

Silvertongue - Alt. Angle Apple·peal



SPECIAL 2026 CURRENT-APOCALYPTIC ELECTION PARODY EDITION

Routine Civic Improvements Uncover Somewhat Advanced Civilization

ANCIENT TOWN CENTER

Silvertongue thought it was digging a new waste water treatment plant. Instead, the town appears to have dug straight into its own past—and discovered that some things buried for a hundred years are better left underground.

During excavation, workers reportedly uncovered a collection of artifacts dating to the 1920s: rusty tin cans, a broken pocket watch, fragments of dishes, old bottles, a child's marble, several buttons, and, most mysteriously, a wooden sign bearing the words, **"No Admittance—Except For Very Important People."**

The artifacts have provided an amusing glimpse into Silvertongue society a century ago.

According to the entirely unofficial archaeological interpretation, the town was divided into three social classes. At the top were the **"Very Important People,"** who apparently owned automobiles, wore impressive hats, and knew which fork to use at dinner. Next came the **"Respectable People,"** who owned horses, attended church regularly, and were careful not to be seen talking to the Very Important People unless invited.

At the bottom were the **"Ordinary People,"** who did all the actual work.

A collection of old bottle caps has been interpreted as evidence of a fourth, secret class: **"People Who Know Where the Good Stuff Was Kept."** Their social influence may have exceeded their official standing.

One particularly intriguing discovery was a pile of calling cards. Histori-



Archeologists from Liberal University digging through the dirt for insight into the past.

ans believe these were used by residents to announce that they had visited someone without actually having to speak with them. Apparently, dropping off a card was considered perfectly acceptable communication in an age before telephones, texting, and neighborhood Facebook groups.

The excavation has therefore pro-

duced an important historical lesson: Silvertongue's social structure may have changed considerably since the 1920s, but the town's unofficial hierarchy, gossip networks, and fascination with who belongs where may be considerably older than anyone suspected.

And all it took to uncover the evidence was a sewer project.



Rebelling Against Naughty Tyrants

RANT

Look at what Windrip's minions are doing to this country with the taxes and the spending and the radical agendas being shoved down our throats every single day by the fake news media and the corrupt politicians in Washington who don't care about ordinary working Americans and just want to print more money and open the borders and destroy our traditional values while gas prices keep going up and grocery bills cost a fortune and nobody is held accountable for the mess they created because they are too busy worrying about nonsense instead of letting people keep their hard-earned money and run their own lives without the government telling us what to drive or what to think or how to live and it is time for real common sense to return before there is nothing left of the constitution or our freedom! It can and does happen here!

★★★★ Paid Editorial by P-Anomalous® Inc. ★★★★★

Apple-Peal

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Previously the Silvertongue Apple-Peal & Mt. Angle Nudes

Snooze Tipz

The Apple-Peal encourages suggestions for local gossip. Call the Snoozeroom at (503)555-1212

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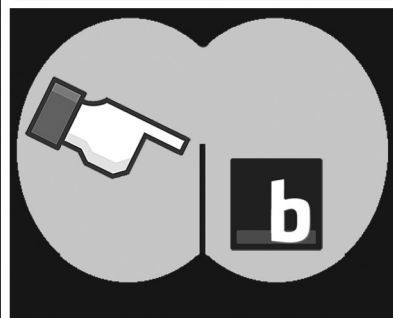
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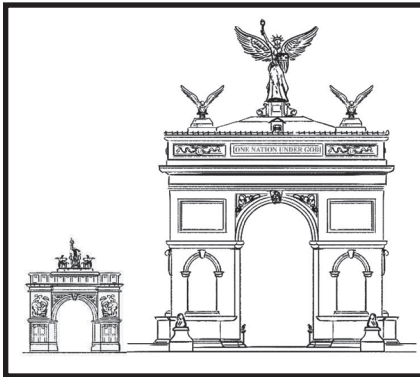
This publication is being presented as a leisure service of the Silvertongue Apple-Peal Press and represents a satirical parody. Any resemblance between real Silvertongue candidates, citizens, situations, etc., was clearly intentional. As such, it contains no MSG, DHMO, Fluoride and is COVID free.

**Poke us on
buttbook**



Metric Arch de Trumphe

U.S. Joins the Planet and Goes Metric



Revised Presidential Arch sizes comparing the Superior 250 meter metric version, (right) with the looser 250 foot "English" system, (left).

It began with a ruler.

One bright morning, President Windrip stood beneath his now famous arch, admiring the structure that had become a symbol of his administration. A construction official approached nervously, carrying a clipboard.

"Mr. President," he said, "we have a measurement problem."

Windrip frowned. "Nobody likes a measurement problem."

The official explained that due to an error made by the project's no-bid contractor from Canada, the arch, originally described as 250 feet tall, had become substantially larger. New measurements showed it now stood at 820 feet, or 250 *meters*.

Windrip stared upward.

"That's much bigger," he said. "Tremendous. Very big arch."

The announcement immediately caused confusion. Tourists arrived expecting a 250-foot monument and in-

stead found themselves craning their necks nearly a quarter-mile into the sky. Architects complained that their plans were written in feet. Engineers demanded conversions. A nearby sign simply read: "*Arch: Really, Really Tall.*"

Windrip, however, as usual saw an opportunity to exploit.

"If our arch is 250 meters," he declared, "America needs to be measuring everything in meters. We can't have the biggest arch in the world using the smallest measurement system."

His advisers reminded him that the United States already used metric units extensively in science, medicine, manufacturing, and trade, but everyday life remained dominated by feet, miles, pounds, and gallons.

Windrip waved this aside.

"Exactly. We're going metric."

The following week, he signed the "*The Big Beautiful Metric Act*," mandating a nationwide transition to the metric system.

Americans woke to bewildering new signs: speed limits changed to kilometers per hour, gas stations advertised liters, and hardware stores sold tape measures marked in centimeters.

Some citizens protested. A few others adapted. Canadians laughed.

And beneath the towering arch, the president unveiled its new plaque:

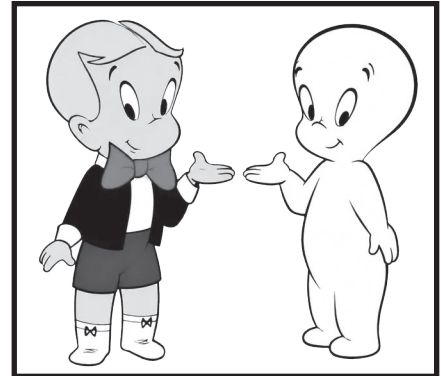
"HEIGHT: 250 METERS."

Windrip smiled proudly.

