

# PULP ODDYSSEY

DISAPPEARING  
MEDIA

NEWS FROM THE HAMUN PLUSE

3290 AD  
ISSUE 10 VOL. 0

## Time Travel & Distant Planet Tours Surge

By Drank Darkern  
Staff writer

Earth III has gotten so wretched over the last few decades that no one really wants to be on it anymore. People want to leave the present moment and/or Earth III at all costs. Because of this, both the time travel and the travel to distant planets industries have become quite lucrative. Tickets to the past and to other planets have been flying off the shelf.

The simplicity of the advertising for these industries shows how easy a sell it is. One advertisement for Earth IV simply reads "Not Earth III;" another ad for Earth VII boasts, "We still have a sun, come bask in it;" and a commercial for pre-history on Earth III claims "Stone Age > Now."

Twenty years ago, the percentage of people who wanted to continue residing on Earth III was 70.7% (totaling 72% of humans, 89% of robots, and 51% of animals), but today's statistics reflect that only 5.3% of the population (2% of humans, 11% of robots, and 3% of animals) would like to reside on this once-popular planet.

"I used to love Earth III. I was born here. All of my ancestors going back four centuries were born here, and I never imagined a future as terrible as the present moment," said veterinarian Magda Waxtere from the northside of historical New Town. "I hope my foremothers and forefathers never time-travel to see this. They'll be heartbroken."

According to survey data, participants overwhelmingly agree that Earth was once a

beautiful planet in terms of its natural environments, architecture, and cultural landscapes. However, factors that have made Earth III a less-than-desirable location include a laundry list of stressors: egomaniacs holding political and economic power, skyrocketing insurance and electricity prices, no minimum wage, and a health care system that operates like a used car sales team.



Transporting travelers, a bus tumbles between Earths. This budget transport option has grown in popularity.

The last straw was in 2207 when the sun died and was replaced by a hanging fluorescent bulb, causing the lakes and oceans to dry up, flora to die, and fauna to experience surging rates of what-the-f\*\*\*?

Emigrating from Earth III is not an easy task, however; most planets have strict rules on what inhabitants of the physically and culturally decaying planet are permitted to do, from acquiring citizenship to obtaining employment, and renting or buying property.

But many planets— including Earth I, Earth IV, Earth VII, and Gnirreappasid— have established a flourishing travel industry that allows citizens of Earth III to travel for cheap and stay for a finite amount of time.

"It's just really nice to be on a planet that has grass, water, and a real sun every once in a while," Bagh Logner, a resident of St. Saintville, says. "I don't need much else; I used to take these things for granted."

Travelers typically move by space train, but the Tumbling Bus, a more affordable option, has become popular recently. It only costs 5 cents roundtrip in NSD, but passengers must brace for an unsettling interstellar jumble (ie- don't expect to take a cup of coffee or perform brain surgery aboard the bus).

Time travel has its limitations as well. Travelers to century destinations are not permitted to touch or interact with anything on Earth III. Time traveling accommodations are provided in a hovering ship versus on land.

For these destination centuries and planets, the small profits from travelers function as a second income for the economy; while the earnings are meager, economists say they function to provide citizens of their planets with joy— more parks, more fun schools, more entertainment— and basic civil liberties, like hospitals, food, shoes, and houses. For travel to the past, the proceeds go toward present-day research in hopes of fixing Earth III at the root of its issues.

Professor Elik Hargin says, "If we can pinpoint the exact moment when this planet's trajectory went sour and how exactly we would change its path to a better future, we will do so immediately. This analysis could take decades, though. In the meantime, it's not a bad idea to time travel or travel to other Earths; no one really has anything better to do. Plus those buses are a hoot."

## CONTENTS

PULP ODDYSSEY

News ... Pg 1

Letters to Editors... Pg 2

Punkette Respect... Pg 3

Scavenger Hunt... Pg 4

BOTTOM SHELF COMICS

Comics... Pgs 1, 2, & 3

Word Search... Pg 1

Secret Message... Pg 1

Fiction... Pg 4

## Update: Missing Girl Sighting

By Ner Nolar  
Breaking News Staff

Mae Pepper, the 3rd grader who went missing after using a desktop computer in her bedroom one day after school, has been sighted in a UFO beam.

She was spotted on the north side of Minnegan by four witnesses. "I saw her with my own two eyes," one witness claims. "But she appeared flat, like paper."

