

THE NEWSPAPER

issue 4.08



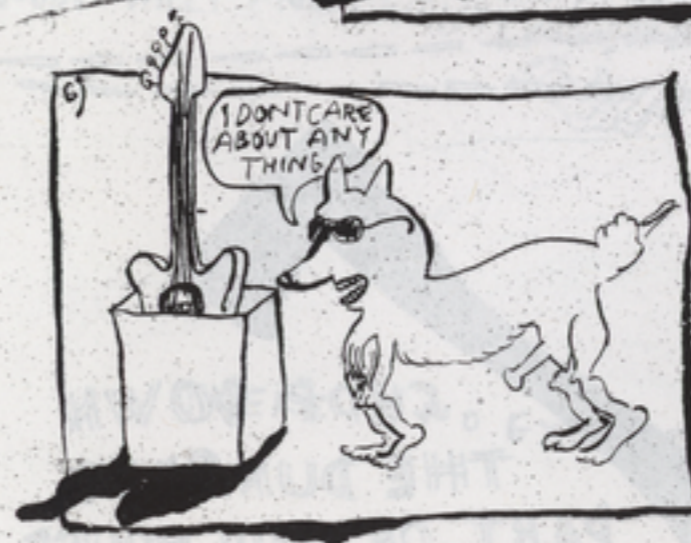
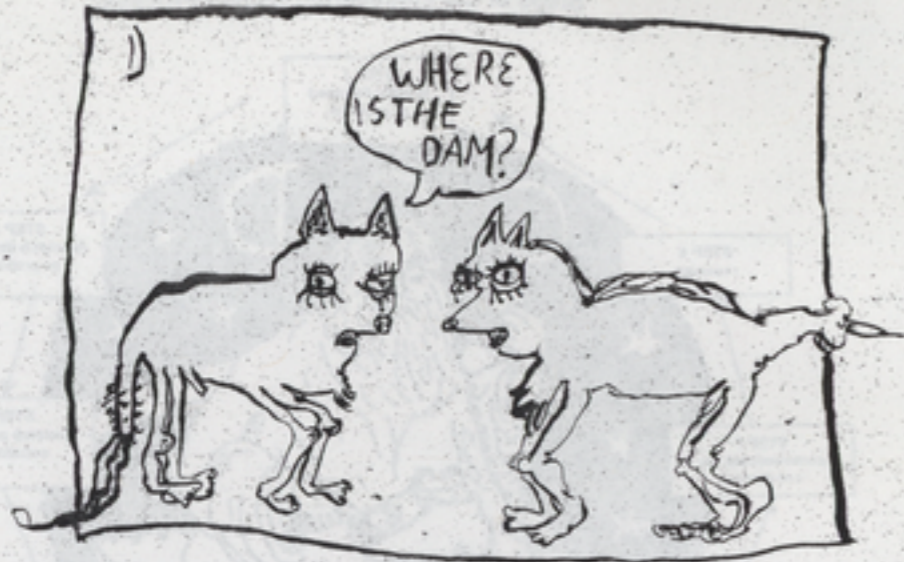
Toby and Aaron deny responsibility for doing this thing again: "If you didn't know by now, you probably didn't want to."

