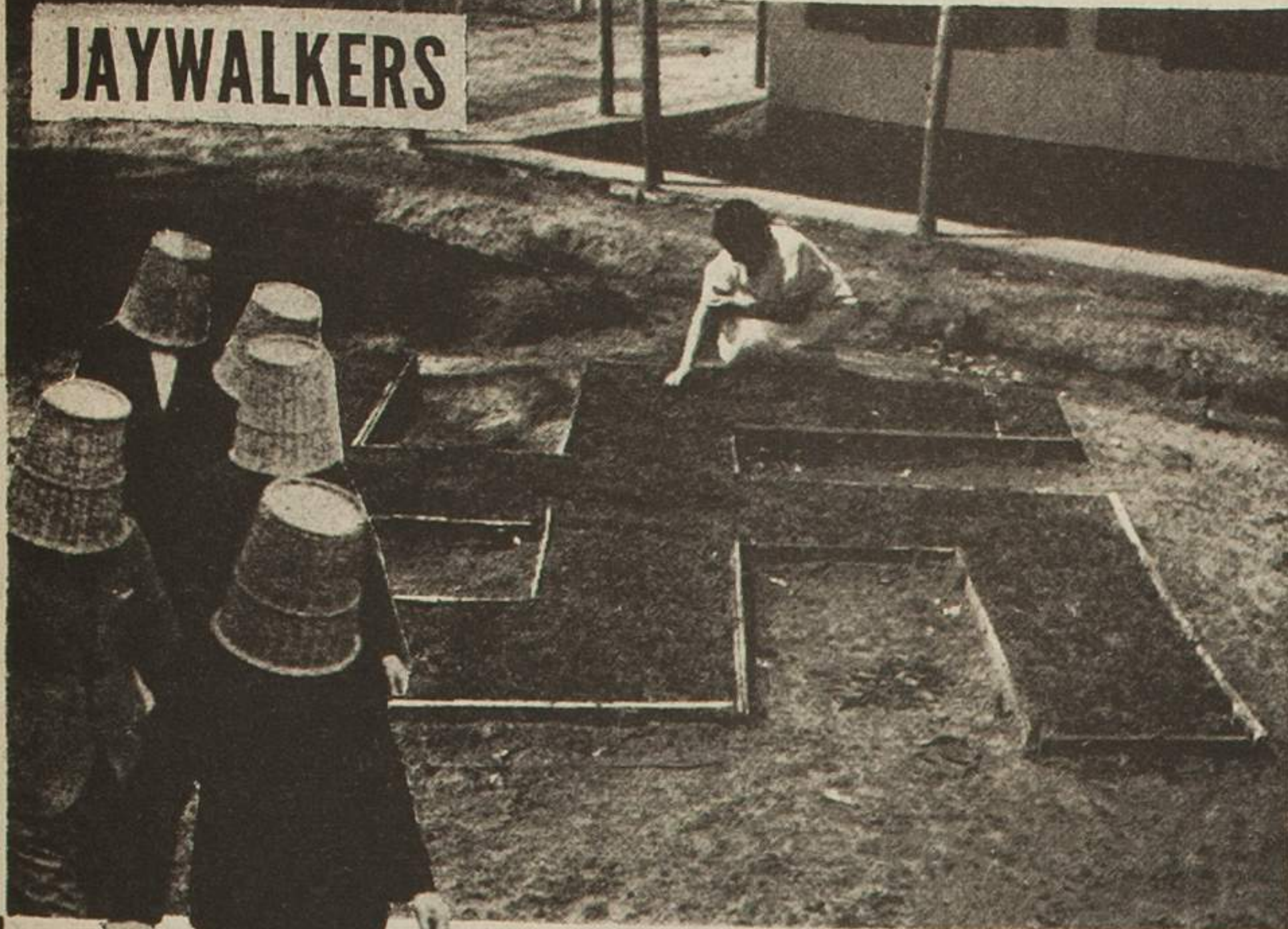


## JAYWALKERS



## ARROGANT, PETTY

### JAYWALKERS TRAMPLE TENDER SHOOTS

National Socialist gardening is the latest craze on the planetoid Susnr, particularly in the Legion Camps, where exiled Americans have plenty of time to kill.

