

# NICKEL NEWS

*INSIDE:  
At Home  
With Lenore  
Edmund-  
Mulch*

VOL. XXVII

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1987

50¢

## CHUCK EDMUND: *Finally at Rest on a PillowTronics Pillow*

A LAVISH FUNERAL was held in honor of pillow magnate, and Thimbleweed Park hero, Chuck Edmund, who passed away earlier this week. Details of his death remain scarce, but the Sheriff issued a statement from the Coroner in which he confirms Chuck's cause of death as a heart attack.

Most of the town showed up for the memorial service at the cemetery, with only a few notable absences, such as Delores Edmund, Chuck's beloved niece, and Franklin Edmund,

Chuck's younger brother. When pressed for comment, Lenore Edmund-Mulch announced: "My Uncle did not want my sister Delores at his funeral. I would also like to take this opportunity to clarify that Delores did not abandon the family to become a game developer, she's merely in rehab. As for our father, I don't know where he is, so stop bugging me already! PETE, GET CHUCKIE JR AND GET IN THE CAR NOW!"

Controversially, Chuck was entombed in a stone sarcophagus



in his newly built family crypt, and not in one of his highly popular CoffinTron 3000™s. Doug, his loyal groundskeeper, was most distressed telling this reporter: "I wanted to digs the hole and burries him all neat and tidy!"

Vacuum tube and flower displays were left outside the crypt. Thimbleberry pie was served, cour-

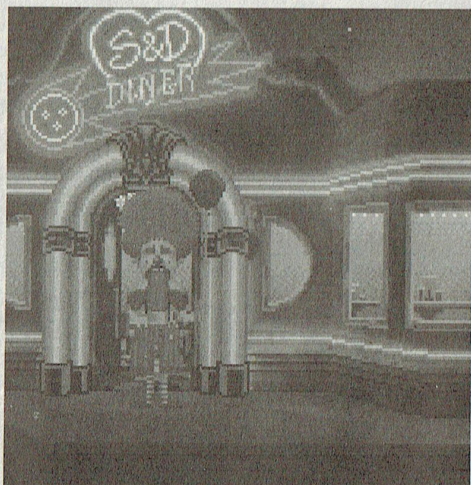
tesy of the S&D Diner, with the disclaimer that due to a shortage of thimbleberries and a recent "minor incident" (according to Sandy), the filling was actually ground beef mixed with artificial thimbleberry flavoring. After the service, several mourners were taken to the local hospital to have their stomachs pumped.

## *Botulism Outbreak Traced to S&D Diner*

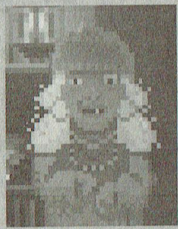
ALTHOUGH THEY STRONGLY DENIED claims that their diner was the source of the outbreak, today the S&D Diner has been named as the source of a series of food poisoning incidents, the most recent of which was found to be caused by a strain of botulism.

Health inspectors say that pre-war jars of thimbleberry preserve from the 1920's are the likely cause of the sickness. It is reported they were used in the diner's thimbleberry pie after the berry became less widely available in the area.

The diner owners, Sandy and Dave, called the health inspector's investigation fraudulent, and labeled all reporting on the incident a blatant smear campaign. Unfortunately for them this takes their health and sanitation grading from "abysmal" to "even the rats won't eat here."







# MADAME MORENA'S HOROSCOPES

**♈ ARIES:**  
Misfortune is in the air as one of Saturn's rings falls out of line. Avert disaster with a Misfortune Management Potion found exclusively at Occult Books.

**♉ TAURUS:**  
A lovers' tiff will destroy your relationship because Pluto is getting smaller. Use a bottle of "I'm Right!" (found only at Occult Books) to win your argument.

**♊ GEMINI:**  
Someone thinks you are stupid this week because Venus rotates the opposite direction from Earth. Prove you're smart with Occult Books exclusive accessory "Glasses of Intellect".