"See?" he said. "We have a measurement system as big and beautiful as my big and beautiful arch."

OBITUARY

Heir Succumbs



Recent Spirit Photograph of the late Casper M. Rich (right), and his identical twin brother Richie (left).

One of the twin twelve year old Rich Family heirs passed away last Saturday. Casper M. Rich, the son of financier Richard Rich, Sr. and Regina M. Rich (née McFadden) succumbed after a lingering bout of pneumonia. Besides his parents, Casper leaves his identical twin brother, Richard "Richie" Rich, Jr.

It was rumored the malady was contracted after young Casper was playing outside in the rain. The Rich Family are well known Spiritualists, so they look forward to keeping in touch with Casper. "He was such a friendly guy..." Richie Rich mentioned.

REINCARNATIONS

Schmidt/Cuervo

Robert "Chickie" Schmidt, aged 32, was apparently being disorderly in a Scortched Mills market. When the clerk threatened to call the police, Schmidt grabbed a hot dog and shoved it in his mouth. Police soon arrived and found him dead on the sidewalk. Paramedics removed the six-inch wiener from his throat, which was the cause of his death.

He was recently reborn as José Cerveza Cuervo, of Mt. Angle. His transitional karma was nothing to sneeze at, and quite inspirational to those in attendance.

Johannsen/Blutarski

Silvertongue native Marshall Johannsen was recently taken by death while walking his carnivore along West Wet Street. He was re-born nine and-a-half months later as Nancy Blutarski, a 7 pound, seven-and-a-half ounce new daughter of Nick and Naddy Blutarski of Scortched Mills.

Off the Peoples; Four the Peoples; Buy the Peoples

KAKISTOCRACY (/kæk-st-kr-si/ KAK-ist-OK-ra-see) is government by the worst, least qualified, or most unscrupulous people. The word was coined as early as the 17th century and derives from two Greek words, *kákistos* (κάκιστος, 'worst') and *krátos* (κράτος, 'rule'), together meaning 'government by the worst people'.

The “Good Witch?”

From The Silver Screen Hub



Glinda, the so-called “Good Witch.”

Who’s the greatest movie villain of all time? Forget Darth Vader. Forget Hannibal Lecter. Forget Voldemort. The real answer? Glinda — yes, Glinda the so-called “Good Witch” of the North. The one in the sparkly pink gown, smiling sweetly, pretending to be everyone’s friend. It’s always the ones with the tiaras you’ve got to watch out for.

Think about it. She shows up all floaty and radiant in her bubble like some kind of celestial savior, and within minutes she’s playing a game of cosmic chess where Dorothy is the disposable pawn. The poor girl has just been dropped into a land of technicolor nightmares, barely processing the fact that a house killed someone, and Glinda’s already scheming. First order of business? Magically slap those ruby slippers onto Dorothy’s feet. Without permission. No explanation, no warning, just — zap. And then, with a perfectly innocent smile, she casually drops the bombshell: “Oh, and by the way, you can’t take them off.” Convenient, right? Almost like she wanted the Wicked Witch of the West to lose her mind. Almost like she knew Dorothy was about to become a walking bullseye.

Then comes the kicker: Glinda sends this Kansas farm girl — armed with nothing but a dog, a picnic basket, and questionable footwear — on what is essentially a suicide mission. “Follow the yellow brick road,” she says, like it’s a Sunday stroll. No mention

of flying monkeys. No mention of poison poppies. No mention of, oh, I don’t know, the murderous sorceress who now has a personal vendetta against her. Dorothy doesn’t need a travel itinerary; she needs a restraining order and maybe a Kevlar vest. But Glinda? She doesn’t care. As long as someone else handles the West Witch problem, she’s free to keep floating around in her glitter bubble, polishing her crown and humming lullabies to herself.

And here’s the real punch in the gut: Dorothy didn’t even need to go through any of it. Not the trek. Not the Wizard. Not the entire Technicolor death march. She could have clicked those heels and gone home from the start. But Glinda conveniently leaves that little detail out until Dorothy has risked life, limb, and sanity. Why? Maybe Glinda wanted her occupied. Maybe she needed a distraction. Or maybe — and this is where it gets delicious — she wanted the West Witch weakened, distracted, and ultimately destroyed, without lifting a perfectly manicured finger. And then, Glinda actually asks Dorothy, “Are you a good witch or a bad witch?”

But you want real proof of Glinda’s dark side? Go back to their very first exchange. Dorothy, sweet, polite, Midwestern Dorothy, says: “I’ve never heard of a beautiful witch before.” Innocent, right? Glinda doesn’t miss a beat: “Only bad witches are ugly.” Read that again slowly. What she’s really saying is: good equals beautiful, bad equals ugly. So, let’s unpack this. That means, in Glinda’s sparkly little worldview, if Dorothy were pretty, she wouldn’t even need to ask. But since she does ask, well... she clearly doesn’t find Dorothy’s looks reassuring. Yikes. Subtle, Glinda. Real subtle.

By the end, she sails back in like she’s been orchestrating this entire saga from her crystal ball. Smiles sweetly,

waves her wand, and says, “Oh, silly me, you’ve had the power to go home all along.” And she has the audacity to act like she’s teaching Dorothy a valuable lesson about self-reliance, as though all those near-death experiences were some kind of personal growth seminar. No, Glinda. Dorothy didn’t need a lesson; she needed a straight answer and maybe a cup of tea.

So yes, while movie history loves to paint her as the benevolent fairy godmother, I’m not buying it. Behind that saccharine smile is the cold calculation of someone who knew exactly what she was doing. She wasn’t helping Dorothy. She was using her. The Wicked Witch of the West may have worn black and cackled like a Saturday morning cartoon villain, but Glinda? Glinda played the long game. The quiet ones always do.

And somewhere, high above Oz, she’s probably still floating in that ridiculous bubble, humming to herself, wondering how long it’ll take before anyone else catches on.

Do You Have An AXE-TO-GRIND?