And wouldn't you know it?

Just as soon as the little asparagus is showing its tips, as the chervil is its brightest green, then the jaywalkers dart through, arrogant, petty heads covered with hampers to hide identities. Their whole business, it seems, is to trample what tender shoots they see.

They'll climb a fence, a whole squadron of them, and you'd better look out. Step in their way and you'll get a stomping just as ferocious as they give the strawberry hills. You can hear their wicked voices hurling muffled epithets:

Hey, dipshit; F\*\*\*\*\* rat Nazi; Hey, Yankee, jam it up and whistle when it rotates, OK?

And then they do the fandango and two or three Mexican hat dances on your precious carraway.

And what happens when you call a Legion Camp cop?

Nothing.

The sucker will stand there twirling his billy bat, looking at you like a goggle-eyed perch.

The jaywalkers.

It is a waste of time for Americans to write to the Legion Camp consomol. All they do is send out a couple of N.S. Boy Scouts to rifle through a person's bookcase and confiscate anything on the subject of gardening, douse their bodies with mineral spirits and burn them in the stubble of your hopeless okra and dead chili pequins, and roast the legs of shabbits in the flames. Such is the life in the Legion Camps.

### PAPA ISIO GOES BOOM

Liter of americium. A sack. A neck. A fuse. Boom! went Papa Isio, much-feared insurrectionist, who tore off the bag and threw it too late and went critical instead, leaving a great hole where he stood.

Not a piece of Isio lingered.

### PIG IRON CRUSHES WATCHMAN

Seated in a chair from which he couldn't move because of paralysis of the legs, a watchman at a caisson in an excavation for an extension to the Triangle Factory was buried by 18-pound pig iron blocks which fell on him and a new friend.

### RAGSDALE PRANKED

A bolt of lightning at the Ragsdale Neutery, 5 miles south of Sinatra, Susnr, at 6 o'clock yesterday evening, struck the lambing barn and set it on fire, but it was too wet to burn. Three neutrs and a horse were knocked down, a blue-ribbon ram killed outright.

Ragsdale was whirled around in his tracks.

