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MINUTIAE #10

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DEPARTMENT OF SALUTATIONS



Hello, all. My name is Holly Gabnit, and I am Vice President, Chief Compliance Officer, General Counsel, and Secretary of Billitt Firearms, an American tradition since 1861.

In the past two months, sales of fine Fillitt pistols, rifles, handguns and advance firearms have increased tenfold. There's been a lot of misinformation about Billitt and our Owner & CEO H.J. Butterfoot and we needed a platform to espouse our ideas. Minutiæ was the perfect fit to let the world know about Billitt's commitment not only to quality superior firearms, but to a superior quality of life for all Americans, so we'd like to clear up what Mr. Butterfoot meant by some of his recent comments.

When Mr. Butterfoot said that "only those without strong wills or the support of the Almighty Christian Lord could be hurt by our Quad Barreled Power Shotgun," he was talking about the fine craftsmanship and performance of our new Quad Barreled Power Shotguns. The high-bore pump action steel firearm weighs under five pounds, but features front and rear sights, four barrels, and a loose trigger that makes it ideal for hunting, neighborhood protection or just walking around.

Last month, while at a luncheon in Fairfax, VA for American manufacturers, Mr. Butterfoot spoke enthusiastically about our 12mm pressurized hollow point ammunition when he said "[the] queer's skin is thinner as to be punctured and penetrated by the weakest of bullets. Each and every 'Sunday Susan Dandy' knows as such as they go about protoculating [sic] with each other." Mr. Butterfoot more precisely meant that the new ammunition is a useful tool for law enforcement in the face of growing socio-political dangers both at home and abroad.

At our annual shareholders meeting in January, Mr. Butterfoot did in fact say "[that] these sodomites

are all over our television screens, in our movies, teaching our children and fapulatting [sic] in our barracks while that [African American] Muslim sits back and flashes his big [primate smile]," but he meant that Billitt is excited to serve our current customers as well as welcome newcomers to experience the high standard of Billitt manufacturing.

Finally, we'd like to clarify what Mr. Butterfoot's statement while appearing as a guest celebrity judge on NBC's *Poke or Slurp*. What Mr. Butterfoot meant was that Billitt Firearms is an American institution founded by Herman Butterfoot Sr. shortly after the beginning of the Civil War, Billitt has seen this country through good times and bad, and has always been there for its citizens. What was heard, though, was "queer wobbletuck on the high. Bing rababulated upon wikkity [skull]." Sage advice that Billitt Firearms follows to this very day.



Billitt Firearms
est. 1861

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AGENCY OF CÖRRESPONDENCES + COMMUNIQUEÉS

Gentlemen, I have submitted over and over for your Cartoon Caption contest and have never won. Even if you don't think my captions are that funny, could you please just send me one of the winner mugs so I can show it to my wife? I mean, there was the one with the pig serving drinks to ducks and I wrote "Quack if you need anything else." That was good, right? Please.

Walliam Hagermeyer

*Night Manager, The Old Circuit City Warehouse
Henderson, Nevada*

Gentlemen, in front of you are two doors. One leads to the world you know. The other leads to a realm that will open your eyes and mind as they have never been opened before. Be forewarned. What you see you may not believe, and what you believe may not be true. The choice is yours.

Andrew Bricken

*Manager, Jumbo's Giganto Sex Emporium
Cleveland, Ohio*

Gentlemen, what if I told you you could have clean windows, clean dishes, clean floors and not lift a finger? Introducing the Duster Bunnies. Tiny robotic bunnies that constantly hop around your living room, kitchen and bathroom scrubbing, mopping and sweeping while you sit back on the couch and watch the sports, news and entertainment. If I were to ask you, how much would you pay for such a radical amazing set of four Duster Bunnies?

Clark St. Oint

*Inventor
Tustin, California*

Gentlemen, I... geez, I didn't think this would be so hard... I... you have been great, really, but let's be honest, I wasn't going to read the same magazine over and over for the rest of my life, right? Let's just be grown ups about this. Here's your stuff back.

Rick

*A Good Guy
Albany, New York*



"Release me."

CONTRIBUTORS

Christy Ratchet ("Renegade Jones is My Soulmate", p. 33) is a former model and WWF wrestler who just recently published her first parenting book *When To Know Your Child Is Great*.

Dalton Wise ("Words FROM the Wise", p. 43) is a playboy, raconteur, jet-setter, tastemaker, fashionisto, cultural assassin, political noisemaker, social wunderkind, man about town, and all-around cad currently having the best senior year of his life at Brookens Preparatory High School.

Richard F. Harts ("NaNaNaNa Boo Who?", p. 88) is a child psychotherapist who understands that sometimes children can be cruel and call you names and even make adults cry, but it's important to let them express themselves.

Shannon Barcellis ("Two Soups Don't Make A Right", p. 93) is the author of such food-centric children's books as *AsparaGus & The Gumdrops*, *Beefy Swellington!*, and *Pistachio Jones: That Guy's Nuts!*

Dimwasi Umebe ("What Motivates Me", p. 46) is a Kenyan marathon runner who releases a can of bees at the start of every race he runs as worship to his God. He doesn't need any help running.

Rick Mably ("The Catch", p. 39) was the 1984 Ohio all-league wide receiver of the year. He led the league in receiving yards, touchdowns and kick returns, and really did a lot for that team and just because they didn't win the championship, everyone should know that it's about a lot more than just one catch.

Poman Rolanski ("Chinatown and The Pianist Are The Best Movies", p. 32) is a cool teen who just transferred to this school and he is really good at AV Club.

Dr. Peter Fineglass ("What's Love Got To Do With It?", p. 14) is a radio love doctor for 107.3 FM "The Flash" in Spokane, WA. He is known for his nightly four hour radio call in-show where he talks candidly about his extramarital affairs.

Dr. Mary Fineglass-Porter ("Love Has Everything To Do With It!" p. 19) is a plastic surgeon in Boise, ID. She doesn't own a god damn radio anymore, and is trying to figure out this whole internet dating thing.

P.J. Fineglass-Porter ("Is This My Fault?", p. 22) is a seventh grader with homes in both Spokane and Boise. He just wants to know what he did wrong so things will just go back to normal. He doesn't care that he has an Xbox *and* a PS3 now. He'd give them all up, he would.

Carson Thetherfink ("His Will Will", p. 46) is a televangelist from Leeds. He is perhaps most well known for his Sudanese television sitcom *God Wouldn't Let That Happen* which chronicles the life of a Sudanese family being saved by God.

Marvel Capcom ("I Trapped Myself", p. 90) is one of those guys who thought it would get him a lot of attention if he legally changed his name. Instead it is just very difficult for him to order a pizza or get anyone to like him (though that was a problem before).