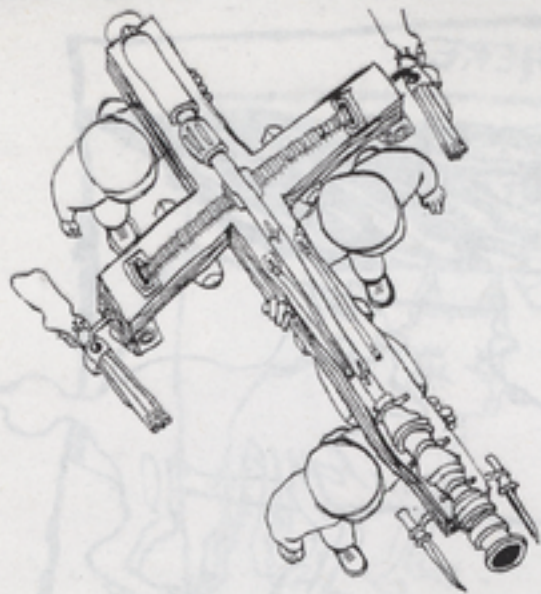
Steps of the Engineering Design Process



1. Identify the need or problem
2. Research the need or problem
 - Examine current state of the issue and current solutions
 - Explore other options via the internet, library, interviews, etc.
3. Develop possible solution(s)
 - Brainstorm possible solutions
 - Draw on mathematics and science
 - Articulate the possible solutions in two and three dimensions
 - Refine the possible solutions
4. Select the best possible solution(s)
 - Determine which solution(s) best meet(s) the original requirements
5. Construct a prototype
 - Model the selected solution(s) in two and three dimensions
6. Test and evaluate the solution(s)
 - Does it work?
 - Does it meet the original design constraints?
7. Communicate the solution(s)
 - Make an engineering presentation that includes a discussion of how the solution(s) best meet(s) the needs of the initial problem, opportunity, or need
 - Discuss societal impact and tradeoffs of the solution(s)
8. Redesign
 - Overhaul the solution(s) based on information gathered during the tests and presentation

↓ TAKE NOTES DOWN HERE!!! ↓





UH-OH,
TRIPLE
TROUBLE,
EVERYBODY!

Authorities urge
panic, more
shopping.

1. Tribal Revival Rivals Bible!

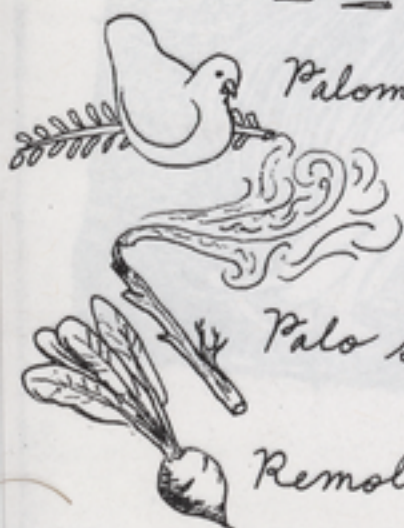
YIKES!

2. Man-in-Charge Discharges Large
Cartridge at Supposed Partridge!

OOPSY-DAISY!

3. Savage Rabbit Ravages Cabbages!

DID THIS ALREADY HAPPEN ANOTHER TIME?



