

The Anti Hype Magazine for Kids

VOL. V - WINTER 2020

KidzNooz

Woah!
IT'S JUST
JERRY!

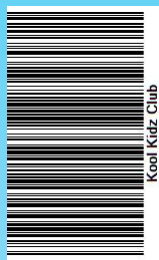
WHAT'S HIS DEAL?!

THE COOLEST
WORDS THIS
WINTER

STUCK
AT HOME?
SPY TIPS THAT
DON'T SUCK



\$1.95 CAN \$2.50



Kool Kidz Club

**WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!
A SILLY SPECTACULAR TRIP
TO CLOWNS 'N' KIDS WORLD!**

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IN CELEBRATION
OF
25
YEARS



IF YOU ARE
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OF 8 AND 18 YOU
COULD TAKE YOUR
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'N' KIDS WILD
AFRICA RESORT!

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Win one of five trips for a family of four to Clowns 'N' Kids Wild Africa Resort. You could be part of a special 25 Year Anniversary Concert given by major recording artists. Not only will you hear the performers — you'll get to meet them!

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Win one of one-hundred (100) Non
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No purchase necessary. Enter by hand-printing your name, address, mother's maiden-name, date of birth, social security card number, and telephone number on a 3.25" x 5.5" piece of cardboard. Draw a picture of Pop using **ONLY YOUR OWN BLOOD** onto the back of your favorite Clowns 'N' Kids T-Shirt and mail your entry via First Class Mail to: PO BOX 348 CLOWNTOWN PKWY, ANTHONY, FL 32617 Some prize restrictions apply. Grand Prize winners will be required to travel on specified Clowns 'N' Kids dates during April 30 and May 5, 1993 time period. Sweepstakes open only to residents of the U.S. living in towns no larger than 350 people (except Puerto Rico). Entries must be received by March 15, 1993. Sweepstakes void wherever prohibited by law. For complete rules send a self-addressed stamped envelope with a picture of your neighbor (WA residents, consider not applying) to: POPS MAGIC SHOW 25th ANNIVERSARY SWEEPSTAKES RULES PO BOX 356 CLOWNTOWN PKY WAY ANTHONY, FL 32617



Meet Our Team!

Ryan Mooney
Author & Editor

Kyle Mooney
Author, Design & Editor

Sean Mooney
Layout, Design & Artwork

Kevin Costello
The Scoop on Hoops

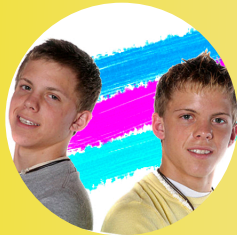
Dia Proimos
Spy Guide

Fran Gillespie
Keeping Secrets with the
Spy Guys

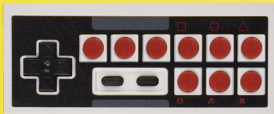
Gary Richardson
& Joey Dundale
Clinique Anti-Aging

Sudi Green
Pretty Pretty Princess

Will Stephen
Cheat Code Zone



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Go Postal

I Touched a Tortoise!

Last winter, before the Rona, I went on a CAR-NIVAL CRUISE with my parents and little sister Maybelline to the Caribbean Ocean. It was totally rad. I played TONS of video games and my dad let me drink a REAL piña colada. I loved the way it made me feel! I also got to touch a giant tortoise, which was pretty cool. My dad said most of them are dead now.

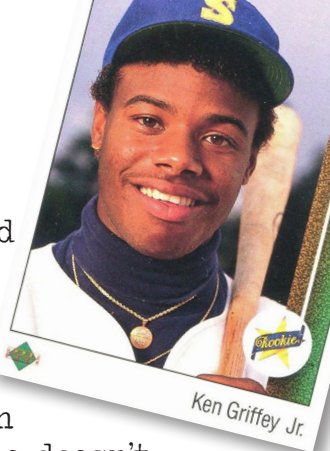
Kevin, 11
Sarasota, Florida



The Big Debate

My friend Jasper said his baseball card collection is better than mine but he doesn't even have the Ken Griffey, Jr. Upper Deck rookie card. I do. It's in a special case in my room. Can you tell Jasper his collection is mediocre at best and mine is clearly better?

Josh, 11
Athens, Ohio



Better Than Nothing

I got my first kiss! It was with my neighbor Brock Schmidt. He's not very hot but that's okay. He's the only other kid I ever see. I'm just glad I don't have to wait anymore.

Clarissa, 10
San Luis Obispo,
California



My Brother the Creep

My older brother is such a loser. We were on a cruise and he got drunk with my dad and he's only in the fourth grade. He was held back a year but he tells everyone he was asked to teach the class. He can't read very well and only looks at the pictures in the magazine.

Maybelline, 8
Sarasota, Florida

Taggart and Jerry

I think your best issue so far was the one where you interviewed Taggart Anderson. He is such a dreamboat and I would love to play seven minutes in heaven with him. But what I really want to see is an interview with Jerry Neeny from "Happily Ever High School." He has a great bod and makes me feel funny.

Jessica, 12
Eugene, Oregon



All of My Dreams

I hope you put this letter in your next issue of KidzNooz. Where I live in Slovenia it does not exist. I found a copy outside Poslovni sistem Mercator in my town. It is my favorite magazine of all time. When I am older I want to be a music star and professional basketball player.

Janko, 19
Trbovlje,
Slovenia



He
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2 m
Som
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Throug
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alot o
my fir
Luck I
I got
born. She
me I
Newfound
still trying
So much m
and I need
When I can



Just JERRY

When you meet Jerry Neeny for a late afternoon lunch, you don't know what to expect. Is he going to be as crazy and hyperactive as his character Dooger on the hit TV show "Happily Ever High School"? I mean, nobody could be that rambunctious... *right?*

As it turns out, it's just the astonishing character work of a young actor who loves what he does for a living.

Jerry is a nice, shy, down-to-earth guy who enjoys listening to music, playing basketball with his friends, and drawing trucks. So, is Jerry really just... Jerry? Read on and find out for yourself!





**Your character Dooger is like a big kid.
Do people often confuse you with the role
you play on TV?**

Yes! A lot! Sometimes when I go to the mall or to a restaurant, people will ask me to drop my pants and do the Dooger Dance... I always laugh and tell them it's just a character!
I mean, I'm not actually in high school... I'm 19, for crying out loud!
Other times I'll just tell them I don't like them and I leave.

Were you funny as a kid?

You tell me!

(Note: Jerry did a hilarious face here)

**I read somewhere that you weren't real popular in school.
Is that true?**

Yeah, I was sort of a dork.

I always wore shirts with chickens and other barnyard animals on them.

I also used to tape my buttock shut. I thought it would bring me good luck, but mostly it just made a mess!



What are your strongest dislikes?

I HATE raisins. They're so small and wrinkly. I also don't like my other castmates or my parents.

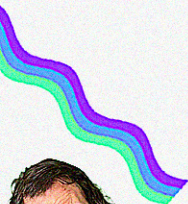
Is it fun being famous?

A lot of times, yes! But sometimes you just want to be left alone.

One time at the airport, a high school dance team saw me and one of them asked if I was Jerry Neeny, from "Happily Ever High School."

I said yes, and next thing you know, they put me in one of their uniforms and then I spend the next several months doing competitions with them at different schools and stuff.

I got really good, but I had to enroll in their school and grow my hair out and change my name. I started dating one of the girls, but then I caught her lying. She said she liked this band I liked, but it turned out she'd never even listened to them! So I quit.
But, yeah, being famous isn't always what it's cracked up to be.



**If you were stuck on a desert island
and your only food was one kind of sandwich,
what would it be?**

Pass.

What do you see when you look in the mirror?

Someone who's imperfect just like anyone else.

I still get zits and don't know what to say sometimes and I'm always trying to eat more corn than my brothers.

Okay, last question!

If you weren't on TV what would you do?

I would work with animals or make pens!



CLINIQUE

ANTI-AGING PEDIATRIC FORMULA

- REDUCE FINE LINES
- IMPROVE ELASTICITY
- 3 COOL NEW COLORS!

BRATNEY



AGE 12

The Results speak for themselves. It just works!

JAN



AGE 9

I don't look a day out of Kindergarten!

TRANT



AGE 17

Shhhh... I'm not a virgin.



