Strolling around the downtown of Magic City in -29°C (-20°F) weather that feels like -40°C/F may lead a reasonable man to seek the warmth of shelter. Does the man seek the false warmth of a drunken belly? Does he desire energy provided by a good meal? Maybe the joys of an intimate punk rock show should warm his soul. Perhaps the man desires only a nook to sit and read a book as his escape from the tyranny of the wind. As a cultured sophisticate, I enjoyed all

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of these pleasures of escape, and more! Most notably... THE HERETOFORE UNMENTIONED...

First, it is not at all important to understand a little history of this chilly place. 'Round 1886, with the construction of the railroad, a tent city popped up and the roots of the town were laid. Its rapid population growth garnered the town the nickname of "Magic City". When the liquor was illegalized in the roaring 20's the sherrif, "Nap" LeFleur, didn't qive a damn and even sold materials for bootlegging after telling the townsfolk that "the citizens of Minot (/mai-npt/) who desired, could manufacture and sell intoxicating liquors." Along with the law's dismissive approach to prohibition, the city served as a sort of supply point for Al Capone. Many tunnels were built to facilitate such smugglery, and with large

numbers of paid whores (/'hu-ərz/) and dens of opium the rough town gained another nickname of "Little Chicago". I

will ctrl+c, ctrl+v a humorous section I found regarding the governor trying to deal with the sherrif and a petition by 5 townsfolk pussies - "Governor Shafer acted on the petition, ordering a hearing in Minot on October 8. The prosecutor there, P.M. Clark of Mohall, however, recommended that the case be dismissed. At a final hearing before the governor, in Bismarck, on November 4th, lawyers from both sides failed to show up, and the controversy fizzled out." Many years, an Air Force base, 2/35 of a nuclear triad, and a few floods later leads us to this day, in a nice little city that lies

50 miles south of the future state of Canada.



HHEN YOU LANP YOUR SPACE ORBITOR ANP HHATS THE FIRST THING YOU SEE

A HUNPREP KIPS AND SEMI PRUNK PARENTS ALL HANGING OUT AT THE

SPENP YOUR RENT MONEY PLAYING NEW GAMES ANP YOURE FEELIN FUCKIN FREE

JK ABOUT THE RENT CUZ YOUR FUCKIN THEINE YEARS OLP HAVIN A GRANP OL TIME AT THE **FUCKING**

PIZZA PLANET NOT RECOMMENDED FOR CHILDREN OVER THE AGE OF 14

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THE PUTT DISTRICT IS KINDA SHIT. THREE GAMES, ALL COST MONEY. THE INDOOR PUTT PUTT IS NICE. THERE WAS A PARTY SO I HAD TO PLAY PUTT PUTT TO KILL TIME BEFORE I COULD GO TO THE ROOM WITH THE THREE MACHINES. GAMES WORKED. STAFF WAS NICE. OVERALL UNREMARKABLE. JUST GO TO THE WONDERFUL MAGIC CITY HOAGIES & SWEETS.

HEY KIDS, ARE YOU SAD BECAUSE YOU'RE BROKE? ARMY BRAT AND YOUR BUM DAD'S BLOWING ALL HIS CASH AT THE POOL HALL AGAIN? JUST ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY A SCOOP OF ICE CREAM?

WELL BOY ARE YOU IN LUCK!!!

GET YOUR NEGLECTED ASS DOWN TO MAGIC CITY HOAGIES & SWEETS! WHERE THE HUCKLEBERRY ICE CREAM IS GOOD AND EVERY FUCKING GAME IS FREE! FREE!! THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT! NOT EVEN THE UP NOT WORKING FOR PLAYER 2 ON THE PUNISHER MACHINE! GET OVER IT YOU ENTITLED PRICK! IT'S FUCKING F-R-E-E!! PLAY GAME AND HAVE FUN! RIGHT NOW!!

TURIZES

197

MORTAL BOARD