

**VOL. 1 NO. 4** MAY 81 **\$1**

is not the way believed to have happened.

# 1\$WILL

create a better world. But unfortunately, there is no lack of people who are

of the border, and most nations are checked to limit the rest of their allies are the "good guys" are democratic. Still the little and not nations north of the "good guys" and "bad guys" in that the "bad guys" are totalitarian world have ended, to a lesser and greater degree depending on the nation. The main under. It is also the form of government that most of the allies in the industrialized the form of government that the Soviet Union, China, and the respective allies have except on the main scale in the world. Socialism is, in one form or another, even though you may not think so. Socialism does not exist in this world, today any American, that is a difference between the form socialism is a part of the world takes it shares with the other part of the world as to really. It is an evil, and it is a very dangerous thing to have in the world.

**12 GRAMS**

114

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**SECRET**

## EDITORIAL

The oldtimers of science fiction, readers and writers alike, must be disillusioned with the world in its present state. The dreams that they once visualised in their youth have gone away. Some have come true, but many others have been discarded as society regressed.

What were these dreams, ideals? Oh, nothing much, really. Just the abolition of war, equal redistribution of resources, world government, and the conquest of space. Those are just the major ideals, of which, only one has come to pass.

The conquest of space, or in Forties terms, landing man on the Moon has been accomplished. Many forties visionaries predicted that we'd just be able to do it now, not twelve years earlier, as was the case. Of course, how and why it was done is not the way they believed things would happen. They believed that it would be a co-operative effort from an international space agency, that we'd have a permanent manned space station in orbit before we attempted to launch a Moon shot. Unfortunately, that is not what happened. One nation, for the sole sake of national prestige (which it sorely needed due to the unpopular war it was then fighting) landed man on the Moon. No space platform, no international effort, just a big, expendable, Earth-launched rocket and one nation lusting for fame. Of course, we did land on the Moon. The oldtimers should be amazed that at least we managed to do that.

As for their other dreams? There's a war going on every day somewhere in the world. Three quarters of the planet's population starves in poverty while the other one quarter lives in luxury. Mankind is disunited and we'll probably see global destruction rather than a world government in the foreseeable future. In other words, with the exception of medical and technological advancements, we're more screwed up than we were in the forties. Science and Technology have leapt forward, but society, having taken only one small step (depending on the country, Sweden has taken a big step, the U.S. has hardly taken a step at all) forward is now rallying forces to make a great leap backward.

If an attempt was made to implement these lost ideals we could, quite possibly, create a better world. But unfortunately, these ideals lack in popularity. They are, SOCIALISTIC, or maybe even COMMUNISTIC, which is very unpopular with the rulers of this part of the world since it disagrees with the American perspective on reality.

Note; any Americans, there is a difference between the terms socialism and communism, even though you may not think so. Communism does not exist in this world, except on the small scale in Israeli Kibbutz's. Socialism is, in one form or another, the form of government that the Soviet Union, China, and their respective allies live under. It is also the form of government that most of your allies in the industrialised world live under, to a lesser and greater degree depending on the nation. The main difference between the "good guys" and "bad guys" is that the "bad guys" are totalitarian and the "Good guys" are democratic. Still, socialistic ideals are not welcome south of the border, and most Americans are shocked to learn that most of their allies are "pinkos".

CONT'D. →

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Count Eric von Schickelgruber 3

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MISSING ON A PIPE AT OLD A-13133

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# PISSING ON A PILE OF OLD AMAZINGS

