

HORSEFEATHERS

August 2018

REMEMBER YOUR
FIRST CRUSH?

Miss Understanding does.
She also remembers your first
date and your first kiss.

THE
FIRST
ISSUE
EVER

and
probably
the last



TIME TO CHANGE
THE BULBS

Become enlightened
with Guru Vantufak

www.horsefeathersmag.com

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We meant to put something here
– but we forgot what it was.

Table of Contents

Editorial	4	Words of Wisdom	18
A message from the editor-in-chief, Seymour Typus		A few lines by Lacey Dunottin	
A Recipe for Love	6	New Age, New Me	20
Miss Understanding talks about first love		Guru Vantufak prepares you for the spiritual life	
Holy Words	9	Look Both Ways	23
Reverend I. B. Leev tells the Genesis creation narrative		A comic by the artist currently known as V. Eckteur	
Case 324	12		
Dr. Isaac Zigars, PsyD introduces "The Poet Who Doesn't Know It"			
Tales From the World	15		
Exciting news stories about an iPad winning custody of a child, an averted catastrophe at Mister Universe, and lighting candles with melons			

Editorial

by Editor-in-Chief, Seymour Typus

Ah, yes, new beginnings: The wondrous thrill of adventure, the marvelous excitement of new experiences and the soul-crushing force of anxiety.

Welcome to this very first issue of Horsefeathers Magazine!

We worked long and hard on it, and I believe everyone put forth their best average effort. Well, except for Lacey Dunottin who only showed up to work once, wrote a few lines and left.

This issue is all about beginnings and introductions (except for “Tales From the World” of course, since we obviously can't just cook up the news): Miss Understanding talks about her first experiences with love and romance; Reverend I. B. Leev tells the classic story of how God created the World – some would call it blasphemous, we call it prophetic; Dr. Isaac Zigars, PsyD introduces (against all kinds of patient confidentiality) a curious case he calls “The Poet Who Doesn't Know It”; Lacey Dunottin wrote some lines about anything vaguely related to the word “first” (or horses); and Guru Vantufak explains how to get physically and mentally ready for a spiritual journey.

Here at the offices of Horsefeathers Magazine (which we are way overdue on rent for), July has been a hectic month full of blood, sweat and missed meetings (god damn it, Lacey!). Yet, miraculously, we all made it through without anyone admitting having succumbed to depression, anxiety or cardiac arrest (looking at you, Miss Understanding).

Guru Vantufak just showed up one day (it was around 2:43 p.m. on July 17th) and asked to write for us; an offer we of course gratefully refused – until

he started chanting in, I believe, Hindi, turned his eyes inward and the whole room lit up and started shaking. Right then and there, we knew we had to let him write for us, as our electricity bill was running kind of high anyways, and it turned out to be the only way to make him shut up.

We still aren't sure where he came from, but we did receive a few calls from the psychiatric ward and some from a government organization called ██████████ ██████████ claiming things like: “This man is in acute need of medical attention!”, “This man is suffering from a severe mental disorder” and “Get out now!” We decided to block their numbers.

Miss Understanding right off the bat – being the big, fat, self-proclaimed cupid that she is – decided to set everyone up on rendezvous, which was an absolute disaster: By mistake, she paired Lacey with the horse – now Lacey is going to court for bestiality.

You may have noticed, I've been kind of hard on Lacey in this editorial – that's what happens when you don't show up to work and fuck a horse, Lacey! How could you?! I trusted you!

Since we're just starting out, it would be an understatement to say we're broke. We've had to make due with the little we've got, which is why this issue is suffering from a drastic lack of illustrations. But fear not! If everything goes according to plan, my great-grandmother will die next week leaving me with a healthy inheritance large enough to pay Michelangelo himself to be our illustrator (although we'll probably settle for someone a bit less expensive and a bit less dead) – or maybe at least enough to pay the office rent. So we promise there will be more pretty pictures in

future issues – for now we are going to have to ask
you to kindly use your imagination.

Enjoy!

Make this fit
on prev. page

A Recipe for Love

by Miss Understanding

Hello, my dears! Welcome to my show! I'm Miss Understanding and I know *all* about love. Since this is the first episode, I think we should talk about first love.

I still remember my first crush. It was in seventh grade. I was so infatuated – he was handsome, smart and very mature. But alas, he did not feel the same about me. When I sneaked over to him during a lesson and asked if he would be my boyfriend, he was all like: “No. Sit down and do the exercises on page fifty-six. I'm thirty-eight and married.”

A few years later I crushed really hard on Dave Kranmeyer from math class. It all started when I accidentally stepped on his foot and broke his leg. Ever since that moment, whenever I saw him, I had butterflies coming out of every orifice – I should have stopped ordering from that sketchy Thai place. Dave had big glasses, a goofy, buck-teeth smile and his hair had a nuance that was hard to place on the color spectrum.

When I went to ask him on a date, I was more nervous than an abandoned baby-seal in the main tank at Shark World. At first he seemed confused but then he said: “Wait, I remember you: You sit behind me in biology class, right?”

