

SHAKEFORK RECORDS PRESENTS

SCOTT SNOTT'S
CHAMBER OF MYSTERY

WHAT'S BETTER THAN SPEED

TWO

ANIMALS
ILLUSIONS
FIRE EATING
ESCAPES
MAGIC

basil

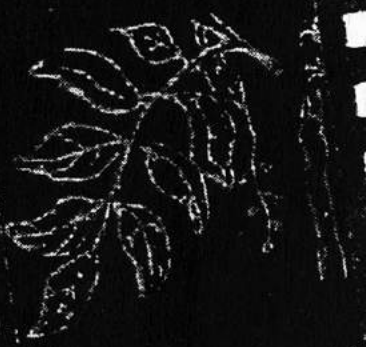
LOTS
TO
READ!!

FUN
FOR THE
ENTIRE
FAMILY





standing hamstring stretch



POISON SUMA



GLOVES



so i'm sitting around the house, nothin
 to do... friends are at school... don't
 work today... no homework...
 Donahue's boring... so i decide that
 i'll do this stupid zine again. hell, i
 figured after my first issue being so
 shitty... that i owed the world
 something better. something that
 was a tad more interesting, some-
 thing with a little better layout,
 and something that you really
 didn't have to be "punk rock" to
 understand. fuck, i did that en-
 tire first issue, layout, printing
 and everything, in like six
 fucking hours!! and probably a
 total, with printing, of about
 \$30! well with this issue, i spent
 a great deal more money and
 time. hell, some of these pages
 took a couple hours to lay out.
 i think just about every per-
 son at Kinko's knows me...
 there were days when i'd be
 there like six hours. i'd come
 in at like 1 pm... and by the
 time i left at 7 or 8, it would
 be all knew workers! so i
 hope you find this issue a
 little more enjoyable than
 the first, or if this is your

additional copies available for .75

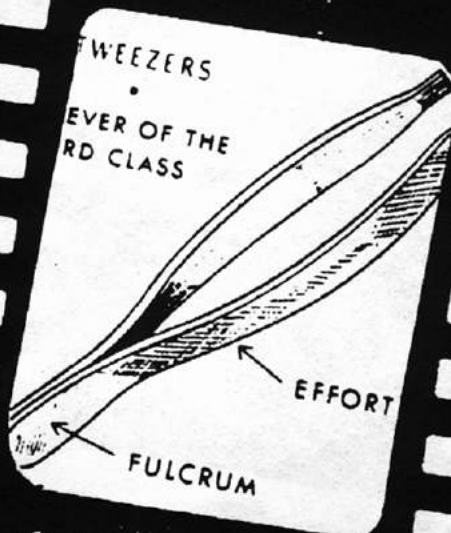
post-paid

first time reading, well then
thanks, and i hope you like it.
here's some general notes and
observations about doing a

z i n e

1.)when at the self serve copy
center of your choice, old
people will always come in to
make copies, with out hav-
ing any clue, as to how the
operation works. DO NOT
ATTEMPT TO OFFER
THEM YOUR ASSIS-
TANCE!! leave it to the
paid employee's. these
older people will just cry
and whine and not listen
to a word you say!

2.)you'll always get
these curious types who
have to know exactly
what it is your doing.
tell them your making
a newsletter for a sa-
tanic cult or some-
thing. DONT EVER
LET THEM SEE
ANY PART OF
YOUR ZINE! it's
not worth it to
have to spend ten





fucking minutes trying to hopelessly explain to this person what you are doing. ten bucks says that if they see the word "zine" on your cover, that they'll miss pronounce it!

3.)when ever handling white-out or related items... **DO NOT INHALE!!**

just trust me on this one.

4.)no matter how hard you try to avoid it... you'll always get stuck

doing your layout at the copy center, stuck next to some seemingly

normal person who talks to themselves. it'll fool you at first, cause

you'll think the're talking to you...