A modest column by Lester Rainsford, who has been writing for the *Toronto Star* for many years, has been a modest success. Since last month's column on the Burning Issues of the Day, raised about as much reaction as a planted porcupine; I simply will have to follow through the threat of last month, and discuss TTC routes I have known. Now some of you, never having left the hick towns like Wildfield, Guelph, and New York City, may not know what "TTC" stands for. Well, it signifies the Toronto Transit Commission. The wonderful TTC runs its glorious buses, streetcars, subways, and trolley buses all over Metro Toronto. Although it is not all that wonderful when it, in the middle of January, forces one to redevelop the Principle of the Bus; viz: A bus always leaves the stop fifteen seconds before you arrive at it... And the First Corollary to the Principle of the Bus: If you arrive at the stop early enough, so that you cannot possibly miss the bus, the bus will be half-an-hour late. However, there are nice, interesting, and occasionally frustrating TTC routes, and some of these I will now discuss. The most interesting streetcar route is obviously the 507. In olden days, before the TTC converted all streetcar route names to numbers, because the marquees of the new UTDC streetcars were not wide enough to accommodate actual real names, the 507 was the Long Branch route. Since one of the terminuses (termini?) is also Long Branch, one was treated to the sight of streetcars rolling along Lakeshore Boulevard, with destination signs proudly proclaiming Long Branch Long Branch. Now, of course, they say 507 Long Branch, which is hardly so interesting. When touring this route, be sure to wait for one of the old PCC cars, since as the aesthetic experience is immeasurably heightened as compared to the natty, nasty UTDC humboxes. The Long Branch route affords one, a great selection of Forties and early Fifties architecture--Lakeshore Boulevard, through Long Branch, New Toronto, and Mimico, has been steadily decaying since at least 1956--and the sight is much improved by the simple act of viewing it from a Forties or early Fifties streetcar. Unfortunately, the big snag with the Long Branch route is that it neither originates nor terminates anywhere remotely useful. Neither Long Branch (almost Mississauga, for God's sake!), nor the scummy Humber Loop, are my ideas of class acts. Still, from the Humber one can catch a 501 (neat Queen car) downtown, where civilisation lives long (This is downtown Toronto, not downtown Mississauga. Perhaps downtown Mississauga does not exist. But then, perhaps it does; if so, one of the most arguments for euthanasia has been tragically overlooked.)

Suppose one wants to take a trolley bus, (ugh) diesel bus, or subway? Where then does one turn one's attention?

This is an exceedingly complex topic, and I will return to it next column--unless I get no reaction, in which case, I will have no recourse but to return to Burning Issues of the day. Perhaps they will extend to the problem of the TTC intending to change its 60-year-old colour schemes. Certainly no one can deny that this may well have a significantly destabilising effect on Western Civilisation. Whether anything good can come of this will have to be examined closely.

NEXT MONTH--Can the world survive the 329.75 Metropas?

BEEN REUNITED THE GOLF OF PISCES  
THE ORIGIN OF THE GOLF OF PISCES  
UPON BEING REUNITED THE GOLF OF PISCES

## The Shape Of Things That Are

I seldom get depressed, but a recent visit to the local bookmonger managed to do it. In the far back corner, under a small hanging sign that read "Science Fiction/Fantasy" it happened. After elbowing my way through a maze of stalls, and pushing past adults hiding a copy of Penthouse in Better Homes and Gardens, I reached the area. "Aha!" I thunkt to myself. "At last, a place to purchase my favorite reading materials!" You see, from a distance, I could detect three set of shelves ("browsers" in the industry) devoted to my subject. Upon reaching this mecca I began my usual routine, beginning at the left, top shelf, scanning titles shelf by shelf.

As this continued, I began to get depressed. By the end of the last shelf, I was in despair. This bookseller to the nation considered "Science Fiction/Fantasy" to consist of the large size 'illustrated' editions of Star Wars, Empire, and various other mass market goodies, a complete set of Tolkien, the Foundation series, and a couple of Heinlein's. Need I say which ones? The only exception was a Fall '79 edition of Destinies, tucked behind a 1.75 edition of Childhood's End. Somewhat in a daze, I cornered one of the employees (itself no mean trick) and managed to get her at least in a position that she could hear me. (By the way, why do bookstores always seem to hire overweight, pimply, illiterate, prepubescent girls?)