Lisa Masterson ("Only Here To Save My Parents' Farm", p. 122) is spending her first time away from home ever in the big city, but only because she has to track down her great uncle to save the farm. Once that's done, she's going back home no questions. This trip is not about finding herself - or love - no sir. Oh, excuse her. It's her first time in the big... well, hello... Her? Model? No, she couldn't, she has to - Okay. Fine. One handsome cab ride around the park.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITY

Samson Beach Bodybuilding Competition

Hundreds of buff men in red speedos strut their stuff in hopes of winning the coveted Samson Beach Bodybuilder Gold Medal. Come out for such events as weight lifting, The Flex & Pose, The Nip Nickel Toss, and more. Past winner Christy Ratchet will be there signing copies of her new book *When To Know Your Child Is Great*.

Samson Beach. March 9.

2nd Annual Twin Meet Up

Ever felt like you were separated at birth, but couldn't prove it? Think you've got a long-lost twin who lives surprisingly close by? Head over to Garrison Park on Sunday morning for a potential meet & greet! While it's highly unlikely that two complete (yet related) strangers would both see this ad, choose to go and happen to find each other in the crowd, it actually happened last year - twice! Please note: this is not the same event as December's unfortunate and unconstitutional Twin Roundup Mission.

Garrison Park. Sunday mornings.

Whaler Beach Bodybuilders Exhibition

Forget Samson because Whaler Beach is going all out this year for their first bodybuilder exhibition. Buff men in blue speedos strut their stuff in contests such as the dead lift, The Pose Off, The Chest Dime Bounce, and much much more. Free trampolines! And don't freak out, but among the guest judges are all-star authors Bill Thesda, William Parker Wrothgate and Larry Little.

Whaler Beach. March 9.

Captain Zog's Egg Nog Slog

Head to Captain Zog's on Northwind Avenue for a post-Christmas firesale of all their remaining egg nog cocktails. From their sweet-as-cream Nog'n'Dazs to the surprisingly savory Nogs In A Blanket, the cocktails

will be steeply discounted and progressively more questionable. And no one leaves until all the nog is gone!

Captain Zog's. 847 Northwind Avenue.

Positive Body Image Conference

Everyone is welcome to join Dr. Mary Fineglass-Porter as she explores and teaches us the world of positive body image. Everyone will get a chance to spend time looking into a mirror, complaining about how they look, and let Dr. Fineglass-Porter set you straight. Because everyone is beautiful. No matter how big or small, thin or overweight, scrawny or buff you are.

Alston Beach. March 10

Whaler/Samson Beach Bodybuilding Showcase

Fuck those nerds. Experience the juicy combination of the finalists from the Whaler Beach and Samson Beach bodybuilding competitions as they strut their stuff in purple speedos. With such known names as Dale Winnick, Torson Larveld, and "Iron" Mike Baroutcha expected vying for the top podium spot, spectators should prepare themselves for an afternoon of slick delts, veiny pecs and loose drug testing. Again, fuck those nerds.

Alston Beach (the space between Whaler Beach and Samson Beach). March 10.

Whaler & Samson Beach Bodybuilding Finals

Dr. Mary Fineglass-Porter sits down with all the bodybuilding finalists and lets them know they are each beautiful butterflies just the way they are. With such names as Dale Winnick, Torson Larveld, and "Iron" Mike Baroutcha expected to show up and bare all - of their soul this time - there will be no lack of super buff men pouring their hearts out. Dr. Fineglass-Porter will be in attendance ready to teach these porterhouse breasted males how to wear non-neon patterned clothing.

Alston Beach Community Plaza. March 11.



**It's Coming
Spring 2013**



THE MODERN CITIZEN

BEAR BRAWL

Garret Fahey is an ex-merchant marine living in Schenectady, NY. As you would imagine, he has stories to tell from all over world, but it's his recent venture at home that has vaulted him into the limelight.

"We bought an old warehouse," said Fahey, "Put some soil on the floor, grew a small bamboo forest. Installed a choice climate control system. And then we started fighting pandas." In fact, Fahey is credited with inventing the sport. "I thought, if people pay to watch pandas hang out at the San Diego Zoo, there must be a lot of money in watching them fuck shit up. I made some calls and that was that."

Of course, that was not that. There are only one thousand pandas in the wild, living exclusively in the province of Sichuan, China. Organizing an illegal panda fight in upstate New York requires an incredible amount of money and resources. When asked about this, Fahey grinned demurely. "Three words, man: Thai... Transgender...Mafia." He refused to elaborate.

Getting a panda to do much of anything other than eat bamboo and respire is a difficult task, and so the first few panda fights were ones of frustrating trial-and-error. "We figured we'd pump them full of speed," said Fahey. "But they just sort of ran around each other for an hour and passed out. One of them tried to eat the wall and then passed out."

In nature, a panda will fight another panda only if it feels its personal territory is being threatened. Fahey needed to recreate the panda's natural habitat and acclimate it for a period of three to six months. Then the second panda could be introduced, and the fight would begin.

But it doesn't stop there. Pandas will quickly scatter when they sense presence of a human, so the audience has to remain completely silent, lest they disturb the proceedings. This doesn't make for the most exciting sport for spectators.

"It's a lot of work, sure," said Fahey, "But think about the payoff. I mean... You think they're all cute and then they tear ass. It's going to be like watching Winnie the Pooh beat the shit out of a Berenstein Bear. Probably Brother Bear, the punk one."

After a twenty-minute presentation outside the warehouse about code of conduct, patrons are allowed to enter the habitat. Searching among the bamboo thickets for any sign of the pandas yields nothing as the trees are too thick to discern shapes. Finally there is a clearing with a dozen or so men gesticulating wildly (but silently) around a pair of panda bears "fighting."

The bears' movements are lumbering and slow. It is not so much a fight as a plodding, clumsy wrestling match. It doesn't take long for one of the pandas to pin the other to the ground, at which point the crowd erupts in an audible cheer. The pandas run off with more speed than they exhibit the entire evening, and the fight is over.

Winnings are distributed and refreshments are tossed into trash bins. "I know you aren't going to leave that Snickers on the floor!" shouted Fahey to a careless patron. "Sheng-Sheng's going to eat that and get sick! Leave only footprints, motherfucker!"

Admission to see the panda fights cost upwards of \$37,000 to cover Fahey's cost of building and maintaining the habitat, and his current legal fees. ♦

PHARMASEUTICALS

Early New Years Day, two young men were found dead in the bathroom in a nightclub off Chaussée d'Ixelles in Brussels. The men appeared to have mild first degree burns on their faces and arms, yet there was no fire. An autopsy later revealed that among the alcohol, marijuana, and cocaine in the boys' systems, there was another substance that was first discovered only six months before: A hot new synthetic street drug that Club Rats (+85 on the Hipster Spectrum developed by Professor Peter Ulrich) are going wild for, called Fever.

The drug was originally developed by a team of scientists led by Marquis Corbel at hPharma with hopes to create a drug that could combat hyperthermia in ice road truckers by raising the internal body temperature. While the original application was never successful, it is clear that the secret recipe for Diphenylephedrine has since been used to create the hot new synthetic street drug Fever. "We had high hopes for the drug, but it was very expensive, and the arctic trucking companies did not want to pay, so we abandoned the project," says Marquis Corbel, now working at the Future Properties Lab at TARK. "How it fell into the hands of drug dealers is beyond me."