**♋ CANCER:**  
Mercury is in retrograde and subsequently you need a book advising you how to deal with this. Buy "How to Upgrade Your Retrograde Mercury" only at Occult Books.

**♌ LEO:**  
Mars is over inflating your ego this week and giving you a big head. Shrink it back down to size with a "Head Shrinker Hex" by Madame Morena at Occult Books.

**♍ VIRGO:**  
A purple meteor getting in the way of the moon makes you feel spineless this week. Get some liquid courage from Occult Books. Ask Madam Morena what she has out back.

**♎ LIBRA:**  
Your investments are going to plummet thanks

to Jupiter feeling bloated and gassy. Fight back with "Hedge Fund Hexes and You - A Guide to Occult Investments" exclusively at Occult Books.

**♏ SCORPIO:**  
You will get bitten by a snake for no reason. Some things happen regardless of planet alignment. Get a bottle of snake venom antidote from Occult Books on A Street!

**♐ SAGITTARIUS:**  
Your soufflé will fall because Uranus is sideways. Avoid a humiliating dinner party disappointment with Madame Morena's Super Soufflé Inflation Spell, available at Occult Books.

**♑ CAPRICORN:**  
You are going to fall down a flight of stairs because Neptune is mad at you. Stay upright with a Steady Legs Strengthening Potion found only at Occult Books on A Street.

**♒ AQUARIUS:**  
You will win the lottery but lose the ticket because you didn't wave at Halley's Comet when it flew by last year. Buy a batch of "Better Luck" potion at Occult Books and hang on to your winnings!

**♓ PISCES:**  
People are calling you two-faced because the sun is hotter than usual. Get a Hex the Haters mask from Occult Books to hide your extra face and curse your enemies, now 20% off!



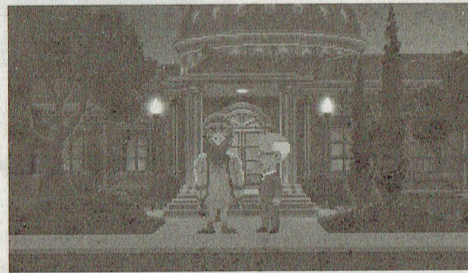
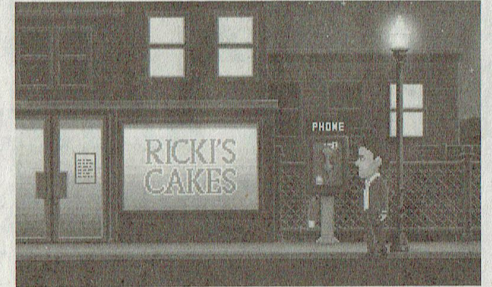
## The German Invasion

THIMBLEWEED PARK has managed to retain stability in the town's registered population in spite of the mass exodus that occurred with the closure of the PillowTronics factory. Although the town population appears small, and most buildings remain vacant, there are still over 3000 residents listed in the phone book. It may also come as a surprise to some local homeowners that these names are mostly germanic.

This mysterious phenomenon was explained to our reporter by former Prestige Realtor, Sherman Silver. "During the Thimbleweed Park economic boom in the 1970's, a large number of German investors bought and developed land in the area. They created a large housing suburb known as 'Kleindeutschland'. When

the fire at the Pillow Factory began the town's great economic decline, the German investors returned to their homeland. Instead of listing their properties, they preferred to abandon them, knowing they were now worth less than a half-eaten bratwurst."

Whether the Germans will return to the town if the economy picks up, or sell their homes, remains to be seen. But for now we can at least put to bed rumors started by Brett Lockdown that the German Illuminati relocated to Thimbleweed Park to "brainwash the town with their pro-schnitzel agenda".



who have flooded the town in recent years following a rash of tentacle sightings and rumors of mutant sewer gators. When pressed for comment, Mr. O'Connor warned townsfolk to remain vigilant, offering this statement: "She was eating birdseed and pecking for worms in a suspicious manner. I'm still not convinced it was just a costume. I would recommend people remain indoors when the moon is full for the time being."

