

a field guide to

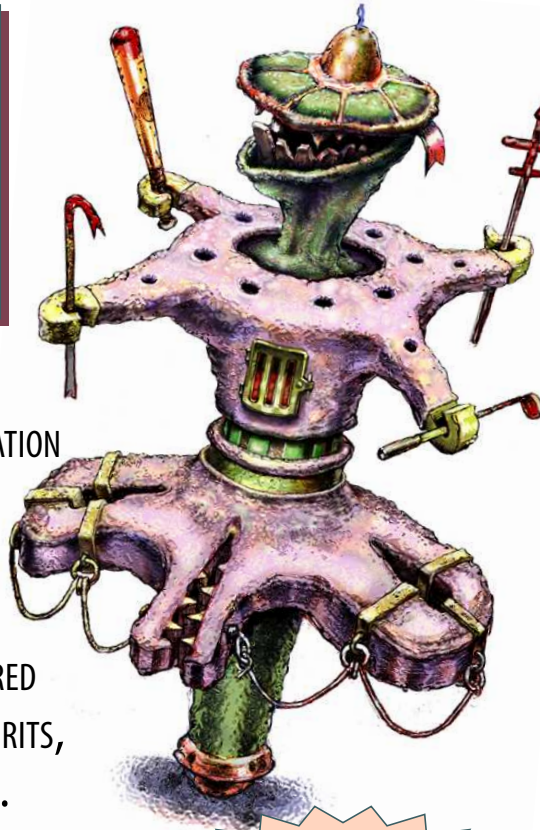
LESSER DEITIES

60 DEITIES IN FULL COLOR

A HANDY &
AUTHORITATIVE
POCKET
REFERENCE

OFFERING A WEALTH
OF PRACTICAL INFORMATION
ON SUMMONING
SUPERNATURAL
ASSISTANCE FROM
COMMONLY ENCOUNTERED
DEMIGODS, DEITIES, SPIRITS,
DEMONS AND WRAITHS.

BY JEFFREY HILBERS



A GOD FOR
EVERY OCCASION!

A GOLDEN UNNATURAL GUIDE

OTHER GOLDEN UNNATURAL GUIDES

AVAILABLE WHEREVER MARGINAL LITERATURE
IS PROUDLY AND OPTIMISTICALLY PURVEYED

Ten Certified Miracles That An Average
Child Can Easily Perform



Christianity and Other Unlikely Stories



Demons, Demons, Demons



Demons, Demons, Demons
and More Demons II (the sequel)



What Kind of Hideous Vampire Satanic-Claw
Monster-Glob-Thing Is That...Anyway?



The Big Book of Smells, Spells, Blasphemies,
Heresies, Defilements and Parlor Magic

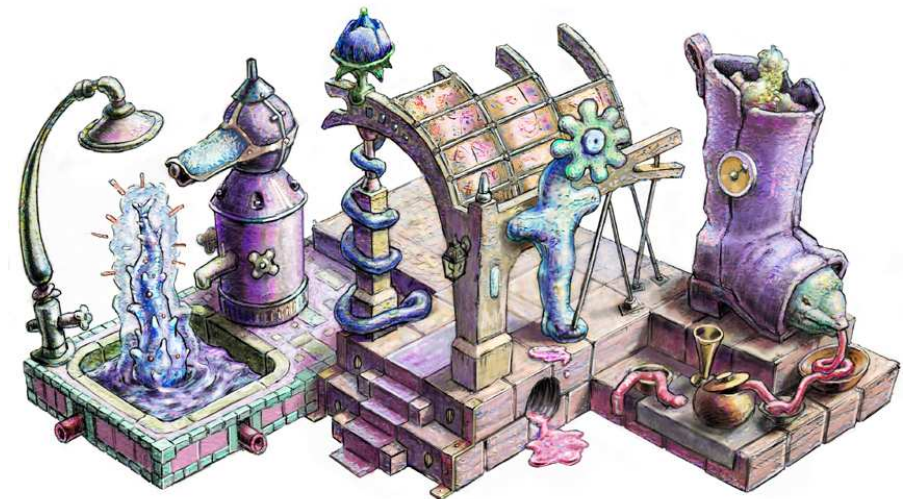
a field guide to

LESSER DEITIES

Offering a wealth of practical information on summoning
supernatural assistance from commonly encountered
demigods, deities, spirits, demons and wraiths.

Written and Illustrated by

JEFFREY HILBERS



A GOLDEN UNNATURAL GUIDE

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Leepsy Cheveux-Rouge - Began her career as a simple rainbow chaser long ago and far away. This Leprechan stalker has been in the forest long enough to become Queen of the Dryads, and come out long enough to become Hollywood's pre-eminent pixie-wrangler and hob-clobberer.

She is currently active in the International Red-Headed League, the Golden Gate Park Midnight Tree Climbers, and the Bay Area Martian Time-Slip Society. She has a Doctorate in Tiny Winged Forest Hominids and Evanescent Victorian Nature Metaphors...and is under consideration for a Phorsofnature Fellowship.

She regularly consults in an expert capacity on magical issues, and is in continuous and lively contact with various spirit realms and creative agencies.

Mz Cheveux-Rouge is frequently called upon to testify in defense of criminals possessed by demons, and on occasion can be charmed into doing a bit of editing on books like this one.



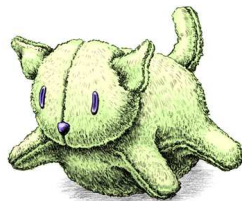
Sam Phibian - Knows all about demons and monstrosities. He was after all raised by them, and, heck, HE is one! In his capacity as a hellish sort of whatsit, he is the ideal consultant on all matters metaphysical.

At present Sam resides in a large tub at the residence of Sri Hilbers, and is rendered domestic, pliable and chatty by continuous infusions of vodka and thorazine mixed with his bathwater.

He knows all, he tells all, and is always in the very best of moods (a willing conversationalist, when not unconcious).

Sam knows where the dirty demonic laundry is buried, and many dishy deity details. He regularly cuts loose with his secrets, and lives the lush life in a moist, fetid, dank suburban basement.

Fat Velvet Kitten - In cases where there is academic disagreement, conflict, aggressive eyebrow-raising, or impassioned finger-wagging, a final arbiter is consulted. Namely, the Fat Velvet Kitten. The Kitten is a "binary" oracle. If it squeeks when squeezed, the answer is yes; if not, case closed!



FOREWORD

No series of reference volumes on the "Supernatural" or "Unnatural" (or "naturally challenged") would be complete without a comprehensive "Daemonaria," or failing that, a charming pocket tome of dubious provenance and significance.

There are things known and there are things unknown, and in-between are the doors of perception.

- **Aldous Huxley**

In this modest and yet surprisingly brilliant offering, the author has attempted to bring ever more light to what can fairly be described as "THE DARK SIDE" (in spite of the various injunctions and liens issued by the L.A. County Court).

I encourage those who appreciate this first opus to keep a salty-weather eye peeled for the next volume.

This book is, of course, intended to be a field guide and not an all-inclusive work of reference. Therefore, the author has chosen carefully and well, so as to arrive at the select demonariumus of the most interest to a refined and well-bred audience.

The reader may ask, "Who is this audience?"

By way of answer, I can do no better than to paraphrase Walt Kelly and say: "We has met the audience and he is us!"

JEFFREY HILBERS 2.5

JEF



Tam-Tam the Great and Good in his playpen

How To Use This Book

While most readers will immediately grasp the intent and use of the subsequent pages, the author is perfectly willing to strike an academically patronizing pose and explain the obvious to anyone who is interested.

We all live in the same vast sea of less-than-solid beings, and any of us should be able to either enlist their help or at least earn their indifference (and occasionally piss them off just for the hell of it).

The main goal of this book is to help the reader identify and profile some common deities (gods, goddesses, muses, spirits, presences, wraiths and demons of all types), and to provide some tips on forming beneficial relationships with them.

Human history demonstrates a lively interest in placating, adoring, enlisting the aid of, propitiating, sating and feeding the ravenous appetites of a vast pantheon of beings who are "naturally challenged" in one way or another.

In spite of the diversity of these creatures and their numerous families, human-deity transactions have some universal features. We shall divide these features into events that are categorized as: "**The Invocation**," "**The Offering**" and "**The Reward**."



Debutante X

THE INVOCATION



The word "invocation" is an English noun that denotes a call, a prayer, or a conjuration. "The Lord's Prayer," for example, is a common Christian invocation. As are: "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," "Gawd, please not the meatloaf again," "Jesus, where the hell are my keys anyway" and "Oh Lord Vishnu, please to not allow that impious radio to play *Hotel California* again ever, thank you so very much!" etc.

The great pagan practices (Wicca, for example) draw a distinction between invocation and evocation (summoning the deity vs. possession by the deity). Obviously, the possession option entails a more complex relationship with the deity, and may affect one's relationships with earthly friends

Reality is that which, when you stop believing in it, doesn't go away.

-Philip K. Dick

and family (and could easily get you fired or pregnant or put in jail). Wise men always say "Be careful what you wish for" (they should know!).

Now we could refer to the person making the invocation as "the invoker," the "asker" or the "needy-wanter-person," but in this book we shall resort to PROPER ENGLISH and use the word "supplicant" to denote the "favor-asker-forer."

THE OFFERING

Once the supplicant has established contact with the god, goddess or demon of his choice, the best course of action is to get down to business immediately. Most of these spirit-thingys have very full schedules and don't wish to waste their time.

Occasionally, when summoning a deity, one only gets that deity's secretary. Subsequently, one makes an appointment and will have a bit of time to arrange one's thoughts, and perhaps sober up just a little.



If we meet no gods it is because we harbor none.

- Emerson

Once the demon-thingy shows up, you should have the gift-tribute-payment (whatever) in hand and ready to go. It's strictly C.O.D., Quid Pro Quo and tit for tat with these spirt-y whasis-es.

They WILL NOT accept a note from your mother, an I.O.U., or the pink slip for your crappy old Accord.

Whatever you do, don't start waving coupons around. Omniscient beings really hate coupons.

To paraphrase Freud's question, "What do deities want?" The answer: they want, they hunger, they need, and they get respect. Refer to this book as often as necessary for guidance on this issue, listen carefully, give the gods what they want, and don't give them what they don't want. This part of the transaction between humans and spirits is referred to as "The Offering."

If you plays, you pays...and bargains should not be taken for granted.

THE REWARD

The author opines that no human on Earth needs to be educated as to the definition of this term, but we shall run through it anyway.

"The Reward" is, of course, the gift-bonus-freebie-perk that the god-in-question doles out because it happens to be in a good mood.

All the gods are better than their conduct.

- Mark Twain

Of course, deities are typically in a bad mood, and it takes an appropriate offering to bring them around.

Once again (for anyone not paying attention), "You gets what you pays for" and most of the deities featured herein will not disappoint. Similarly, if you cross them, they will bear you an eternal grudge, so don't try anything cute.

Once the supplicant has summoned his or her deity, made his or her introductions, and offered the appropriate gifts (as outlined in this volume), he or she can, in general, be assured of the justly anticipated response from the monstrous apparition before him or her.

...and, like everyone who has had enough, he wants more.

- John Le Carre

The deities have their rules of social behavior and usually will "come through with the goods."

Further disputes may be adjudicated in a municipal Lesser Deity Civil Court near you.



THE TALISMAN



For each deity in the book, a talisman is suggested. "The Talisman" is an object that the deity-in-question will recognize and respond favorably to. If one brings a talisman, the general mood of the human-demon "first encounter" will be much more easy-going and productive.

The supplicant need not present an object *exactly* like the one depicted in the book, and we do NOT recommend cutting the book up for the sake of acquiring verbatim talismans. The deities portrayed here are familiar with this book and like to see their clients taking some independent initiative, so don't try waving these pages at the demons with your mouth open and

your tongue hanging out. No photocopies either!

The important thing is to carry something which reflects the essential elements portrayed by the talisman. If, for instance, the talisman is a half-eaten sandwich, then any half-eaten thing will do, even if it isn't actually food.

I was like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself now and then, finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

- Isaac Newton

HINTS, TIPS and PEDANTRY



1) Always try to finish up your business with one demon before summoning up another one.

Generally speaking, they don't like each other very much, and the consequences of having more than one demon incarnated into the same spatio-temporal locus can be unpredictable. You might just blow your neighborhood to hell.

2) Dress for the occasion. Never summon up any spirit monster while wearing fuzzy slippers, Speedos, a gold chain, or a Led Zeppelin muscle-T. If you do, you will very likely get an ugly road rash.

While the very experienced conjurer might be able to make that sort of shamanic fashion bravado work, beginning and intermediate sorcerers should dress in a much more practical style.

The newbie would be very well-dressed in a Haz Mat rig, motorcycle leathers and crash helmet. A sub-zero survival suit sandwiched between those two wouldn't be a bad idea, either.

Such flashy protective couture can get expensive fast. Folks on a budget can get by with sensible shoes, eye and hearing protection, a filter mask, and a shirt that says "I'm With Stupid."

Always try to think ahead when casting spells. A modest first-aid kit, containing such items as aspirin and anti-diarrheal liquid, is a must-have. Definitely pack a tourniquet, a flashlight, holy water, garlic, and a magical potato that looks like Lyndon Johnson (just in case).

3) Field Studies. Any half-intelligent observer of demons and deities can contribute to the academic study of supernatural quasi-corporate beings. The enthusiastic amateur should keep video records of

...but at any rate, the point is that God is what nobody admits to being, and everybody really is.

- Alan Watts

his conjuring (including the really shameful parts) and post them on YouTube and Facebook so the rest of us can have a good laugh.



4) Conservation.

Conservation should always be considered when dabbling on the darker side.

