



#3



Ooze #3 - Fall 1994

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DeeLuxe™ Version

This is the rare "untampered" version of Ooze. Many places won't post this version because of "language" "etc."

You can print this issue for "easier" reading.
(Although it looks weird and doesn't fit on the page exactly.)

If you are having a problem seeing any text, (it wraps under the pictures etc.) try resizing the window. It usually works. Usually. If the cover page is not displaying properly (or at all) change the memory requirements to 1000k in the Get Info window.

Please post this around where you can. But don't screw it up or steal anything and call it your own.

For mail, gifts, sex slaves write to:
Matt Patterson 968 Tularosa Dr. #2 Los Angeles, CA. And yes, I have written a screenplay.
E-mail: drbubonic@aol.com
Send me your e-mail address for a subscription. Mention if you want the Mac version, Text version or both.

STAFF: Matt Patterson Ed Schmidt Joe Wagner Whitney Fitzgerald Pigpen Stephen Frowe
becky Nubba Zak and Gabe Wardell

Look for ooze in these popular spots! AOL: In the mac games forum. Back issues inside the Publications library. Compuserve: In the Mac Entertainment Forum Library under Games Additions/Add Ons GEnie: Mac area and in their games. Internet: Text on alt.zines and various other spots. If you have a server site and want Ooze let me know. If you post Ooze on the Internet, I'll plug you here. If you see ooze somewhere weird, let me know too.

Ooze back issues still available from me including ooze #2 Dirty Patch™. Ooze print #1 available for \$1.50. It's spiffy.



Anyone know how to write that weird text language (HHTT PPPPTH) for the WWW? Do you have lots of time and have no life of your own? Want to help me put ooze on the Web? Drop me a line, and your god will pardon you 2 sins.

And I regret to announce that after two issues we have violated our own computer joke ban. But they're not retarded.



LETTERS!

We got TONS of letters after issue #2, but they're all boring (except one) so we're printing these instead :



From The GENie Guy:

Reply: Item #9341140 from M.PATTERSON3
on 94/08/04 at 19:45

First off, let me apologize,[blah blah...]

That said, I cannot release the "OOZE" newsletter (even in the Adult file areas) because of the highly offensive subject matter. It is not just a matter of the language (which I'd rate a hard "R", if not an "X"), but the entire newsletter's focus and content. We only allow 'R-rated' GIFs in the adult sections, and we enforce GENie's policy of not allowing offensive material online.

To give you an example, I had to recently kill a[n] animation that was of a picture of Adolf Hitler with troops marching underneath and a rotating swastika, with the banner "Deutschland Uber Alles" (Germany over all). This file, while not x-rated, was offensive enough to most people as to be unreleasable on GENie.

GENie is a national service, and has far stricter guidelines than most local BBSes...[blah blah}.

Kevin Steele, Mac RT Library Manager.

SEE? OOZE WILL CORRUPT THE CHILDREN! Flee! Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't remember an article in Issue #2 advocating the extermination of six million people. On Compuserve they were a bit more rational in my rejection:

From: Peter Chin (Sysop), 76702,1246 Topic: Your OOZE#2

Date: Thu, Sep 1, 1994, 11:30:12 PM

Matt: I'm sorry but we cannot accept your OOZE#2 upload due to it's content containing the use of the copyright image of Mickey Mouse and references to oral sex, etc. As always, upload time is free. Thanks! -PC

I still want to know EXACTLY what oral sex,etc is! And I want some. Up next: letter of the month:

Dr Bubonic:

I have no friends, no family (I destroyed them all), and no job. Am I following in you hallowed footsteps? Am I trailing in your sacred image? HAIL OOZE. no. HEIL OOZE!!! THE GREATEST HUMAN TRIUMPH IN HISTORY!! LIFE IS NOT COMPLETE, THE WORLD HASN'T TURNED, CELLS DO NOT DIVIDE WITHOUT A SOUL CHANGED BY YOUR E-ZINE!!!!

I am writing on a computer in which I stole from the government. They are trailing me because of a microchip they planted in my brain.

Your humble servant

Keeko Karrko.

Not many people know that severe headaches are caused by microchips implanted in their brains. If you suffer from chronic migranes, you might want to drill a hole in your skull and take a look. Do Not Go to the Doctor! (He put it in there in the first place.)

THE
OOZE
KILLS KIDS



Diary of a Mall Security Guard



Feb. 17th

Woke up from drunken stupor. Partied hard last night with that Mad Dog we confiscated from those kids in the Food Court.