“M-m-math class,” I stuttered a bit disappointed.

“Oh, is that what that is?”

Come to think of it, it actually makes sense that he never graduated.

“Also, I once broke your leg,” I murmured.

So there we are at a nice restaurant for our first date. The waiter comes up and asks: “Would you like tonight's special?”

To which Dave replies: “No, thanks. I would like tonight's normal.”

The waiter goes: “All right...? Have you looked at the

menu?”

And Dave says: “Yes, it's very pretty.”

“Thank you? What would you like to eat?”

“I don't know – what do you have?”

So we order our food. I want to make a good impression on Dave, so I only order a Caesar salad, ten chicken wings, a bowl of rice and curry, spareribs, medium fries and three scoops of ice-cream for dessert – and a diet coke. He definitely seemed impressed.

The restaurant was very quiet. We hardly even noticed the other couples in there; except for a few judgmental glances – probably because Dave had ordered a veggie burger.

The candlelight was very romantic and dim – I ate half a decoration before Dave pointed out it wasn't my salad; honestly, I couldn't really tell the difference.

Suddenly Dave gives me this long and intense look – I get all hot and bothered. Then he whispers: “I think they put peanuts in this” and visibly vomits in his mouth. He swallows and runs to the toilet. He comes back looking like Rudolph the Red Nosed sack of allergies.

He says: “Let's get out of here.”

So I signal the waiter and say: “Check, please.”

To which the waiter replies: “All right... you are obese and your date looks ill.”

“No, I want to pay.”

“You don't have to pay for that – we tolerate all kinds of people here. Right over there a girl is dating a horse.”

As we walk out of the restaurant, Dave says: “Did you hear that? He said I look ill! Legit.”

We decide to go for a stroll on the beach. We sit down in the sand and look across the ocean.

I see something move in the water and exclaim:

"I think I saw a whale!"

Dave looks at me and says: "I see one right now."

I slap him across the face and he apologizes, saying: "Whales got nothing on you, babe!"

To this day I'm still not sure how to take that.

We sit there in the moonlight and it gets quiet. He nervously takes my hand and caresses the back of it with his thumb. We look each other deep in the eyes. And that's when I realize it is time for my first kiss. Dave didn't realize this. When I closed my eyes and leaned in to kiss him, he thought I wanted to tell him a secret, so he turned his head. I frenched his ear. I think he may have had some kind of ear-fetish, cause he didn't stop me.

We did kiss each other on the lips afterwards, though. We were both terrible kissers, but it didn't matter to me – at least it wasn't uncle Kerry again.

Kissing isn't something they teach you in school. Arguably it would be kind of weird if they did. Just imagine some grade school teacher going: "All right, let's practice. Turn to the student next to you and start smooching."

"But Mrs. Hanson, I don't wanna kiss Tommy – he has cooties."

"And I don't wanna kiss Katy either, Mrs. Hanson – I'm not in love with her."

"Tommy, dear child, do you even know what love is?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hanson, it's when two people feel a very deep need to spend the rest of their lives arguing."

"Poor Tommy, I see you come from a dysfunctional family."

"What does 'dysfunctional' mean, Mrs. Hanson?"

"They'll tell you in a few years when you start therapy."

We both had a curfew, so we kissed each other goodnight and went home.

A few dates later, we started seeing each other regularly. We were so in love. When we walked down the street, hand in hand, birds would sing, flowers would bloom and onlookers would vomit

compulsively.

We were hanging out almost every day; mostly at his place.

His cat was always attacking me, making me run around. I mean, that creature was vile – I swear I once heard it whisper: "Get some exercise, fatty."

His mother was a kind woman – compared to a serial rapist. She accepted me even less than the cat. We would always crack jokes together, though. I would make a funny remark about the weather, and she would say something like: "You're not good enough for my son."

One day Dave came over to my place. My mom was so excited. I asked her not to be embarrassing, and she actually did her best. She only pinched his cheek and called him cute thirty-seven times that day. It wasn't until he left he told me: "I don't know if I'm comfortable with your mom pinching my butt all the time."

I'm just glad he never filed for sexual harassment – but those were different times; nowadays, the feds would show up faster than you could say "roofies".

But oh well, young love seldom lasts – and we were no exception. At some point you just come to realize that you enjoy very different things. I really liked to stay in, snuggle up on the couch with some buttered popcorn and watch romantic movies – he really liked Tracy from Spanish class.

Maybe we just rushed into it. You can't base a relationship solely on short-term physical attraction. It's better to go for long-term power and money.

When we broke up, our friends felt they should "choose sides". Some went with him; others stayed with me. My mom chose his side.

He left me through a text-message. It said: "Can't text right now. Have to buy cigarettes."

He didn't even smoke...

He stopped responding after that.

From then on math class got really awkward.

All right. A fan sent me a letter – let's read it!

“Dear Miss Understanding!

I'm a sixteen year old girl and I need your help! My boyfriend cheated on me with my best friend last week – so I broke up with him. I feel cold inside. I feel like I can never trust a guy again – or a girl for that matter... Tenna, you bitch! How could you?!