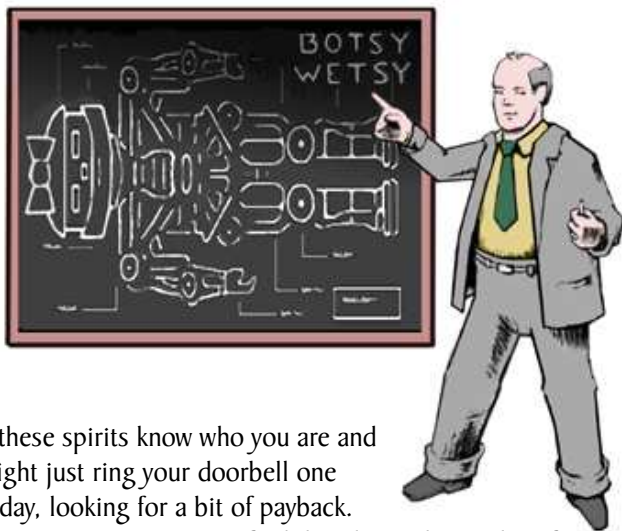
Just as one cleans up a campsite and removes the trash, one should take care to mop up the mess when all the spell-casting is over.

Do be mindful that these spirits know who you are and where you live, and might just ring your doorbell one day, looking for a bit of payback.

One devil is like another.

- Cervantes

It is not uncommon to find that deities have a lot of time on their hands and bore very easily. Because of this, always make sure you have fully completed your transaction with the supernatural being in question, and haven't left any unresolved issues pending.



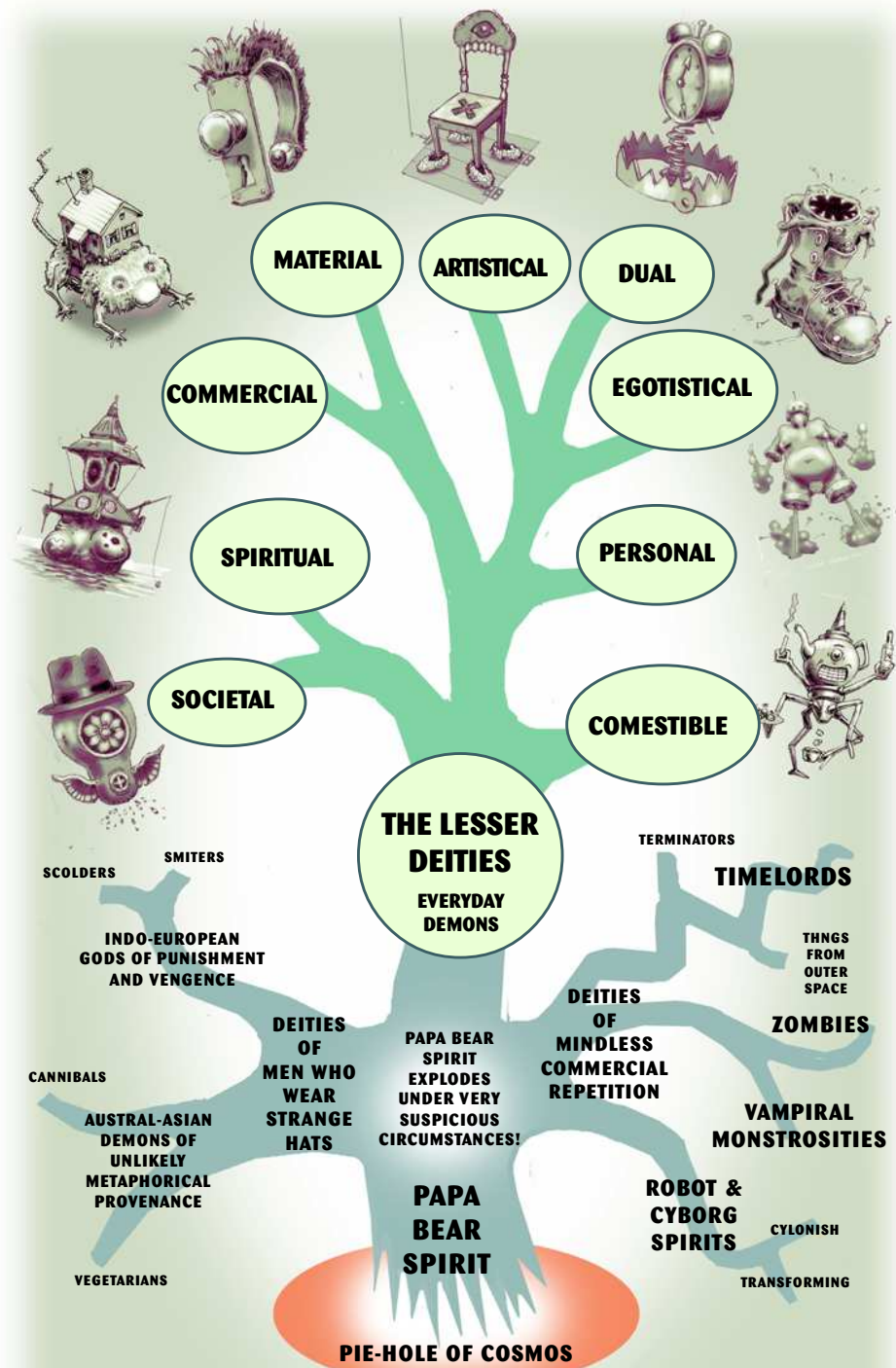
DISCLAIMER

The author and publisher wish to point out that anyone using this book to cast spells, make pacts with demonic personae, or fiddle with circumstances beyond their control does so at their own risk.

We do not recommend that the preternaturally unlucky, clumsy, or stupid meddle with the supernatural. This book is not for children under 12 or anyone less than 3 feet tall. Do not drink alcohol or operate heavy machinery while using this book.

Unplanned decapitations, defenestrations, exsanguinations, amputations, sudden onset raving lunacy or inexplicable disappearance of internal organs are the responsibility of the user.

Property damage incurred by lightning, brimstone storms, comets, skeleton armies, locusts, raining snakes and other forms of divine-smiting are also the responsibility of the user.



THE SPIRITO-GENESIS TREE

FAQ (FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS)

What if I catch on fire?

While the answer to this question may seem obvious, it is a bit more complex than one would think.

If you are burning from the outside in, then by all means put the fire out with whatever might be at hand.

If, however you are burning from the inside out, don't bother. You will be dead before you hit the ground.

Is there a government agency that regulates all these hellish non-organisms?

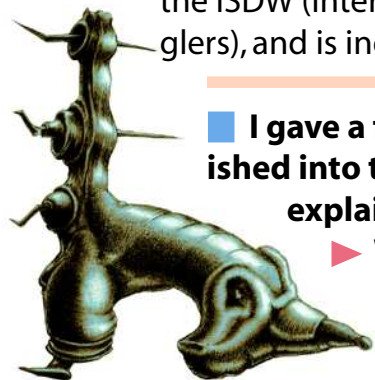
Yes (comma) no. The big-picture view of this question shows that things actually work the other way around. It's the spirit world that regulates governments.

I'm a busy mom with a career. Can I hire some sort of private dark dabbler to do all this conjuring for me? I just don't have the time for all this.

Actually, it doesn't take that long to make a deal with a demon, but if you're the impatient type you can still make a big mess by rushing things.

So if you're the sort of person who doesn't take direction, it might be better to seek the services of a professional.

Just make sure that the sorcerer in question is certified by the ISDW (International Society of Demon Wranglers), and is indemnified in some way.



I gave a friend this book and he vanished into thin air the next day. How do you explain this?

We don't. He probably got what he deserved and/or wanted. You should let it go, get on with your life, and forget it ever happened.



What if my spell-mongering attracts the attention of the police or other security organizations (in a bad way)?

It helps to have a series of glib fabrications prepared in advance. When lying, always remember that a little lie requires less maintenance than a big lie. Do remember that none of your little lies should demonstrate an internal inconsistency or contradiction.

If the lying fails, you might call up the demon known as *The Innocent Bystander*. With his help you ought to be able to stay out of the slammer.

Will I go to generic hell if I mess around with this stuff?

It's possible that you are already in hell and haven't figured it out yet.

I am considering commending my immortal soul to Almighty Baal. What will that be like?

Baal the Imperious and Ghastly? That Baal? If being consumed by brain parasites for all eternity while elevator music plays appeals to you, then Baal is the deity for you. Baal is an old-fashioned Mesopotamian Smiter, and no fun even in the best of times.



THE LESSER DEITIES

BY THEIR AREAS OF INFLUENCE

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- THE PICKLED PORPOISE _____ *Guarantees safe passage for anyone on an alcoholic spree* ___ 16
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- PAPA DOC _____ *Governs the deep dark nether-realms of health insurance* ___ 20
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- AMBASSADOR SCATMOUTH _____ *Teaches the timid to swear like salty dogs* ___ 24
- THE MALTESE CRYPTOQUIP _____ *Offers solutions to challenging wordpuzzles* ___ 26
- PRINCESS THUNDERBIRD _____ *Provides carefree tourist class travel, easy TSA passage* ___ 28
- VOODOO JUKEBOX _____ *Changes rap to rock and roll, and vice-versa* ___ 30

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- KING OF THE ROAD _____ *Provides spiritual guidance on beatnik-style road trips* ___ 36
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- SLEEPY LITTLE BURRO _____ *Offers muchos excusos for procrastination and delay* ___ 40
- A YOUNG LADY'S POCKET VAMPIRE _____ *Helps sniff out blood-meals and creepy outfits* ___ 42
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- COMRADE FLOWER CHILD _____ *Leads the seeker to fine head shops and primo herb* ___ 46

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- THE PAINTED BIRD _____ *Gives hints and tips for locating special thrift store geegaws* ___ 58
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- PRIVATE EYE CLAUDIUS _____ *Manages your supernatural surveillance systems* ___ 82
- THE PLASTIC SURGEON _____ *For guidance regarding elective surgeries* ___ 84
- BOSS TWEEDY PIE _____ *When one is in the mood for unregulated predatory capitalism* ___ 86
- VICEROY W.C. _____ *Transforms any filthy public loo into a throne fit for a queen* ___ 88

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- EMPEROR SMARTY-PANTS _____ *Enables the fatuous to spout impressive facts and figures* ___ 94
- BIG CHIEF UGLY BABY _____ *Makes even the ugliest baby appealing* ___ 96
- HIS MAJESTY, THE STAIN _____ *Offers tips on defeating the homemaker's fiercest foe* ___ 98
- MAMAH WAGGAH FINGAH _____ *Helps assign blame and guilt in an unfair and satisfying way* ___ 100
- SARGENT SPINCHTER _____ *Teaches the weak and indecisive to show some backbone* ___ 102

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- TOO DELICATE ANTIQUE _____ *Protects one's inappropriately valuable household objects* ___ 108
- HOLY MACARONI _____ *Assists with life transformation via arts and crafts* ___ 110
- DOUBLE PYGMY, DOUBLE PYGMY _____ *Enhances the self-image of even the shortest fellow* ___ 112
- APPALACHIAN FOLKWAY PLAGUE _____ *Proffers relief from the curse of dull folk music* ___ 114

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- THE GRAND CONCIERGE _____ *Assures a snooty, white-linen dining experience* ___ 120
- SIR SPEEDY RELIEF _____ *Soothes that bloated gut after a big meal* ___ 122
- PANDA NOODLE DOODLE _____ *Helps one make the right decisions when ordering out* ___ 124

SOCIETAL

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- IN-BIRD-ER-ATOR _____ *Destroys annoying noises at the ugly source* ___ 130
- DEBUTANTE X _____ *Brings little girls of all ages what they deserve* ___ 132
- THE BLESSED TURNSTYLE _____ *Guarantees privileged access for the fashion-challenged* ___ 134
- THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER _____ *Converts the criminally culpable into blameless observers* ___ 136
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- BLACKBEARD THE BABYSITTER _____ *Conducts a scared-straight program for willful tots* ___ 142
- THE LYIN' KING _____ *Assists anyone who has trouble with the untruth* ___ 144
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OLD BLIND DATE

OFFERS ESCORT SERVICES FOR THE ROMANTICALLY CHALLENGED

DEITY OF: DESPERATE RELATIONSHIPS

PATRON OF: THE FADED AND IGNORED

So suave, so continental, so debonaire, so elegant... Old Blind Date's mastery of the social graces makes him the ideal 5th for bridge and 13th at table. This escort of last resort can casually lose a bundle at roulette, stiff an unctuous waiter, offend most of one's relatives, and dip his thumb into everyone's drink, all in a single social evening.

His razor-sharp wit is studded with knock-knock and Polish jokes, and is frequently augmented by novelty bootineers and whoopie cushions.

He will always express surprise at the fact that he is without folding money, and astonishment at the dishonored condition of his credit cards.

A lack of personal funds will never dampen his enthusiasm when other people are paying.

YOUR INVOCATION

"I'd rather die than confront this loneliness."

YOUR OFFERING

Almost any material object will serve to sate and excite this deity. Of course, if valuable objects are involved his attentions will become more fulsome. Watches, men's jewelry, ghastly ties, and drug store cologne sets will certainly suffice at first.

Always be aware that repeated encounters entail more valuable offerings, and the final gift is usually power of attorney.

Should one grow tired of this deity, a simple restraining order is quite effective.

