

TONETOWN TIMES

Tonetown, Dreamland, Outer Edge

Vol. 19—No. 78

Wednesday July 78, 1986

GRAMPS VANISHES

Franklin Snarl Linked to Mysterious Disappearance

A very strange but lovable Tonetown visitor, who calls himself Gramps, has recently disappeared.

Gramps was one of the only visitors who, in spite of his untass apparel, was well accepted in Tonetown.

After visiting with several of Tonetown's most prominent citizens, like Stelgad of the Daglets, Flo of Flo's Party Supplies and Nuyu, editor of the *Times*, Gramps evidently wandered off on his

own somewhere.

He was reported last seen around moonup, June 26, with real estate magnate, Franklin Snarl.

"It seemed he was resisting some," said one witness who wished to be unnamed.

But Snarl denies these reports. "I never heard of the guy!" Snarl insisted.

Other citizens, however, have given glowing reports of the strange old visi-

tor from another parasphere.

"He was just a great guy," said Stelgad, manager of the Daglets, as she ruffled the soft green feathers in her intense pink hair.

"He was the one who gave us the great idea for the Zagtone, our ultra-touch new instrument that's helped our new tune, 'Tass,' hit the top," she added enthusiastically.

Continued on Page 4

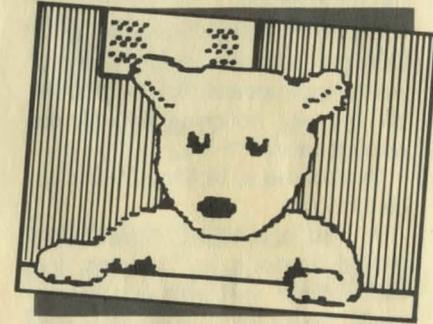
Hometown Dogwonder Wins 6th Consecutive Ultra Journalism Award

Tonetown's own Ennio, better known as "The Legend," has done it again. He's won the Inter-Moonal Ultra Journalism Award for the sixth year in a row.

This year the canny canine snapped up the prize with his investigative article about intra-dimensional travel through a new invention called "The Hoop." At great risk to his health, Ennio actually traveled through the hoop and back again to gain first-hand knowledge of the device. His article, "HOOP TAKES USERS FOR A LOOP THROUGH TIME AND SPACE," was published in the April 15 issue of the *Tonetown Times*.

Ennio was born and raised right here in Tonetown. His first job was as pup reporter for the *Campus Clutter* while attending the Luna Quatroversity in Tassly. After graduating he landed a position as a feature writer for the *Tassly Daily*, where he worked for 76 moonal periods.

But eventually, and fortunately for



Ennio granted us the following interview as he typed up some of the stories you see in this issue.

Interview with Ennio

TT: What is it that makes you such a great reporter, Ennio?

ENNIO: My nose. Having a dog's nose is a real boon — that's two O's — in this biz.

TT: With the kind of credentials you have now, Ennio, it seems you could just about write your ticket to anywhere. Why do you stay here in Tonetown?

ENNIO: As I've said, my home is

Pets or Pests?

The furor over the Blobpets rages as many citizens find themselves rugless

"It burns me up," says Nessie Loch, recent blobpet purchaser. "They're cute, but tough to housebreak."

Many other blobpet owners share Loch's frustrations. Bred for their bur-

Wetlands Mystery!

Tonetown travelers disappear in the vicinity of the Wetlands



rowing abilities by Franklin Snarl, blobpets can dig a hole in surfaces as hard as wood and linoleum at the rate of 1118 cubic centimeters per tock.



Unlike former pet-types like doggies and cattles, blobpets don't shed or leave untass puddles on floors and sidewalks. This is why many pet fanciers were originally drawn to blobpets.

But the evidence mounts that blobpet owners face even bigger problems than owners of traditional pets. One blobpetter has reported a hole in his hearth so deep it's hit an underground stream. On the positive side, however, an unnamed source from out past the Wetlands— now one of the reclusive rich— says his blobpet actually struck oil.

You wanna talk filthy lucre? Blobpets range from 5-20 P., depending on size, color, and personality.

Some tips on care and feeding: the best place to keep a blobpet is on a concrete surface—that may help curb its burrowing tendencies.

Continuous feedings are just about the only way to keep blobpets from excavating your house and yard. They'll eat just about anything, but their favorite snecks are aluminum, rubber, petroleum by-products, and banana wax peppers.