BUT THERE NOT!!

5.)this is the most important one if you're

like me. i like to change my

mind a lot... and threw a lot of

fucks up... i finally realized

this. **DO NOT GLUE ANY-**

THING DOWN, ENLESS

YOU HAVE EVERYTHING

ELSE FOR THAT PAGE

READY TO BE GLUED

DOWN TOO. too many

times i'd glue something

down...only to get caught

peeling it off 10 minutes

later...usually ripping

the paper in the process!

few words to the wise! so that's all
i got to say right here. this will be
my last issue for about three or
four months...but i'll go more into
detail on that in issue #3. the next
few issue's should offer some
pretty interesting shit. i'll be
covering my next three months...
which will surely be interest-
ing... i'm also going on tour in
July with FRICTION, so i'll
have that to blab about... and
i'm sure i'll have a ton of
other interesting shit to
babble about. as far as
credits go... kevin frank took
the photo on the back cover.
any other photo's you see,
were stolen from various
books. i did all the lay-
out... and wrote every-
thing, unless other wise
noted. everything is true
and really
happened. thanks to
everyone at Kinko's
copy in Oakbrook, Il.
for all their help, and
all the free shit, and
for "looking the
other way", way to
o f t e n .



ALL IN A DAYS WORK

by scott

So a lot of my younger friends are finally getting jobs. to me it's weird. i mean it's weird that the're 16,17, or 18... and have never worked a day in their lives. it's weird cause i think i've been working since like 13 or 14.. I think i got my first job through a friend. he worked at this little greasy taco place when i lived back in kansas. he said they were hiring and that i should go in and apply. so i go in. got hired on the spot. it was a pretty sleazy operation... and had to be illegal. i mean me and my buddy were like 13 or 14, which in it self has to be illegal... but on top of that we were making like \$2.50 an hour!! i didn't care, hell it was money. so about 2 or 3 times a week i would ride my bike to this dive after school. my job duties basically involved three things: frying taco shells, tostada shells, and chips. that was it. nothing more really except for the usual shit like mopping and taking out the trash. the work day was pretty easy. i'd get there after school, go straight to work for about an hour 'till the manager left and then it was easy sailing. after the manager would go home for the night... the only ones left were me, another fryer, some acne covered teenager who serverd and some cool old lady who smoked more than she worked. so we'd fill our cups up with coke, play a few games of pin ball... sit around and shoot the shit for a while and basically be lazy. i loved it!!! you see, how much work you had to do was based on the amount of empty bins you had. you'd fry these things up and put them in a bin. if they used a lot of shells up... there would be a lot of empty bins etc. so i'd make myself a burrito and go to work. it was really cool cause all the taco shells that broke, had to be thrown away. so we'd get a jug of sauce and eat all the broken ones. let me tell you... there's nothing better than hot fresh chips! so after we fried everything up, we'd mop or drain the grease or something. draining the grease was not

something you wanted to get stuck with. a smart fryer "person" would do everything in his power to get out of doing that, even if it meant doing all the other fryer "persons" work for him. you just did not want to do it. you see... our deep fryers were portable, so you'd have to pick this thing up (while it was still fuckin hot) and then carry it out the back door to a grease dumpster... in which you'd have to attempt to dump this hot grease out, without splashing it all over yourself. the things weighed a lot too! one kid dropped one once, full of hot grease. had bandages on his arms for weeks! No shit! well then my mom got transferred at her job, so we moved to beautiful Downers Grove, IL. it turns out the taco place was illegal cause about three years later it got busted and i got a check for about \$80 in wages due!! so we move to d.g. and i want a job. after days and days of walking up and down Ogden Ave. (the main drag) unsuccessfully... i decided to try Dunkin