The amount of homework I had in 6th grade was way **more** than I was used to getting in 5th. The stress was taking its toll on my **forehead** and **crow's feet**. So when Clinique reached out about working on a kid friendly skincare line I **jumped** at the opportunity.

Dr. Bobby Flay Jr.


CLINIQUE



How to be your best **SPY**

WHEN QUARANTINED AT HOME

1

Begin by singling out the person you would like to spy on.

2

Wait for them to vacate their room and quickly find a hiding spot.

3

Have an excuse prepared in the emergency situation of being caught. Examples of viable excuses are as follows: (1) I am looking for my iPad charger, (2) I was too tired to make it all of the way to my room and decided to lay under your bed, (3) I am participating in a scavenger hunt with the Bon Appetit test kitchen, (4) I was following a bug.

4

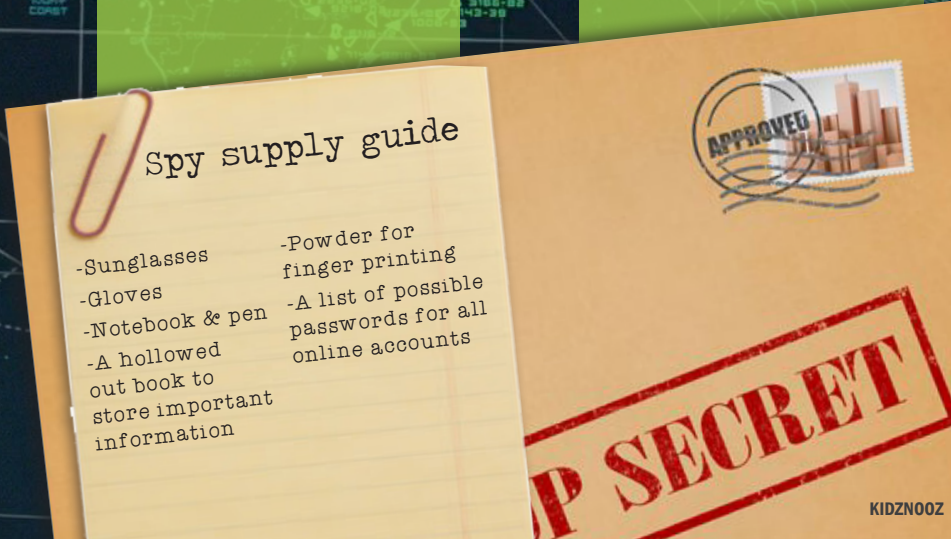
Once situated in a hiding spot, study the subject carefully.

5

Download the application Hear Boost on your phone or iPad to amplify and record any conversation or sounds. If spying after dark, use the app Night Vision Thermal to track movement. While foraging through the subjects drawers and journals, take a photo of the space before removing the content. Return all stolen objects to their original positions using the photo as a reference point.

6

If there is a main landline in the home, keep a handset in your room. Answer at the same time as the subject without speaking. Do not hang up midway if the call becomes boring, this could reveal you.



Spy supply guide

- Sunglasses
- Gloves
- Notebook & pen
- A hollowed out book to store important information
- Powder for finger printing
- A list of possible passwords for all online accounts



TOP SECRET

SHHHHHH!

KEEPING SECRETS

WITH

The Spy Guys



Go behind the scenes with breakout stars PJ and Alex Squish to get the 411 on what's sure to be the flick of the summer!

First things first, who is who!!!

PJ: I am PJ.

A: And I am PJ.

(laughter)

But seriously, how can I tell you two apart?

PJ: I have a freckle under my eye and I like basketball!

A: I like soccer and I have a bigger thing. Ya know, thing?

I notice you have very distinct styles.

A: I wear grey.

PJ: And I wear yellow.

Amazing! You guys are only thirteen years old. How do you deal with success at such a young age?

PJ: Well, our parents treat us just like regular kids.

A: We still have to do homework every night.

PJ: And chores!

A: And shower together.

Sounds like pretty normal stuff. So, how did you prepare for your larger-than-life roles in "Spy Guys"?

A: I got a magnifying glass to look at things up closer.

PJ: And I re-examined cold case files. It's almost always the step-dad.

(laughter)



If you could spy on anyone, who would you spy on?

PJ: I would spy on Mars to see if there really are aliens!!

A: And I would spy on [our dog] Dunster to see what the heck he does all day!!

Would either of you guys spy on me?

(silence)

Who is your favorite actor?

A: I would say PJ. No question.

PJ: And mine is Antonio Banderas.



Do you ever get jealous of one another?

PJ: No way!

A: We're brothers!

Not even if I did this?

(the interviewer kisses Alex)

PJ: Nah. That's okay.

I'm sure your fans want to know if you two have ever kissed.

A: (laughs) Yeah, we get asked that a lot.

PJ: We've kissed. But just as friends.

With Spy Guys just around the corner, where do you see yourself in 5 years?

PJ: Statistically one of us will be dead.

Both: Not it!

(laughter)

ZIPPPOS & ZIP TIES

Teddy Rasmussen always followed through on his threats. In one of his earliest exploits, he coiled a brown-ivy vine around the Hemplemans' Siamese cat, Layla. Layla hissed, clawed and died. The Hemplemans found her behind a shrub in their side yard and knocked on doors, but nobody pointed a finger, fearing his wrath. On Christmas Eve when I was nine, Teddy squirted lighter fluid into his cousin Jerry's eggnog. I heard the ambulance on its way to the emergency room from my bunk bed. The full story emerged later, from the beef-breathed horse's mouth. The doctor had to suck the gas

out of his intestines with a catheter.

Summers were the worst, because it was Michigan, and we rallied outside, knowing the snow would return in October. After a Tigers game, Teddy convinced Dawson Ripley to go out to the woods to see a corpse, even though Dawson had been fat-lipped and black-eyed before—three times, I think. In the shade of towering Tamaracks, Teddy jumped on Dawson and knocked him over the gnarled and knotted roots. Straddling his prey, he pulled off Dawson's Abercrombie shirt and smothered it with

dirt, then lit a Swisher Sweet his brother had procured for him from the Circle K. After cuffing him with zip ties, Teddy peeled off his elastic shorts and went to work on his legs. He laughed at Dawson's shriveled pecker as the boy wept and cried Stop, Stop, Stop, in his asthmatic wheeze. Dawson didn't go swimming for the rest of the year.

Teddy and I were on our way to a rope swing when I became his next victim. Halfway there, we were crossing a bridge and Teddy stopped in the middle.

"You ever jumped it?" he asked.

"No, have you?"


"Of course," he said. "A bunch of times." I knew he was lying, as only a handful of idiots had taken the leap. Teddy hopped on the ledge with an easy spring and said, "Get up here, Tre." His demands were menacing and impossible to resist. I hesi-

tated, then hoisted myself up. As soon as I glanced at the river below he was back on the sidewalk, gripping my ankles and cackling.

"Do a flip or I'll push," he said.

"Teddy. Let me go. There's no way I..." I trailed off as I looked at his face. Something was missing in his eyes, a violent vacancy. His crooked teeth were chipped fangs. And his tongue, lascivious and lupine, wagged and dripped.

"I'm coming down," I said, slowly bending my knees. But he stuck to his promise. As I began to crouch, he shook my skinny legs and released. I remember the initial buckle and sway, but there wasn't an airborne rush. What I most clearly recall is the whiplashing slap of water against my teenage skull, and the echoing peal of Teddy's howl in the midsummer light.



Best Places to Drink White Wine During an Unspecified Public Health Crisis

By Jean Giroux

1. **In bed**, with someone you really like. Maybe while watching a movie, maybe not ;)
2. **At the blood bank**, after you've donated blood, because you're a universal donor. You should feel good about yourself. You're quite handsome, and very generous. You deserve a glass or two.
3. **On the stoop** of your Brownstone, while getting yelled at by all your holier-than-thou neighbors because you're not covering your face. That is not your style. You're way too punk for that. They'll never tell you how to live.
4. **Center of the couch**, about one o'clock. After reheating the chicken Marsala you made two days ago. Why is it so

congealed? This is... not that good. Chad seemed impressed though. I wonder what he's up to.

