

ZINE



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From the Word Tank

A “guess my name” ML article by a male SGA, Earth

Someone handed me a Letter that, although it's been around for many years, I had never read the full version of. I can distinctly remember reading Jacques Elan's comic rendition of this interesting Letter, but never had I delved into the volume and read it directly from MO.

So, with text in hand, I melted into the dream world of the past, partaking of what can only be described as—well, a MO Letter!

I was whisked away to a Frenchman's house, to his grapevine-covered driveway, watching Dad film his subjects, only to suddenly be interrupted by some crazy, speed-driven, shortcut-loving auto-maniac with clearly no regard for someone's backyard, let alone his privacy—sending Dad running for safety, along with his equipment and those he was filming. This same act of lunacy repeated by numerous offenders eventually pushed Dad's patience to the limit; add to that mixture the pitter-patter of rain, and once more the cameraman and his subjects are running for cover.

Enter Dad's big brother, who decided that it was time to pull out his years of wisdom and suggest that Dad have a ministry change. (Sound familiar?) Ah, but wait, all is not lost! Re-enter Frenchman (owner of the aforementioned house, grapevines and shortcut, a.k.a. driveway) who wisely presents Dad with his wee words of wisdom. “Oui, oui, monsieur!” His profound statement then sends us trekking down the paths of history

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Kosovo—the land and its people.

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All part of being “Upfront” with Liz in Taiwan.

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to Miami and the restaurants of a direct descendant of John Wilkes Booth*, who married Dad's sister at age __! (*Yes, he was the dude who was famous for assassinating Abe Lincoln in the booth.)

We are then treated to an entire overview of the restaurant business and (how does Dad know all these things?) its success/failure rate. And then we move on to a slightly different topic ... what do you think is the most successful business there is? With a success rate of 99%? Golly! That's only one burned cookie out of every 100—not a bad track record, huh?

And talk about “who's who?” We have a guy named “Clinton”! Yes, I know that's the name of the president of the United States, but no, that's not the dude we're talking about here. This Clinton guy started the “Clifton Cafeterias” and developed a staple (food) that was served in a basement and was also shipped around the world to missionaries in many poor countries. “Click-click, next stop Timbuktu!”

To top all this off, the whole Letter has something to do with a theater! And did you know that after reading this Letter you will realize that you're not only a missionary, but also a “ticket giver” or a “ticket taker” in the greatest theater that has hit this Earth since the curtains went up on the Early Church?

Just as a dead give-away of what this Letter is, here's a quote in closing:

“If you're not in our _____ (couldn't make it too easy now, could we?), you'd better get in quick before the whole System restaurant collapses and destroys all those bodies it's been feeding its poison! Amen?”

After this hearty summarization, is there any doubt in your mind as to the title of this milestone epistle? If so, get out your MO books or HomeARC and dig today!

(FZ: We will print the answer to this puzzler in the next issue!!)



Sharpening my prophecy scythe

From Seiko (16, of Zac and Flame), Japan

I'm learning not to just keep my problems or trials inside, but to cast my cares on the Lord. I've been slacking off in hearing from the Lord, and the recent Word about prophecy has convicted me that I should be doing it every day. The Lord is always sweet; He said that even if I only have a small gift, not to worry, but just practice using it.

Sometimes I get distracted and think that the prophecy I'm getting is of my own thinking. This—and being shy—hinders me from giving prophecies out loud in a

I learn Chinese. I looked around me at all the rich, spoiled kids, and envied their material things and how they never got discipline, and weren't expected to take care of anything provided they kept up their studies. But then I had two witnessing experiences, which helped me realize the real treasures that we in the Family have.

The first one happened when a friend invited us to pick mangoes at his home in the country. One of his friends, an interior designer, also came with his wife and eldest daughter, Joanna. We witnessed to Joanna, and she ended up praying with us right there, PTL!

But later we saw how

comparing. Then my daddy showed me a newspaper article about a lady whose parents bought her everything and spoiled her, and she was sorry that she had never learned to take responsibility in life. She said that when she was in high school everybody envied her, but now she envied those who had learned to live within their income and stand on their own two feet. That article helped, but I was still not fully convinced. At times I also thought it would be nice to be an only child, because then you could have all the time to yourself and there would be no younger kids to take care of. But

money and use it for herself, and then lie to her.

Then she told me, "I wanted a little brother so badly, and finally my mother had one. I was so glad." But then her face fell. "Mother didn't tell me till later, but ... he died when he was three days old. I don't know how. My parents never speak of him."

She was on the verge of tears. "I'm so angry," she said. "Why did God make him die? Why my little brother? Why? Why?" She was getting all worked up and I didn't want her to get too emotional, so I quickly began to speak of something else. In the meantime my mother had been

work in Africa. While recently in Europe for a few weeks of fundraising, the Lord supplied a friend's house for me to stay in.

Usually I'm hoofing it trying to squeeze money out of the air, but this time I needed a break. I didn't realize how busy I'd been in Africa over the last few months. So instead of rushing around trying to raise money, I just spent the time reading, praying, listening to our Lover, and loving Him. I felt if I just spent time with my Husband, He'd bring along any gifts He wanted me to have. Though all my senses said to worry, try, do—I didn't. I just waited at His feet.

I spent my time loving

UPFRONT

meeting. It's that thought of saying something and then wondering what other people are going to think of you. But recently, when having prophecy time with my parents, I've been able to give prophecies out loud. Thank You Lord! I'm still working on it, and when I get a prophecy I always try to write it down. Ever since I've been using the gift of prophecy, and it has really helped me. TYL!

Our real treasures

From Elisabeth (11, of Abe and Mercy), Taiwan

Recently I had been comparing quite a bit, especially when going to the public school where

much she lacked discipline and training in her life. While walking down the road to the fruit trees she was stomping her feet and whining about how hot she was, and how the sun was going to make her skin dark. She would scream at her parents in public. We could tell they were embarrassed and ashamed of her; they were like her slaves. We thought, "Boy, she sure is a spoiled teenager." Then to our shock we found out that she was almost 22 years old!

Two weeks later we went to her house. Everything was so fancy! I was hit again with

I soon found out it wasn't so.

A couple of days later, a cleaning lady in our compound brought over her daughter, Lily, so I could make friends with her. Though she was an only child, her situation and personality were just the opposite of Joanna's. Lily told me how all her parents' dreams and hopes rested on her, and how much pressure that gave her. Her father would often come home drunk and beat her. She was always under pressure about her grades in school. Her mother would take away her spending

witnessing to Lily's mother and prayed with her to receive the Lord. Then Lily's mother came over and persuaded her daughter to pray as well, PTL! Since then Lily has called me a few times. All this made me so thankful to be in the Family. And I sure understood that it wasn't so nice to be an only child.

And the money flows in...

From Aaron, Africa

Over the years we've always had special miracles associated with our fundraising for the

Him and doing a minimal amount of contacting people or anything to do with supply lines. And the last day I was there the Lord did it, miraculously supplying over \$3,500—exactly what I needed!

It's funny that this would surprise me, as the Lord has always answered my prayers.— But this one was so effortless, like a reward for spending time loving Him. It's really been the crux of changing my mode of operation completely. I want to be that sample to those I'll work with and visit. ■

DREAMS WONDERS

THE CAVERNS OF HEAVEN AND THE AMAZING WATER WORLD

One day I was feeling pretty sick. I had a slight temperature and my whole body ached. I was lying in bed praying, as I couldn't sleep, and I heard the Lord's voice asking if I wanted to take a spirit trip.

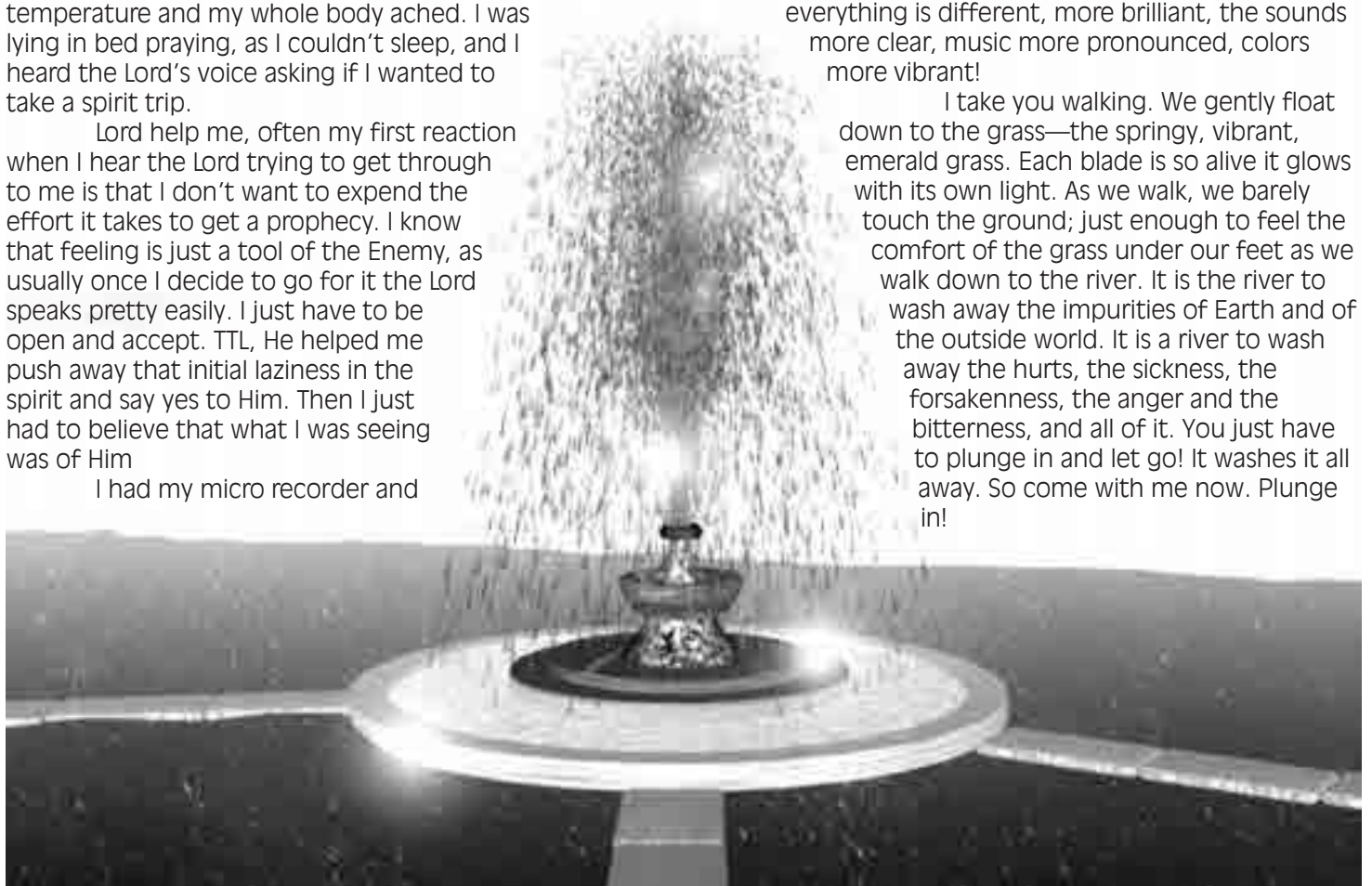
Lord help me, often my first reaction when I hear the Lord trying to get through to me is that I don't want to expend the effort it takes to get a prophecy. I know that feeling is just a tool of the Enemy, as usually once I decide to go for it the Lord speaks pretty easily. I just have to be open and accept. TTL, He helped me push away that initial laziness in the spirit and say yes to Him. Then I just had to believe that what I was seeing was of Him

I had my micro recorder and

recorded what I heard and saw as it was happening.