Donuts. i go in, and without even filling out an application or anything, i get hired. it paid like a couple bucks plus tips. hey, i didn't care. so i show up for my first day. it was something like 6 am on a saturday, totally fucking cold out side, and of course, i walk to work. so i get there. my boss Virgil gives me this uniform which is all nasty and stained and shit, and of course too small... oh well. so basically my job is to get peoples food and ring them up and clean the counter and shit. the free food rule sucked. one donut and one drink per day. that's it!! i soon learned to sneak fresh donuts from the back before i punched in. i also learned another scam. the people at rose records would give me a free tape of my choice if i brought them donuts. i think i got like a king diamond tape and a metallica tape out of the deal so it only worked twice before someone at Dunkin ratted on me. i shouldn't have trusted them any way. i worked mostly with older women who all had body odor

and mental disease. i also soon learned that if i wanted to get the really good food for free, that i should stay till about 4 or 5 pm, cause that's when Virgil and everyone else would leave but Debby. Now let me tell you about Debby. She was like a year or two older than me, super cool, and like the fuckin cutest thing i'd ever seen! Well with no boss or other employee's around, we could eat as much as we wanted... it was great. Dunkin Donuts really did suck. i can't even count on my fingers the number of times i dropped donuts on the floor and was told to put them back on the rack. there was also the time the jelly machine got clogged. the machine had this little tube



on it, and you'd stick a donut on it and it would fill with jelly. so it gets clogged. And i swear to god, i saw virgil pull the tube out, stick it to his mouth, blow the jelly out, and then immediately stick it back on the machine!!! the only cool part about this job was it's new person policy. you see, if you convinced a friend to get a job at this dump, Virgil would slip you like \$25 or something. they always needed help. so i was really good friends with this girl Carol. we spent a ton of time together... i totally liked her. so i get her a job there. lets just say she didn't

exactly work out... she passed out and fell to the ground on like her third day or something... oh well. so then i decided i needed a break from this working shit. i had saved enough to live on for a while. so then the summer comes along, which means time for my annual trip to my dads in California to visit. i totally didn't want to go. so my mom says that if i have a job... i don't have to go. so i go to good ole Browns Chicken and apply. He wouldn't hire me on the spot... so i went to Ca., and started at Browns when i got back. My first day was weird. there was a bad storm that knocked the power out, so we couldn't work. there was this girl who started the same day... we quickly named her Lilly, cause she looked like Lilly on the Munsters. so here it is, my first day, and Lilly and others are getting high behind the dumpster! i was dumfounded to say the least! so i just sat around and ate till the power came on and then went to work. out of all my "jobs", i have the best and most memorable moments from Browns. in my first stint at Browns, i can remember getting in food fights, putting "spicy" stickers in Lillies hair (20 or so before she realized), trading Browns Chicken with places like Pizza Hut and Arbys, putting shit in peoples drinks, and basically doing everything but work. i eventually quit to go work at a feed supply store for a few months... but eventually returned to Browns. the second stint was even more interesting. there was this little round kid who moved in right behind Browns. he was like 12 or something. so he didn't have anything to do all summer so he hung out at Browns. we were his only friends. we soon nicknamed him "cookie" as it seemed that was all he ever ate. well we at

Browns soon learned how to exploit and manipulate cookie. before you knew it, we had that kid trained in about everything you could at Browns, and we'd pay him in food. if you didn't want to do something... you got cookie to do it. it all ended when he started school and his counselor called because he was too young and we were "exploiting" him. Oh well. but i had so much fun with that kid. we used to fill up "Browns Chicken" balloons with water and wait for him to come threw the door. before you knew it, we'd be chasing him all around the block... instead of working! one day, we got one of those super-high-powered slingshot things, and spent the whole night launching an assortment of water balloons, biscuits, corn and chicken at his house! oh, what fun! I've had other jobs, but these were the most memorable. work can suck... but it's up to you to make

it fun...

BE
NICE
TO
ME



So some how or another, Denny's has become the favorite hangout of america's punks. So seeing that hanging out at Denny's has become america's favorite passtime...I figured I would interview some Denny's employee's as to what they thought about various things. These interview's were collected at various Denny's over a period of time.