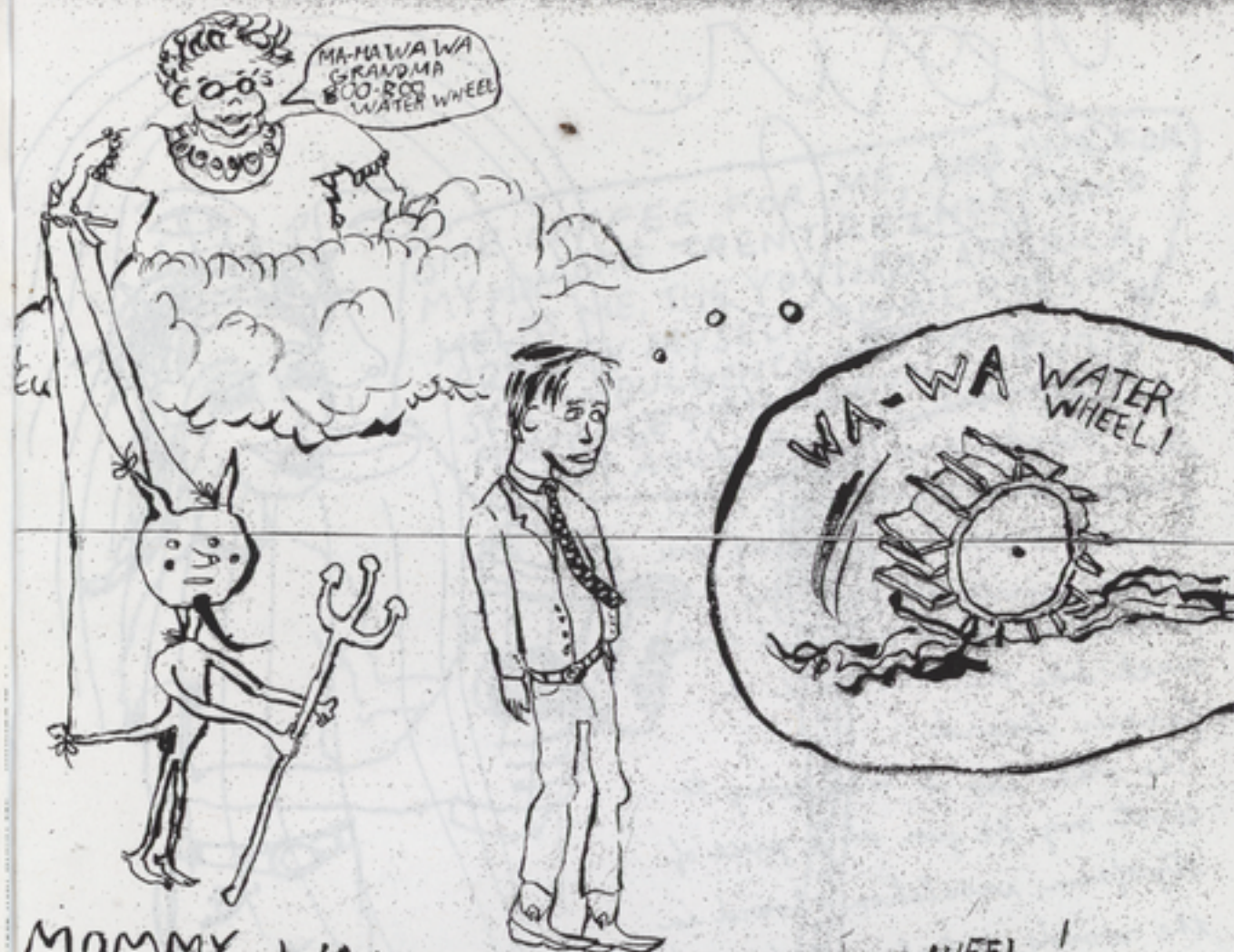
Paloma Blanca

Palo Santo

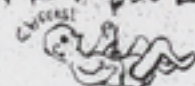
Remolacha



CHOP DOWN
THE DUMBEST
PART OF YOUR HOUSE



MOMMY WA WA BABA WA WA WATER WHEEL!
MAMA WA WA VATER VEEL WATER WHEEL!
WA WA WATER WHEEL! WATER WHEEL! WATER WHEEL!
MOMMY WANT WA WA! BOO BOO WHEEL! WA WA BOO BOO! WAAAA!
SEE MY WATER WHEEL WANTY WA WA BOO-BOO MAMA #1!
BOBBY WALLY MOLLY WANTY BOO-BOO BOX. WANTY WHEEL BOX



THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR HIDEOUS WALLPAPER.