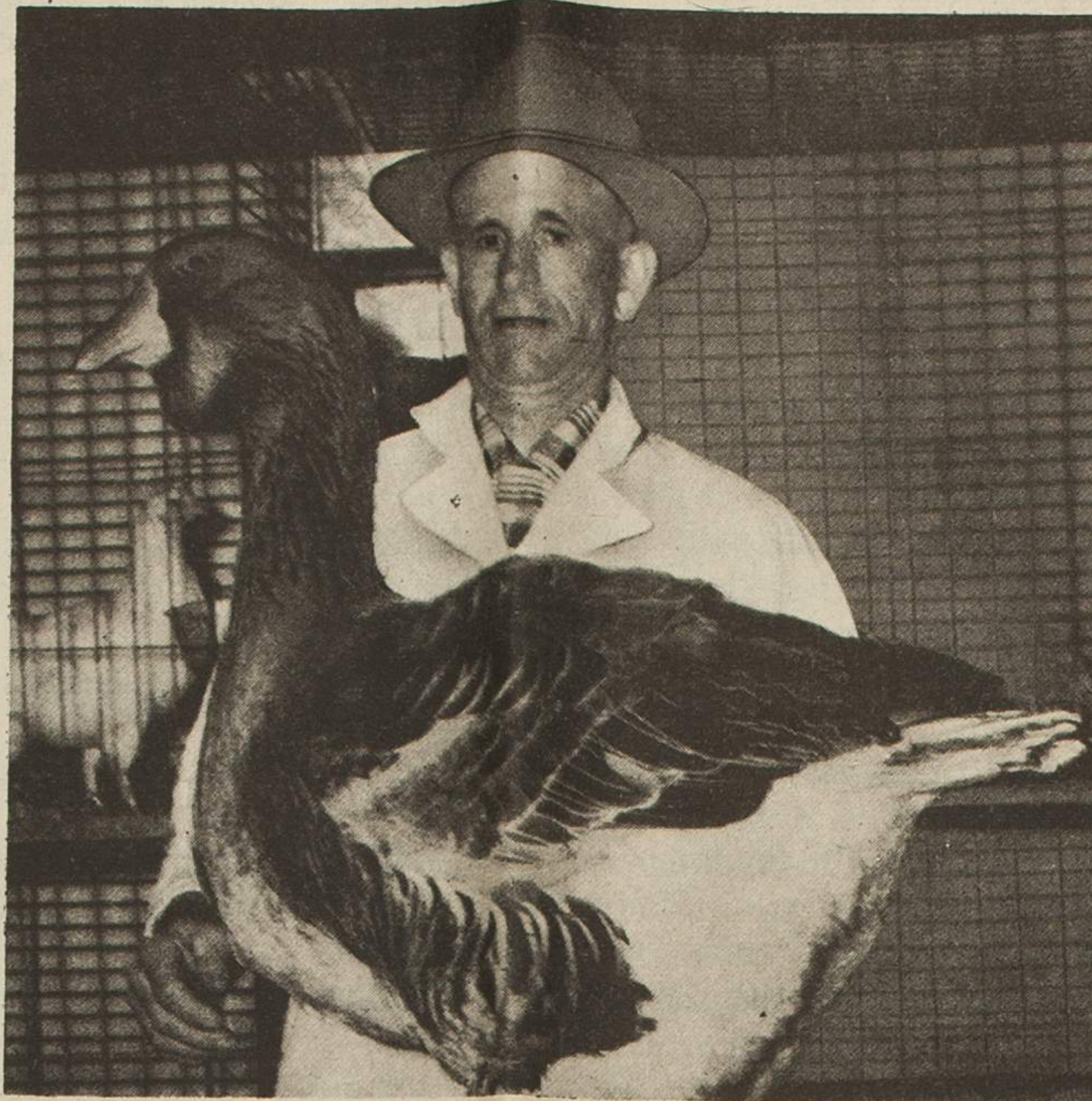
### LOST & FOUND

Lost: Myron. Speedwriter. Political expert. No. 6 man in a ruling clique. Joined Reds in Paris. Became leader in art typing. May have fathered new, drastic policies. Blunt, restless.

Found: A box of rendering scraps. A crabeye bracelet. One copy, "Mutants at the Bobbed Locus," by Leo Patra. Gen. Douglas MacArthur Japanese Memorial Plaque. \$222. Lunch bag containing metal cylinder.

### PENCILS AND SANDWICHES

Pencil manufacturing can be compared to making a sandwich: two slices of wood for bread, graphite for filling, bonding adhesive for mayonnaise. Only six pencils make an edible novel.



## MEET DEATH IN A JUNK YARD

On Susnr it is not uncommon to see a goose, rather than a dog, acting as lord-protector of a junkyard.

Above, see Hod Yesod, just such a goose, and behind him, junkyard owner Chokmah Jesso. Both are in trouble with the law . . .

Jesso tells the story in his own words:

"An American tourist who attended a party a little ways outside of Altobello drank heavily and in the course of the festivities, 'bottomed up.' Then, when, shortly after midnight, he began to wend his way back to the Tunney Arms, the notion occurred to him that the mattress heap he saw over my fence would be a happy place to take a nap.

"His head was going round and round, drunk as a skunk.

"Now, it is related that they found in the morning a clean-picked skeleton weirdly dressed in complete tropical evening clothes. And they decided to blame it on ol' Hod. They want him put to sleep. They want me in the lockup.

"The truth is, this area is host to seasonal congregations of Driver ants. They are secure in their billions, fear nothing and are capable of taking down a human being in full stride.

"No, it was them Drivers that killed that American, not my goose. Anybody with any sense knows geese don't eat meat.

"I made an offer to the sheriff. I says, 'Sheriff,' I says, 'Tell you what. To prove my goose is innocent, why don't we lock him up one night and bed somebody down on them mattresses. If the person gets eaten, then it ain't Hod that did it. Fair enough?'

"Fair enough,' says the sheriff, who then volunteered his deputy for the job. About a week later, arrangements were made to run the experiment.

"The sheriff and the deputy arrived about sundown, attired in their starchiest uniforms. The deputy dispatched himself, with a pillow and blanket, to the mattress heap. The sheriff and I stood watch over Hod, whose foot was chained to a peg in the toolshed.