"Is this all the sf you have?" I asked her. I admit here that I had already made my first grave error. Assuming these employees have an intelligence is not only silly, but very fatalistic.

"SF?" she asked, a stunned look on her face. (They train for weeks to perfect that look.)

"Sf: science fiction," I explained.

She brightened. "Oh, I see. Star Wars, you mean."

"Well, yes," I thought it wise not to provoke her any further.

"Is this all you have?"

Ah, now, gentle reader, you seem what being depressed does to me. Normally I would have been more careful. As it was, I managed to land exactly in the trap she had worked so carefully to get me in. She waved a grubby paw at the section, and asked "You mean there's more than this?"

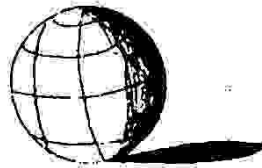
Now I'm not a masochist. I left.

However, a survey of all the local bookstores seem to bear out the sad truth. The stores only stock the guaranteed sellers. As a friend of mine (who works in the book industry) told me, why should a bookseller stock the esoteric titles by authors such as Maldeman, Varley, Niven, Pohl, etc, who are not sure to sell out in a month. Star Wars, they point out, sold five million copies. Can Spider Robinson match that? Besides, they inevitably end up, there is no demand for the books. No one asks them to order the varied titles, therefore, the sf fandom remains a small, insignificant clique.

Maybe someone should tell them the truth.

Andrew Hoyt

\*\*\*\* SCIENCE OF FICTION \*\*\*\*



AN UNDERGROUND PAGE OF NEWS FROM ACROSS THE GLOBE

Nazi War Criminal Is  
German Whore Criminal

"I never did love Eva von Braun", claimed Dolly Parton look alike Suzie Weaver. Miss Weaver, now 64, claims that her opening of the Adolf Hitler Fast Food Franchise is purely "a coincidence. It is the plan of Miss Weaver to have the planned opening of a Kosher delicatessen approved by her Rabi, Herman Schultz. Schultz was a friend of Dr. Weisen in Barrie Ontario and a renowned organizer of World-Con-1945. Heil.

\*\*NOTORIOUS FEMINISTS PROTEST TESTICLES\*\*

Reports from Detroit Michigan recently confirmed that the Woman's Liberation Group "THE SISTERS NATIONAL-GROUP AGAINST PUBES" has expressed it's outrage with the publication and distribution of what they call unholy reading material. S.N.A.P. spokeswoman Ms. Lee Armstrong said that "since she burned her bra in 1968 she would have no way of protesting this summer except to burn her underwear. An unnamed lesbian rights group has expressed interest in attending this function, provided that the burning is done on an unwindy day so that they may all get a sniff. The original cause of this big stink(sic) was an article by the American Medical Association stating that females differ from men because they do not possess testicles. An official statement from S.N.A.P. retorted indignantly... "How dare they say I got no balls, When I get finished with those faggot doctors they won't have any either".

Advertisement

**SWILL** *Back issues*

!!!HEY YOU!!!

Yes, we have all of the back issues of Swill Magazine from volume one to present. Send \$1.00 cash for a complete price list to: Steven James Enterprise Advertisement 7 Rollet Dr. Toronto Can. Allow 2 weeks. M6L-1J3

DOWN TO SUNLESS SEA IS FINALLY RELEASED !

The trashy paperback novel of our times has finally hit the news stand in the same way as urriah hits a fan. Unfortunately for the Science Fiction fans who get bombarded by this book the shit hits them. It is most unfortunate that the readers and naive public are not as dead as the armageddon world suggested in this crass pretense for a story. It would be much more fortunate for the public to be blown to nuclear oblivion than to have to read this trash. In other

News To The World...Flash:Flasher

Last Sunday in London England a man, Richard Rainsworth, was arrested for flashing his tatoo to a 33 year old woman. The tatoo is reputed to have been etched across the man's genitals from the upper pubic hair region to behind his anus. The tatoo entailed the word "SCIENCE" and was followed by the letters "FI T O". The 33 year old woman (name withheld) is reported to have said, "How quaint, I looked at least 15 minutes for GIL".

and possibly more appropriate words this cheep, disgusting, miserable, excuse for a mangey, ignorant, rude and vile piece of turkey dung is not fit to wipe the behind of the lowliest insect which infests the sewers of New York City. The most redeeming feature of this book is that it will surely coax modest literary critics out of seclusion to maintain the dignity of honest Science Fiction writers. All that may be hoped is that (cont'd.).....