Feb. 30

I hate those damn kids. They think they run this mall. Almost got run over by a Jeep doin' fifty out of the Main Entrance. Could've lost my other toes. Then I had this flashback. Charlie all around us. Dove for cover behind a parked BMW and attempted to return fire. Guess I went overboard.

March 6.

Got lost going to Ben and Jerry's. Out of radio contact. Figured out we really screwed up when we saw the sign welcoming us to Ohio. It's supposed to be on the mezzanine. Got doughnuts instead.



Mach 12

Dynamited car parked in Fire Zone. Towing was too good for it. We all had a big laugh.

March 23

Why do I like this job so much? Besides the kickbacks, I guess it's the sexy uniforms. Found body under photobooth.

April 1

Man in suit told me I was fat and ugly. Shot him.

April 12

I was stationed outside of Waldenbooks when it hit me. It was back in 1953 and Dad said we could go fishing, but it rained all day. It was dark and cold. That was when I got my first big flashlight and I named it George. Just then I ran out of coffee.

April 15

I was protecting the citizenry when I wrote this poem.

Lily Skies

Private Eyes

Rolling Clouds

Pass the Fries

It brought a single tear to my wrinkled eye. Lady who worked in the Gap lent me a plaid hankie.

April 21

Saw rerun of Jake and the Fatman. Why did that have to go off the air? Policewoman, Hunter, Manimal, Rockford Files, Captain Kangaroo... why have they left me? I feel empty inside. Went out and gave a parking ticket to random lady. Didn't feel too much better.

October 12

Woke up inside temporal anomaly [note the date of entry] caused by a stress in the space-time continuum, most likely set off by the experiment with the microwave, the VCR and my digital watch that I was conducting in the basement. Won big at OTB.

May 1

I finally tried on those lacy things after the mall closed today. It wasn't all what Ed made it out to be.

May 4

I had a dream last night in which I was a hot dog bun, and this hotdog kept trying to jump inside me. I think this might be some sort of left over guilt from having missed the Angel's game last night.

May 15

I decided on a career move. It's time to move on. Time to blaze new trails. I'm being stationed at the other end of the mall.

Simple Phrases I'd Like To Know In Every Language

Hey! Come back with my Tuna Salad!
Boy, are my arms tired. You try it.
Have you seen my prostate around?
We've replaced your Folger's Crystals...
...with Boric Acid.
Let her go! It's me you want.
This isn't coffee! It's pig's blood.
I've successfully staved off the coming
of the Anti-Christ for two centuries.
I'm a serial killer. What do you do?
No. How much for **YOUR** wife?
Please don't execute me by rifle again.
No, that is what your water does to me.
I'm an American. You'll never be able to afford one.
5 DOLLARS! Isn't that like 50 Million Pesos?
Human Flesh tastes more like salmon than chicken.
You can't speak English? Are you Retarded?
No, that's my elbow.
Do you want lice with that?
In my country, spitting someone
in the face is a great compliment.
At least we don't eat our dogs.
Where did you buy those teeth?
I bet you can use those like
a flippy-flyer!
Don't worry, your women are
too hairy.
OK. But don't tell my Mom.





Jermy Nutmeyer- Age 6



Cindy Spengler - Age 9

Some Pictures from Our Readers

WHAT I REMEMBER OF THE 80s

I remember Madonna and Prince in the same room having sex but not with each other; masturbating to the sight of themselves in big elaborate mirrors while Michael Jackson watched while gulping a Pepsi and talking to his pet chimp Bubbles, whom it had been rumored had had sex with Liz Taylor, Brooke Shields, and the Elephant Man's bones.

I remember Bruce Springsteen accepting a big load of money to go down on Ronald Reagan; he even tried to spit it out later. The President later commented that he didn't remember anything about it. I watched our federal deficit skyrocket past the point of believability while Springsteen's shameless hucksterism reared its head with the release a 5-record set shipping billions before anyone had heard a note of it. If there was ever anyone in show business who cultivated a ridiculously bullshit image, it was this man.

I remember David Letterman with his smarmy comments and inane cynicism as a poor excuse for a counterculture, and wondering whether or not he was a right-wing plot to encourage all malcontents and non-conformist youth to kill themselves.