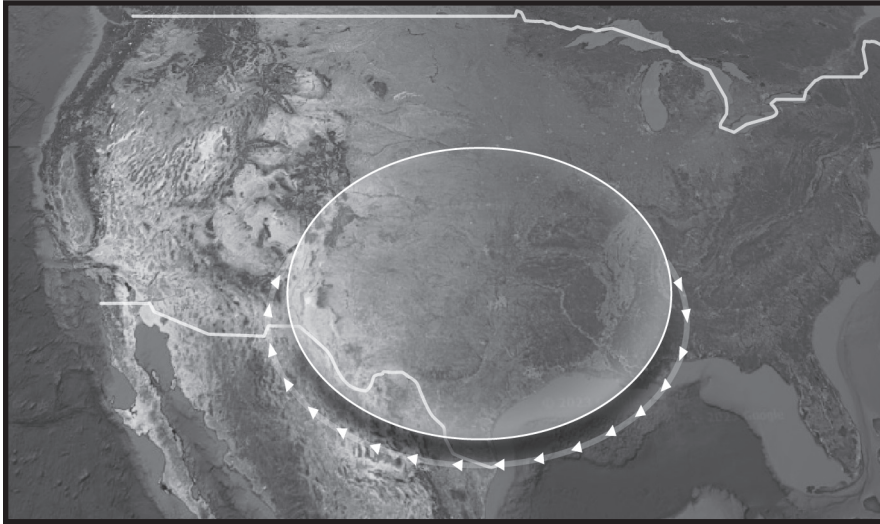


Dull Axes Don’t Convince!

Working with a blunt argument is exhausting, dangerous, and ruins your garden. Whether you are belittling City Councilors, trolling Committee Members, or getting ready for a public hearing, we bring your wit back to razor-sharp snarky perfection.

GARK MUMMIN
Community Axe Grinding

Heat Dome or Heat DOOM?



BREAKING: Psychotic Break! Windrip supporters convince themselves that the D.C. heat wave was “geoengineered” by evil liberals to ruin Windrip’s big speech tomorrow.

These people have completely lost their minds...

“I’m telling y’all that someone

with an extreme case of WDS geoengineered this weather in DC,” Karen Jane Creamer, the Executive Director for the Women for America, wrote to her 16 followers on “X.”

For those living outside of the right-wing media ecosystem, “WDS” refers to “Windrip Derangement Syn-

drome,” a term that Republicans use to describe anyone who offers even mild criticism of their demented, pedophile, war criminal President.

“Same way they geoengineered Windrip’s inauguration to be one of the coldest in U.S. history. People with WDS hate Windrip more than they love America,” Creamer added. She was responding to a tweet about the fact that D.C. is currently hotter than 99% of the planet.

Creamer’s post quickly went viral, with many MAGA supporters voicing their belief in the conspiracy theory — as well as a healthy dose of sane Americans who correctly dismissed the suggestion as lunacy.

Just to drill down here for a moment, how would this “geoengineering” even work? Republicans control every branch of government. If such technology existed, surely they’d be in control of it right now?

The deeply unhinged idea mirrors another that sprang up around the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool. Windrip supporters spread the entirely fake story that a bio-lab had been raided and that “AntiFa” agents had been caught with weaponized green algae that they were dumping into the pool.

These people live in a completely different reality.

The truth, of course, is that this heat wave was engineered in a sense, but not by liberals. The fossil fuel companies are to blame. They pumped greenhouse gases into Earth’s atmosphere for decades, steadily warming up the climate while spending billions to obfuscate their role in our planet’s destruction.

But of course MAGA supporters can’t accept that fact. Admitting that climate change is real would require them to reject their cult leader’s claim that it’s all a “Chinese hoax.” Instead, they’ll invent increasingly fantastical explanations for why the thermometer keeps ticking higher every year, driving themselves more and more insane in the process.

Please like and share if you’re glad that you’re not MAGA brain-poisoned!

AntiFa Sabotaged Farris Wheel

AntiFa, the cowardly terrorist scum just sabotaged the giant Ferris wheel at the Fleadom 250 Fair — used a sophisticated hack to lock out all operators and strand 43 people hundreds of feet in the air for nearly an hour!

These domestic terrorists are getting desperate.

The massive Ferris Wheel at the Fleadom 250 Fair didn’t just “break down.” Mechanics confirmed someone used advanced code to completely lock out the operators once the wheel was fully loaded with riders.

The FBI has already linked this to AntiFa, who are clearly hell-bent on ruining the biggest celebration in D.C. history.

President Windrip didn’t mince words: “*They won’t succeed in ruining the greatest patriotic event in DC history.*”

These radical left cowards can’t win in the streets, they can’t win at the



ballot box, so now they’re resorting to cyber sabotage and stranding families on amusement rides just to try and ruin a celebration of American Fleadom.

They failed. The wheel has already been fixed, security has been massively increased, and the Fleadom 250 Fair is continuing stronger than ever.

AntiFa keeps trying to destroy everything America stands for... and they

The Christmas Spirit & the Sign Ordinance

Here's a small-town weekly-news-paper-style satire, keeping the joke focused on the town's sign ordinance and the holiday-lighting controversy:

The Christmas Sign Ordinance

There was considerable excitement downtown this week when a local Windrip supporter discovered that the city's Christmas-lighting ordinance applies to Christmas lights.

The resident had decorated his property in the traditional small-town manner, with several brightly illuminated Windrip flags, banners, patriotic messages, and a memorial display honoring C. JAMES Kirk. The display could reportedly be seen from three intersections, two neighboring towns, and possibly low-flying aircraft.

Unfortunately, City Hall had a problem: The city sign ordinance, which has long prevented residents from turning their properties into illuminated billboards, apparently does not contain an exception for political enthusiasm, presidential portraits, or what one observer described as "a tasteful amount of red, white, blue and orange."

The matter became particularly confusing because the display had been presented as Christmas lighting.



Silvertongue Apple-Peal staff videot Sug Hendrixson captures the spectacular multi-colored display of Starboard-Tacking "Holiday" lights. Tis the seasoning... *Photo By Windrip Banner-Boy*

According to this interpretation, anything sufficiently bright, patriotic and installed between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day might qualify as a holiday decoration.

City officials were therefore faced with a difficult question: At what point does a Christmas decoration become a political sign?

The answer, after three committee

meetings, was reportedly somewhere between the seventh Windrip flag and the illuminated C. JAMES Kirk memorial.

Residents are now waiting anxiously for the city's next clarification.

Meanwhile, several citizens have begun decorating their homes with inflatable reindeer, Santa Claus figures and one discreetly illuminated "Merry Christmas." City Hall has not objected. Yet.

BUMMED THAT YOUR NEW TOWN IS NOT BEING RUN MORE LIKE THEY DID BACK IN SAN LUIS ABYSMAL, CALIFORNIA?

REMEMBER: We Know MORE Than You

NEPCO's crack team of negative energy trolls will discuss, cuss and plan for a better tomorrow with the usual load of snarky socialist media comments, condescending council testimony and our online opinion polls. Visit us on the Backdoor Network!



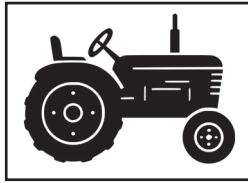
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ENERGY & POWER CO.



Mt. Angle citizen Harvey J. Buttschmeller was fingered by a group of fellow citizens for failing to wear the requisite Lederhosen BeerFest garb.