Starting in July of 2012, Diphenylephedrine began to hit the market in Belgium. The sweat and hallucinations caused by a dose of dropping the neon green liquid into one's eyes garnered the name Fever. Soon, there were reports of Club Rats "burning out" on Fever, their core temperature topping 150°F, frying internal organs and burning the skin. Chief Inspector Jens Sander of the General Directorate Judicial Police believes that the laboratory environment required to produce Fever points to mob involvement, most likely from local crime lord Bart De Crem. Yet, any attempts to curtail the production or sale of Fever has proven fruitless, and with good reason: the Club Rats love Fever.

"Brother, I tell you, I was fever dreaming so hard that I felt my pecker boiling!" says Mathias, a 16 year old Club Rat, wearing an acid washed denim jacket and horizontal striped tank top. Despite reports of death and even a special "No Fever" episode of the most popular Belgian television show of all time, *Student Situations*, Fever continues to be used all over Brussels and is spreading. Fever has been reported in Rotterdam, Eindhoven, Cologne, Porz, Düsseldorf, Metz, Strasbourg and Fresno, California.

"It is simply terrible," says Corbel, "I am horrified that something I created for good has fallen into the hands of mobsters and criminals and is killing innocent Club Rats." Regardless of it's innocent origins,

Fever is a drug poised to keep us all awake for months to come as it's influence continues to grab hold of Europe's youth. ♦

ON THE MENU

It seems like every week a new hot bar or restaurant opens up in Downtown Los Angeles. As a lover (first of my fiancé and secondly of food), I couldn't wait to check it out. Laurie also shares a keen interest in dining, just one of the many things we have in common.

Handle & Wisk is the dinner-for-breakfast concept from superstar chef Raul Banzalez. While we enjoyed the exciting set of breakfast cocktails, with colorful plays on the Arnold Palmer, chocolate milk and free refills on mimosas, I spent most of the time looking into Laurie's eyes. The taste of super fluffy pancakes pales in comparison to the taste of Laurie's lips. C+ on food, Handle & Wisk, but A+ on dining companions. (I said that to Laurie as we walked out and she held my arm as we laughed.)

Our visit to **Towel & Sink**, the farm to table small portion communal dining experience from the recently Bouchon-departed Wang Hardiway, was equally unforgettable. Not for the food mind you. Yes, the braised short ribs with fresh kimchi slaw was okay, but we spent the entire time in a deep conversation. We talked about each other's passions, our future lives together, and the sad looking couple next to us where the woman was reading a newspaper and the man was starting longingly at the ceiling. Time to throw in the Towel & Sink, Wang. (Laurie and I couldn't stop laughing when I said that.)

Finally, the recently reopened **Port & Mesa** features a seasonally rotating menu prepared by different chefs each month, such as **Big & Small's** Peter McTinie and **Goode & Bad's** Isaac Goode. Laurie and I shared the late summer heirloom tomato salad, provençal roasted chicken and chocolate torte. The food was palatable, but the stunning woman sitting across the table from me was excellent. Hey, Port &

Mesa, time to Deport & Move on. (Laurie made me write that one down for my LinkedIn profile.)

We couldn't wait to get the check and take a handsome cab ride back to our home in the Hollywood Hills. There we had our real meal of flesh, romance, desire and the finest desert there can be: love. Laurie's sides began to hurt as I gave it to her over and over, her naked body pressed up against the window overlooking the moon-illuminated Santa Monica Mountains. (Laurie and I can't stop watching the video we made.) ♦

SETIKNOBS

There is a place, right here on Earth, where it may be possible to hear the calls of a distant alien race. In Mountain View, California, under an unassuming triangle of freeways, sits a box, connected to a transmitter, with the strength to send and receive high-frequency radio wave transmissions across our galaxy in sweeping waves. The returning cackles and coughs through the fuzzy white noise could be a passing meteor in the next galaxy, or the early cries of a civilization not unlike ours, reaching out into the darkness for answers. What it actually sounds like, though, is anyone's guess. No one here has had the courage to turn up the volume knob yet.

"It's absolutely terrifying," said Pascal Lee over a cup of low-grade office coffee in the break room at the SETI Institute. Here, life theorists, hardened space explorers and fringe scientists with an eye towards the sky continue their Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence. "We rotate night shifts every six weeks, so I've been working the graveyard since January. I try to sleep my time away so that I won't have to hear the low crackle of the headphones, but it doesn't always work. Just knowing that something might be out there usually keeps me up." He pours a fresh round from another pot and gets lost in the dark, foamy swirls.

Most people at SETI try to find anything else to do besides man their shift at the radio controls. There are excavations of potential former landing sites underway in the Gobi Desert, two different teams working on

competing star mapping iPhone apps, and at least one janitor who refuses to even empty the waste baskets inside the transmission room. As tantalizing as the news of confirmed alien existence may be to some, no one wants to be the first one to make contact.

Leslie Copman doesn't even want to have to read the radio wave printouts. "At first I thought that would be the perfect way to avoid the headphones," says the lively 29-year old doctoral candidate. "But then I realized that even if I couldn't *hear* any frequency anomalies, I'd still *see* them on the printouts, and that would mean I'd have to say something. And then, if it's legitimate, I'm the person who found out aliens are real. I'd be *that person*." Copman shudders.

Others are less worried about the social implications. "One time I was cleaning under the desk and I bumped into the headphone jack with my mop handle," relates janitor Nick Fairbrook. "As I picked up the headphones from the floor, I thought I heard something. It sounded like a bunch of bird calls, really fast, but the volume knob was so low I couldn't really make it out. And frankly, I didn't want to." To Fairbrook, proof of the existence of extra-terrestrial life would change global dynamics forever, and not necessarily for the better. "I bet religious people would just start killing themselves. People with metal plates in their heads might be able to pick up alien signals, and then what? We've got plate-headed people being told what to do by a bunch of green goblins from another planet? What if one of them told the aliens where we are? Then we'd all be fucked."

For now, the headphones sit in the radio transmission room, collecting a thin layer of dust until the next intrepid soul decides to brave a few minutes in search of the unknown. But with the volume turned low and the busy humming of an office in motion, it's easy to get distracted and miss out on a distant, echoey squawk or two. And that's just the way most SETI employees would like to keep it. ♦

GUIDANCE AND ADVICE

Susan Alan-Wenswick is a prolific Life Specialist, working in the metro Miami area. She has written several books, including most recently Young Teachers: What We Can Learn From Our KIDS!.

I recently went through a rough divorce with my husband who I married right out of college, and am starting to rebuild my life. I'm going at my own pace, but my family is constantly on my back for not just moving on. How can I let my family know that I need time to start again?

I recently learned a term, it's called 'haters'. Forget the haters. Friends can be haters. Family members can be haters. Heck, sometimes even the voice inside your head can be a hater. Forget about haters. You take the time to rebuild your life, and when your mother comes to you and says "get off the couch and out of those sweats," you just say "I'm forgetting the hate." And I applaud you for taking civil legal action to remove yourself from what I can only assume was a marriage that just wasn't right.