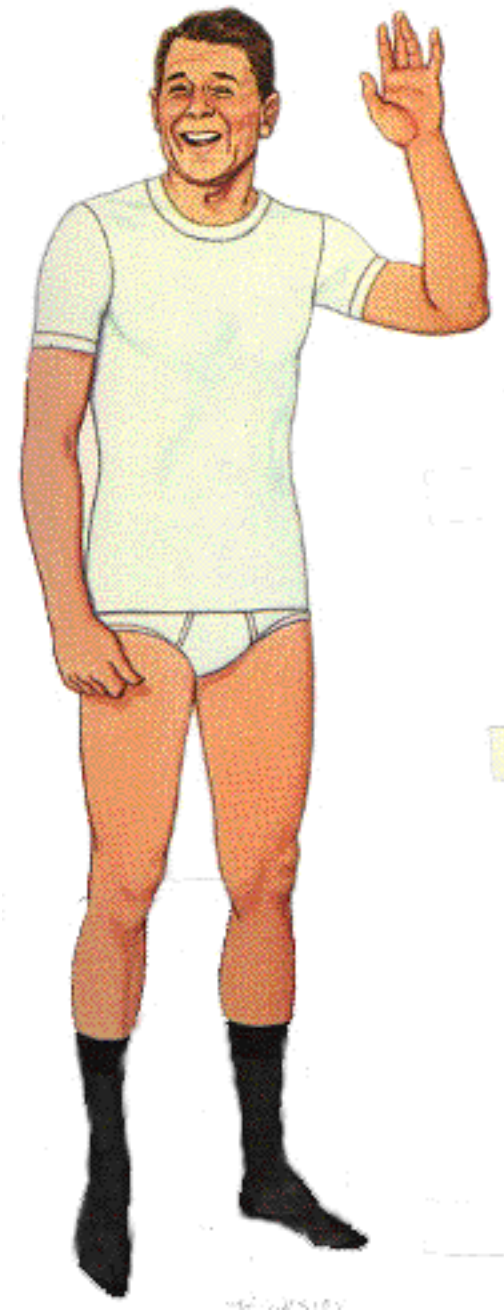
I remember Jimmy Swaggart playing with his congregation's donations looking for a woman to pose in strange positions while he masturbated with religious ecstasy into a condom. I remember Jim Bakker getting his rocks off and Oral Roberts lining his pockets. I remember hoping that Billy Graham's whole global crusades operation was a front for international drug trafficking.

I remember nobody gave much of a damn about politics, and as a natural consequence politicians didn't give much of a damn about them.

I remember Oliver North becoming a hero, and accepting gratuities from American citizens who obviously had a bit too much money in their hands.

I heard Ronald and Nancy's astrologer finally explain to me the logic behind some of the great decisions of our time. I watched those in government and the church (and to a lesser extent the school system) encourage hatred and homophobia the same way that they had encouraged brutal sexism and unyielding racism in the past decades.

Tired of the youth culture and fed up with the old men who got us where we are today, I gave up, withdrew, and decided to ignore it all and sit around listening to old Miles Davis records. I would encourage anyone else to do the same in the absence of a better alternative.



Me'n Sting



When I was first hired to do an interview with Sting by **Ooze** Magazine I wasn't sure I was prepared to deal with a personality of that magnitude. Ever since he left that deadbeat band of untalented nobody's and hangers-on, **The Police**, and headed out on his own musical direction with **Dream of the Blue Turtles**, I've known the man was a true visionary; he had seen the future of Rock and Roll and all humanity. Then there was Nothing Like the Sun... and I thought Wow! Shakespeare! This man's a genius.

Now as I sit in my small but elegantly appointed West Side loft smoking French cigarettes and drinking expensive and politically correct Danish coffee I wonder what Sting had done to deserve to be interviewed by a writer of my almost indescribable talents. I open my window and look down upon the nameless and faceless swarm of useless peasants and wonder how Sting can hold it in his heart to go down to Brazil and suffer in the sweltering heat of the Rainforest in order to save their miserable and pathetic lives and the even more miserable and pathetic lives of their children yet to be born; perhaps I'll ask him.

I remember seeing his picture while he stood among the short brown natives of the upper-Amazon basin and being very impressed that he had managed to maintain his lovely lily-white European complexion in such a sultry and inhospitable clime. I find it almost impossible to believe that the Academy of Motion Picture Art and Sciences could have denied this saint-like man an Oscar for any of his stellar screen performances in such underrated masterpieces like: *Dune*, *The Bride*, and *The Adventures of Baron von Munchausen*. I'm not, of course, surprised that those short-sighted philistines would have denied him as they had the audacity not to even mention my much touted cameo in the silent, black and white, three minute, undergraduate, student film "*The Unbearable Angst of Growing-Up White, Male, and Upper-middle Class: or Why Am I Forced To Deal With Ordinary People*".

Now that I have I brought myself into a sympathetic relationship with Sting I pick up the phone and prepare to dial his unlisted number while wondering if I should address as him Mr. Sting, or Gordon.