## When You Piss Upon A Star

--- An Edifying Column By: Count Eric Von Schicklgruber III

Alright, now you've skimmed through this ish of Swill, you can read something of great literary importance: me. Those who can't read may skip this section, until it is released as a movie. Instead you can turn to Lester Lainsford's column and giggle at his warped sense of reality. (What is reality, I dunno.)

Now for the part you've been waiting for: this month's victim. Lemme give you a clue. He is short. And strange. That's right: It's Harlan Ellison, the boy blunder. Why pick on Harlan, you ask. Cause the puke has the nerve to place an add in F&SF selling "The Harlan Collection", where, for a mere several tens of dollars, you get a catalog that lists his records, where he reads his nondescript books. (Thoses who remember AC Clarke reading 2001 on record will recall what a bomb it was. And Clarke was talented. Harlan ain't.) Yes, fans, for only a few hundred pennies, you can get a piece of polyvinyl chloride that goes on a record masher, and emits the squeaky sound of Harlan reading his "fiction" in a monotone voice. And for those fools out there who really want to get rid of your cash, you can actually get Harlan to sign the bloody thing, for a few bucks more. Now I have collected signatures of writers, in my younger days. At one point I even had about ten. Harlan wasn't one. (Well, actually, I lie. I did get him to sign a piece of paper for me. I thought he was Dean Ing. When I deciphered the scrawl, I burned the paper. Very satisfying.) Now, what will be the next step? Spider Robinson making sounds on a cassette? Larry Niven groaning on TV? Spare us. And Harlan, sit on the spindle and rotate.

Since Ish No 2, a few hundred people( or less) have wroted to me about my fellow asakeke columnist, Lester Lainsford, and his nondescript writing style. They also complain of his order of science. Every one that wrote to me, told me the same thing: of all the sciences, chemistry is the best. Why? Because its there. That's good enough for most. Consider: without chemists, there would be no plastic bags that allow your lunch sandwiches to go soggy and mushy. They would have to wrap new products in paper, instead of plastic wrap. There would be no records, or TV (Phosphorus doesn't grow on trees, ya know), or newspaper (ink is a polymer formula). In short, we would have a lousy life. But without physicists, what would we have...no lack of anything. Physicists are taught to do fuck all in their lives. And that's what they do. Some get paid fantastic amounts of money to do it. For that kind of cash, they should work for Ontario Hydro, where they do even less. By the way, I'm not a physicist. I'm normal.

One writer last week asked about my name, saying that Hitler was a Schicklgruber. Correct, but Hitler had no "e" after the "l". That obviously makes me superior. As for my daddy, old Eric the II, and his dad, Eric the I, and his mother Eric, we are a proud race with no Fascist types whatsoever. So leave me alone you Capitalist morons. Go soak your GNP. Let me read Mein Kampf ist Kaput by myself. Screw off. Eat a lifeboat. Swallow a balloon, then add helium. Fill your mouth with dried prunes, and add water.

See you next ish, maybe.





## BOARD GAME REVIEW PAGE

By Stephano

Well, here it is board game fans. This is what you have all been waiting for. Swill fanzine proudly presents the first annual board game review. Without further ado allow me to present in order the greatest games of all time.