(Jesus speaking:) Are you ready to go on a spirit trip? Okay. Close your eyes tight. Picture the circle of light up ahead. You're rushing towards it ... moving at the speed of light—faster than the speed of light! You're going faster and faster and faster until you surge into it! You're surrounded by it—the warmth, and the love emanating from it. You're going, going, going until it bursts upon you in all its brilliance and glory, and you enter it—as if you are being born, squeezing through your mother's womb and into the bright light, where everything is different, more brilliant, the sounds more clear, music more pronounced, colors more vibrant!

I take you walking. We gently float down to the grass—the springy, vibrant, emerald grass. Each blade is so alive it glows with its own light. As we walk, we barely touch the ground; just enough to feel the comfort of the grass under our feet as we walk down to the river. It is the river to wash away the impurities of Earth and of the outside world. It is a river to wash away the hurts, the sickness, the forsakenness, the anger and the bitterness, and all of it. You just have to plunge in and let go! It washes it all away. So come with me now. Plunge in!



(Spirit guide speaking:) I am Gabriel, little Gabriel, the angel assigned to you

to take you on this spirit trip. I'm so happy that I could do this for you, because, the truth is, you'll be made well. [He was speaking of my sickness.] If you have faith and believe, anything is possible.

Come, plunge in! Let the water swirl around you! Let it swirl around your head, taking away your headache. Let it swirl around your body, taking the poisons from it. Let it wash your feet, healing them.—You can be well if you only believe!

(Me, describing what I see:) There's a fountain! There's a fountain in the middle of the lake. A beautiful, bursting, glowing, alive, vibrant fountain! Fantastic! It shoots high, high, high; then pours down. It's wonderful! So much fun! And when you stand under it, the drops are not hard and painful; but light as fairies, and beautiful as they cascade upon you! How wonderful! The magic, majesty and wonder of Heaven is more than tongue can tell! More beautiful than I can say! More wonderful than can be expressed!

(Little Gabriel:) Do you want to go to that same park the other teens went to, or should I show you a new place? [I had started wondering what we would do now. I thought about that park the young people had described in their testimony in the FSM. (See "Way Out There," FSM 325.) As soon as I thought of it, it was like I was there. I could see some of the things they had described like those funny chairs, etc. That's why Gabriel asked if I wanted to go there. He had read my thoughts. Actually, all our communication was through our thoughts.]

(Me:) I want to see a new place!

(Little Gabriel:) Okay, come! I'll take you into the caves. I know you love caves, rocks and mountains. I

will show you the caves in Heaven!

(Me, describing:) Beautiful! Wonderful! The inner rooms of the caves are all of different shapes. There's water at the bottom of some of them. It's like an old sea cave where you take your boat in. You sail in through the small mouth of the cave. [We're sailing in a small gondola, with room for only a few people. The front of it comes up and curves around and under like the ending swirl of a fancy letter. During the rest of this trip it's almost like I am alone, as I don't see Gabriel. I just feel his presence—unobtrusive, but caringly watching over me.]

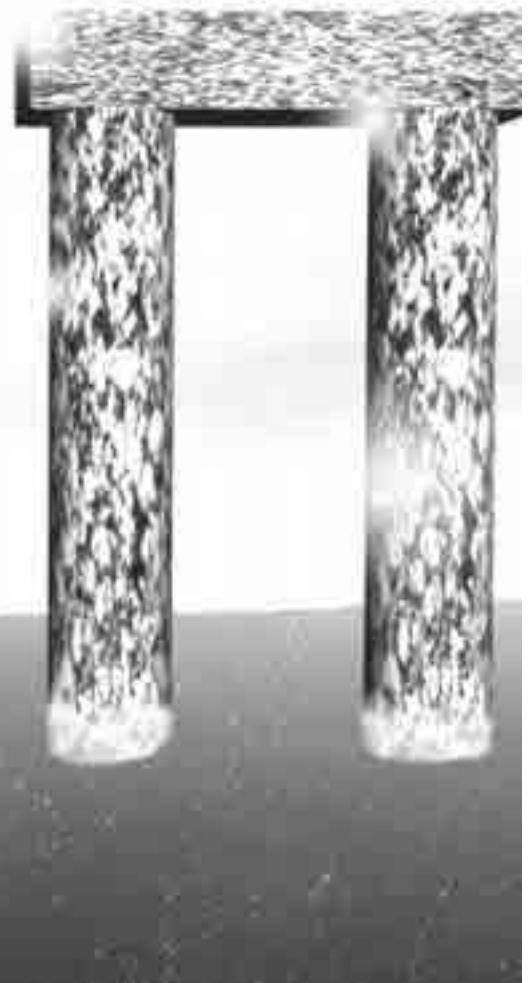
It's shaped like a heart! [The inside of the cave is like being inside an enormous heart shape, and the entrance is also in the shape of a heart.] As you sail further in it's quite dark, but not pitch black. As you go in you can see clearly enough. There's a kind of dim light that's coming in from the entrance. You can see well enough to see people and things, but it's too dim to see clearly. You can also see little sparkles here and there reflecting off the roof and walls from the light shining in at the door. Not many, just some winking on and off.

As we sail in, my guide lights a light. Wow! The transformation is phenomenal! The roof and the walls are all covered in crystals, beautiful gems and stones, completely encrusted; when you light a light, they blaze and glow and shine and reflect! The light jumps and dances back and forth! All kinds of neat patterns of lights reflecting back and forth.

The first room is shaped like a heart. The entire room is a heart. Then we sail on through a circle-shaped entrance and a small

**Come, plunge in!
Let the water swirl
around you!**

From Kyeleen (21, of Jondy and Ruth), China



narrow tunnel—quite long, maybe ten or fifteen feet—until we enter the next room. This one is in the shape of a ball, a great round sphere. He lights the candle again—or the light, whatever it is. The room glows with brilliant blues and greens! The light jumps and dances and reflects. It seems as if it's almost too bright to look at, but it isn't, because nothing in Heaven hurts.

This time I keep the candle lit as we sail through a triangular tunnel into the next cave. This one is really neat. Here you can beach your boat and walk up on the golden sand. As you run the sand through your fingers, it shines and twinkles like so many pieces of gold. I step up onto the sand. Looking around, I begin to notice all kinds of neat shapes, fascinating shapes and ledges and outcroppings all covered in this crystallized substance that makes it glow like fairy caverns when you light a light.

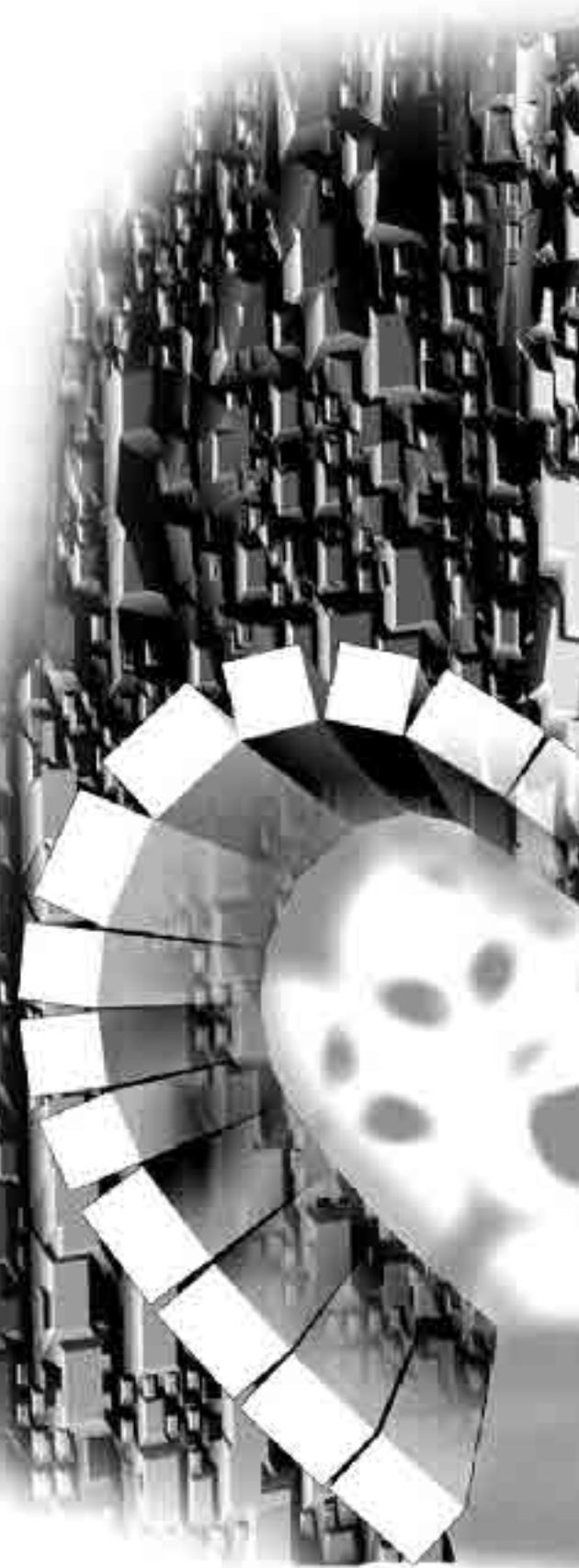
From there I walk through a small doorway into the most massive cavern I have ever seen! There is nothing like it on Earth. Whew! Just fascinating! After coming through that door I am left standing on a ledge overlooking a colossal scene. ... Amazing, totally amazing! I've never seen something this big! Every color of the rainbow is represented in the light that shone from those walls! Huge stalactites and stalagmites! They must be hundreds and hundreds of feet! This cavern is so huge you can't even see the ends of it, or the bottom! I'm standing out on the edge of a small, rocky outcropping with the entrance behind me looking out over the precipice.

