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Life in Ancient Wichita

CITY MOON

Harold, call Meg. Her new brute is dead. She wants you back. The food bowl is full. The bedstraw is fresh. Hurry.

Issue No. 18. Member, Dufus News Alliance. Costs a guida. Foolbert Sturgeon cartoons and Hell pix featured.



Sissy Peterbilt, socialite, author of Major Beans of Egypt, is undead and in trouble.

BALLOON BLOW MARS RAT FETE

The Michael Rat balloon, tethered above a grandstand during Rat's inauguration, exploded afterward, killing Papa Isio and three wandering loiterers. Autopsy revealed brand new Cerberus-III mechanical hearts in the four. Their common-law spouses were alerted, the hearts salvaged and returned to the clone mill, the bodies burned beyond recognition for sanitary purposes. Nazi Truck Co. hauled off the ashes and the bones.



An amazon with three heads in her suitcase arrived at culture farm about 9 a.m. Sunday, during a thundershower. The warrior, Mary Hitler, tormentrix, claimed to have brought the heads 10,000 miles, after obtaining them at a freeze-dry conference. They belonged to Frank Sinatra, James Hoffa and Karen Silkwood. Culture farmers bought them. Hitler left when her satchel was empty.



Head warrior to culture farm

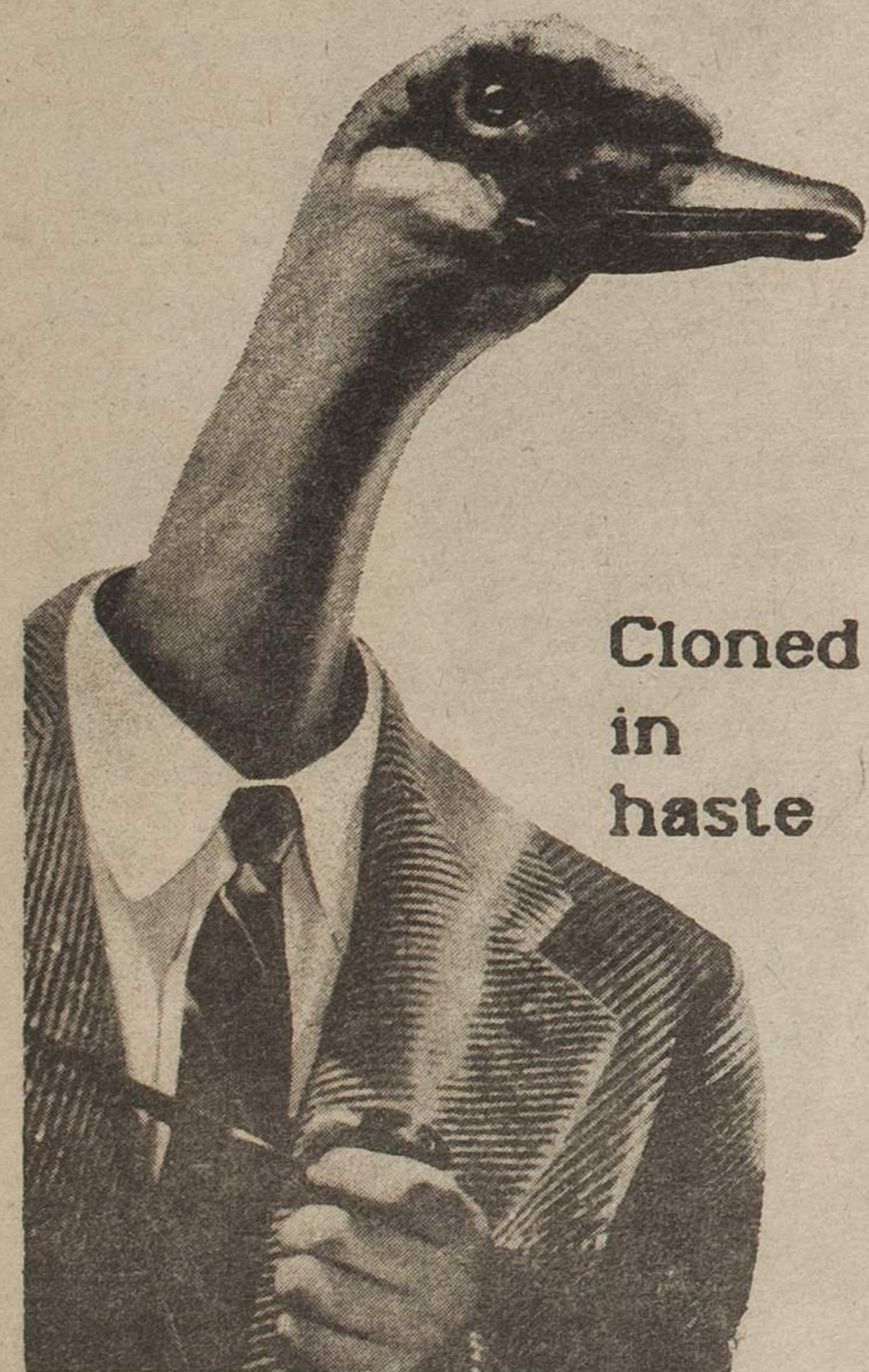
Some southside brute: slew one of their own in front of the Squat 'n' Squeal Wormery today. The brute was found by cabbies, dying, and shot for mercy's sake. The brute had served honorably in World War IV. He belonged to Demolay and was a boy scout chieftain. He is survived by a feminist spouse, two mudpacking boys and a three-headed daughter named Trivial Pursuits.