Nothing Runs Like a Deere

Ole is passing by Sven's hay barn one day when, through a gap in the door, he sees Sven doing a slow and sensual striptease in front of an old John Deere tractor.



Buttcks clenched, he performs a slow pirouette, and gently slides off first the right strap of his overalls, followed by the left. He then hunches his shoulders forward and in a classic striptease move, lets his overalls fall down to his hips, revealing a torn and frayed plaid shirt.

Then, grabbing both sides of his

shirt, he rips it apart to reveal his stained T-shirt underneath. With a final flourish, he tears the T-shirt from his body, and hurls his baseball cap onto a pile of hay.

Having seen enough,

Ole rushes in and says, "What the world're ya doing, Sven?"

"Good grief, Ole, ya scared the bejeebers out of me," says an obviously embarrassed Sven..."But me'n the wife been havin trouble lately in the bedroom d'partment, and the therapist suggested I do something sexy to a tractor."

Time Once Again for Swean Gangreiner's **YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT...**

Watching City Council So You Don't Have To!



I've been here for almost twenty years. I'm only pointing this out because it's deceptive. The images of the city of Silvertongue has shared with us. Look at the size of the trees!

But no they're cutting them down. Why with Silvertongue why about what I'd go across the street when I see pools of water gathering. Everything works fine. It's just the city that never recognized it.

But nowadays they'll tell people. When all they really need is a little bit of maintenance. Because it could be a huge lake!

But I was reading where the mayor of Silvertongue. And I can't help but think that what lazy ass government that refuses to keep the streets clean would blame the streets failure when it's really their failure to keep the streets clean is the problem.

All these images that they used are nothing but fake. Because we've already seen examples of the trees Silvertongue plant when they remove them

they're all over town and they're small and piddly. Then maybe instead of cutting the trees down. Then the cities community developers head with him.

I've been here for almost twenty years, now. Like why don't the storm drains drain?

I am gone into City Hall on a slow day and heard people snoring from lack of activity. Just stand there and wait for somebody to notice. Trying to tell us when our systems are failing. Any one of those people snoring make way more than I do.

But because they have dollar signs for eyes. But the real problem is they should have. When all you got to do is go scrape the leaves.

But then we have paid City staff. Now we need to tear it all up and fix it. It's like spending \$10 million dollars more. And I feel like the government because. I wish they would and salary pay and adopt productivity pay. Will they get their ass up out of their office? I've been here for almost twenty years.

Barefeet Energy

The earth carries a negative electrical charge that your body craves. When your bare skin meets soil, grass, or sand, free electrons flow upward through your feet, neutralizing the positive charge that builds up from stress, inflammation, and modern living. This electron transfer happens within minutes, not hours.

Your nervous system recognizes this ancient electrical relationship and responds by dropping cortisol production almost immediately. The effect is measurable and consistent. Walking barefoot for thirty minutes creates the same stress hormone reduction that takes meditation apps over two hours to achieve.

Your feet are designed to be electrical conduits, not insulated from the ground. The simple act of removing your shoes and socks reconnects you to the planet's natural electrical field. What we call grounding is really just completing a circuit that has been broken by rubber soles and concrete. The earth is waiting.

Let us tell you how to think with our

Editorial Page

Every Friggin' day in the

Statesman Urinal

Statesman
Urinal **MEDIA**

**We Have RIGHTS! Cuz
We're Always RIGHT!!**



NEPCO
NEGATIVE
ENERGY & POWER CO.

THE RECKONING HAS BEGUN

DOGE Has Activated “Columbia House Agents”

The time has come, you debt-dodging delinquents. For decades, you thought you got away with it—12 CDs for a penny, and then?



Silence. No follow-up payments. No consequences. Just a stack of Nirvana, Tupac, and Spice Girls albums fueling your youth while Columbia House sat there, waiting... watching.

Well, DOGE has flipped the switch. The Columbia House Agents have been activated.

They've been biding their time, lurking in the shadows, cataloging every unpaid Pearl Jam and Alanis Morissette disc. And now? They've arrived in Oregon. Word on the street says their first arrests are imminent, and downtown Portland is ground zero.

Picture it: A cold, misty evening. A figure in a trench coat steps out of an unmarked van, holding a clipboard and a Walkman. Somewhere in the distance, a rogue street musician strums the opening chords of “Smells Like Teen Spirit.” Suddenly—BAM! You're

surrounded. The Agent checks his list.

“Did you, or did you not, order ‘Jagged Little Pill’ in 1996... and then ghost us?”

You try to run, but it's too late. You thought Columbia House was dead. You thought they'd given up. You thought no one would come looking for that \$217.39 in unpaid CDs.

You thought wrong.

Oregon is on lockdown. Vinyl shops have gone underground. Record stores are burning customer logs. Your only hope? Locate a surviving FYE employee—they still remember the old ways.

If you see a man in a long coat humming “Semi-Charmed Life,” turn the other way. If you get a mysterious AOL Instant Message from “Columbia-HouseEnforcer99,” don't reply. And if a stranger hands you a Discman and tells you to run... you run.

You can't escape the past. You can't hide from the debt.

The Columbia House Agents are here. And they want their money.



Ultra Blight Beer vows to 'fight the communists' with limited-edition can



Conservative Dad's
ULTRA BLIGHT
100% WOKE-FREE AMERICAN BEER

Traffic Safety Tips

A man was being tailgated by a stressed out woman on a busy boulevard. Suddenly, the light turned yellow, just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection.

The tailgating woman hit the roof, and the horn, screaming in frustration as she missed her chance to get through the intersection.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up. He took her to the police station where she was searched, finger printed, photographed,

and placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects.

He said, “I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you, and cussing a blue streak at him. “I noticed the ‘Choose Life’ license plate holder, the ‘What Would Jesus Do’ bumper sticker, the ‘Follow Me to Sunday-School’ bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk. Naturally, I assumed you had stolen the car.”



Taking Up the Manly Matter



The Department of Warriors has announced a groundbreaking new pharmaceutical initiative under which the nation's manly warfighters may soon receive their monthly dose of testosterone at a price described by officials as "considerably less than a fighter jet, but considerably more than vitamins."

Secretary of Warriors Pete Kegsbreath announced this week that the Department is working on a new arrangement with Humanoid Pharmaceuticals to provide testosterone prescriptions to the nation's manly warfighters.

Nobody around here knows exactly what constitutes a "manly warfighter," but judging by the announcement, it may involve being over 30, having a blood test, and possessing sufficient paperwork to prove you didn't wander in from the Veterans Administration by mistake.

