



"BAD CONTENT"

SLUETH-JARY 2019

excuse me monsieur,



I DETECT

SARCASM

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In response to the very unflattering feature in last week's edition.

I am very disappointed with the way your latest periodical shamelessly slandered Mr. Al Capone, calling him (among other libellious things) a bootlegger, murder and fan of puppet theater. Now I have not met Mr. Capone (though I have seen photos of his succulent lips and field-wheat eyes) but I can assure you that he is no fan of marionette-based amusements. Not that theres anything wrong with puppetry, in fact some would say he is MORE masculine because it takes a sense of developed appreciation for meticulous craft.

Some of these modern puppets have hundreds of points of articulation! Imagine how deft a man would have to be, to properly guide a puppet in such away to mimic a living being, not only in gesticulation, but in acting-- bringing out the very nature of our true souls! Yes, if a man as handsomely girthy as Mr. Capone appears to be, enjoys the pure wringing of emotion from a simple wood carving, then allow him to! You sirs, cast stones as puppeteers turn wood to life itself! Would you berate the alchemists who turn sand to gold? Or the juniper to gin?

Regards,
Snorky

\$10 OFF!

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PUPPETEER

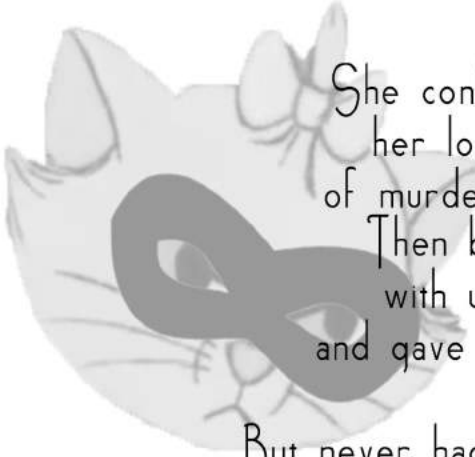
Calling true visionaries. Interested applicants come to the Green Mill. Ask for Al.

"FOUR WORDS EVERY MAN FEARS"

-Publishers Weekly



**DIRK
FELL
FROM
HEAVEN**



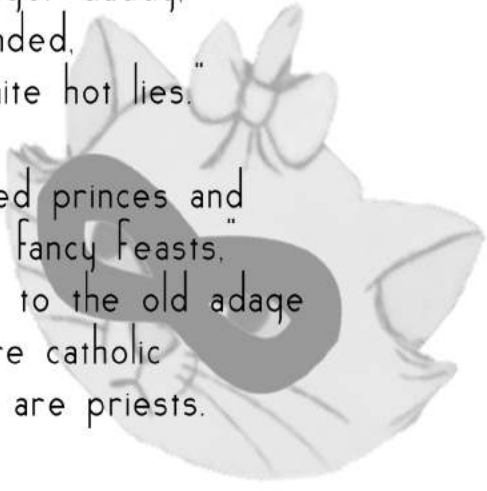
She confessed to me
her love of crime,
of murder and of theft.
Then baptized me
with used gun oil
and gave my spirits heft.

But never had she solved a case
or even framed a man.
She hasn't read the books I like --
I'm doubtful that she can.

My bookshelf scorned a pyramid of pulp,
you cannot fathom how I feel.
That's why I learned
to transmute my love
from fire into steel.

She wafered like a communion cracker,
as I morphed before her eyes
"There's my danger daddy,"
she contended,
"Now tell me white hot lies."

"I'll rob one hundred princes and
steal one thousand fancy feasts."
Because there is truth to the old adage
that all cats are catholic
but some beasts are priests.





Fuck with this

WET
MAN

AND YOU'LL GET

A ZIPPY RETORT



*It'd time
offer*

**She Looked Like a Weeping Willow
*Minus the tree part***

**A Hot Wind and a Dead Bird
*Are all the Clues I Need***

**It was a Dead End
*in that He Died from It***

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Carl shuffled into the room like he always did:
looking very unable to tell if he had toes.

He had siphoned a **gullet full of rail rye** on the way over,
but his heart had room for a gallon more.

It wasn't just work.

It wasn't just love.

Actually it was just work.

He was the President's body man and today that body had gone on the lam.

Deputy Agent in Charge of VIP Loadout Carl Dabney
had recorded one particularly notgood morning.

This time, *Johnny Ripe and the Cockring Gang* struck too close to home.

They got hands on Taft.

As a boy, Carl always dreamed he'd meet a handsome end.

Instead things had fast turned quite ugly.

Why would someone kidnap an elderly statesman
then mail his **whole ass** to my porch, Carl wondered gravely.

If the papers got wind of this there would be no salvaging
his boss's ironclad legacy as a buttcheek-haver.

He nodded graver still.

"Christ, I'm terrible at PR."

Carl shrugged, got his boots together and headed back out into
what must be the afternoon sun by now.

The only course of action to save America's face would be by
impersonating Mr. Taft at the annual Meeting of Prospectors and Landowners
this very Sunday.