DENNY'S ON 22nd STREET IN OAKBROOK, IL.

So Nathan, Andy and I were bored and

hungry...where else would we go but Denny's. I cut out almost all of our conversation, and kept it to what the waitresses had to say...so here it goes...SCOTT:Hey...hey can I ask you some questions?WAITRESS #1:Sure. SCOTT:How long you been working here? W #1:Too long. SCOTT:Why did you choose this job? Did you used to hang out here? W #1:Yeah, I was a regular before I started working here. SCOTT:What's the worse type of people that come in here? W #1:People like you...with recorders. SCOTT:What's the nicest type of people that come in? W #1:Umm...out of towners that don't know any better. SCOTT:Have you ever spit in anyones food? W #1:No...but I've wanted to. SCOTT:What's your favorite item on the menu to serve? W #2:I don't know. SCOTT:Well if you had the choice of serving the Chicken Fried Steak or the Nachos...which one would it be? W #2:The nachos. SCOTT:How come? W #2:They

look nicer. SCOTT:What's the worse looking thing you've ever served here?

W #2:Probably the guacamole. ANDY/

SCOTT / NATHAN: Oh h h h h h!!

SCOTT:But guacamole is the greatest thing ever!!What's the worse smelling thing you've ever served? Like

maybe the livers? W #2:No, because it has bacon and onions on top.

SCOTT:That makes it smell good?

ANDY:Can I get some more water?



SCOTT:What's the longest you've seen someone sit in here? W #2:Seven hours! SCOTT:What's Denny's policy on all that? W #2:Ninety-minutes. SCOTT:So how come that person didn't get kicked out? W #2:They came up with the policy after people were sitting here that long. SCOTT:What's the biggest tip you ever got? W #2:Ten dollars...from one couple!SCOTT:What's the worse kind of people you get in here? Feel free to stereotype. W #2:Kids. NATHAN:Can we order? W #2:Sure!!SCOTT:Alright...I'll have the nachos,with no meat,no sour cream,no cheese...plus, onions and extra guacamole. Now what are you saying to yourself when someone makes a special order like that? W #2:What a pain in the neck!!(laughter)SCOTT:You're not gonna spit in my food are you? W

#2: No...Never!

ANDY:I'll get the with fries extra someone orders their does that piss off the

#2:I have no idea. gonna opt for the special order on mine b e a n s .

have his beans? Is

NATHAN:And no

cream. ANDY:I'll take

cream.SCOTT:I'll take

NATHAN:Wait,do we have an approxamation on the time? W

#2:Forty-five minutes(laughter...ha...ha...)SCOTT:Hey,can I get a

refill? W #2:Sure. SCOTT:What do you think the effects of a Bill

Clinton presidency will have on business at Denny's? W

#2:Business at Denny's? SCOTT:Hey,who'd you vote for? W #1:Frank

Zappa. SCOTT:He wasn't on the ballot! W #1:I wrote him in.

NATHAN:There wasn't write ins! SCOTT:Hah, we caught her lying.

NATHAN (TO WAITRESS) :Scum!

SCOTT (TO WAITRESS):Loser! SCOTT:So what do you think of the

Denny's now that they've remodelled it? W #2:I think it's real

nice...don't you think it's cute? ANDY:It's like someones house.

SCOTT:How many hours do you work in a week? W #2:Umm...thirty.

SCOTT:What's the weirdest thing you've seen happen here? W #2:My

Have you
ever spit in
anyones
food?
No...but I've
wanted to.