#1. With a five star plus rating, Ceasar \*\*\*\*\* Ceasar is the greatest board game for one reason. I invented it. Yes, Science Fiction Fans, this is the perfect combination of strategy, skill, luck and fun. Indeed had this game been invented but, 2000 years earlier the entire course of human history would be different. The Romans would have stayed home and played this game instead of conquering the world. At present, this game is only available through writing directly to me at: 7 Rollet drive, Toronto, Canada, M6L 1J8. All enquires welcome.

#2. With a stupendous four star rating, Chess \*\*\*\*\* The attraction of this game is quite understandable. It offers men the opportunity to play against those otherwise infalable computers. I say otherwise because at present a computer has never been programmed to play a perfect game of chess. Well, I sure beat them. For you mediocre chess players who can't get satisfaction proving that you are indeed of superior intellect to the greatest machine, well, you can always pull out the plug before it wins.

#3. With a respectable three and a half star rating, Dungeons and Dragons. In this game you and up to ten other people can live out your fantasies of exploring a dark dungey dungeon. You can live out your fantasy of meeting potentially lethal sketations, zombies and harpies. You can live out your fantasy of killing cute little fire-breathing DRAGONS for experience points. What? You say that you do not have such fantasies. You say that you are much more the kindly, good natured non-violent type. Hey, you can be my D.M.!

#4. Ideal for a rainy day in a Northern Ontario cottage, Risk \*\*\*\*\* Last time that I played Risk, my best friend ate some lime green risk-chips by mistake. Well they are the most appitising part of the game. Certainly there are faster ways of losing your five best friends than spending three weeks wiping them out in a game of risk. If you outright attack someones continent they may never speak to you again for the rest of your life and if you don't attack the game will continue so long that you may all begin suffering the agony of hunger pains. You too may begin to look hungrily at the appitising little green risk-chips.

#5. With one star. (Well, it beats reading trashy Science Fiction), Diplomacy. A game where seven people around a table lie, betray, eavesdrop, double-cross, tripple-cross, doubledeal, plot and break alliances and generally behave as their political counterparts. The game invariably leads to a popularity contest in which the most scrupulous person is attacked first and the most cunningly discusting player survives as the victor. If you can leave your scruples at home you will love it. With seven players Turkey's aim will be to survive three turns; Russia's aim to dissiminate Turkey; Austria-Hungary's aim to destroy Italy; while Italy must somehow ally with Austria-Hungary, it's agressor; A Franco-Russian pact assures France success against Italy; To survive, Germany must eliminate one country immediately, preferably France; The island of England is strongest defensively but, experience confirms that it requires at least two strong allies before it attacks anyone successfully. These suggestions should steadfastly be obeyed unless Italy makes a pass at your girlfriend, France gets drunk or Germany insults you with a racial slur.



by Illy Literate

HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO BRAMALEA Uglass Dams, Panned Books, #3.95

This tome is worth buying. It details the adventures of a fellow who is taken by a nasty person on a trip through Bramalea. Numerous horrors are encountered on the way. After a trip in a garbage scow, they are ejected into the middle of Highway 7, where, luckily, a passing SPCA truck picks them up before they die of boredom. The truck is driven by a madman who resembles Bill Davis, in search of reelection. Upon entering Bramalea, they encounter superior beings from Ottawa who have been alive for decades, who explain how Bramalea was constructed as an experiment in Futility, in search of the "Good" answer for it all. Turns out the answer is delivered on the top of Mt. Chinguacousy (really!) when the hero is run over by a speeding dial-a-bus driven by Stuart Smith. I highly recommend this buk as worth stealing, buying, or otherwise obtaining.

EXPANDED BALLOON Robert A. Lowlife, Dorkley Books, #3.75

Rehash of previous useless book, with many extra words added for filling. Title page is nicely done, as is the back cover. Nothing else of note.

RINGWORM ENGINEERS Loose Women, Barter Books, #2.50

Story of a psymchopathic veterinarian who steals a million dollars from the Royal Mint and begins genetic engineering project on a new resilient strain of Ringworm. After failing with a cat-creature, he constructs a species that bites its own tail, and begins to eat until it digests itself. Amusing tail, worth reading.

