

NEW YORK:

*A Practical Guide For Reference When
Queried on the Structures and
Appurtenances of New York City, called
"the Nougat Canoe," and the numerous
Inhabitants Which Typify the Region as
Such.*

By Archibald Tingles, M.D.

New York was invented in 1825 as a settlement for skydwellers—otherworldly beings that could only acclimate themselves to ground existence by gradually living lower and lower in altitude. This “Great Migration from the Skyspace” as discussed by Dr. M.J. Fox in his *L’Hommes Lunare Et Skie* was carried out through many of the tallest buildings still standing in New York today, just as they were in the year 1825. For example, the Whingus O’Malley Building on 33 Liberty Street:



Whingus O’Malley (1795-1887) was a wealthy Entrepreneur who came to America in search of “all the raccoon thou canst

eat, and also mine cousin Jaddo.” After ten years of inheriting mass sums of capital from withered relatives on tobacco plantations in Virginia, Whingus decided to build the glorious structure, which he referred to in his living days as “Mount Windows, the mountain thou canst actually live within.” It was his hope to lure the skydwellers from their starry realm, so that he might “buy one as a wife” and “learn their delightful Moon-Language, which resembles that of the Chinese.”

At the groundbreaking ceremony on February 18, 1826, two Skydwellers were seen descending onto the roof of the building in flowing purple robes. An old woman at the time, Bitsy Pogrom left this description in her diary: “the Moone people were as unsightly as they were astounding. The smaller of the two, which resembled moreso the female species, bore an octagonal mouthe from which a translucent brine continually flowed, sideward and directly into a cavernous opening present on the side of the nearly spherical head structure. Around this hole clumped fleshe with a very flaky and scabrous consistency, as though some rough protuberance were oft inserted and removed... perhaps for nutriment? And God above, the eyes—those unholy eyes!” The last vacancy, at the lowest and most acclimated level, was leased in 1906 to one of the two original Skydwellers.

Another important site of the “brass-coated Neverland,” as New York is oft referred to, is the Temple of the Beehive on High located in the area of Midtown, formerly “Smelltown:”



This insidious den of blasphemous bee-worship was erected in 1644, when John Hakes Withercron III led a group of highly susceptible natives to adopt as their religion TDOTBOH (The Doctrinne of the Beehive on High). Initiates were bound with leather straps within caskets weighted down with pounds and pounds of living bees. After ten

minutes in *HezzbzMffzuzz* meditation, the candidate for bee-worship was then spoon-fed two pounds of honey at tolerable increments until a “bee’s mind” came upon them and they were “freed from the shackles of their pre-bee existence.” Withercron’s disciples included:

Arnimold Bretchins, third Beecon of high Beesley.

Phobus Mont-Clando, Exultant Priest of Bee-ery

Alsafzar Jihet, diviner of honeycomb prophecy and predictor of bee-havior (bee behavior)

Dake Rothscrumb Riley, itinerant proselytizer in the name of bees

Maggie Higgins, high bee-stess of the Striped Order

It is a little known fact that both late night host David Letterman and professional basketball player Michael Jordan are high-ranking officials of the Beehive on High.

Theodore Roosevelt, as a husky governor of New York in the 19th century, outlawed the worship of bees in his famous “Address to the Citizens on the State of Affairs Concerning the great State of New York and all its Concerned Citizens greatly affected of New York’s Affairs,” in which he simultaneously outlawed bee-worship and triumphantly announced his worship of bees. Directly thereafter, he took a drink of water and said he never once in his life took water, “as it is an invisible poison that one can clearly see.”

Another sight to behold is the impressive wedge-shaped Bladderhusk building located at the intersection of 23rd street, fifth avenue and Broadway.



This structure was erected in 1877 to be used for several manifold purposes. On the top floor, New York's most prominent scientists were assigned to a magnificent skylight observatory in order to pursue and define the exact location of the Sun. The next ten floors below served as an asylum for deranged, demented and mentally defective clowns. Senility was as yet unknown to humanity, and still known as "madness as that which is caused from too much wind entering the ear and jarring the set facts of the brain all from their original places," so many elderly clowns were confined, tortured, and eventually cremated in this building as well. Over time, enough ashes from the clowns were collected to be exported all around the country and sprinkled on various dishes to add flavor. The inventors of what was originally referred to as "fried clown powder" left it the eternal and ongoing nickname of "Pepper."

The bottom twenty five floors were employed as New York's finest Hotel, *The Lamb-Bone Goes Snap* until it was built as its own hotel in 1890. Before it was relocated, many celebrities of note visited its world renown cornmeal cafe, including Fyodor Dostoevsky, Thomas Edison, Galileo the Twelfth and F. Scott Fitzgerald's gay uncle Randolph.

The *Lamb-Bone Goes Snap Hotel* building itself is an integral fixture of “dar big Appul” as New York is called in Harlem. Located at the corner of 82nd street and Fifth Avenue, the traffic light in front of the building itself can actually be seen from space.



However small, and precariously located right above the largest den of CHUDs (Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller), *Lamb Bone goes Snap* was the scene in the late 1800s and early 1900s for aspiring poets and weavers of various baskets. Mohandas Gandhi stayed there during his brief visit to America—and while his opinion of Americans was wrathful and bitter, his recorded reply to mention of this hotel was, “I have never found so many delicious varieties of the tapeworm, growing right underneath my bed!” A second later, he added, “But I cut my ass on the toilet!”

