

# THE FRONT PAGE

“wow, best page of the zine!”

- every reader

## Has Empire Got to You Yet?

The word is on the streets. It's in the pubs and the back alleys. It's written on the bathroom stalls, and on the walls of shopping malls. There's a question we have yet to get: has the Empire ended yet?

Please excuse this lapse of poetry. The Empire in question is, of course, the Roman Empire, although many would say that there's really only one Empire and all the ones you read about in history, like the Egyptian, Chinese, British, etc. are really just versions of one Empire that's always had its iron grip on our government, and in particular, on our minds.

First put forth by scientist and philosopher Philip K. Dick, the theory of Empire is closely tied to that of the Black Iron Prison. The Black Iron Prison theory indicates that humans are forced to look at the world, and understand it, through the bars of a prison, that is, by interpreting the world we see through a certain way we are unable to see the ways in which we are imprisoned by various social and mental forces. The question of “who is doing the imprisoning” is answered by the notion of Empire.

In one sense, Empire is a vast conspiracy that has existed since the dawn of civilization, run by corrupt leaders and emperors since time immemorial. In another sense, it is more like a malignant tumor on the collective subconscious of humanity, having come into being not through the conscious will of any individual or group of individuals. In another sense, it's bullshit.

What are the goals and aims of this Empire? Well, all you have to do is look around to see what it is. Empire's main goal is to conquer and its main means is to keep us craving. The more we desire material things, things that Empire controls and doles out to its servants, the more we are forced to go along with its whims. Those at the top, who work tirelessly for their whole lives for a bigger slice of the pie, are more subjugated and enslaved than anyone else; they'd stab their brother in the back if Empire demanded it.

The role of the Bavarian Illuminati in the inner workings of Empire is

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I slid my hand down to her knees and started pushing up her skirt. She looked at me with eyes wide as my fingers made their way up her inner thighs, closer to the humid depths of her crotch.

“Don't worry, Carine,” I said gently, “just do what comes naturally, there's nothing to be worried or ashamed of.”

She nodded meekly and stroked my chest. When I finally made contact with her soaked panties, she pressed her body against mine again. Her skirt now around her waist, I moved one hand to cup one of her beautiful round butt cheeks while the other stayed to lazily stroke her aching sex. She was so light, so vulnerable, I felt a strong need to treat her as delicately as I could.

She looked directly into my eyes as I explored her most sacred place; probably for the first time in her life someone besides her was doing this. Eventually I slipped my hand into her underwear and felt the tuft of wiry fur surrounding her wet little coochie.



Onlookers at the Interdimensional Court of Internet Crimes were astonished and thrilled on the 19<sup>th</sup> of Chaos, YOLD 3188 as a routine case devolved into a cage match between attorneys Mike Tyson (left) and John Cena (right). How the two got law degrees after their massive brain damage is anyone's guess; all we know is that they definitely do have legitimate law degrees that any internet court would accept. We pulled the records and all.

Anyway, the court case in question was convened to determine if the anonymous defendant was guilty of trying to make sense of a fundamentally absurd and chaotic world. The prosecution's case rested primarily on the fact that the defendant had repeatedly said various absurd statements were “retarded” without even giving any reasons why. The defense was primarily preoccupied with objections and lie detectors. Eventually, having evolved into bailiff form, John Cena challenged Mike Tyson to a cage match.

Luckily, the courtroom had a spare one handy, so the fight started almost immediately. Jurors began placing bets, and soon the stadium was packed.

“I think it was a fair fight”, said Judge Marcus Dredd (no relation), standing in his bloodied referee jersey, “I didn't see any hair pulling, eye poking, wire fraud, nothing like that.”

Dredd had first presided over the case, which is set to become a landmark of internet law, but quickly got out his old ref outfit to ensure the fight was fair.

“The thing that really complicates it from a legal standpoint is that John had already evolved into a bailiff by the time the fight started. That presents a clear conflict of interest, not to mention that as a bailiff he had access to a club. But there's no rule in the book that says a bailiff can't play boxing, so I'll have to come up with something fair.”

Dredd has previously presided over landmark internet cases such as Poland v. Erischan and Fnord v. Fenderson. He has not yet delivered a decision as to the case, although the result of the cage match is without question.

“Case? Who cares about some damn case?! I just made two hundred quid of that fight!” Said juror and stereotypical britbong Elizabeth Wallace. “I can't wait to get jury duty again! That was amazing!”

The International Board of What-Have-You has yet to pronounce a declaration related to the event, but it is expected that they probably won't.

Oh wow, you're still reading this? Well if you just started here go back and read it from the start. It took me like two hours to write this crap. Now I've run out of anything to say but there's so much of this newspaper template to fill out. I don't know if I can write enough gibberish for this.

Hey, how about I put in some of the erotic literature I write?

Unexpectedly, she leapt forward to kiss me. It was forceful and unpracticed, the kiss of someone who was full of youthful energy but had never had a chance to let it out. She pressed her body against mine, practically begging me to touch her, to caress her. Instead I pushed her away. She looked at me with her brow furrowed in deep concern.

“Are you sure? Now?” I looked around a little nervously. There was nobody else here this late, just us.

“Yes, now,” she panted, and she pulled herself in closer again. I was powerless to resist. She whispered in my ear, “I've needed this for so long... you have no idea...” then she returned to devouring my face.

I stumbled backwards and ended up leaning against a desk. She wasted no time getting my leg between her thighs. I found my hands wrapping themselves around her waist, feeling the hot, soft flesh underneath. I hadn't noticed – or at least I had refused to notice – how much I'd needed to be touched, and to touch another, until I felt her. I moaned into her mouth and she broke off to hurriedly remove clothing.

Soon enough we were both stripped to the waist. Her skin was ghostly white, and in the low light it almost looked like she was glowing. Her body was slender but soft, lithe and elegant. Her breasts were small, perky and perfectly formed, capped with engorged pink nipples. When she noticed me looking she arched her back in an amateurish attempt to look sexy, which succeeded all the more so because she clearly had no idea how well little she needed it.

I slid my hand down to her knees and started pushing up her sk

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