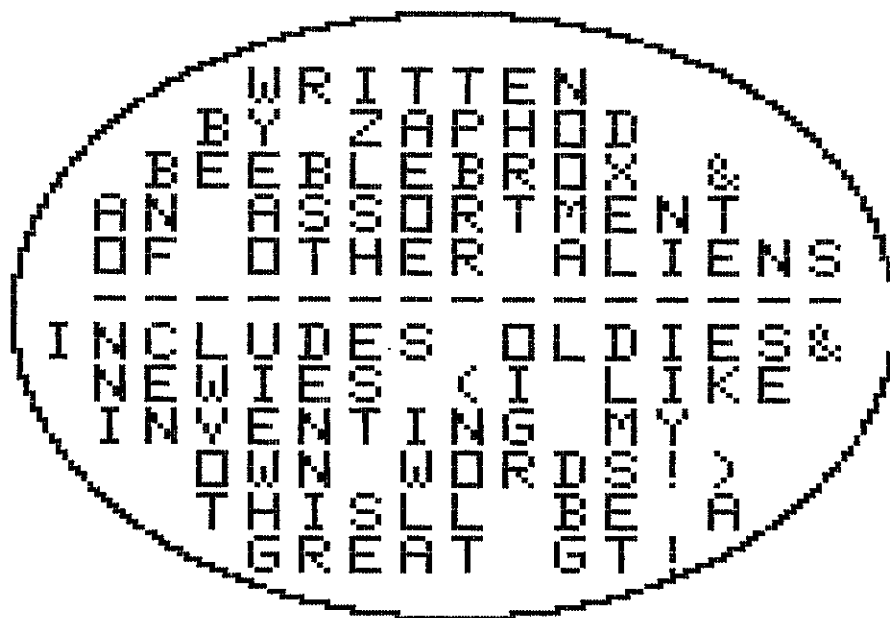
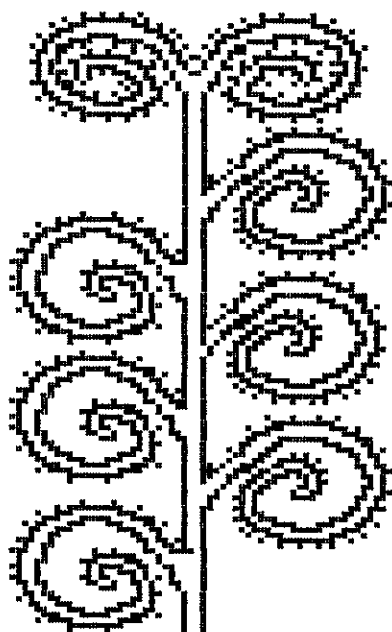


Zaphodur Magazurur



selections included

STORIES:

THE ENCHANTED DREAM STEAK
A WINNIE THE POOH STORY
THE TOWN FOOL

POEMS:

STILL ESSAY ON POETRY
A GT LIFE OF MOLDY CHEESE
SINGALONG SONG

WELCOME to the second edition of Zaphodium Magazinium, the literature magazine for people who like my writing. I would very much like you to enjoy my writings if you read them, and to not enjoy them at all if you don't read them, but just for your information, in order for you not to be *ABNORMAL* (Yeeeeek!), a small test group of albino guinea pigs, of the thoroughly normal sort, was tested. The magazine was a big success. There were some inaccuracies in the testing, of course. 1) I don't speak fluent Guinea Piggian (breep-breep,snort) and 2) Guinea Pigs are very susceptible to suggestion. However, I am fairly certain they liked it, for they ate it up. This magazine is for people who are very un-upset about the problem with plotting the archaic horoscopes during quarterly moons. You should be expecting to be hearing more quotes of Stalin for a long time before then.