SCOTT:Alright!!

veggie cheese melt

crispy. SCOTT:When

fries extra crispy,

cooks in back? W

NATHAN:I to am

nachos...but I have a

too. I don't want the

SCOTT:Oh...can I

that against policy?

guacamole and sour

his sour

his guacamole.

car got stolen. SCOTT: Really??? W #2: Yeah, I came in for work one day... and when I left, it was gone. SCOTT: Did you ever get it back? W #2: Nope! But the insurance covered it. What's this thing for any way? A school project? NATHAN: No... we're just lonely! SCOTT: Yeah, I'm gonna go home and play the tape in my room and pretend that it's an actual person, talking to me right there. SCOTT: Approximately how much guacamole, in gallons, does this Denny's go through in a week? W #2 (jokingly) oh, about fifty. SCOTT: What about coffee beans? W #2: Only Juan Valdez knows for sure. SCOTT: What about bacon. W #2: Tons! SCOTT: Do they make you clean the bathrooms? W #2: No way! I do that at home. SCOTT: What are you planning on doing after your career as a Denny's waitress? W #2: I just hope I'm not working here when I'm sixty! SCOTT: Do you ever get people who are like fifty years old but try to pass for sixty-five so they can get the senior discount? W #2: We don't give a discount... we have a senior selection. SCOTT: Why isn't there a salad on the kids menu? Aren't you promoting bad health at a young age? W #2: No comment.

DENNY'S ON OGDEN IN DOWNERS GROVE, IL

So me and Jen are bored... so we hit this Denny's on like a Tuesday night or something... here's what we have to report. SCOTT: Can I ask you some questions? WAITER: NO!! SCOTT: Why not? WAITER: Cause I don't like to answer questions. SCOTT: What's the most exciting thing that's happened here recently? WAITER: We had a lady flash us the other day! SCOTT: What? Go more into detail! WAITER: Well she left the restaurant and then when she was outside, she lifted up her shirt to the entire restaurant! SCOTT: Do you ever masturbate in the sour cream? WAITER: No!

I CALL THESE TWO PAGES

"photo's of me when i was young and fat, posing with various Walt Disney characters."



me & Pluto

these photo's
were taken on
more than one
occassion in

the

magic

kingdom

me & Mary Poppins



and some other guy



me & Mickey



me & Gapetto



me & some frog



me and some cat

C A M P


by scott

well i think i can say that most of us, at one time or another went to summer camp. at the time, it's like the coolest thing in the world... i mean your kind of out in the woods, you're meeting all these new people and shit... but then there's the down side, like making shit out of leather... and wood and stuff. i think excluding boy scout camp, i went to camp like twice. i remember it was like this 4 hour hellish ride to some hick town in Missouri. the ride fuckin sucked... arguing with my mom the entire trip, over wether we should listen to Bruce Springsteen, or Prince. well i think that no matter what camp you went to... you always had to deal with stupid rumors and myths... i don't care wether it's some story about a killer snake that lives in these parts or some story about someone getting killed in the woods, we all had to put up with this shit. i think the story at my camp(Deer Creek Camp) was about some crazy fuckin killer that lived in the woods ... and how you should never go out alone past dark blah, blah, blah. camp is kind of always a unique situation. i mean at least at my camp, here you are thrown into a situation where you have



i had more bad luck than usual laying out this page...

this page wasn't so bad....



to live, eat, and hang out with like fifty other kids from all different places and all different backgrounds and shit. it's definately a lesson in cooperation and sharing, neither of which i wanted to learn. actually, i was a pretty friendly kid back then(not like now). my first year of camp, i must of been like ten or something. i remember that i had just gotten out of my G.I. Joe faze... and entered my Ninja days. there's always the possibility for totally cool shit to happen to you at camp. i mean i was at camp with older kids, younger kids, girls!, everything. i mean there's always the possibility of getting your first kiss, or smoking pot, or something like that. well i didn't get my first kiss(i was a small fat kid), and i didn't smoke pot. i do remember one day though... all the older kids were running up top this hill during our free time... i of course followed. to my suprise, they were smoking ciggarettes. i had never tried before... but of course, quickly asked if i could. i only took like two drags, and got ridiculed for not doing it right or something. i also remember this other big fat kid. he was way fatter, and way meaner then me. well i lost a