All the best,
A lost soul”

Thank you for your letter, lost soul. You can fix the coldness with a nice, hot and creamy tomato-soup. Start by cutting some onions – this will get the waterworks going; feel how it clears your head. Mince three cloves of garlic – you will need this to get that nice leave-me-alone-breath; this is how you make sure you aren't confronted with the horrible reality of the existence of other people for more than a few moments at a time. Slash a bunch of tomatoes to bits with a big ass knife – imagine they are your ex; visualize the blood flowing everywhere; rub your face in it and scream: “Fuuuu—”... sorry, I got a bit carried away there. Pour some olive oil in a pot and put it on medium high heat. Lightly caramelize the onions and add the garlic. Pour in the tomatoes and add herbs and spices. Add some water and let it simmer for anything between twenty minutes and two hours. Add cream and let it heat up – do not boil. I personally recommend adding a handful of deep-fried mozzarella sticks for flavor and comfort. Enjoy your hot tomato-soup. That should do it; hope you feel better soon, love.

Okay. Sadly, we're out of time. Let's end today's episode with my list of “Top 10 Ideas for a First Date”! I hope to see all of your beautiful faces again next time. Take care and love well.

Top 10 Ideas for a First Date

10. Go out to eat at a nice restaurant.
9. Watch a movie at the cinema.
8. Have a drink at the local pub.
7. Go skinny dipping.
6. Go to the zoo for a bit of light petting.
5. Crash a wedding.
4. Crash a funeral.
3. Crash a car.
2. Get roofied.
1. Adopt a baby.

Holy Words

by Reverend I. B. Leev

In the beginning was the word and the word was: "Fuck, there's only seven days until the deadline!"

Thus God said: "Let there be light!" and nothing happened. "Let there be light!" he tried again – still nothing. So God fumbled his way through the darkness to flip the switch manually, stubbing his toe on the coffee table, murmuring: "This god damn voice-activated garbage."

Finally there was light and God saw that the light was flickering. Thus God called the electrician. And God saw that the electrician was good. And God gave the electrician a generous tip so he could buy something nice for himself, since he always seems so lonely.

Being easily exhausted by actually having to do things, God called it a day. He went to bed and called that a night. And it was so.

The second and third days went with creating the sky, the earth and the – idiomatic but geographically nonsensical – seven seas. On the earth, God raised mountains and lowered valleys; he stretched out rivers and carved out lakes; he painted fields and drew rigid national borders.

And God created the most magnificent trees and flowers. And God went to smell the roses. And God smelled that the roses really smelled like poopoo. And it was so.

God also created a little, gray kitten with sad eyes wearing a slightly too tight, red T-shirt saying: "Don't move your mittens! This is a steak-up!" And God felt pleased with himself for coming up with that pun. And the electrician groaned at it.

On day four God made the Sun and the Moon – and the stars. Considering it took him a whole day to create the Earth, he apparently had a humongous spike in productivity on this day, where he suddenly managed to create a plethora of galaxies

– perhaps because this was also the day he created coffee. On this day, God had also wanted to create intuition, but at the time it just didn't feel right. So instead, God created a jar of pickles he couldn't open – thus proving his omnipotence.

On day five God was back to half-arsing it, because he had run out of coffee. God lethargically mustered up just enough energy to create the marvelous creatures of the oceans and birds soaring through the sky – and a double-bacon ham and cheese sandwich with extra ranch because all this hard work had made him peckish. And it was so.

Although he knew he was supposed to create land-creatures as well to stay on schedule, he couldn't be arsed and spent the rest of the day procrastinating by watching reruns of "Is it a Hat or a Caterpillar?". At the end of the fifth day God gazed upon his creation and saw that he was screwed, because there were only two days left until the deadline. And God was struck by panic, because something was missing, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was.

So on day six God created a man from the dust of the earth. He could have created the man out of nothing just like he created everything else. However, being omniscient, God saw the ironic potential of doing it this way, as he knew that at 5:32 p.m. on May 21st, 1973 Johnny Barthold Myers, living in dorm room 226 of the now infamous "Lady Meredith Dorm for Boys", would coin the term "dirtbag" as an insult while yelling at his roommate for having eaten the last peanut butter chocolate chip cookie. And it was so. As God was not a very proficient sculptor he ended up – like any novice artist – trying to sculpt a self-portrait. And God looked at the man and saw that the man

could probably still use a little more work, but there was no time, as the deadline was nigh. And God named the man “Adam”, because God couldn't think of anything majestic. Then God created all the animals of the land and called upon Adam to name them, since God couldn't be arsed.

God wanted to create unicorns, but when he tried, he accidentally created rhinos instead; on his second try, he created narwhals. So God said: “To hell with it,” and the unicorns are to this day still suffering never-ending torture down there.

God, afflicted with OCD, wanted everything in pairs, so he stole a rib from Adam and from it created a woman whom Adam later came to call “Eve”. At first, Adam was pretty bummed out over having his rib purloined but later – by pure accident – came to discover this had enabled him to suck his own dick. That made Adam consider it a fair trade-off – especially because Eve refused to give head.