The four witnesses were unsure if this sighting existed in reality or was a hologram, and it is undetectable in the photograph itself; however, there are several clues the image was created through holography. Experts are looking closely into this discovery and their findings will be made public if and when necessary.

Mae has been missing for four years Earth time, and her family has not given up on the search.

"We think she is out there somewhere," her mother Sharry said in a DM TV interview last May.

Mae was (editor, what tense is appropriate here?) a straight A student and is described as being a loner at school with few friends. Her parents report she has an intense passion for "using the Internet" and a wild imagination.

Her father Dern believes what happened to her has something to do with the science fiction stories she was reading online. "She is a very creative soul," he said. "There is no doubt in my mind that she is on an adventure somewhere in this universe and that we will see her soon."

Her parents declined to comment on the recent sighting.

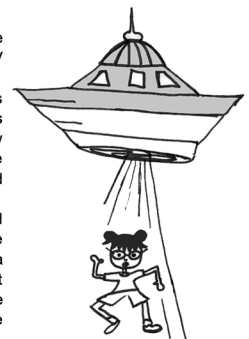


Photo courtesy of a witness of the event.

# STAFF

Imma Dot - Editor-in-Chief  
Frank Okay, Lulu Whatever,  
Kopassu, Erica Dez - Brains  
Charley Cannon - fired a long time ago



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am a C4 Human who has the added benefit of having ten fingers and two eyes— many of us do not. Lately, my pulse has been approximately 120 bpm (based on science, this is the average range for humans my size) which is excellent, but I haven't been able to breathe. As in I literally have not been able to inhale air, which then means I have had nothing to exhale, for weeks. I know you're thinking, "Go to the f#c\$%^\*^ doctor!" I have! Four separate times to three different doctors. Each time I go, the doctor won't look me in the eye. They won't acknowledge that I am even in the room. They just keep calling my name and when I say, "I'm right here!!" over and over again, they walk out exasperated. Eventually, a new patient comes into the room, and I just leave, dejected. I have no idea what to do. —Confused C4

Dear Confused C4,

Ok, so normally, we just do stuff related to the paper in this section, but since your question may help other readers, especially those in the C4 Human community, we decided to respond to you in print.

That being said, we in the copy room are no soothsayers, but only see two possibilities here and don't think you are going to like either one. Hopefully, you are sitting down as you read this. If not, pull up a chair (if you are near one your size), or find an open space to squat in. C4, the reality is, based on what you are relaying, you are either 1) Deceased, or more likely, 2) Unaware of your composition as a hybrid (ie- not fully human). Let me be clear if this is the case— it is NOT YOUR FAULT. Many C4 Humans were never told any of this. There is some beautiful literature on the topic I highly recommend, including "Interview with a C4," and "The Truth About Us," both firsthand accounts from others in a similar situation. Once you recognize your power, we presume you will do decent things. —Editors

Dear Editor,

Issue #9 was lit like WTF.

Dear Reader,

Thanks! We actually had to burn every existing copy because of the ominous prediction, but glad you enjoyed it.

# PUNKETTE RESPECT



## The Wallsockets

Science fiction and punk form a beautiful partnership. "I am not a human at all" is truly one of the most ironic sentiments a lot of us share in our experiences as people of this Earth. Who wants to be a human on our Earth when humans on our Earth come together to build beautiful things only to foolishly destroy them? Who wants to admit their humanity when humans are responsible for sabotaging our ecosystem, wiping out wildlife, and consciously or unconsciously inflicting inexhaustible amounts of violence and pain on one another out of greed, hatred, and fear?

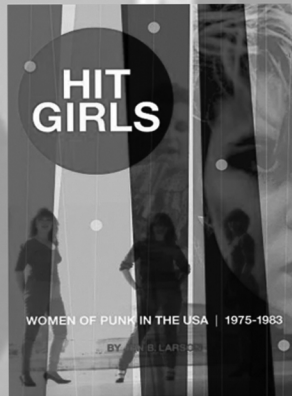
The Wallsockets, a punk band from Wellington New Zealand in the early '80s have a song called "Snerl" which, I'm assuming, references a story from Adventures Comics (a story by Shelly Mayer and art by Alex Toth) from the mid-70s about giant pink furry beasts who are enslaved by humans but stand up and revolt (only to become just as corrupt). In the early '80s the Wallsockets played an integral role in a movement that found places for punk bands hard-up for stages to perform. For a little over two months, bands in Wellington were able to take over the empty stage in the Cuba Mall. And I'll bet it was real cool.