Search party feared lost too

Two local couples, out for a romantic stroll in the Wetlands, vanished recently. And now search efforts have bogged down, too.

It was just two evenings ago, according to witnesses, that the two townsmen went Wetlandish—and never returned.

"They said they craved a walk to the Wetlands, but they'd be back for another Fizzie," said Wendy Wando, a waitress at Fast Freddie's. "Only they never came back."

Wendy reported the group missing when the Fizzies she had waiting for them finally lost their bubbles.

Since you can't see a thing at night

in the Wetlands, even with the seven moons, a search party was sent out as soon as dawn broke the next morning. But now, over 24 hours later, they too have not returned.

"We've had mysteries in the Wetlands before," says Chief Fireweather. "But they've always been solved in a day or so. We know there's some curious creatures living out there. But they're usually quite shy and don't bother travelers."

Officials are debating whether to risk sending another search party or to wait another day to see if yesterday's volunteers, or the original four travelers, return.

But eventually—and fortunately for us—he returned to Tonetown as a reporter for the *Times*, and started raking in the awards.

"My heart is really in it here," he says, "because your heart is where your home is."

LEWIS: As I've said, my home is here. My heart is here. And besides, there are very few places as tass as Tonetown. Even Tassly, with the Quatroversity and all, did not have the excitement you find in Tonetown.

Continued on Page 4

Jonboi Waltune Gets Walking Papers—Fuddy Appearance Cited

Erstwhile Tonetown eyesore Jonboi Waltune, cited for aggravated tonelessness, left town quietly last night. Sore-eyed locals did not regret his departure.

"He just couldn't get a take on what's tass," said celebrated bodystylist Chaz, "no matter what he did. He wore the most untone shirts with ugly little emblems on them and blue scrub pants

with someone else's name on one hip pocket."

Chaz offered to give the Jonboi a jumpsuit by *TropoWear from Down Under*. But Waltune said he wouldn't take hand-outs.

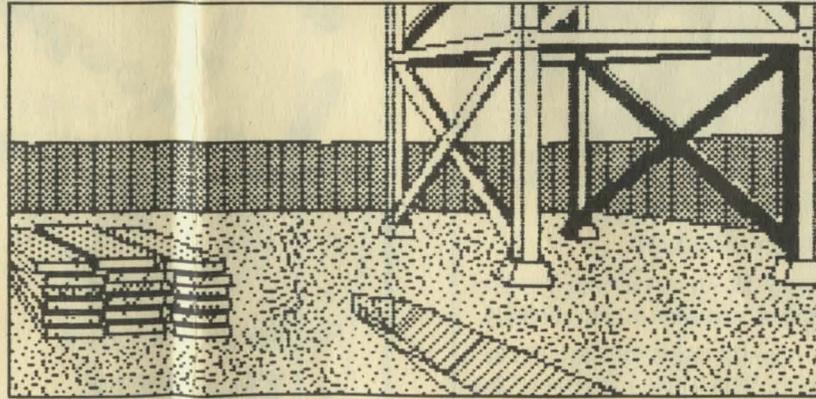
So he was asked to leave. Tonetown just couldn't tolerate such sartorial litter.

BOOM FEARED

Franklin Snarl Purchases Choice In-town Sites For Project of Snarl Construction Corporation

"Location. Location. Location," Franklin Snarl is quoted as saying. "That's *everything* in real estate."

And "everything," it appears, is just what Franklin Snarl seems to want. In addition to his recent acquisition of five downtown blocks—the absolutely most tass section of Tonetown—Franklin Snarl has also purchased the former



Poo Pea Pet shop (pets and all) from Madam Doople.

"He made me an offer," said Doople,

fingering her bulging handbag. "But the funny thing is, I just can't figure out what he did with all those cute little

doggies, cattles, and guppies."

Rumor has it that Snarl is currently negotiating with Fast Freddie for his ultra-tone fabu-club. However, Fast Freddie issued an emphatic denial.

"I'm not selling out," claimed Freddie. "We were just having a...lunch, yeah, that's it! Lunch! We just had lunch."

Concerned citizens fear a takeover by Snarl. Will it destroy the tassness they have worked so hard to build here on the outer edge? A meeting has been scheduled for the second eve of the triangular moon, at the Tonetown Taverna, to discuss possible action.

Watch this space for details.



From the EDITOR'S DESK

Stay on the path. Preserve our woody life.

It's Funnertime. A season when the sun times are longer, and the moon times are shorter so the air keeps it comfy centigrade.