The phone rings; once, twice, three-times.

ME: "As we are both artists, Sting, I wonder how you can be so magnanimous towards the branded critics who so completely misunderstood, what I consider to be your brilliant portrayal of Mac the Knife in Berthold Brecht's "Three Penny Opera"? His voice fills the ear-piece of my phone.

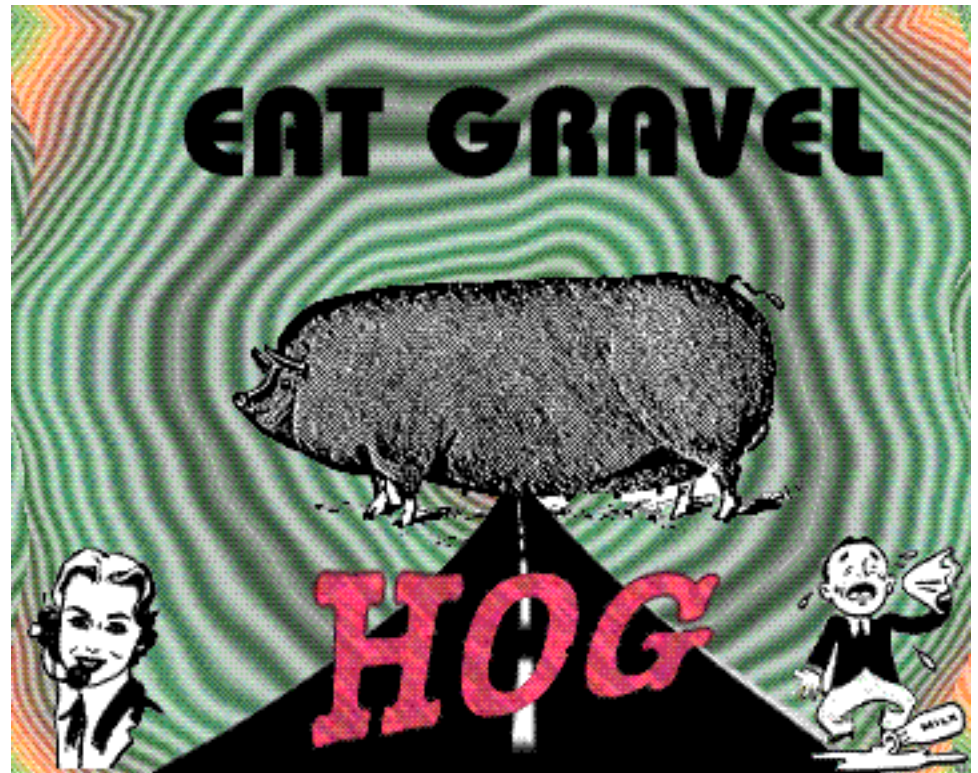
STING: "Is this that pretentious rag **Ooze** ? I thought I told you I wouldn't even recycle that crappy piece of trash! Even to wipe my ass! If you call me again I'm siccing the Fed's on you."

ME: Thank you Gordon. I wish you the best of luck on your future projects. So I sat down, drank a cup of espresso, and thought about how cool I really am.

REVIEWZ

RECORD IS PERFECT

The Screaming Puppies new album, *Eat Gravel Hog*, is a culmination of the group's synthesis of its Genesis, and a kickin' record to boot. Released on vinyl, the album comes with a beautiful glossy, full colour cover. There is an attractive family snapshot of the band at Christmas, (Erik Jammer, guitarist/Dad) (Erin Jammer, bass/Mom) (Patty, drummer/Sister) (Baby Dan, vocals/Baby) and the back features a listing of every track on the record.



I was pleasantly surprised to find that inside the record cover was a 12" LP! Protecting the firm, yet pliable nylon is a record jacket that had all the words (lyrics) printed on it. What a bonus! The disk itself is a deep jet black, and has many grooves on each surface. Some of the grooves were large, most were small. I shrieked with delight when I noticed the record had a perfectly centered hole in the middle, so the disk wouldn't spin lopsided like the rest of the band's albums. My only complaint was that I couldn't figure out how the damn thing loaded into my CD player.

Finally, Screaming Puppies have gotten it right. Their album is practically perfect.

The World's STUPIDEST shareware

What is the World's Stupidest Shareware?

Imagine a program so asinine that it's entertaining. Programming so painful, so incompetent, it's funny.

This issue's featured program: [Birdpoop](#)

Birdpoop isn't necessarily the worst program, but it's still pretty stupid. In this game you are a guy whose mission is to stand under a bird and only collect the "golden" poop, avoiding the regular kind.