Surprised by his own efficiency, God took the seventh day off to relax by the pool with a nice Margarita. The waiter came up and God ordered a caipirinha for himself and a cosmopolitan for Margarita.

God looked at his creation and saw that it wasn't actually all that bad. He was graded B+ for the project – although many have later come to the opinion he probably at best deserved a C.

God has since often thought if only he had created dragons and aliens, he would have gotten an A. Most people agree.

Just to taunt the two humans, God had placed the most enticing fruit tree in the middle of the Garden and given it the “I need to know”-inducing name: “The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil” and then told the humans not to eat nor touch the fruit of it or else they'd die.

God had also fiddled with a concept of a tree on which grew money – but as he couldn't think of any practical use for such a plant, he scrapped the idea. Eve, being a bit naive, let a serpent talk her into

eating from “The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil” and Adam, being just as naive – or probably bribed with potential blowjobs – let Eve talk him into also munching on what we these days depict as apples – because apparently we can't think of anything original for the fruit of the tree that grants moral knowledge. Unless apples actually grant moral knowledge – then we're spot on. And it was so.

Having eaten the forbidden fruit, Adam and Eve immediately realized how lousily they'd been sculpted and shamefully covered up their gross, cellulite-ridden bodies with full-body spandex suits made of fig leaves, small twigs, moss and environmentally sustainable elastane. As a twig passionately caressed Adams bumhole, he began to regret having regifted the ghastly, pink boxer briefs the electrician had knitted him for Christmas last year.

God was very disappointed with Adam and Eve. Adam tried to blame Eve who in turn tried to blame the serpent. In the end they all got punished: The serpent was turned into the form it has today, slithering across the earth on its belly. Eve was punished with a curse that causes all women to have intense labor pains – a lot of ladies have come to appreciate this one, Eve...

And we can all thank Adam for having to slave away in order to obtain food – and blowjobs. Oh, and of course also for not being immortal – because God holds the worst of grudges and decided that because of Adam and Eve's original sin no human should *ever* be allowed to eat from “The Tree of Life”. So there's that. Good going, guys...

God also cursed Adam with an eternal itch between the shoulder blades at exactly that spot where you can't really scratch – and with the feeling of always walking uphill. Eve was cursed with only ever being able to receive one bar of WiFi – arguably a more terrible fate. The serpent was cursed with writer's block, which it thought was only fair considering what it had done.

So God told Adam and Eve to get off his lawn. And, even though God had made his deadline, God saw that things had rapidly gone tits up.

why can't these dumbos
just stick to the
word count?!

Archibald O. Lougi's
Antique Shop
Slightly Magical Teapot

At Archi's Antique Shop we're currently auctioning off a Slightly Magical Teapot made of bronze! Our team of trained archaeologists estimate the teapot was made around the year 956 BC on a Saturday at 4:57 p.m. somewhere on a small – now underwater – island near the west coast of Italy.

We are not sure what it does, but it emits sparks and makes an annoyed grunting sound when rubbed.

We have added a painting of the teapot, since every time we try to photograph it, the entire store starts shaking, which makes it impossible to take clear pictures.



If you squint, it looks just like the real thing – and you will look like you need glasses.

Bids start at
\$3.32

www.archi-o-lougi.com

Case 324

from the medical journals of Dr. Isaac Zigars, PsyD

It was just after noon on the 30th of May last year when my phone rang. I recognized the number on my caller I.D.: It was the local police department. Having recently done laundry as well as deleting my browser history, I answered the call with confidence.

It's not rare that the police contacts me, mostly wanting my help with interrogation work. I am, after all, extremely accomplished in the field of criminal behaviorology. The fact that my aquatic office, the S/S Escobar, is permanently staffed and safely anchored in international waters just outside of the reach of pesky nuisances such as the American Psychiatric Association and the Geneva Convention probably plays a role as well. Last, but not least, the hold music on my phone line is a rather jazzy rendition of "Every Breath You Take" by The Police, which is a song that speaks to myself as well as many police officers on a deep, personal level, but I digress.

The policeman on the other end explained the situation to me, and I must say that it was a rather peculiar case: At a local watering hole, a man had been building up quite a tab over the past few months. When the time had finally come for him to pay it, he had been unable as he had no cash or credit cards on his person.

This, in itself, is not unusual. What is, however, is that when the bartender - aided by three leather-clad motorcycle enthusiasts who had been frequenting the bar as it was the only place they were allowed to park their vehicles inside - kindly suggested that the man either fetch some sort of currency from his apartment or write them a check, he claimed to have no recollection of neither his address nor his name.

As a medical professional, I will note here that just as a blow with a blunt object to the head can often

be the cause of memory loss, the threat of an even harder blow with an even blunter object has, in cases like this, often been known to suddenly bring forth both memory as well as legal tender. In this particular case, however, neither threat nor actual blow had had the desired effect, and so, the police had been called and was now asking me to help identify the debtor.