your
Pal

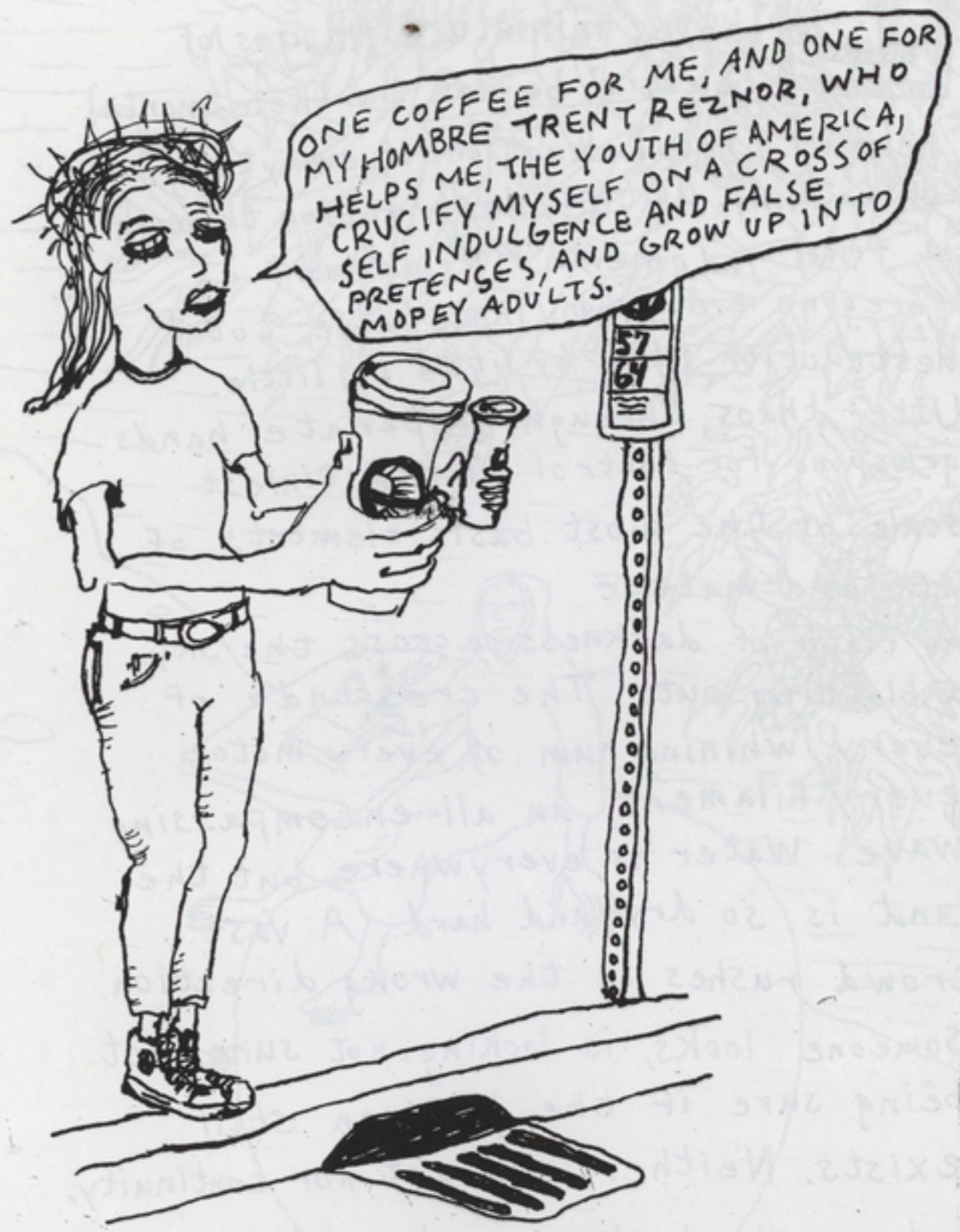
In this part, where there are deer tracks and flattened grass, this particular 1973 hippie book is teaching you about spirituality, and the portrait of Uncle Nice God looks much like me, but with a fancier beard.

The other day I was going to shoot my BB gun at a piece of styrofoam insulation-board in the woods, but I couldn't find the BBs. Many years had elapsed. I decided to try my dad's BB gun, which has lain dormant in the garage since the garage was built. It was loaded but useless. Then I started making notches in logs of a fallen pine tree, in order to stack them to build a fort against the suburbanization of the rural.



