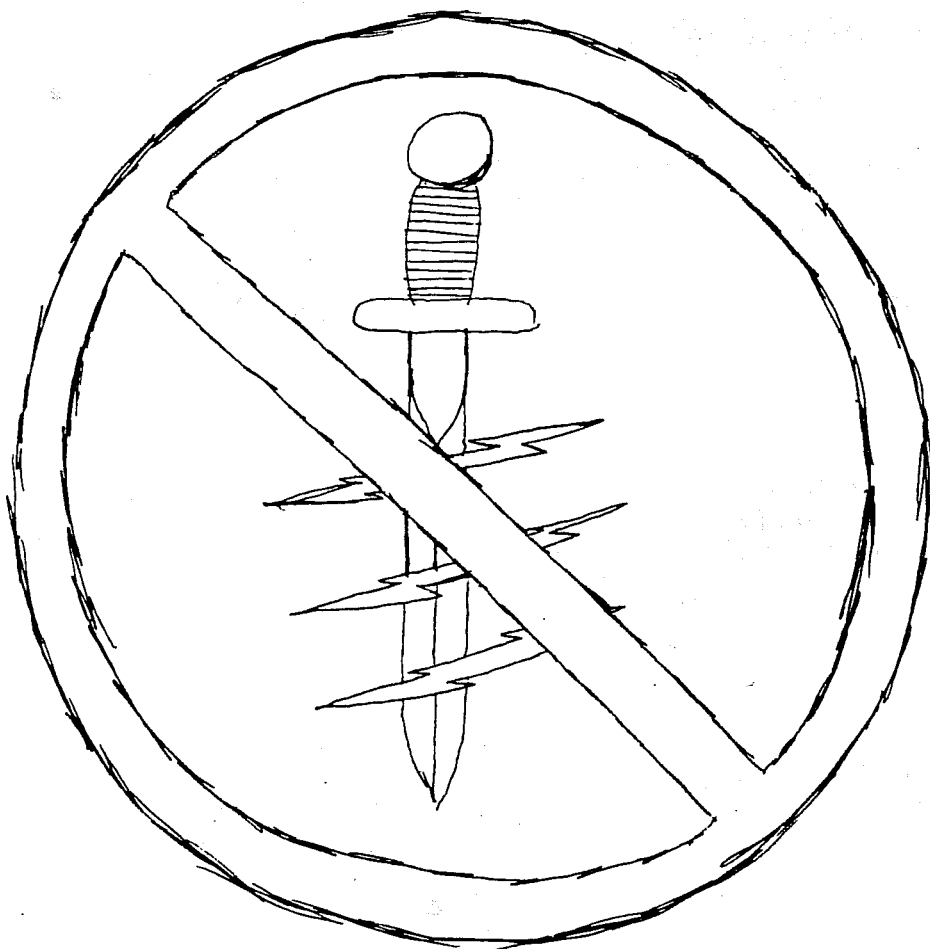


DARKSIDE

Vol. 1

144

TABLET



The Darkside Tabloid Editorial Staff

Sir Barren Lord Phlegm "Gu Messi;" Lick-on
Tell em' Man; Oinker in the Middle,
Master Whiner - editor