YOUR REWARD

Even the most retiring spinster can expect to be caught up in a lively whirlwind of social behavior when the Old Blind Date knocks on her door. These experiences may not be prove to be particularly desirable, but they are usually better than nothing.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

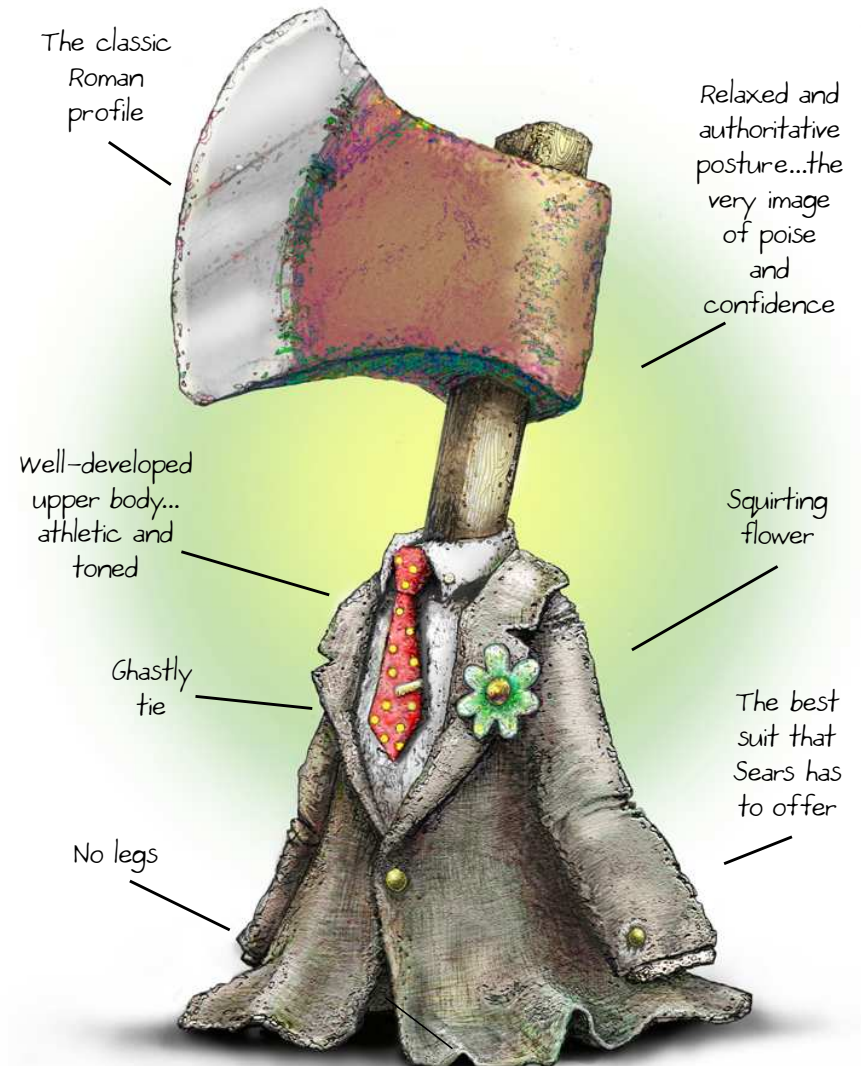
- The corner table in any airport hotel bar.
- Cruise-ship casinos.
- Community college dance classes (especially salsa and tango).
- The men's department at Walmart.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- It should be noted that Old Blind Date's actual method of locomotion is indeterminate, although there is general agreement that he has no legs.
- He glides and shimmers in a Jeeves-like way, but tends to run right into simple and obvious obstacles.
- Don't ask him to hold your drink.



SO SHY ABOMINATION

EASES THE INTERPERSONAL RELUCTANCE OF THE VERY TIMID

DEITY OF: TEMPORARY SOCIAL COURAGE

PATRON OF: WALLFLOWERS (AND SHRINKING VIOLETS)

While the outward manifestation of this "fellow" is plain enough (curtains by *Joanne's Fabrics*, self-illumination courtesy of *Frenchie's Tasteful Lighting of Coeur d'Alene*), his true form is the subject of scholarly speculation.

This demon's shyness is self-evident, and peeking through the curtains is definitely not recommended (he is, after all, an abomination). Sensible folks will take the red clown shoes VERY seriously and proceed with extreme caution.

He's always home, and he's always alone. One might hear a scratchy bit of Edith Piaf or Bob Denver winding away behind the curtain.

A word of warning: don't stop the music!

YOUR INVOCATION

"Don't look at me, I'm horrible."

YOUR OFFERING

Since So Shy never goes "out," he can be relied on to order in. His endless appetite for pizza and Chinese take-out can be exploited by the would-be supplicant, who need only deliver his offering in combination with the appropriate food item.

This deity will be easily swayed by one or more of the following: a shredded copy of *Cosmo*, a smashed mirror, a printout of an unviewed Match.com profile, a dance instruction video of any kind, and always, a half-eaten Weight Watchers meal.

YOUR REWARD

While the shy one himself will never actually show himself publicly, he has the power to instill the timid and shy with enough courage to attempt simple worldly tasks.

An ice cream eating binge may be involved.

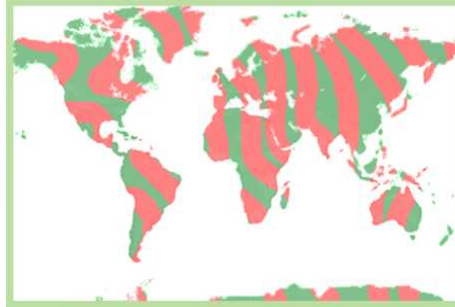
HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- In thrift stores, amongst marooned portraits of lost families.
- Wherever Hallmark Cards are sold.
- Waiting at the stage door for productions of "Cats" everywhere.

PRINCIPAL RANGES

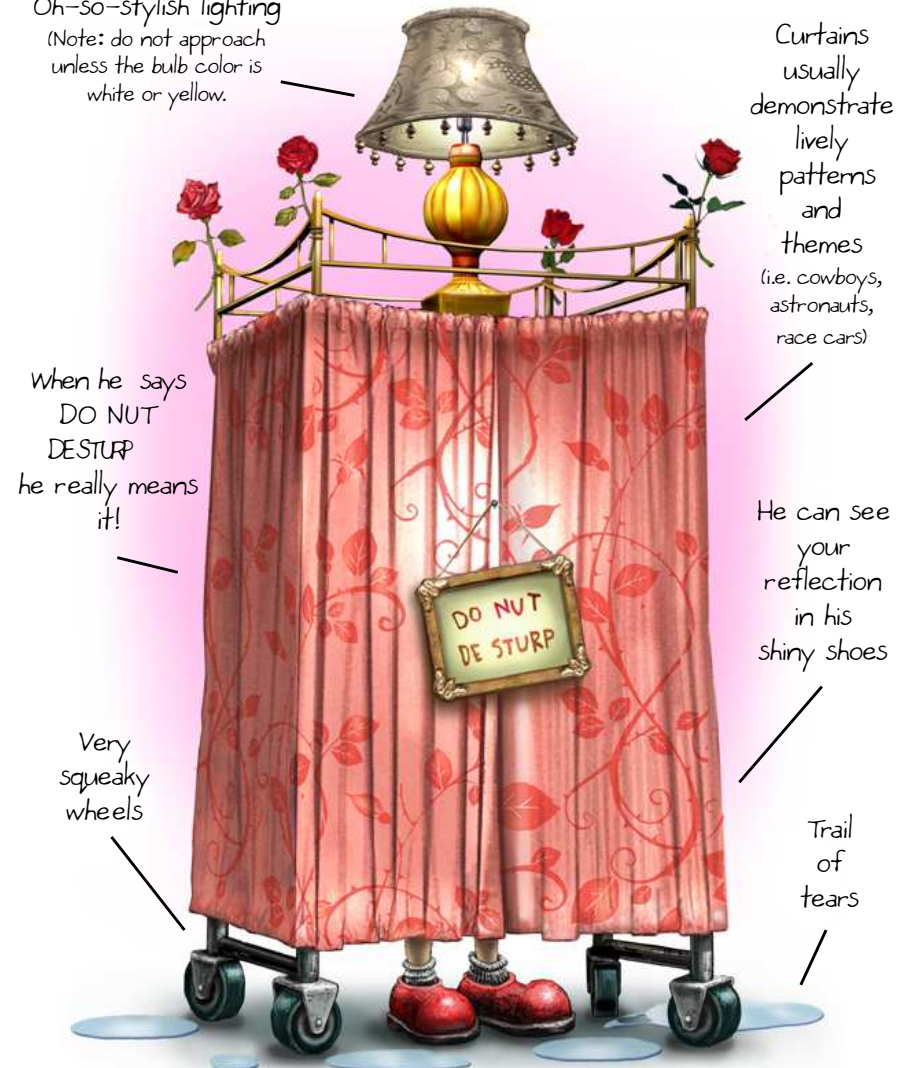


OTHER FEATURES

Should some tracking of this entity be required, here are some tips:

- Look for a wide and deep trail of tears...interspersed with discarded facial tissues.
- This trail may or may not be dotted with discarded packaging for personal care products (deodorants and the like).

Oh-so-stylish lighting
(Note: do not approach unless the bulb color is white or yellow.)



Curtains usually demonstrate lively patterns and themes (i.e. cowboys, astronauts, race cars)

He can see your reflection in his shiny shoes

Trail of tears

Very squeaky wheels

When he says DO NOT DESTURP he really means it!

BASS-O PROFUND-O

EXTENDS EMOTIONAL SUPPORT TO ASPIRING AMATEUR PERFORMERS

DEITY OF: AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENT

PATRON OF: SMALL PARTS

All the world's a stage and all the players strictly AMATEURS.

As the big moment approaches, Ms. Profundo will be posting playbills hither and yon, and jamming them under windshield wipers. Calls will be made to friends, relations and co-workers. Slowly, by dint of insistence, a hesitant and doubtful audience will be amassed, and with luck, it could become an entourage. At any event, the theatre will not be full, and most of the tickets will certainly have been complimentary.

Whether it be tap, The Tempest, Cole Porter, or the Ring Cycle, this wraith is ready to offer the torture of marginal performance to any audience, whilst bathing in her own, utterly perfect, personal spotlight.

YOUR INVOCATION

"For my first piece I'd like to play..."

YOUR OFFERING

Attracting Bassy is as simple as counting quarter notes. First, cover yourself with greasepaint, then stand in front of the mirror and give yourself a standing ovation. For extra emphasis you can fabricate imaginary rave reviews of the upcoming performance and read them aloud.

YOUR REWARD

It's a wise performer who knows his limits. Wisest of all may be those artistes who stay off the stage, and pursue their craft in private.

There's no substitute for practice, but when all else fails, daring and enthusiasm may just save the day.

The Bass-o Profund-o has all the rabid enthusiasm required to vanquish any case of stage-fright or the nervous nellys. She can give the most poorly prepared performer the courage required to confidently bore and dazzle the most discriminating audience.

HER TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Down in the orchestra pit someplace (half a measure ahead).
- Right behind you in dance class, where you can never see her, no matter what.
- Inside every accordion that ever existed.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



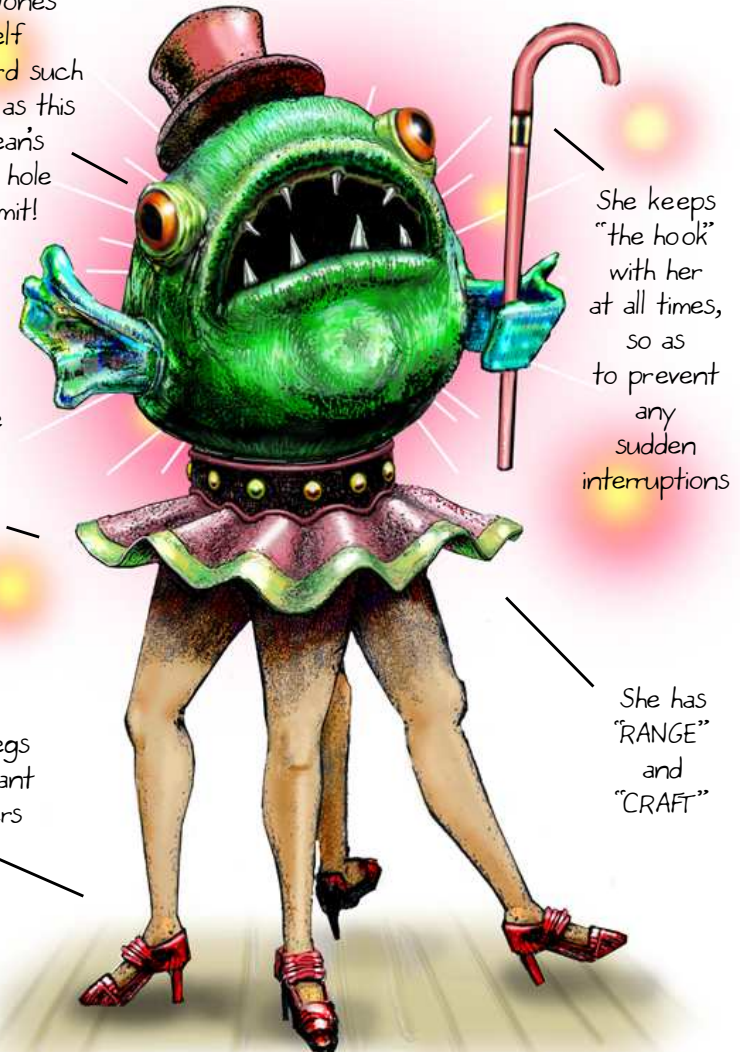
Davey Jones himself never heard such a bellow as this cetacean's sardine hole can emit!

Costume by Stage Mother Bass-o

Extra legs for instant do-overs

OTHER FEATURES

- When old Bassy takes the stage, grab yer hat and don't yell FIRE until you get to the door.
- Bassy has spent decades honing her craft at the Peter Boyle School of Modern Dance, and still can't get it right.
- When she starts Puttin' Cheesewhiz on the Ritz, be wearing a raincoat.



She keeps "the hook" with her at all times, so as to prevent any sudden interruptions

She has "RANGE" and "CRAFT"

THE PICKLED PORPOISE

GUARANTEES SAFE PASSAGE FOR ANYONE ON AN ALCOHOLIC SPREE

DEITY OF: INEBRIATED ADVENTURE

PATRON OF: DRUNKEN SAILORS

“God protects fools, little children and drunkards” is a popular European aphorism of uncertain coinage. While the everyday Christian Jehova might be of some small service to a hapless lush, the thoughtful tippler would do well to enlist the assistance of a less tense and puritanical deity.

Therefore, if you're about to embark on a hellish bender, you might as well BYOG (bring your own god). The big fancy deities generally don't care for willful alcohol abuse anyhow (the “just say no” thing).

When you are ready to party till you get thrown in jail, by all means pack some Tic-Tacs, some B-12, a bondsman's business card, a straight-razor, a Tagalog phrase book, a whoopee cushion, and The Pickled Porpoise.

YOUR INVOCATION

“Leave me that goddam bottle, goddamit!”

