

Aye, those were the good old days, when the gods didn't just say "NO". And they were gods because they could outdrink, outeat, outfight, and outfuck any mortals.

These fine qualities really gave me some goals to strive for.

A NIGHT OF WODIN

IT'LL BE THOR TOMORROW...

FORNIC Eight

FUCK AN

203

98140 AUGUST 1990

10
9
19
5
24
4
78

Poor little transmission you almost made it 100,000 miles!

PANT... pant... sigh

I didn't mean to become shiftless

DOWN WITH ENTROPY



5
20
25
7
11
53
14

FFART

Sunday

98830



3336 Bell
enck
Rest

920219

231

200
Trans
fluid
added

3 -
5.25
3.25

300

11.50
129

9
5
14
5
19
5
24
3
27
5