I met with the debtor in my office later the same day. He was an anonymous-looking white male, mid-forties, dressed exactly as if he had planned to spend the day walking around Bed, Bath and Beyond with a thousand yard stare (my son later informed me that this particular clothing style is called norm-core). He seemed relatively calm, and not completely displeased with the fact that he had basically lost his entire personality. After exchanging initial pleasantries, I quickly decided to waste no time beating around the bush and instead dig right into some more experimental methods.

What follows here are my notes as I recorded them during the first session:

2:34 p.m. - I offer the patient, and he ingests, what he believes to be two orange-flavoured TicTacs.

2:36 p.m. - I put on "Around The World In A Tea Daze" by British electro-psydub duo Sphongle and invite the patient to lie down on the couch.

2:40 p.m. - The patient appears to be starting to relax. I turn on a strobe light and crank the AC down to a crisp 50 degrees Fahrenheit (10 degrees Celsius).

3:23 p.m. - For the past forty-three minutes, the

patient has been lying calmly on the couch, seemingly ignoring if not even slightly enjoying both music and strobe light. I'm bored out of my mind.

3:24 p.m. – I ingest what the patient believes to be an orange-flavoured TicTac.

My notes admittedly get a little hazy from there on. They seem to be heavily focused on descriptions and illustrations of trains going into tunnels, which I have omitted as to not bore the reader. What I do remember from the session is that no matter what methods I tried, they were futile. The patient would act aware and relaxed, respond to my questions politely and defend himself physically from me when needed – but he **WOULD NOT** remember who he was.

After hours of fruitless labour (by then it must have been 8:40 p.m.), I found myself sitting on the floor, head in my hands. The patient had at this point been sleeping peacefully on the sofa for a while. Pushing back tears, I looked up at him and bellowed at him to just, please, for the fucking love of God, tell me who he was.

And with his eyes still closed, as though from amidst a dream, he spoke! At first softly, but then with growing rhythm and intensity. Syllables turned to words, words turned to sentences, and before long, I was left with what I would later come to know as “The First Poem” from The Poet Who Doesn't Know It:

*I think, therefore I am
Ram Jam's Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
See, I was raised on green eggs and ham
And if you want a lover, I'm your man*

These were the words, and nonsensical as they seem to the untrained eye, I knew I was witnessing magic in the making. This was Hendrix at Woodstock, Robert Johnson at the crossroads, hell,

it was Kanye at his donation speech for the victims of Hurricane Katrina. And best of all, as the patient woke he had no recollection of uttering the words. It was all mine.

Tales From the World

This iPad Wins Custody Case Against Biological Parents – Insane!

It was an exciting day today at The Court of Questionable and Vague Cases. One of the most interesting cases of our time came to a conclusion. The case in question: The battle for custody of a child between an iPad (with a unique crack in the camera lens which really does something for the look of its limited edition Pirate-Anchor-284x935yc+ cover from 2007) and the child's biological parents, Hanky Hank and Macy Mess who both work in a kindergarten. The judge ended up deciding in favor of the iPad and thereby stated that the iPad would be a better parent for the now 5-year old boy (the child was 3 years old when the case started). The parents' outcry was ignored by the judge, and "he" simply replied that the iPad had better qualifications. These qualifications included instant access to the internet and thereby the ability to teach the child about everything worth knowing. Admittedly, the parents had frequently used the iPad to google: "how to be a better parent" – so they felt they were in no position to object. The economic side wouldn't be a problem for the iPad either, since Siri had already created a gofundme page which had been more than successful: 60 million dollars in the hands of a 5-year-old. What could go wrong? And "how much is a candy store?"

When asked if Siri would be able to raise a child, she answered: "There is no Taco Bell nearby" – which one has to admit is a statement of sheer confidence.

When asked if the parents wanted the case revoked, they answered: "We will probably try, but given the fact that the judge is an artificial intelligence from the esteemed School of Lawful Automatons and The Like, it is probably futile. The

child himself only stated: "Who needs parents when there's freemium games?"

And that is all from The Court of Questionable and Vague Cases and our well-functioning justice system licensed by Incorruptible but Still Successful Inc.

Find out how this Hot Dog Eating Champion Defuses Bomb at Convention Center and Wins Mister Universe – Party Planners Hate Him!

Last Monday at the Mister Universe competition a tragedy occurred – or well, almost occurred. During the competition, it became clear that a disgruntled competitor had smuggled a bomb into the convention center and had every intention of blowing it up as a statement against the regulations for the competition which he deemed unfair. "Why should we wear speedos when they don't cover anything? And don't you think it's weird that the size of a man's genitals is not valued in the evaluation of the most attractive man?" the would-be bomber told our news-team.

The potential bomber was discovered by a lazy guard who – trying to appear busy – started bossing the man around, telling him where to place the heavy object. The man got so annoyed being bossed around that he screamed: "If you don't stop bossing me around, I'm going to blow you and this whole competition to hell!"