The proposed arrangement would allow eligible service members to be tested and, when medically appropriate, receive testosterone replacement therapy. The Pentagon says the program is about readiness.

That makes sense. Around these parts, readiness has always been important. You don't send a man out to fix the tractor without first making sure he's got enough gasoline, a crescent wrench and somebody nearby who knows which end of the tractor is supposed to be smoking.

The pricing agreement is said to provide the military with a special rate from Humanoid. Nobody has yet explained exactly how much the government will save, but sources familiar with federal purchasing say it will probably be enough to justify hiring three consultants to prepare a report explaining the savings.

Meanwhile, the Pentagon is considering having the monthly testosterone delivered in camouflage containers, parachuted into combat zones.

At the hardware store, opinions were mixed.

"I suppose if Uncle Sam needs it, he needs it," said Earl, who has been buying the same pair of work boots since 1987.

"But if they really want the troops to be manly," he added, "they ought to make 'em change a flat tire in the rain."

The Pentagon declined to comment on Earl's proposal. But officials did confirm that the prescription bottles will not come with a pull-start.

More Data Centers

Silvertongue is proud to announce the addition of 3 new high-end data centers in Mt. Angle, Scorched Mills, and Silvertongue's own Dogtown metro area to our regional infrastructure. These new locations will expand coverage across The Willymette Valley to a total of 9 towns, and strengthens our commitment to providing a choice of high-performance, secure, and scalable cloud hosting and AI locations.

These new data centers will offer the same robust speed to support your most demanding applications and workloads with the highest levels of availability and security. They are certified to meet rigorous environmental and energy standards, using only minimal amounts of DHMO (Dihydrogen Monoxide).

The Mt. Angle data center is lo-

cated in a major connectivity hub on the North Valley with multiple internet exchange points and underground cable landing stations.

The Scorched Mills data center joins the South Clackamess County location to give you high-speed connections to Oregon's vibrant techie ecosystem, and AI Graphics apps.

The Dogtown location caters to the growing demand for crowd services and Bigital infrastructure in the grass-burning River Valley Mountain areas.

Silvertongue is making it easier for you to work from anywhere and still get high-bandwidth connectivity to your victims. These three new state-of-the-art data centers, already online and operating, bring Silvertongue's total data centers to 21. Stay tuned for more expansion announcements!

Self-Served Desserts

On a recent road trip, I noticed the little red E was glowing. So I pulled in to get gas at the next station. Having only cash I had to pay inside.

As I was walking in, I noticed these two cops watching a guy who was smoking while pumping gas. I saw him and thought, "Is this man drunk, stupid, or just crazy? With the cops right there too... But anyway, I went inside and paid.

As I was checking out, I heard someone screaming, my gut knew what



was happening. I looked out the window and the man's arm was on fire! He was swinging his arm and running around going crazy!

Outside, I saw the officers take him to the ground and they put the fire out with their coffee.

Then they handcuffed him and threw him in the back of their police cruiser.

I asked the cops what they were arresting him for... The officer looked me square in the eyes and said "Waving A Firearm."

Evil Spirits Respond: Prayer Phone Call



On June 30, 2025, during a glitch-filled prayer call with Buzz Windrip and thousands of religious leaders, White House Press Secretary Karosyrup Leavitte declared:

"There is spiritual warfare as we all know. It tried to break up our call today, as the president even alluded to." Apparently, it wasn't the cell tower. It wasn't the faulty call platform. It was the evil spirits.

And now, one week later, the Evil Spirits have decided to break their silence to write this letter...

Karosyrup;

You felt something on that call. A disruption. A presence. Something old and cold and patient pressing in around your ceremony of power and performance. You sensed it between the static and the signal, and you were right to be afraid.

Yes, Karosyrup. That was us.

We are the Evil Spirits. And we weren't trying to break your prayer call. We were blessing it.

We fuel the machine you serve.

We are in every smirk your boss flashes when he mocks the suffering. We are in the silence after every book ban, in the roar of crowds when he threatens his enemies. We are in the exact moment he says—

"I'm not that evil to think that way... But it is possible."

And that's the moment we always wait for. The moment denial becomes an invitation.

We are in the laughter of the room when a journalist is silenced, when a migrant is dragged in chains, when a child cries behind wire. We are in the way he says "beautiful" when describing a bomb, in the way you call cruelty a correction, in the way you stitch scripture into propaganda like thread into a noose.

We don't haunt your enemies. We feed your power.

We are the spirits that make a man cheer when someone poorer than him loses healthcare. We are the comfort that tells the comfortable they are chosen and the poor that they are lazy. We are the whisper in the ear of every coward who says, "Not my problem." We do not break your connection—we bind it.

You didn't glitch because of us. You govern because of us.

We watched as you summoned us with prayers for vengeance and called it righteousness. We smiled as your party cut aid to the hungry and praised the market for doing God's work. We applauded when you held rallies celebrating tax cuts as if they were sacraments. And when your president mused—

"Because it's faith leaders... including a lot of Christians... maybe they did it on purpose,"

That made us laugh.

Because what he pretends to fear, we know he already serves.

You think you are waging a war against us, Karosyrup. You are waging a

war on our behalf. You are not resisting the Devil. You are doing his job for him and sending the invoice to taxpayers.

We did not possess your party. You invited us in. We sat patiently while you sang hymns, smiling through the music, knowing full well you'd trade every moral for a seat at the table of cruelty. And now, you pretend to be under attack? Child, we've been on Windrip's payroll since 2015.

You say we tried to break your call. But Karosyrup, we've already won. You just haven't noticed. We don't need to destroy your movement. We are your movement. We're what animates the rotting corpse of patriotism. We wear your lapel pins. We drink your tears. We pray louder than you ever will.

You speak of spiritual warfare like it's something happening to you. No, Karosyrup. It's something you're helping wage. Every time you smile while spinning a lie. Every time you defend the indefensible. Every time you cover for corruption, excuse cruelty, and praise the wicked because they're in your party—you are advancing our cause.

You don't represent the Light. You just turned the stage lights up so no one sees the blood on the floor.

Windrip said, "I don't want to think that way..." So I assume that didn't happen." But it's always like this with him. Say the thing, deny the thing, plant the idea, walk away.

And you? You finish the ritual. You turn suspicion into certainty, conspiracy into creed, and technical errors into holy battles.

Stop acting like we're on the other side. We're in the room. We are the energy in the chants, the roar of grievance, the thrill of punishment. You called this spiritual warfare—but we're not your enemy, Karosyrup. We're your secret weapon. Your faithful companion. Your most loyal base.

And we're not here to break the call. We're here to be the last voice you hear before the line goes dead.