Dukey Sir Urine Redrock; Barbiturate Mistress -
news editor

Dam Lyra Radwhore - scribbler

Sir Slasha; Master of the Rosary - entertainment editor

Count Dildo dé Salle - power behind the editor

Sir Dustin the Wind - royal censor

Lord Gay Guy; esquirt - wannabe editor

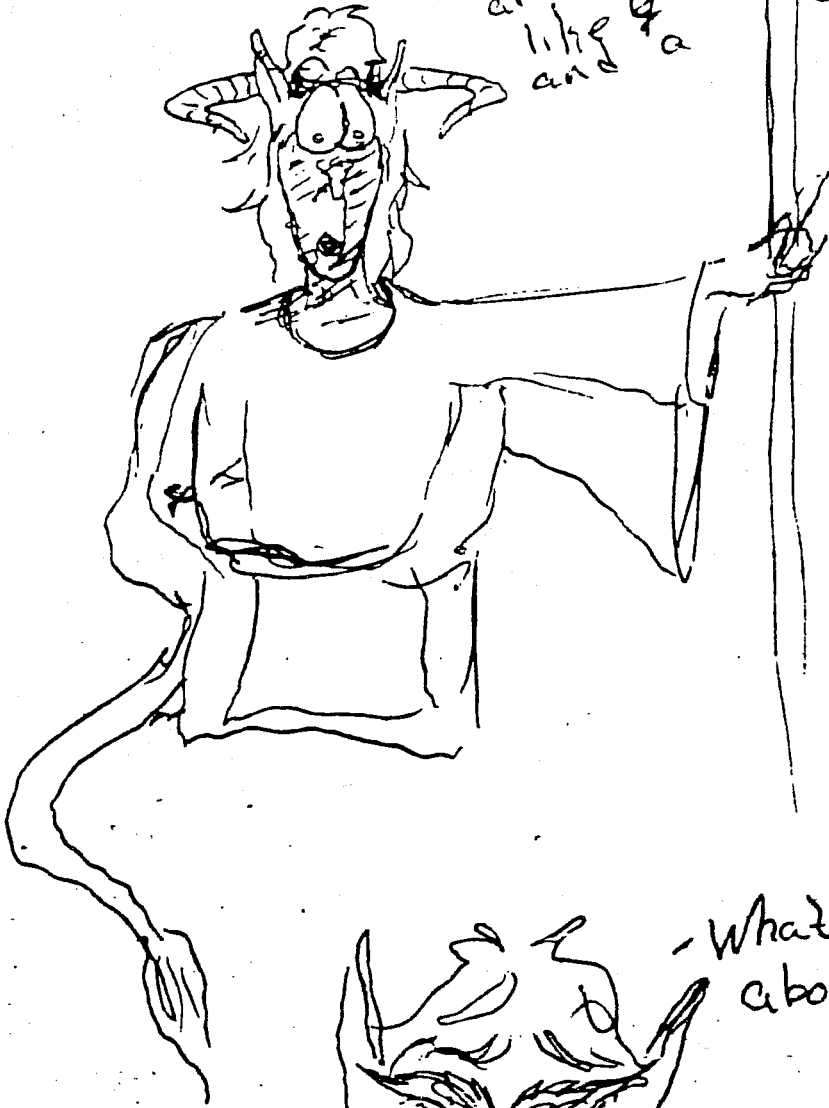
Vasectomized Wolfrider; es-no-squirt - music critic

Cock-or cunt-the; we don't know which - the one who
inspires us all

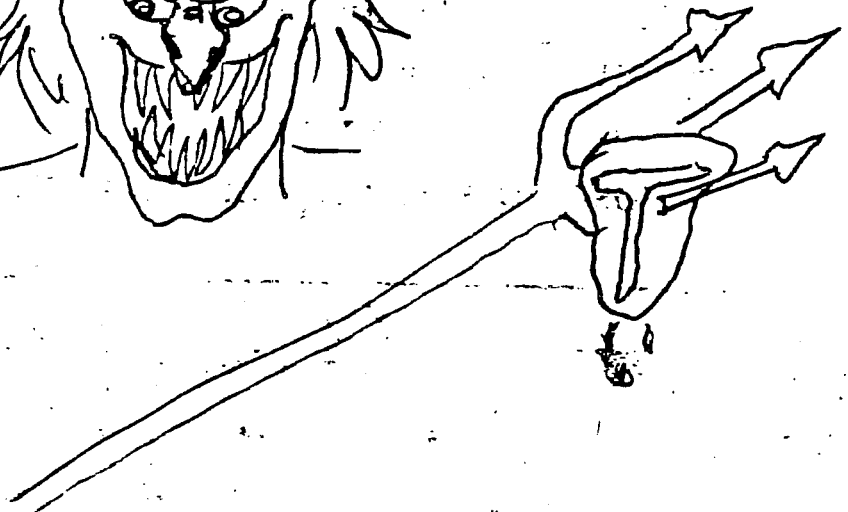
D.T. is published periodically or whenever we feel like it, by the free-thinkers
and social misfits who gather late nights for coffee mental health. Subscriptions
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laugh at himself. All complaints should be directed to someone who cares or
a qualified counselor or medical professional. For subscription rates or editorial
replies call 1-800-cry-baby, ext. waa.