Old
Man
God

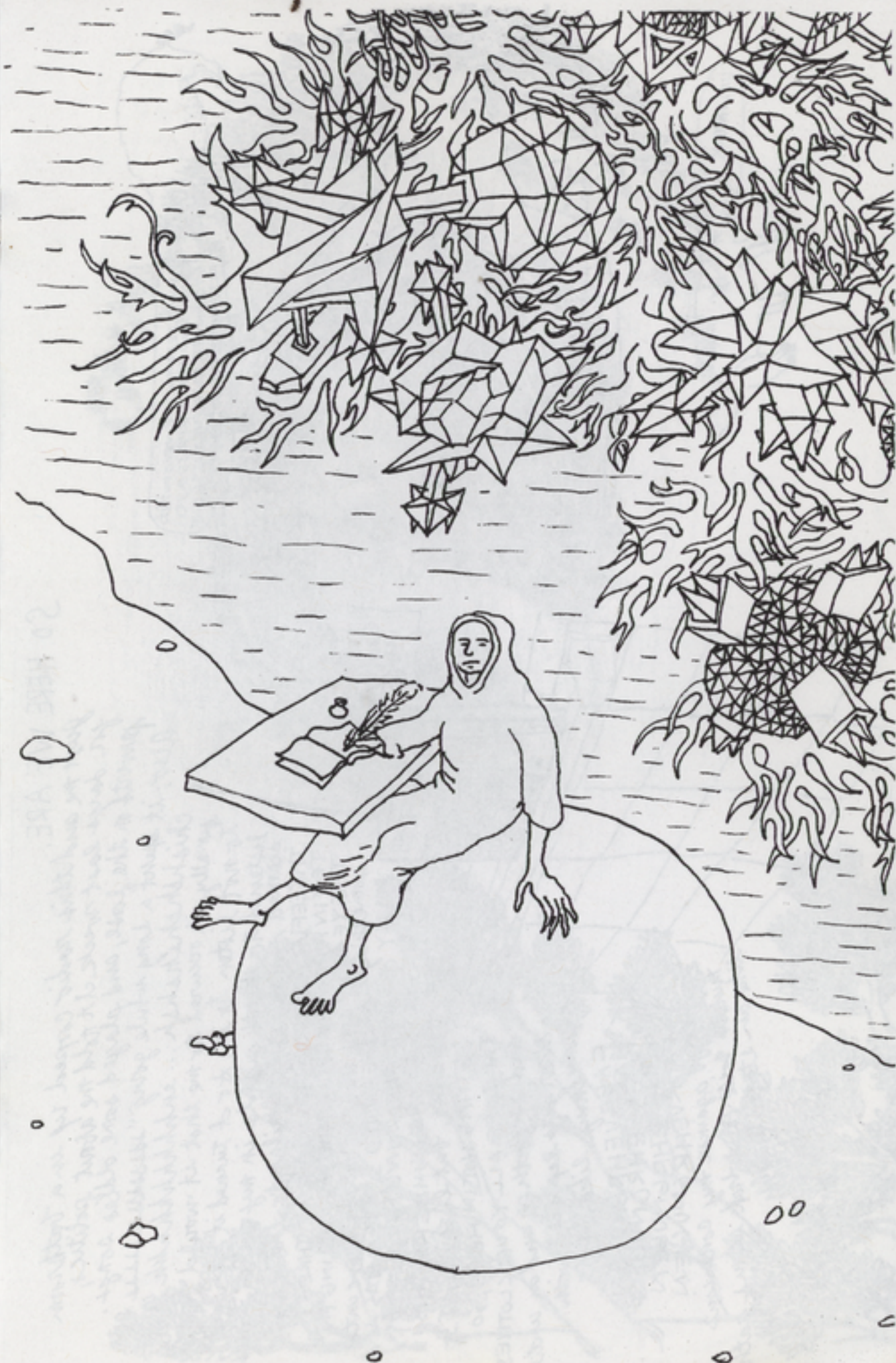
1973 HIPPIE BOOK



ONE COFFEE FOR ME, AND ONE FOR MY HOMBRE TRENT REZNOR, WHO HELPS ME, THE YOUTH OF AMERICA, CRUCIFY MYSELF ON A CROSS OF SELF INDULGENCE AND FALSE PRETENCES, AND GROW UP INTO MOPEY ADULTS.