YOUR OFFERING

While some of these demons have complex or peculiar transactional requirements, Pickles keeps it simple. Just buy him a drink!

Order him a Corona with lime, a Salty Dog, or anything with an umbrella stuck in it, and you will be IN like Flipper.

YOUR REWARD

As sure as your forecastle stinks like a Frenchman, he SHALL tell his tail. After a few Mai Tais, Pickles will spill a long litanic, titanic, littoral list of his fishy failures and excesses.

In spite of this tiresome chit-chat, he can be relied on to protect his inebriated companions on their stumbly journey. He won't keep you out of jail, but he will keep you from getting beat-up while you're in the tank, and buy you a drink when you make bail.

If you bring Pickles along, you might still find yourself in a dumpster at sunrise, but at least there will be a big porpoise next to you.

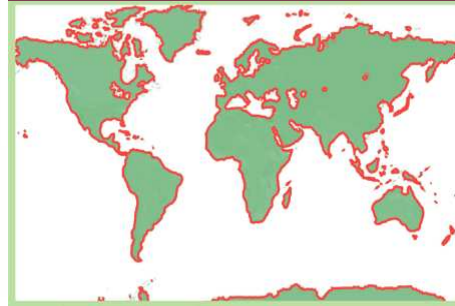
HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- At high-class seal shows where alcohol is served.
- Panhandling outside the local seaside liquor store.
- Fisherman's wharves, dry docks and marinas.
- Wherever old salts and jolly jack-tars get tattooed whilst intoxicated.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OVERVIEW

- Pickles is always available to sail upon the stormy sea of drunk and disorderly dissipation from late afternoon until perhaps dawn, and is usually fetched on the lee shore of rehab for most of the hours of daylight.
- Once properly oiled, Pickles shows himself to be the ideal bar-crawl social companion, with many the nautical yarn on-tap.

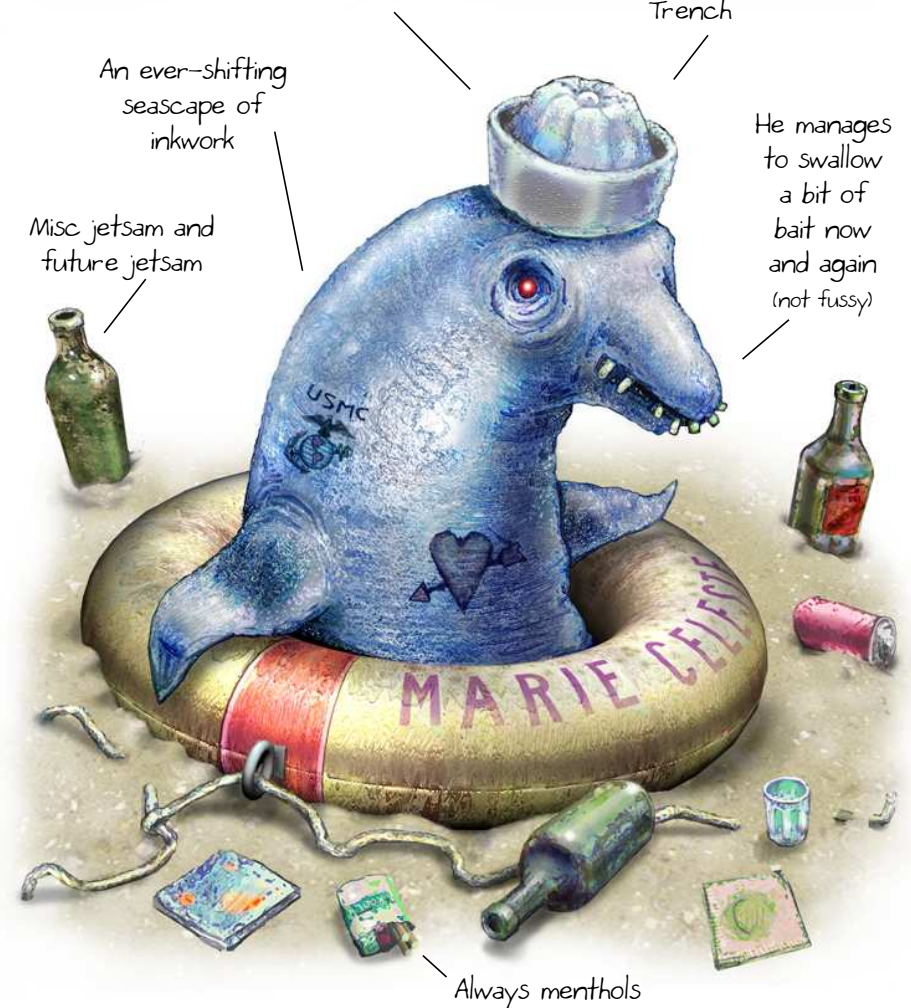
A swabbie hat from his brief and embarrassing stint in the service

A stare devoid of pupils and deep as the Marianas Trench

An ever-shifting seascape of inkwork

Misc jetsam and future jetsam

He manages to swallow a bit of bait now and again (not fussy)



THE IN-BIRD-ER-ATOR

DESTROYS ANNOYING NOISES AT THE UGLY SOURCE

DEITY OF: PEACE AND QUIET

PATRON OF: HOMICIDAL LIBRARIANS

What could be worse than having flocks of songbirds loose in one's house, apartment, double-wide, or improvised cardboard shelter?

Plenty of things could be worse, but, we'll get to that later!

Eliminating unwanted sources of household and neighborhood racket is now as easy as driving across town to one of the last 5 Sears stores in the world, and buying the *Lady Kenmore* In-bird-er-ator.

Once you have plugged in this ready-made demon-haus, it will emit a signal to attract the autonomous Noise-Devouring Spirit, and voila, your In-bird-er-a-tor is ready to trap any old noisy thing (particularly the typical chatty bird) and convert it to a pleasant smelling paste.

The In-bird-er-ator will also effectively neutralize barking neighbor dogs, barking neighbors, inconsiderate teenagers, squalling brats, and boom boxes. All that's left to do is dispose of the paste and enjoy the blessed silence.

YOUR INVOCATION

"Turn that damn thing off or I'll kill you."

YOUR OFFERING

With high-tech hardware on your side, it's never been easier to practice dark magic.

The *Lady Kenmore* In-bird-er-ator does the work for you.

It automatically attracts, authenticates, and synchronizes the demon to its new home, employing modern "plug and play" technology.

Guaranteed to *Start Hungry!* and *Stay Hungry!* for all eternity.

YOUR REWARD

The lucky In-bird-er-ator owner will never have to listen to any common household noise again, particularly if he sneezes or farts or talks to himself.

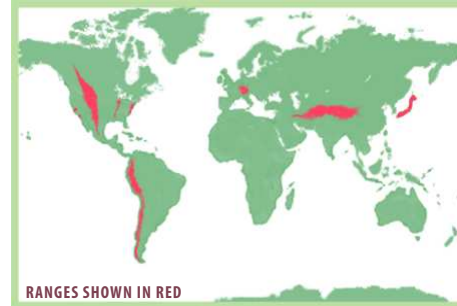
HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

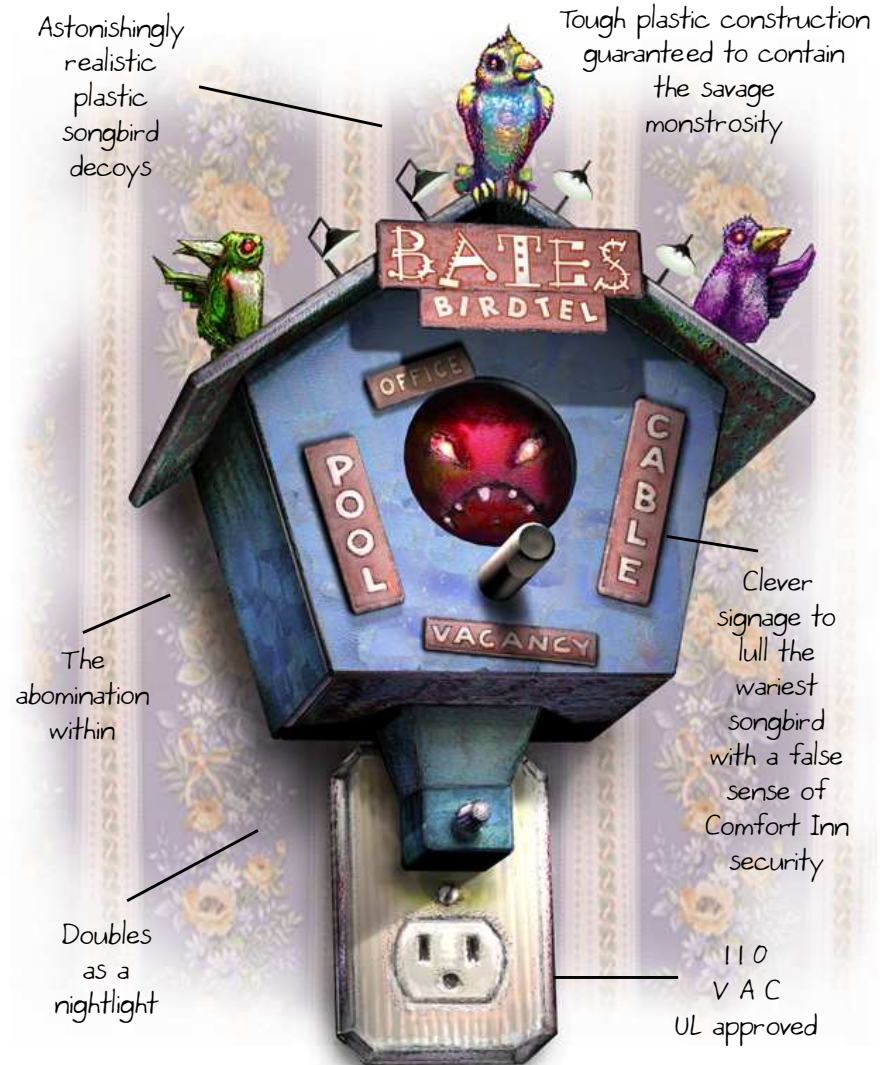
- Available in freeze-dried pouch form in the garden section of your local Sears.
- In its natural setting, on desolate mountain tops devoid of life (just a coincidence!)
- In urban settings, found near unsolved homicides.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- As with all spirito-electrical appliances, exercise caution in its presence.
- Never touch the appliance once it is plugged in (not even during a power failure), or it will convert you to paste.
- Always refrain from speaking ill of the appliance or plotting against it (the paste thing again).



EASY-SQUEEZY-DEITY-GOO

FOR SPELLS AND CONJURES IN A SIMPLE, READY TO USE PACKAGE

DEITY OF: A QUICK FIX IN A TUBE

PATRON OF: BUSY MOMS WITH CAREERS

In this era of modern convenience one can find many unlikely items offered in pre-packaged form. Recently the *Godzall Corp.* has introduced its revolutionary product, *Easy-Squeezy-Deity Goo*, which is essentially a suite of supernatural entities wrapped up in tube form.

Easy-Squeezy-Deity Goo is available in a variety of spell flavors, many of which are custom-engineered to produce unusual and specific outcomes. You can find *Easy-Squeezy-Deity Goo* on the chewing tobacco aisle in any fine drug store, right next to the ammunition and Zippo flints.

From among the 50 patented deity flavors, you may choose: *Kill Da Boss*, *Crummy Food Fixer-Upper*, *Find my Cat*, *Telemarketer No More*, *Idiotic Conversation Eraser*, *Big Butt Shrinker*, *Public Restroom Locator*, *Cellphone Disabler*, and *World Peace*, to name but a few.

YOUR INVOCATION

"I'd like to buy my way out of this situation."

YOUR OFFERING

There's nothing to it.

Once you've purchased the appropriate flavor of this deity-rich gel or paste, just follow the procedures indicated on the label.

Never mix up the tubes, mistakenly using *Find My Cat* to shrink a big butt, for example. The outcome of such substitutions can be unpredictable (and usually irreversible).

We also recommend that supplicants go the extra mile and purchase a tube of *Godstopper* (spell-cancellation cream), otherwise the uncontrolled spell could create some sort of environmental catastrophe.

YOUR REWARD

E.S.D.G is a fine product made in America. As with all American products the consumer can believe all the crazy promises expressed on the label.

ITS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Available via vending machines in roadhouse restrooms around the world.
- Certain flavors are perennial favorites in porno shops, and sold from behind the counter in liquor stores.
- Select tubes will be found in the pocket of any successful politician.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- The author has had positive experiences with most of these entubed demons. *STD BE GONE*, for example, earns his relieved and unstinting praise.
- *WORLD PEACE*, on the other hand, merely summoned up a bowl of liquified legumes. Perhaps this was the outcome of imperfect proof-reading.



M'LORD, THE DUKE OF LINES

ASSURES THE ROYAL TREATMENT FOR THOSE WHO WAIT IN LINES

DEITY OF: IMPATIENCE

PATRON OF: ARISTOCRATIC CONSUMERS

Cheerio, shoppers! There's a special item on aisle 6. Cor Blimey, 'tis M'Lord, the Duke of Lines, come to rescue us from retail tedium.

Leave it to the British aristocracy to rescue gentlemen and ladies of quality from the tyranny of the masses. In particular the masses down at Walgreen's, Albertson's and Target (NOT the French Target, by the by).

Those of us who maintain a shred of dignity will make our purchases in small quantities and thus feel somewhat entitled to EXPRESS checkout.

Sadly, the tasteful shopper is usually confronted by a dizzying array of checkout lines, and deciding which line promises the quickest progress is, quite simply, a tiresome business and below one's station.

M'Lord, the Duke of Lines has but one talent: He will divine the fastest checkout line for the well-bred applicant. The client will be delivered to his vintage Lotus, Rover or bug-eyed sprite (in that dreadful parking lot), with plenty of time left over to accept a KBE from the Queen.

YOUR INVOCATION

"All I wanted was a Fresca!"

YOUR OFFERING

It's best to offer the Duke something which complements his refined sensibilities.

Any typically British delicacy in a "tin" will excite his interest and trigger feelings of social kinship.