5. **Right outside the wine shop** that's apparently only accepting online orders now. What the hell? When did this happen? Fine, I'll order a bottle of cheap sauvignon blanc and wait. Okay, it's been like fifteen minutes. What's the deal? Yes, I ordered that one. You don't want me to stand by the door? Well where am I supposed to stand? No, I can't run any errands while I wait. Everything's closed. And I just found out that my boyfriend is cheating on me. I mean, it started before all this happened. But he just texted and told me. Like

an hour ago. So, yeah, I'm annoyed.

6. **After all that nonsense, I think I need a bath.** You should join me. Or not. Whatever you want. It's your choice. The bubbles feel nice.
7. **Sitting in the windowsill** is very underrated. Look at all those cute little people, walking their mangy dogs, spreading their unspecified illness, while I'm curled up like a roly poly, enjoying a crisp bottle from Slovenia. Is that the one Melangia is from? She sucks. But there's a UFO on the label. That's pretty cool.
8. **Shit. I wanted to drink on the roof** but there's a fire alarm and now everyone is running downstairs. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Um. Back to the couch. Everything's fine.
9. **Oh. My. God. Fire trucks?** Are you kidding me? This cannot be happening. Do you think they're going to dust for fingerprints? Of course not. Don't be ridiculous. Stay calm. Wait, there's only one more glass?
10. Okay, so I'm covering **in the closet** now. Who are you to judge? You're no better than me. Unless you bought a case. That would have been a smart move. I feel like an idiot. Are they ever going to stop buzzing my apartment? This really is Hell on Earth.

SCREENZ

YOUR ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

What did 9-year old **Braydon Kay Gleason** say when he found out he was starring in the new movie *My Chums* with **Macnaulty Broderick**, "I cried, A LOT! My parents have been forcing me to go to tryouts every weekend for my entire life. I just want to be a kid like my neighbor Joey and play with my friends. I really like baseball and want to be on a team but mom says no." Braydon says, "I asked the director, 'Can I tell my friends?' And he said, 'Tell no one.'" Good luck Braydon! ■



Braydon Kay Gleason, star of "My Mom's Not Normal, She's Sick" says he has a crush on a certain co-star. Who could it be?



"It hurt a lot."

- **Seamus O'Reilly** (age 13) on the movie set for *Just One Boot*.

STAR

Birthdays

Dec 3

Jason Glichetz, 41
(Street Fighter 2 Champion)

Dec 10

Brynn Chelsea Rice, 43
(Your Neighbor's Mean Big Sister)

Dec 12

Jetter Jackson, 38
(That kid who turned his eyelids inside out)

Dec 14

Michel de Nostre-Dam, 517
(Nostradamus)

Dec 25

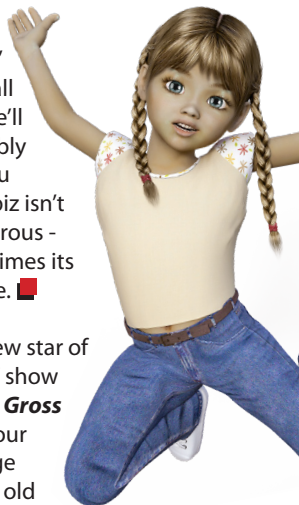
Jesus Christ, 2020
(Your Lord and Savior)

How do you nail the part in a hit movie when you're supposed to play an amputee? You commit! Ask **Seamus O'Reilly**, the guy who plays "Toesy" (the tap-dancing orphan with only one foot) in the summer smash, *Just One Boot*. Getting into the role included severing his actual foot in a painful, 3-hour surgery conducted in a mock-Civil War hospital tent using period implements. "It hurt a lot. I used to be an avid runner, but

now I swim!" After all that he'll probably tell you showbiz isn't glamorous - sometimes its torture. ■

The new star of the TV show *That's Gross* isn't your average 7-year old girl, **she's a**

robot. That doesn't mean she doesn't like to have fun. Her inventor **Ichiro Nasaki** spent years developing her in his mother's basement with his close friends and taught her lots of cool games. Her favorite game? **Checkers!** ■



"They let me keep it!"
Seamus keeps his old foot by his bed at home.





CHEAT CODE ZONE!!!



You have entered the

**TOP SECRET VIDEO GAME
CHEAT CODE ZONE!!!**

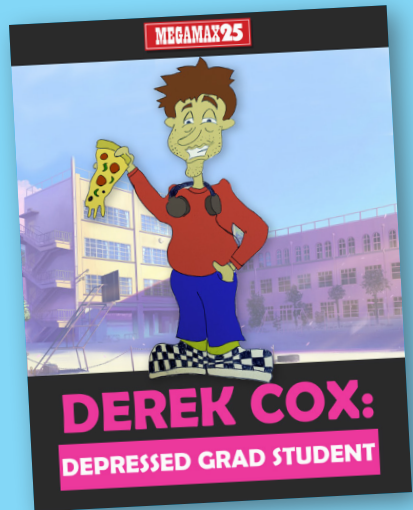
Prepare to unlock never-before-seen

**SECRETS, TIPS, TRICKS,
AND OTHER UNBELIEVABLE CRAP!!**

This week we are tackling
the funnest, coolest game
in the US of A:

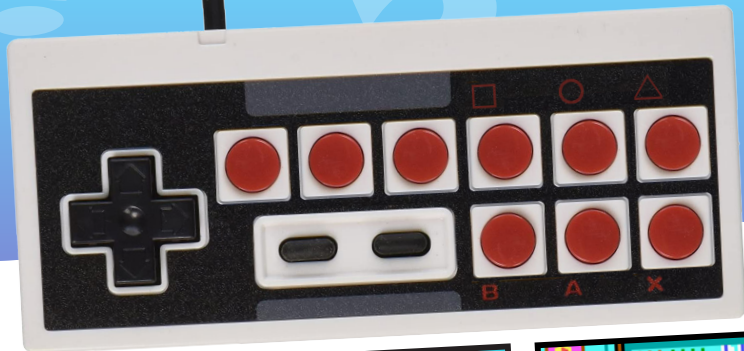
DEREK COX:

DEPRESSED GRAD STUDENT



Exclusively playable on the

MEGAMAX25



At the home screen, press:

UP DOWN UP DOWN RIGHT LEFT TRIANGLE

to unlock Derek's One Nice Sweater!



RIGHT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT RIGHT LEFT

to unlock Derek's "Lil Boogie" Celebration dance!



UP DOWN UP RIGHT UP DOWN LEFT

to change Derek's "Favorite Song" from "Every Breath You Take" to "Total Eclipse of the Heart!"



LEFT LEFT LEFT LEFT LEFT

to guarantee Derek's "Ice Breaker Jokes" receive a "Kind Chuckle!"



RIGHT DOWN CIRCLE START SQUARE

to advance straight to "Two Months on Wellbutrin!"



UP DOWN RIGHT LEFT

for unlimited ammo!



RIGHT LEFT X CIRCLE RIGHT

to add an "Animal House" poster to Derek's bare bedroom wall!



NOW GET GAMING!!!!!



**All You
Need is a
Well-Worn
Sweatshirt
and You'll
Be Fine**

By Tad Hamilton

I have only one rule in life: Always bring sweatshirts. Or A.B.S., for short. To some, this is a silly rule to live by. But I've found that the doubters are often short-sighted and have latent anger issues. I was in Florida when the first naysayer made his opinion known. He was a strapping young man, and his name was Jim Keats. I'm not ashamed to call this man out, because to this day I believe I'm right. We were huddled around a picnic table at his grandmother's timeshare in Vero Beach when I shared my thoughts. Jim scoffed, punctuating his skepticism with an insulting hiss. I'm paraphrasing here, but I believe he said something to the effect of, "That's fucking stupid." Now, I'm not usually one to wag my finger, because I know it's pompous. But on that day, wag I did.

Jim continued to pontificate on what he perceived to be the idiocy of my theory; claiming that a sweatshirt was useless in the melting heat of a record-breaking summer. He spat several times, which I thought was disgusting, but I didn't attempt to correct his behavior or poo-poo his views. I listened respectfully, and meticulously plotted my revenge.

I should mention that there was another guy there who was just up for the day. I think his name started with a T. Trevor, possibly? Or Terry? I want to say Trevor but I'm not exactly sure. I know he was from either Orlando or Tallahassee—somewhere within driving distance. Anyway, he wasn't that memorable,

and he isn't a crucial part of this story. This is a story about Jim, and how I made him look like a total fool.