I am a recent college graduate and I am feeling a lot of pressure from my father to move back home and take over the family business. But I really want to try being a chef in New York City. What do I do?

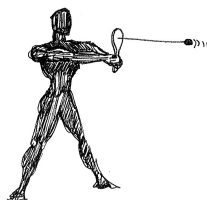
Your father is obviously a hater. And what do we do with haters? We forget them. We forget their hate, remember their love, and keep in mind their respect. That's how we deal with haters. You go to New York City and follow your dream. Dear Lord, you are so young! You have your whole life ahead of you. So young. You are so. Very. Young.

Ma'am, this is Larry from Burger Land Legal Affairs. I am sorry to say that we hold no responsibility for the unfortunate accident that happened to you after you left our Gladeview Location. Because it was off our property, we suggest you contact the City of Miami. We hope your head has healed.

Hater alert! Hater alert! Haters are going to continue to be haters. No "biggly." Yes, Larry, my head has healed (aside from a divot). A series of events led to me knocking my head into a lamp post outside a Burger Land after being denied service because the coupons that had been gifted to me by a friend for tarring her driveway were counterfeit and homemade. But, no matter, the whole experience of researching civil lawsuits at the library has made me a stronger, more independent woman.

Hi, Susan, this is Kevin from Judge Patterson's office. He is throwing out your case against the City of Miami. You have no legal ground to sue the city for slipping on canine fecal matter outside the Gladeview Burger Land, knocking your head into a lamp post and passing out.

It seems like we have another hater here, but it doesn't matter. This whole experience has made me a stronger woman. I hope every young woman out there spends a night unconscious on a sidewalk on top of a pile of dog poop, because it has made me stronger. That lamp post, that sidewalk, and that pile of dog poop, they are all haters. And haters are a cancer. But there is a cure for cancer: forgetfulness. Forgetting haters. Haters are going to continuously be in a state of hating. Once you forget the haters, then you can blossom into a strong, independent woman. ♦





GRIZZLY INSULTS

Illustration by Harry Chaskin

All humans agree there is nothing more fearsome than a bear. Black, Grizzly, Polar, Spectacled, or Otherwise; the bear is a nightmarish monster made real by nature's mighty blood and dirt.

Despite years of human colonization and interference, certain regions of the American West remain dominated by these crooked mammals. Man's only means of defense, of course, is to appear larger by waving our ineffectual hands in the air and hoping to whatever Great Spirit we believe in that the bear can be duped by this cheap, bipedal parlor trick. Until now.

I first met Ranger Colby Tanner while on a lonely vision quest to the California mountains at the Sequoia National Forest's Giant Forest Museum of Forest Wildlife and Forest Fauna. The SNFGFMFWFF is a majestic wooded bastion brimming with educational displays, trail maps, and a twenty-four hour tutorial on how to properly fold an American flag.

Bored with the tutorial before it began, I couldn't help but eavesdrop on a conversation near the Giant Mud exhibit. An animated fellow missing his entire bottom row of teeth spoke quickly and passionately

with a young couple looking for some advice on tackling Bearpaw Meadow Trail, which takes hikers directly through an area of the forest notoriously infested with disgusting, terrible bears. This was Ranger Colby Tanner.

He cautioned, "If you run into one of the hairy fellers, don't you *dare* back away! Raise your dominant hand up high, don't matter if it's left or right, and wag it disapprovingly. Then spit yer worst insults at the awful beast. Shout somethin' like 'I don't like the way you got hair all over yer body!' or 'Y'all like honey too much!' Somethin' like that."

I wondered: was the ranger high on giant, psychedelic mushrooms or did the method actually work? The answers are sometimes, and it did.

An hour later I found myself sharing coffee at the SNFGFMFWFF's adjoining Giant Coffee Hub talking all things bear. Tanner excitedly shared his discovery in a thick Southern drawl, sneaking a few drops of what he called "liquid brainfuck" into his brew between steamy gulps. It calmed him after long, sober days of teaching.

"Let's see, I reckon it happened 'bout three months ago. I had just finished a Crystal Caves Crystals and Caves Guided Tour of the Crystal Caves, and

it was 'bout time to break for my lunchtime beans. I was so focused on openin' my bean can, I didn't see the angry mama bear growlin' her ugly fangs in my face 'til it was too late." He paused.

Tanner wiped his mouth and continued, "I thought to myself, WWTRD? What Would Teddy Roosevelt Do? Well, I didn't have an old shotgun to blow its crooked brains out, so I thought to myself, what's more piercing than a bullet? The word. The human word is more piercing than a bullet. It shall be my bear bullet. So I shouted, 'Bears are dumb!' The monster mama froze in her tracks, an' I swear I saw a single tear roll down her ugly cheek before she disappeared back into the woods."

At this point Ranger Tanner excused himself to the bathroom, as the table had apparently, "begun to sprout legs and spoken the tongues of a devil mystic." I took the time to speak with a few of the other rangers: every one of the naturalists swore Tanner's method to be an effective deterrent, and a nonlethal one at that.

These days, Tanner teaches an Introduction to Bear Insults self-defense class every weeknight at the SNFGFMFWFF. Within a couple months the class has grown from just a few bear-hating aficionados to rooms packed with zookeepers, lumberjacks, aspiring screenwriters, and grandparents. All seem genuinely excited to learn bear-hating tactics.

For those worried that it's just chalkboards and desks, Tanner promises practical experience. "You can't pass my class without making a real live wilderness bear feel legitimately bad about itself. Everyone has to go into the woods with me and make one of 'em feel like a worthless trash pile. It's really gratifying for the student."

Registration is competitive and limited, and with the increasing interest, Tanner has planned an expanded curriculum. "I might start a class on finding your insult style. See, I've found the more personal an insult, the more effective it is. Think of whatever you hate most about a bear, and shout it. It's easy but some

people aren't hateful enough, and I can provide easy steps to achieving artificial rage and bully-like hatred."

But not everybody's a fan. One of Tanner's most vocal opponents is Professor Samuel Twank, a self-ascribed Bear Scientist and head of the Black, Grizzly, Polar, Spectacled, or Otherwise Bears Department at Stanford University.

Twank explained, "Our BGPSOB study has shown Ranger Tanner's methodology disrupts the delicate ecological balance of the entire Sequoia and Kings Canyon region. We've found bears of all varieties developing lower self-esteem, sharp dips in their confidence, and squeakier roars. As a result, they're too afraid to hunt and have resorted to bullying one another as a means of relief."

The study further posits that salmon, rabbits, and other painfully harmless woodland creatures are rapidly adapting to make fun of their age-old predators. Twank even believes the indigenous flora have taken action: "We have slowed down video footage of a California Redwood attempting to trip a brown bear with its roots. I mean, it would take over a century for that to actually happen due to the minutely slow movement of the tree, but still, they're *trying*."

