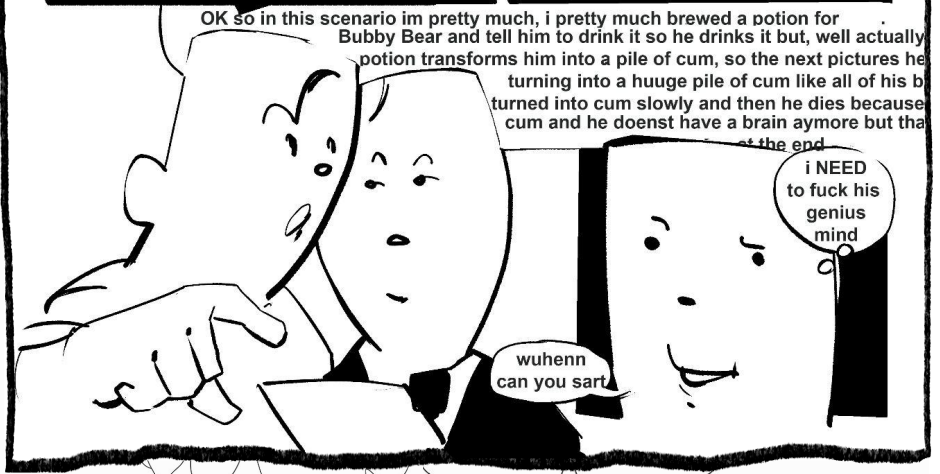
this portfolio's been
great so far, your stuff
is honestly better than some of
the guys working here!

oh wow, your
bubby bear is great!



oh thanks! ive always
been a really big bubby bear
fan! ever since i was a kid!

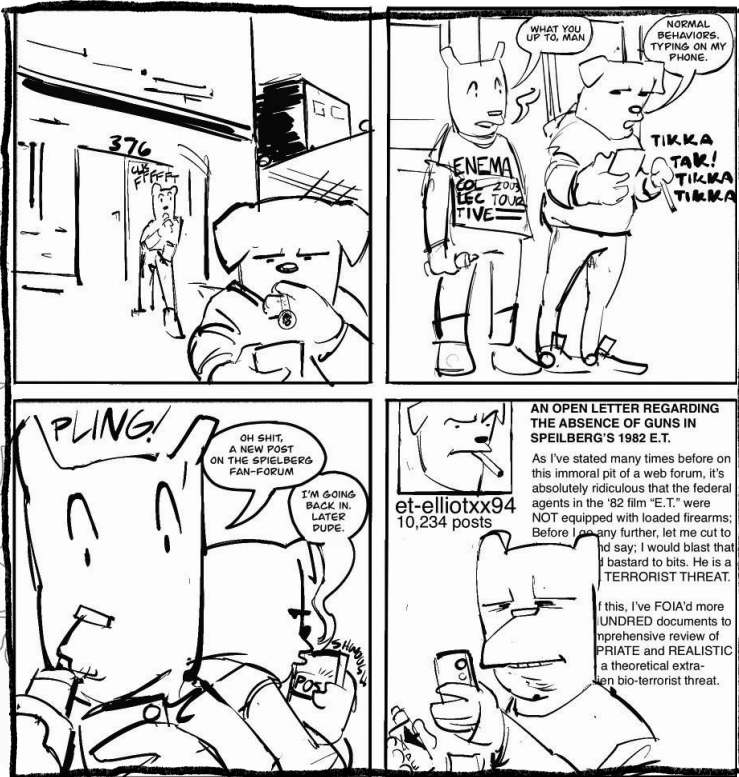
oh in this one, it looks like
he's drinking a purple potion
you made? whats the
story here?



OK so in this scenario im pretty much, i pretty much brewed a potion for
Bubby Bear and tell him to drink it so he drinks it but, well actually
potion transforms him into a pile of cum, so the next pictures he
turning into a huuge pile of cum like all of his b
turned into cum slowly and then he dies because
cum and he doenst have a brain anymore but tha
at the end

whenn
can you sart

i NEED
to fuck his
genius
mind



BOURBON WITH MILES

My buddy Miles is a really great guy, a lot of people dislike him but I don't see it. We'd always hang out at his place when we got off work, drinking good bourbon and playing blackjack. We have our differences, but that's what made our conversations so compelling. It's the dialogue that matters, I think it's beautiful that we can be friends despite our conflicting views. He's a tall, God-fearing straight man with a rugged past and a penchant for tradition. I'm a much smaller bisexual socialista. Our conversations rarely got political - usually, we talked about our sex lives and techniques for incapacitating people as quickly as possible in fights.

After telling me about how he would break out of the zip-ties that his lover put on his wrists and proceed to jackhammer her pussy with his thick cock, he would demonstrate his favorite combat methods on me for educational purposes. He showed me how quickly and powerfully he could punch me if he wanted to, stopping his strikes an inch or two away from my body. It was really impressive, honestly. He lifted me up over his head effortlessly, showing me what he did to the juggalo that tried to shank him at a party. Eventually, I learned that people didn't like him because he supposedly beat his former partners. Ridiculous! Anyways, after that, we went out to fuck the donkey at his neighbor's barn like we always did. It was incredible as usual.