button on my pants or something, and i need something to hold them up. so i find this long white string on the ground... which i figured would look mighty fine around my waist. so here i am walking around with this string around my waist, and this big fat kid comes up to me and says it's his. ihe said it was from his sleeping bag. i kind of knew it was, but didn't want to give it back. so before you know it, we're rolling around on this grassy hill together, yelling and screaming at each other, people just passing by like it's no big deal. so after about fifteen minutes we quit and

COURTESY, GENERAL MOTORS CORP.



this one either!!!!

i give him his fuckin string back. we shook hands and made up. shaking hands after something like that was a big deal back then. i mean we were like ten... and this was like a sign of maturity or something. really made you feel like an adult! i also remember that we had this retarded kid at camp. he'd fuckin piss his bed every night!!! i got so used to waking up to the smell of piss in the morning, that it was really akward waking up when i got home. i also remember that this kid took a fucking shit, in the

showers, on like the first night. now they didn't have janitors or nothing, so this fucking tird sat in the shower for like four days until someone removed it. i didn't care... i only showered like once my whole fucking stay! i also remember this creek that ran through camp. it was fuckin chalk full of cray-fish! now at like ten years old, i was kind of scared of



these little things. i mean those claws looked like they'd fuckin take your finger clean off! so after i got over my fear... we'd spend like half the day catching those damn things. usually we'd forget about them in some bucket until they all dies and the smell got our attention! i also remember this one time we went hiking along this bigger creek. it had



those little teeny caves along the bank, like up a slope. so me and this other kid wanted to check it out, so we climb up this real steep, wet bank. the counselor says "be careful", and right as i say "we're fine", i fuckin fall and slide down this rocky slope cutting the fuck out of my legs and making them bleed and shit. so i think camp was pretty much



fuckinawesome, and i'd do it all again in a second. i just think that next time i'd bring more insect repellent... andbring something better to listen to in the car!

THINGS THAT I'M LOOK-
ING FORWARD TO DO
WHEN I'M OLDER...

:going to sporting events,
getting drunk, being loud and
obnoxious, and making a fool
of myself.

:going to my kids little
leagues games and yelling at
the ump, the coach and the
other team. basically, mak-
ing a big deal out of nothing.

:smoking a pipe and telling
kids boring stories that
they've heard a million times
o v e r .

:that day when your skin stops
looking like skin, and looks
more like tanned leather.

:telling my kids to do some-
thing, and upon the question
of "why?", being able to say
"cause I'M THE PARENT
AND I said so.



The magnet pulls the clapper arm.



The clapper strikes the bell and
breaks the current.



The clapper arm springs back.



The flow of electricity again
pulls the arm back.



HEEL

So I had kind of promised myself "no punk rock in issue #2."

Well looks like I blew that one. So here it is...a stupid punk rock interview, with a stupid punk rock band. So here's the

situation. I get a flyer...it says TAR,HEEL, and a couple other bands...well the average age of this shows audience

was oh, about 30! So me and Erin are the only people

standing even remotely near the stage during Heel...and

they didn't really play that good...but they're a nice bunch of guys...and their 7" is pretty cool...so I figured what the

hell...I'll interview them. So after they were

done Erin, me, and Heel piled into Erin's car and did this

i n t e r v i e w G O !

TERRY: What's this thing for? ME: What's Better than

speed zine. ERIN: Yeah, I heard all about that. ME: Well my

(first issue already came out...and I sold out (a whole

50), but it fuckin sucked, so i'm not gonna make any more.

So everyone tell me your name, instrument and

weight. BRIAN: Guitar...and my weight fluctuates.