That means there are going to be more people out and about. More tourists tramping around. More bodies, stylish and un-, frolicking through our wooded areas.

To all of you so inclined: Please stay on the trails!

As you know, the wooded areas around Tonetown are extremely delicate. A single misplaced footstep can squish hundreds of tiny fragile flowers and pulchriplants, not to mention the instant death it can bring to micro-caterpillars, minifrogs, and unhatched dinkyducks. And that's just *one* footstep!

If everyone in Tonetown, from toners to oldtowners, took just one step off the path, it could mean the destruction of an entire microcosm of the woodland universe, a world that will take multimoons to replenish itself.

So please stay on the designated paths. Encourage your friends to do so. And watch for tourists — who just might not know any better — to make sure they don't wreck the long-cultivated beauty of our woodland areas.

Once again, the Tonetown area forests are very fragile. And all it takes is a couple of crude rudesbies to do damage that will take a lifetime to repair.

They're our woods, now and forever. Let's keep them woody, townly, and tone. Be tass — stay on the path.

Letters to the Editor

Tourism No Crime

Ed Guy,

I'm just traveling through Tonetown on my way to another dream. And in some respects, I think you have a very nice village. Pretty surroundings. Great

Local Biotech Is Not Tone

Dear Editor,

Pardon the blountness, but what's happening round here is just totally untass. And I mean I am talking the creation of lifeforms by a certain indi-

Daily Horror Scope

Aries—The Beam in your Triangular Moon is quite unstable. Avoid the Wetlands. Someone—or something—wants to douse your fire.

Taurus—With the Horse in your Seventh Star, beware of ferocious dogs with giant teeth. They'll try to chomp your horns off.

Gemini—Your House of Twin Moons is vacant today. Not a good time to purchase pets. Especially blobpets. And especially if you own linoleum.

Cancer—Your moon has declined into the watery House of Tidal Quickmud. Steer clear of deep beds of mushrooms. They could swallow you whole.

Leo—As long as your main moon and your OctoGem are in opposition, be

careful. You look chewy in the massive jaws of a Crocogator.

Virgo—Your Planetary Keeper strikes a discordant note with your House of Tone. Hope not to meet a large, strange, unfriendly animal in a scary place.

Libra—With your Air Planets conjunct in the House of Infinity, don't step off any cliffs. Or does falling headlong into a bottomless nothingness appeal to you?

Scorpio—Swimming is aquatone for water signs like you. But now, while your TroppoSun is opposite your House of Pentacle, water makes you smell like Allidile bait.

Sagittarius—Archers love arrows, but beware of lightning bolts. Especially when your planets dance in the chevron formation.

Capricorn—Animal lovers, be careful this time of the moon. There's a weak link in your planetary thread.

Aquarius—Always the adventurer, you're willing to try anything. But remember: If you loop through a hooplet and enter another parashere, you might never return.

Pisces—You're ruled by your feet, but resist the urge to bop 'till you drop at Fast Freddie's. Your House of Seven Lives ascends erratically through the next moon.

Ask Pan Fanders



wallweed or other thing—even though I actually *do* have dateness.

What should I do?

Sincerely,

Tass But Troubled

Dear T. But Tē'd,

This is an easy one, no-briner, you bet.

Just go to Fast Freddie's by yourself.

That way you'll be one of those girls who are dateless, so you'll probably get some chance to dance—with your boyfriend, no sweat.

Another idea is go to the Wetlands with your boyfriend and pretend that you want to play hide-and-seek. Then, when he's off hiding somewhere, jump in your vehicle and speed away. (We hear people who roam round the Wetlands these days ain't goin' dancing much future-wise, anyway.)

Dear Pan,

My boyfriend and I go to Fast Freddie's a lot. You know, it's the only really tone place to see and be seen. The food is tass, the music ultra-deluxe,

supposed to do when two people go townsome twosome.

I thought and thought and thought about the gift. Then I remembered that one of my bestest buddy's favorite things when we were sitting around studying was to look at *Toneboy* magazine. So I got them a two-year subscription to *Toneboy*. (I was even able to save 12 P. 'cause the neighbor kid next door was on a magazine drive for the Buck Scouts.)

Well, if everything turned out tone, I wouldn't be writing this letter, would I?

When the first issue of the magazine arrived, my bestest friend's new wife got so mad she wanted to get unhitched right then and there. After just one moon. So now I'm in hot aqua with my bud.

Was it really such an untass hitching gift?

shopping. And a fantastic nightlife.