This made the guard panic and start evacuating everyone. During the evacuation a steely-eyed man walked against the crowd, towards the bomb, and confidently stated that he could defuse it. When asked why he would be able to do so, he simply answered: "Last week, I participated in a hot dog eating competition, which was held at a local rodeo so I am clearly experienced."

The hot sausage-and-bun eater then hit the bomb with a big rock, consequently setting it off, exploding into a huge burst of confetti. Apparently, the “bomb” was just the confetti machine that was going to be used at the announcement of the winner and was misjudged by the lazy security guard. And so, there was no catastrophe, but, if nothing else, this news story clearly shows that if you are ever in need of a helping hand, find someone who has been to a rodeo. We also want to apologize for jumping the gun and sticking to the bomb story, as it has damaged the unnamed “bomber's” reputation, but we still believe it is proper journalism, since we live in an age of entertainment.

This Woman Makes History as she Lights 38 Candles with a Sun-Warmed Watermelon – Must Read!

It has indeed been an extraordinary week: First, the world-famous Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson from the famous tv show “Rocks” tried the most extreme form of method-acting yet by playing a non-sentient rock in a 2-hour summer megablockbuster. Later, Vin Diesel did the seemingly impossible and confirmed that he will be starring in the new “Fast and Furious 25 - No Limit is My Limit” as the villain.

And just as you would think things can't get any crazier, a woman makes a world first achievement by lighting 38 candles with a sun-warmed watermelon. It was an extremely dry afternoon at a holiday resort in Botswana when a woman named Clark performed the extraordinary feat. By using a gene-enhanced watermelon it became possible to light the candles in quick succession before the watermelon turned to ashes. When asked why she did it, she replied: “There are so many people in the world that the only way to become unique and matter is to be the first at something. Being second is never cool. Take the second guy who climbed mount Everest for example. Sure, he did something great, but it will never compare to the person who

did it first, and it just makes it seem like the second guy was a little lazy and not dedicated enough.”

Clark's own immense dedication to her cause can be seen in the fact that she just a week ago was a guy named Clark. The reason for this sex-change is that last year at a vacation resort in Tahiti (it's a magical place) a man named Flemming lit 38 candles with a sun-warmed honeydew melon (although not genetically enhanced). Since Clark feared there might be confusion if two men lit candles with melons, the natural action was to change gender. It should be noted though that at the time of this writing there is an ongoing investigation into Clark's claim of the extraordinary feat, since people are questioning the difference between a watermelon and a honeydew – apparently they are both melons. The discussion has even gained the attention of notable philosophers, as we have to consider its cultural significance, how it may influence fitness blogs and if the color yellow is actually different from the color green. When an expert was asked about the dissimilarity of the melons, he answered that he was more of a “cantaloupe kinda guy”. At this rate, we expect the discussion will keep going until sometime next January.

Words of Wisdom

by Lacey Dunottin

There's a first time for everything – except for déjà vu.

Hipsters always start doing things that are going out of style: Writing with pens on paper, listening to vinyl, dressing like it's the 70's all over again. The next thing they'll be doing is behaving like decent human beings.

I was born screaming – the midwife was hella ugly.

The first cut is the deepest. Unless you're cutting pineapples.

If the president remarries, does his new wife become the second lady?

The first time I went to the dentist, I had a hole stuffed. He also did some dental work.

I got sick of my car breaking down – so I bought a horse. Turns out, horses are really shit mechanics.

I was conceived screaming – my dad was a rapist.

The first time Mikey tried a swing, he didn't know how to make it stop – now, thirty-five years later, he's still up there.

The first time I tried weed, I got stoned like there was no tomorrow – which I thought was a very disproportionate punishment.

The first time the power went out in my house I was utterly delighted.

Once, I forgot to brush my teeth before going to bed. That night the tooth-fairy came to give me a proper spanking. I haven't brushed my teeth since.

My first job was at a sleeping pill factory, but I got tired of it.

The first time I cooked alone after moving out, I... well, I don't want to say I burned down the apartment, but I burned down the apartment. Incidentally, this was also the first time I truly understood why people have insurance.

After waking up this morning, I rode my horse. Then I got out of bed.

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New Age, New Me

by Guru Vantufak

Welcome, kids! I am Guru Vantufak and I'm here to teach you spirituality. Spirituality is the cultivation of happiness, love and tranquility – and maybe even truth, but that's questionable.

“Guru” is contrary to popular belief not a type of banana but means “teacher”. Today I will teach you the basics of, and the preliminary groundwork necessary for, becoming a spiritual being.

I was trained by the great, renowned meditation-master Guru Vathisnam. Guru Vathisnam was an amazing teacher: He never gave us any homework and recess was always half an hour longer than scheduled – although that was probably because he was so old he would fall asleep all the time.

On graduation day he told the class: “Go out into the world and spread the word of peace, love and happiness – and deep-fried mangoes; god I love those!”

Oh, I remember the deep-fried mangoes – absolutely revolting.

I've decided to come to you through this mass-produced media, since I've had to learn the hard way that it's not as easy to reach out to people in person as I had imagined:

Once a little old lady in a screaming yellow, a-bit-too-short-for-her-age dress and teeth begging for a toothbrush came to my house and asked: “Have you found our lord and saviour Jesus Christ?”