Y

equation that analyzes the amount of poop you are exposed to. When you exceed that allowance, the game is over. The game runs in system 7 and color. Do not be alarmed if your pointer fails to show up. You haven't crashed. Just point the clock at "Play" and click. Use the mouse to move your guy around. It actually runs on a Power Mac (but real fast.)

Do you have a piece of stupid shareware you'd like to share?

Send a note to drbubonic@aol.com about the program. (mac only for now). Another example is a program I found called "crash!" It's 9k and causes your computer to crash. Pretty useless, but nonetheless a good time for all.

About the Author

Rev. George Patterson is a senior at oberlin college. He is a History major, yet I have never seen him read a book. Maybe he has a time travel device, I don't know. You can e-mail him at SGP3407@ocvaxa.cc.oberlin.edu.



Author of Birdpoop. circa 1987

Push Button
to play game.



Some Thoughts on Religion

I saw a TV segment about Buddhist monks who, in the winter, built a gigantic statue of the Buddha from butter. It took two monks all winter to complete it. When the weather warms, the statue melts to the ground. When questioned as to why they spent so much time on a work, only to have it melt a few months later, the monks explained that all things are destroyed eventually, so why not. I think they were just covering up and consume the statues in a lipid frenzy in order to look more like the Buddha.



Prophets and the Mail

If Jesus AND Satan both had a Mailbox, who would get more mail and why? What kind of mail would they get? Would people rubber-band Chinese takeout menus to their door, or would they be AFRAID? Would the Discover Card people mail them anything? Would Satan's box be all hot inside? Who would get the J. Crew and who the Victoria's Secret? And what would they order?

Could Jesus get mail on Sundays and National Holidays? Could He get mail after the post office closes? Would this count as a Miracle? Would they have open their mailbox like the rest of us, or would they just magically open when they will it to? Would Satan get Anti-Mail? What is Anti-Mail, and what would it do to our MAIL INDEX if we got it?

What about Buddha? What about Mohammed? What about Dan Rather? What kind of mail do they get? If Buddha got more mail than Jesus would that make Buddhism the ONE TRUE RELIGION? Or is it just that Buddha likes to mail away for more shit? What can we learn from the answers to these questions? Answer briefly in the space provided below.



the End of Time?....

I met a man in the park today who said God is an intelligent alien life form living outside the solar system, and we were projections of its conscious. I laughed at him, but then he seemed to shimmer and disappear.



REAL DOCUMENTS FOUND IN THE TRASH II

YOU DESERVE A BREAK TODAY

You deserve a break today
Come on and get it now
Shove a Big Mac down your throat
Sacrifice another cow!

Billions and billions customers served
Says the famous, golden arches sign
That means millions of animals killed
On the slaughterhouse assembly line!

Yes, you deserve a break today
So come and bring a large towel
To wipe your hands from blood
Of butchered cows, pigs and fowl!

Let the little children know
What McDonald's would like to hide
That the hamburgers they sell
Are animals that once were alive!

Ronald is a well known character
Who's job is very slick
In deceiving all the children
He only makes them **sick!**

Come over to McDonaldland
For happy burgers, shakes and fries
That clog up your arteries
And slowly make you die!

In so many countries around the world
McDonald's is spreading like flies
Massive amounts of clever advertising
Feeding you so much garbage and lies!

Fast food, **poison treats**, chemical feasts
Coca cola and grease-soaked french fries
The more junk food and carcasses sold
The quicker the unaware people will die!

Faster, faster, faster food
Which leads to more and more
Cancer, stroke and heart disease
Watch your blood pressure soar!

They're cutting down the rainforests
To make more destructive grazing land
So we can have more wasteful meat
While taking grain from starving hands!

Watch out for your neighborhood
McDonald's is moving in real soon
Bringing all their styrofoam trash
And Ronald, the *smiling buffoon!*

Their conspiracy is written all over
The sickening bloody golden arches signs
As you all begin to learn the truth
You too can read between the lines!

Millions of animals murdered and sold
Don't they deserve a break today?
From McDonald's houses of **death**
We should all stay far, far away!

**HELP STOP THIS MADNESS -
PLEASE MAKE COPIES AND DISTRIBUTE**



Bur

There is something very wrong and very sick about a society that not only ritually **mutilates** it's babies in the guise of the normal "*practice*" of **circumcision**, but also takes these half men and their mostly intact females and sends them to the "*shopping*" mall?