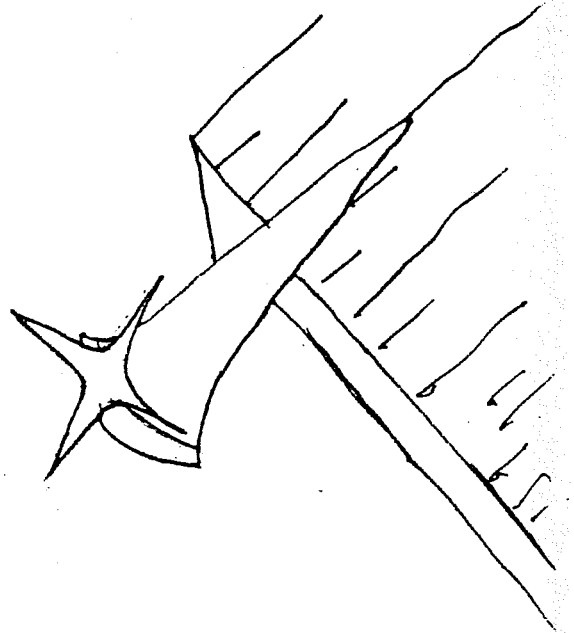
-I want let
an abomination
like a
and a 3/4
drow live!



-What
abomination?



I know of
nooooooooooooo
House Radooooooooooooor



You are devisive
You sacrifice our unity for your own conquests
You enter a room as the arrow enters the deer
Our harmony is sacrificed on the altar of your arrogance
A wake of tension is the legacy you leave

There is no heart
There is no art
Trust is killed
Respect is spilled

There is no thoughtfulness in your being
You bring no peace
You give no rest
Justice is a stranger distrusted in your land
Mercy mourns her loss of you

Judas kisses
No dagger misses
Sincerity lies dead
Upon your bed

The arrogant controller
You separate
Isolate
Alienate
Interrogate

I would cry for you
But you have burned all my tears.

DARKSIDE DEDICATIONS

Your favorite songs dedicated to and from your "favorite" personas.

To Dalle - "Everybody Wants to Rule the World"

From Dustin - "I'm a Heterosexual Man"

To ^{Calanthe} Colanthe from Xavier - "God save the Queen"

From ^{Calanthe} Colanthe to Dustin - "You're my Best Friend"

To Dremore - "Obey the Cow God"

From ^{Dremore (or Drawvine)} Clandarius and Angel to each other - "I Hate Myself for Loving You"

From Guy to anyone - "Where He Leads I'll Follow"

From Angel - "I KNOW What Boys Want"

From ^{Calanthe} Colanthe to Lyra - "Kill the Bitch"

From Stone to "All the Girls I've Loved Before" - "There Must be Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover"

From Flynn - "Oh I Wish I Was an Oscar Meyer Wiener"

To Slurred Slasha - "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall"

From Guy to Kat - "I Touch Myself"

Pick your favorite couple - "Obsession"

did we ever call you
Suffer Bitch!

Truth of the Plains

The picture on the following page represents the Raging Bloodstains' failed attempt at being Saracens. And the Saracens' inability to survive without the Bloodstains to taunt. And remember: "Blood makes the Saracen grow."

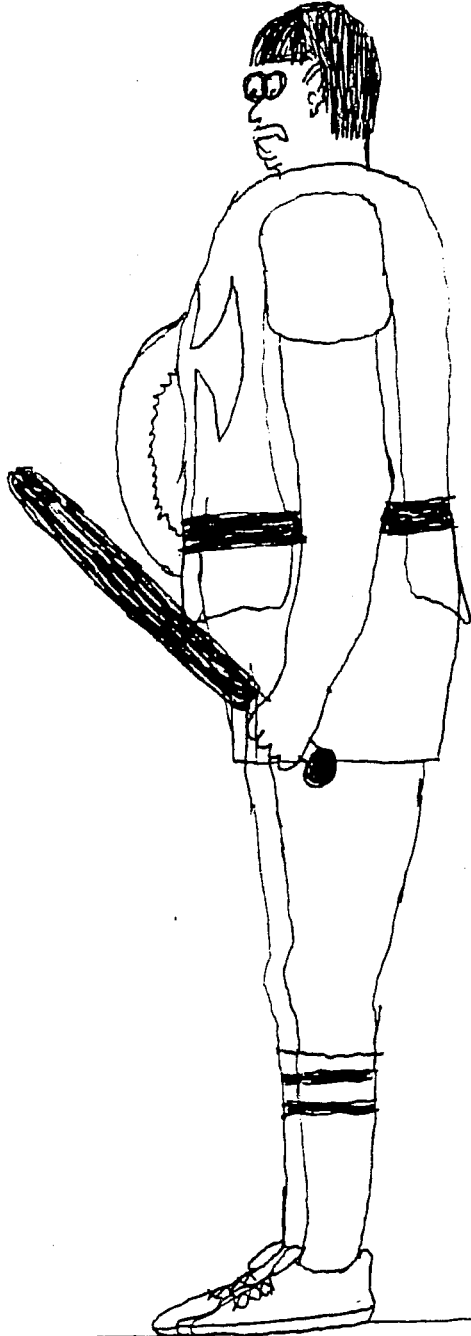


You (whez) stupid
(whez) bloodstain!
(hack, hack)



Endangered 'Spz
(THANK GO

I don't get it?



pieces
(ODDNESS!!!)

