

unpleasantness: congestion occurs on the expeditious route. Arrival at your domicile is delayed hours.

What if you could just float above the turmoil? That's the concept of Luft.

Initially developed for traversing the archipelagos and fjords of Scandinavia, Luft, the world's first app-based dirigible ridesharing platform, is now engaging riders across the United States. It works in the following way: When circumstances require you to rise above the machinations of progress, simply engage the Luft app and program your destination. Then, a local airship enthusiast will plot a course to your location (or nearby mooring mast). Once your transport has arrived, you will simply undergo a brief frisk to exclude any sharp objects or incendiary devices.

Now feel the unencumbered majesty of airship travel! You and your destination could be reunited in as little as three hours, all without the eternal anguish and dense constipation of automobile travel.

Name the thing that you are waiting for! Our fleet of hot air balloons is ready to engage riders! We are dedicated to efficiently moving your body (and one personal item) from its current location to a new location selected by you!

I know your thoughts: "What if my desires include the premium airship experience?" It is unnecessary to speak further: Introducing Luft Stratos. Luft Stratos offers the unique experience of airship travel for riders marinating in the sumptuous lifestyle. (A reminder: with the choice of Luft Stratos, many hours of preparation may be required to prepare your zeppelin, semi-rigid dirigible, or blimp. Additionally, we often declaim to Luft Stratos riders that containing a snack may have a preferable outcome.)

One feedback of frequency is: I am with passion for the Luft experience, but when I measure my daily regimen against the elapsing of time, there is a shortcoming. This is feedback that we have noted vigorously! For this reason we have implemented Luft Pronto.

Luft Pronto utilizes Skyhook technology developed by U.S. Government Central Intelligence Agency as a way to offer expedited egress. Simply allow the helium balloon to draw the 150 meter steel cable into the air, adorn yourself

with the attached safety harness, and sit with your back facing the wind. One of our amateur airplane enthusiasts will fly overhead and seize the balloon from the bosom of the sky, whisking you away from your current location while hoisting your body (and one personal item) into the cargo bay of the airplane. Once inside, riders can attach themselves to the provided parachute and simply debark from the airplane when appropriate, drifting down toward the vicinity of their business meeting, social engagement, or urgent hospital stay.

When you just need to get somewhere without the mental discomfort and frustration of automobiles interlocked in the coitus of rush hour, or if you just desire to float, Luft is available for your enjoyment and carriage!

—Maxx Ziegler

## REAL ESTATE.

All right team, we're aiming to build the most terrifying house possible. So here's the game plan:

First things first, we're in Victorian-era England, where most of the houses look haunted already. So, good job, we have

that going for us.

In terms of the exterior, we need to fill the backyard area with a ton of creepy-ass vegetation. My suggestion would be the Great Banyan Tree, *Ficus benghalensis*, native to India. The trunk looks like it's made of several strands of tree hairs, and the branches naturally spread out in an eerie spider-like fashion, which is the general vibe that we're going for.

Next, the foundation. What we're really looking for is a foundation that is simultaneously massive and flimsy. Ideally, it would be cool if on windy days, the house could kind of sway back and forth like an interpretive dancer. Creaking is key. Where is it coming from? *Everywhere*.

We need to decide at some point if we're using wood or bricks. If we use wood, we gotta make sure it's the kind that looks like it's been semi-terrorized by termites. If we use bricks, we gotta get the crumbly kind. (Which, bonus, will be cheap.)

The shape of this house is really important because it frames the interior. Make it pointy on the tops, very pointy, and long and scary for the main parts.

Now let's talk interior.

People often poetically quote that the



# “YA CAN’T PUT A PRICE ON MONEY.”

The sawdust-n-tinsel ghetto of Top Town ain’t a Sunday School show, pally. Danger hangs in the air like the smell of popcorn, whiskey and fear. When the heat comes down on this mob of circus has-beens, there’s only one joey you can trust:

## REX KOKO PRIVATE CLOWN



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eyes are the windows to the soul. Riffing off of that, we want to make our windows the rotting teeth of this house. I want them stained. I want them smelling weird all the time. I want them shrouded by a large, preferably red, curtain. And I know this is ambitious, but it would be optimal if we could get someone, maybe once a month, to stand in the window at night. Just...looking.

And then when a passerby, like a kid on a bike, takes notice, they would quickly pull the curtains closed as if to imply to that passerby, “We got secrets and some nefarious shit is happening up in here.”

We have two options for the overall look of the interior: completely empty or completely furnished. If empty, we want white sheets over all the furniture and a cloudy sheen over all the mirrors, as if they have cataracts. If completely furnished, we want full Versailles décor, gold emblems, huge oil paintings of some dead kings and stuff, a grand piano, the works.

Regardless of which route we take, there will be a locked door near the basement *no matter what*.

Okay. Now we want to add a finishing touch to elevate this house from “terrifying” to “unholy.” We get a murder of crows to circle the top of the house—

like the chimney area, and maybe the turret—on every cloudy day. Yes, we’ll have to train them. And there’s no better guy for the job than Tommy, our crow guy. Call Tommy. Yeah, call Tommy now.

Finally, we place this house in the center of this dump called “London.” In two hundred years, this sucker’ll be worth a cool ten million dollars.

—Jennifer Kim

## PINOCCHIO RUNS FOR OFFICE.

Folks, don’t be fooled by all the phony buzz:

I’m no one’s puppet, and I never was. I didn’t torture an endangered whale. At Pleasure Island, I did not inhale.

You say you’ve seen the footage? It’s all wonky—

I’m solid GOP, no hint of donkey. My only kind of “circus”? Media. (Ignore those pics on Wikipedia.)

And what about the rumor—so damn nasty!—

that constant lying led to rhinoplasty at some chic clinic north of Bimini? A smear by my opponent, Jiminy.

—Melissa Balmain **B**

CERISE ZELENETZ