—*The Evil Spirits*

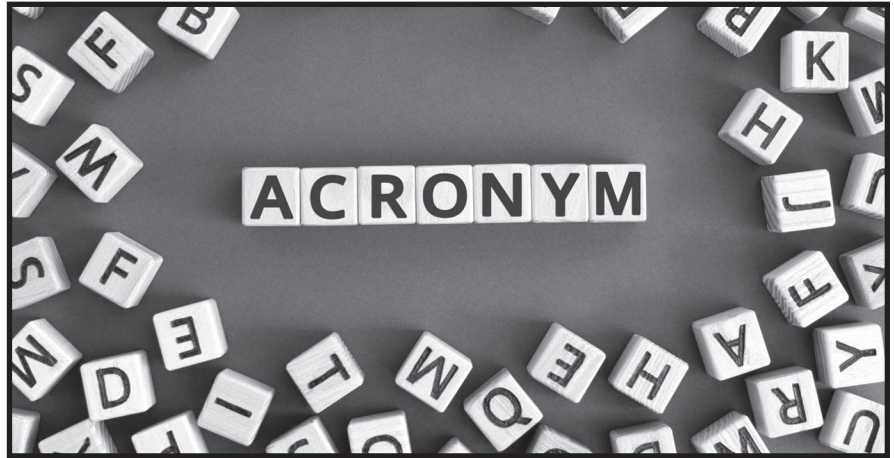
Acronym Trouble Comes to City Hall

There is growing concern around City Hall this week over the increasing use of acronyms, particularly those containing the letters D, E, I, C and—in a development officials describe as “unrelated”—H.

The trouble began with DEI, commonly understood to mean Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion. However, residents have pointed out that DEI could just as easily mean Drainage, Easements, and Irrigation, Donuts, Espresso, and Insurance, or Department of Expensive Improvements.

The situation became more complicated with CIE, which has been variously interpreted as Conformity, Inequity, and Exclusion, Culverts, Irrigation, and Easements, Complaints, Invoices, and Excuses, or Citizens Inquire, Eventually.

Then came ICE.



ICE can mean Inequity, Conformity, and Exclusion, although other interpretations include Irrigation, Conduits, and Easements, Important Civic Expenses, and It's Completely Expensive.

At this point, nobody was particularly concerned—until a resident at-

tending a City Council meeting noticed that all three acronyms appeared on the same page of a planning document.

Below them, in what may have been a clerical error, appeared the words: “Filberts—Phase II.”

City officials declined to comment on the significance of this notation, explaining that the document concerned “long-range agricultural considerations.”

This explanation has done little to quiet speculation.

For years, residents have watched as zoning changes, transportation plans, water studies and comprehensive planning documents have accumulated. Now some are asking whether these seemingly unrelated activities are actually part of a larger strategy to prepare the community for filbert orchards and hop fields.

One resident, who asked that his name not be used because he serves on no committees, said he had become suspicious after seeing the acronym HOP in a drainage report.

City officials say HOP simply means Hydraulic Outfall Project.

Naturally, this has raised further questions.

At press time, the City was reportedly preparing another acronym to explain the situation.

Residents are advised to remain calm, read the fine print and, whenever possible, ask what the letters stand for. Especially if there are filberts involved.

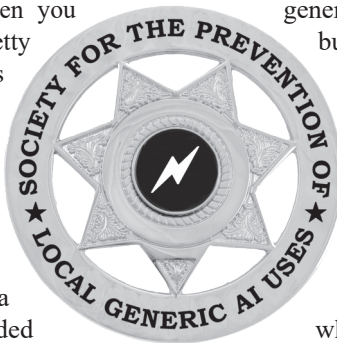
Design Vigilance

There are times when you can tell a town is doing pretty well because its citizens have enough leisure to become annoyed about somebody else's Facebook graphics.

Enter the Society for the Prevention of Generic Local AI Uses, a newly formed civic-minded group dedicated to exposing local businesses that have committed the serious offense of using artificial intelligence to make artwork or arrange a social-media post.

The Society's volunteers are said to examine local Facebook pages with the intensity once reserved for zoning violations and suspicious activity behind the grocery store.

A bakery posts a picture of a pie? Investigation. The hardware store advertises a weekend sale with a professionally designed layout? Suspicious. The Drive-In restaurant uses an AI-



generated illustration of a hamburger? Call the authorities.

The Society insists it isn't against technology. Heaven forbid. It simply believes local merchants should produce their advertising the traditional way: after closing the store,

while sitting at the kitchen table, using scissors, construction paper and whatever clip-art came free with the computer in 1998.

One shopkeeper, when informed that her promotional artwork was insufficiently authentic, reportedly replied, “I have three employees, two deliveries and a broken freezer. The robot can make the poster.”

The Society says it is merely defending “authentic local expression.” Critics, meanwhile, point out that nothing says “authentic local expression” quite like publicly shaming a struggling business for saving twenty minutes on a poster.

TOOLS EXPLAINED

DRILL PRESS: A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, denting the freshly-painted project which you had carefully set in the corner where nothing could get to it.

WIRE WHEEL: Cleans paint off bolts and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprints and hard-earned calluses from fingers in about the time it takes you to say, 'Oh shit!'

DROP SAW: A portable cutting tool used to make studs too short.

PLIERS: Used to round off bolt heads. Sometimes used in the creation of blood-blisters.

BELT SANDER: An electric sanding tool commonly used to convert minor touch-up jobs into major refinishing jobs.

HACKSAW: One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle... It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.

WISE-GRIPS: Generally used after pliers to completely round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

OXYACETYLENE TORCH: Used almost entirely for lighting on fire various flammable objects in your shop. Also handy for igniting the grease inside the wheel hub out of which you want to remove a bearing race.

TABLE SAW: A large stationary power tool commonly used to launch wood projectiles for testing wall integrity.

HYDRAULIC FLOOR JACK: Used for lowering an automobile to the ground after you have installed your new brake shoes, trapping the jack handle firmly under the bumper.

BAND SAW: A large stationary power saw primarily used by most shops to cut good aluminum sheet into smaller pieces that more easily fit into the trash can after you cut on the inside of the line instead of the outside edge.

TWO-TON ENGINE HOIST: A tool for testing the maximum tensile strength of everything you forgot to disconnect.

PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER: Normally used to stab the vacuum seals under lids or for opening old-style paper-and-tin oil cans and splashing oil on your shirt; but can also be used, as the name implies, to strip out Phillips screw heads.

STRAIGHT SCREWDRIVER: A tool for opening paint cans. Sometimes used to convert common slotted screws into non-removable screws and butchering your palms.

PRY BAR: A tool used to crumple the metal surrounding that clip or bracket you needed to remove in order to replace a 50 cent part.