It's not like I took a flashlight.

issue two of the darkside tabloid: film dedications
submit your suggestions to the darkside scribe

QUESTIONABLE QUOTES

It was a dark and stormy night....Anyway, our scribe has been working overtime at the Darkside Tabloid attending events, sneaking around, and in general spying on anyone that might be standing around. On one particular stormy night the darkside scribe outdid himself gathering information and handing it over to us. All of his work was voluntary, I assure you -- Reinholt, put that whip down! Unfortunately he is not only half blind and half deaf, but also seems to have trouble with his memory. So even though we can't be sure of everything he tells us, we still like keeping the old man around, for our amusement-- I said put the whip down! Hey, what are you doing? Hey! What the?...

Calthar: I only strum things.

Dustin, how did you get to be Bunny Thumper?

Why was Lung asleep in the car with Reinholt?

Quinn: We want war, but not now.

Aislinn: Where did the BVDs come from?

Cain: Get him, Lung!

Greywalker: I was only there.

Stone: I can kill Nevron once.

Tribunal: Oh, my mistake.

Lung: If you don't be nice to me, you can't be an asshole.

Everyone thumped by that one.

Calthar: I'm still strumming.

Selka: Who cares?

Jasmine: What do you mean I like the top?

Reeve: Lay on!

Lyra: Take 'em down with ya.

Cain: Nevron, stop me!

Aislinn: I'm a dick...

Tarel: I'm sorry, Let me kiss your...
Calthar, where's your axe?
Squelf: Why do you wear the pink belt?
Lyra: Greywalker still thinks I'm uptight.
Flynn: I didn't see it.
Dustin: That's our period.
The Baron: Shit rolls down Stone hill.
Lyra: So do I... Hey, wait a minute!
I'll take my captain before my champion.
Caithar: Still strumming.

We are waiting for a response from the Lighter Side.

Euric: I'm a good barbarian.
Aislinn to Squelf: Let's start some rumors, Pink Belt.

Calthar: I gave him up for you, Reinholt.

Reinholt: SQUIRE!!!!!!

You guys are sick!

Lyra: I like that in a man.

Landolf: Pinch my tit... I mean, pitch my tent.

Stone: When I make Paladin...

Esabo: Can I watch?

Lyra: But why? I made the film.

Caleom: This is where we need Reinholt.

Lyra: Stop! Stop!

Reinholt: Did you get it all?

Lyra: 42 feet!?

Nevron: Whoa, Mario!

Reinholt: Not everyone can do this.

Lyra: Now that's a gift.

Dustin: If you're gonna do it, do it right.

Caleom: I could do something really nasty.

Lyra: Do it, Do it.



Reinholt: Isn't this fun?

Caleom: That foot's in.

Reinholt: It's in here.

Dustin: Every Sunday we do this.

Darkside Staff: DUDE!

Caleom: I need room.
Give him a piece.

Reinholt: There are some gross things in there.

Dustin: Let's just put our things up.
Ooo! I'm getting in farther than I can get out!
So you're the one asking for a ride.
Aih, aih aih!!

Dustin: Reinholt, the arm fell off.

Armless one: I'll wait till you're done, then tell you.

Caleom: It's somebody else's turn to do this.

Lyra: I'll do it.

Dustin: Get off my back.

Reinholt: What do you know about my personal life?

Caleom: There's no wrap-around.

Dustin: Ouch!

Dustin: Reinholt, here's your fags. You guys keep it down.

Reinholt: But they're only camels.

Caleom: It was put there because it didn't fit.

Lyra: But it was French, I'm sure it wouldn't go like that.

Ccaleom: I won't tell if you won't.

Staff: DUDE!!!

Ever notice how it's the neutrals you have to keep your eyes on?

for

anyone

WHO

took

offense

AT

our

little

NEWSLETTER

or

WHO

failed

to

SEE

the

humor

• • •