A canned portion of Bangers and Mash, Bubble and Squeak, Spotted Dick or any mass of internal organs posing as food will work fine.

If these delicacies are unavailable then something from the lost empire will do. A jar of chutney or a gift pack of Twinings, for example.

It's best to affect a Belgravian accent and disparage the lower classes when in his presence.

YOUR REWARD

M'Lord, the Duke will always identify the quickest way out of any distasteful retail setting. He can also help you choose the fastest lane on the freeway, the best time to hit the DMV, and which urinal to line up behind at the ball game, dog-track or snooty country club.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

■ In the check-out areas of major department, food, auto parts and drug stores. Every post-office.

■ Never found in any locale where a "take a number" service system is in force. How declassé!

■ Only infrequently "seen" in third world countries where the custom of queuing is unknown.

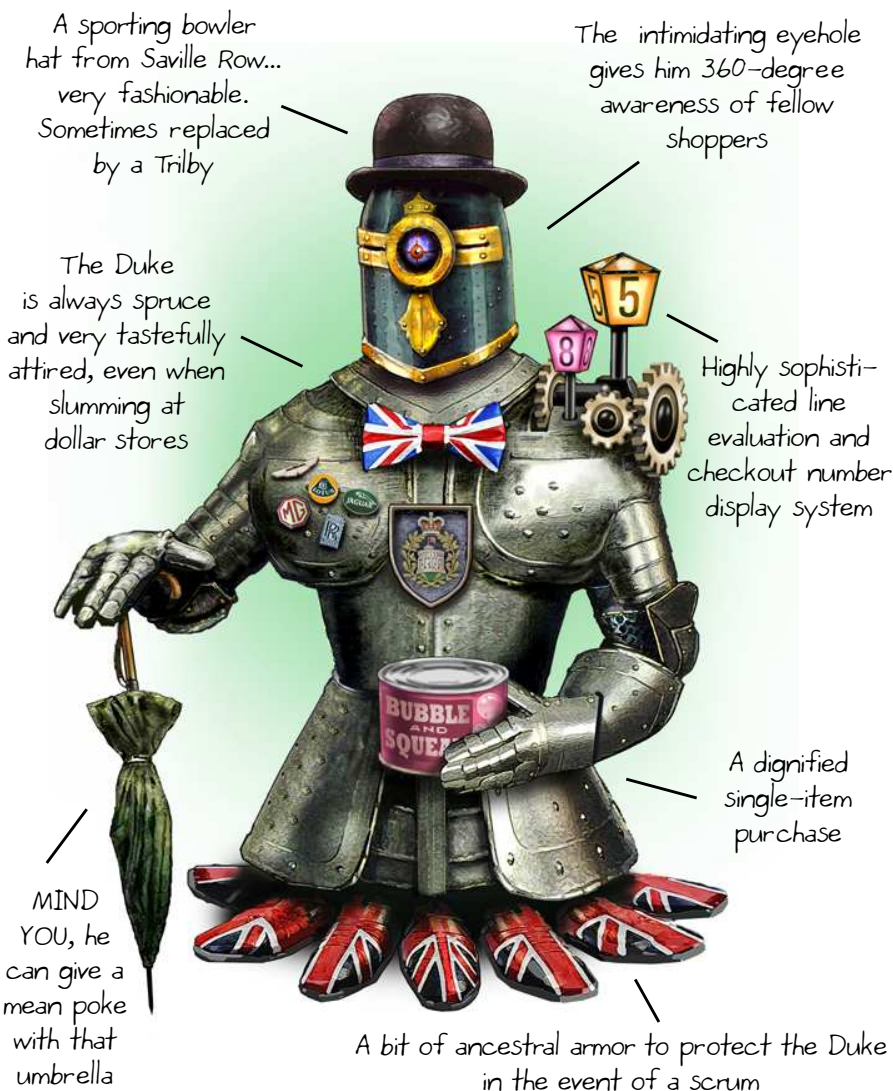
PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

Adept at spotting the tell-tale features that mark a potentially slow line, such as:

- Any woman with an imitation Birkin Bag clutching a bulging checkbook cozy.
- Single mothers counting WIC coupons.
- Old people consulting the market's sale flyer for dubious bargains (anything that ensures a long, drawn-out negotiation involving cents-off on a tube of toothpaste.)



KING OF THE ROAD

PROVIDES SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE FOR BEATNIK STYLE ROAD TRIPS

DEITY OF: WANDERLUST

PATRON OF: THE VERY BORED

Most folks want to get away, see new things, and travel in an unfettered way. It's unfortunate that people tend to stay home simply because they lack the funds or the daring, or the requisite selfishness to simply ride off into the sunset.

Friends, Romans, Bivalves and Arthropods, lend him your ears, or the appropriate analog of that organ (depending on your species). The King of the Road has a beguiling siren song to sing to those who are ready for some wild temptation.

While only remotely related to the Sirens who tempted Odysseus, this sometime sea-monster has what it takes to lure any couch potato away from calm waters, out onto the ragged lee-shore of high-risk, low-reward adventure.

YOUR INVOCATION

"I'm so bored I can't even finish this sandwich."

YOUR OFFERING

Once you've made the invocation, and *The King* appears before you, be sure to give him what's left of that boring sandwich.

Also, it's prudent to put some spare change in his cup, but make sure it's American money (he hates those Canadian coins).

YOUR REWARD

As *The King's* song spills forth, it will inspire the supplicant to fill up gas tanks, quit jobs, abandon husbands, wives, pets and children, and stick a thumb out on a two-lane highway. Destination: anyplace but here.

The tune is familiar but not nameable, and may seem composed of equal parts Tom Waits, Kris Kristopherson, Woody Guthrie and Ry Cooder. One may feel the *Need for Speed*, *Ants in the Pants* and *Happy Feet* all at once.

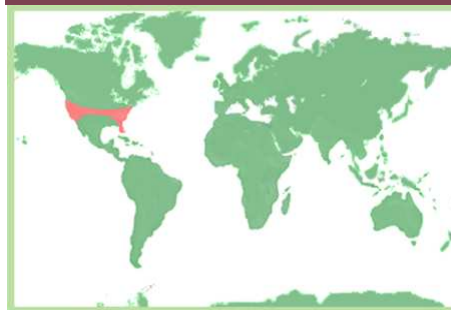
HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

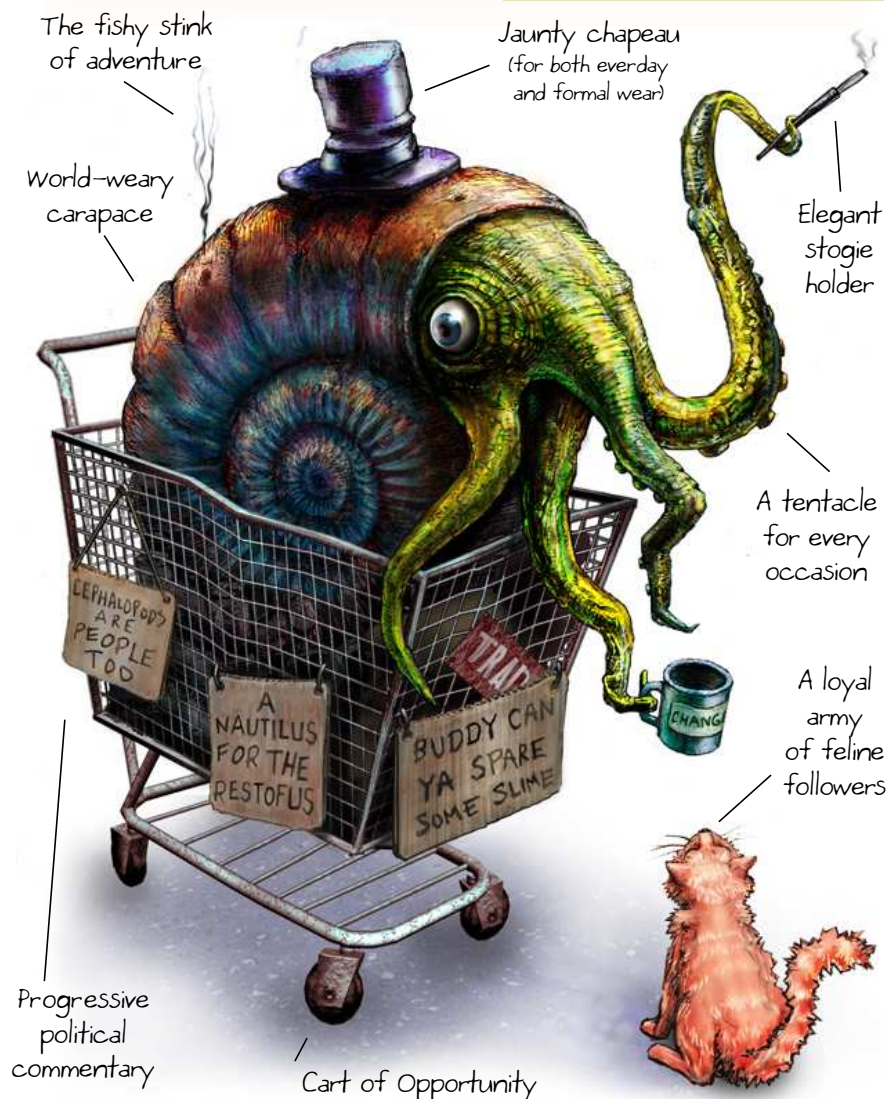
- Under any railroad bridge.
- Anyplace in Hoboken.
- Bushes adjacent to bus stations.
- Wherever fine unwanted food can be found in dumpsters.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- Many humans have fallen under the King's sway, but history only remembers a few. Among them Ghenghis Kahn, Christopher Columbus, Somerset Maugham, Optimus Prime, Neal Cassidy, and the guy who lives in my dumpster.
- This savvy traveler has been from Tucson to Tucumcari...and he's taken a kayak to Nome and to Nyack.



THE INHUMAN RESOURCE

IMPLEMENTS THE FINAL H.R. SOLUTION FOR ANY ENTREPRENEUR

DEITY OF: THE UNEMPLOYED

PATRON OF: OFFSHORE TEMPS

Virtually unknown 30 or 40 years ago, the Inhuman Resource has proliferated uncontrollably since the the advent of predatory global capital and the destruction of national economic boundaries and tariffs.

In terms of demon-human transactions, it's safe to say that this spirit monster is temporarily appreciated by some humans and permanently despised and feared by anyone who once had a job.

If you're a big-shot capitalist, then you have already inked your blood deal with the Inhuman Resource, and have gladly come to rely on this deity for your customer service, bookkeeping, and online enterprise solutions. Everybody else should send their futile applications to skeletor@resumeburialground.com. Successful applicants will work for nothing and should have no worthwhile opinions about anything.

YOUR INVOCATION

"This big payroll is ruining our profitability!"

YOUR OFFERING

For sub-minimum wage and some spent coffee grounds (plus an annual performance bonus of a big sack of rice), the *Inhuman Resource* will gladly chase off the current work-force, clean the office, empty the trash, and establish itself in the can.

As further inducement, provide this deity with a fancy name tag and some Arby's coupons.

YOUR REWARD

The *Inhuman Resource* is easily motivated, and the most modest perks will trigger a blurry flurry of self-starting, go-getting, can-doing, sir-yes-sirring, and 110 percent "inside the can" thinking.

ITS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Find the *Inhuman Resource* at "Kelly Services," "Temp One" and "Zombie Slave" outlets everywhere.
- In the captive labor pools found at every prison in America.
- Wherever fine Tandoori Chicken is served.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

System Requirements:

- Quad Core PC with at least 1.5 GB RAM
- Windows XP or System 7 operating systems.
- High-speed broadband connection recommended.
- Can exist entirely on table scraps, cat kibble, and insincere assurances of meaningless promotion.



PRIVATE EYE CLAUDIUS

MANAGES YOUR SUPERNATURAL SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS

DEITY OF: INVESTIGATIVE SERVICES

PATRON OF: THE POORLY INFORMED

This little monster is definitely a demon for the practical-minded.

He can be tasked to perform all sorts of information-gathering chores and take charge of a plethora of domestic management issues.

Lost keys and missing paperwork will trouble you no longer, since P.I. Claudius will inventory every worthless item you own, and then function as an indoor GPS device.

He's a precocious little phantasm with a highly developed sense of humor. Word to the wise: If you're not careful you'll wind up on the wrong end of the deal. Could be he shares data about your household with insurance companies, telemarketers, the local DWP and other high-profile terrorist organizations.

Pranks and such are well within his purview, and he's not above hiding your stuff and holding it hostage, or planting evidence that incriminates you in one or more felonies.

YOUR INVOCATION

"Where the hell did I put my butcher knife?"

YOUR OFFERING

P.I. Claudius is, of course, an information freak. In our modern I.T. world the most convenient way to appease this information rascal is to send him an e-mail containing your entire email address book and your Facebook friend list.

He can easily phish, spoof and trojan his way into your all your associates' business (no one will ever know you were involved). Discretion is his OTHER middle name

YOUR REWARD

This demon is all business and if you play on his team, not only will he find your keys and cat, but will kick you a percentage from the extortion scams he runs on your pals.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- At your local bank collecting fingerprints and signatures.
- Hovering over your shoulder when you fill out insurance forms.
- Within earshot whenever a Social Security number is recited.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



Highly developed frontal cortex has a structural area specializing in extortion, fraud and blackmail

OTHER FEATURES

- Can call up your creditors and pester them for a change.
- He's a master of debt consolidation, and has a special way of wiping the books clean and making pushy bill collectors simply disappear.
- Guaranteed to either find or fabricate incriminating evidence against almost anybody, even you.

Stylish and intimidating hairdo



The "Knob Knows" super-sensitive secret sensor

If it ain't clandestine or salacious, it can't possibly be worthwhile. So to make EVERYTHING more interesting, P.I. Claudius views the world thru a keyhole

His big exposed eyeball misses nothing, particularly scenes of prurient interest

DEBUTANTE X

AWARDS LITTLE GIRLS OF ALL AGES WHAT THEY REALLY DESERVE

DEITY OF: UNCOMPROMISING SOCIAL SUCCESS

PATRON OF: ALL THE YOUNG LADIES

Attention petite princesses of all ages, you may have been led to believe that you are being spoiled in the royal manner, but Debutant X is here to remind us that there's always room for improvement.