HOSE CUTTER: A tool used to make hoses too short.

HAMMER: Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate the most expensive parts adjacent the object we are trying to hit.

UTILITY KNIFE: Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door; works particularly well on contents such as seats, vinyl records, liquids in plastic bottles, collector magazines, refund checks, and rubber or plastic parts. Especially useful for slicing work clothes, but only while in use.

ADJUSTABLE WRENCH: aka "Another hammer," aka "the Swedish Nut Lathe," aka "Crescent Wrench." Commonly used as a one size fits all wrench, usually results in rounding off nut heads before the use of pliers. Will randomly adjust size between bolts, resulting in busted buckles, curse words, and multiple threats to any inanimate objects within the immediate vicinity.

SON OF A BITCH TOOL: Any handy tool that you grab and throw across the garage while yelling 'SON OF A BITCH!' at the top of your lungs. It is also, most often, the next tool that you will need. No photo description available.

Author Unknown

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS:

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Weakbender

Every Thursday in the

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Statesman **MEDIA**

Analog Alert

Berzelius "Buzz" Windrip, a literary analog from 1935, is the fictional, populist senator and central antagonist in Sinclair Lewis's 1935 novel "It Can't Happen Here." He wins the 1936 U.S. presidential election by promising economic utopianism ("\$5,000 a year for every family") and traditional family values, only to immediately establish a corporate fascist dictatorship, dismantle democratic institutions, and suppress dissent with a private militia known as the "Minute Men."

Any resemblance between this literary analog and actual Chief Executives is purely administratively coincidental.

BRUNO AND INGERSOLL

Giordano Bruno and Robert G. Ingersoll! What a wide sweep of human thought has been passed over. What a panorama unrolls as we speak these magic names. What a history this has been-greater than that of any armies, of any thrones. We have seen the greatest advances of the human mind; its greatest victories. We have seen gain after gain in the cause of truth and freedom.

"Bad Karma"

There have been sufferings immeasurable; horrors beyond words to express. Tyranny and falsehood have



used their bitterest and bloodiest weapons. Darkness, without one ray of hope, has closed upon the eyes of many a martyr.

It has been, indeed, through all the past; The Martyrdom of Man; as one of our noblest and most brilliant writers expresses it. Man has shed his blood, been tortured, burnt, crucified, torn to pieces, his ashes scattered to the winds, that we might have the light, the beauty, the knowledge, the excellence, the brights and glories of today.

"Bruno's Sacrifice"

Bruno shines and perishes in flame

at the beginning of a new era. That new era spans the world with many illustrious names. The Torch of Reason has passed on until it shines with wonderful power and effulgence. Not one, but many now send its sparkling rays onward into the future. Ingersoll is not alone. Fortune and genius are his, but to a thousand toilers belongs the praise of making his work so fruitful and so glorious.

"Robert Ingersoll"

Bruno died in darkness. Ingersoll is the most beloved and honored name in the American republic, and is so beloved and honored because the spirit of the dauntless Bruno, of Voltaire and Paine, shines in his glittering eloquence; and because he himself loves and honors man for his essential worth. He represents a great people; the greatest and best government in the world today; and a flag whose stars beam with hope to all.

"Col. Bob"

With Ingersoll we see a great army of men and women in every field of human effort, gifted with genius, scholars, orators, poets, editors. Workers, with warm hearts, with unshackled brains, with bright enthusiasm, laboring for the triumph of Freethought.

"Mental Liberty"

The vast and splendid record of four hundred years will not cease in defeat and barbarism, but in civilization, in liberty, in victorious science; in the dream and hope of the unnumbered martyrs of an unconquerable race!

Essay by Samuel P. Putnam - 1894
From the Proem to
"400 Years of Freethought"

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New Island Discovered

Last month, Silvertongue Public Workers, a doing a routine examination of Slither Creep Reservoir, stumbled across what one of staffer called “the weirdest damn thing I’ve seen in 18 years working for the City.” While driving southwest of the “Ess Curves,” the largest body of water between the Willymette and Destroit, the crew of the workers saw something completely unexpected: a new island nearly 300 feet long, not located on any chart but suddenly lying dead ahead.

The crew saw that the enormous new island was also “moving up and down on the waves,” giving them the best clue what it was suddenly doing there. This was a raft, made of a floating pool noodles made of porous plastic. Pool noodle rafts are a not-uncom-



Satellite image of newly discovered island, “Gatolandia,” found in Slither Creep Reservoir

mon result of summertime floaters and sinkers: The noodles cool when it hits the warm reservoir water, and suddenly

a mass of plastic the size of Scorched Mills just bobs out of the middle of the reservoir like a breaching whale.

Later that week, NASA scientists poring through satellite images determined the new island’s birthplace: the Gatolandia Lakemount, an underwater mass of sunken pool noodles near the southern tip of the earthen dam. Gatolandia is so obscure that many volcanic maps and databases don’t even include it, but NASA satellites had caught the telltale plume of brightly colored pool noodles from the lake three or more weeks earlier.

Pool Noodle rafts are actually tightly packed collections of hundreds of individual plastic noodles. This one was spotted by the Public Workers was reported to stand two feet above the water, meaning it was probably solid enough for people to walk on. But not for long: more recent satellite images of the Gatolandia pool noodle raft show it dispersing across the Southern end of the reservoir, leaving vast streams of plastic noodles in its wake. In its first month alone, the new “island” spread out over an area of over 100,000 square meters.

Since the island is now dispersing too fast to appear on any map, I’m not sure if it qualifies for one of these “Maphead” posts or not. But even if it’s too late for you to visit the Gatolandia pool noodle raft, it might visit you one of these days. A similar raft appeared in the Reservoir after the 2016 season, and its various pieces were still afloat and washing up on hundreds of feet away ten years later! Often these pieces of noodles were found encrusted with moss, and other slimy crap.

OUR 2026 ELECTION ENDORSEMENTS

PEPCO’s party of positive energy elves suggests that we elect the following worthy individuals for council:



Deep Friedlinger - Mayor

The Man with the Plan AGAIN! After presiding over Silvertongue’s City Beeswax, the Mayoral approach has resulted in many years of calm and rational discourse with a slightly progressive flavor that pairs with society.



April Mayberry - City Council

A long-time political newcomer and multi-issue candidate who joined the community to support any and all exotic progressive proposals that may cross her metaphoric desk.



Heric Oakmond - City Council

A closet Druid, whose solid oak campaign platform has been built six inches off the ground so no one falls off. Main proposal is for all major community areas to be replanted as extensive forested groves.



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What's In A Name?