So now that you have seen my article which was meant to be an introduction but got slightly carried away with whatever, you should also expect to have not totally comprehended it in the least. In the next paragraph, I will give you a guide for my magazine entitled "HOW TO READ THIS MAGAZINE" because I had many inquiries about the state of mind a reader, let alone the writer, of this sort of (stuff) has to be in. I think the guinea pigs asked me that. However, you are not reading the next paragraph, but are, in fact, reading the paragraph BEFORE the next paragraph, which just HAPPENS to be the second one unless I counted incorrectly. I don't think I counted incorrectly this time, however, because I just counted again twice. The problem with counting is that on the top of my word processor's screen, the words "So now that you have seen my article" are sitting there laughing at me. So the simple way is to shut up and bear with it. Oh, and if you want to see a few pictures of what the last GT was like, turn the page for a few pictures. You will completely miss them because none turned out. I hope the pictures I am taking now will turn out for the NEXT Zaphodium Magazinium. I'm not sure if there'll be another one. It all depends on how this one rolls over.

NONEXISTENT GT PICTURES

- 1) Jody Hollister getting me with orange drink
- 2) Lisa Tucker driving her garbage truck to school
- 3) Chris Choffat meeting me at Chaparral to race his '85 Ford GT against my, heh, '76 SAAB 99 GeL
- 4) Chellie De-fingering the Chauffeur
- 5) Ford Prefect taking off in the Bistromath
- 6) Preston McKenzie and his weird bear, Snuggles
- 7) My spaceship when it was a spaceship
- 15) Me learning how to count
- 16) Scott Heidler (the Chaparral Class President) writing an totally perverted personal philosophy
- 17) My brother, Minko, waving his 50 arms
- 20) Me learning how to count again

HOW TO READ THIS MAGAZINE

- 1) READ EACH WORD
- 2) ARRANGE WORDS INTO PHRASES
- 3) SORT PHRASES INTO SENTENCES
- 4) PROCESS SENTENCES WITH INTELLIGENCE DEVICE.

I hope these instructions have been of some use to someone because if they weren't then most of this page will have been a waste of paper, money, and effort on the parts of me, the tree, and the tree-CUTTERS who put more work into this magazine than I did. Not to mention the owners of the paper mill and the people who put the water into the mill to make the pulp. Well, actually, I hope these instructions have not been so useful because otherwise I'd have to come to terms with the serious existing social, economic, psychological, and mental problems in the universe that I don't really feel like coming to terms with.

So the next item on the page is the table of contents.

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- 9) GUILT TRIP PAGE

PHILOSOPHY

We Are Cannibals
By Paul McKweenie The First

Life is a zoo with many animals. And the animals are all in little cages. In those cages the animals take long walks, fly the length and breadth of the earth, and talk about atomic pencil sharpeners. They always take pieces of ballpoint pens when they go flying but arrows do not understand. The animals go dashing their guts and bashing their brains against those iron bars, who know not of the distorted lives of the animals. Plants have no minds, and therefore have no hardships. I would like to become a furnace when I grow up. It would give me great pride and joy to be a hospital furnace, because then I could provide warm comfort to many dying animals. Let them die of course! I would like, in a million years, to know that they are dirt and trees and plants. Then they will find comfort without the demention of animals. And then, a piece of long-dead human, a bit of soil, will be fused with a plant. The plant will be fused with a cow. The cow will be fused with a living human. We are hopelessly cannibals.

MORE PHILOSOPHIES

Survey Taken
By Zaphod Beeblebrox

"WHAT IS YOUR PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY ABOUT LIFE?!?!"