Where, for example, is that pony you were promised? Do you really have comprehensive collections of Troll Dolls and Beanie Babies? Have you got Barbie's Easy Bake Love Shack? Show us your fully coordinated Hello Kitty wardrobe, or your Sailor Moon drug test kit, if you can!

It doesn't take much surface scratching to reveal that you are being short-changed. Deb X has come to chew bubble-gum, kick ass, and audit some accounts (she's all out of bubble-gum). Your relatives, the government and your ex-husband's lawyer are all holding out on you, and now it's time for all of them to come to Jesus with their credit cards out.

YOUR INVOCATION

"This is so unfair! I hate you, I hate you!"

YOUR OFFERING

DebX will feed on your promises of undying devotion like little pink sugar cubes. BFF her and text her gossipy gossipy morsels about Buffy, Mincy, Steffie and whoever.

Buy her a plastic dream house for a shrine, and sprinkle glitter on it daily. DebX will appreciate the occasional ritualized dismemberment of a Midge or Barbie doll.

YOUR REWARD

While DebX is no fashion-plate pink unicorn, she will get you everything you deserve, and more. DebX doesn't need good looks or winning ways to make your deadbeat relations and friends give up the swag that is rightfully yours.

Like all equines, DebX is a nag, and has what it takes to beat your benefactors into submission like no mere mortal ever could.

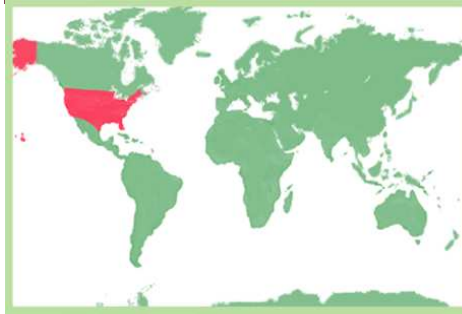
HER TALISMAN



HABITAT

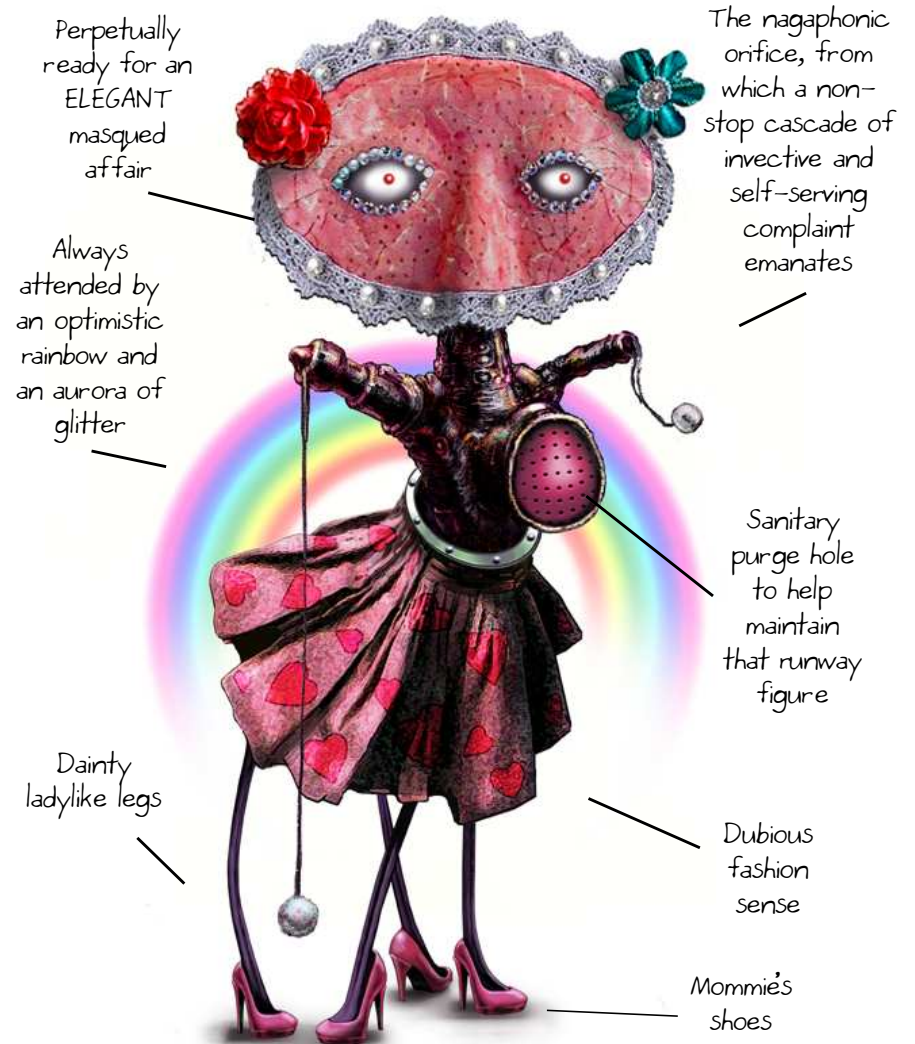
- At the local San Rio Surprise store.
- Equine academies
- The Little Misses section at Nordstroms and Old Navy (check the fitting rooms)
- In front of any television that is tuned to I Carly

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- DebX can offer mentoring on a variety of girly issues, and is never without an opinion. Who to dis, when to kiss-up, the perfect moment for a shaming, proper binge and purge techniques, and lessons in Val-speak are all within the purview of her expertise.
- Be warned that her fashion sense is somewhat unreliable.



IL PADRONE

FACILITATES EASY TERMS ON SHORT-TERM LOANS AND HOT OTB PICKS

DEITY OF: ORGANIZED FAMILY VALUES

PATRON OF: LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMEN

The most important thing to remember about this godfather figure is to always show respect and give him his tribute, otherwise, forget about it!

If you feels like maybe you is a loser cause you works a little to hard and doesn't make too much scratch, and never gets no respect, perhaps it might be about time for you to get connected to some influential legit businessmen in your community. (And we isn't talking about Masons, Elks, Mooses, Rotarians, Shriners or Oddfellows!)

Il Padrone can make you an overnight wise guy, no matter how stupid and ugly youse might otherwise be, and can make introductions to some very upscale, well-dressed, well-connected community leaders, many of which ain't even on parole or probation. Some of which doesn't even have a rap sheet or nothin'. Ayyy!

YOUR INVOCATION

"I talked to that guy about the thing!"

YOUR OFFERING

Il Padrone is an old fashioned sort of materialist, so it's always good to offer some nice EYE-talian deli items. Mortadella, capocollo, cannellone a little nice salami and some decent sweet sausage will do the trick. (And none of that Farmer John crap neither.)

He also likes envelopes loaded with Franklins, anything that fell off the back of a truck, untraceable handguns and a dime-bag of blackjack now and again.

YOUR REWARD

With Il Padrone on your crew, you'll be shaving points, splitting your action, concealing evidence, and earning a taste from your soldiers, all before you can say Witness Protection Program.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

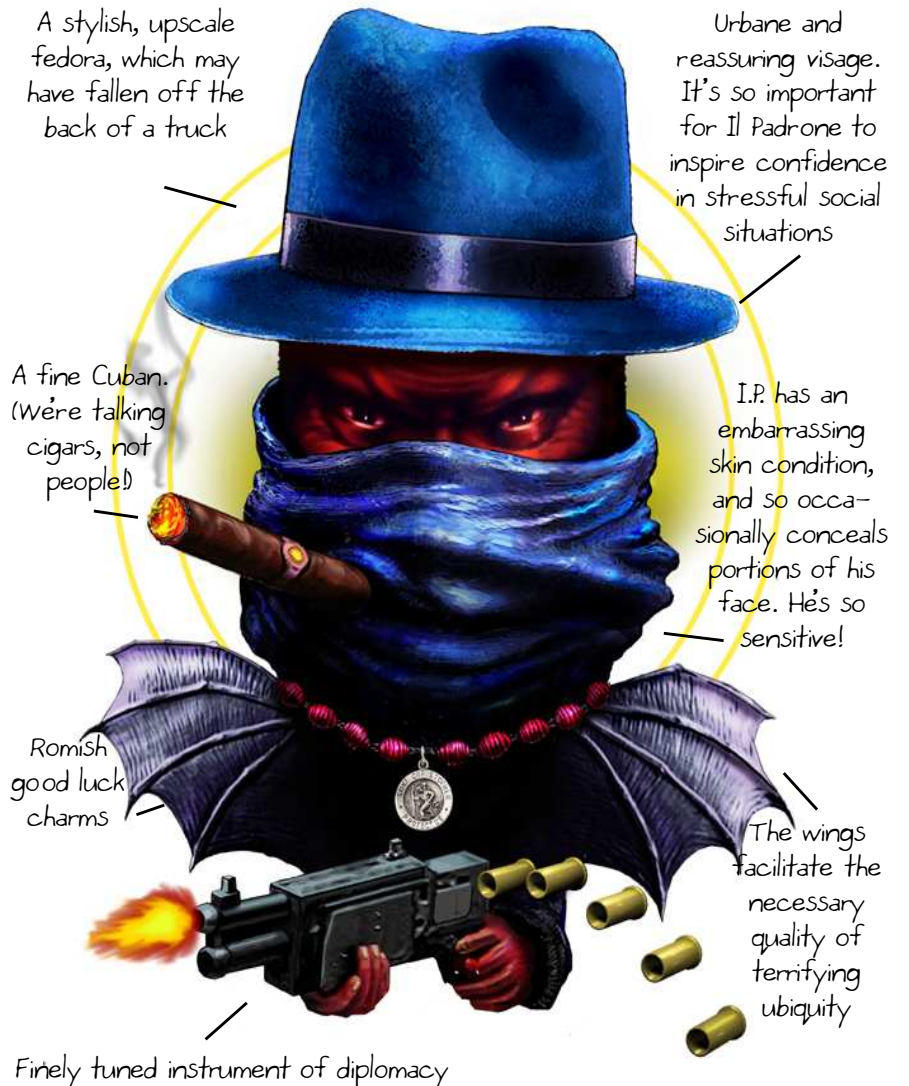
- Vip lounges at racetracks across America.
- Back rooms in A.C and Las Vegas.
- Wherever baseball bats shovels, chainsaws and strong acids are sold
- In the alley waiting for you right now.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- Never hold out on Il Padrone if you know what's good for you
- Keep your insurance up to date, and your trap shut.
- Get some respect for a change
- He may someday call on you to do a service for him.
- Bada Bing, Bada Boom.



BOSS TWEEDY PIE

PROVIDES THE BENEFITS OF UNREGULATED PREDATORY CAPITALISM

DEITY OF: THE SHADOW OF COMMERCE

PATRON OF: OLD SCHOOL ROBBER BARONS

Oh for the good old days, when government was small and tycoons were large, round, and sported diamond studded coats with tails.

Way back before FDR, Eugene Debs and the FDA, when manipulation of the means of production and exploitation of the proletariat was something that a big fat fellow with a top hat could reliably expect to accomplish.

Jay Gould, Tammany Hall, and Dale Carnegie may be gone, but Boss Tweedy Pie can still help anybody make friends and influence people (and usurp a fair amount of social resource for the sake of personal excess and self-aggrandisement along the way).

With The Boss in your silken vest pocket, you'll be spouting Social Darwinian twaddle before you can say Ayn Rand, whilst producing tainted baby formula, undermining the democratic process, selling off public assets, and manipulating the market prices of precious metals.

YOUR INVOCATION

"Who the hell IS John Galt anyway?"

YOUR OFFERING

The Boss will always appreciate a bit of financial daring, pyramid schemes, and infantile political pronouncements.

Beating a panhandler senseless without provocation, dining on an endangered species, and praising Ronald Reagan as great leader and statesman are all behaviors which will catch The Boss' attention and incur his patronage.

YOUR REWARD

If ever a demon were versed in the subject of exploitation it would be Boss Tweedy Pie.

Once The Boss takes you under his wing, the benefits of class privilege will begin to accrue. Payoffs from gangsters and unions, liquidation of jobs and assets, and the profits from clear-cutting rainforests are just the tip of the globally warmed iceberg. It goes without saying that you will never again pay taxes, ride on public transportation, or go to jail.

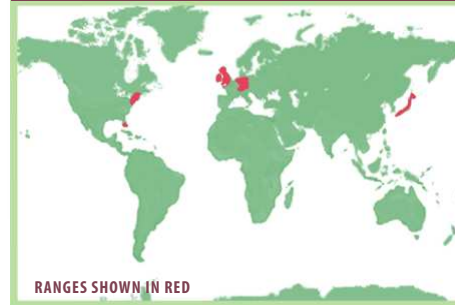
HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Habedashers, diamond dealers, and wherever suspenders sashes and man-garters are sold.
- EPA superfund sites
- Wherever 50 dollar cigars can be purchased and smoked indoors with impunity
- Page one of the WSJ

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- If you've got a grudge against the huddled masses yearning to be free, the Boss has all sorts of turnkey final solutions ready to go.
- Ideology isn't his strong suit, he likes to think inside the box (the deposit box)
- No meal is too big for Boss Tweedy Pie



Leaving a trail of proletarian skulls wherever he goes

VICEROY W.C.

TRANSFORMS ANY FILTHY PUBLIC LOO INTO A THRONE FIT FOR A QUEEN

DEITY OF: CLEAN RESTROOMS

PATRON OF: DELICATE DEFECATORS

What could be more disturbing to the genteel cosmopolitan sophisticate than a stinking, poorly maintained, public craphole.

Imagine a Parisian supermodel, wearing a fortune in haute couture, seeking relief over a slippery hole punched haphazardly in a bit of floor tile at the Gare du Nord. ZUT ALORS! Apocalypse NOW please, or sooner if at all possible!