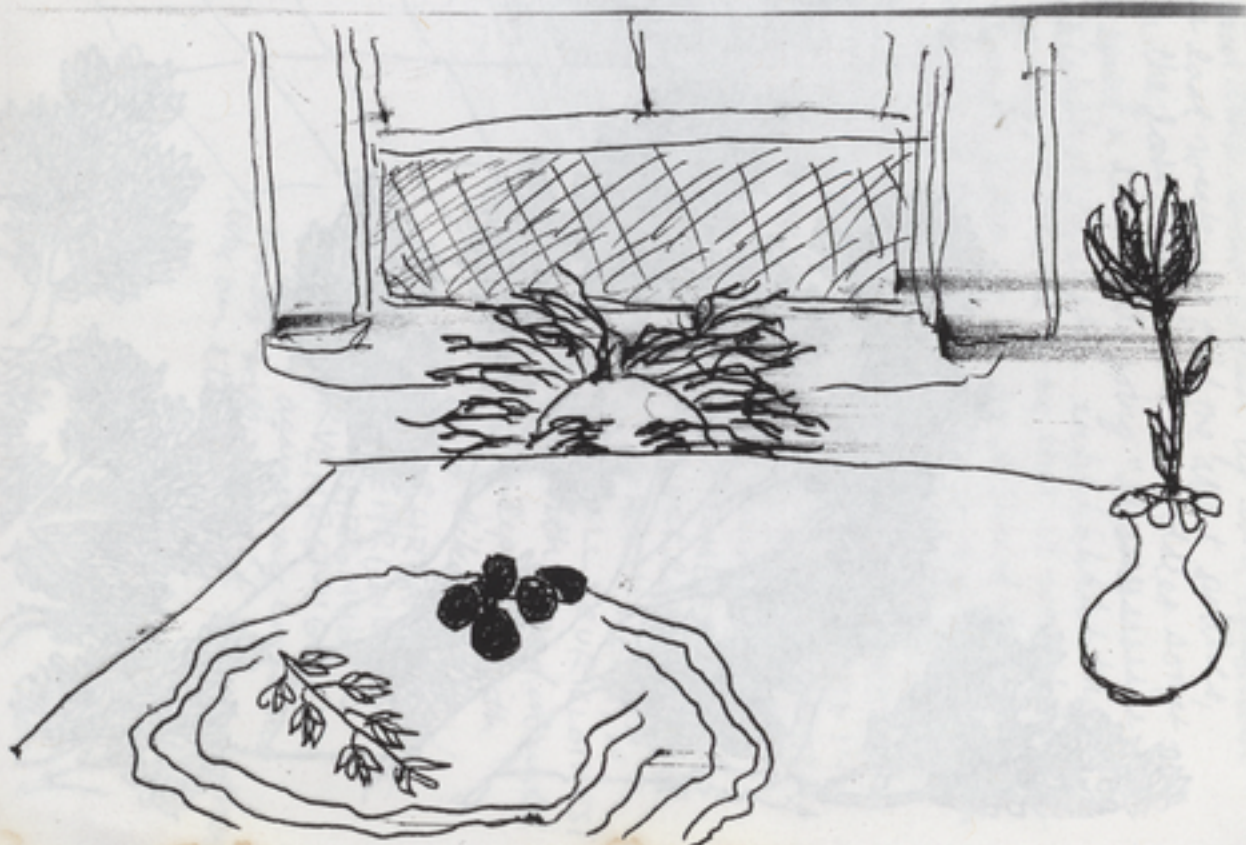
Ball of stone, book of leaves, miniature images of celestial beings and their mortal helpers. Total creation of everything out of nothing, utter destruction through a final judgment. All judgment a foregone conclusion, inevitable; total destruction little by little by little. Utter chaos through desperate hands grasping for control at the tiniest scale of the most basic elements of life and matter.