The demented stumbling child-king we sometimes call the "**mainstream**" **media**, in cohorts with **MALL OWNERS** and the corporate heads of "chain" retail stores are plotting the veritable **BRAINWASHING OF OUR YOUTH** in the form of their dirty [products] of pure 92 percent **EVIL!** You may see them as simple, "harmless" items, like **Cabbage Patch Kids** or sometimes **PLAY DOUGH** and it's ilk, but really these are transmitters which connect directly to the TENDER FLESHY BRAIN of youth and {unintentionally} our senior citizens which are filled with such disrupting messages as, "**I eat gay**" and "**I lick, I lick, I lick**". This is the cause of that nauseous feeling you get every time you walk in a mall i.e. Persian Gulf War, Homelessness, Drugs. You are probably asking yourself, "**WHAT CAN I DO?** Should I stop going to the mall?". You only wish it could be that simple.

IT IS. IT IS. IT IS! **The Apostles of Bur** have the answer. You can block these "rays" and protect your TENDER FLESHY BRAIN with our official **Apostles of Bur Head Garb**, or "holy" Headcloth. Each one [contains] fibers from the mystical **Shroud of Turin**, and has been blessed by one of our fully qualified "ministers". How much would you be willing to pay for complete protection from **EVIL?** Well put away your big bills because with the coupon {below} and only **ONE DOLLAR** you can get your own "*holy*" Headcloth! Just put that crisp cash in an envelope and write, "**I WANT AN OFFICIAL Apostles of Bur HEAD GARB!**" and address it to: "**Rev.** [George Patterson OC 1702 44074 USA](#)

In the meanwhile if you put a wet rag on your head you can expect to be able to shop with a minimum of contamination.

How To Beat ANY Video Game

I have beaten every single game I have ever played. My secret you ask? Simple: Concentrate TOTALLY on the game. You can enter Zen Buddhist state of total video. Ignore any pleas of help, any work you should be doing, or any hunger pangs from your malnourished carcass.

First you must clear your mind and think of nothing. Then, start up the game. Now focus all your mental energy on the screen. Think of a koan or mantra and repeat it to yourself over and over.

"Mario Brothers is fun. Mario Brothers is fun," works for me. If you are doing it right, you should be easily able to ignore the stares of passing strangers. You are well on your way to total pixel-harmonization.

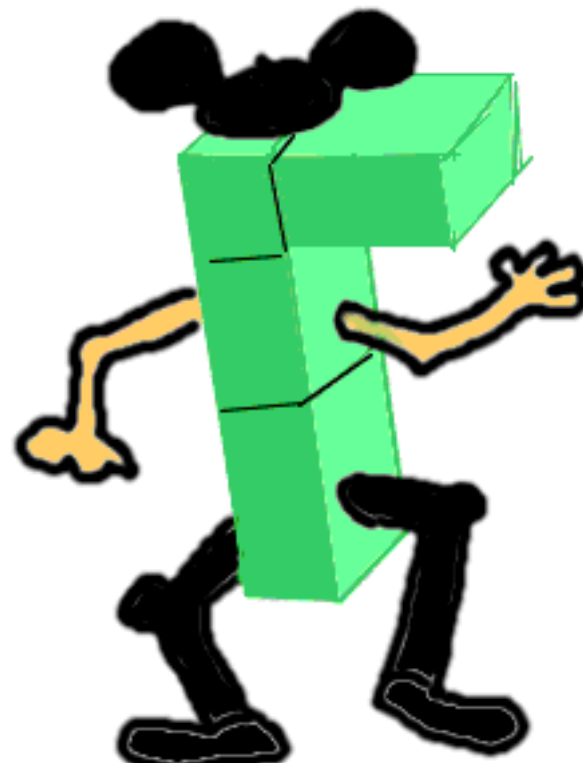
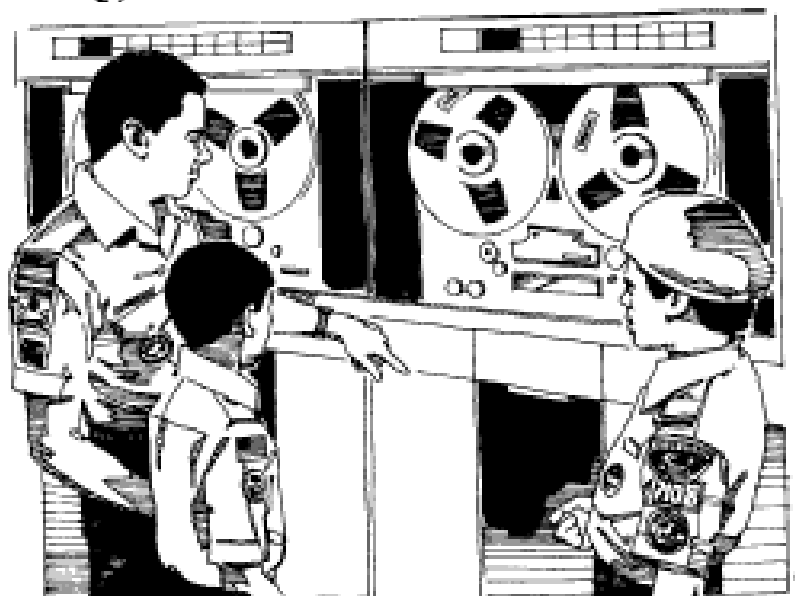
I started Tetris just toying around with it. I sort of liked its numbing simplicity. Then I heard that weird things happened at the end of each level. I really wanted to see them. I started out on level 0. A breeze. A little man played his song with a banjo. I couldn't believe the disappointment. Then, for no reason it hit. I started thinking that my life depended on the outcome of this game.