347 THINGS TO DO WITH A RUBBER STOPPER (2nd Ed.)

See last issue for original review. This second edition adds pictures to make the enjoyment of using a rubber stopper even better. Picture of rubber stopper being used as a constipation aid is especially informative. If you haven't got the first edition, get this one.

THE MAD ELEPHANT THAT ATE BETELGEUSE Anonymous, Toilet Bux, 75c

Excellent for those rainy nights when you can't think of anything to do. Details the story of a mad elephant that gets transported to Betelgeuse, where a magician steps on his trunk. In a rage, the elephant eats the planet. Descriptions of the munching sounds as the elephant eats the mantle are very vivid. This will be followed by a sequel next year that continues the tale of the elephant shit that was Betelgeuse.

THE BEST OF HARLAN ELLISON Harlan Ellison, Slipoff Pubs, 7.50

This is undoubtedly the best thing Ellison has ever done. The over three hundred pages are all blank. Especially well suited for those who can't read, and looks impressive on the shelf. Ellison will not be able to top this one.

DUNE, CONTINUED Frank Herbert, Prentice-Hall, 12.98

Get another of the unbelievable Dunes series. This one is probably the best of the lot. It makes an excellent door stop.

THE GOLD FINGERELVES Isick Asimov, Afun, 2.50

- I hear that OSFIC is holding a con at the Holiday Inn. But that's no suprise.
- Dating Nuns is a bad habit.
- There once was a country in the Orient that was ruled by the Great Shan. Now the Shan was a great man, but he had one small little problem, ie: he was epileptic. There for he had a personal physician. But one day it happened, the doctor was away at a seminar, and the Shan had a seizure. That night the doctor returned, and was met at the gate by the palace gaurd. Now the gaurd was mad, the doctor was supposed to be there when the Shan had his attackes, and he wasn't. So the gaurd yelled to the Doctor at the top of his lungs, "Where were You when the fit hit the Shan."

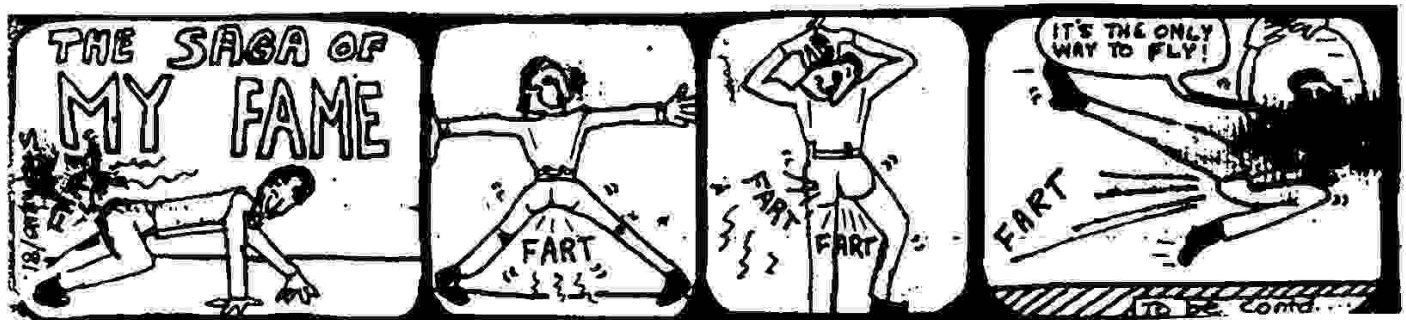
John went to his Doctor. "Hay Doc I have a problem, every time I fart my farts sound like Honda."

Dr. Hung looked at John and said, "Sorry I can't do anything for you. But I know someone who can. Go see your Dentist."

"What."

"Just go see him," Dr. Hung said.

So John went to his dentist, who found an abscess. The dentist fixed this. John was glad, but he went back to his Doctor to find out why. When John asked Dr. Hung how the abscess caused his condition, the Doctor replied, "Abscess makes the fart go Honda."



