

Real things to Worry About In Case of a Frankenstorm

Written by Administrator

Friday, 26 October 2012 22:34 - Last Updated Monday, 29 October 2012 04:16

By now I guess everyone but me knew about this Super-PAC storm that is threatening to bring Freak Shows back to the Catskills and hanging chads back to Florida.

The weather team here at tinytowntimes.com has been at a loss as to what to say about Frankenstorm Preparation.

First and foremost, We think it's important that you understand one essential truth: There is no such thing as a "Frankenstorm."

Even so we advise anyone with a drug addiction or alcohol problem: Lay in plenty of supplies and rations in the unlikely event that Jackie Mason and bunch of other



Jewish comedians blow into town and start a Shriner's Club in the Old Masonic Temple.

All people who live in trailer parks best get their affairs in order and make peace with their maker because they are all gonna die.

If any National Guard troops disturb your silent terror with megaphones ordering you to evacuate, throw Halloween candy at them.

Don't bother the Mayor with questions about "emergency preparedness." We don't have a plan, ok? And if we did, would you *really* go along with it? Besides, this is the city that kicked Hydrilla's
Ass! You think the Powers That Be are worried about some zombie-shuffling swirl of bad intentions with big boots, a rigor mortis grin and a flat top? Oh yeh –
and rheumy eyes?

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If you're really scared, go hide in the salt mine. Ever been down there? I was. Real long time ago. Part of some Vision Quest Tour with this little guy from Fantasy Island. "Tattoo" he called himself, but there wasn't a mark on him. He just looked ridiculous in white formal evening wear. Ever been to Fantasy Island? It's soooooo cool! Everyone there drives the Chrysler Cordoba with its fine Corinthian Leather ...

Our crew here will weather this swirling gas giant with the 12-Tribes crowd if we can handle the bird whistling guy. He's good the first 30 Tennessee warbler impersonations but then I get a little edgy and my eye wanders toward the large kitchen cutlery. Still, I enjoy a nice matt  latt  and they don't skimp on the butter with their muffins.

Once it's all over I expect a new day will dawn and employers will want people, if they are still alive, to "assume the position." Don't be surprised that gas costs \$28 per gallon and lemons are about \$36 a pound,

But remember: The end of the World means it's okay to eat shit right out of the jar. Get the biggest tub of Nutella and a bucket of peanut butter and grape jelly if you can find it; and if you don't already have an over-sized spoon, get one.

A word of caution: Please don't use this Frankenberry storm as a way to loot and pillage places like Potter's Robbery on the Commons. You think I don't want one of those oversized ceramic figurines of peri-menopausal women laughing joyously about having inherited the entire trust fund because their gay brother died from AIDS in a Lourdes hospital in France? Just ... please. Throw a mail box through the B of A window but don't steal Fine Art just because it's there.

Finally, take good care of your pets and try to maintain regular bowel movements during this FEMA fete, and, if you get the hiccups, eat celery. Works perfect.

– Franklin Crawford, *Son of Chaos*