"To pass the time we dealt a few hands of gin rummy, taking nips from a pint of blackberry brandy to ease the night chill. Well, about 4 o'clock we heard a commotion over toward where the deputy was sleeping.

"We drove over in the sheriff's car, shining a strong spotlight up to the top of the mattresses. Sure enough, there was the deputy's bones, like so many junked piano keys, arrayed neatly on the blanket, which was barely disturbed.

"See there, sheriff, what I told you?' I says. I says, 'It wasn't Hod that ate that American, or that poor deputy. It's them damned Driver ants.'

"Well, sir. I thought that was the end of my troubles.

"But no.

"The sheriff claimed I had switched geese, a docile one in place of Hod. And no matter how many times I begged the man to be reasonable, he stuck to his guns.

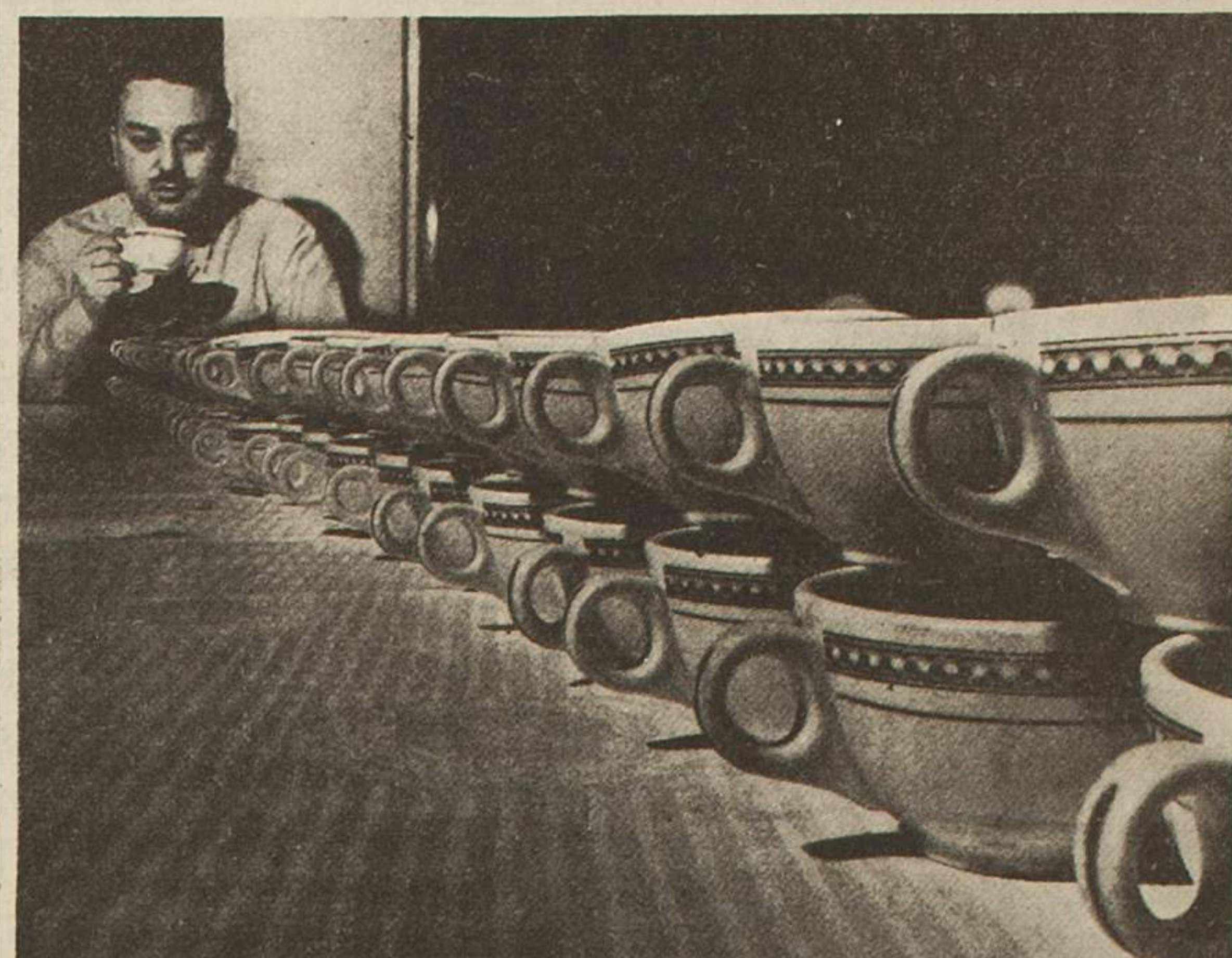
"I suppose he hated to see his deputy eaten in vain. Somebody had to pay the price, namely me and Hod.