You MUST do this as well. Become the game. A good sign of this occurring is either visual or audio hallucinations. When I closed my eyes I couldn't think of anything but little Tetrises. That night I dreamed of little twisting blocks. At school, people became long oddly shaped forms. I failed all my tests for the day. I couldn't talk to anyone. I could only configure these...these...tetrises! The next day I destroyed the game and beat level 9 and 5. The ending sucked but I had achieved a technical Nirvana.

Some people might argue that this type of game-playing is dangerous, but I think it "enhances" reality.

I started up Super Mario World and thought was pretty basic stuff. That day I was supposed to go to Disney World. But I was compelled to beat it. I just wanted to see what happened if I beat it 2 times in a row. I played for 5 hours straight and did it. As we bolted out to Disney World a peculiar thing happened... Blip! I looked around only to find that the Gameboy was nowhere in sight. After an hour, the blips of crushed goombas was becoming more frequent. Then the music kicked in. I was jukin' and jivin' in the middle of the Magic Kingdom to the level 3 music. I was freaked, even though Mr. Toad's Wild Ride was greatly enhanced. Disney World might have sucked otherwise. Eventually the hallucinations stopped, in a few weeks.

The point is, total concentration works. No matter how painful it sounds, it works. Thank you.
-David11056@aol.com a.k.a. Stephen Frowe (pronounced like the 70s hairstyle 'fro) Ingram.



Culture, Cookies, Quality

Open up a pack of Oreo cookies and not only will you find a great tasting treat, but a paradigm of the quality process.

For thousands of years, people have baked cookies in a countless variety of ways. Even armed with similar recipes, no two grandmothers' results are ever identical. This is due to variations in oven temperatures, barometric pressure, and one grandmother's inability to differentiate between sugar and salt.

The only other option open to the public was to purchase a cookie from a baking professional. However, these confections not only would go stale after a day or two, but were usually sold from shops of dubious standards. You never really knew if you were biting chocolate chips, raisins, or a "random element". Shortly after World War II, while researching aeronautical heat-shielding technology, a scientist accidentally discovered an edible creme-like polymer. What good could it possibly be? The cookie people were the first to catch onto its unique properties. The vanillaesque filling was put between two crunchy chocolate wafers. Manufactured by a giant, trust worthy corporation, and produced in incredible volume they produced a tasty cookie low in price. They were virtually indestructible and had a half-life of around fifty-seven years. The most important feature of this Industrial miracle was that EVERY COOKIE WAS EXACTLY THE SAME. They were uniform in size, shape, color, texture, and taste. All Americans would share in a common cookie communion. How was this possible? Research into preservatives, emulsifiers, advanced baking techniques, automation and a better transportation infrastructure, all led to the development of this übercookie.

Each phase of production is handled by specialized experts responsible to maintain a consistent level of quality. If a batch of wafers were flawed, they'd be disposed of.

People responded to these new fruits of a technological society with unparalleled gusto. Some would dunk the Oreo in milk for a proscribed amount of time. Others would split two cookies, each in half, and reseal the two ends with creme filling to create a "doublestuff". The company responded to the customers by launching new product lines, (the Doublestuff and Giantstuff) and incorporating these habits into their commercials, working them into the mass unconsciousness. The Oreo cookie came out of a scientific and consumerist soup to prey upon the cultural zeitgeist of a new generation. Not many people today even question its origins or why it remains so popular. Consistent quality is the answer. I just hate the way they make your gums all black. It looks like you have radiation sickness.