By Carl's count, that left 34 hours to **skin enough rabbits** to craft a reasonable mustache
then **scour enough ham** to sell six very bright men on this bigbody gambit.

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"William Howard, as I live and breathe!
Those hammocks looking mighty slim, is Helen withholding your rightful slop."
Jack Rockeller greeted him with disgusting snark posed as earnest inquiry.

"Shit," Carl lamented internally.

On the upside, he had donned a passable Taft, but on the flipside he skimped out on the one thing that could blow his cover wholesale: a believable backside.

Carl hardened his resolve.

"Jack, you two-bit goomba, perhaps I burned off some calories chasing down oil and diamonds for your stakeholders, as is my sworn oath,"
Carl-as-Taft retorted with perfect pitch.

Got em, his smirk shouted inaudibly.

They both laughed heartily, as men in the past were bred to do.

"Well we can't get this meeting underway, until we perform the secret handshake of our divine order," added Hank Ford.

"Gal darn the thought of me," Carl angrily thought.

He'd seen this 'handshake' before: both parties slip trow and touch bottoms for no more than three seconds under a red sun.

"If I do this, half my ham's will spill into the dirt,"
Carl thought while sighing theatrically.

"Let's see it, you blithe coward," now Carnegie Melon egged him on.

Carl-as-Taft whipped out his buns and shocked the boys that day.

Only an eagle-eyed sorcerer would be able to tell that he taped Taft's recently-shorn bottom to his own.

And none of these men were eagle-anything.

"That's an insane backside T," praised everyone in unison totally deceived by every metric.

Carl-as-Taft grinned wide and secured his future.

"Now, friends, take me to the man whom ordered my death!"

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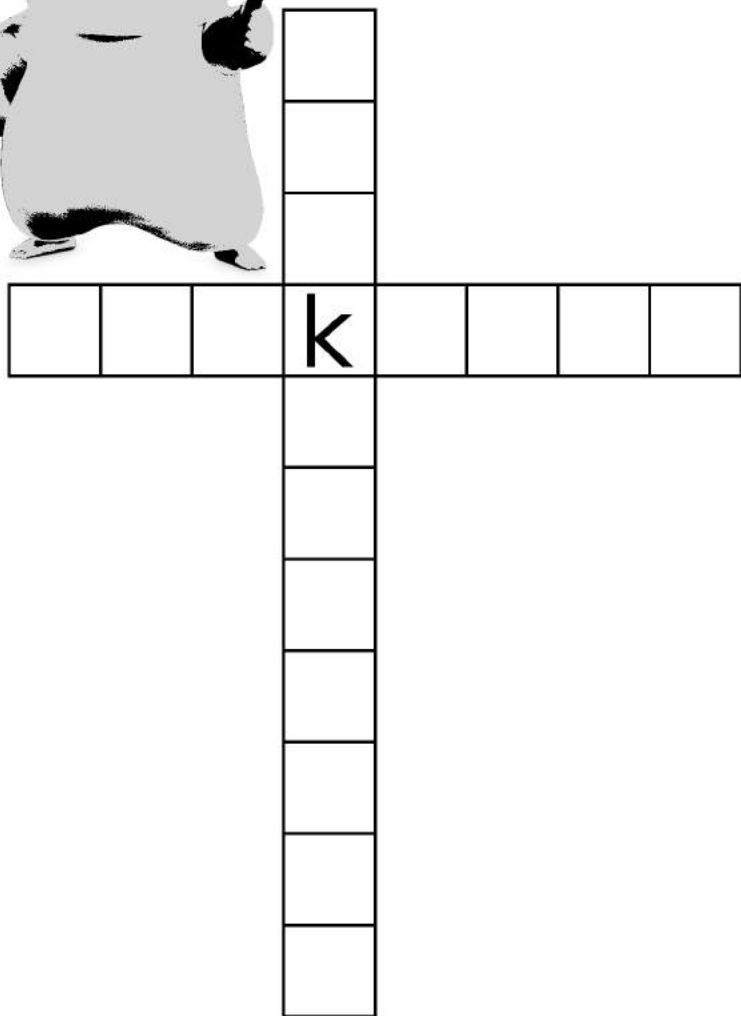
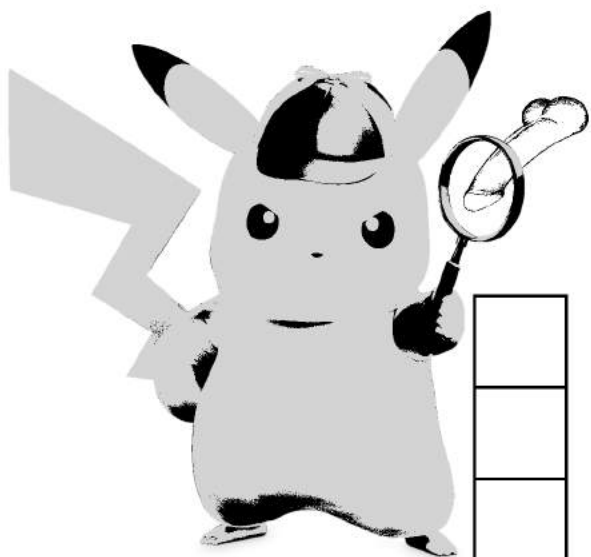
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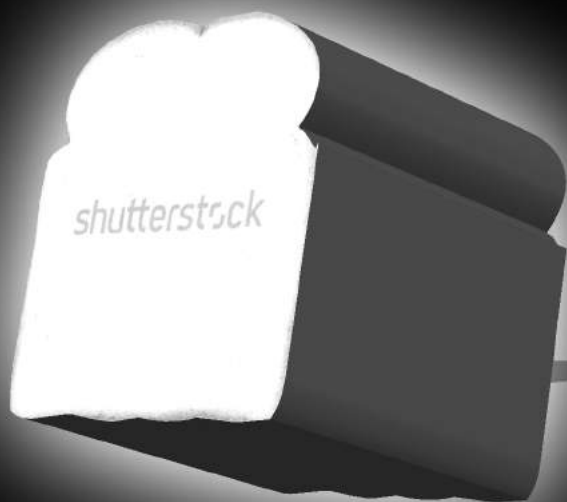
SLAP