You look down, down, down as far as you can see, and you look up, up, up as far as you can see! We must have been inside a mountain or something to have it go up so high! Amazing! Purely amazing. I jump off! I want to fly down. I don't want to be afraid of heights, so I jump! And what do you know ... I float down. When I turn and point my hands straight in front of me like I'm diving, I go faster, faster and faster 'til I get a bit nervous and turn back around again. (If you're floating down on your back, you go slow, but if you turn and go head-first with your hands in front of you like a dive you go faster and faster!) It's so much fun! I keep trying it different ways as I float down to the bottom. I'm also watching the amazing things going by me, all the different rock layers in the walls, the amazing formations ... stalactites and stalagmites—so awesome! Huge columns! Massive! I've never seen anything so big! Beautiful colors! All the earth colors!—All the colors of the caves.

I go down, down, down. Finally, as I near the bottom, I notice the river. The water is still flowing in the bottom of the cave. It looks like a small stream, but as I get nearer, I realize it is a wide, gushing river!—Perhaps hundreds of feet wide in some places and not more than twenty in others. Amazing!

I decide to get in the river. As I lie down in the river, I'm carried along like a leaf in the current. It swirls and swishes and washes me downstream! It takes me very carefully around rocks and boulders and other things in the way as I just lie in it, give myself up to it, yielding to its currents and let it take me. On Earth this would be life-threatening, but Here—no, it's only exciting! It's fun to see how the water brings you almost dashing against a rock, and then swirls you around at the last moment! Ahhh, talk about a ride! There's nothing in Disneyland or Water World that could even come close. What a ride! What fun!

I jump off! I want to fly down. I don't want to be afraid of heights, so I jump!



I wash along for hours, it seems—looking up, looking around! All kinds of neat little creatures live in the cave, in the water of the cave. Funny little things I've never seen before that pop up and say hi, then dive back down again. So cute! We don't have them on Earth, I guess. Maybe we do and I just haven't seen them. They're kind of like little otters, but not exactly. Like koala bears, almost, but sleek with funny little faces and ears sticking out. They pop up and go boo, or stroke you or give you a playful pinch as you rush by in the water. One of them is even bold enough to jump up on my stomach (I'm floating on my back) and chatter with me a little while.

As I began to near the outside, the cavern gets smaller and smaller. Finally I'm lying flat on my back rushing through this small tunnel, just like a water slide.

Whew! What twists and turns that tunnel takes! I'm telling you, there's nothing like it in Water World! Sometimes you drop almost straight, then it gently lifts you before you crash to the bottom, and you keep going—'round and 'round

and 'round. You even go upward! The water current is so strong it even takes you upward—up, up, up and up! Then you go over and down a bit, then out again straight. Then finally you rush out of a little opening. It just shoots you straight out the side of the mountain! You go falling, falling, falling hundreds of feet to the water in a lake below. Amazing! Talk about a ride!

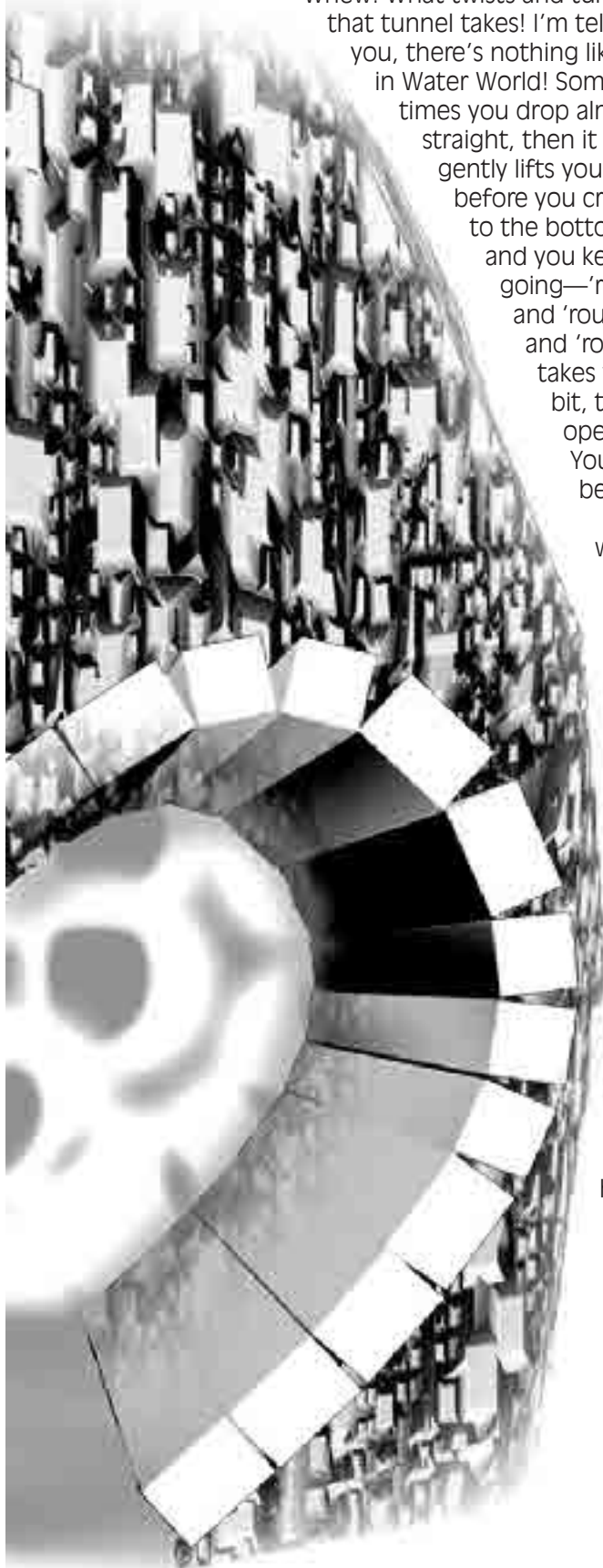
You think you'll hit hard, but you don't. You hit gently, and the water closes in around you like a warm blanket. I realize the water in the cave is a bit cooler than the water outside, but not so cold that it bothers me. Just refreshing and wonderful, like a cool glass of lemonade makes you feel on a hot day.

Under the water of the lake, I see all these little creatures. So cute! I love the water. I always wanted to explore the water and the sea and all the neat things underneath without having to come up for air. So I begin to swim deeper to see all those fun things I've always wanted to see.

I don't see any sunken ships. I guess they don't have ships that sink in Heaven. But there are all kinds of neat things—even mermaids swimming around and playing under the water. They're small, like the size of children—or maybe I'm just seeing the children. So cute! Bobbing around with long, long golden hair. They don't wear tops. They just swim around with their nice tails flashing, all these pretty colors— orange, blue, green.

I see the little bears again. I don't think I managed to describe them very well. They're not really bears. I don't know what to call them, but they're very cute, kind of like koala bears, but sleek and darker brown like seals, only they have little hands and stuff, like koala bears maybe, or chipmunks, and they have little feet.

Well, that's the end of this spirit trip. It was a lot of fun, and I'm so thankful the Lord let me have it! I also asked my family to pray and anoint me with oil, and immediately afterwards the fever and aching was gone. I hadn't been able to eat for two days, but I ate fried chicken and potatoes right then and felt fine. TTL! Prayer still changes things! ■



CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

A HEALING MISSION

From Lauren (19), Bosnia

An initial road team to eastern Slavonia (North-east Croatia—one of the worst-hit areas of the former Yugoslavia) met some potential and sweet people who were interested in our work. They invited our whole team to come perform in their school, kindergarten, orphanage and handicapped center. One of these precious sheep was Mary, who works at the local radio station and with different NGOs (non-governmental organizations). She's very idealistic and works hard trying to restore the area and its people. Then there is Darren, our translator, who skipped work to show us around and help us in any way possible.

So before our team left for Slavonia, we divided into different prayer and prophecy groups, and sought the Lord about what to do there. He said that our mission was not only to do shows, but to heal the many hearts that have been broken and wounded by the war and turmoil there. With that commission from the Lord, we set off to what was to be one of our most inspiring and thrilling road trips to date, as we saw the Lord work wonderfully with each step we took.

Upon arrival, Darren escorted us into the main office of the handicapped center to meet Mary and others who had been eagerly anticipating our visit. One wheelchair-bound columnist for the local newspaper asked us for an interview. It turned out to be quite a witness to all those present, and from that point on if anyone asked about our work or who we were, our friends simply repeated what we had said in this interview.



HEALING HEARTS IN ACTION!
FROM TOP:
LAUREN, CRYSTAL,
VICKY AND
ANGELICA.



LOVE IS THE KEY!
 LAUREN IN A
 HANDICAPPED
 CENTER
 BORDERING
 YUGOSLAVIA.



We drove to our hotel where we'd be staying for the next four nights. They had dinner waiting for us, and donated all our meals during our entire stay. The owner insisted that the seven of us have a room each, saying he was honored to let us stay in his hotel. We felt like ambassadors, being given the red carpet treatment everywhere we went. It was a special treat from the Lord—like a reward for our willingness to live a rather spartan lifestyle back home in Bosnia!