"Ain't it the truth--the wronger the law is, the righter it feels?'"

Dear City Moon,

On the dark side of Susnr the atmosphere is sooty, the ashen soil cool and dry, incompatible with organic forms. You realize what a mistake you've made when you touch it, as contact with flesh prompts the damned stuff to liquefy and boil. The wet, black soup shoots up your veins, fingertip to heart, to brain, as fast as a speedball in the mainline. Stunned before you scream, a floral stink arises from the pores and you're a dead duck, a black bile dripping from your nostrils.

Samuel Lerner  
Legion Industry Camp



## URGENT NEED FOR ONE-MAN CONTROL

Albert Workwood, tatoost, poured 68 cups steaming with java down his throat in 31.6 minutes and laid claim to being the world's biggest and quickest coffee drinker.

Then he died this way.

For days he climbed his own roof, nailing in 14,000 shingles. "Mama, I'm going home," he said to his wife in a basement bathroom facility on day 18.

Autopsy showed a shrunken, blackened and pitted liver.

But something of Workwood lived on.

Something that liked to wander, in this case to a tato parlor, not one of those on Iskcon though, oh no.

Inside waited a girl, little for 11, wanting a small tato on her palm, something for eternity, and after that, she said, she would board a cobbled carriage that would drive her toward the sun at a civil pace.

Workwood etched a fly on her. "Gosh, this shouldn't hurt," he promised.

Once outside, she melted with her coach into fields far off.

An undertaker named grimes, meanwhile, checked all the shops along the little row where Workwood was.

grimes could harden his palm in such a way that skin would stand fast beneath the engraver and so he walked on into Workwood's shop and tricked him into having himself sized for a coffin if he (grimes) could withstand Workwood's tatoing instrument.

Later, Workwood was having his dimensions taken. His cigar lay in an ashtray. He picked it up and touched the orange glow of low fire to a fever blister on his lip. Inflammation soon set in and he died in agony. He was wrapped in a fiberglas cocoon. Into the hole with him was thrown a caked cup of coffee grounds.

Nowdays, Workwood tumbles and does simple tricks on the Parcourse.

EUNICE SHOOTS HERSELF IN CHERVIL PARK, WITHOUT WARNING, BEFORE HER MEANING COULD BE UNDERSTOOD AT ALL

She did it among a group of laughing children, with whom she had been playing in an Altobello night-park, last evening.

The game was bargello, the object to kick the inflated bladder of a shabbit toward and across a pre-determined goal line.

In the pitch of darkness, without warning, she pulled a pocket pistol, and before her meaning could be understood by her playmates, she discharged a bullet into her temple.

She was taken to the German Hospital.

Noske, physician attending, said, "Take her to a spa, perhaps in the Susnr Ozarks.

"Bake her head in the radium muds that you'll see bubbling out of conical extrusions.

"The bullet will flocculate in time and leave but a modest lump above one eye.

"It's no sweat."

Indeed, that very thing was done, and Noske's nostrum was proved. Eunice, in three days, was again shifting her mental gears, cruising for that house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

### SPEEDWRITER MISSING

As the regular patrons of Myron's are aware, it was a year and a day ago that dearest Myron joined the ranks of Displaced Persons, last seen hailing a Checker cab in the vicinity of the beach at Far Rockaway. Investigators know only that he had been that afternoon in the company of an elderly gentleman and a dark-complected girl, digging holes in the beach sand with toy shovels. It appeared they were searching for something buried, witnesses said, and were quite distressed when they couldn't find it, whatever it was. Then, as Myron entered the cab, carrying his bulky Underwood in its battered case, this was heard: "Till we meet again, brother. Give my best to Eunice."