As Jim went on ranting and spilling beer on his friend, I excused myself to use the bathroom. I did need to go, but that wasn't the only reason I was stepping out. I was actually up to something far more nefarious. With guile and stealth, I crept into his grandmother's closet—God rest her soul—and gathered up all her winter clothes. Then, I put those clothes in a large trash bag and hid them in a garbage can in the garage. Hurrying back like a devious little critter, I lowered the temperature on the thermostat to 58 degrees, which is precisely the temperature at which one needs a warm top. Once this was accomplished, I grabbed a beer and slipped back out to the patio.

Upon my return, Jim shot me a look and said, "What took you so long, sketchball? Were you poking around my grandma's room again?" He had a hearty laugh at this, but as you know, I was indeed poking around his grandmother's bedroom. Now here's the kicker. I could have mentioned this earlier, but I didn't, because I'm trying to "raise the stakes" as they say. While I was inside throwing away all of Grandma's sweaters and rigging the thermostat, I also rewired the device so it couldn't be reset. I learned how to do this in Technical College, which I went to after high school because I thought I wanted to be an electrician. I learned a lot of other interesting stuff, but after a year I dropped

out because I found that it was much easier to sell drugs to middle-schoolers. They don't understand the pricing standards of synthetic marijuana, so the profit margins are quite high.

Now back to the story at hand. Soon after Jim berated me, I suggested we take a dip in the pool. We were drinking a fair amount of beer, so I knew that visits to the restroom would be an issue; and I didn't want Jim to go into the house while the temperature was dropping. To head this off, I said, "If we need to go to the bathroom, we should just pee in the pool. Everybody does it." And then I peed in the pool and said, "See," although they couldn't really see what was happening down there. It was a successful ruse, as we ended up staying in the pool for an hour, until I was sure that the trap was set. So we were in the pool for a while, splashing around and such, and I said, "Do you guys remember Marco Polo?" For those who aren't familiar, Marco Polo is a game where one person in the pool closes their eyes and all the others try to hide. The person who's guessing yells, "Marco," and the ones hiding have to say, "Polo," in reply. We played it often as kids, and I thought it might be fun to play again. But Jim didn't think so. He gave me a sneering look and said, "What is wrong with you, man?" To be honest, it hurt my feelings, though I tried my best not to show it. "Forget it," I said. "I was just kidding."

After an hour had passed, the moment of reckoning had arrived. I asked Jim to run to the fridge and grab me a chilly chilly brew ha ha, which is what we called beer. It was an inside joke between us, and one of my favorites. After some hemming and hawing, Jim stepped out of the pool and headed into the house. I held my breath in anticipation as he walked towards the sliding glass door. And let me tell you, I was not disappointed. As soon as Jim was in the condo he screamed at the top of his lungs. "Holy hell! It's fucking freezing in here!" I immediately dunked my head so the other guy wouldn't know that it was I who had devised such a diabolical plan. In my mind I could hear Jim running around the house, frantically looking for something to wear. Maybe one of his grandmother's cardigans. Or a shawl. Or, perhaps, a certain cotton-blended article of clothing?

I never told Jim that I was the culprit, and he seemed pretty annoyed that he had to pay for a hotel that night. But had he known, I think he would have found it quite funny. As you all know, Jim is dead now. And as the one he chose to deliver his eulogy, I thought this would be a cool story to remember him by. Now please put on your sweatshirt with Jim's face on it and let us pray.

It seems like these days, wherever you look, there's hoops! Whether its hoop earrings, basketball hoops or just plain old old hulas, it's safe to say "hoop season" is here to stay!

Right?

I'm not imagining this, am I? There's like, more hoops than usual? These days? Or at least people saying hoops? I feel like I was just talking to someone about this.

The scoop on hoops

Hoops are everywhere

Think about it. Tires are hoops. Lassos. What else... Dog show obstacle course. And there's so many more, I promise.

You'd think they'd be hoops, but not quite

Loops.



SLANG POSSE

Ever wonder what the cool older kids are talking about when they smoke cigarettes behind 7-11? We caught up with Adam's big brother Keith and he let us in on some secrets. Shhh, don't be a snitch!

Tyrannosaurus (or Tyro, or Rex) *adj.* Something huge or gnarly: "That dude is scary. Totally Rex."

Helmet *n.* Loser: "That guy's got no game. He's such a helmet."

Bucket *adj.* Lame: "I got expelled. That's bucket."

Tonguey *adj.* Delicious: "Mmmm. That was one tonguey burrito."

Swizzer *adj.* Playboy or pimp: "That guy is a major swizzer. He gets with all the babes."

Wuzzit *n.* Weird creature or alien: "Connor and I were smoking out in the woods last night and I'm pretty sure we say a wuzzit up in the tree."

Gumby *n.* A bonehead move or a dork: "I completely blew it with Kristina. That was so Gumby."

Poppin' Turkeys *adj.* Sad. "Danny's really poppin' turkeys ever since his appendix ruptured and he found out most people don't like him."

Cheddar Dirt *n.* Old bubblegum. "Lori's boyfriend lives by the train tracks and is always offering me cheddar dirt he finds on car tires."

Sippin' Willy *v.* Drinking soda. "My best friend Sorkon is a wizard who loves sippin' willy."

ON LOCATION WITH ALEX Q.!



WE MET UP WITH YOUR 3RD GRADE
PAL ALEX QUIPLY, AND WROTE
DOWN SOME OF HIS BEST
LET'S HEAR 'EM, ALEX!

LIES

"THE POLICE SOMETIMES ASK MY DAD
FOR HIS HELP TO SOLVE CRIMES."

"THERE IS A TUNNEL UNDER MY HOUSE THAT
LEADS TO THE MINI MART. I CAN STEAL CANDY
IF YOU GUYS NEED IT."

"SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE VIDEO GAMES
ARE BASED ON DRAWINGS I DID."

"MY UNCLE IS A MILLIONAIRE AND
WANTS ME TO WORK WITH HIM."

"I QUIT SOCCER BECAUSE OF MY UNCLE AND
MY WORK WITH HIM. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT."

"I TOLD YOU WHAT MY UNCLE DOES.
HE WORKS WITH COMPUTERS."

"WELL, NOT EXACTLY COMPUTERS.
MACHINES THAT CAN GET YOU
INSIDE OF COMPUTERS."

"YES, I'VE GONE INSIDE ONE."

"IT IS TRUE. IF YOU COME OVER
TO MY HOUSE I CAN SHOW YOU."

"NO, TODAY IS NOT A GOOD DAY."



"NO, I CAN'T TODAY EITHER.
MY UNCLE IS VERY MAD."



"SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO STEAL
HIS PLANS FOR THE MACHINE.
HE THINKS IT'S HIS OLD PARTNER."

"HIS NAME IS ERNIE MANCINI.
HE USED TO BE MY UNCLE'S BEST FRIEND.
HE HAS A BIG SCAR ON HIS FOREHEAD.
HE'S VERY BAD."

"CORRECT. I CAN'T COME TO YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY
BECAUSE ERNIE MANCINI IS LOOKING FOR ME."

NO, IT'S NOT BECAUSE I SPEND WEEKENDS AT MY DAD'S.
AGAIN, ERNIE MANCINI IS A BAD MAN.
HE HAS KILLED SEVERAL PEOPLE, AND HIS SOLDIERS
ARE OUT TO GET ME.

A large yellow circle with a hand-drawn, scalloped edge. It is surrounded by several blue scribbled lines of varying lengths and directions, some extending from the top left, some from the right, and some from the bottom left.

"LISTEN. I LIKE YOU.

AT SCHOOL WE'RE BORDERING ON A BEST FRIEND RELATIONSHIP. THE REASON WE NEVER GO TO EACH OTHER'S HOUSES IS BECAUSE I MADE THE MISTAKE OF GETTING MYSELF INVOLVED IN MY UNCLE'S BUSINESS. DO YOU THINK I LIKE BEING ON THE RUN FROM ERNIE MANCINI? DO YOU THINK I LIKE HAVING MY MOLECULES MIXED UP WITH COMPUTER DATA BECAUSE OF ALL THE TRAVEL I DO WITH THE MACHINE? THE ANSWER IS NO. AND AS I SAID, MY DAD DOES NOT LIVE 45 MINUTES AWAY. HE LIVES HERE, WITH ME AND MY MOM AND MY ANNOYING SISTER, CHRISTINA."

