

**AN APOITICAL BUT EDUCATIONAL PAMPHLET  
DETAILING THE LIVES OF SAINT NORTON I,  
EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF  
GAIUS CASSIUS CALIGULA, EMPEROR OF ROME**

Volume iiiF in an ongoing series of completely apolitical literature coming at you from the POEE (Class V division)



*You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun.*

*I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.*

- MALK-ALYPSE THE FOREVER YOUNGER

Disclaiment-Thing: As by the fifth article of the [REDACTED], initiates of the [REDACTED] and -in particular- friends, enemies, associates, and persons claiming to be SYBIL AND HIGH-PRIESTESS COLUMNAMBULA CASSANDRA LUDWIG-NORTON V OF BARATARIA or MEGA-POPE AND ESTEEMED PROFESSOR ATTICUS PETRONIUS MAXIMUS PANGLOSS THE XXIX are forbidden from believing the contents of this pamphlet. Contemplate this material at your own risk.

Further disclaiment: We removed the offensive word [REDACTED] from our literature; at the polite request of several kindly officials who possess no death squads save for metaphorical ones and who wish to ensure public health, safety and hygiene (mental, physical and otherwise) of our fair city. Other words have also been voluntarily censored as a courtesy to the public.

Credits: We would like to thank one A. [REDACTED] Jones, a gentleman about town and a very snappy dresser, for his kind contributions to our narrative style.

Warning: Setting this pamphlet aflame may cause burning. The authors are not responsible for any ill things that stem from such action.

## JOSHUA ABRAHAM NORTON!

*A man of such prominence, power and prestige that he has already traveled forward in time from beyond the grave to fornicate with your mother while you read this pamphlet.*

Once upon a time, there was a man named Joshua Abraham Norton. He was from London and he had some \$\$\$\$. Unsure what to do with it all, he moved to San Francisco and lost it all on bad investments in Peruvian Rice.<sup>2</sup> Then lacking anything \$\$\$-wise, he decided to get out of the rice investing business and get into Emperor-ship, an old but exciting line of employment that didn't pay much but that came with a smashing uniform and a lot of tidy benefits.



Thus, tired of the incompetent, degenerate and undoubtedly puppy-molesting and halitosis afflicted buffoons that made up the United States political system; Mr. Norton took matters of government into his own hands and on September <sup>fnord</sup> 17, 1859, declared himself Emperor of the US territories. He thereafter, abolished Congress, fired President Lincoln, placed a penalty on the use of the word "Frisco" (Co-author Ludwig-Norton V, his before-now-unknown descendant, has since repealed this decree in her capacity as Sybil and Mome), and demanded tribute of fine restaurant luncheons, foods for his hounds, 30 semi-virgins every Pungenday, and the promise that Queen Victoria be delivered as his bride.

The populace of San Francisco complied - They posted his imperial edicts, furnished him with robes of office, sustained him with succulent chilis and meatloafs and artichokes, gave him keys to the city, and accepted the currencies that he printed out of the imperial mint in his boarding house as legitimate tender.

It ought be noted, however, that the United States Congress remained antinonundisbanded, (which is to say it's still there, much to the chagrin of puppies everywhere), that president

<sup>1</sup> There will be a quiz at the end of the pamphlet. Have a pencil ready.

<sup>2</sup> Rice is delicious. We recommend it.

Lincoln eventually had to be put down rather than retiring, that Queen Victoria was never successfully captured (having eluded American Imperial Bridal Hunters) and that less than a quarter of a demi-virgin arrived in tribute, and they usually only arrived by late Prickle-Prickle at the earliest - Not Pungenday.



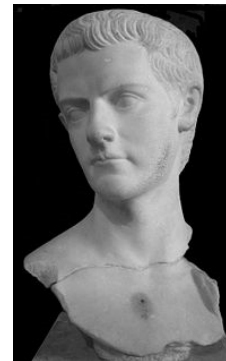
All Friscan men and women nevertheless respected him, for who can fail to respect an obvious emperor. They curtsied in the street and saluted him and gave his dog Lazarus a bi-weekly massage. However, their failing (or rather lack thereof) was that they did not obey the letter of his command and change US political history for the discordant as a result.

That would be silly.

## GAIUS CASSIUS CALIGULA

**A MAN OF SUCH MERIT WHOULD THAT HE HAS PROBABLY  
ALREADY [REDACTED] AND [REDACTED] ALL OVER WHAT  
REMAINED OF YOUR [REDACTED] - OF HE WOULD IF HE WASN'T DEAD.**

Once upon a time, there was a man named Gaius Cassius Caligula (or Bootsy as it goes in the Latin), and he loved to kill, rape and unnecessarily mutilate people without mercy. He also enjoyed horseback riding, incest, cribbage and the occasional bout of tether-ball.



He was made Emperor of the Roman Republic, which had decided at that point that it rather needed an autocrat in order to republicate correctly, and as his insane pedophilic uncle-father had had the position before him, which made him a shoe-in candidate.

Naturally once he got the Emperor-ship (which paid much better in the day so we hear), he decided that he needed some room for career advancement, and decided to shoot for the God-ship.