But I'm sick and tired of — every time I turn around — hearing someone behind my back say, "Stupid tourist."

If you continue to ridicule everyone from the outside who enters your town, the word is going to get out. And you are going to lose a lot of P. in revenue.

So what if I wear plaid shorts? They're comfy-dumfy. And where I come from they're not snickered at.

And so what if I wear polo shirts with a little harmless alligator decor? I've seen people who *look like* alligators right on the streets of this town!

So to all you Tonetownies out there: Please stop calling me a stupid tourist. I'm not stupid at all. In fact, it took quite a bit of smartsinas just to figure out how to get to this place.

Wait till you see how it feels to visit someone else's town. Then you'll know why guys like me don't like to be poked fun at, ever or at all.

Tired-of-Being-a-Stupid-Tourist

vidual who creates living things and sells them in his toneless pet shop.

I mean, who gave this "person" the right to just create new life forms? Was it the Three Moons? Was it the Tonemaster? Was it the keeper of the Edge Zone? No way.

I mean to tell you right now, it was none of the above. In fact, no one *gave* him the power. He just *took* it. Just as if he came into your yard and purlined a tree or bush or bug or something.

What's worse is that our once sensible community of Tonetown is actually supporting untassitude by buying the makings of this monster (and I use that description literally).

The thing that has me the most worried is this: If this dood believes he has the power to create life, then why in fact might he not think he deserves the power to take life away?

Concerned, Almost
Distraught Cit

and the atmosphere is the nth.

But every time we go there, all my boyfriend does is dance with the other girls who are dateless. Which leaves me sitting on the sidelines like some tall

Sincerely,

Pan

Dear Pan,

My very bestest buddy from the Quatroversity recently got hitched up to this girl he met there in Tassly.

They were having their hitching on a triangular moon outside in The Park, and my mother told me I should give them a gift because that's what you're

Confused

Dear Confused,

Absolutely! It's the most tassless gift I ever heard of (and I thought I'd seen it all).

Your letter makes me wonder about what's going on at Quatroversity and our other institutions of outer education.

You are confused.

Please don't ever write to me again.

Honestly,
Pan Fanders

TONETOWN TIMES

Published close to every day at Tonetown, Dreamland.

Publisher: Map Snivel

Editor-in-Chief: Nuyi

Managing Editor: Brine Far-g-out

Feature Editor: A. Chen la June

Staff Writers: Polly Tone, Mas Noslen, Willy the Kid, "The Legend"

Art Director: Fancy Summers

Circulation: Bowling Shooz, Alizon, Jonboi

V. Walkin Dave

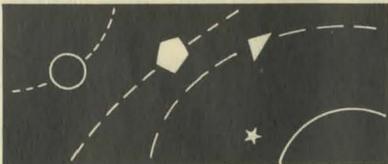
Fones: R.S. "Fones" Dealman

Tass class postage paid at Dreamland and compass points.

POSTMASTER: Get with it.

To subscribe, fone "Fones" the Dealman any time.

©1986 Activision, Inc. (actively tone, lots of ink)



THE WEATHER

MOONDOWN — 30:996

MOONUP — 53:870

Today: Mostly moony with a trace of paraspheric dust in early moonup.

3-moon forecast: Nothing but Moonshine, moonshine, moonshine! Tass Times!

More paraspheric dust storms expected later in the pentacle.

what's all
the hoopla about?
it's about hooplets!!!

Available Today At

The 'Tique

We've got 'em all. All colors. All kinds.
Glitter. Metallics. Primaries. Pastels.

Hooplets by the armful.

Don't go out without one. Or two. Or more.



by Gretta Grouper

AROUND TONETOWN

■ It seems that Flo, proprietor of Flo's Party Supplies, is going to eventually get her ice skating rink back. "All I have to do is wait until the next game," she was overheard saying.

Don't hold your breath, Flo.

■ Fast Freddy was seen doing lunch with Franklin Snarl yesterday. They seemed to be engrossed in an ultra-rash conversation, and they were writing six-figure numbers all over a bunch of paper napkins. What could it mean?

Don't put all your GloBurgers in one basket, Freddie.

And beware of geeks bearing P.

■ Is Stelgad, manager of the Daglets, going to start another fad? First it was jumpsuits by Troppowear From Down Under with armloads of hooplets. Now it's soft green feathers in intense pink hair.

■ Everybody's who's anybody in Tonetown was at Chaz's birthday party last moon-end. There was a seven-layer cake with chartreuse icing and the fizzies were flowing.