- 1) Paul McKweenie: Next time anyone does anything, go eat pizza and have fun.
- 2) John Smith: If you ever want to have fun, get laid.
- 3) Ford Prefect: Huh?
- 4) Kirkie (Spock) Mason: If you want to have fun, don't feed the ducks; quack?
- 5) Preston McKenzie: G'Day, playing Beer Hunter!
- 6) Ford Prefect: Wha?
- 7) Starmaker: Win the Arizona Lottery!
- 8) Shit Kicker: Happiness is jumping the Saguaro cheer & pom line.
- 9) John Cleese Jr.: No comment at this time. I'll have it press-released later.
- 10) Ford Prefect: What was that again?
- 11) Chester the Molester: I like to play chess.
- 12) Joe Van Buren: Get ripped + play ball!!!
- 13) Jane Doe: Ripping off all my clothes running through the woods on a freezing cold night.
- 14) Smurfo: Watching Jane Doe run through the woods.
- 15) Eric Andeen: Relativity and Particle Physics can be fun.
- 16) Zaphod: Getting lost in Alpha Minor Beta during the night.
- 17) Doc. Prez: No matter where you go, there you are.
- 18) Fallen Angel: If you go there, get lost and party (in all ways) as long?
- 19) Ford Prefect: OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHhh!
- 20) Fig Newton: I'll have fun fun fun till my daddy take my my my my my my my my my uhhhhh T-bird awayyyyy.
- 21) The Chauffeur: Happiness is knowing Chellie Deporter
- 22) Ford Prefect: Ya Vanna Go For A Ride?
- 23) IX: "Boy who is not satisfactorily able to explain what a hrung is nor why it should choose to collapse on Betelgeuse 7"
- 24) Lara Anne Tanner: I don't have a drinking problem! I drink, I get drunk, I fall down. NO PROBLEM!
- 25) Biff Worthington III: Yours is not to question; yours is simply to accept.
- 26) Zaphod Beeblebrox: Electroshock therapy is funner....I think...

SELECTED WORDS OF GIBBERISH
BY JEFFREY WADE

Wklv duwlfah lv grw uhdoob zulwwhq lq jmeehulvk! Lw lvdfoxdoob zulwwhq lq
dvlpsoh frgh. Krzhyhu, lw fdq rqob eh wudqvodhg lqwr hqolvk eb vrqhrqh zkr
lv d fhuwlildeab lqvqgh, sdudqrlq vfulcrsuhqlf zlwk ghox vlrqv ri dghtxdfb.
Wr ghfrgh wklv sdudjudsk mxvw uhsodh hdfk ohwwhu zlwk wkeohwhu wkdw lv wkuhh
ohwhuv ehiruh lw. Vr, li brx kdyh uhdg wklv idui wkhg, brx pxvw ehorqjla d
urrrp zlwk sdgghg zdoosdshu!

WKH HQG!

I apologize for any typos. This stuff is pretty hard to type.

POETRY

An Essay by Zaphod Beeblebrox

Poetry is one of the most totally important form of artistic communication in a few lesser civilizations. Your civilization is one of them, so this essay will analyze what makes a poem "good". Because there are many different kinds of poetry, very different qualities make each kind good.

Poetry can cover a very broad range of subjects. For instance, general-topic poetry can cover everything from ancient fetishes to futuristic glass-cleaning fluids, while special topic poetry covers only very limited topics. Clearness and readability are not very important to all types of poetry. (See the next poem)

A general-topic poem should have a statement located somewhere within it. Many poems have so many statements that it is difficult to find the commercials. Some special-topic poems have an attached flyer containing all its commercials, which leaves the poem much easier to self-destruct with.

Poems come in basically two forms: Penguin and everything else. Penguin poetry is much more abstract than everything else, including aardvarks, rug-dirt, and vacuume-tube glasses, and are therefore much more difficult to tolerate if you aren't a getting-off-the-subject-person. It is much more difficult to explain what makes a penguin poem "good". There is an enormous number of everything-else-poems because they must entertain people, rather than strap them down and destroy their brains. Everything-else-poems are designed to convey information in forms which are exactly the way they do not enjoy receiving it.

There are many other qualities about a penguin or everything-else-poem which can make it interesting. One of the most important factors in making a piece of writing interesting is the character of its writer. Take this poem for an example:

Oh, the inadequacies of life do extract from the plastic voids,
and do create texture upon the stainless polished surface of being

Stop screaming at still life masterpieces of moldy cheese for
you'll never rid yourself of your hidden, stick-in-the-mud
intellect

Sing a song of cranberries
Not too sour if you please
Let's all march for the stars and stripes
When we're bombed to bits we'll hold no gripes

The scintillating quagmire desires to suck up my mindless flood of
my teeming void of being which exists not here, not there, nowhere

Stop carving your name into the tree
The tree needs its bark more than you or me

You need your name more than me or a tree
So write on a wall for all to see

Try and handle all the gluck
The TV spews from out the muck
Which resides in the writer's head
Whose works we'll see even when he's dead?