A few of our shows were done in a city that is known for having been the most destroyed in all of Croatia. As we drove through the city, on every side were snow-covered ruins—a constant reminder of the horrors of the not-so-distant past. A once beautiful and prosperous city had been almost completely wiped out. Thousands of graves and land mines covered what was left. There is little joy or even expression on people's faces; the scars of war live on.

Mary was especially concerned for the youth, who still live in fear and hardly ever leave their homes. She begged us to come back in the spring to do a concert for them "with those very meaningful songs you sing." She conducted a very favorable radio interview with us. We sang, and she played a few songs from *Uncharted* on the air as well. Her radio show is very popular, as it broadcasts from a very radical and controversial perspective. So the message was very widely spread, with several million people hearing our beautiful songs and message.

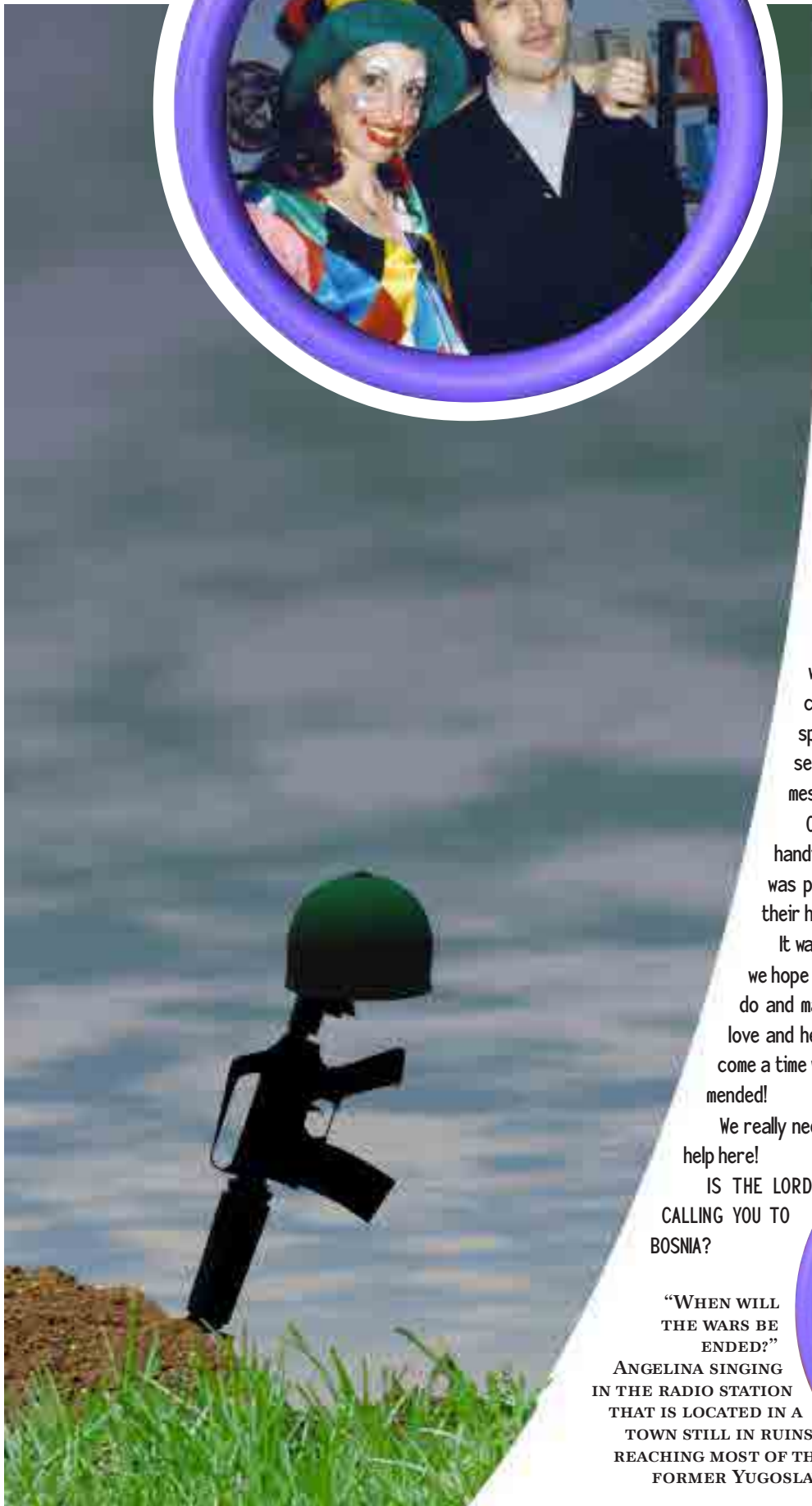
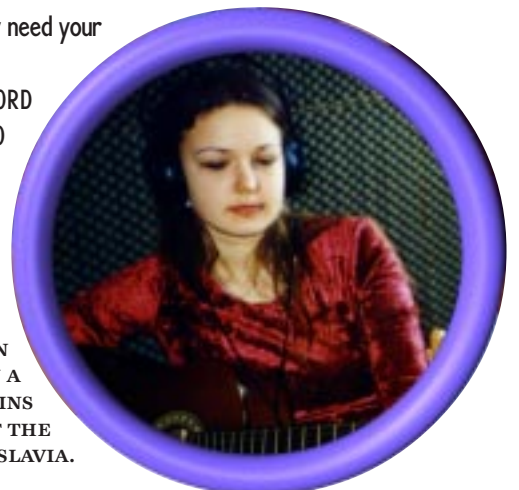
On our last day we made balloons and sang for the handicapped center. By the end of our stay everyone was pleading with us to come back soon, as they said their heartfelt and teary farewells.

It was truly a healing mission, as the Lord had said, and we hope to return soon to continue on. There is so much to do and many more war-torn people who need His comfort, love and healing. We need to encourage them that there will come a time when all wars will end, and their hearts will finally be mended!

We really need your help here!

IS THE LORD
 CALLING YOU TO
 BOSNIA?

"WHEN WILL
 THE WARS BE
 ENDED?"
 ANGELINA SINGING
 IN THE RADIO STATION
 THAT IS LOCATED IN A
 TOWN STILL IN RUINS
 REACHING MOST OF THE
 FORMER YUGOSLAVIA.



LITTLE STEPS ... BIG MIRACLES
FROM TECHI (18), HONDURAS



My family and I are pioneering Honduras. The Lord has done many miracles since we arrived, supplying all our needs. I'd like to share the miracles the Lord did on a faith trip to La Ceiba, a coastal city.

The Lord showed us to go there, and so we went, trusting Him entirely. Once there, we met a very sweet lady who owned a hotel. After telling her about our work, she helped us with a room for our entire stay. GBH!

One afternoon while witnessing to two hotel clerks, we noticed a young man on the phone and gave him a tract. When he finished his call, he came up and asked where we were from and what we were doing. He was very impressed with our work and turned out to be the 20-year-old DJ of a very popular youth radio program in Ceiba. He invited us to talk on his show.

We prayed and the Lord encouraged us to go, even though we were a little nervous. So we explained a bit about our work, and were able to give the salvation message and pray on the air. This program has an audience of at least 20,000 young people, so we pray that some prayed along with us.

We continued to witness to this young man, and he was very impressed by us and how the Lord supplies all our needs. He told us, "On the radio I play music for young people, and I'd like you to give them the message you gave me." The Lord did it, and we never lacked anything. All to say, it was a miracle-filled faith trip. All glory to Him!

From Joel (Techi's dad): While out DTD we met Julia, a Lebanese girl, who owns a fabric shop. She bought *Countdown to Armageddon*, and repeated the prayer at the end of the video several times. She is very interested in our work here. When we told her we live by faith as missionaries and don't have any furniture, she offered us her own. TYJ! The Lord always supplies!



OUR ROCK CONCERT BLAST
FROM PROLO (NEW DISCIPLE), ITALY

A rock musician friend of ours told us about a big festival at a nearby town, so we got a clowning team together, and headed off to witness there. First we did ballooning, but we had gotten there late and the people soon started going back home. While discussing whether we should head home, our friend told us that in a nearby square there was a rock concert going on. He said, "I could take you to the concert with me, but you know, people are a bit weird there. But if you don't mind that..."

We told him more about our work and how we don't have problems with places like that, so he took us to the square where the rock band was getting the crowd wildly excited. The environment was quite something, with tough-looking bikers on Harley Davidsons, black leather jackets, all drunk and freaked out, yelling along with the noise of the concert.

A. got the idea to make a balloon sword (symbolizing the Word), and jump on the stage and give it to the singer, along with a Y2K tract. At first one of the bodyguards stopped him, but then seeing he was dressed up as a clown, he allowed him on the stage. A. gave the lead singer the balloon and tract, while dancing along with him as if he was part of the show. The singer stopped singing, while the rest of the band kept playing, and read the tract right there on the stage, with the whole crowd watching him.

When the music stopped we approached the musicians. Almost immediately the singer prayed with us to receive Jesus, with all the others watching. Next the bodyguard got saved, then the other musicians. Some of the biker fans who had been watching prayed with us as well—a total of 19 people!

It was incredible to see these tough-looking people so receptive to the Word of God and to a radical Jesus Who wasn't there to offer them a religion, but instead to challenge them with a spiritual revolution! We told them that Jesus was the only true revolutionary, Who offers them the freedom that they had been singing about! This came as a surprise to them, and turned them into hungry lambs. Thank the Lord for the Holy Spirit, wild and free, that once again led us to do something unorthodox and radical to win His lost sheep! The Revolution for Jesus goes on!

Golden Butterfly's Message

From Delight, Italy

One of our friends, Gaetano, brought his 14-year-old Down syndrome son to our first "Open the Door for the Children" meeting. The Lord spoke to my heart afterward about showing love to this boy, and how he has a very precious soul, even if he can't show it.

Later on, at our teamwork meeting, I was having united prayer and I asked for a spirit helper. When we prayed, I got a vision of a little blond-haired boy, smiling and waving at me. I heard the name "Gabriel." Since Gabriele is the name of Gaetano's son, I first thought that the little spirit helper was telling me that he wanted to help Gabriele.

But later I had the distinct impression that this little boy was Jerry and Marianne's Down syndrome child. When I shared this with Simon and Abigail, they told me that Marianne and Jerry's son was named Gabriel, which I hadn't remembered. Then we realized that he had been telling me his name! We're very thankful for Gabriel's presence, and reading his testimony in the FSMs (See FSMs 193-194) gave me the vision and inspiration for any future visits by Gaetano's son. TYJ!