Enjoy "Snerl" – a song anyone who isn't a robot should pretty easily relate to the emotionality in. Also their bassist Frances Walsh (married to Peter Jackson) later went on to receive an Oscar for her work as a screenwriter on "Lord of the Rings!" She also co-wrote the screenplay for "Heavenly Creatures," which received an Oscar Nomination for Best Original Screenplay. Apparently, turning the story into a film was her idea.

If you liked this piece, consider pre-ordering a copy of HIT GIRLS by Jen B. Larson



Coming soon...



FERAL HOUSE

Think punk was only a boys club?

Read about the women who were the punk revolution!

Pre-order the book:



bookshop.org

Follow the IG:



@conspiracyofwomen

## CALL LANDLINE TODAY!

MISS THE FEELING OF HEARING A STRANGER'S VOICE?



NEED A FRIEND?

WANT TO SHARE A SECRET?



THIS IS REAL!  
AN ACTUAL  
HUMAN IS  
STANDING BY!

M-F 11AM-7PM  
LEAVE A MESSAGE  
AFTER HOURS

1-(773)-856-0232

@landline\_chicago

\*Data rates may apply to long distance calls outside of Illinois. Contact your cell carrier for more details.

# WAY OUT

3213 W Armitage Ave, Chicago, IL

Take photos of each and claim your prize at the bar!



"Good vibes, great food, incredible music and killer sound system."

★★★★★



"Hands down the best experience I've had in Chicago this place slays!"

★★★★★



"We ordered 3 plates of chicken wings again since we liked the taste of it."

★★★★★

1. Number of the beast
2. Preserved & fluffy fowl
3. Alien in an ocular
4. Four panthers
5. "You became the light on the dark side of me / Love remained a drug that's the high and not the pill."