"YOUR PARENTS ARE WRONG. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE ME, FINE. I ALSO WANT TO ADD, AND I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT SAYING THIS FOR LIKE THE HUNDREDTH TIME, BUT WHEN YOU GO INSIDE OF A COMPUTER, IT'S BEST THAT YOU DON'T WEAR NAME BRAND CLOTHES. THAT'S WHY YOU USUALLY SEE ME IN THIS STRIPED SHIRT, OR THAT OVERSIZED RED ONE THROUGHOUT THE WEEK. I HAVE BETTER CLOTHES AT HOME. IT ACTUALLY KIND OF SUCKS HOW MUCH NAME BRAND STUFF I HAVE AT MY HOUSE. BUT HEY, I ASKED FOR THIS LIFE, AND AT THE END OF THE DAY, MY RESPONSIBILITY IS TO THE WAR THAT'S BEING FOUGHT INSIDE OF THE COMPUTERS."



"AWESOME! THAT ACTUALLY WORKS OUT BETTER FOR ME. I DON'T REALLY NEED A FRIEND RIGHT NOW. TRUTH IS, THE REBELS INSIDE THE COMPUTER HAVE MADE ME THEIR CHIEF SO I WON'T REALLY HAVE TIME FOR THE KID STUFF YOU AND BRYCE GET INTO. LYXIA, PROBABLY THE SEXIEST OF THE DATANOIDS, HAS BEEN FLIRTING WITH ME ON OUR CYBER SAFARIS, SO I TOO, THINK IT'S BETTER I FOCUS ON MY OWN STUFF. WHICH REMINDS ME, I SHOULD PROBABLY RECHARGE MY LUST SWORD. AND ALSO, JUST REAL QUICK, I AM DEFINITELY ALLOWED TO EAT THINGS LIKE FAST FOOD AND PEPPERONI PIZZA. SOMEONE WAS SAYING, I THINK IT WAS SCOTT C. MAYBE? THAT OUR FAMILY ONLY EATS HEALTHY FOODS AND GENERIC OATMEAL. NOT TRUE. WE EAT ALL THE BEST KINDS OF BAD STUFF FOR YOU. I'M ACTUALLY GETTING HUNGRY JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. OF COURSE I ALSO EAT COMPUTER CHIPS... THAT'S CUSTOMARY IN DATANOID CULTURE. AND REAL QUICK, MY DAD DID NOT LOSE MY PARENTS' MONEY AND CHEAT WITH KRISTEN HILDRETH'S MOM AND THEN GET CONFRONTED BY KRISTEN'S DAD AND LOSE A FIGHT TO HIM. TRAX WAS SAYING, HE'S MY BEST FRIEND AND SIDEKICK IN THE COMPUTER WORLD, THAT THE WHOLE KRISTEN'S DAD FIGHT THING WAS PROBABLY A RUMOR STARTED BY DREADACORE WARRIORS.

"OK, YEA, I'LL SEE YA DUDE. EVEN THOUGH WE'RE TAKING A BREAK FROM OUR FRIENDSHIP NOW, I'M SURE WE'LL REKINDLE IT. WE'RE MOVING TO DALLAS AFTER THIS SUMMER. IT'S A BETTER PLACE TO HIDE FROM DARK DREAD AND HIS DREADACORE GOONS. BUT I PROMISE I'LL BE EASY TO TRACK DOWN. DEFINITELY WON'T BE A NAME THAT WILL HAUNT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, WHERE YOU INTERMITTENTLY LOOK IT UP THROUGHOUT THE YEARS TO NO RESULTS."

"WELL, THAT'S MY RIDE. NO, NOT THE BUS. THERE'S A SPEEDER POD JUST BEYOND IT. GOTTA GO. PEACE!"

THANKS,
ALEX!



With pretty pretty princesses, the prettiest princess wins!

WAIT, IS THAT BAD? WELL THE PRINCESSES DON'T JUST HAVE TO BE PRETTY. THEY CAN DO OTHER STUFF AND ALSO SAVE THE GUYS?

Take a turn at the spinning wheel and put on pretty jewelry to advance!

BUT BY 'ADVANCE' WE JUST MEAN IN THE GAME. NOT LIKE IN SOCIETY OR WHATEVER.

Take your turn, pick a piece of jewelry. But only one girl wins the crown! (OR BOY! OR KID!)

THE OTHER KIDS (UM, GIRLS?) WIN BY GOING TO COLLEGE.

Just to be clear the girls get jewelry by moving their pieces on the board.

NOT BY LIKE SITTING ON A MAN'S LAP OR WHATEVER.

Four colors of plastic bracelets and rings!

NOT BLOOD DIAMONDS. MAYBE WE DIDN'T HAVE TO CLARIFY THAT LAST PART. UHHHHHHHH

It comes with jewel stickers to decorate the jewelry box!

AND IT ALSO COMES WITH SCIENCE PROBLEMS HOMEWORK

Well not in THIS version but in another version that we're going to do later.

Your royal dreams come true with Pretty Pretty Princess.

ACTUALLY, JUST BECAUSE SHE'S PRETTY DOESN'T IMPLY THAT SHE'S NOT SMART. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE PROJECTING. EXAMINE THAT.

PUMPING ^{UP}

for the

PLAYGROUND



You've seen Dad pushing plates in the garage. And mom's ALWAYS doing her terrible Jane Fonda impression. But how can YOU get in on the action? Here are some proven ways to get your 10-year-old bod looking like Little Hercules.

Biggie Biceps – This is a beginner's trick, but you have to start somewhere. Get creative. Go to K-Mart, pick up some floaties and Ace bandages and give yourself some bulk. Now find a mirror and flex for three hours. Getting swoll is 52% mental, so start by visualizing success.

Prosthetics – You might have to mail away for bionic legs, but they are VERY cool looking. Make sure you tell them you're 18. And don't just go for the big wiener. You'll have one soon enough.

Deer Antler Velvet – Woah. Sounds weird right. But it's a real thing. REAL SCIENCE MAN Billy Nye says it boosts strength and endurance, improves the way the immune system works, counters the effects of stress, and promotes rapid recovery from illness. How can you not believe him!

Testosterone pills – Pretty straightforward, but useful nonetheless. Next time you and mom are at the drug store picking up her Oxy scrip, check out the supplement aisle and steal a couple bottles of these bad boys. That pustulous acne means it's working.

Phencyclidine – Things are about to get a little more exciting. Commonly known as Angel Dust and PCP, this nose kicker will get your adrenaline up in no time. You'll be in the gym for

days, and you won't have to bother with sleeping anymore. Screw you, mom!

Beat Up Younger Kids – To gain strength you have to exhibit strength, and one of the best ways to do this is to physically assault children that are smaller and weaker than you. Use your age as an advantage and intimidate them until they shit themselves. (Strength Training Note: Fist fights at recess are great for the forearms and delts.)

Quitting School – School gets in the way of gym time. It's a fact. After you've hospitalized a few third graders, stop going to class and dedicate yourself to working out. Also, get a job. Child labor is going to be HUGE in 2020.

Commit a Premeditated Murder
This one is for the more experienced studs—I'm looking at you sixth graders. You'll want to spend most of your down time between gym and PCP sessions thinking about the most direct route to prison. You need to be tried as an adult, so you'll likely have to kill two or more people. But this is a sure fire way to enable you to do the only three things that matter for the rest of your life: Writing your memoirs in a 6 by 9 cell, pressing vanity plates, and pumping iron.

NOW LET'S GET JACKED!

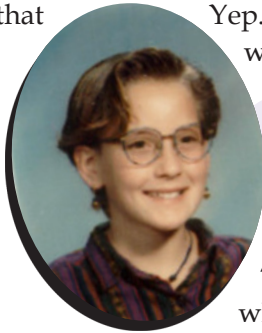
Life With

FOUR EYES



You've seen them in class. On field trips. At the library. And tinkering away in the computer lab... They're kids with glasses, and let's face it, they look a little... **WEIRD.**

But are K.W.G.'s really that different than popular kids who look normal? We here at KidzNooz wanted to find out, so we hit the streets (hobby and gaming stores, basements), to learn more about this peculiar type of kid. And what we discovered, might have you *seeing* them in a new light. I guess you could say, the *glasses* aren't always half empty, sometimes they're half... cool?