A word from Salvador Dali

From David Soldado (of Hannah), Russia

I got this while praying one day about my explosive temper. I was also wondering about my connection with the spirit world, as it's easy for me to hear from the Lord, but at the same time I seem to open up to the negative side just as easily. So Dali came to give me some advice.

(Salvador Dali speaking:) I could only paint blotches and rough, misshapen images compared to the things and the light and the truth that I can see now. The spirits want to be heard and get

out their message. They look for those who have the gift of receptivity, thus those who are receptive must take care *who* they listen to and obey, as they will influence so many other people. That's why Jesus said that you would be held responsible for every idle word that you speak, for the testimony you give. And if you give place to anger, you open a channel to the Enemy. *(End of message.)*

DALI, SALVADOR (1904-1989)

SPANISH SURREALIST ARTIST KNOWN FOR HIS FLAMBOYANT PERSONAL STYLE AND HIS DISQUIETING INTERPRETATION OF FANTASTIC IMAGES IN METICULOUSLY RENDERED CANVASES.



THEY TALK!

PHOTO PAGE

- 1 JOHN (29), JAPAN
- 2 IVY (16), MIA (16) AND PAULA (17), AUSTRALIA
- 3 MEEKNESS (18), FRANCE
- 4 THE FOUR-MAN BAND *SILK 'N' STEEL* IN HUNGARY. L-R: HUNGARIAN DAVID, JASON (JONAS), BEN G., AND THE INVISIBLE DRUMMER NAT S.
- 5 DAVID (OF EDEN), HUNGARY



5



6



6 AT A SCOUT RECEPTION WE MET THIS SCOUT, WHO IS ACCLAIMED AS THE 2ND TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD, NEARLY 8 FEET! FROM L TO R: DAVID 12, CHRIS 12, DANIEL 11, JOSEPH 9, TIM 11 AND SAM, PAKISTAN

7 FELI, LEIFKE AND CLARE GIVING THEIR ALL IN THE SNOW, U.S.A.

8 TIM A., DEB, AND KIDS, CROATIA

9 CLARE AND NATHAUEL, U.S.A.



8



9



BLEATS

FROM

THE SHEEP



FROM MARIE CLAIRE AND ISABELLE (YA), INDIA

Every week we visit an English salon. Though we can't witness openly, it is a good way to make friends with English-speaking Chinese. One night Rhoda, a girl who



Here is a letter from Danny (28), a sheep we ministered to on our recent trip to the States, who had a complete deliverance from drugs and alcohol. The last miracle needed was for him to be released from a doctor at a mental health clinic who had been prescribing and keeping him on drugs for about three years. So we prayed, and he was soon released. We were able to lead several of his friends to the Lord. It was great working together, mother and daughter, to win the lost of this generation to Him!

(From Danny's letter:) "I really miss having you guys around. Thanks for showing me a living sample! It was contagious, and people can see Jesus in my own life and are open to talk to me about many things because of that sample.

"I've been reading a Letter about the history of the Family. I enjoy hearing about the hippie converts, the bands and buses painted with Scripture, the 'sackcloth and ashes' demonstrations. David sure went through a lot to

make him the leader he was. Wow! Could you please send me more feeding material? I ate all that I had already.

"I've read about 79 of the 109 pages that you sent, and will finish it all soon. I liked reading about the way money was used in your little Colonies, and I hope to send you a chunk pretty soon. Could you please send me

the Letter, 'I Gotta Split,' and pray about what the Lord would have you Feed me with? As it is written, 'Man cannot

visits the salon regularly, came and asked if we could talk privately. She shared her heart, and told me about her life and trials. I told her that as much as I wanted to help her I couldn't, but that Jesus could. This idea was new for her, but after some time she received the Lord. She was radiating with joy, and couldn't stop thanking me. The next week she gave me this letter. I know that there are so many others just like this girl. Please come to China and help us reach them!

(Excerpts from Rhoda's letter:) "Before I knew you, sometimes it seemed like I was trapped in a maze; loneliness was all that was inside of me. It was dark-no friends, no future, no happiness or understanding-only myself. Day after day, no matter how I tried, I couldn't get through that maze. There was no one to lead me out. Nobody reached out to help me. I had lost faith. I didn't believe in anyone, not even myself. I felt nobody liked me, nobody cared; nobody wanted to talk to me. My heart was close to breaking. I needed

somebody to care! "But then I met you, thank God! You came along just in time to save my heart. You gave me courage and hope; you gave me a way to see how perfect life can be. You told me to never give up and showed me how to live again, how to face people and the world. I see light and I am learning to be strong and brave. Everything has changed because of you. I know it sounds crazy, but you gave me so much hope and encouragement, you lit up my life and changed my world. I can never repay you! I just want to say thousands of thank yous. Thank you so much, Angie!"

live on bread alone, but on every word that procedeth from the mouth of God. My words are Spirit and they are Life.' Old David sure had a way with words, and he can break it down into layman's terms, really good.

"As I was writing this letter, a friend of mine came by whom I had talked to before about salvation. Today was a day of salvation! So we have a new brother in the Lord; he is right now reading the book of John. Keep him in your prayers. "Thanks again for your sample, because I could not relate to the church hypocrisy that I had been shown. Keep me in your prayers and I will do the same for you guys. Lots of love, Danny."

FROM ANGIE, CHINA

introducing... **when** the **WAR DRUMS** ARE **SILENT**

From Vicky (17, of Daniel and Meekness), Bosnia

Art by Evye



Dusty desert plains stretched out endlessly around me, as the scorching sun nagged my parched throat. Dotted here and there on the dry landscape were clusters of dirty, ragged people. We were in Kosovo. We stopped to ask directions from a toothless, wrinkled old lady clothed in dirty rags...

I suddenly woke up; my body jolted a few inches into the air as the van's wheels bounced through yet another pothole. My eyes jerked open, and I looked out the window.

It took a few seconds to register my surroundings. There were hills covered with trees. The rays of sun streaming through the vent in the roof probably accounted for my impression of parched desert land, of which I had been so vividly dreaming only moments earlier. We had indeed paused to ask directions, but—again, different from my dream—it was a young boy we had approached. His attire could not accurately be described as old rags, nor did he quite resemble an old, withered woman. And, alas, we were still driving through homeland Bosnia.—Alas, because we still had approximately fourteen more hours of driving till we would reach our goal: Pristina, in Kosovo.

Fourteen hours, that is, if we were to encounter smooth driving the whole way. No need to scare ourselves with the possibilities of roadside bandits, or corrupt border police who might take a liking to strange foreign women and keep them as part of their prospering bridal collection.

I closed my eyes again. Our journey had begun at four A.M., when we had pulled ourselves out of bed, piled into the pre-packed van, and headed off. (If only it actually was as easy as I just made it sound!) I shared the back of the van with Sharon, who had arrived from far-off lands only a few hours before our departure. Barely had she stepped off the bus when the details of her next trip were explained to her. After a meal, a shower, and three hours of sleep, she was whisked into the throes of

our adventure.

Happily for us, the back of our van sported a comfortable bed, in which we two were quite content to finish off our night's sleep. Also along for the ride was our "almost human" dog, Joshua; being a dear "son" to Andrew and Miracle, he had authoritatively claimed an unoccupied seat near the front. For our brave driver, Andrew, life was not quite so luxurious, but I comforted myself that along with this burden came the blessing of being the only male on the journey. He had an alert spouse at his side, so Sharon and I had nothing to fear as we lay down for a lengthy doze.

Now, at six A.M., we watched the radiant dawn settle across the sky, heralding the first day of our long-anticipated adventure. Continuing towards the Montenegrin border, en route to our final destination, we soon found ourselves on the "main road." (This could more accurately be described as a rear-bruising, hair-raising mountain pass, hovering on the edge of formidable cliffs.) After nearly an hour of driving we arrived at the border—a makeshift lean-to with a string stretched between two trees, and a rumpled border guard in pajamas. (Okay, slight exaggeration, but I assure you, the rest of the story is genuine!) The guard wearily looked us over, his face pressed against the window glass, peering inside.

"Passports!" he grumbled, then grunted as he studied our photographs.

Strolling towards the back, he grinned a toothless grin as he opened the door to discover two disheveled, semi-sleeping girls in the back. (A grin that sent those "female hostage" thoughts flooding through my mind all over

again.) I heaved a sigh as he closed the door, handed us our passports, and waved us over to the side. I later discovered that the necessary payment would have normally been a considerable sum, but after an explanation of our work we had been let through only paying about half.

We spent the entire day traveling through beautiful Montenegro, with an occasional tank-up stop at a gas station, and for us juice guzzlers in the back to "tank out" at the resident squat toilets (or, more accurately, "dirt holes").

A number of times we were halted by local police, who were eager to either demonstrate their superiority, or relieve us "rich foreigners" of a couple of marks under

entitled, "We're Almost There."

All around I could see the most obvious effects of the recent war: broken buildings, rubble, and roofless houses. A key bridge had been bombed out, so we waited for an hour as the line of vehicles ahead of us slowly inched their way into a rocky ditch, then up the slope leading back to the road (which, though far from smooth itself, felt like silk compared to the previous one). I watched as the truck ahead of us inched on, then tipped precariously to the side as its right wheels sank into a pothole. To my relief, it managed to straighten out again, but that relief was short-lived when I realized that it was our turn.

I held my breath—praying, reciting the 23rd Psalm, and solemnly promising never to be bad again. The praying must have worked, because we survived and finally ended up back on the road, and a little closer to our earthly destination.

The rocking, bouncing van rolled into sweet stillness, parked amid a row of vehicles on the side of the street. I opened the curtains and peered out the window. The walking street was fairly crowded with stylishly dressed, laughing and talking groups of young people, strolling about. A feeling of freedom and joy permeated the air.