**THE
INFORMANT**



The only french word I know



"un baguette por favor"

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THE SLEUTHIN' 17

SONGS FOR STAKEOUTS, SNEAKING AND SEDUCTION

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	2 WKS AGO	WKS ON CHART	Artist	Title
1	NEW ▶		1	Listen Officer	He was Dead When I Got Here
2	3	6	5	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
3	1	1	2	The Dashiell Escape Plan ▼	The Continental Pop
4	2	5	11	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
5	4	10	27	Lorelei ▲	Haunted You On
6	6	11	6	Mumford [REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
7	10	3	25	Phlegm Fatale ▲	Broken In Slacks Don't Crease
8	9	9	4	Kerb Surf ▲	Hot Dame for a Cold Tuesday
9	11	16	2	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
10	12	14	19	Willie Rye & the Blackboards	Chalk Full of Bourbon
11	16	19	21	Ray Chand	Your Lover Would Be (within their Rights)
12	17	15	13	Bloody Hail Mary	Thick Sauce & Hell
13	20	22	12	Big Tone ▼	The Smoke Drifts Down Your Throat
14	22	38	7	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
15	25	13	17	Weezer ▲	Pinkerton
16	26	12	5	Face for [REDACTED]	[REDACTED]
17	21	12	3	The Crime Beat-les	Just Revolver Again



B E W A R E



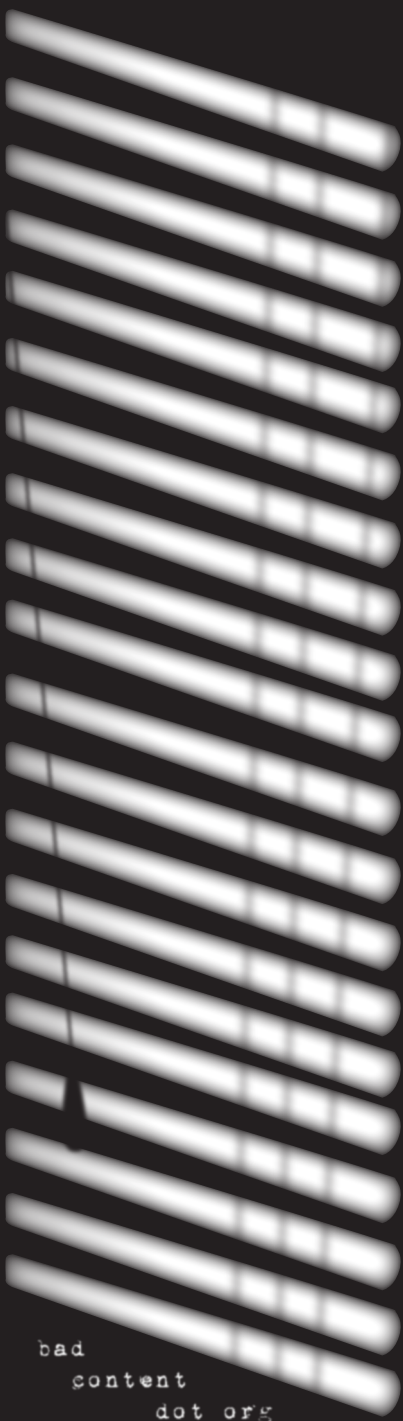
T R O U B A D O U R S L I C K



YOU HAVE LICKED ☹️ SOMETIMES YOU DON'T
STALE MUSTACHE THE BURNT COFFEE
UNTIL A MAN KNOWS OUT OF HIS



DECODER
RING
COSTS
EXTRA



bad
content
dot org