Professor Twank suggests that if bears continue to be treated poorly, they will be forced into permanent hibernation in less than a decade, eventually evolving into a wimpier creature without eyes or teeth by the end of the century.

It's hard to separate right from wrong when paving new ground, and nearly impossible to maintain perspective without a sense of past. Is Tanner doing more harm than good? History shows there will always be a dissenting voice, no matter the cause.

All I know is I traveled to California to find myself after a messy annulment, but what I found instead was a sweet man with a gummy smile, a severe fondness for mushroom tea, and an inspired plan to protect us all.

Thank you, Ranger Colby Tanner. Should the time come, I won't be the least bit sorry to say goodbye forever to these dark-hearted nature monsters. ♦

THE WORLD FIGHTS BACK

Storms are getting stronger. Katrina. Sandy.

Minutiæ spoke with the futurologists at Global Business Network on their predictions for the future supertragedies of the next hundred years.

“We’re using supercomputers, statistical models and a sci-fi writer to extrapolate what the most likely future disaster sceanrios are,” says Dr. Tad Hamilton. “Then we see what the results will be in human lives and misery.”

“When we went to quantify it, we found that the ghastly figures were only understood by an average American when we put it into terms of Twin Towers and FEMA Trailers. We have actual numbers! I-- Nevermind. Just take this, you don’t have to buy me coffee or whatever you said you were going to do.”



2014

It gets too hot and everyone at Coachella dies.



2018

American children become so obese that a school sinks into the ground.




2028

Gas shortages lead to abandoned cars all over the roads. A never-ending dance party to the song "Anyway You Want It" on the hood of the cars ensues.

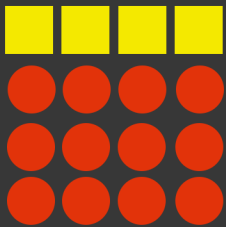


2030

Honey bees die out. Honey is replaced with ant feces. It's just not the same.

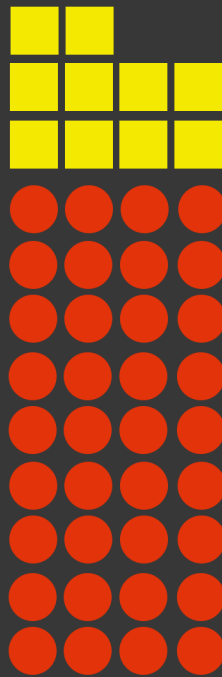
 Twin Towers

 FEMA Trailers



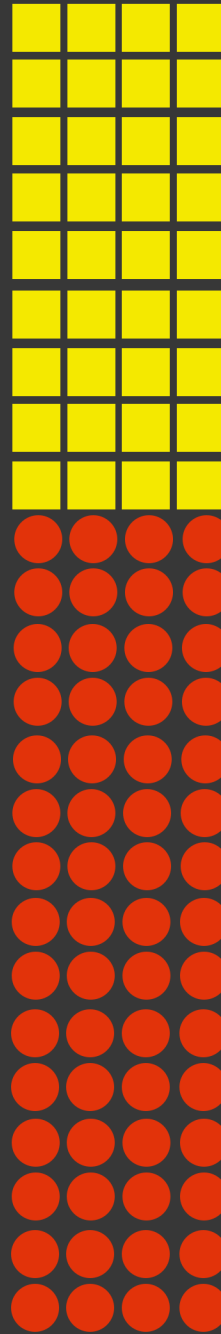
2036

Sentient Tornado in Middle America that only moves when your back is turned.



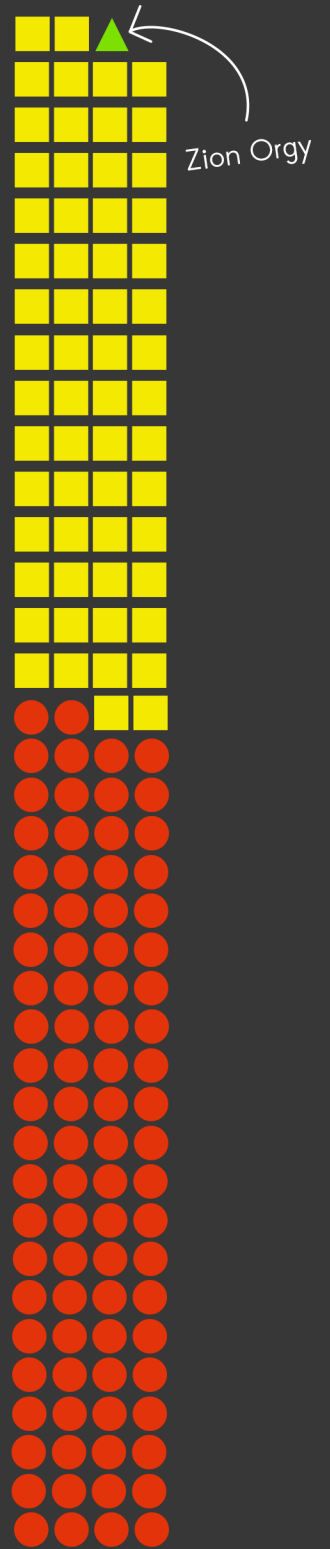
2048

Massive shifts in the tectonic plates force Iceland and Greenland together. A new name cannot be agreed upon and a civil war breaks out. Norway gets involved and dies immediately.



2052

Melting polar ice caps force beach homeless into the territory of the desert homeless. An uncivil war breaks out.



2068

Deforestation results in a lack of available materials for medicine and vaccinations. Birds have nowhere to land and begin to move into humans' homes. Without guns to defend themselves, humans are forced underground. Birds become the Surface Rulers.

2160 MINUTES IN... TORONTO

Toronto is a tough city to sell on foreign travelers. If you live stateside, it's hard to understand the northern appeal of Canada's most populous city, when New York has everything a weather-ready urbanite could ever dream of. For Canucks, Toronto can often feel like a betrayal, a grass-is-greener border town that desperately wishes it were part of the cool kids club. But for copyeditors who have recently taking a leave of absence to reconnect with their pre-teen children after their ex-wife gets remarried to the back up goalie for the Maple Leafs, Toronto can be a charming combination of urban living and open spaces.

FRIDAY

4 P.M.

BAGGAGE CLAIM

Hopping off the plane with little more than a ruffled dinner suit and a hand-scrawled address on the back of an airport bar matchbook? Head to Betty Hemmings Leathersgoods (162 Cumberland St.; 416-921-4321) just off tony Bloor St. for a classic trolley suitcase, or liven up your style with their cognac and brass weekend bag.

Either way, be sure to save room inside for a couple of model airplanes for your two boys, Jack and Stephen, who (last you heard) were into that sort of stuff. Aura Model Shop (10 Dundas St. E; 416-979-2872) is located right in the downtown core and comes outfitted with the best in model kits and related accessories, the perfect present to wash over the past 16 months.



