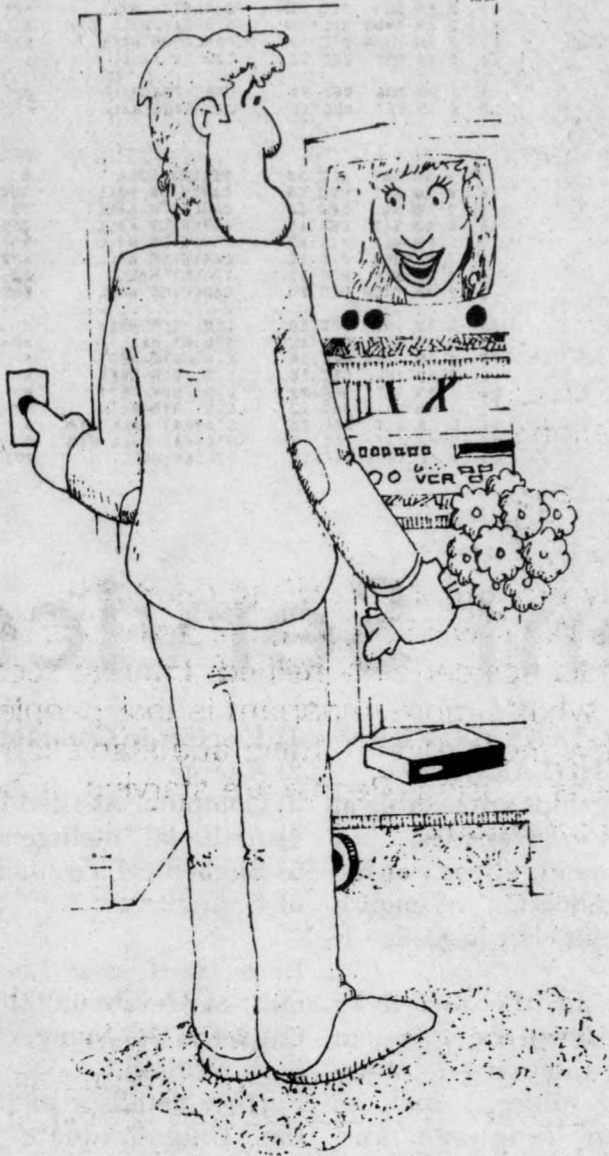


DISTRACTIONS



HI BILL? I'M NANCY...
YOUR VIDEO DATE!

GOING TO HELL WITH THE JOKE BY KEVIN MEENAM

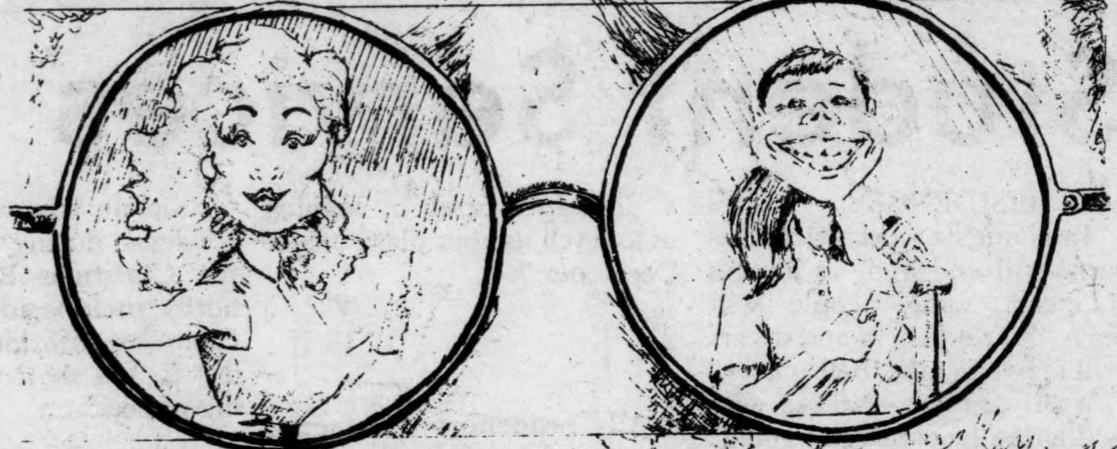
JENNINGS PURCHASED HIS X-RAY GLASSES BY MAIL ORDER. THEY WOULD ALLOW HIM TO SEE THINGS THAT UNTIL NOW, HE COULD ONLY IMAGINE.