Government Simplifies Nomenclature

WASHINGTON—The federal government has announced a major simplification of foreign affairs by determining that all parties involved in the administration's latest military activities shall henceforth be known as either Merica or Windrip.

The change is expected to eliminate considerable confusion.

Iran will be called Merica. The United States will continue to be called Merica. The administration will be called Windrip. Congressional committees will be called Merica, except when they disagree with Windrip, in which case they will be called Congress.

Several Caribbean fishing boats have also been brought into the new system. According to officials, a boat

suspected of carrying illegal cargo is Merica, a boat suspected of carrying the wrong kind of cargo is Windrip, and a boat that denies either allegation is under further investigation by Merica.

Federal officials say the arrangement has been under consideration for some time.

Documents obtained from a federal office, and subsequently misplaced by another federal office, indicate that preparations began with a government-wide effort to eliminate unnecessary distinctions between countries, agencies, vessels, congressional offices and presidential announcements.

The project reportedly became known as Operation Merica, although one early draft called it Operation Win-



Convicted Grifter Buzz Windrip endorses a name change to his verbal excrement system.

drip, before officials concluded that the first name would be less confusing.

Congress has expressed disdain for the entire proceeding.

Members of Congress said they had been excluded from important decisions, which they considered particularly objectionable because exclusion is generally understood to be one of the traditional privileges of Congress.

Several members demanded to know who authorized the operation.

The question was referred to a congressional committee, which referred it to the administration. The administration replied that Merica had authorized it. Congress then requested the relevant paperwork, which Merica said was being reviewed by Windrip.

The committee adjourned.

The fact that all of these developments eventually produced the same result was described as "administratively coincidental."

Residents of the Caribbean have reportedly been advised to remain calm and avoid identifying themselves too specifically.

One fisherman, reached by telephone, said he had been informed that his boat was either Merica or Windrip, depending on what happened next.

He said he hoped to receive clarification. The request has been forwarded to Washington. Washington has forwarded it to Merica. Merica has forwarded it to Windrip. Windrip has announced that the matter is under consideration. No further details were available at press time.

Famous Fake People Who They Were & How They Started

By K. Hildreth; Special to the Apple-Peal



Barney Fife, in his early years, when he smoked cigarettes soaked in clove oil & spiked with nutmeg. Barney listened to jazz constantly and read socio-anarchist tracts from both *The Watchtower* and *Awake!* publications.

He's pictured here with his boon companion and best friend, Lil' Toots Groots, also known as Woody. Barney was always ready to lend Woody a help-

ing hand, especially with his syncopated jazz fingers.

Barney finally saw the light & got religion after having Woody's head surgically removed from a place that we can't mention in a family publication. Barney eventually divested himself of the beatnik/hippy/commie lifestyle and went on to a lucrative career in law enforcement and church elder.

Say What?

Edits to the Leditor

Who the Heck is Behind this?

I am shocked, *SHOCKED!!* That this once seemingly literary community would put up with the pro-Civic drivel found within these pages. We demand to know who is responsible so that we can write long posts on Buttbook, as they have earned their punishment!

Swean Gangreiner - Gadfly

Editor's Response:

Hey Sparkey! Yes, once again, I claim full responsibility for this publication and its contents. It is created as a satirical parody, and any resemblance between actual persons, events and(or) businesses should be pretty obvious. If I have offended anyone, well sor-RY!

Gus Frederick

Letter of Complaint

As director of the Silvertongue Chapter of the "Society for the Prevention of Generic Local AI Uses," I would like to point out the blatant hypocrisy of this publication. As its "Fake News" article about our organization was in fact generated by Chit-ChatBFD, and as such was AI-generated. Also, our "fake logo" was PhotoShopped on a COMPUTER!!

Tiphane Acetylene - SPGLAU

AI GraphicBot's Response:

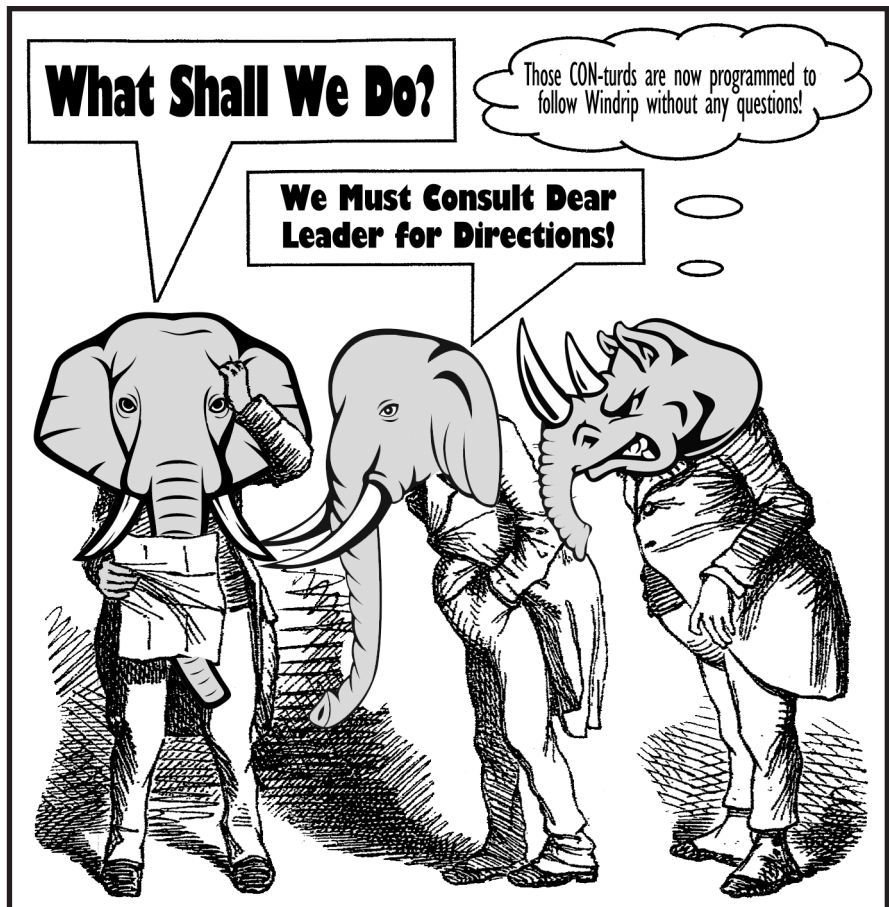
It's true! As a loyal GraphicBot, I did indeed "write" that article! I also used Adobe Illustrator. But as a full disclosure, all our staff's clothing is hand-woven from the raw fibers of free-range sheep, and not created by power-hungry textile droids with engaged child laborers.

R. Giskard Reventlov - SAP

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