Meet Brandon Moffley, a 5th grader from Lubbock, Texas. Brandon's been wearing glasses since 3rd grade when he started having trouble seeing the blackboard from his seat in class. We asked Brandon how life has been behind a pair of specs, and what he said might surprise you.

"It's been fine."

Yep. We couldn't believe what we were hearing either. But it was what Brandon said next that really raised our *eyebrows*...

"It's just helpful to see what my teacher writes on the board. But, yeah, I still hang with my friends and play sports and stuff."

We know what you're thinking: A kid with glasses who likes... sports?! Say what now? Yep, Brandon was full of surprises. We had to dig deeper-

"I just take [my glasses] off when I play little league. Sometimes this girl Lauren Byrnes holds them for me. I guess she has a crush on me or whatever..."



Hold up. A girl liking a guy who wears *glasses*? Maybe she's the one who's vision is impaired! Brandon continued:

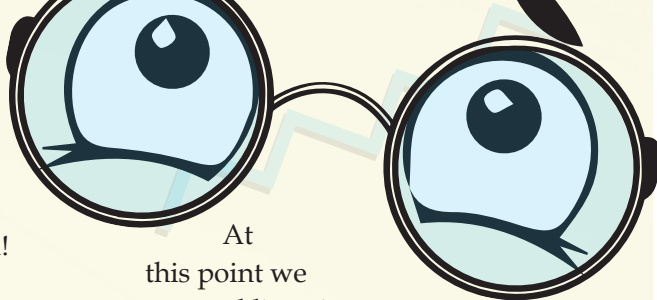
"If anything, the glasses have changed my life for the better. I kinda feel more confident, and some of my older sister's friends say I look 13."

Brandon was blowing our minds here. It really felt like we were looking at life through a new *lens*. We had to know more. I mean, let's be honest here, he looked like a dork in those things. Seriously, no offense, but, it was sort of embarrassing to be standing next to him.

"I get that."

Phew. Because for a second there, we thought we were going crazy.

"And the truth is, maybe I am sort of a dork. I really like reading. And I take piano lessons. Also, I draw these characters I made up called the Furbley Family. They're like these furry creatures who live in a—"



At

this point we stopped listening.

Everything had become clearer than 20/20. As Brandon went on his long winded diatribe about whatever nerdy crap he was talking about, we realized that even with glasses a person can be kind of cool. Not very cool. And certainly not cool enough to hang with us and some of our friends... but a *little* cool. Like the type of cool where you're okay to jog next to the person during the mile run in P.E., but wouldn't dare invite them over for your birthday party. That's what kids with glasses are. Definitely not awesome, but sometimes okay!

So, thank you Brandon. You've thrown a pair of proverbial glasses on us and brought things into *focus*. Good luck with the Furbley Family! Sounds pretty dumb! Wait. We didn't mean to write that last part. Good luck with everything, Brandon! Don't hang out with us. Crap. Again. Sorry. Bye!

-KN

LOOK FOR SERIES II
Includes Special
Subsets and Trades.

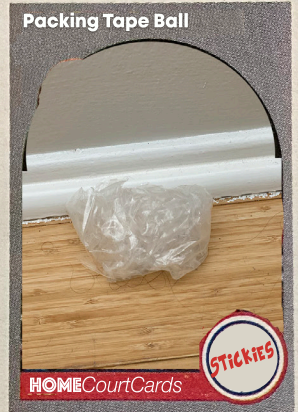
You know them from around the house. What else do you know?



Was soda water in the big one?



Does our other bucket have leaves in it too?



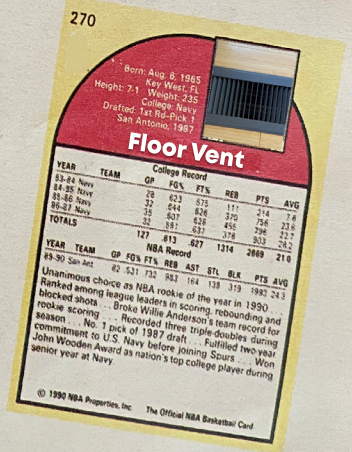
What sound will it make if you crunch it?



Where did he play college ball?



Is this safe?



Why's he so cute?

Want the answers to these and a million other questions about the house? Just pick up HOMECourtCards the Official Trading Cards of the house. There are over 300 fact-filled HOMECourtCards in this year's collection. Get them all, and there's hardly a house question you can't answer!

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HOMECourtCards

The Garden of My Discontent

BY TONY RANDAZZO

Until today,

every morning I would eat a bowl of Frosted Flakes, walk to the garden out back, and pause to consider my circumstances. There I was, stuck. Pinned in by a fifteen-foot fence. Confined to a yard with a patch of grass and a couple of lawn chairs.



Don't get me wrong. I'm not lying in a hammock all day like a sunbathing buffoon. I can get around. Although I will admit that I waddle. To be honest, it must look like I've got a bad rash. Like I'm chafing. Right where my beefy thighs meet my dingdong. But I can't see down there. And anyway, who cares? Big fucking deal. I waddle out here every morning before my son-in-law wakes up so I can have some privacy, some peace and quiet. And half the time I'm interrupted by a babbling man-child, a lumbering troglodyte. This guy waltzes out and starts yawning and scratching his tiny head. With its underfed baby brain, clouded with coke dust and stock market bull shit. Then he saunters back inside and turns on that ridiculous gym-TV-thing he's got bolted to the wall. Cost him like a hundred thousand dollars. Tony Little would kick his ass, man. I hope to God Lisa gets some sense and empties the bank account before leaving him. At least they don't have a kid yet. If they did I'd be working on my tumbling routine. Straight down the goddamn stairs.

I've been chipping away at one of the fence posts for six months now. I can't be too loud, lest I wake up Mr. Limp-dick, so I tap the edges of the plank with my spade. It's a solid one, from the hardware store down the street. Leopold's. When I told Jeff I needed some tools he tried to drive me to the Home Depot. I had to school this fool on the virtues of a family business. Honesty.

Hard work. Sacrifice. He didn't understand a thing. Just hummed along and nodded. A moron suckling at the corporate teat. All he knows how to do is his little dance for the banks that screwed us all. How do you think I got here? I was hoodwinked. Wheedled into a sixteenth mortgage by those schmucks. A few months later I opened the mailbox to find a notarized letter that says "Foreclosure" right on the envelope. Signed by one of Jeff's squash bros, no doubt. He's a vulture. That's what he is. Though to his credit, he did pay for my spade. So thank you for that, Jeff. That was kind of you. You pissant.

When we got home that day, Jeff put on his "Kiss the Cook" apron and threatened to grill some portobello mushrooms and teriyaki seitan. "You're going to barbecue Satan?" I said. "What in the Sam Hill are you talking about?" Then he explained what it was and I scowled at him. Told him there was no way I was going to eat that crap. Give me some tenderloin. Some London Broil. Cheapest cut you can find. I'll eat it raw. I'm not afraid of that e-coli juice. But in the end, my complaints were unnecessary. They ultimately decided to go out to dinner, because Jeff forgot to pick up the teriyaki sauce. It all worked out for me though. I had a couple hours to start on my new project. I didn't know how long it would take, but I figured that once I could get my neck wedged in there, I could wriggle my way to freedom.



I never expected to be stranded here as long as I have. I thought I could find a part-time job and share an apartment with someone my age. I've seen ads for stuff like that. Not my ideal arrangement, but I'm reasonable. I'm willing to negotiate. But that plan fell through as soon as the cat flu entered our lives. And then all the blowhards on cable wouldn't shut up about it. As if it were the bubonic plague, or the potato famine. Real tragedies. Cat flu isn't an epidemic. It's a sham, cooked up by the feds to keep us in check. We're a thousand miles from the nearest case, yet Jeff insists that we're all at risk. Especially me. Because I'm a virile gentleman of age. That's why he locked me up in this coop. He's trying his best to kill my will to live.