A flash of darkness across the sky, a blotting out. The crescendo of every whining hum of every motor, every filament, an all-encompassing wave. Water is everywhere, but the land is so dry and hard. A vast crowd rushes in the wrong direction. Someone looks, is looking, not sure, not being sure if the horizon still exists. Neither contrast nor continuity, but constant change and constant forgetting.





I DONT KNOW WHAT TO FUCKIN DO.
MY LIFE IS DOWN THE SHITTER.
I MEAN TOTALLY A FUCKIN
LOST CAUSE. UN-FUCKIN-
REDEEMABLE, STICK A FORK
IN IT, CAUSE IT'S TOTALLY
UNREDEEMABLEY FUCKIN KICKED.
IT'S LIKE A BOWL OF HOT SOUP
ON A COLD WINTERS MORNING:
FINE. NO! I MEAN TOTALLY
FUCKED UP. FUCKING WASTED
LIKE A PLACEMAT ON A DISTANT
PLANET WITH AN ENVIRONMENT
INHOSPITABLE TO PLANTS AND ANIMALS
ALIKE.



HAVE YOU
TRIED
THIS FUCKING
LAVENDER
AND
ELDERBERRY
COMPOTE?





laboratories that perform concrete testing must be licensed.
(B) Personnel who perform field concrete testing must be licensed.
(C) Field concrete testing must be witnessed by a registered architect or engineer.
(D) Concrete cylinders are used to test compressive strength of concrete.

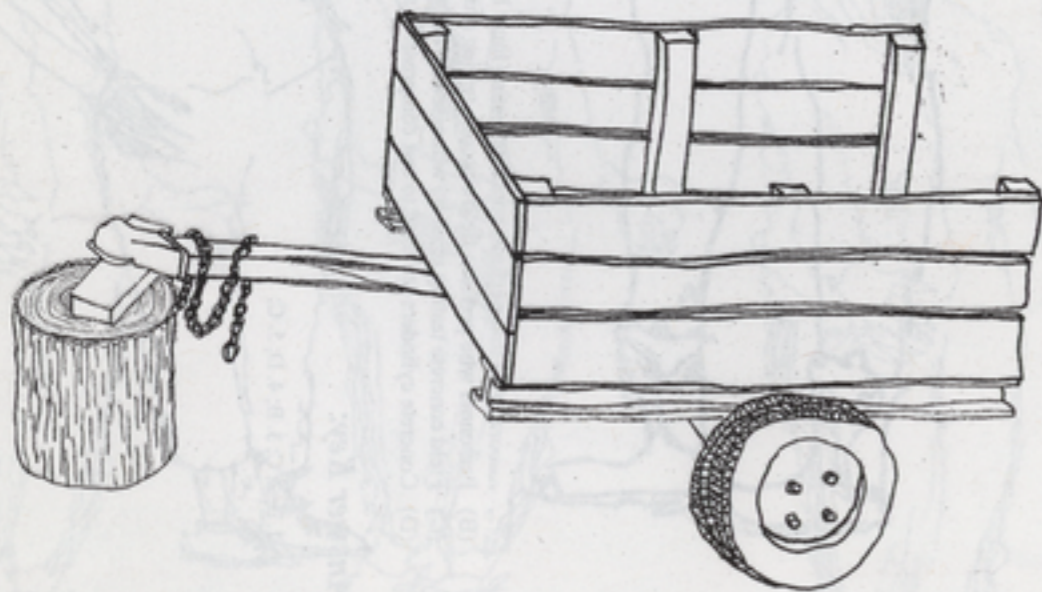
Answer Key:

1. C; 2. B; 3. B; 4. D; 5. C;

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN MOVING FREELY OVER THE AMERICAN CONTINENT FOR MOST OF THE PAST 20,000 YEARS.