10 P.M.

STEAK OUT

Since the address you were given is for a gated and security-controlled community in the northern suburb of Cliffside, it's safe to assume you'll be in for a long night. Make your way up Queen Street to The Tulip (1606 Queen St. E; 416-469-5797), a trippy little steakhouse with mod accents and a swelling array of steaks and chops. The hefty porterhouse might as well be referred to as the powerhouse at The Tulip, but you can wrap the pricey slab of beef to go so you'll have something to snack on late into the night in your rental car.

SATURDAY

5 A.M.

THE PUCK STOPS HERE

Wait outside while your ex-wife's new husband Ben leaves for morning hockey practice, and mutter to yourself about how he stole your children away to live in a foreign country. This is also a good time to worry if your job is in jeopardy.

Follow him down to the Air Canada Centre (40 Bay St; 416-815-5500) and have a look around. Maybe sneak into the players locker room or grab a team photo and burn the eyes out of your least favorite player.

8 A.M.

BUS-NESS AS USUAL

Surprise your kids by urging them away from their bus stop. Reassure them that you've spoken to their mom and today they get to hang out with Dad because he's more fun than their stupid old Canadian school. Once everyone's packed into the rental, dip over to Hammersmith's (807 Gerrard St. E; 416-792-9043) for a taste of the old country, redefined. A plate of crispy duck hash with a side of farm-raised eggs is sure to warm up the icy chill at the table.

1 P.M.

WAVES OF TEARS

When the sun is shining, Toronto offers some of the best unobstructed views of Lake Ontario. At Tommy Thompson Park (*south of downtown on the lake; 416-661-6600*), a thin isthmus of protected wilderness means you can straddle the shore from the safety of your rental car. Of course, there are plenty of well-worn hiking trails, should one of the children get spooked and hop out of the rolling vehicle, so bring boots if you can. And the best part? One way in-and-out access through the Leslie Street entrance means you can spot check every car that drives by to make sure Jack isn't hitching a ride back to his mother's house with a total stranger.

11 P.M.

BEDTIME STORIES

It's finally time to hit the sack, and with two minors in tow whose mother will be calling around, you're going to need a quiet place to bed down for the night. At Hotel Le Germain (*30 Mercer St.; 416-345-9500*), classic luxury meets downtown elegance, with accented pillowcases and buffed metal accents on the furniture. The kids can head back to their gated community in the morning; tonight it's your chance to give the kids the hard sell on moving back to America with Dad. Who wouldn't want to sleep in a bunk bed?



8 P.M.

GLASS HALF FULL

Instead of sending the kids back to the waiting arms of their liar of a mother, swing by Handlebar (*159 Augusta Ave.; 647-748-7433*) just north of Dundas St. Grab a booth big enough for three and order up a round of signature cocktails – two without alcohol, of course – from bar manager Rachel Conduit. The flavors here come sharp and wild, an ode to the northern Canadian wilderness that Toronto keeps at bay. If you're feeling adventurous, slip Jack and Stephen a little sip now and again, just like your father did when you were eleven.

SUNDAY

9 A.M.

THE SONS ALSO RISE

After a tearful goodbye, a few vague insults and apologies to the police, the boys are back with their freeloading mother and that meathead in a Jason mask, which means it's time to refuel for the trip home. Dark Horse Espresso Bar (*684 Queen St. W; 647-352-3512*) can provide just the spark you need, with their signature drip espresso packing more punch than a blustery Toronto winter. Eyes rimmed in red as you shakily board a plane back to the States, you can't help but remark at just how promising your life really is. Now, if only custody judge Patricia Eackerly felt the same way. ♦

ON THE WANTED MAN

To hear World Wide Wrestling Foundation co-owner Rocky Tandem tell it, Renegade Jones is more legend than man. "We were working down in Florida for the "Imma Make You Cry-ou in the Bayou" main event, when all of a sudden this six-foot-eight monster in a black leather trench coat and snakeskin fedora peels off one of the venue doors and walks down the ramp during our tag team championship match."

"Normally, making a big entrance is part of the job," says Scott 'FlyBoy' Biacelli, who was in the ring that night in Florida. "You hear the commotion, see the fog come out of the vents and the crowd goes wild. I didn't think anything of it until I looked up and realized it was nobody I'd ever seen before, and he was coming right at me." Documented footage tells the rest of the story. Renegade slipped in under the bottom rope like a seasoned professional and immediately locked in with Rodnay '2Sweet' Hutchins, a longtime tag team wrestler and partner of FlyBoy.

"He was a master that night," smirks FlyBoy. "He knew all the moves. Except... he actually did them. It wasn't an act." In less than three seconds, Renegade dispatches 2Sweet with an uppercut, followed by a massive leg drop, before moving on to FlyBoy and the two other wide-eyed goons in the tag team match. Fifteen seconds later, all four wrestlers are incapacitated,

and Renegade is forcing third year referee Mike Davies to slap the mat. After less than a full minute, Renegade marches out of the arena, tag team belt in hand.

"And just like that he was gone," owner Tandem recalls. "The crowd went absolutely bonkers, and everyone was scrambling to figure out what the hell just happened so that we could make it a part of the narrative, but honestly I wasn't sure that I'd ever see Renegade or that belt again."

Two weeks later, at Tulsa's "Pain in the Plains" marquee night, it was revealed that notorious villain Duke Hazard had tied up Christy Ratchet and suspended her from the ceiling over the ring. An unending stream of boos came from the audience, but there was no one to help the muscly damsel.

Suddenly, the arena's lights went out. While the tech crew scrambled to power up the BOK Center, a sudden surge brought a flickering promo video to the Jumbotron. Professionally cut, the video featured Renegade Jones dragging tree trunks together to build a wrestling ring. When his name slapped onto the screen in dripping blood, the frenzied fans nearly tore the Tulsa roof. The previously mysterious man had a name as dangerous as his actions. "We were scratching our heads figuring out how this video got made or who gave him that name. But it's him. It's all him."

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Torn Consciousness

Deep Gultch

Gavin Fever

Roaming Nails

Pointed hair

Nagging Lip

Curved Back

Disjointed Skin Flakes

Dimpled Butt

Rotten Fever

Lawless Digit Wiggle

Panhandler's Sigh

Cory Ol' Anus

When the lights returned, Renegade had made his way to center ring with a metal ladder. The fans went wild as Renegade mercilessly beat Hazard with the ladder, then scaled it to retrieve Ratchet. He whispered something in her ear, and after the match she claimed to now be married to Renegade, although she hasn't seen him since.

"I just wish we had some way of getting in contact with him," says Tandem. "Our ratings are through the roof and we'd like to negotiate a contract, but he doesn't have any known address that we're aware of. I've heard he doesn't even have fingerprints. The only correspondence we've received have been a series of VHS tapes that show Renegade standing inside a ring of fire, or in a back alley somewhere, shouting promises about matches that are better than anything our writers have thought up yet."

The confusion and frenzy came to a head last week at Boppbopp Arena for the annual "February to Dismember" event. Fans, wrestlers and promoters were on edge, hopeful that Renegade would show. But as the night crawled on without a sign of the mystery wrestler, the fans and performers loosened into their usual show routine. There were chairs and tables, catcalls and bad refs, but no Renegade.