ESTHER GETS THE JIST

Esther Mondegreen stumbled into her apartment carrying the ghostly, unwieldy machine in her arms like soldier and soldier-wounded across battlefield-battled and battlefield-fielded. This was her duty, she thought, it had to happen. She was to be a real workman writer, a real novelist who wrote about real American things (things like: the cornershop, or when the cornershop is out of your favorite type of drink, or when the winos say nice things to you, or when the man at the cornershop pays for the drink that you don't like as much because you ran out of money again, or when your insurance can't pay for the pills you don't like as much, and so on and so forth) and, until just then, she had failed to notice the typical signs of typewriter-tampering. The power cable had been replaced, this new cable only a careful foot in length. "Huh," she thought, but paid it no real mind. There were important things to attend to. She moved aside the pile of trash from her carpet and threw herself down onto the floor. With the new-to-her Merghenthaler cTR-89 placed upon her lap she made eye contact with the wall, closed those eyes just as fast, and exhaled all heavy. She threw her head back to face the ceiling and blindly slid the prongs of the too-short cable into the outlet. In an instant, everything burst to life.

The machine's clicks and clacks and whirrrrrrrrrsss and hummmsssss would sound, on any other day, like death, like leaky capacitors, like fire hazards eager to make themselves known; however, today, in the hands of Ms. Mondegreen, it all sounds perfect. She hits the demo key and it begins to tack-tack-tack away at the page. She hits the demo key and it begins to tack-tack-tack away at the page.

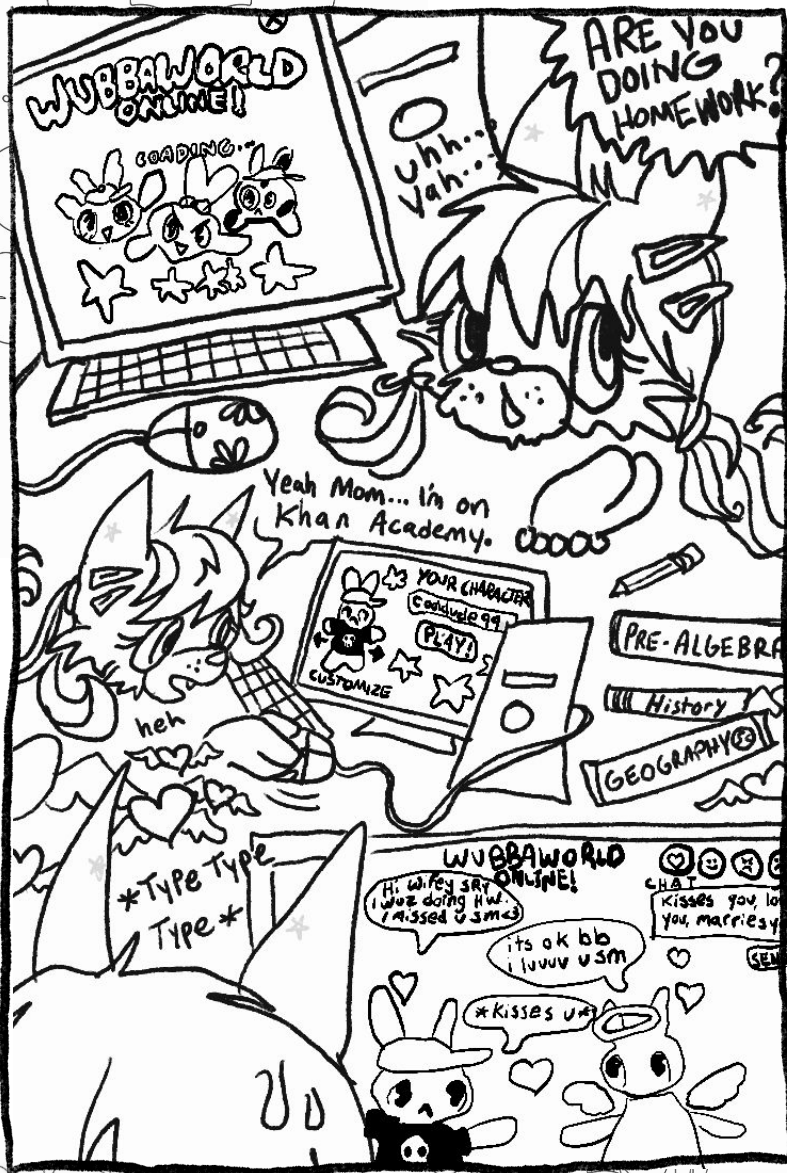
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I NEED A CIGARETTE.

A Ding! came from the machine like an old cartoon oven timer and a panel on the front of the machine slid away to reveal a little hole, just the right diameter for *une cigarette*. Esther pauses. Esther considers. Why not? She grabs her purse, takes a Newport from her pack, and places it in the hole. Tack-tack-tack-tack-tack.

SORRY. DO YOU HAVE A LIGHT.





MY FAVORITE BAND

is the the smiths i like to listen to well i wondee

SIDEBAR

(All these people think i'm normal and chill but in reality i listen to music)



SOMETHING TO KNOW ABOUT ME

if i type hb, it =honey bunny (for when i'm on the fly)

OTHER SLANG TO KNOW

- smh = save my heart
- lmfao = let's make friends all over
- tbh = the beast howls
- tbt = the beastly howl
- ttyl = two timing young lady
- lol = love eachother
- tbqh = the beast qeeps howling