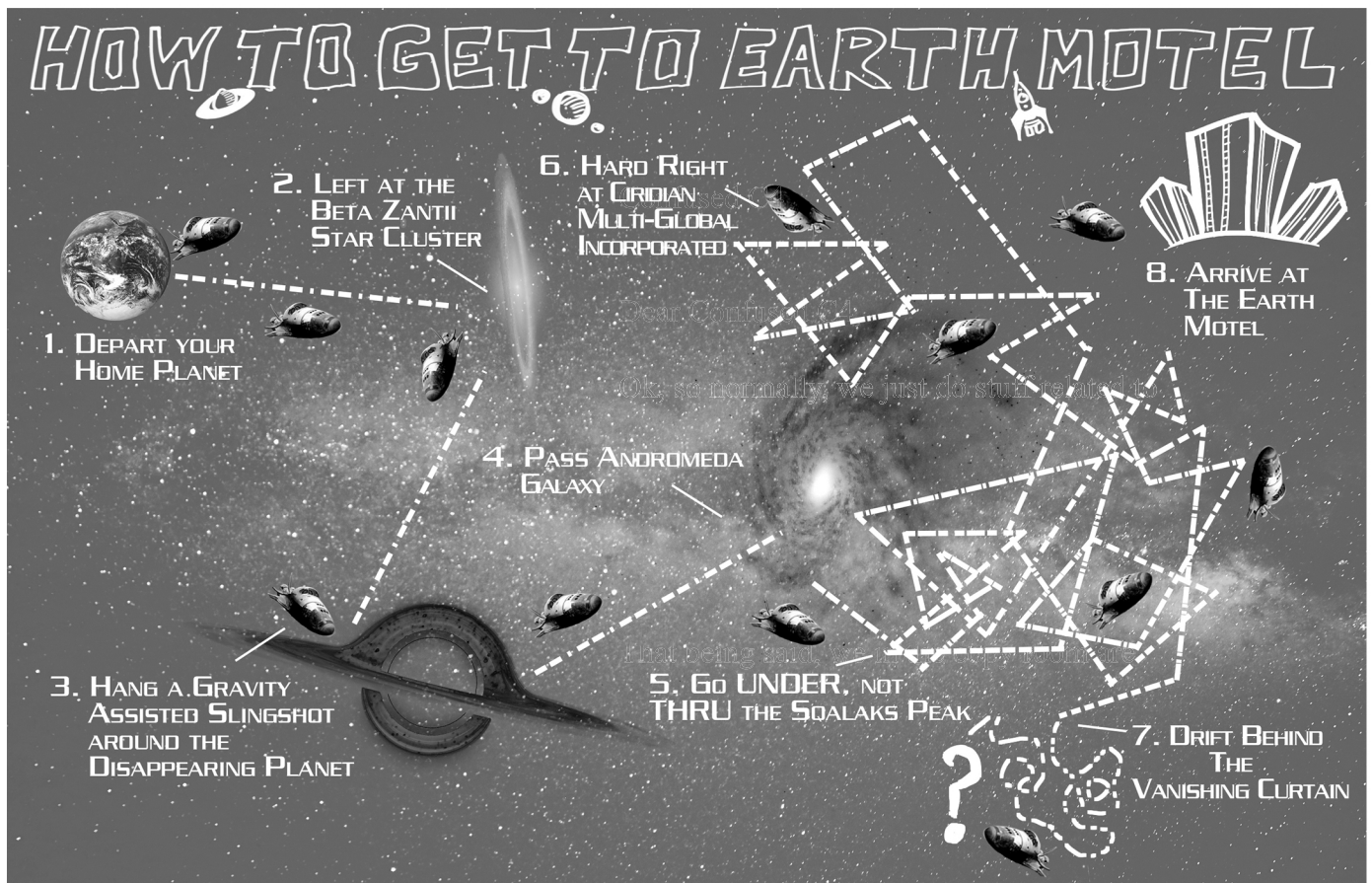


Illustration by Kopassu





# BOTTOM SHELF COMICS

FOR IMMATURE READERS ONLY!

VOLUME >>>

## EMO GRRRLS

A Healthy Dose of "Bye"



COVER ART BY FRANK OKAY

**B.E.A.S.T.I.I. TAPE**



beastii - "B.E.A.S.T.I.I."  
Whats For Breakfast Records



F.T.S.

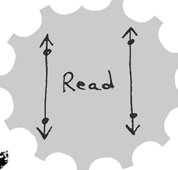


Bye.

## WEIRD ASS WORD SEARCH

KXXCHTJFVHSCMHAQDHDYSFADKAMMOP  
 HYCWKLRKMYHWQIJMDYWHLFWBFSGHYFR  
 RKEFRPLLAZXTQEVDOHZIHORLUHTQS  
 HUGFEFGQIMKRJPWMYGGODISBOXXRPM  
 RQUSHKLCGRHQDMTUXVDFZRLLOVEWKEJ  
 AMFVNJWUWPBMSIVYYDHUORNSIPLGIF  
 XIOFOHILUOSKQPCJSPAFVCWLSUAPOX  
 KRXIBEFJGAKWKITPMGLSZGLPDEADQD  
 OSNHUALMVGVSUOVPRDJZGJPAOYIPBYP  
 ILHNDSTXGUGLFLICCYNHFMDPVGAKEY  
 UKXBMUMERSPMVYDQLGTEZNBARTGYWM  
 TZDZLREFGUSUCGELMUCFSYWIJQPFGNR  
 SRQKAFNYCJTRURCHAKYEDKOEFXQPLC  
 QCQIPOGMQQQTRUVUTYFSGHXKJQOEAE  
 RBWLXYRTAQAONBHNGIWNPIYLSBFI  
 AJDFXAOGTOQHMFPGPFURZNXUERNUPD  
 SXIPCQMVIDRDUIRVNMQDOOSDOMPJOO  
 OERIWIJQQLXTGBXVHVHZPVDJUORSMJ  
 VPJGQAIJQNWFLNTDMPWZQRPFOFUCTB  
 KPHEVBMCCLCDVMMRXHLOBPEYADIAQHY  
 FZQMBXWDQGEZKLRRPXMAFNSAFPMQC  
 YLTLJSZALXTQJYOBZWNLHHWJFNHCR  
 PAGIYYBAWAJIFUDTOJDYVVRYSKZCVT  
 AANIVRQFCQJGZRQVCPZTFSCQDLERK  
 UPSDESJIVHHCMMQHEDKYZPKOAUAVM  
 ZCICOEALXNWAJKAJKBWZHLWPVUU  
 JPICVULHUOVIATAQRZBQPLQOIAKNPPX  
 ATVUXJFFSQBKRXIIPBDFWCBQIKEWLZN  
 VCBYWLVIKAKYAEPTUGVSTFLASOVUWF  
 OLVCBYXS OEGLS CCFWJKEQCP PTEUJW

gudvrysfklaux  
 kludjfa  
 pwamdlaec  
 swoldma  
 frooslop  
 budmlap  
 fufsghe  
 sqalaks