As Frank Drebbin said: "I was like a midget at a urinal, I'd have to stay on my toes." Perhaps there is more practicality involved with the genesis of high heels than anyone ever imagined, and that's where the "HAUTE couture" comes in.

Of course, wishful thinkers might convince themselves that they can somehow "hold it in" during a vacation in Bangladesh, Morocco or Alabama, but it's more likely that they will be overtaken by "facts on the ground," and "real-excretique."

Viceroy W.C. is available to cleanse the way to a dignified sanitary environment fit for a Windsor or Hapsburg or Saud, although a Louis would simply not understand. He is ready to serve as your miraculous royal washroom attendant, and keep all the filth, stinks, unpleasant noises and fellow crappers at bay.

Don't leave home without him, but if you do, go to the bathroom first.

YOUR INVOCATION

"I'll just take a dump behind that bush!"

YOUR OFFERING

The Viceroy takes his calling seriously, and he sympathizes with the BURDENS imposed by mortal man's unpredictable digestive processes.

If you express your discomfort with a lively pee-pee dance, complete with abdomen-cultching, eye-popping, and toe-dancing, then Viceroy W.C. might be moved to come to your assistance. Soiling one's clothes adds a touch of sincerity and demonstrative pathos.

YOUR REWARD

Once The Viceroy's compassion has been aroused, you will be led through unnoticed doors, to sparking clean and unpopulated sanitary facilities that appear as if by magic.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

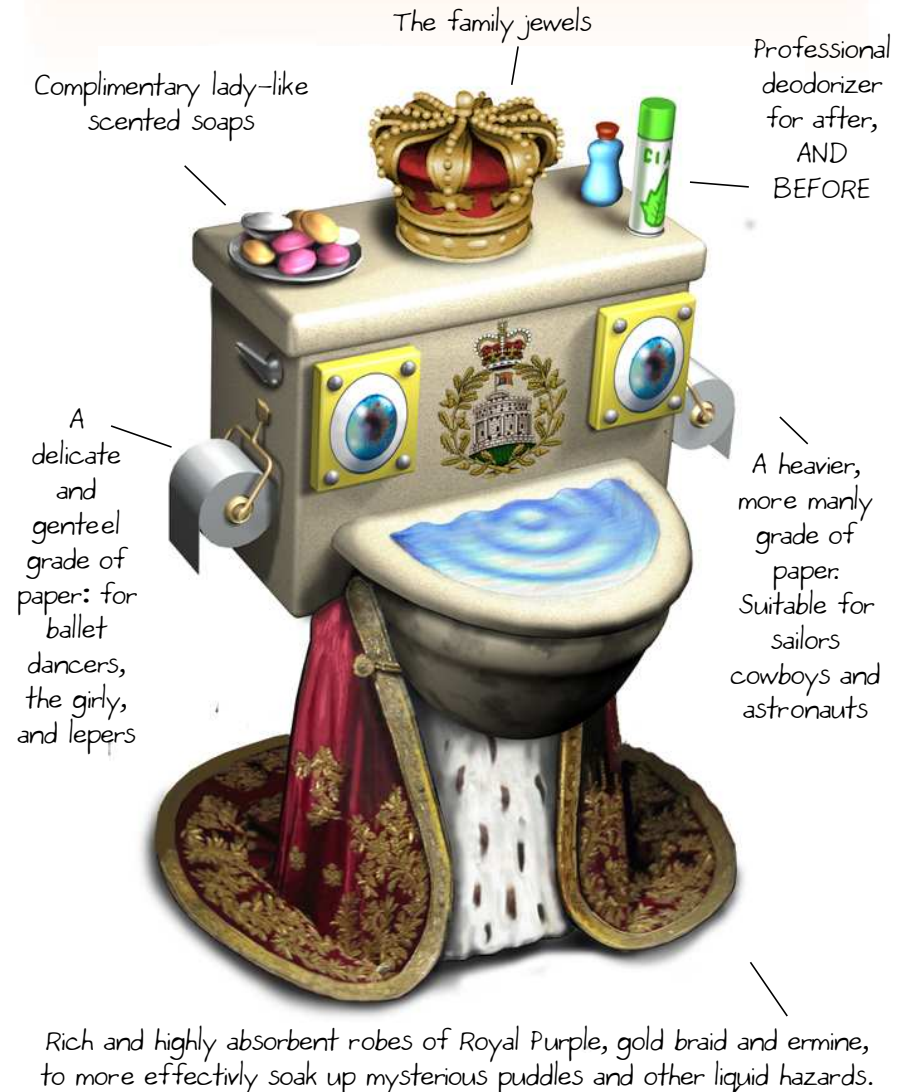
- Amongst the Scented Soaps at Lou's Loos, John's Johns and Yuri's Urinals.
- Behind the bus station.
- Nestled inside a 128 roll Costco magnapack of bath tissue.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OVERVIEW

- This princely purveyor of peaceful peristalsis always appreciates a generously appropriate gratuity for services rendered. Euros only PLEASE! (He has a royal family to support)
- Accept no substitutes or impersonators. You will know him by his minty freshness, his lemony tang and the reassuring rasp of ammoniated pine oil.



SCARLET'S MOJO HAND

HELPS WHITE PEOPLE STAY ON THE GOOD FOOT.....HAVE MERCY!

DEITY OF: DOPE FUNK AND DEF CHILLIN

PATRON OF: DUH OFAY FAUX PHAT

Okay white people, you know who you are! You can't dance, play basketball, walk in relaxed manner, keep time in five, or use contemporary idiomatic expressions with convincing authority. You may also have difficulty buying blackjack on street corners, or pistols in pool halls.

Sadly, the do-rag, the Air-Jordans, and the occasional y'all simply do not engender the street-cred required for modern urban existence. (Fo' real dey AIN'T sell no herb at no Walmart!).

Unless you've spent a little time in the local jug, or are a regular at the candy clinic, don't even dream of "representing" or "keepin' it real" without consulting Scarlet's Mojo Hand.

She just might rescue yo' shizzle from duh wack fizzle, and help you become the fly perp your mama always dreamed you would be.

YOUR INVOCATION

"Yohomes, I be spankin' it all up in mah grille!"

YOUR OFFERING

When she hears you jiveing like a stupid cracker, be glad when she come over to straighten yo' ass out.

Lighting up a fat blunt will attract her anytime-anyplace, as will Kool Aid, cheap chromed jewelry, menthol cigarettes, colt 45, and grape flavored soda pop.

YOUR REWARD

Put on your wig hat, your press-on nails, and pull your idiotic baggy pants down round the mid-femur, cause your going out tonight.

You'll be spouting an incomprehensible torrent of jive, and talkin' in tongues that would confound Pooty Tang, give Little Richard a Jesus fit, and make Jesse Jackson pray to be taken up in dat trippin' wack rapture.

You might even play a little ball.

HER TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Mickey D, whatever!
- Wherever really stupid slang is being uttered
- Any club where 35 people need to be on stage doing nothing except swaying back and forth to make the "music" seem interesting.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

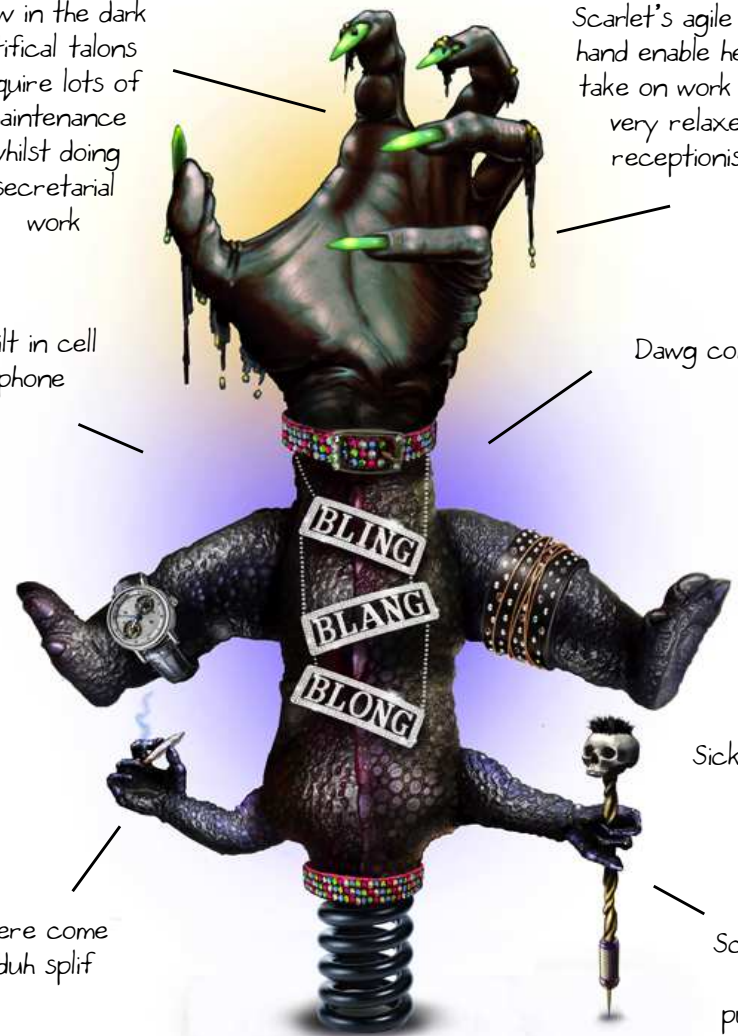
- Scarlet's Mojo Hand has successfully converted many celebrities and average peopple into semi-convincing black folks or reasonable facsimilies. The list includes Oprah, Cosby, Selene Dion, Lionel Ritchie, Snoop Dog.
- Don't you get her mad, or she will mess yo' skinny white ass up.

Glow in the dark artificial talons require lots of maintenance whilst doing secretarial work

Scarlet's agile mojo hand enable her to take on work as a very relaxed receptionist

Built in cell phone

Dawg collah



Here come duh splif

Sick bling

Screamin' Jay's punishin' stick

AMBASSADOR SCATMOUTH

TEACHES THE TIMID TO SWEAR LIKE JOLLY JACK-TARS

DEITY OF: BLASPHEMY AND PROFANITY

PATRON OF: MOVIVATIONAL SPEAKERS

Stuck for a stunning comment? Searching for that clever zinger during an argument? Need to spice up a dull sales presentation?

When attempting to capture the imagination and interest of an audience, one should consider resorting to the salacious, the blasphemous, the profane, and (yes) the scatological. Especially if the audience is American or French.

These indecorous idioms can energize even the sleepest audience, and if done with elan, may be remembered and quoted for years after the event.

Of course, such idiomatic gymnastics can easily lead to unfortunate consequences if executed inadroitly or inappropriately.

Sadly, the common run of cussin' and swearin' falls well below the bar that defines the boundary between exciting oratory and very bad judgement.

When in doubt, or when one's career in sales might be in mortal jeopardy, it only makes good sense to solicit the services of the final profanauthority, namely, Ambassador Scatmouth.

YOUR INVOCATION

"#^%@(69*&!><\$%@~%#!!!"

YOUR OFFERING

His excellency The Scat takes his role as didact very seriously, and is irrepressibly drawn to any opportunity to educate a willing student, and offer enlightened critique to the more advanced blasphemer.

A stream of inadroit, foolish, or unconvincing profanity will bring him up at an instant. Phrases such as gol'durn it and jeezel peezeel disturb his delicate sensibilities, and he can scarcely refrain from commentary.

YOUR REWARD

You will be the proud possessor of a dynamic and imaginative profane repertoire which will certainly enhance your personality and career.

Rely on Ambassador Scatmouth to introduce you to the most unlikely combinations of grammatical elements to produce the most scathing invective imaginable.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

■ Ball-games, bowling alleys, freeways, grocery stores, family reunions, divorce court, after-school sports, poker games, chess matches, back seats of police cars, loading docks, railyards, wharves, docks, marinas, parking garages, department stores, dog parks, faculty meetings, day-care, weddings, fancy teas, and any old place where crimes against humanity might be in progress.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- Sadly, the quality of blasphemy has been in decline in recent years. Tony Soprano, for example, could use some lessons.
- Many professionals benefit from the highly evolved potty-talk that The Scat teaches. Including deep-sea divers, astronauts, rodeo clowns, drill sergeants, bartenders, dentists and kindergarten teachers.

A non-stop stream of lively invective. The ambassador is never silent.

His declarations are always subtitled. (Like at the opera, but entertaining)

The eyes are of course mere buttons. Sightedness would be irrelevant to his mission

Highly decorated, the Ambassador has earned many a medal by teaching world leaders the finer points of declamation

France's Order of the Legion de Merde

The order of the Red Butt Baboon, awarded by a grateful nation for services rendered to Lyndon Johnson

Full antique diplomatic regalia adds an air of imperial authority to his colloquial exuberances

The United Kingdom's Blasphemy Cross



SLEEPY LITTLE BURRO

OFFERING MUCHOS EXCUSOS FOR PROCRASTINATION AND DELAY

DEITY OF: THE ETERNAL MANANA

PATRON OF: THE UNAMBITIOUS

Oye gringos! In your mad rush to fulfill your obligations, it's possible that some satisfying life experiences are slipping through your fingers.

One should occasionally take a sick day and smell the salsa. Life is too short, and the sun is too hot, and somewhere in the galaxy it might just be time to regain one's strength after a big cheese laden lunch.

So wrap up in a serape, find a cactus to lean against and pull that sombrero down over your face. It's siesta time! Don't fret, the Sleepy Little Burro will watch over your lazy cuerpo whilst you are durmiendo.

Whatever unwanted obligations you may have been burdened with, Sleepy Little Burro will provide you with a sweeping canvas of exculpatory possibilities. All of these are guaranteed to relieve you of your oppressive personal and career obligations during the early afternoon hours.

Have a Corona, stare down a tortoise, watch a cactus grow, discard your calculator and definitely turn off your phone. All that stuff can go directly into manana's inbasket, and perhaps never come out again.

YOUR INVOCATION

"We don't need no stinking resumes!"

YOUR OFFERING

When you have finished your bottle of Mezcal, feed him the cusano at the bottom.