Brant Bailiwick, of Bailiwick, Bailiwick, and Bailiwick, representing Ms. Pigeonetti in the suit, offered this response: "My client is not, and has never been a werepigeon. Eating birdseed, pecking for worms, and sleeping in a nest does not give rogue cryptozoologists the right to shoot at her with tranquilizer darts. My client should be able to walk freely around town in her pigeon costume during a full moon without fear of assault by comically oversized nets. We will be pushing for a large settlement to cover my client's therapy costs, and send a message to the cryptozoologist community that their wanton pigeon hunting will no longer be tolerated in this town."

## LOCAL PLUMBER ASSAULTED

A LAWSUIT IS PENDING after local plumber, Emily Pigeonetti, was assaulted with an oversized butterfly net outside of Occult Books on Friday night after being mistaken for a werepigeon. Her assailant, Lloyd O'Connor, is one of the many cryptozoologists

### To the Pulitzer Prize Judging Board,

I \_\_\_\_\_ believe that Natalie Carter's article from \_\_\_\_\_ in the Thimbleweed Park Nickel News should be considered for a Pulitzer Prize in the following categories [mark as many as you deem suitable]:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Public Service          | <input type="checkbox"/> National Reporting      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> General News Reporting  | <input type="checkbox"/> International Reporting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Investigative Reporting | <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Writing         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Explanatory Journalism  | <input type="checkbox"/> Criticism               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Specialized Reporting   | <input type="checkbox"/> Editorial Writing       |

Signed, \_\_\_\_\_ (a reader of the Nickel News)

Fill in and cut out this notice, then post to:  
Pulitzer Prize Board, New York, NY 10027





Send replies  
to personal  
ads to:

**LoveMail**  
**AT THE NICKEL NEWS**  
with the relevant code  
on the envelope.

• **MY SHOVEL** has filled every hole I've ever come across, except the one in my heart. Can you bury it all neat and tidy with your love? **Code: DIGGIN'**

• **UNHAPPILY MARRIED** trophy husband seeks new heiress in case an

inheritance scam falls through. Looks unimportant, personality unimportant. Preference given to women over the age of 70. **Code: NEXTWIFE**

• **LOOKING FOR** a gal-a-reno who likes wrestling, donuts, and won't ask too many questions. **Code: DATE-A-RENO**

• **LOOKING FOR** open minded young studs who are into the more mature woman. Must like sailing, voodoo, tripping balls, and wearing tight speedos. Charting a yacht to the Bahamas and require several "staff members" \*wink\*. **Code: WITCHYWOMAN**

# At Home With Lenore Edmund-Mulch

*Paid for by the Lenore Edmund-Mulch Beautification of Thimbleweed Park Fund*

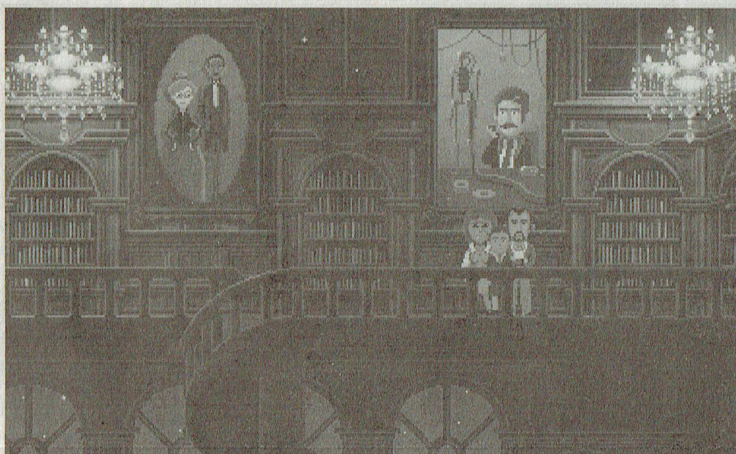
I AM GREETED at the fabulous Edmund estate by Lenore Edmund-Mulch herself. An elegant heiress casually dressed for a day at home in a short red dress and fur coat directs me to the vast wood-paneled library where we are to conduct our interview.

