



A Letter to Keri.

It was a dark and stormy night when I first met Karen Shepard. She was just fourteen but I knew that this girl had lived. She was sitting in this big black leather chair, quietly playing electronic football (she had the sound turned down), although every once in a while she would give a whoop and do a little dance. It was then that I knew Karen was not your normal every day person. I can vividly recall the first time I met her, it was a highlite in my modest life. I walked up to Karen and said "Hi." I can still remember what Karen said back to me on that beautiful sunny September night (the weather changed quick) — she turned her head up to look at me and in a voice only Rich Little could imitate, said "Hi." You can just imagine the impact of an event like that on a growing boy. I was never the same person, my whole life changed from that first encounter with Karen.

Marc Simao

Johnny Everly

HEY . TODAY ON THE SHOW WE HAVE ATRUE REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE, STRAIGHT FROM THE SMURP FOREST, PUNK SMURF!



YOU'RE GO'IN DOWN PAPA SMURF, YOU'R DICTATORSHIP-LIKE CULT WILL BE CRUSHED LIKE A SMURF BERRY ! YOU'LL REGRET BOOTING ME OUT!



TPLAYED GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
ON HIS MAGIC FLUTE AND GOT
SMURFETTE PREGNANT, BUT
THAT'S NOT THE ISSUE.

THOSE
LITTLE WHITE



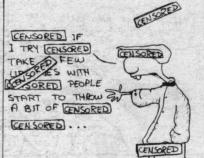
I WANT YOUR LITTLE BLUE BUTT PAPA SMURF, AND MAY AZRIEL BITE OFF YOUR HEAD AND SPIT IT OUT TO 10,000 METAL CRAZY [4 YR. GLDS! NA NA NA NA NA.



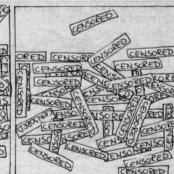
Bo Weevil











Rex



Kill Comics





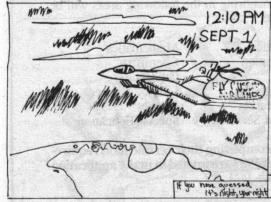
HMM.



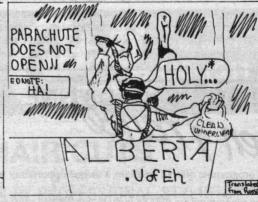


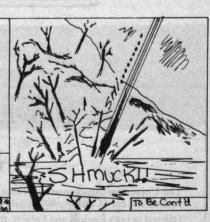


T.C.



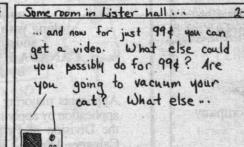






Campus

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that radio commercials are hazardous to your mind.







Thursday, November 20, 1986