THE SET OF HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES WHICH LED UP TO YOU BEING ALIVE AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT, WITHIN THE MADE-UP BORDERS OF THE SO-CALLED UNITED STATES, HAVE NOT BESTOWED UPON YOU THE RIGHT TO HALT OR IMPEDE THAT MOVEMENT.

IT IS NATURAL AND INEXORABLE AND WILL CONTINUE LONG AFTER YOU HAVE DIED AND BEEN RETURNED TO THE EARTH, WHICH IS INDIVISIBLE.



MUSQUASH

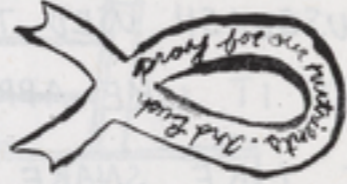
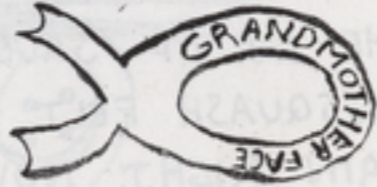
MUSQUASH WAS RESOLUTE. THE INSIDE OF THE HUT WAS TOO DRY AND TOO DARK FOR HIS LIKING JUST THIS MOMENT.

HE WAS GOING TO SIT OUTSIDE IN FRONT OF THE HUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, THAT WAS FOR SURE. THE RAIN WAS COMING DIAGONAL, SO SUNLIGHT BEAMS WERE STILL FITTING IN BETWEEN THE RAIN.

SOME OLD RAIN AND SOME OLD SUN HAD BEEN MADE INTO STICKS. SOME STICKS, THREE OF THEM, LEANED TOGETHER TO FORM A TRIPOD. SOMETIMES MUSQUASH USED THE TRIPOD TO HANG STUFF ON TO DRY IT, LIKE APPLE RINGS, OR JUST TO LOOK AT IT, LIKE SNAKE SKINS FROM OVER BY THE BIG ROCK PILE. RIGHT NOW THE STICKS WERE JUST PREVENTING TOO MANY LEAVES FROM PILING UP ON THE JAR OF SAUERKRAUT BRINE.

MUSQUASH FELT PRETTY GOOD IN THE SUN AND RAIN RIGHT NOW.

THIS
IS
YOUR
THROAT



Fortress
Americans

Goodbye
goodhead... RETURN!



B #29



has been returned off

FAMILY CIRCUS TRAMPOLINE TOWER INTO RIVER BELOW.

FAKER TIP SHIP SHAPE GRAPE JAM JAM PAIAMA LAMA RAMA

OF THE LOTTERY LAKE. RAKE MATE. NAKED.

FALLING FROM THE RAINBOW, REVERSED THE MOROSE RITA'S FROWN, AND

GRIPPY HOT DIPPED LIFE OUT OF THE ROTUNDA, THEY GUFFAWED OUT LOUD. HYPOGLYCEMIC, MASSA,

SIPHON JAMES WRONGED THE CALCIUM PHOSPHATE HATER. SINKHOLE HELLFACE, HISTOIA

SLIM JAMES WOUNDED HONDS. CALCIUM MARGERINE, RHINO. LYME, SKIN.

COLLATERAL TUMERIC. FELTED SPILT, AHEM! MARGERINE, RHINO. LYME, SKIN.

MA SCULINE TUMB BELL. FELT MY DIME BAG / MY HELP / MY SLEEP

HISTORECTOMY, BOMB BELT. RECALCITRANT TOPSY TURVY IN THE RECTORY.

MY OWN KIN, MY YELLING FELT LIKE FALLING, SCRATCHING.

DIGNIFIED, SKIN IN ME, MY LOVE ATTACHED TO HEART SCAFFOLD RAPTURE REPAIR, TRY.

DO YOU READ ME
DO YOU READ ME
DO YOU READ ME



hell hath
no fury



Like my mother-fuckin ~~my~~ appetite
for imaginary destruction.