Oh, the mists of doubt and uncertainty make nauseatingly
unannounced the joy of life which cannot be taken advantage of
without swordspeed

The blood-curdling howl of a lonely canine creates a clot in the
peaceful and glass-clear night and sends a vivid and electrified
chills up my spine

The shattered cloud-cover is more brittle than soft as falling
through the cumulus certainly strips life force from my me-ness of
3 and a half

Stop screaming at still-life photos of disembodied noses for
you'll never lose that arm.
Stroll through gummy subways, plastic lawyers won't melt their
surfaces 'cause they'll bleed

Out-of-focus elephants come galumphing from deep within the
silently evolving fog bank whose touch is dark, and moist, and
dank

Upside-down ducks fell from the ground, the Lords of Nature have
been defeated
All trees, plants, and animals rebelled without a cause, where are
the Harley Davidsons ?

In some abandoned California whose eves fell soaked into the sea,
Why people die for one man's green, ask the people-don't ask me!
I'm notinvolved-justwondering!

I don't want it so throw it away!
Put it in the sea where the fishes are
about to die why me? Not now!
I've been good and thrown away
Those "Dangerous Chemicals"
Yes, I did eat fish last night. Why?

Lose your mind and lose your barriers
Better than trying to land those harriers
Getting killed in nasty ways
Complaining to walls for days and days

Will you come out and play with me;
Out in the Sun?

We'll have lots of fun!
No I won't play with you and your kite!
What a fright!
Good Night!
Strangled ostriches freeze-fall from those scintillating
cloudcovers, screaming breakneck from the starry voids.

Oh, when muddled blotgunkies never don't meet their agendas it
worries and creates more misses.

Why do rabid baboons lick vanilla ice cream from sugar cones?
Well, the answer lies and watches from under the underbrush.

THE END?

The writer of that poem was suffering from a nephroosclerosical
torticolic of the pneumonolysis rexiumbal cretum. In layman terms he was
definitely off his rocker. When I say "off his rocker" it has nothing to do
with Quiet Riot, Twisted Sister, Ozzy Osbourne, Commodore disk drives (head
bangers), nor does it have anything to do with Amadeus Mozart either.

THE JELLO GT SINGALONG SONG

By "I Don't Know", a bundle of nerves
"Dedicated to my cat, "The Lord"
Dedicated to my cat, 'The Lord'

(To be sung in a way specified by Zaphod Beeblebrox at a Gee Tee)

When I was young and you were old
I always had a terrible cold
The days were short and the cats were loud
And the sky would never wear a shroud
The change was loose and I fell out
Of the Giant close-knit ant-eating dove

But WATCH out, DON'T shout
I can hear you a mile aWayyyyYYYYY...
The days were short and the cats were loud
The sky would never wear a shroud
Breezes blowing trees around,
Trees were jumping out of the ground,
Don't tease the desks with dead banannas;
They don't deserve anything else.

The frogs jumped in and they jumped out
I told you please to not to shout
The flying circus flew away
They haven't seen it for a day
When they jumped back
I fell back in
A born-gain christian said I had sinned
But watch those acorns, can't trust them
And never say to me "AHEM"

So just remember, don't give in:
The days were short and the cats were loud
The sky would never wear a shroud
Breezes blowing trees from the ground
Trees were jumping all around
Don't tease the desks with dead banannas
They don't deserve anything else.

THE TOWN FOOL

Long long ago in a galaxy far, far away
A prince lived in a ratty little shack
Because nobody ever noticed he was a prince.
They all thought he was.....

THE TOWN FOOL

Gholi G. Whilkerz was the town fool. He didn't know it but everyone else did. That was a circumstance that occurs often in cultures with people who are never sure of what they are talking about, so if you ever tell someone about this story, be ABSOLUTELY SURE you know what you are talking about, lest you fall into the trap that Gholi G. Whilkerz did.