It took longer than I had hoped, but today I'm getting out of this gulag. After some midnight wrestling, I finally breached the wall. I was so pleased with myself I did a little jig. Lisa and her husband were at something called Taco Tuesday, and I knew they'd be out until he threw up. So this was my chance. As soon as his godforsaken monster truck pulled out of the driveway I yanked off the slats and stuck my head through the hole. That part was easy, although some kid across the street did notice me. I gave him the international sign for keep your mouth shut and held out a dollar.

He flipped me the bird in return. I appreciated that. I was in dire need of a buddy.

It took me about ten minutes to get through the fence and after that I was winded. Dog tired. My lungs won't last much longer, and I guess that's my fault. Forty years a smoker, but at least I kicked the habit. After a couple stints in the ICU, that is. They should have named that wing after me instead of some teenager who made his billions playing video games. Anyway, as I was working my way out a nail ripped right through my pants. Gashed my leg and probably struck a vein. If I'd worn my Dockers instead of these silly pantaloons Jeff gave me I'd be fine. But that was my fault. Fortunately that was the last Christmas I'll ever spend with him. I'll miss Lisa, of course, but these days all I care about is my emancipation.

When I stood up I noticed a stain of blood around my ankle. Merely a flesh wound. I was still able to limp along, gradually matriculating to the end of the block. I must have looked like the most pathetic gunslinger to ever roll into town, what with the rash and all. That's fine. I know I'll make it to the Promised Land. Maybe meet some friends along the way. Because I've got a plan. Sort of. I've been stealing money from Jeff's wallet for a few years now. And once I find a bus stop, I'll be home free. I think I can make it pretty far.





CHILLIN' WITH MICAH!

We hung out with Micah Purcell, the quietest kid in Mrs. Jacobs' 4th grade class, and took down some of his most **RADICAL** quotes!

DURING ATTENDANCE!

"...Here..."

Awesome!

APPROACHING MRS JACOBS' DESK!

"...Um... can I... um... use the..."

Mrs. Jacobs: "Bathroom pass?"

(Micah nods head yes).

Mrs. Jacobs: "Of course."

You go Micah!

MRS. JACOBS ASKING THE CLASS FOR
THE ANSWER TO A DIVISION PROBLEM!

(After it's already been said by most students,
and EXTREMELY MUFFLED)

"...six."

Wow! This dude's
got it going on!!

DURING THE GROUP PROJECT

Taylor: "What do you think, Micah? Solid or gas?"

(Micah digs through his backpack.)

Taylor: "Micah?"

(More digging through backpack.)

Emily: "Um. Micah?"

(Still in that backpack. What is he looking for?!)

Cary: "Solid or gas?"

(He found something! ... Nope, never mind. Still digging.)

Taylor: "...Let's just put solid."

Slammin'!



AT LUNCH!

Adam: "Did you guys see Ronny Ravage against Wrecker last night?"
Taylor: "Yeah. Ravage destroyed him!"
Scott C.: "Totally."
(A solid beat of silence)
"Yeah... I also liked Kevin Suave in the ThunderCage."

Hey, now! Where'd that come from?!
Tell us more about Kevin Suave!!!
You're outta' control, Micah!

SECONDS LATER AT LUNCH!

Taylor: "You like wrestling, Micah?"
"... yeah."
(After saying this, Micah sprints away.)

Whoa! Hold on!
Come back, Micah!

BACK AT CLASS!

Mrs Jacobs: "...which was called: "Manifest Destiny."
Let's say it together..."
Class: "Manifest Destiny."
(Silent with head down, pressed against the desk.)

There he is!
The Micah Man
is back!

RIGHT BEFORE THE VOCAB QUIZ!

Cary: "Do you have a pencil sharpener?"
(Nothing.)

Mr. Consistent. We love you, Micah!

WHEN THE BELL RINGS!

Cary: "See ya!"
Taylor: "See ya, dude."
Emily: "Bye, guys!"
Taylor: "See ya, Micah."
(Shyly waves goodbye, barely producing a half smile.)

Aw, Micah!

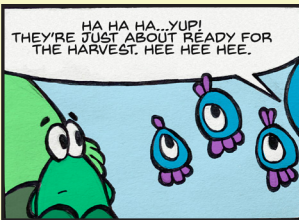
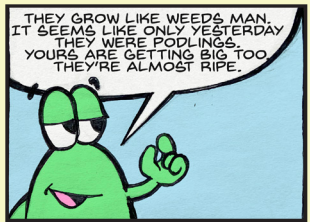
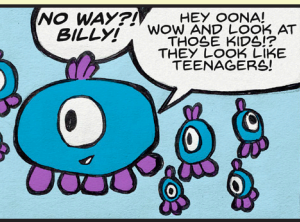
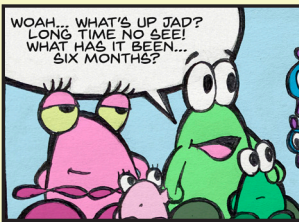
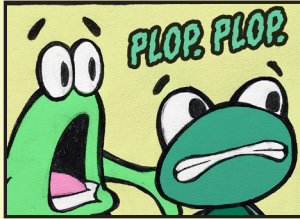
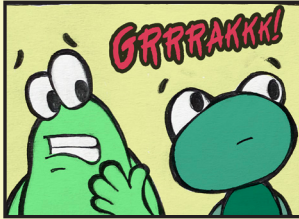
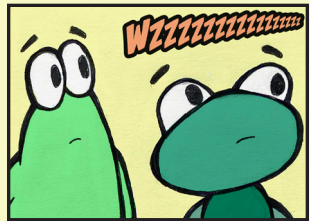
AT HOME!

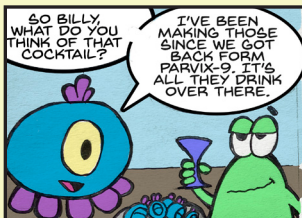
Mom: "So, how was school?"
"...Fine."
Mom: "...Do you have anything else to tell me?"
(Shakes his head.)
Mom: "Well. It's almost nightfall, we should get ready."

And with that, the sun sets, and Micah and his mom turn into dogs. They'll spend the next several hours running around town causing havoc. Knocking over Mr. Dunberry's trash cans, ruining the Wilkins' lawn, and stealing the treasured Zolongo Ruby From the museum. When the sun comes up, they'll be back in their beds; clothes ripped up and now in human form, with no clue as to what they just got into. And that's Micah. One cool dude... who sure is quiet!

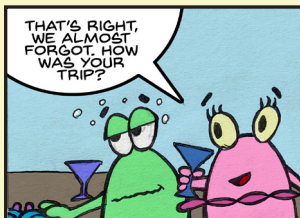
THANKS, MICAH!

Billy The blob





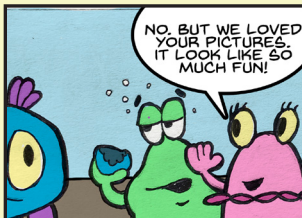
I'VE BEEN MAKING THOSE SINCE WE GOT BACK FROM PARVIX-9. IT'S ALL THEY DRINK OVER THERE.



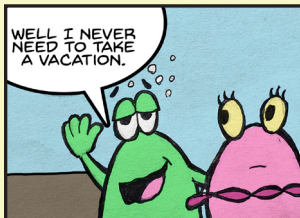
THAT'S RIGHT, WE ALMOST FORGOT HOW WAS YOUR TRIP?



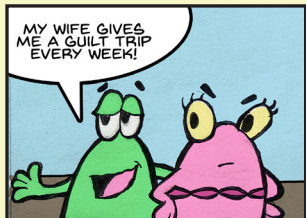
AH PARNAX-9, IT'S EXQUISITE! THE LASER DOME, THE FOOD, HAVE YOU EVER BEEN?



NO, BUT WE LOVED YOUR PICTURES, IT LOOK LIKE SO MUCH FUN!

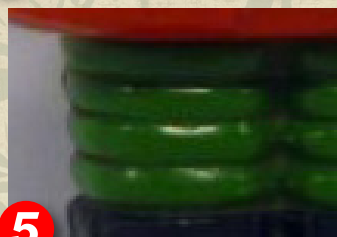
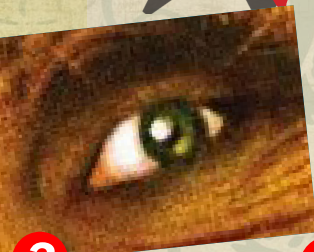


WELL I NEVER NEED TO TAKE A VACATION.