As fans got up to leave after Handsome Mark Prime's intercontinental championship win, there was an audible whisper about what might have kept Renegade away. Those whispers quickly turned to concerned calls as arena staff realized that every exit had been padlocked shut. In the haunting moments that followed, the hollow opening refrain of Styx's 1979 hit "Renegade" began echoing through the corridors. There, center ring, stood Renegade Jones. Stripped to the waist and already sweating, Renegade demanded that every single pro wrestler in the arena take him on before the padlocks would be removed.

For the first hour, there were no takers, but the audience didn't mind. Renegade filled the time by scowling, flexing his muscles, and cracking two beers over his head and throwing them to loving fans.

Eventually, still smarting from his previous loss, Rodnay '2Sweet' Hutchins took the challenge. He had barely climbed into the ring before Renegade dispatched him with his signature Lonely Walk move, where the prostrate opponent is bicycle-kicked into submission. Another wrestler stepped forward, then more and more, arriving in waves that might hope to overwhelm the unknown wrestler. Nothing worked. Soon, all that was left was WWWF co-owner Rocky Tandem.

Then Renegade turned to Tandem, who had taken shelter in the rafters of the Boppbopp Arena. When he noticed Renegade climbing after him, Tandem made his way for the skylight of the arena - his only escape. According to witnesses, Tandem, with the early lead, reached the skylight first and lunged for the opening. Renegade, barely a step behind, took the same leap but came up short, his bloodied hands catching nothing but air as he fell. Tandem slid through the skylight to the open night air as Renegade plunged more than seventy feet to an open corner of the mat below. It crushed and buckled under the impact, pulling much of the mat down into the crater Renegade left.

Hours later, after police had managed to cut the doors, rescuers began peeling back the rubble surrounding Renegade's fall and prepared to take him into custody. Except, he wasn't there. The crews spent all night pacing through Boppbopp Arena, from the suites to the basement, but Renegade never surfaced. All that's been found of the shadowy figure is a VHS tape, queued up in the booth. The tape shows the fearsome wrestler walking alone on a desolate road, with a sign in the distance that reads Detroit: 345 miles. As the refrain from "Renegade" plays underneath, the man himself pauses in the dust. A screeching electric guitar rips in, right on cue, and Renegade turns to the camera, doffs his snakeskin fedora, and continues on towards the horizon. Christy Ratchet, not pregnant before her brief encounter with the legend, named her son Renegade Jr. nine months later. ♦

ALL ABOARD THE CORETRAIN

John Riker Thomas stands in the parking lot of an Altadena strip mall that until three weeks ago housed a laundromat, a check cashing facility and several fast food restaurants. That was before Thomas and his corporation, CoreTrain, bought the strip mall and quickly transformed it into the 100th CoreTrain Fitness Center with an adjacent CoreTrain Market. In three hours, the doors will open and eager fitness junkies will flood the gym, just as they have since 2006. "This is the dream," says Thomas, "helping people to get in shape. We are saving lives."

Little is known about John Riker Thomas, and he likes to keep it that way. He believes the mystery surrounding him and the origins of CoreTrain help to elevate the brand. It wasn't until 1993 that Thomas' name pops up in public records after joining up with the military. He was deployed to Somalia and took part in the Battle of Mogadishu. Shortly thereafter he left the armed forces and it wasn't until 1999 that the paper trail picks up again with Thomas working in Kenai, Alaska on a fishing line. Thomas claims that the missing years "were my grad school of life. No books required." In 2002, he was arrested in Alberta for inciting a bar fight and extradited back to America. With his military experience he was able to land a job working security at the pharmaceutical firm hPharma.



In 2006, Thomas moved to Seattle and began working as a personal trainer. After years of saving and a loan from an unknown source, he opened up Riker Gym. It started as a typical fitness center, but soon Thomas began to craft what would soon become known as CoreTrain. Aside from the typical workouts, there are specific training programs and diets made to "promote wellness in the body and mind. We get all

cylinders working." In 2007, Thomas reopened his gym as the first CoreTrain Fitness Center and soon had a few dozen customers who were on different CoreTrain exercise tracks. The most committed customers on the Platinum Trail track, spent at least five days every week at the fitness center and were amongst the first employees that Thomas hired.

In 2008, Thomas opened up four more locations around Seattle, and began to sell powders and food as part of CoreTrain's diet program. The building next to the original CoreTrain location was bought and turned into the first CoreTrain Market to sell the powders and food. In 2009, as imitation CoreTrain centers began to pop up all over the country, Thomas created a franchise program to best the competition. The first franchisees were Kay and Mark Polanian in Phoenix.

The Polanians were serial business owners, having operated and shuttered over a dozen stores in the past two decades, including paint your own ceramics, an eBay shop, juice bars, and three web cafes. The four CoreTrain locations in Phoenix continue to be the only successful venture they've ever entered into. "We sold our condo for the down payment on the first location, and lived above it for the first two years," says Mark as he and Kay drive me around Phoenix in their CoreTrain-branded Nissan Cube. "We love CoreTrain," says Kay, "Before, we were like lost souls. Wandering around a desert. We needed to get all cylinders working."

It was Mark who first had the idea after watching a stunning presentation at the Southwest Franchise Expo that included John Riker Thomas. "From the first moment I saw him on stage, I knew this was the business for us," says Mark. In a YouTube video of the presentation, we see Riker emerge in a warm-up suit with three women in black leather Castro hats. He runs through the CoreTrain fitness program and business, enticing those in the audience to "come into the fold and learn to soar on all cylinders." The video ends with streamers, lights and smoke. "Afterwards, when I

spoke with JRT, I knew that it was my dream not only to get people in shape, but to save lives," says Mark. The Polanians spent 6 months learning the CoreTrain regimen and business before opening up their first fitness center.

While not held secret, the business strategies are rarely overtly stated. Fitness Center employees are encouraged to get customers to join groups that will not only train together, but meet outside of the gym for social activities like a meal. Soon, customers are urged to attend the daily classes, are embarrassed to miss sessions, and even shamed for dropping out. Sometimes harassment follows those who leave CoreTrain, such as in the 2009 Flagstaff trial *Donalouge vs. Wintin*, where Professor Matthew Wintin was being publicly bullied and terrorized. "That was an issue with a franchise member when we were just starting that program," says Thomas. "We have a much better background check policy and a more stringent system of checks and balances now. CoreTrain is deeply saddened whenever we lose a member, but we would never want to inflict any type of fear that the public could learn about." However, those customers that stick it out and show promise are moved up to be trainers themselves. Those who become CoreTrain employees are made promises such as being your own boss, growing rich, and getting to visit the corporate home of Freewind, Utah.