Computer Games that Never Made It

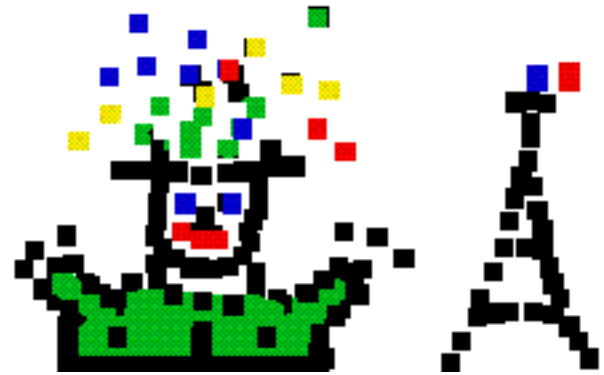
Sim Sewer™

Recreate the fabulous sewers of history.. Paris! New York! Ancient Rome! or design your own! Look out for used condoms, deadly poop, and the blind albino alligator known only as "Bill".



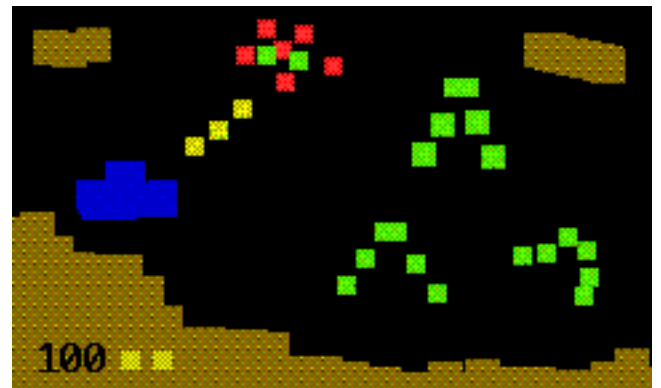
Where in the World is Carmen Miranda?©

Can you find Carmen Miranda before she takes over the world with her deadly hat? Follow her trail of fruit to exotic locales. Ships with complimentary fruit basket.



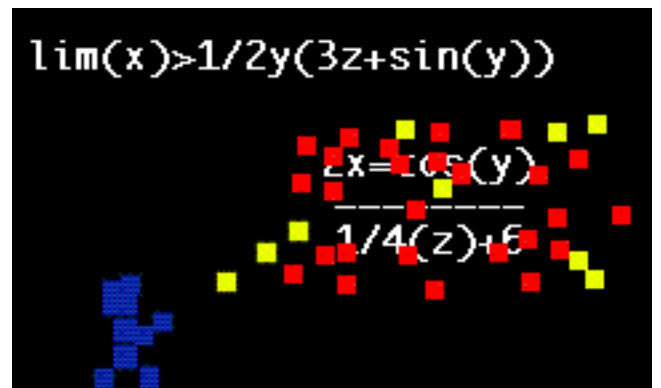
Colon Commander™

Your Mission: You must make sure that the feces makes it out of the colon..alive! Fight encroaching Cancer Warriors and the RingWorm™ Empire in their battle to shut ColonSpace™ down.. Forever! Over four million levels, all very similar.



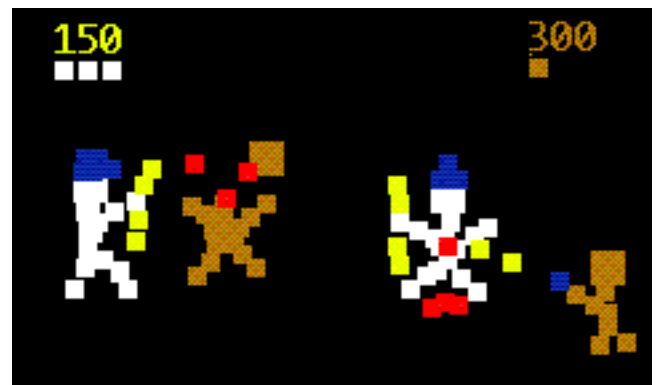
Calculus Blaster™

Make Higher Math Fun! Good for kids of all ages! Help the alien Zuop™ solve Advanced Calculus equations as they whiz by. Can be sped up to meet your youngsters ability. Put the F back in Calculus!



Let's Have a Race Riot! ®

Pit yourself against another player or the man himself. You are the last hope of your race, and this time there's no mercy! Hundreds of weapons and targets to choose from. Burn the mall with Napalm? Thrash the ghetto with helicopter dropped bombs? The possibilities are only limited by your imagination.. and hatred!



YOU IDIOT!

You think we actually included the mac version in this .pdf file?