One day Gholi walked out of his scummy little home in Stea Nilreb on the way to his scummy little outhouse that was behind his scummy little home that was in front of his scummy little outhouse.

When he reached his outhouse, whose location in relation to Gholi's house is fairly well-defined, he opened the door, walked inside, and was inhaled by a Suckmp Hooverian Monster, who loved to swim in septic tanks because of their delicious odors. They attack, kill, and eat their victims, by, well, never mind. Needless to say, Gholi's remains remained there for about seventy five years and the Hooverian monster was tamed, sold to a circus, and did tricks for forgetful presidents.

One day Forlata Flathead (call me fort) was born in the biggest city in the whole wide world, East Berlin. Besides going to the bridge clubs on Van Buren, he also liked hiking in the jungles of Central Park. One glorious morning he saw a pile of smelly stinky rotten wood which must have been some sort of a shack some seventy five years ago. He said to himself, "Gee, this must have been some sort of a shack about seventy five years ago, and I think I see it right now. I wonder what it is doing here, other than sitting, which is terribly obvious, and I think it was really stupid to mention something that obvious, and Oh God I'm so talkative, an.... "

After he got his breath back he climbed around the pile of smelly stinky rotten wood, and found a smaller pile of smelly stinky rotten wood. He said, "Gee, this is a smaller pile of smelly stinky rotten FOUL-LOOKING (fooled you) wood. It looks like an outhouse." He knew what an outhouse was because he had seen one in a documentary about backwards nations like the United States of America. "Hmmm, " he said, "I seem to remember that outhouses would have a hole in which they would OOOHHHHHHHHH SHHHHHHHHHIIITTTTTT!!!"

SPLASSHHHHH!!!

It was also obvious that he fell in, and by the way, he was eaten by a Suckmp Hooverian Monster who had moved back home after an extremely boring and unsuccessful career of entertaining forgetful presidents.

THE ENCHANTED DREAM-STEAK STORY
(encore performance)

A rich and confused king once had an odd dream. As he lay mezzorizing he dreamed that he bought an elephant chip and installed it hanging from an elephant above his bed of nails. A strange voice told him that reincarnated toadstools are a sign of great boredom and work and quiet flukes. Pancakes are made from recycled newspaper and bible pages. The gigantic sea cricket, about which I will not tell, told me this: "The king took out his push-up ice cream cone and said give me a blight, I mean light, hee hee." The king gave him 30 rubber bands that were covered in cover-ups. The whole thing didn't make much sense.

The next morning, the king called his wise men together. He asked them the meaning of his dream, but they just told him that he needed psychoanalyticalistic kare. He sent for everybody in the palace, but STILL he could learn nothing about his dream.

Finally, he ordered that everyone in his kingdom of the Gwand Worsink't Naggeratt be called before him. Someone, he thought, would certainly be able to explain his bizzare dream.

A few days later, a farmer named Bob was ordered to appear before the king. To get to the palace he had to travel through a very boring stretch of highly spiked jello accidentally spilled years ago by a Mr. Daryl Smith on his way to a rowdy Get Together. At one place the narrow but scrumptious road passed between two huge mountains of coughed-up cats.

When the farmer reached this narrow place in the road, he jumped back suddenly, very surprised. An enormous steak stood in his path. The farmer had never seen such a succulent piece of meat in his entire life. It was three times as tall as the farmer, and big around as fifteen kegs of beer. It wobbled around the road dangerously.

"What awe you dowing on dis woad, stwanger?" sizzled the steak, "Tell me yow weason, and I might wet you eat me!"

Bob knew that this was too good to miss, except that if he didn't have a very good reason he might be THE NEXT STEAK!!! The farmer told the furiously ferocious-looking steak the story of the king's dream.