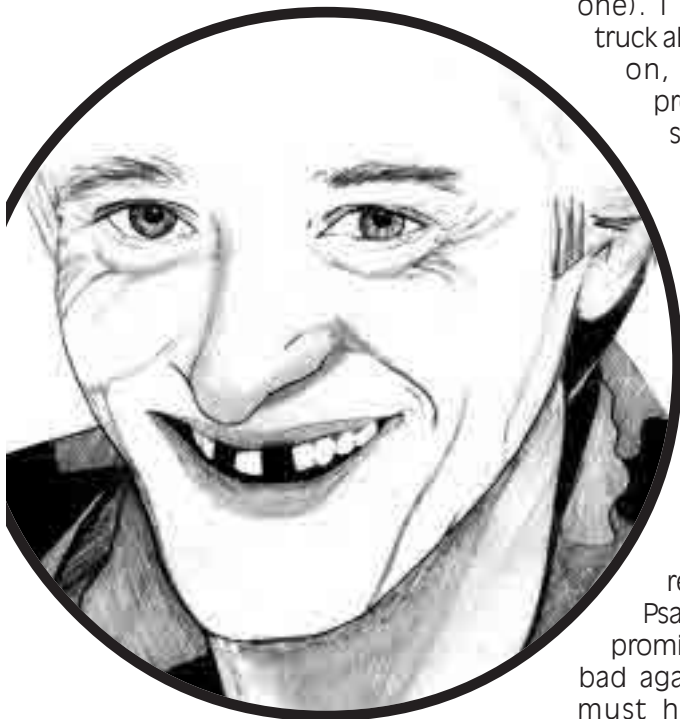
Somehow it just didn't match my expectations of how I'd thought this city, so freshly emerged from a war, would look.

Across the street was a medium-sized building, the large letters at the top heralding "The Grand Hotel." It was the spot where we'd prearranged to meet up with the team who had already settled in the area. We heard laughing voices, as Tim and Praise approached our van, and greeted us with warm smiles and hugs. They instantly struck up a conversation with Andrew and Miracle, explaining that the rest of their team was at a local concert, and would be here shortly.

We crossed the road and entered the hotel, in hopes of using the bathroom. Five stars proudly stood at the top of the building, but upon entering the bathroom, we discovered the regular "squat toilets" we had encountered at Podunk gas stations along the way. Despite its supposed higher standard, this bathroom was no cleaner. I eagerly searched for a mirror, dreading the sight I knew I'd find, but was spared from the view, since there were none on the raw cement walls. No water came from the taps either ... oh well!

In the lobby the setting was presentable, however, and as we later learned, the hotel had only recently been returned to its original use as a guest hotel, having first been used to house refugees, and then for visiting NGOs (non-government organizations).

Back at the van, a small group emerged from the throngs of weekend



the excuse of speeding or some other phony offense. We found, however, that most of them were quite kind and maneuverable after a smile or two, and an explanation of our good works (sometimes with the help of a "bribe" of some chocolate, or a pair of socks). Through it all, we only ended up paying money once, and just ten German marks.—This, after a look at the recipient, we quickly categorized as "CTP:"

Pristina

I shall spare the innocent reader the microscopic details of our journey, lest this turn out to be a hardcover book, with captions on the back reading: "Two eyelids and a thumb down!" Suffice it to say: We arrived in Kosovo.

At present there is no border for entering the country. After fifteen hours of driving (or should I say napping), my rump skipped a beat, and I invented a soothing song



youngsters, and we greeted the rest of the team. David (15, of Tim and Praise), Michael (an outgoing and comical young Albanian live-out) and Esther (21, another Albanian

History of the Kosovo Conflict in Brief

The history of the Kosovo conflict dates back centuries to the Ottoman Turkish empire that ruled the Balkans and that favored the Moslems over the Orthodox Serbs. The recent events leading to NATO's involvement in the area began with the breakup of Yugoslavia. The Serbs who were afraid of losing Kosovo, revoked a previous agreement granting the province a large level of autonomy. The ethnic Albanian population, now in the majority, were reduced to second class citizenship and an armed liberation movement arose. Severe repression by the Serbian military and civilians ensued and alleged atrocities were committed by both sides but largely by the Serbs. This at first triggered international sanctions. The Serbs reacted violently committing further atrocities and began to ethnically cleanse the province forcing nearly all Kosovo Albanians to leave the country. Eventually, after an ultimatum given to the Serb government was not met, NATO warplanes began bombing Serbian positions in Kosovo and even Serbia proper, including the capital, Belgrade. After 11 weeks of extensive bombing, the Bosnian Serbs withdrew their forces from Kosovo, ending the war at least for now. Currently, soldiers of KFOR which includes mostly NATO forces but also some Russian troops are on active 'peace patrols' hoping to establish law and order, and to restrain continued conflict between rival factions in the area.

live-out—beautiful, sweet and spunky).

The men drove the vehicles to the nearby student dorm where the owner had so kindly agreed to let us stay for free. The rooms were simple but nice, each with their own bathroom, and—yes, a MIRROR (groan...). We discovered that for the last few days, the whole city had been plunged into times of frequent waterlessness (okay, so it's not in the dictionary!) and we had to grow accustomed to the timings of its sudden and wonderful appearance. After the first day, I invented a sort of child's rhyme to help me remember the essential, basic science of existing here:

Morning time:

Rush out of bed,

Jump in shower,

Wash body and head.

Just a trickle,

But 'twill do;

Would have been more

If you'd been first in the cue.

Daytime: Don't bother,

It probably won't be there.

Don't look in the toilet,

Unless you want a scare.

Evening: You'll find a drop

Around nine or ten.

Please wash underarms,

If you want to meet men.

Bedtime: When you need it most,

The water is gone.

Learn to save some in a bottle

While the pressure's on.

Any future eccentrics who are considering braving this region are advised to learn the above rhyme, although (as is likely with the ever-changing situation) you may find the timing slightly altered. Or perhaps—as a pessimist might warn—there could be no water at all.

Here are some facts and figures about the culture and surroundings:

It seems most of the drivers here are crazy; maybe it's a manifestation of the traumatic experiences they've been through, or merely a desire to put their recently attained freedom to use. Most likely the reason for this uncouth driving behavior is the disorganization of things in general, including traffic police and stoplights.

One must always be aware of the many buried land mines that are just waiting to be stepped on. Numerous innocent people have fallen victim to these terrible remnants of war. Because of this we only walked on the streets, not stepping off the walkway unless the



ground
had

obviously been
stepped on recently.

Another
outstanding factor is
how many foreigners
are roaming the
streets, either in
matching army jeeps
with KFOR (Kosovo
force) heralded on the
side, or standing guard. The
general feeling of the people
towards the many British troops
is good; often you see people waving
at a passing jeep filled with soldiers.
International police forces are stationed here
as well; you may see a sweaty foreign
policeman in the throes of guiding traffic
and trying to comprehend the Balkan ways.
Besides these peacekeepers, there are





swarms of aid agencies with their names plastered on their mini-vans and trucks. There's no doubt we looked somewhat out of place, driving around in our rusty, rainbow-curtained van.

“Don't talk so loud...”

People here are extremely sweet and helpful. Most speak English quite well, and will go to any lengths to be hospitable. The majority dress quite fashionably, not too far to either extreme as far as being conservative or revealing.

According to the locals, during Serb occupation there were strict 8 o'clock curfews; anyone caught outside after that time was harshly punished. So this new era of freedom comes as a great joy to the people, and evenings are a time for



celebration. Bars are open; however, discos still remain closed out of respect for the great number of Kosovars still missing.

Resentment against Serbs runs extremely high. Speaking the Serbo-Croatian language is forbidden, and greatly resented (which we had to adjust to, as our shows were in Serbo-Croatian!). According to one of our friends, they are trying to enact a law that would fine anyone overheard using the language! Signs bearing Serbian words are painted over and the Albanian translation scrawled over it. Previous Serb residents have been kicked out, and some of their houses burned. KFOR soldiers guard remaining Serb churches 24 hours a day, against possible destructors. These feelings are



understandable at times due to the large numbers of people who suffered atrocities at the hands of the Serbs. I was talking with a young guy and after I told him I live in Bosnia, he asked if I spoke any Serbo-Croatian. I proceeded to rattle off a few words. Alarm quickly came to his face as he darted his head about, his eyes scanning in each direction. He spoke in a hushed whisper: “Don't talk so loud! If anyone hears you...”

Along with dislike of Serbs comes a high nationalistic pride. On one occasion, a friend invited us to a student party. Once inside, we were instantly overwhelmed by the traditional Albanian music booming in the crowded room.

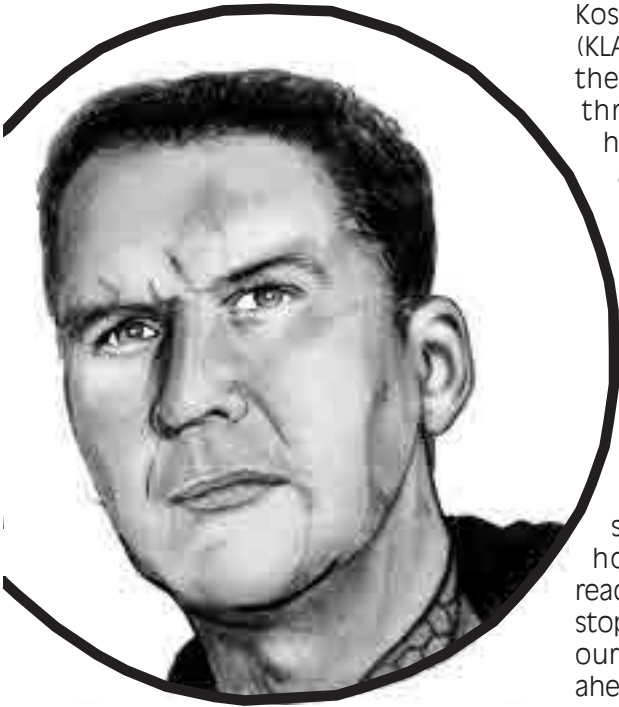
The elegant and fashionably dressed teenagers were in a massive line doing a simple national Albanian dance routine. *Right leg, left leg, cross, step, right leg, left leg ...* and on and on.

It looked like something I'd have expected from a group of white-haired, traditionally costumed older men and women on a national holiday. Yet here was a crowd of teens and young adults, dressed more appropriately for a stylish disco, dancing the national dance their ancestors probably wouldn't have done when they were their age. According to our Albanian live-outs, none of them would have done it either a year ago, but now they did the same step repeatedly, for song after song, with a pride and bounce to their steps.