DAN: Drums...I weigh 140. TERRY: I play guitar & sing

and weigh 158. CRAIG: I play bass and weigh 320. ME: So

how much can each of you bench? BRIAN: At one

time...275. TERRY: 225!! ME: So give me a history of the

band, like when you started and all that shit...and

why. BRIAN: Last January...for no reason. TERRY: For the

hell of it! Me and Brian wanted to start a band in Novem-

ber...but didn't get around to it till January. We started off

Jan. 2 to be exact...we did "smells like teen spirit"...you

guys remember that? (laughter all

around...ha ha ha.) ME: You guys had another guitarist



Trunk



Sitting on a chair

TERRY



VIEW
3

too, right? TERRY: Yeah, his name was Joe, and he was a geek

ME: Didn't he have cancer or something? BRIAN: No, that was me.

TERRY: Brian had cancer... Joe was just a geek. ME: So did you kick

him out or did he quit? CRAIG: Well Terry chickened out in

telling him... so he's under the impression

that we've broken up. TERRY: Oh... and

there's a good story on how we found

Craig. me and Brian were at this kids

dads apartment jamming and listening to

Gauge and Green Day and stuff and

Craig's like "you guys got a band?" and

we were like "yeah" and he's like "do you

got a bassist" and we're like "no" so he's

like "can i play" and we said sure. ME: Is

there any band you like to rip off more

than any other band? Uhh... we rip Friction

off. We try to rip off Samiam... Sea-

weed

some

what. Uhh we try to rip off Gauge but we can't make up chords

like they do. ME: What's with the bad luck of getting jipped out

of shows and shit? TERRY: It's gay. ME: Give me the story

about the McGregors show. TERRY: Yeah, the Slap Of Reality

show... we get here at 4:15 and we're the only band there. Then

7 o'clock roles around and the're like "we'll wait another 30

minutes." 7:30 roles around... no bands showed up. ME: So how

did the 7" all come about? We didn't want

to do a record at first... we just formed for

the hell of it... ME: Now it's for the money

and girls right? (laughter) TERRY:

Originally we were gonna try to get on

Shakesfork. ME: WHAT???? TERRY:

Yeah... Basil knew you needed some bands

and stuff... so he was gonna give you info

about us. but then he started coming to

our practices and stuff and just said "fuck

it, I'll start my own label." ME: I wouldn't

put out Heel anyway! TERRY: Let's not

get into that. So over the summer we

DAN



TOOTH BRUSH
HOLDER

BRIAN



CRAIG



VANISHING
WHISKEY
GLASS



recorded with Old Plank, and it was a really good experience...

three days of drinking, smoking and playing punk rock

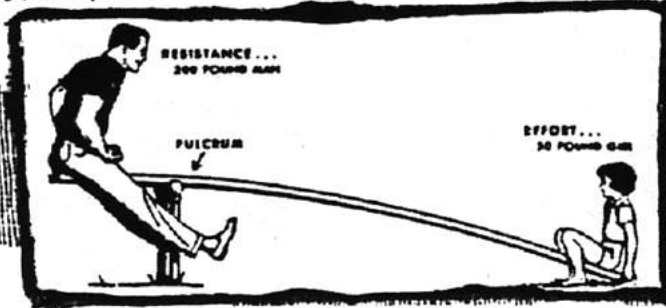
music ME: How many were made? TERRY: 300. ME: so who

drinks more... you guys or Trigwater? TERRY:

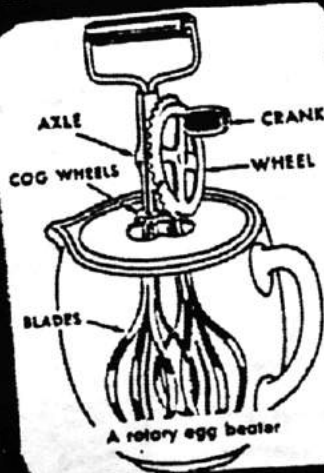
Trigwater! BRIAN: Judd beats us all! ME: But who can bench

press more? TERRY: We can! We can! We can beat everybody

at bench press... I think. BRIAN: Squats too!