Dear Swill

I am protesting about an article you taste-less slob thought fit to publish. The article That is a gross misrepresentation is on found in that FILTHY DISGUSTING thing you call literature. This is of course No. 1. The article in question is Trash and the Trekkie, or should I say trash! It implies that there are only two personnel in the Canadian armed force. (farce). This is dead wrong. I know I'm a slave of this establishment? There there are more than two persons in the force. Why there's a General Fuckup, General Disorder, Major Nulance, Major Catastrophy and I once heard of a Colonel O.F. Corn. Then, of course theres me.

Yours

Private Parts

Okay, all ready. We stand corrected. Still, you've got to admit that the armed forces which you state contains six people(?) is somewhat smaller than the Royal Canadian Air Farce. By the way, when did we ever call SWILL literature? (That's literature; illiterate!)

VOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Your majesty:

So hi! Your masterpiece SWILL got rave reviews here in the states. Truly the greatest publication of our times! A stroke of genius! Pure art! Magnificent! Tremendous! Sure to change the course of illiterary destiny! Shakespear couldn't have done better! (Okay, enough. No need to give you a swilled head.

Their Gracious Vooshing Majest  
Kurt & Rainbow Kohl  
Royal Oak, Michigan.

I have no comment to make on such a touching, truthful, and divinely enlightened letter.

ed.

# ENDNOTE

An announcement: as of next issue there will be a change in SWILL. Ie. there will be two editions of SWILL, an eastern and western edition. DON'T PANIC!!! Your favourite pieces will be contained in both issues. My editorial, Pissing on a Pile of Old Amazings, the Duk Revoo, and My Fame shall appear in both editions. SO DON'T WORRY! We'll also probably include whatever we deem to be the feature article too.

Why this change in policy? Well, I'm moving to ultra-WONDERFUL british columbia. Therefore, Arne Hanaver is going to take over the the editorship of the eastern edition. Though I'll still remain editor-in-Chief. Arne is well qualified to take over this post. He has been published in such magazines as Reticulum and Sirius, and is WONDERFUL. And thus he now has the eastern editorship post. I will be the editor of the western edition.

So I hope you'll enjoy both editions of SWILL. They will be ~~availa~~ availabel in both eastern and western areas. Tell us which one you like best.

So that's about it. So much for the announcement.

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So you find the editorial too political. Well tough shit!!!! That's the way things are.

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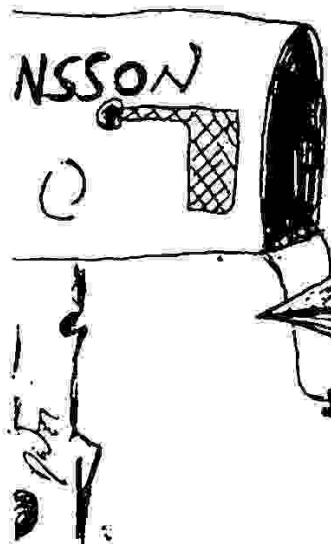
NIEU ~~ONE TO BC~~  
(ONE TO BC) SEE YOU  
AT V-COU

1 Peter

Thanks Pete! I  
always enjoy a printers  
strike. Too bad you  
couldn't stay to finish  
running off the issue.

Me + Asra'll just drink the  
rest of your scotch. See you at V-C

# SUPRISE!



YOUR  
**SWILL**  
HAS ARRIVED

You have received this wonder of literary excellance  
BECAUSE:

- ☐ We think you'll like it.
  - ☐ We know you'll hate it. (tough shit!)
  - ☐ You are a depraved wacko.
  - ☐ You contributed to it. (Use the toilet next time!!!)
  - ☐ You bought it. (Dummy)
  - ☐ You sububscribe to it. (You're even dumber!)
  - ☐ You are wonderful, maybe.
- (Note: only we are WONDERFUL!!!!)

SWILL RULES O.K.!!!