Brute slain near Prodigy shop

Wichita Edition D. Ohle & R. Martin, publishers

The great clone mill tramp disaster



Cloned in haste

Three brothers who pooled one of the biggest ass-raising clone mills in North America on 5,000 acres in southwestern Montana were killed where they lay this morning by tramping clones. Here's the story:

Inside the clone mill, the gene vats were cooking. Sterile workers clocked in and out and tramps loitered in the crawl space, under the warming boilers, eating whatever fell through the safety net and the floor cracks, drinking seepage that killed them by the dozens and changed some into a broad mix of beastly forms.

It was a mall of horror and a school of blood from which a few escaped to roam abroad

as huge beavers, buttfish, goose-necked businessmen and oreodonts, preying on everything that wasn't them, sometimes cooking fat bits in brute lard brought to a slow boil.

The mill owners, I.P. Freely, Seymour Butts and Wazee Moose, like the Stooges, were sleeping together on the desert floor one evening when some goose-necked business types, cloned accidentally when a mill worker spat unchewed goose liver into a middle management vat, passed by in company with a rabid brute and a numbskull. They asked the mill owners for the time, but the three merely wheezed and whimpered and turned over all at once. This angered the

unnatural clones, and their greasy circuits screamed "Kill!"

At the clone mill, more tramps had come to drink the seepage. Thousands were metamorphosed, to parade abroad and launch satellites of the parent company, Hour of the Beast Ltd.

Services for the mill owners will be held at Lamanno Panno Fallo, a sunnyside stooge mortuary. Survivors are Clone Freely, Clone Butts and Clone Moose, all sons; Yellow Bleacher, founder of Mixmeat Pies, a close friend; a mutant shrew and a gaggle of beakwomen; and Minnie and Michael Rat, the prey and his spouse, a Detroit squirrel.

Mort's Mummies



Mort

Irradiant Preservation
Bonded Binding
Corpse Beetle Dip
Pre-need Measurement
Free Canopic Jars
Perpetual Ka Care
Home Pickup & Delivery
Stillborns Half Off

The Best of the Wursts ----- Zeus

Bolognics

Panfried Bologna
Stackmeat
Velveta Rings
Brute Butt
Highway Jerky
Trickmeat Pie
Hot Gut Paste



Zeus

Ladies Day
Special:
Neck of
Goose Cake

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