"It's lovely in here!" I state. "I'm jealous!"

"Yes, Uncle Chuck always liked it, but I'm thinking of putting my tanning bed in here and turning it into a shoe closet. I don't like the smell of books."

Her unaffected candor is refreshing.

While others might fear appearing shallow, Lenore embraces it. She tells me: "Sweetie, people who call me shallow are usually poor, or ugly, or both, and therefore jealous. Who needs a library



when you look like this? That's why I'm so invested in my charity work!"

I am excited to discuss Ms. Edmund-Mulch's charity work. Lenore is passionate about her foundation, "The Lenore Edmund Beautification of Thimbleweed Park Fund". I ask her to explain the charity and their ethos to me in her own words.

Sweetie, it's simple. We want to do something better than giving canned goods to the homeless. Those sort of fixes are short term. Give a man a fish darling, and he eats for a day, right? Give a man a designer tuxedo and he can get reservations anywhere!

"So your charity is working towards the long-term eradication of homelessness in Thimbleweed Park?" I ask.

*"Who needs a library when you look like this? That's why I'm so invested in my charity work!"*

*- LENORE EDMUND-MULCH*

"Oh good god, sweetie! No!" she explains. "We want to beautify Thimbleweed Park so that it can be a trophy town. No one wants to live somewhere where they have to see poor people and garbage everywhere. That's why I donate all my old ball gowns to the homeless so they look wealthy and attractive as they push their shopping carts down the street. My economic beautification plan will see Thimbleweed Park bounce back with even wealthier suitors than before!"

I am stunned by her eloquence and her generosity. All I can do is hope that her charitable spirit is infectious and that the town's economic problems will soon be a thing of the past. As Lenore Edmund-Mulch put it: "Being poor is so last season."

**BEYOND  
BROTHERS  
PLUMBING**

**DAD WANTED SONS,  
BUT HE GOT DAUGHTERS,**

**SO LET US FIX  
YOUR LEAKING  
WATERS!**

**QUOTE NICKEL NEWS FOR A 10%  
DISCOUNT ON EXORCISMS**

**MADAME  
MORENA'S**

**Occult Book Club**

**HOW I CURSED A CLOWN AND  
MADE A MILLION DOLLARS (AND  
OTHER BUSINESS SECRETS)!**

**Madame Morena**

If you are struggling to get to where you need to be with your occult practice, then this is the book for you. Before I cursed Ransome the Clown, my hexes were stale, and my business was going nowhere. But I turned my lowest moment into a game-changing win and unlocked the keys to

my fortune. If I can become successful enough to charter a yacht to the Bahamas with a cabin crew of young stallions in my retirement years, so can you! - **5 cursed skulls**



**VOODOO ECONOMICS**

**R. Regan**

As a free market enthusiast I was im-

pressed to see occult tricks used to encourage economic growth. This book tackles the satanic rituals required to offer tax cuts for wealthy business owners that magically help poor people with the trickle-down theory. It also gives you the secrets to selling your soul for profit. As an occult business owner I give this book **5 cursed skulls!**





... GET YOUR GEEK ON TO THE MAX ...

## AT THIMBLECON '87!

A totally radical convention with all your favorite sci-fi shows, comic books, and the latest computer and video game technology!

OCT. 16th • EDMUND HOTEL  LISTEN TO **KSCUM** TO WIN **FREE** TICKETS

# THIMBLE '87 CON

## Noshing with Natalie: Woody's Pizza Shack

NOT WISHING TO RISK MY LUCK on the S&D Diner hot dogs a third week in a row, I decided to look elsewhere for my supper. Stumbling upon a young man dressed as a giant slice of pizza I received a tip off suggesting I try my luck at a little-known Italian restaurant tucked away in the woods called Woody's Pizza Shack. Needless to say I was hungry and intrigued!