I said: “No, but you just found *your* lord and saviour Guru Vantufak!” and handed her a bunch of my promotional pamphlets. She looked at me in confusion and left. From my window I saw her toss the fliers in the trash.

Another time I saw a kid sitting on a park bench all by himself. I believe his mother went to buy

something – probably coke. So I decided to sit next to him and teach him about the chakras; the chakras are colorful, and kids love colors. When I had taught him all about the chakras, their significance, colors and positions in the body, he just looked at me and said: “You failed biology, didn't you?”

Then his mom came back and was all like: “Get away from my child, you creep!”

So I crept away.

I did have one successful encounter, though: I talked to a stressed out medical student. He was chasing his dream of becoming a doctor. I said to him: “Don't chase your dreams. When you are chasing, you are running and when you are running, you are wide awake. How are you supposed to dream when you are wide awake? You need to rest so you can dream.”

After this inspiring talk, he immediately dropped out of college. Now he has the time to properly dream about becoming a doctor.

Anyways, let's get started with today's lesson!

Sometimes we get so used to the smell, that we don't realize how much shit we're actually in. But I'm here to tell you, you reek of depression, loneliness and bad aftershave. Luckily I know the way out! First of all, you need to buy my new aftershave: “Guru Vantufak's: ‘The Stench of Enlightenment’ – secret formula for a persistent presence. Special price only for you”; it's just nine ninety-nine! This will instantly solve your first problem.

As for the psychological rut you've dug yourself into, you will have to start working on your mind. But before you start working on your mind, you

need to work on your body. Mind and body are psychosomatically connected which means you need to take care of your body to get a healthy mind. Your body is a temple and you've been neglecting your janitorial duties for long enough! It's time to clean up this mess. You need to cleanse your body. This means you need to exercise, get lots of fresh air and take an enema. You should also start eating vegan; you are what you eat – so why choose to be a pig, when you can become a beautiful flower? Remember to buy the “Guru Vantufak ‘I'm a Beautiful Flower’-Badge”!

You should also stay away from herbs and spices unless you need them as medicine. Just like you don't pop painkillers for the fun of it, you shouldn't eat things like garlic or ginger unless you need the health benefits. The only spices I use are peace, love and joy – and people actually say my cooking tastes really bland.

Some people will tell you to stay away from fluoride, because it will calcify your pineal gland – this is very true; fluoride is a neurotoxin. On the other hand, you're not supposed to eat toothpaste – no matter how much you like the taste of spearmint. Imagine that: “Say, what are you having for lunch?”

“A peanut butter and toothpaste sandwich.”

“Ew?”

A great way to cleanse the body is to do a water fast. I once did a month-long water fast, because I spent my whole paycheck on weed, shrooms and LSD. I've never felt better. That might have been because of the drugs, though. Although pissing was like a wild water ride at Disneyland.

Now... When you've started renovating your shack of a body, you are ready to begin the basic practice of spirituality: meditation.

I first made contact with meditation when I went to India. I must have been inspired by the spiritual vibe and the wonderful people there. I would often be able to just sit down and relax and stay away

from the stresses of TV, phones and social media. Of course the constant power cuts helped, too.

When I came back from India, I was so hooked on meditation I started meditating with a group on Sundays to alleviate my mind from irrational pursuits of nonsensical activities. It had to be Sundays because Saturdays I had napkin folding classes.

I often fell asleep during group meditation – but no one could tell.

I must admit I had the wrong conceptions about meditation when I first set out on my spiritual journey. I thought meditation was about getting into a trance. I would try to hypnotize myself; I would ask my friends to hypnotize me; I even went to a trance-party once – but they just played horrible electronic music all night.

But when I went to India for the second time – this time to practice under the guidance of Guru Vathisnam – I finally understood that meditation is about awareness and not daydreaming. That being said, meditation can actually be like tripping on acid – and it's just as mind-altering. You can see beautiful visuals and have deep insights just by closing your eyes and paying attention to your breath. Actually, the mind altered by enlightenment is permanently changed – whereas the mind altered by drugs is only temporarily changed. That means meditation is better than drugs! Now that's a sales pitch. And it's just nine ninety-nine! Especially if you're also doing the water fast.

When you first start meditating, you will find that your mind won't ever shut the fuck up. Your mind is not used to sustain its attention on one thing for more than two and a half seconds. Your mind is so used to being in a state of attention deficit disorder! A squirrel! ... What was I talking about? ... Right, attention deficit disorder...

You'll realize just how much garbage you're allowing the mind to think: “Why am I thinking

about what I would do if I were forced to fist-fight a leprechaun for his gold to feed my starving hypothetical family of eight? How is this *ever* going to be useful?"

The fruits of thinking are proportionate to the thoughts: the deeper the contemplation, the bigger the headache.

In meditation we try to quiet the mind.