But hey, Chaz, you universally famous bodystylist you, you never did tell us how old you are.

■ Kudos to The Legend, our very own

Ennio, for doing it again: Winning the Inter-Moonal Ultra Journalism award for the sixth consecutive time.

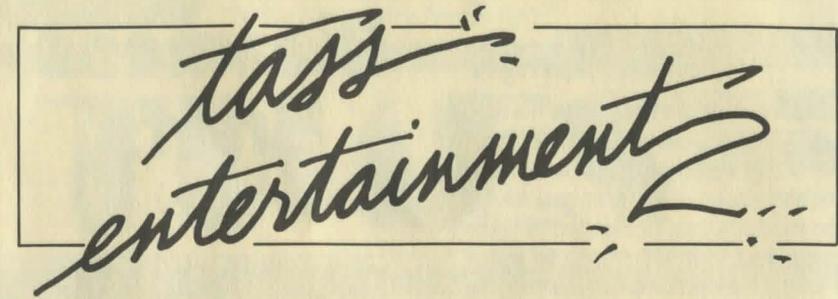
When's the celebration party, Ennio? And who's invited?

■ There's been talk of nasty calls coming in over the floatfones. Something about gravely breathing and heavy teeth-gritting.

Don't call me. I'll call you.

■ Who's this guy called Gramps, anyway? I've never seen him at any of the ultra-parties, but he's obviously caused quite a stir. Toners are talking.

Rumor has it that he thinks pizza with anchovies is ultra-touch. Yuuuuck!



Daglets to Play Concert in the Park

It's that moon of year again. Time for ice dogs, shore parties, and concerts in the park.

And this year the headlining musical combo is none other than the outer-modern, ultra-touch Daglets. Recently returned from an eight-triangular-moon tour through the para-psychologoverse, the Daglets say they're glad to be back home and looking forward to playing once again for their own people.

"We've got a lot of new stuff," says Zahg, infamous leader of the Daglets. "Some of it's far-g-out. Some of it's way-g-in. But it's all ultra—and I mean ultra—tass.

"And what's really going to totally zap everyone's cranium is this new instrument we've recently kind of—uh—picked up—from some old tourist," says Zahg.

The Daglets claim the new instrument, called a Zagtone, is like from another dimension. To play it, the musician simply strikes it against something. Anything. The Zagtone makes a unique sound, depending on what it's struck against.

"You should hear it against trees," says Plunk, drummer for the Daglets. "Yeah, and against clouds it really

You can hear it tomorrow at the sept-moonual outdoor concert. Everyone who's anyone will be there. And that includes everyone.

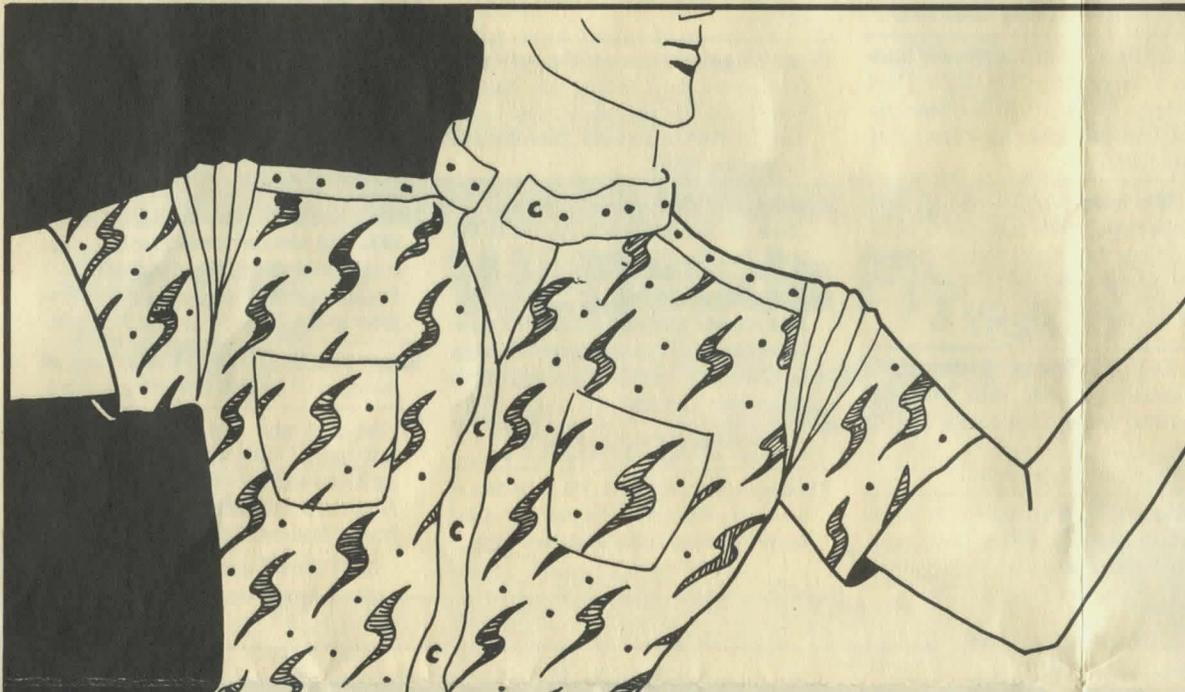
SORRY. We're unable to print a photo of the Daglets in this issue. Our photographer—who had the film with the photo in his camera bag—has seemingly disappeared somewhere in the vicinity of the Wetlands. We're currently looking for a new photographer, and hope to print a photo of the Daglets in our next edition.