He is a big fan of the lotto. Buy him a fistful of lottery tickets so that he may dream peacefully of a great financial windfall.

He is also partial to chinese fireworks and junky recuerdos de Mexico. Buy him a seis of Pacifico.

YOUR REWARD

You will become utterly disinterested in savings plans, power cufflinks and team meetings (whew).

You will finally be able to sleep spontaneously under any and all circumstances.

Animals and humans will pee on you and it will not disturb you one little bit.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Amongst the junky souveir items in gringo markets all along the border.
- The parking lot at El Torito in the post-lunch hours.
- Wherever a pinata is being abused.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- Typical excuses for indolence include: It's too hot, it's too humid, there's too much toxic waste, there are too many communists, there are too many whores, there are not enough whores, somos out of tortillas, today is Viernes, mi girlfriend es una puta and this mole is way too picante.



COMMISSAR HYBRIDSKY

ENHANCES PROLETARIAN ENERGY SAVINGS AND IMPROVES MPGs

DEITY OF: TRANSPORTATION IDEOLOGY

PATRON OF: PATRIOTIC COMMUTER CITIZENS

Workers of the world, start your engines! You have nothing to lose but your keys! (Or their eventual analog.)

Comrades! The time has come for all patriotic citizens to steer for the on-ramp leading to the worker's paradise, where electricity will power all of our prosthetic devices, including cars and domestic animals.

Citizens! Don't fret about hidden costs, undisclosed inefficiencies, manipulation of energy prices, or those counter-revolutionary laws of thermodynamics and conservation of energy.

Remember that the electricity is ALWAYS pristine and ideologically immaculate, regardless of how much strip-mined coal is required to generate it in far away places.

YOUR INVOCATION

"If I lived here I'd be dead already!"

YOUR OFFERING

The Commissar loves rhetoric and orthodoxy. IF you tow the party line, and make the occasional public declamation in his favor, he will be favorably disposed to your case.

Just don't mention the curse of immense coal-fired mega-stations, the unpaid bill of nuclear, the utter futility of wind and geo, or the limited capacity of hydro.

Pretend that electricity is magical and lives in walls, and is actually clean and green in every imaginable way. Plug in!

YOUR REWARD

Commissar Hybridsky will improve your MPG (if only on paper). The more of your own gaseous emissions you dedicate to his ideology, the further you will get on a tank of gas (or a tank of whatever). He will see to it that you save a precious cents a day while the sky above you rots.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Wherever expensive, exotic and environmentally unsound batteries are sold
- Strip mines
- Taiwanese battery disposal centers
- At nuclear plants in spent fuel rod holding tanks

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- Commissar Hybridsky can help the average consumer save money on heating, insulation and really disagreeable lightbulbs.
- When it comes to AAA and 9 volt batteries, forget it, The Commissar can't help you. Just get used to being ripped off.

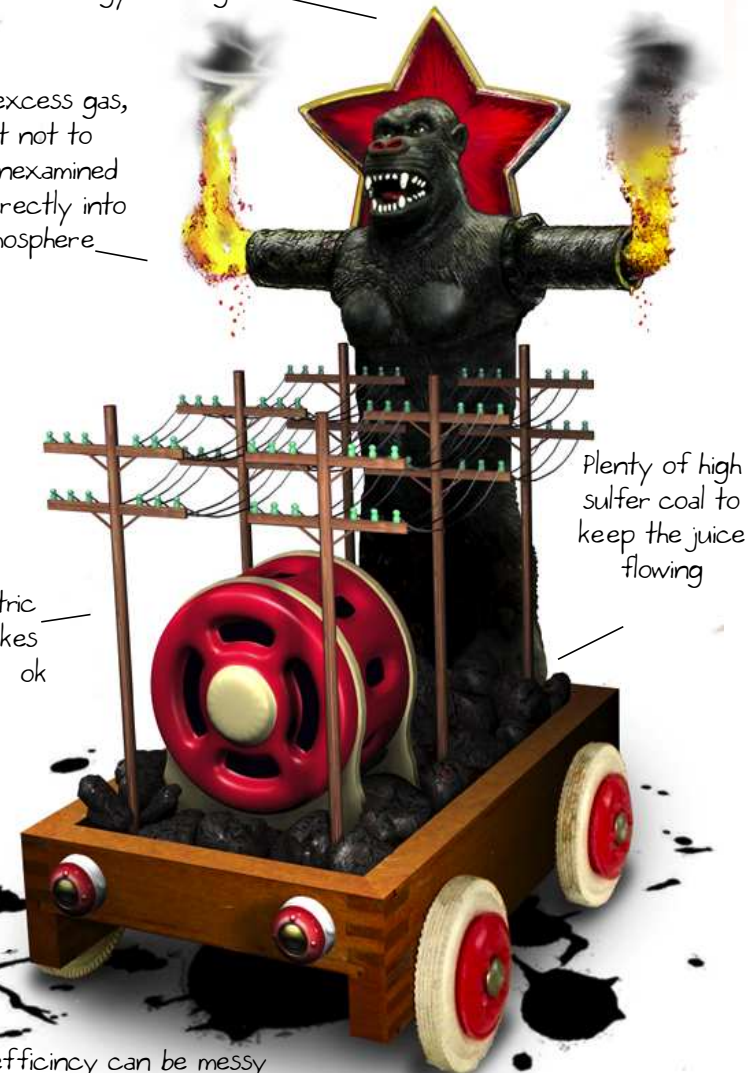
All important "energy star" logo

So much excess gas, it's best not to release unexamined rhetoric directly into the atmosphere

The electric motor makes everything ok

Plenty of high sulfur coal to keep the juice flowing

Energy efficiency can be messy



PRINCESS THUNDERBIRD

PROVIDES CAREFREE, HIGH QUALITY TRAVEL EXPERIENCES

DEITY OF: FIRST CLASS TREATMENT

PATRON OF: FED-UP COACH PASSENGERS

There was a time when air travel was exotic, exciting, and perhaps even luxurious. Imagine, free checked bags and complimentary meals. Wow!

How low the flighty have fallen. Please remove shoes, belts, surgical implants, orthodontia, artificial hips, and anything you may habitually keep lodged in dark, moist places. The days of wearing stylish turbans and other colorful ethnic gear while visiting airports is definitely over.

This "maiden of the winds" can put bit of the *bel age* back into your airborne experiences. Ladies may once again keep their ointments close at hand. Hirsuite gents may travel with straight razors. Paranoid schizophrenics and wise guys may once again keep their pistols and blood diamonds close to the vest without being subjected to arbitrary stigma, interrogation and unwarranted persecution.

Princess Thunderbird has a winning way with the TSA. Whether she simply gestures hypnotically or uses Jedi mind tricks none can say, but with her on-board your bags will never be lost, your flights never delayed.

YOUR INVOCATION

"That Semtex is a Christmas present dammit!"

YOUR OFFERING

Offer to carry some of her luggage as though it were your own and buy her a bit of firewater at the concourse bar. By all means complain that air travel ain't what it used to be, and never was. Express utter disapproval over the sorry state of civil rights, mention a few ghastly air travel anecdotes. After 3 or 4 drinks Princess T will be ready to take you by the hand.

YOUR REWARD

Princess T can help you slide easily through all the major obstacles present in major transportation hubs. Failing that, at least she can help you forget it ever happened.

HER TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Hanging around ticket counters at airports large and small
- Sitting behind a Daquiri at the Airport Marriot bar.
- Her ticket booking site is PrincessThunderbird.com...she's not cheap, but she IS easy!

PRINCIPAL RANGES



OTHER FEATURES

- The Princess is well-versed in the finer points of negotiating airport infrastructure, and is on intimate terms with just about all of them.
- No matter where you are, she can find what you need: any gate or terminal, a clean restroom, a corner not viewable by security cameras, an honest cab driver or a TSA agent who isn't a martinet.

Aura of unimpeachable innocence

Old fashioned and well-traveled Lady Samsonite, with loads of secret compartments

The mind-control feature helps mitigate all the cultural and racial profiling

Her lower extremities are thoroughly shielded against invasive inspection technologies



A tough lock to pick

Someone else's hastily discarded contraband

A YOUNG LADIES POCKET VAMPIRE

SNIFFS OUT BLOOD MEALS AND HAUTE-CREEPURE MUNSTER FASHION

DEITY OF: INTIMIDATING PRESENTATION

PATRON OF: THE BORED AND THE BREASTLESS

What hath Goth wrought? Mainly an unlikely boom in sales of tattoos, nose rings, Gibson Explorers, garbled speed-metal, raccoon mascara, pig blood, ragged black clothing, and anything with a skull printed on it. Devotees need not be literate, or even have personalities of their own. The only requirement is an ardent need to feel special when one is not.

The bored and self-absorbed young lady will always do well to distinguish herself from her *jeune* peers in some way. When all else fails, the she-child of middle class origins can always resort to faux-vampirism, metal, goth, devil-worship and perhaps a bit of the old emo.

All that tattered blackness and a febrile stare will certainly lend an air of aristocratic abomination to even the blandest little girl, but it takes more than that to convert a wan waif into Morticia Adams, or even Lurch.

The Y.L.P.V. will help any little trailer park fem sharpen up her metaphorical and literal fangs, and teach her the finer distinctions between pentagrams and pentacles, death metal and meth dental.

YOUR INVOCATION

"Does this make me look damned?"

YOUR OFFERING

Mumble sotto voce jibberish, writhe wildly when approaching garlic and crucifixes, work up some colorful barf.

Do up a refrigerator box as an improvised faux coffin, and take to sleeping in it while wearing lots of foundation and eye shadow, candles are not optional.

Affect an air of droopy fatigue, and be extra rude whenever possible (especially to people who work for a living).

YOUR REWARD

AYLPV will help the refined young semi-lady become the ALPHA dark empress in her low-income housing coven of petite gargoyles.

HIS TALISMAN



HABITAT

- Included in boxed sets of Anne Rice
- In antique clothing stores, near the costume jewelry.
- The Red Cross and other blood donation centers
- Nestled amongst various hospital waste.

PRINCIPAL RANGES



The devil worship decor is strictly for show (maybe).



Glow-in-the-dark eyes. —

Stay clear of the mouth. It bites and spits like a goddam camel.

Although the YLVP looks suspiciously like a book, the socially active little bloodsucker can relax, no reading is required.

OTHER FEATURES

- It's tempting to think that the very attractive facial features of AYLVP invite conversation and colloquy. Yes, NO! Although it might blink once in a while and wag its tongue constantly, AYLVP has absolutely nothing to say. Its true intentions are an absolute mystery. Parts of it may reside in other dimensions, or invisibly in this one.

No one really knows what the lock is for, and no one has ever reported finding a key. This is probably a good thing.

AYLVP is perpetually spewing a bit of the old red vino, adding a splash of clotted crimson to ones dark habilment

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Those who know do not speak,
those who speak do not know.

- Lao Tze

Sri Jeffrey Hilbers (.EXE) (W.T.F) is infamous for extraordinary statements concerning marginal and dubious topics. His distinguished and unnecessarily long career is laden with so many improbable events as to render a full accounting impossible in the space provided. Added to that, the loony pictures really don't improve matters one bit.

Suffice it to say that Hilbers has contributed a vast diaper-load of irrefutable and utterly unsubstantiable content to this volume, in spite of impassioned pleadings not to. Hilbers, the arcane adept, presents a dangerous target, a fact that so many optimistic assassins and blackmailers finally discover, alas, too late.



Alleged cartoon simulacra of Hilbers from the short-lived *Silent Monstrosity* political movement.

Sri Hilbers' origins are somewhat mysterious (and he ain't telling). The most popular histories say that (as a baby) he was identified by a heretical sect of Himalayan Buddhists as the 22nd reincarnation of the Ooh-Gah-Boo-Gah Llama (the spiritual leader of these holy men). Hilbers was later kidnapped by agents of this sect, brought to China and raised in a cave by monkey priests in the Valley of the Blue Moon. There, he was readied for his future role as the Divine Obnoxious Beligerent Spitting Llama of their holy order.

The monkey priests were dismayed by the willful independence of the Hilbers child and dispaired of ever dragging him to orthodoxy.



This is the boilerplate Hilbers portrait typically released by Hilbers' P.R. machine. (Some experts opine that this image has been elaborately retouched, and that its versimilitude is rather dubious).

As it happened, Hilbers learned of the priests' dark arts and broke from them, following his own path. This scism eventually led to the moment when Sri Hilbers founded Jambalaya Buddhism, adding the "Path of Soup" to the Buddha's original four-fold path to elegant, white-linen dining.

Once the popular press got hold of the "Jambalaya Heresy," Sri Hilbers' worldly success was confirmed, and he has been absolutely milking it to death ever since. Today, he speaks regularly to large and fatuous audiences for exorbitant fees about intrinsically speculative topics. He also has written many successful books, which have been purchased and read by slack-jawed mouth-breathers everywhere.

Sri Hilbers' scholarly writings include such titles as:

Dances with Yetis

Dopplegangers, Katzenjammers, Schwarzeneggers and YOU

42 Soup Recipes using Priest Meat

Complain and Grow Rich

Heisenberg MIGHT Have Been Here

Bilocation, The Perfect Alibi!

Hilbers is well known for his many involvements in political and social crusades. In light of all the litigation involved with his behavior, the publisher declines to say anything further about it.

Sri Hilbers currently resides under a large mound of recycled paper pulp in Reseda, California, is a meerkat enthusiast, and possesses an extensive collection of illegal disease pathogens.



This quick sketch by once-famous Hollywood artist Dave Lowery is perhaps the most representative portrait of Sri Hilbers, as evidenced by all the numerous attempts to suppress it by criminal means.

If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him.

- Voltaire

THE GOLDEN UNNATURAL GUIDES

are an introduction to the world of the unnatural, presenting the unknowable and unseen in a scientific and authoritative manner.

These guides combine expert commentary with engaging artwork in an effort to bring the terrifying, mysterious and abominable things that lurk at the fringes of reality more fully into the light.

The series provides an invaluable field resource for both the serious student and the slack dilettante, and are of inestimable value to anyone faced with one or many nameless horrors.



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