I eyed them curiously for a few songs, till I was invited to join in. The step looked simple enough, so I clasped hands and began the dance. Soon the room grew so crowded with aspiring dancers that my toes began to ache considerably from being trampled on—not to mention my arm becoming semi-dislocated from being pulled every which way. The dude on my left was so distracted by beautiful Esther, who held his other hand, that he began to lose the beat completely, and I found myself smashing into him every time I followed the synchronized line on the right of me doing the *step, cross, step ...* Oh, well, at least I can say I did it!

Clowning up

On most days we did at least one show as bouncy, happy clowns—performing magic



tricks, games, songs and meaningful skits. The performances were enjoyed almost as much by us actors as by the audience, perhaps because of the adventure that comes with knowing one is about to come this close to a real-life saw pretending to cut you apart, or a pan flying towards your head as a professed anesthetic. Such was the case in our "Doctor Skit," in which a patient is relieved of the clutter ailing her heart, and in its place comes love, joy, kindness, sharing, etc. One noteworthy downside to having to "clown-up" each day is the "spaghetti face" that comes from a painted smile stubbornly insisting on leaving a reminder of itself there—which leaves us hoping it will remain as determinedly in the hearts of the audience.

Our evenings were spent passing out tracts in the walking street among the throngs—and throngs there were! We had to practically stand back to back in a force field from the reaching, grabbing groups of people who were all trying to get a tract. I have rarely experienced people more sweet and receptive than here!

Time would fail to tell of all the other adventures we encountered; my mind would also suffer a major breakdown trying to compile them all in a decent, readable way. So you'll just have to believe me when I say we had a truly marvelous, crazy, interesting time, and we'll move on in attempting to make this short ... (right!).

Jakova

The day we left Pristina, the streets were crowded with flag-waving citizens, triumphant and nationalistic.—It was the NATO deadline for the disarming of the

Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA). The troops paraded the streets, along with throngs of people honking horns, singing and shouting. Amidst all this stood our van, inching its way through the traffic, biding our time with an occasional wave out the back window at some heroic soldier.

We finally made it out of the cramped streets, and after a few hours of driving we reached Jakova, our next stop. Other members of our team had gone on ahead to seek out room and board for us: a big, empty farmhouse! Yeah, that's right!—Cows, pigs, flies and all! The dear friend who gave us free use of the place informed us that it hadn't been occupied for ten years—it smelled like it too!

The city of Jakova was about 70% ruined, with a vast number of buildings burned—so much destruction! We did our performance many times, and passed out the remainder of our humanitarian aid to these needy, desperate,

and extremely thankful people. Many have nothing left, and live in tents or shacks.

One evening a friend led us down a dark alleyway in the center of town, to a huge heap of rubble. This, he explained, had once been the town center and main hangout; now a ghost town. His eyes grew moist as he recounted all the things he had done in this very spot; the majority of his memories had happened where we now stood—on that heap of broken glass and concrete. As an observer, it's sometimes easy to overlook the great personal effect that this war has had on countless people who have lost family, friends, homes, and so much more.

We spent our last night in a former hotel, now a refugee center operated by sweet young Czech volunteers. They generously let us use their clean, simple rooms where we slept on mattresses, since there was no furniture. Early the next morning we started on our long journey home. At eight o'clock that evening we arrived at our "home, sweet home" in Bosnia, determined to make another trip in the near future. ■



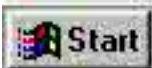
THE END...not!



Photo taken by David (24, Live-out), Albania

S

TUFF



ALL I EVER LEARNED FROM A DOG...

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

1. Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.
2. When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.
3. Obedience to your master always pays.
4. Take naps when needed and always stretch before rising.
5. Run, romp, and play daily.
6. Eat with gusto and enthusiasm.
7. Be loyal.
8. Never pretend to be something you're not.
9. If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.
10. When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by, and nuzzle them gently.
11. Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.
12. Thrive on attention and let people touch you.
13. Don't bite when a simple growl will do.
14. On hot days, drink lots of water and lie under a shady tree.
15. When you are happy, dance around and wag your entire body.
16. No matter how often you are criticized, don't buy into the guilt thing and pout. Run right back and make friends.

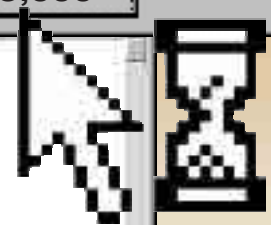
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stuff stuff stuff

Q: How many prophecies do Mama and Peter have on hand?

A: 13,000*

**"People send us prophecies all the time, and when we did the project *Heaven's Secrets*, we had about 13,000 prophecies on record" (Interview with King Peter, GV #70).



"SOME SAVED BY FIRE..."

From Summer, Mary and Kelly, Belgium

A few days after moving into our new apartment, I found that the music from the nearby pub was much louder than I had expected. A few times I had to ask the owner of the pub to turn the music down. I prayed for the Lord to touch her heart so she wouldn't turn the music up again.

Then two weeks ago, at 5 A.M., after a troubled night with several noisy street fights, I awoke to the sound of breaking glass. I looked out the window but seeing nothing, I started nursing the baby. (TTL she kept me awake!) I kept hearing the sound of breaking glass, when suddenly I smelled smoke and saw flames through the window! I jumped up and woke the others, and ran out of the building with the baby, barefoot and with only my nightgown on. Flames five meters high were shooting out the windows of the pub, and smoke was pouring out of the windows of our apartment. Thank God the firemen came at that time.

God bless Simon, Kelly and François, who went back in with a fireman to get some clothes and baby needs through the thick smoke. We were allowed to return to the apartment by mid-morning, to find everything super smelly and two bedrooms full of soot. The happy ending, even though we feel bad for the people of the pub, is that even though we had quite a "smell of smoke," we are getting a good amount of money from the fire insurance for the full cleanup, and there is no more noisy music at night.—Rom 8:28!

Page | Set | L L A: | Ln - : |

Zinetoon's
Coolly
Present

HOW to be KEWL

by David Komic

Without Hardly Even Trying...

from our Guest Columnist's column.

Dear ABIMELECH

He writes:

IN THE COURSE OF AN AVERAGE WEEK I RECEIVE FIGURATIVELY HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM YOUNG PEOPLE SUCH AS YOURSELF ALL ASKING ME...

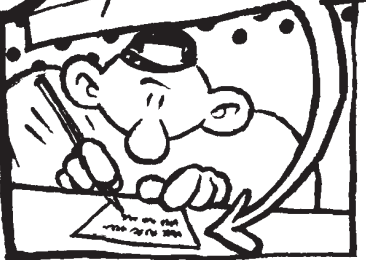


How did you get to be so way cool?

Is there any hop of me ever becoming as kewl as you?



Letter from JETT Eddie, Los Tacos Home, Mexico



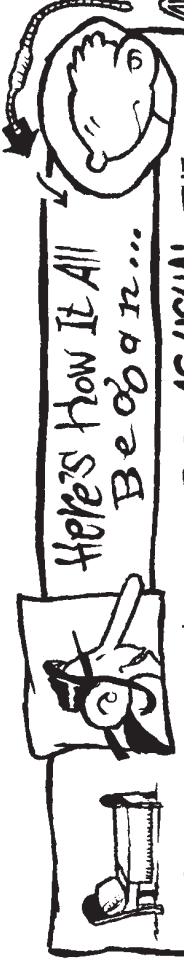
Letter from Jun. Teen Mert, Lasagna Home, Italy

YO THE READER! OWING TO THE FACT THAT MY HOME CAN'T AFFORD ENVELOPES FOR INDIVIDUAL REPLIES, I'VE DECIDED TO ADDRESS THESE HEART-WRENCHING QUESTIONS RIGHT HERE AND NOW SO THAT YOU TOO CAN BENEFIT

FROM THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT BY APPLYING IT TO YOUR OWN LIFE AND THEREBY BE ABLE TO AVOID SOME OF THE HAZARDS AND PITFALLS I ENCOUNTERED ON THE ROAD TO TRUE KEWL SO THAT YOU TOO CAN BECOME A BETTER, KEWLER DUDE PERSON

PONYTAILS appearing in this ZINETOON courtesy of 'ACME PONYTAIL RENTALS'

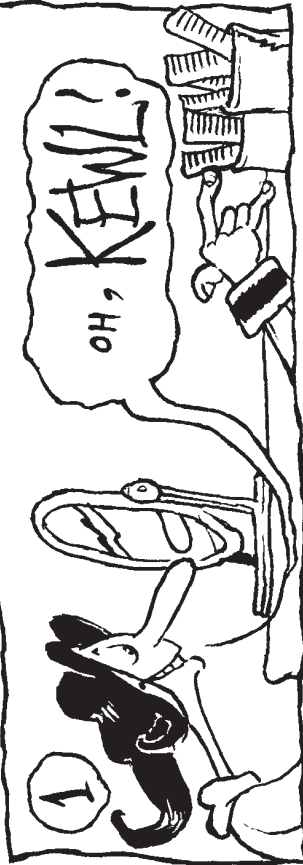
PONYTAIL-WITH-A-CLIP-TO-ADD-TO-YOUR-TRIP



Here's how it all began...

ONE NIGHT I WENT TO BED AS USUAL. THE NEXT MORNING WHEN I WOKE UP I FOUND, TO MY UNDERSTANDABLE JOY AND DELIGHT, THAT I WAS WAY, WAY KEWL.

I NOTICED IT FIRST IN MY HAIRSTYLE



OH, KEWL!

... IN MY CLOTHES



FASHION/SURVIVAL TIP: IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, THESE PANTS CAN BE CONVERTED INTO AN EXCELLENT 3-MAN TENT

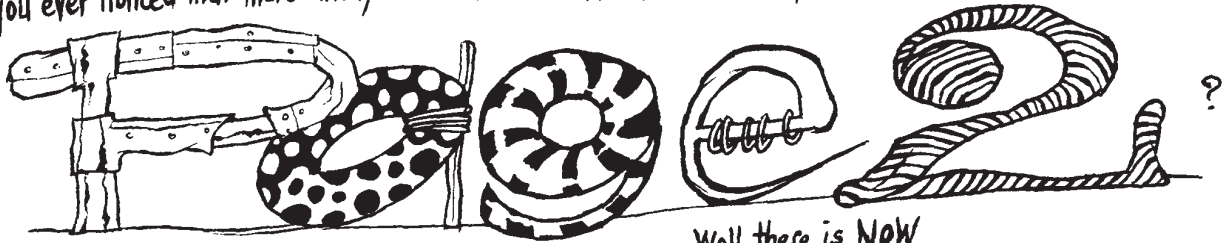
... IN MY SHADES



OH MAN, THIS IS TOO MUCH!