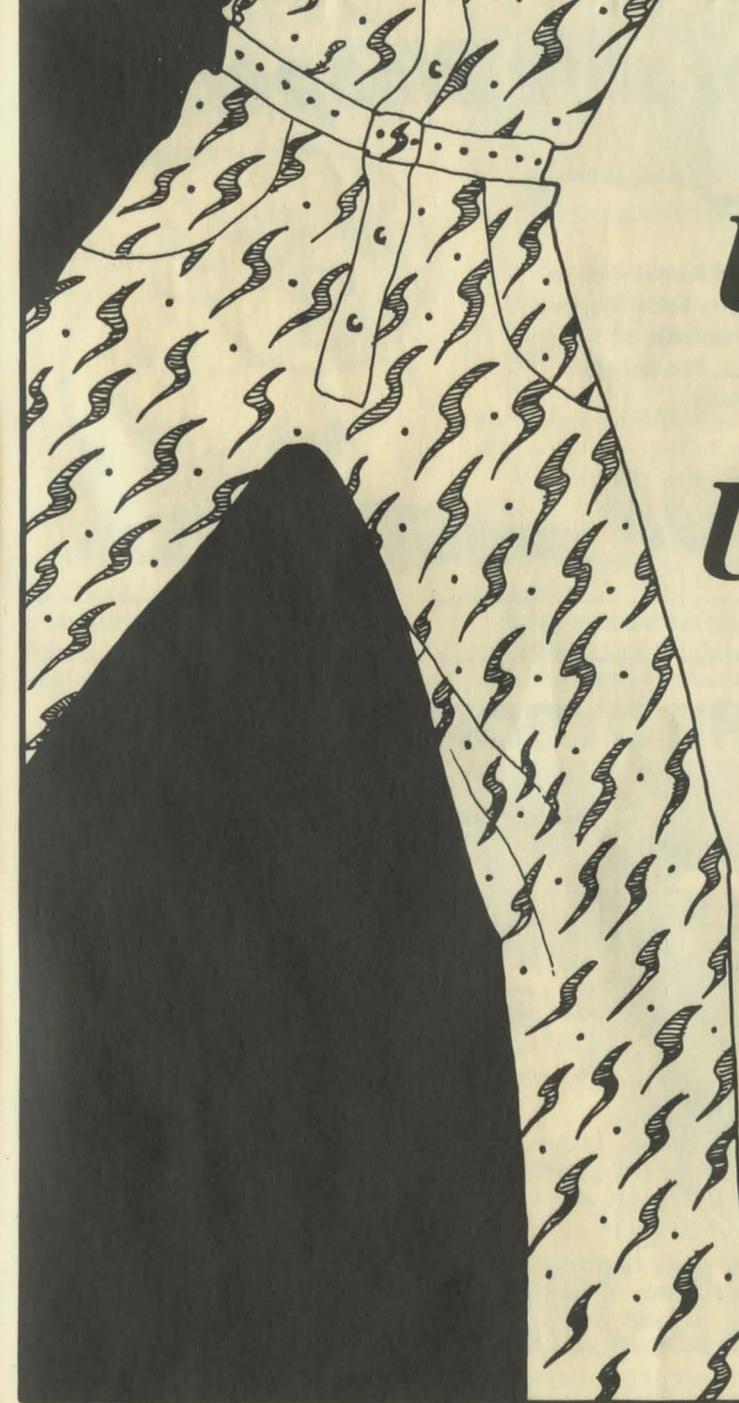
Coming Soon— Live on Keyboard: Bill Heineman

Is this the moon for tass times? Or is this the moon for tass times? In addition to the Daglets concert in the park, Tonetown will also go radmad with a visit from that para-psychologoverse phenomenon, Bill Heineman.

