

office *partying*

about 10:30am a systems analyst was seated at the boardroom of a highly prestigious software company, snorting isopropyl alcohol through a paper towel while awaiting his stressful presentation. he continued to perform intricate calculations between whiffs until he fainted forward and face smacked the table's steel lip. he soon regained his place, methodically propping his pulsating noggin only to discover a bloody nostril paired with a quickly expanding digestion. failing to find a wastebasket, his belly willed forth a technicolor shot of acid warm ralph into the astonished expression of a newly hired apprentice whom otherwise would have seen to a useful day. risking the obvious, the man nonetheless excused himself while wiping the progressively ochering boot and booger from his slimy chin. there is no moral to this story. it is merely a graphic, albeit gratuitous, fabrication.

Brian *Spellman*

Once a Massachusetts drifter who successfully evacuated all available eastward space upon grounding in Los Angeles nineteen years ago, Brian Spellman eventually held a city job for eight years, by far his longest employment duty, before an early retirement in 1998. Since then, he has emerged as an artistic man of scant means, thereby fulfilling his initial westward expectations of a time years passed.