THEREBY BE ABLE TO AVOID SOME OF THE HAZARDS AND PITFALLS I ENCOUNTERED ON THE ROAD TO TRUE KEWL SO THAT YOU TOO CAN BECOME A BETTER, KEWLER DUDE PERSON

Have you ever noticed that there always seems to be a FANCY TITLE on page 1 but never one on

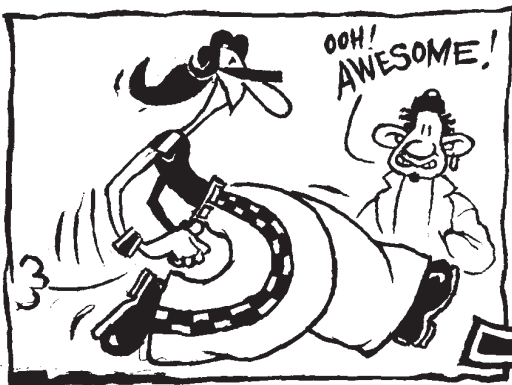


Well there is NOW.

... IN THE WAY I TALKED



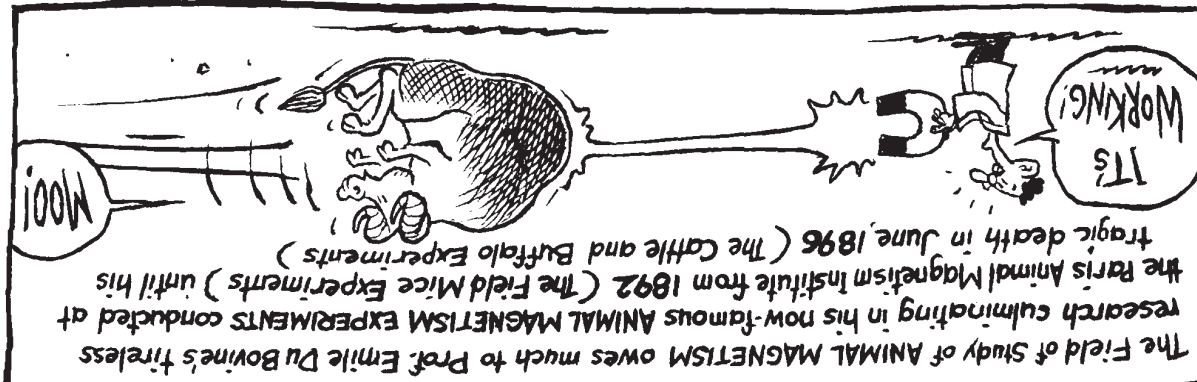
... EVEN IN THE WAY I WALKED!



OVERNIGHT I HAD BECOME **THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION**; MR. GROOVE; I NOW HAD SOME KIND OF PHENOMENAL, RAW, ANIMAL MAGNETISM THAT DREW MY PEERS TO ME LIKE FLIES TO A COW-PIE)
[* SEE SCIENTIFIC FOOTNOTE: ANIMAL MAGNETISM

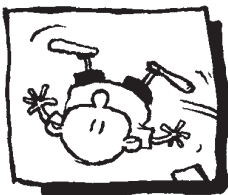


Editors' Note: I just thought that now would be as good a time as any to write a note to you.



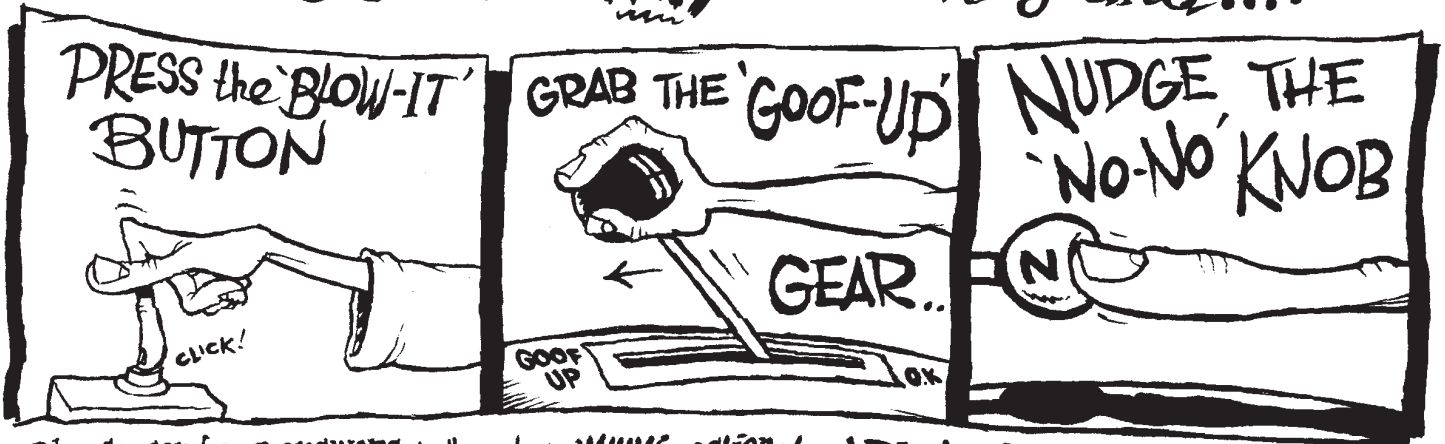
The Field of Study of ANIMAL MAGNETISM owes much to Prof. Emile Du Bovines' tireless research culminating in his now-famous ANIMAL MAGNETISM EXPERIMENTS conducted at the Paris Animal Magnetism Institute from 1892 (The Field Mice Experiments) until his tragic death in June 1896 (The Cattle and Buffalo Experiments)

SCIENTIFIC FOOTNOTE
ANIMAL MAGNETISM



We interrupt this comic to bring you a moment of **Quiet Introspection**...

Why, o you the quietly introspecting zine-Reader, **Why** when things are just **GROOVING ALONG**, really **ROCKING** and **SWELL** and, like, **Totally PEACHY KEEN**. **Why**, when **RODS** are **GROWING**, **MEN** are **STRONG**, All the **WOMEN** are pregnant and **TONIGHT** we're gonna make ice-cream.. **Why** then do we go and....



Please send your answers to the above **WHY** question to: 'Rhetorical Questions Inc.'

It all happened so quickly. Perhaps it was the care-free, party-animal-behavior-inducing atmosphere of VIDEO NIGHT... or maybe just one mouthful of popcorn to many...

I leered towards JET BRETT. My eyes narrowed as my STEELY GAZE gripped him like a GRAPE in a G-CLAMP.



Yes, zine Reader, in that ONE Unguarded Moment I had broken the... UNSPOKEN RULE OF KEWL. (or 'URK!')

The No-Need-To-Answer Specialists] c/o Poste Restante,

Port Mboogo Pogo, Coco Poco Islands, Pacific Ocean, 10123. Please also enclose 1 medium-size Conch Shell to cover POSTAGE and HANDLING.

Back to our Story

NEWS FLASH!



In an unprecedented move, THOUSANDS of Frenzied FREEZINE Readers, jammed the Zine TON SWITCHBOARD with calls, trying to FIND OUT just WHAT is the UNSPOKEN RULE OF KEWL. (Presumably so they Can Know How To Be Even Kewler Than They Undoubtedly Already Are.)

SO...by Popular Request, We bring you (at NO EXTRA COST!) the

Unspoken Rule of Kewl

..which is : → "Any person who, in a misguided effort to be Kewl, calls another person (a) a DORK!, (b) a Nerd or (c) a LOSER! **AUTOMATICALLY** becomes (a) A SUPER-DORK! (b) AN ULTRA-NERD! or (c) A MEGA-LOSER! respectively."

(So Let It Be Written ; So Let It Be Done.)

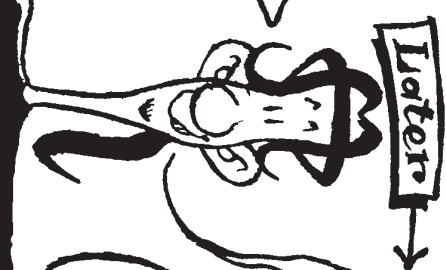
From **Kewl Dude Confessions!** Magazine for Men

Readers

"I Realized That By Calling JETT KEARU a Nerd, I Was Only Showing Everyone How Insecure I Was About My Own Perceived Kewiness!"

"It was a real eye-opener" said Monk (not his real name)... (his real name is Errol) "It all began one Dance Night I was talking

You may use this space to imagine your own catchy yet thought-provoking punchline for this comic. [Ed: We can't think of one.] This space →



Later

Well, I'll tell you, **THAT** sobered me up like a CHUNK of CHEDDAR at a CHILEAN CHEESE-CHEWING CHAMPIONSHIP. And as for JETT BRETT? Kewl as a KEWKUMBER, in my book. **YES, BELIEVE ME, you the appropriately relieved reader, the next time I come over to your place to borrow the LAWMOWER (or to borrow the GOAT if you live in an exotic far-flung mission field) I won't call you the "D" word, the "N" word or the "L" word. Your self-esteem is SAFE with me because there's NO WAY I'm going to risk being a SUPER, ULTRA or MEGA, you know, like, ... whatever!**

WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL (his MEDICAL - Military guy who does operations on people AND leads armies into battle) WARNS THAT LIFTING YOURSELF UP BY VERBALLY PUTTING SOMEONE ELSE DOWN IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR SPIRITUAL HEALTH



John 15:15
From
Henceforth I call you not servants [and I sure won't call you DORK, NERD OR LOSER]: but I have called you friends [you're KEWL!]

WHHEEE!
THAT'S A LOAD OFF!

For Your Viewing Pleasure, We Bring You Awe-Inspiring Selected Clippings From: **THE VERY OFFICIAL KEWL DUDES' SCRAPBOOK**