First, I will teach you the optimal position for meditation: Sit on your "Guru Vantufak Ergonomic Meditation Cushion" (made from the finest hemp for maximum environmental sustainability), put your palms together, place your left foot on the inside of your right thigh, and place your right foot on your forehead. Find peace, balance and flexibility.

Those of you in wheelchairs are pretty much screwed.

For a good meditation it's very beneficial to have a quiet, secluded place to sit – preferably decorated with the "Guru Vantufak Deep Meditation Poster", the "Guru Vantufak Statue of Tranquility" and the "Guru Vantufak Blissful Curtains"; this will inspire you to be spiritual in your sacred meditation-space. When you are ready, sit on your "Guru Vantufak Ergonomic Meditation Cushion", light some of your favorite "Guru Vantufak Nasally Soothing Incense", relax, close your eyes and pay attention to your breath. In and out. In and out. In and out. Just like a good hamstering.

All right, before I leave, let's do a visualization exercise. Close your eyes and take a few deep breaths. Pay attention to your breath and imagine you're at a lovely beach with the clearest of blue skies and turquoise water. Sit in the sand and watch the ocean. Listen to the sound of the waves, the wind and the seagulls. Get increasingly annoyed with the sound of the screeching birds. Stand up and shake your fist in visible anger. Shush the seagulls as if they'd understand human social conventions. Open your eyes and take a few

deep breaths. Now, wasn't that nice and relaxing?

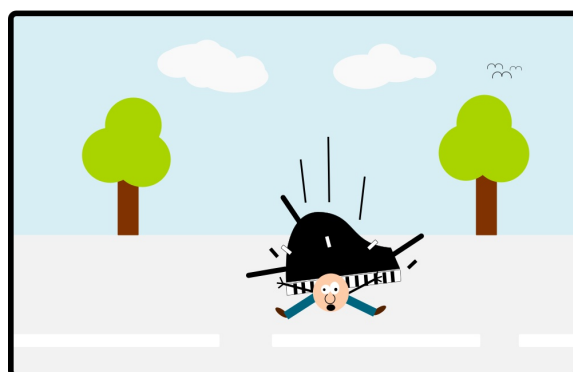
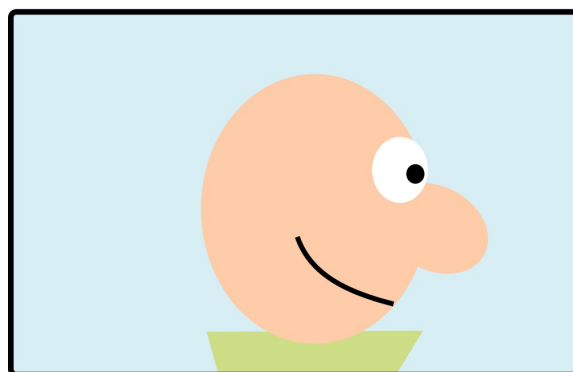
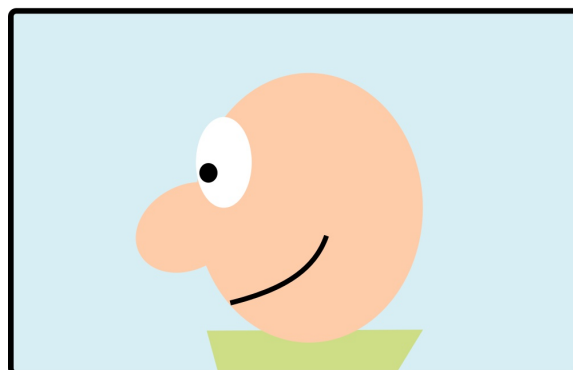
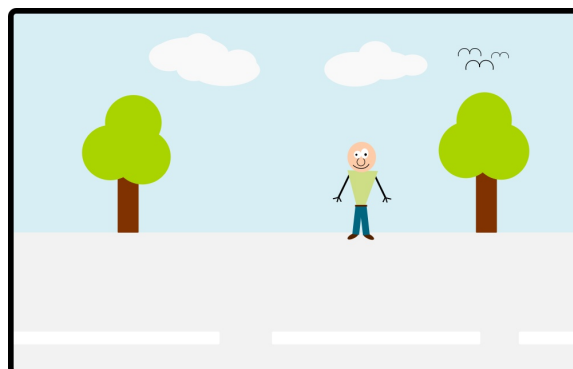
Okay, class; that's all for today! I hope you all had fun, and I'll see you for the next lesson!

Guru Vantufak Says

"Life is like a river: Swim against the current and you will struggle; go with the flow and you will be a conformist."

Look Both Ways

by the artist currently known as V. Eckteur





... And That's a Wrap!

Thank you so much for reading Horsefeathers Magazine!

The next issue will be published September 1st, 2018.

"Absolute Garbage"



The Nightly Text Message

"Unfunny Nonsense"



The Neptune

"Two Thumbs Down"



International Geothermal

"I Actually Thought It Was Kind of Decent"



Ynot Saijes from 22B

"Don't Give Up!"



My Mom

"The Horse Is Making Too Much Noise"



Our Next-Door Neighbors