**COFFEE  
BREAK**

### HINTS

K=∅  
 Y=!  
 Z=?  
 V=#

⊙ 3 ∅ ∇  
 △ ≠ 3 ⊙ ⊕ ∅  
 ! △ ≠ ∇ △ ⊕ ∇ ∅  
 ∇ ∅ ∅ ∅  
 ∅ ∅ 3 ≠ ∅ ∅ ∇  
 3 ∅ ∅ ∅ ⊕ ∇ ∅ ⊙

**SECRET MESSAGE**  
 ∅ ∅ ⊙ ≠ ∇ ∅  
 3△ ∅ ∇ ⊕ ∇  
 !△ ≠ ∇  
 △ ≠ ∅ ∅ 3 ⊕ ∇ ∅

# Shiny Dingers & the Thieves Among Us

by V.E. O'Brien

Ricky treads down the sidewalk, focusing on a dark chalkboard in front of the candy store halfway down the block. The sign Ricky approaches is spotless aside from its carefully drawn message,

**"Galindo's Candy  
Open 10 am to 4 pm  
Come on in!"**

Ricky enters the business at a regular speed and proceeds to a colorful wall of confections displayed directly behind the cashier. The teller, a human, glances at Ricky with gentle eyes and turns to greet two customers-- a mother and her young son. Grinning ear-to-ear, the human asks, "Did you find everything all right?"

"Oh yes," says the mother, returning the smile. "Thank you."

The teller nods her head.

"Where are the Spucks??" the child blurts out.

The cashier responds gingerly, "The Spucks are right here, behind the counter." She points to them. "Lately, people have come in here with sticky fingers. But you don't have those, do you?"

"My mom just washed them," the boy says.

The teller laughs. "Would you like some?" The child eyes his mother, who reluctantly looks back.

The cashier carries on a conversation with the family at a hum as Ricky scans the wall of candies. His database dings.

"Bloop. Blarpes. Bloop. Shiny Dingers. Bloop. Tinko Sticks. Bloop. Located. Do you want to choose an item? Bloop. Think 'Yes' to process, 'No' to discontinue, or and 'See Prices' for more options.

Ricky's brain focuses on "See Prices."

The screen in his brain presents him with the four options inside rectangular prisms.

Two options appear: "Release Shiny Dingers" and "Continue." Ricky's mind chooses "Continue."

His brain alerts him: CONTINUING WITH THIS CHOICE MAY LEAD YOU TO SHOPLIFTING. Ricky chooses "Continue anyway."

He is presented with three new options: "Move to the cashier," "Stand still," or "Move toward the exit." Ricky's brain selects "Move toward exit."

His brain alerts him: CONTINUING WITH THIS CHOICE IS NEARLY SHOPLIFTING.

Ricky chooses "Continue anyway." The database traverses to a screen that presents three new options, "Drop Shiny Dingers on the ground," "Keep Shiny Dingers in hand" and "Slip Shiny Dingers into right pocket." Ricky chooses "Slip Shiny Dingers into right pocket."

His brain alerts him again: CONTINUING WITH THIS CHOICE IS 100% SHOPLIFTING. He chooses "Continue anyway."

The screen in his brain fizzles into static for multiple seconds then goes back to normal. His arm pushes the door open and Ricky emerges on a public sidewalk, a shoplifter.

Ricky's joints loosen and he bounces on the pavement. His eyelids relax and he cocks one side of his face up. A breeze sweeps his hair to the side. The Shiny Dingers clatter in his pocket.

Ricky smirks.

*To be continued...*



A tube of Shiny Dingers.  
Captured by Earthling Kika Dez.

"Blarpes - \$1.50/ea" "Shiny Dingers - \$1.50/tube" and "Tinko Sticks 1.00/bundle."

Ricky lasers in on "Shiny Dingers." The screen accepts the choice. Bending at the elbow, his arm extends, and his fingers stretch out. He grips the handle of a tube.

As Ricky captures the item, the screen flashes in red, "ALERT: Finances unavailable."

**BEVERAGE**  
AND THE DRINKS  
DISAPPEARING  
MEDIA

E-mail [Disappearing.editors@gmail.com](mailto:Disappearing.editors@gmail.com)

A promotional poster for a show or event. It features a woman wearing a large, ornate hat and a dark dress, looking directly at the camera. The background is dark with some text and graphics. The text includes "Get Read To Filth!", "Find Out the Truth Now!", "Call in Now!", and a large phone number "1-800-420-6969". At the bottom, it says "Must be 18 or Older • For Entertainment Only".

# Backyard BBQ

by Donny Walsh