YOU MUST GO WHERE THE PEOPLE GO JENNINGS ALWAYS SAID, AND ONE NIGHT WITH HIS NEW GLASSES HE DID JUST THAT.



JENNINGS GAZE FELL ON A VOLUNTUOUS BLONDE, BUT INSTEAD OF SEEING PHYSICAL NAKEDNESS, HE SAW AN INSECURE PERSON USING HER GOOD LOOKS TO BOLSTER HER SELF-WORTH.

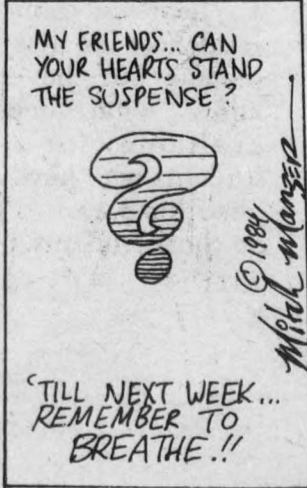
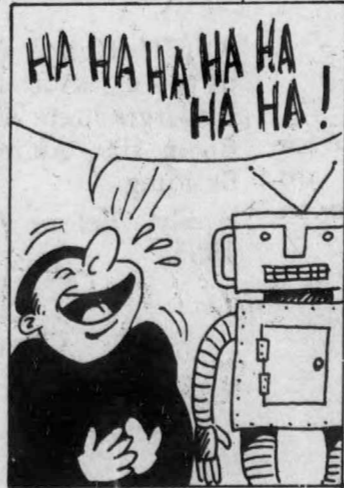
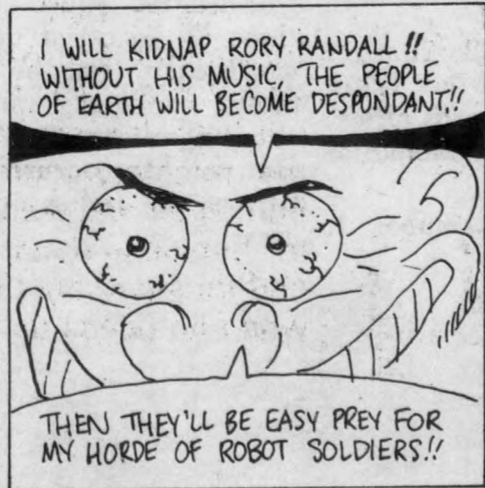
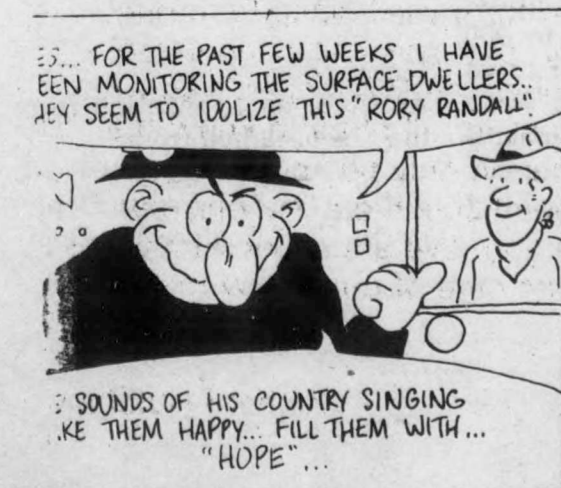
HE THEN LOOKED DESPERATELY TO THE BARMAID AND SAW NOT NUDITY, BUT A TALENTED POET WITH CAREER ASPIRATIONS FAR BEYOND SLINGING BEER AND SMILING AT CUSTOMERS.



JENNINGS UNDERSTOOD. HIS MARVELOUS GLASSES DID NOT ALLOW HIM TO SEE THROUGH CLOTHING, BUT HE COULD SEE THROUGH THE FACADES THAT EACH OF US WEAR TO CONCEAL OUR TRUE SELVES. HE THOUGHT OF THE VULGAR REASON THAT HE BOUGHT THE GLASSES...



Rory Randall "THE SINGIN' COWBOY" in TREASURE OF THE LOST EMPIRE BY Mitch Manganer



Handwritten notes on the right margin: "Chance Ho", "I V", "Jane", "Lore", "H Stillwe", "M:", "Blizz M", "Brill", "K:", "Dinep", "Fenton", "Till next week... remember to breathe!!", "© 1984 Mitch Manganer".