Bill Heineman is synthesis at its most ultra-touch radical. Tone tones. Electric rhythm. And what a delivery! It's enough to rewire your cranium! Paz!

And as if just listening to his music wasn't enough, Heineman is going to be giving away—that's free—DC copies of his latest arrangements, called





The Ultra-touch Way to Ultra Tass

The tass new jump-
suits by "TroppoWear
from Down Under."
They really make you
feel ALIVE.

Available Only At

The **'Tique**

blasts you," comments Lobod Omy,
the group's bass player and newest
member.

Sound like a treat for your synapses?

"The Opaque Album," to the first 1500
concertgoers!

It's sure to be a totally tass moon-
rise. Don't miss it.

Shake It Up Baby!

Tonight and every night.
Tone tunes.
Ultratouch eats.
Tass atmosphere.

OPEN from MOONUP
to MOONDOWN

Fast Freddie's

Gramps Vanishes

Continued from Page 1

"I liked Gramps because of his attitude," said Flo, owner and manager of Flo's Party Supplies. "He was adventurous and resourceful. Not shy and wimpy like most tourists. He seemed to know exactly what to do with my masks, which is why I'm surprised that he seems to have disappeared," commented Flo.

Reports about Gramps' origins vary. Some say he was from a place called Mirth. Others say it was called Birth or Dearth.

Whatever. It's rumored that he arrived in Tonetown by means of some kind of magic hooplet. But this seems highly unlikely, as no one ever saw Gramps wearing any hooplets at all.

If you have any information pertaining to Gramps' visit to Tonetown or mysterious disappearance, please fone the *Times* immediately at TT66.

Hometown Dogwonder

Continued from Page 1

TT: We're sure, Ennio, that there's lots of young ones out there—homosapiens, canines, what-have-you—who are reading this article and wondering what it takes to be like "The Legend." Any advice?

ENNIO: *It's one of my favorite arforisms: "Observation is its own reward." So just snoop out everything you can... Keep your eyes, ears, and especially your nose working all the time. And don't worry too much about the writing part. If the story is there, it will write itself.*

Bizzmess Briefs

No New Money

Plans to convert our monetary system from P. to magnetic disklets have been permanently shelved as a result of the recent moon-long Currency Conference in Tassy.

Magnetic disklets were originally considered as a replacement for P. because the disklets could so easily be integrated into our well-established computer nerdwork. All offices, retail outlets and services now have computers as do 90% of homes. Using magnetic disklets seemed a natural. At first.

But the committees reporting to the Currency Conference soon discovered that the drawbacks of magnetic disklets far outweighed the advantages.

For starters, disklets crash. And they are very difficult to copy-protect, which could lead to a whole new breed of counterfeiters.

"The monetary system is fine just the way it is," said Nad Senir, Director of the Currency Conference. "Besides, everyone likes P."

Floatfone Inc. to Sink Rates

Floatfone Incorporated will be lowering its rates as of the upcoming third triangular moon. The cost of an in-town message will drop from 3 to 2 P. Inter-spherical communication will drop to 1.5 P. a moment and outdoor public calls will remain as is at 1P. per message.

"We're just making too much money," says Merry Miss Chelli, Floatfone's head of public sensations. "People like our

FOR SALE

Programmer's Hunk-of-the-Moon Beefcake Calendar

12 tassy weirdos wearing skanty print-outs and ultratouch glasses.

Send for yours today. Mail 5 P. and your address to D.R.E.N.

Hunk Calendar
1 Meg Byte Street
Tonetown, Outer Edge

LIKE new 17-Speed Octocycle.

Includes water bottle, jet pack, and trop-powear helmet. 675 P. or B.O. you know. Fone Evad Sniktaw, K7734.

LOST and FOUND

LOST near Nature Trail Debossed Metal Card. Reward Offered by F. Snarl.

LOST: Two lime green 4-moon-old blob-pets in the vicinity of the Wishing Well. Answer to the names of Bee and Bop. Small reward offered. Fone: Map Snivel, R9807

LOST: Two hooplets. One glittery silver, one black and pink polk-a-dot. Sentimental value. Left somewhere in the park last moon-end. Fone P. Tone, T583.

