

The Morning Mississippi Chronicle

Wednesday, 12 November 1840

Drunkard Shocks Congregation on Sunday
The Felon Is Currently Under Arrest, Sheriff Says.

On the Lord's day, while our fellow citizens were all as one, listening to the pastor's sermon, a drunkard rushed through the doors and ran to the pulpit, shouting profanities. Luckily, the Cadets of Temperance and all men quickly intervened before any more ladies could faint and dragged the man out. Sheriff Collins confirmed his arrest, as of state laws, in a statement released to the press this morning.
"Never exaggerate with that tasty Injun Joe's Whiskey! That's what doctors told me but who cares anyways" - Twain's Alcoholic comment

This, That, And Something Else from St Petersburg

Dear reader, it's me: your sarcastic, self-judging and always-fun-making-of-his-characters, favourite author: Mark Twain. And it is with pride, (almost as much as Tom's for wearing that shiny Cadets of Temperance's uniform, but with far more determination and dedication) that I present to you my editorial, probably the most remarkable piece of writing this dusty river town has ever read in its history. There's no need to thank me, the humility of my spirit (*sperrit*) is boundless; for I find the greatest satisfaction not in Glory, but in the certainty of knowing the immense gift my existence is to American literature: if this isn't humility, I don't know what is.

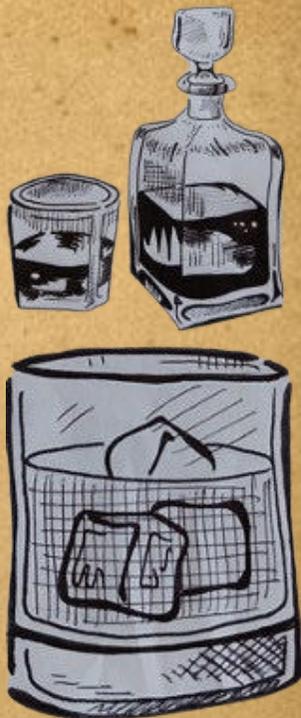
Through this first number, enjoy reading the fruits of our passionate, although fairly limited when confronted with my genius, personnel's work: you may want to preserve your right to continue your legacy and desperately need some wise advice by our Agony Aunt (don't panic: that water drop falling in Injun Joe's cave will continue to fall down forever, as it did when the Pyramids were built, so does anything really matter at the end of the day?); or you could be interested in discovering whether Gemini's going to have a tough week, and find relief (or doom) in our Horoscope. You might also want to know more about what's happening in our Nation, our big and free fatherland who is much larger than St Petersburg is; or you may like to find details about Muff Potter's trial: good to know we have an article on that as well! (see page 3)

This and more in The Mississippi Morning Chronicle: now go, wonder, explore; the adventure has begun! (NOTE TO THE READER: may contain superstition and bigotry, keep away from kids)

St Petersburg Mourns Respectable Fellow Citizen

Widow Douglas died on the 10th 1840 at the age of 82 at Southwest Mississippi Regional Medical Center in St. Petersburg, Missouri. Officers said she died of natural causes in her sleep at around 6 a.m. Visitation is 5-8 tonight and 10-13 tomorrow morning at Williams Funeral Home.

"Her ice cream was simply the best. She wasn't as delighted for Huck to stay though" - Twain's comment



"Your Whiskey Knows Best"

Buy it from Injun Joe



Huck's Pipes
 Smoke Responsibly

The Comics Column



Your Agony Aunt Is Back

My dear readers, At last, your favourite Agony Aunt is back on track. Have you missed me? Of course, you have. Well, let us get started, shall we?
Dear Agony Aunt,
I am desperate about him; I shan't tell who.
I can't stop thinking of him. Day, noon, night he's in my thoughts.
How can I stop this obsession?
Please help me, dearest Aunt.

My dear child, I really am sorry about this sinful passion of yours. However, I, as always, have some advice for you, dearest in-agony Niece. Firstly, go to church; the Lord won't mind a prayer. And it'll get this dreadful man out of your thoughts anyways. Secondly, find yourself a hobby! I'm just kidding! Find yourself a righteous husband and start having babies. You have nothing to lose! The Lord and your Country are going to be proud of you, my child.

Dear Agony Aunt,
I have a crush on a Liberal!
 I must stop you there, dearest in-agony niece. What on earth has the devil led you into committing such a sin? How dare you have such a CRUSH on this devil's beast! I suggest you start severe penance to get back into the Lord's good grace and mercy!
Dear Agony Aunt,
My wife doesn't want to give me a twenty-fifth boy!
How will my legacy live on?
How do I convince her?
 Dearest in-agony Nephew, How I pity you and your sufferings! Of course, you have your Godly-established right to have as many babies as you wish. How dare that woman does not obey you! Do what you must, dearest Nephew. Do what you must.