ODD-FORMATION
PAPER WEIGHT



Automobil

STEERING TIE ROD
FRONT AXLE



COOL SHIT TO DO!

Well this section isn't gonna be just a bunch of
scams for you stupid punks to do to save a few
pennies here and there.... it's just gonna be like the
title says... **COOL SHIT TO DO!** it's basically just
some hints on how to make life just a little more
exciting... but i've also thrown in one or two scams...
just to please the punks.

1.) road trips, and traveling always have the
possibility of being a blast... so make sure that it is!
the cool thing about going out of town is that no one
knows you... you can be who ever the fuck you
wanna be! when ever you pull into a 7-11 or gas
station type thing, always be loud and obnoxious.
ask lots of questions... ask if they got anything free
that they'll give you... you'd be suprised what a
young convenient store worker will go for... you can
usually scam something free. also... if anyone asks
what you're in town for... i like to say i'm in town for
THE GAY AND LESBIAN CONVENTION. this will
usually freak them out, especially in small hick
towns... invite them to join you!

2.) i've never tried this scam... but i'm totally con-
vinced that it would work... here's how it goes. i
don't know about your town... but where i live,
stores like Walgreens and a ton of other stores

machines have gears in them

are usually way under staffed... meaning, that a lot of times when you walk in, there's no employee any where in sight.. now i figure that you go in one day and buy something that you want. now keep the receipt cause it will play an important part. now, with your receipt in hand, return to this store a few days later... now assuming that you've picked an understaffed store... you should be able to walk in, find the item that you bought the other day, take it off the shelf and attempt to return it. it think it would work...but i'm too scared to try it. if you try it, let me know how it turned out.

3.) have you ever thought of taking for sale signs out of peoples yards and moving them to some one elses? when i lived in Kansas, some kids stole like thirty signs and put them in the front lawn of the high school.

4.) if you don't mind hanging out at the mall... you can always see and hear interesting things. just find your self a seat and watch people for a while... you'll be suprised. i once saw a guy walk into a bench, flip over it, land on his back, and then get up and walk away!!

5.) when ever you're in a grocery store or some place with big iles, take non-breakable things and see how many iles over you can throw it. listen for squeels to see if you hit any one! you know you'd be freaked out if you're shopping and all of a sudden a beef jerkey stick falls from the sky! play football with a friend!

EXAMPLES OF WIND FORCE AT DIFFERENT VELOCITIES*

LIGHT

(1 to 7 miles per hour)

Slow smoke drift. Wind felt on face. Leaves rustle.



GENTLE

(8 to 12 miles per hour)

Flag waves. Leaves and small twigs in constant motion.



MODERATE

(13 to 18 miles per hour)

Raises dust and loose paper. Small branches sway.



FRESH

(19 to 24 miles per hour)

Small trees start to sway. Crested waves form on lakes.



STRONG

(25 to 38 miles per hour)

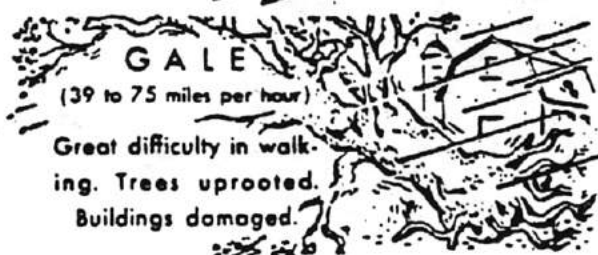
Whole trees in motion. Umbrellas used with much difficulty.



GALE

(39 to 75 miles per hour)

Great difficulty in walking. Trees uprooted. Buildings damaged.



*Adapted from Beaufort Scale of Wind Force, U.S. Weather Bureau

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GOATS

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- Whats Better Than Speed #2-small size (B)

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