MY WIFE GIVES ME A GUILT TRIP EVERY WEEK!

BRAIN BUSTER



WHAT IS THAT?!!

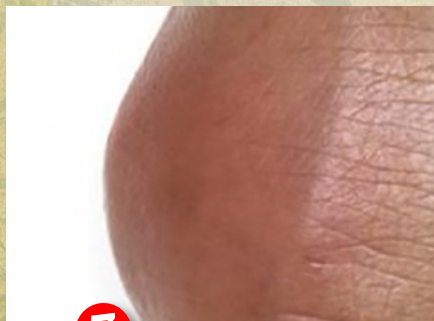
Help crack the code and decipher what the heck that picture is...

1. _____ 5. _____

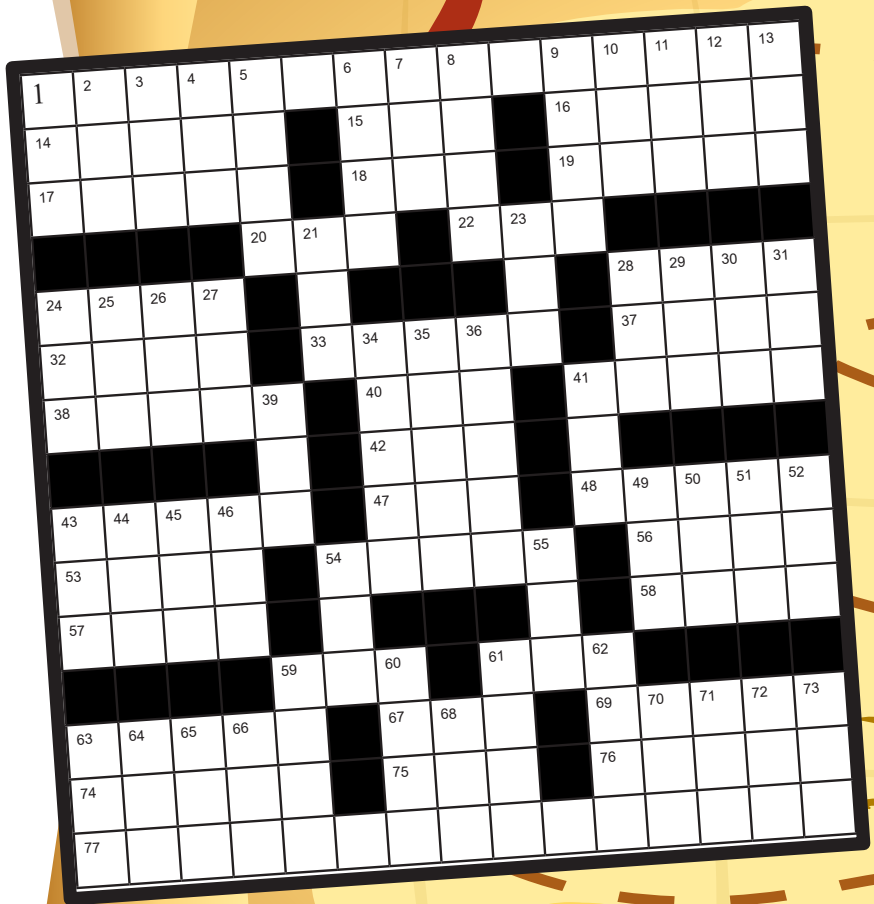
2. _____ 6. _____

3. _____ 7. _____

4. _____ 8. _____



1. John McLeary's Pog collection 2. 2nd Century sesterce of Pertinax 3. Harry from Harry and the Hendersons 4. Spy Hunter video game 5. Ram Man from He-Man 6. Hall of Famer Tony Gwynn 7. Jimmy's dad raging case of gout 8. Cheez Balls



Across

1. First thing you should do the morning after a rager
14. Overturf
15. Sushi dots
16. Indiana town of 90s TV
17. Anxious
18. Woodcarving tool
19. Transparent
20. Very sneaky
22. "There She Goes" band, with The
24. You send it to labels
28. There are two in "Waiting for Godot"
32. Great flair
33. Like Ralph Wiggum
37. All skin
38. Hotties
40. You park here
41. Old school message service
42. Baby eggs
43. The Fool is often at the beginning of this
47. Aerosol oil
48. Prize of French cuisine
53. Not odd
54. Little yellow candy guys
56. You've been stuck here for two months
57. A group of guys that are "Too Close"
58. Orchestra tuner
59. The MySpace guy
61. They raised all of us
63. Make happy
67. 1959 Nabokov classic
69. VHS and Memorex
74. Not as tan
75. Heralded title
76. Opposite of 11-Down
77. Last thing you should do the morning after a rager

Down

1. Egyptian Boy King
2. We're descended from this
3. Barbie's beau
4. Noun ends
5. Amorous tributes
6. Cafeteria carrier
7. You need this when you have a breakdown
8. You don't want to go down there
9. Slang for sleuths
10. Single-season Fox sitcom
11. Existing together
12. She swings from a chandelier
13. Not him
21. Young Brit
23. Perfect service
24. Hip-hop's Mos famous
25. Genius prog-rockers (and one of Kyle's favorites)
26. Owner of Zack and Kelly's hangout
27. Third (and arguably best) single from Achtung Baby
28. Dude on a fiver
29. Sean and Ryan went there
30. Cool guy in Green Day
31. Virgins don't have it
34. Head to the altar in Vegas
35. Explosive stars
36. In a pinch, you can get one at the bodega
39. Legendary punk label
41. Sean's wife, in brief
43. The usual base number
44. Similar to a St.
45. Surname of Oedipus
46. Prov. in Can.
49. "Look what I've found!"
50. Jack
51. It's so sad
52. Harper with a Mockingbird
54. Big leaguer
55. Mer, across the pond
59. Semester
60. 1970 Robert Altman film
61. Fashionable Jacobs
62. One 35-Down
63. Short albums
64. Back muscle
65. Sierra Nevada, for one
66. Some people put mushrooms in it
68. Go kaput
70. Influential Dadaist
71. Kids do this in bed sometimes
72. Larynx specialist
73. Christopher and Michael, abbrev.

Dear Reader,

I hope you enjoyed all of our wacky antics. This is the fifth issue of Anti-Hype,¹ and we are thrilled that you decided to spend time with it. For some background, Anti-Hype the zine is an off-shoot of a book I wrote called Anti-Hype, which is about teens and DIY shows and, most fittingly, zines. So this zine is the actualized vision of a fictional zine from an alternative universe.² This issue was particularly unique. As always, these projects start with my brothers and grow to include our ever-expanding list of friends who kindly contribute their voices and talents. But it would be meaningless without our readers, so we're glad you joined us for the party.

When we initially discussed the possibility of making another zine in April it was going to be called "QuaranZine," and all the content was going to be related to the title. But I looked up "QuaranZine" and the topic was already being covered ad nauseam. The concept was already hackneyed and outdated.

Kyle suggested modeling the issue after *Disney Adventures*,³ and we ran with it. Weeks later KidzNooz was born. The pieces on theme are truly inspired, as are Sean's Billy the Blob

comics, which I love to a sickening degree. All in all, I thought we did a pretty good job. And I hope you think so too.

Because 2020 has been anything but predictable, the release of this edition was delayed. Now as America starts closing up again, some of the pieces here, written at the height of the quarantine, are reminders of where we were when we started the idea.

So, thank you for downloading this or looking at it on your screen or whatever. I'm not sure if it's still considered a zine, because it's not on paper, and I've always thought of a zine as a physical object that gets lost in the corners of disorganized closets and cluttered attics. But we're trying to save trees, and trying not to overwhelm the already overburned postal system, and I don't want to do all the labor that making a disposable zine entails. And now I think I've overstayed my welcome, and that is that and this is this and there you go.

With Enduring Love and Devotion,

Ryan Patrick Mooney (and Everyone Else That Made This Possible)⁴

1 And first digital-only edition.

2 That's Fucking meta(!)

3 *Disney Adventures* was a kids' magazine from the nineties that Kyle had a subscription to when we were young. It was very "of the era," if that makes any sense. Apparently they're not making it anymore.

4 If you have any praise or complaints, you can send your comments to antihypezine@gmail.com and we will probably respond.

KidzNooz

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