After making my way to the trailhead, and following a convoluted series of paths for a couple of hours, I finally stumbled across the most exclusive, hole-in-the-wall restaurant in Thimbleweed County. Hidden behind an electrified fence with a shabby chic aesthetic, patrons must be on the list and provided with an entry code before they are able to enjoy their dinner. It took me several attempts to bypass the system, but eventually I was able to crack the code and make my way inside.

I was quickly blindfolded by staff upon entry and bound to my chair as they took my order. Strangely, they did not serve pizza, but I was given a surprise tasting menu which appears to be Woody's speciality. Dish after dish was stuffed into my mouth as they

told me to "Stop asking questions!" One assumes the chef wants you to reflect on each unusual meal. I was certain at one point I was eating an old gym sock, but I believe it was an intentional flavor choice. Daring and avant-garde!

Service was efficient and atmospheric. For full disclosure I was comped my entire meal as I assume they needed to turnover the table quickly for another reservation. I was escorted from the restaurant without even having to hail a cab and found myself at the trailhead entrance when I was finally able to remove my blindfold.

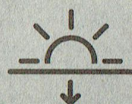
Natalie rates Woody's Pizza Shack 5 Stars! Visit now before the tourists find it and ruin it!



Natalie's  
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

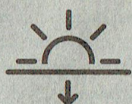
The twilight across the county appears to be going nowhere as the perpetual sunset persists. Expect an inconsistent spattering of night time scenes at The Edmund Mansion and Main Street, while the vista remains permanently sunsetty.



08:00

HIGH: 64°F

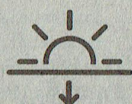
Sunset skies across the county that you can pretend are a sunrise.



12:00

HIGH: 71°F

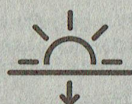
Still sunset with a 1 in 700,000 chance of a meteor hitting the town.



17:00

HIGH: 72°F

Sunset remains, but at least it is now evening. A broken clock is right twice a day.



21:00

HIGH: 68°F

We recommend investing in blackout curtains as this sunset continues through the night.

# DEAR CASSIE



DEAR CASSIE,

There's this bodacious babe I'm like totally sprung on. I've been like totally buggin' over this dank dexter chick for years now, but I'm pretty sure she's into my narbo noid of a cousin. I'm like gagged over here, man! How can I get this bomb betty to trip over me too, dude?

SINCERELY,  
Crunchy Clerk

Dear Crunchy Clerk,

The babe in question is probably totally brain-washed by the signals and can't even think for herself at the moment. The government is mashing out on the space in her head for sure. If you want to get her honest opinion of you, like definitely start collecting aluminum foil to make a brain-saving hat.

Make yourself a foil hat, and then make her one too. It's like airline safety here, dude. Secure your brain before securing your friends! If you don't know how, I have a hat-making guide in my zine "Save yourself from the Signals!"

Make sure to ask her for her head size in advance and maybe decorate the hat with some sick Lisa Frank stickers or pictures of her favorite band so she knows you pay attention to her interests, which is totally hot. When you next see her, put the hat on her head and ask her how she feels about you. Without the signals affecting her you should be able to get an honest answer. She will probably be super grateful you saved her from the government's mind-controlling waves too.

Follow my advice and you'll be mashing in no time dude!

SINCERELY,  
CASSIE

DEAR CASSIE,

My dad was framed for the Pillow Factory fire and it has tarnished his memory and our family name. What can I do to move past this? Should I begin a long, convoluted plan to clear him of all wrongdoing, or should I just get over it and move on?

SINCERELY,  
Sad about Dad

Dear Sad about Dad,

First of all, I gotta tell you that the Pillow Factory isn't even real. It's a 2D projected simulation created by the government that was used to trick people into thinking the town was prosperous while they pocketed the money. The pillows were all shipped in from Guatemala. You can totally read all about it in my zine "PillowTronics - More Like Pillow-Not-ics!" Is it possible your father was also a 2D simulation? It may be worth considering this before you act.

However, you know I am always in favor of long and convoluted plans that ultimately expose corruption and screw over the man, so I say go for it! Clear your simulated father's name and take down the government shills that faked the fire.

SINCERELY,  
CASSIE