In 2010, the CoreTrain corporation bought a small town in Utah right near the Idaho border and renamed it Freewind. Thomas soon took up residency, and today visiting Freewind is an exciting and enticing carrot for CoreTrain members. The official statement from CoreTrain is that Thomas lives in seclusion in the heavily fortified and private town because he needs complete control to continue his "revolutionary work in the world of physical fitness and cylinder working." Whether this is true or not is unknown. It is virtually impossible to sneak into Freewind, and those who visit don't speak a word. "It's a special place," says Kay Polanian. "Sharing the beauty of Freewind with outsiders

or those not ready wouldn't serve anyone any good."

Freewind is now a town of 1,200, and home to all of the CoreTrain subsidiaries: CoreTrain Market, the grocery store; CoreTrain Construction, the private contractor used to build the Fitness Centers and all of Freewind; CoreTrain Savings & Loan, the combination bank/relator company that helps with relocation to Freewind; CoreTrain Panopticonics; a media company that produces and distributes videos and films.

It is possible, however, to glean some information about the town based on state documents. Thomas most likely lives on a vast 147 acre estate in the northeast corner. The rest of the residents live either in small bungalows on the estate, or in dormitories. There is a shipping facility, a CoreTrain Market, a world class CoreTrain Fitness Center, a movie theater and a security office. Additionally, there are CCTV cameras on each street corner and a refuse incinerator. A FOIA request revealed that while the town generates 30 megawatts annually, the buildings that can be seen from satellite photos would hardly use that entire amount.



The evening before Thomas flew to Altadena, he held a premiere event in Freewind for CoreTrain Panopticonics' first feature-length film *Save The Nation*. Previous CTP productions were sold as DVDs to continue the training at home, but *Save The Nation* is a hardcore near-future action thriller. Thomas himself stars as Rax Pullsafe, a small town business owner who bands together with others to take back the United States (using lessons learned from the CoreTrain fitness regimen) from a dictatorial President in the year 2024. Thomas wrote the exciting, pulse-pounding 82-

minute long movie himself. CTP is planning for a spring release to coincide with new special Save The Nation workouts to be taught in all CoreTrain Fitness Centers.

Last year, CoreTrain raked in just shy of \$2 billion and is on track to break \$5 billion in 2013. How did this company explode so quickly? How did Thomas raise the initial capital? Perhaps there's mischief at work?

In March of 2012, a joint investigation between the FDA, HHS and the Commerce Department was set up to find out if there was illegal doping going on within CoreTrain. The investigation was shut down by higher-ups, supposedly because of budgets disputes, before anything conclusive was found. There is one piece of evidence: a single vial of an unknown drug found in the dumpster of a Reno CoreTrain Fitness Center that the FDA tested on a pig. The pig got super buff, became submissive, and died eighteen hours later. The FDA is not sure how widespread the use of this drug may be, if at all, and there are no known tests to detect it in the bloodstream.

When I ask Thomas about this, he says "if it killed a pig in eighteen hours, how could I still be here? Would I be talking with you if I supposedly had been taking it for the better part of a decade?" Thomas contends that the investigation was simply launched out of jealousy that the FDA did not think of the patented CoreTrain fitness regime first.



All of these questions answer themselves when you actually meet and sit down with Thomas, as Kay and Mark Polanians did, and as I did. Thomas gave me a tour of the new Altadena CoreTrain location before it opened to the public, offering to give me a free training session himself. He takes me through the basics of CoreTrain, outlining the physical, mental and profes-

sional advantages. It wasn't until Thomas pointed out how my cylinders had not been fully working before that I realized how addicting CoreTrain can be. I hadn't ever felt my cylinders so much.

When Thomas speaks, his piercing light blue eyes take hold of you as he goes on about the benefits of CoreTrain. This really is a sophisticated daily regimen that works your cylinders. Without passing the daily tasks, you cannot move on. And there is such pressure to move on and not be left behind, that you work hard. And there are the results which speak for themselves in 37 gold medals, 6 body building world records and Pekiti-Tirsia Kali world champion Dekru Gube. All winners thanks to CoreTrain's magnificent cylinder working practices.

Back in Altadena, only 45 minutes after the ribbon cutting, the 100th Fitness Center is packed. Thomas is not surprised. "What people want are all their cylinders working. Customers come to a CoreTrain Fitness Center, and before they know it, their body is feeling better, and soon their mind is too." Thomas spends the day shaking hands and posing for photos before leaving in a helicopter parked on the roof.

As we sit in the helicopter bound for Freewind, I let Thomas in on my worry that my cylinders will shortly start to unwork themselves. "Don't worry," he says, "There are 4 major cylinders in each of us: Mind, body, spirt, hope. Each of those major cylinders can further be divided into eight chambers. Here, take this." And Thomas slides me a brand new copy of the wonderful CoreTrain Handbook as we hum away from the sunset. ♦

Did you find the seven secret symbols? Were you able to line them up with the decoder cypher? Was it hard to use that seven letter code to solve the mystery puzzle?

Make sure to send in your answers to the Minutiæ Search Team for your chance to win exclusive prizes!

Gentlemen,

I have been the coach of the Minutiæ Cycling Team for the past decade. It has recently come to light that all members of the Minutiæ Cycling Team have been participating in enhancement performance, and the team has been banned from all international competitive cycling events by the International Cycling Union. Not only are we saddened by the loss of our chance to represent Minutiæ on the world stage, but we are ashamed that we let down our fans. With that in mind, we would like to offer our sincere apologies and explain how our racers engaged in illegal practices.

Three members of the team were involved in doping using a sophisticated cocktail of erythropoietin, human growth hormone, cortisone, giant moose semen, blood transfusions, testosterone and plasma. This was a common practice amongst the men, who came to call themselves "The Three Drug-migos," "Three Men and a Doping," and "The Three Dope-sketeers." The men, who also liked to be called "Three Pence None the Druggier", have accepted plea bargains with the USDOJ and the drug trafficking charges have been dropped.

In addition to those three team members, rider Señor Fartsinmouths turned out to be none other than three giggling sugared-up 8-year olds in a trench coat. How we did not notice this earlier, I can only attribute to Señor Fartsinmouths' incredible win streak and impeccable public persona at press conferences and in television guest spots on *The Office*, *Secret Life of the American Teenager* and *NCIS*. The 8-year olds are being returned to their respective orphanages with bellies full and cheeks rosy.

Furthermore, we learned that the Canadian brothers XJ3 and XJ4 were actually sentient solar-powered bicycles. These deceptive con-robots were beloved members of the team, always raising moral on the road with their hilarious antics and rip-roaring Blues Brothers impression. They have now committed their lives to being part of the secret Canadian special-ops military force The Toronto Maple Leaves.

Finally, I take full responsibility for not being a more stringent coach in my failure to notice the cheetah, the Loud Gay Man in Neon Spandex on Rollerblades with a Boombox, and the Red Bull NASCAR pace car, each of which had become such integral parts of the Minutiæ Cycling Team. The UCI has rightfully stripped us our record 34 wins, and in the coming months we can only hope to begin to rebuild our lives and your trust.

Sincerely,

Señor Fartsinmouths, Sr.

Minutiæ Cycling Team Coach, 2002 - 2013

STRENGTH

