

WARNING ALL WOMEN!

(this is not a hoax)

You may have read the scare-mail about the person whose kidneys were stolen while he was unconscious. Well, read on. While the kidney story was an urban legend, this one is not. It's happening every day. And you, too, may have been a victim ...

My thighs were stolen from me during the night a few years ago. It was just that quick. I went to sleep in my body and woke up with someone else's thigh – and the new ones had the texture of porridge. Who would have done such a cruel thing to legs that had been mine for years? Whose thighs were these – and what happened to mine?

I spent the entire summer looking for my thighs. Finally, hurt and angry, I resigned myself to living out my life in jeans and pantyhose.

Then, just when my guard was down, the thieves struck again. My butt was next. I knew it was the same gang, because they took pains to match my



new rear-end (although badly attached at least 10cm lower than my original) to the thighs they stuck me with earlier. Now, my rear complemented my legs, lump for lump.

Frantic, I prayed that long skirts would stay in fashion.

It was two years ago when I realised my arms had been switched. One morning I was doing my hair and I watched, horrified but fascinated, as the flesh of my upper arms swung to and fro with the motion of the

hairbrush. This was really getting scary. My body was being replaced one section at a time. How clever. How fiendish!

Age? Age had nothing to do with it. Age is supposed to creep up, unnoticed, like maturity. No, I was being *attacked* – repeatedly and without warning. And in despair, I gave up my t-shirts.

What could they do to me next? Well, I soon found out when my poor neck disappeared quicker than the Christmas turkey it now resembled. That's why I decided to tell my story. I can't take on the medical profession by myself.

Women of the world, wake up and smell the coffee! That really isn't plastic those surgeons are using. You KNOW where they're getting those replacement parts, don't you? The next time you suspect someone has had a face 'lifted'; look again. Was it lifted from you?

By the way, I think I finally found my thighs ... and I hope that Cindy Crawford paid a really good price for them!

This isn't a hoax! It's happening to women in every town every night, and you need to warn your friends!

P.S. I must add that last year I thought someone had stolen my breasts. I was lying in bed and they were gone! But as I jumped out of bed I was relieved to see that they had just been hiding in my armpits as I slept.

I now keep them hidden in my waistband. ❖

ANONYMOUS (FOR OBVIOUS REASONS)

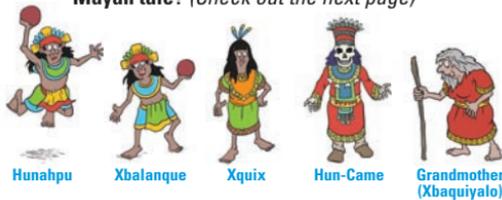


Created by Tim Tripp

HUNAHPU & XBALANQUE

After escaping Mazandarn, Sam & Matt find themselves in ancient Maya. There, the famous ball playing twins Hunahpu and Xbalanque have created such a racket with their games, they've disturbed the Lords of Xibalba and have been challenged to a ball game. First dealing to the monster, Vacub Caquix and his sons Zipacna and Cabracan, the two heroes leave Maya to win their game and free their father and uncle held captive in Xibalba.

Can you find Matt, Sam and the others in this mythical Mayan tale? (Check out the next page)



How about these other characters:

1. Vacub Caquix, the bird monster.
2. Hunahpu and Xbalanque's older brothers in the tree.
3. Seven jaguars.
4. Zipacna, with the fake crab.
5. Cabracan, the 'Earthquake'.
6. Ants taking flowers from the garden of Xibalba.
7. Eight bats.
8. The rat looking for the ball-game equipment.
9. The hawk that swallowed the snake that swallowed the frog that swallowed the mouse.
10. The grandmother laughing at her grandsons turning into monkeys.

WANT TO LEARN MORE?

Google 'Hunahpu and Xbalanque' and check it out!