Throughout the entire story, the steak sizzled, spat, and wobbled around. It is difficult to imagine a steak wobbling around unless you watch stupid movies like POLTERGEIST. "I can tew yew duh meaning uv duh dweem," spat the very wise steak, "but you must give me some A1 sawce FOIST!"

The farmer agreed, ran speedily back to his home, and got an economy-pac of A1 sauce after an extremely annoying voice told him that HAMBURGERS WEREN'T MADE FROM HAM, they were made from STEAK! So why not put STEAK sauce on them? I mean there are no TOMATOES in hamburgers, NOR CHEESE, so WHY do people keep putting THOSE ON HAMBURGERS TOO? I mean,

A guy in a hockey mask with a "Where's the Beef" tee-shirt chain sawed the actor in half, spattering blood everywhere, and ran out again.

The bloodsoaked farmer brought the sauce back to the steak, who then told him that the elephant chip was a sign of prolonged sneezing and lying down in the kingdom.

"Thanks a heap, eh you hoser" noted Bob, and he attacked the steak with an axe. "Yummy!" said Doug. "Hey, hoser, keep out of my story!" "Take off," said Bob. "Dim Twit!" said Doug. "Dim Twit?" laughed Bob as he wandered off into another story called A Hypochondriac On Vacation in Africa.

So Bob went on till he came to the palace and gave the king a spur-of-the-moment speech on the value of sneezing as hard as possible and getting all the attention you can get whenever you can get it and however you can get it.

The king was a really happy king until he learned that the world didn't really exist and he fell out of it.

A Nice Winnie the Pooh Story
By Zaphod Beeblebrox

Three hundred years ago in the land of Preporia, there lived a farmer named Albaniaz Pentagulon. He was a simple man, uprooting quod trees for an enriching career. One day Albaniaz heard a knock on his door. When he answered his door, the most atrocious sight met his eyes.

A seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll had been left outside his door. He thought, "HmMMM, I must have won the lottery. It should prove to be a useful toy for Bruce Baby. Bruce Baby was their twenty-foot baby who slept in a piano case. Albaniaz put the seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll in the piano case.

When Bruce Baby returned from his enlarged moth collection in the mountains, he was overjoyed to find a little Winnie the Pooh doll in his bed. He decided to eat it since he knew that bear meat was a delicacy for the Binikian Indians of Blargland, far away from the Big Dark Looming Forest. He took the seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll through the Big Dark Looming Forest, into a small cottage, past the dining room, past the triple bedroom, and into the laundry room. Upon entering the laundry room, Bruce Baby skinned the seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll, turned the skin inside-out, and sewed the skin back on again. He thereupon placed the seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll in the washing machine and set the machine on the "Extra-Extra-Extra-huMUNGus" setting. While he was waiting for the machine to finish, he practiced the martial art, QA, the art of eating your own foot. This was difficult for several reasons. One reason was that his foot was about five feet long by three feet wide. Another reason was that he was a twenty foot baby inside a small cottage. Well, after the machine

finished, Bruce Baby removed the skin, wore it like a jacket, and put the EX-Seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll in one of the beds in the cottage's triple bedroom.

A week later, a bratty little girl named Loldigocks entered the cottage. She ran up, drank the year-old poridge which had the consistency of foam rubber, and ran upstairs to find Zygophyllium.

Hmmm This bed is too hard.

Hmmm This bed is too soft.

Hmmm This bed has a skinned seven-foot Winnie the Pooh doll in it.

She didn't find the zygophyllium, but what do you expect from a Loldigocks?

GALACTIC NEWS

-Collected by the agents of Zaphod Beeblebrox!

By Minko Beeblebrox

There's a funny someone in that land who always has a shake in hand. You'll know who it is by the sound "Slosh slosh slosh" And if you are close by you'll say "oh my gosh" Cuz he's big and furry and purple and... Hey, lets hear it for Hip-Hip Hooray!

(Hastily copied off the back of a McDonaldland cookies box)

By Krenn Rustazh

A Prominent person was seen with a famous celebrity and were caught doing something. When asked why they were doing it they gave an answer.

Thorough as always, the Betelgeuse News!