FOR RENT

1-, 2-, AND 3-bedroom apartments in brand-new complex. With swirlpool, orgomats, and nerfball courts. 800 P./Moon

Contact F. Snarl, D777.

2-BEDROOM, 2-bath house in desirable neighborhood. Flameplace, disco room, and blob-proof carpeting. 2400 P./moon. Contact F. Snarl, D777.

CLASSIFIED ADS

17-ROOM mansion on wooded site with private swirlpool, moonroofs, lifesize terrarium, and underground tunnels. 6700 P./Moon
Contact F. Snarl, D777.

PRIME office space in prestigious downtown area. Will customize to suit any business. Full amenities. Landscaped atrium and rooftop parking. 7.96 P./sq. ft.

Contact F. Snarl, D777.

SERVICES

Blobpet Damage Repairs

Will fill holes in any type of surface made by blobpets. Price depends on type of surface damaged. Linoleum more expensive than dirt. Fone Nudge, at Hole Up, D777.

Game Solver.

Child prodigy will help solve any type of puzzle or game. Especially good with adventure games. Fone Willy the Kid, H728.

Hydrofoil guided tours of the wetlands.

Don't worry about getting lost. We ain't never lost noone yet. Full- and half-moon tours. 10 days of the week. Fone Wetland Excursions, W333.

Cooking and cleaning in my home.

Come on over and watch. Pay me by the hour. Vicarious Housework, C712.

Mushroom gardening.

Let me cover your yard in beautiful muscacious debilitous in just one day. Needs no watering, mowing or weeding. Grows all year long. Contact Mr. Mushroom, P951.

EMPLOYMENT

Photographer wanted. No experience necessary. Must be willing to take risks. Apply in person at the Tonetown Times.

Programmers wanted. To make games that are fun, funny and fascinating. Send samples of recent programs to Computer Jobs, 3rd Parasphere. Or fone X672.

Security guards, landscapers and butler wanted for large estate. No experience necessary. Must be willing to live on premises. Salary includes room and board plus free access to surrounding acreage. Send resume and letter to F. Snarl, Ennui Estates, D777.

Ultra-Touch models wanted for famous magazine. Must be exercise enthusiasts. Send photos to Toneboy, c/o Frank, Beyond the Edge, Outside.

PERSONALS

Tass girl. Already have a boyfriend but looking for a better one. If we're datable, I'll scuttle this dood. Like dancing, the Daglets and fizzies. Foto and fone no. to Tass But Troubled, Hart Lane, In-Town.

Young male snouser in early eights who likes beaches, bones and harmonic barking. Looking for female snouser in sevens or eights with like interests. Bark for Sparky, Q329.

Blobpets looking for homes. Adorable. Lovable. Huggable. Fone D777.

Ultra-Touch rock drummer looking for ultra date who can handle someone with a spastic right leg. We can have lot of fun and go lots of places. Send foto and letter to Big Bassy, 5923 Solo St., Burbs.

Happy birthday to Alex Woods. From all his friends in the land down under and out.

To the girl with the thirteen glitter hooplets. I loved talking to you in the park. I want to see you again. Please call. From the boy with the teal headband and orange feathers. G153.

Be tass!

**Look like
someone
else!**



**FLO'S
PARTY
SUPPLIES**

product so much that we just don't feel right inside charging so much."

Floatfones have gained popularity because, as their advertising slogan suggests: "They're always there when you need them."

**Coming Soon
to Home Pixelators
Everywhere**

TASS TIMES
IN TONETOWN™

A dream you've never had.
An adventure you'll never
forget. If you ever wake up...

Give This Adorable Blobpet A Home

Bunky, pictured here, and hundreds of other blobpets like her, are looking for good homes. Open yours to one of these precious little creatures. No money down. Eons to pay.



The PET SHOP

**70% OFF
ON ALL SLIPPY SHIRTS**



We gotta
get rid of 'em!



NOW AT
The 'Tique

THE DYEORAMA LOOK



Get the Dyeorama Look. Everyone does. Come in and talk to Chaz, Tonetown's *ultra-plus* bodystylist. He'll show you what's right for you. And your budget. Just 2P for Pink, 3P for Glitter, 4P for Royal Blue, 5P for Sparkle Plenty and 10P for Feather Foil. Do it today!

THE JAMAC SALON