So Gaius commissioned a few statues, abolished Jesus, fined the sea several thousand proto-dollars for being recalcitrant, proposed that his consul serve as horse, demanded 100 whole-virgins each Sweetmorn and generally had a gay old time murderaping in the name of himself.

The citizenry of Rome, of course, **FULLY COMPLIED** with his edicts to their fullest extent; got him every virgin requested before Setting Orange was out, obliged his murderapistry to the best of their ability and made the consul give him a ride in the meadow every sunset.

One day, a Roman citizen or several decided they had an objection to Caligula's God-Emperor-Ship. This was possibly because they had had too many of their virgins murderaped, possibly because they were atheists, and/or possibly because they all wanted a turn on the consul. History sadly does not tell us.

Suffice it to say, Bootsy got the boot in a way most discordant to continued living. The majority of agitators were not executed for their affront to the Republic and apparently even got to ride at half rates for a while after.

They did of course burn one conspirator for the offense before they made Caligula's retarded, insane and lame uncle chief-republicationist and Emperor for such a time until his wife poisoned him with a froggy and neurotoxin casserole. But we're assured he (that is the aforementioned burnee) had a fair trial.



## quiz:

1. What is your name? Is your favorite color dark green? What are your two favorite adjectives to describe Adam J. [redacted] hat and cane?

2A. Who is at fault for the erratic behavior of an Emperor?

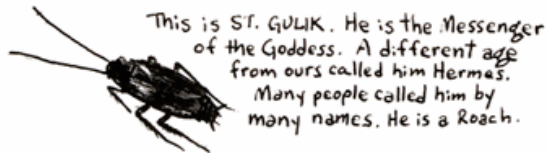
- A) The Emperor, who is crazy.
- B) The populace, who suffers an Emperor's crazitudeity and complies with his orders.
- C) Your mother, whom the time traveling ghost of J.A. Norton have just gifted with quardaorgasm from his 10' phallus made of diamond.
- D) The authors of this educational and apolitical pamphlet.

2B.  $23(6x \text{ demi-virgins}/15)^2 = x \text{ semi-demi-hemi virgins}$ . Solve for z. Assume it is noon on Prickle-Prickle and that the train left London at 3:14 PM. Don't show your work. (we don't care)

IVI. Which was the moral of this story?

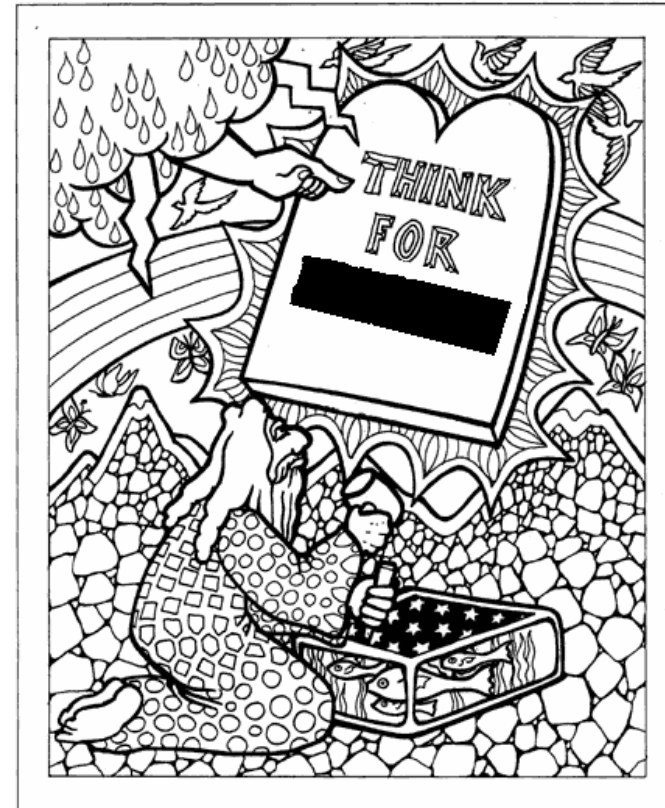
- A) If you believe in yourself, you can do anything.
- B) If you believe in a sonovabitch murderapist, you are likely to have a bad three years.
- C) Killing 1 agitator ensures a free consul-ride for all.
- D) Five tons of flax.

Instructions: Use a board-certified electric pencil with #14X lead and a #01 eraser. Cut along the dotted line. Send completed quiz to Halifax, Nova Scotia PO Box 5555 co/ Mal-44 and Prof. Artemisia Harmonia Syllabus. Please include a valid copy of a non-photo ID, \$7.12 in a configuration not involving nickels, and a notarized document indicating that POEE dues have been paid as off three Pungenday's prior. Do not fold, spindle or mutilate. Do not lie. Disregard the second and the third from the last sentences of these instructions. Your results will be processed in 2-3 seasons.



## AND NOW A COLORING AND ACTIVITY PAGE

### FOR COLORING:



### FOR ACTIVITY:

In the event of an emergency or a boring evening, this pamphlet (and any nearby agitators or assassins), may be lit afire and used as a makeshift torch - providing minutes of illuminating fun!

Instructions: Take lit flame and apply it to the X below. You now have an official POEE (DIV V) illumination device! Enjoy to its fullest!