Down the street from *The Lamb-Bone Goes Snap* was its counterpart of entertainment, the “Half-Digested Giblet building” of 141 Fifth Avenue.



From 1890 onward, this was the only location in New York where a man could strip naked, empty a two ounce cup of gravy on his backside, and run freely in a large room completely strewn with ladies’ hats. There was also a milk pool, a 30 x 30 ft. davenport woven from the body hair of Indians, and an interactive discussion panel where men could ceaselessly criticize legumes. Underground, there was purported to be an endless tunnel of Boys’ Choirs, never shown in any blueprint or verified officially. When asked about it over dinner by treasurer C. Wortham Sharthnach, President Taft merely chuckled and replied, “Do your daily charity and pass a fat man the brisket.”

The Thirty-Fourth Street Subway Terminal, long thought of as “Old Danky,” is the source of New York lore and mythology. It was supposedly here that the Greek God Dionysus first made love to the bear that would lay the rectangular egg from which the first citizen of New York was hatched. This man, Newt Yorkus, is mentioned in New York’s early papyrus documents, and is often depicted as a three-legged man with scaly skin and an iridescent tunnel of light beaming from his left eye. It is told that his body was encased in stone by Jesus Christ for the unforgivable crime of “underbuttering the cookies” and from somewhere in this terminal his incessant whimpering can be heard under the floor, begging for a pardon that will never come.



There is a large portion of New York that is completely uninhabitable stretching from 58th to 110th Street. This

place is curiously referred to as “Port Peepus,” even though there is no port or anything resembling a nautical fixture within its boundaries. When New York was first settled in 1825, it is this area that all the alligators, naturally occurring burglars, wood nymphs and wandering skeletons were enclosed within, and a sacramental prayer was spoken at each of its four corners to spiritually confine these “ungodly misteries of Exystence, Nature and the reptilian Offspring of Cleopatra, damn them all to Bismarck (Lord Holthbrook, 1843).” Prophecies in the Yorkus scriptures, the same which largely influence believers of the Beehive on High, proclaim that “when there is a cacophonous buzzing from the breast of Port Peepus, the city of New York will sweat six drops from six bristles, and all of them pointing at the vibrating duck’s head.”



The Skypoker of Joseph and Stephanie Pudder is the most noticeable structure in "Buttmont Clavicle," a northern expression for New York City. Towering sixty five miles above ground level, the steel "skypoker" was first attached to the already forty year old building in 1911 as a means of catching airplanes, which Joseph and Stephanie Pudder unwittingly assumed were stone ducks full of already defeathered, peeled meat, "perhaps already half-prepared."



As time passed, the uses of "Pudder Building Number One-oh" changed from that of primarily catching planes (which it never did) to many other, more sensible uses:

November thru January: the entire structure is draped with a yellow, velvet cloth, and citizens of New York are enforced to point to it at least twice a day, saying audibly, "A kindle-stick, a candle-stick, to New York a golden brick." This is meant to bring the city great fortune.

February thru May: on Sundays, criminals are tied to the towering steel pole and left to die. On Monday, a stairway race is held from the top of the building to the bottom, and by the code of the Prize-bestowing statute of 1894 the winner is given "any length of rope which meets his purpose, be it that of professional binding or mayhap simply amateur interest in the properties of rope." On Fridays, sheets of stamps are handed out at the front door of the building, and it is for this reason that most parcels exported from New York are delivered free of charge.

June Thru October: the building is designated as a public outhouse, one without plumbing or ventilation.

A tour of this historical site can be experienced, but the risks involved are substantial due to the free-roaming scorpions.

NEW YORKNESE

The language of New York is far different from every other of that which is spoken in America, which is *usually* English. New York, however, has fostered so many different cultures that a communicational shift was inevitable, if not essential. Many native New Yorkers can communicate entirely through a series of throaty clicks which emanate from a recently formed vocal chord structure located behind the ear; yet they still maintain their 'old language' capabilities and many prefer the quaintness of oral speech over the convenience of their biological adaptation.

New Yorknese is the title given to the spoken language, and it is composed of several elements:

Russian- in 1840 seven hundred thousand Siberian Peasants walked to New York over the Arctic Circle.

Italian- Italian mobsters have found a haven in New York, where the only law is "We must have only one law at all times."

English- to no surprise, the English settled in New York because it sounded so superior to their regular York.

Inverted Resonance- Skydwellers speak with internalized susurrations, and they may have had a role in the modern vernacular.

Degenerative- a minor amount of New Yorknese's specific sound is due to a massively diffused mental retardation resulting from a mentally handicapped mayor who made the edict that he had to be the father of all children born in New York. Fortunately, his plan was only halfway carried out when he perished from consuming the contents of his mother's lavatory cabinet.

TRANSLATIONS

Hello.

"Yeah, sabbo."

Do you have five cents?

"I wanna nickel, you gink."

Where am I?

"Oh-h-hh, yuh... uhhhh, huh?"

Am I close to the Pudder Building?

"Hey, uh, lemme askya this... wheresat the Pud?"

Can I have that?

"Shaddup and gimme that napkin, you osfrey!"

That hurt!

"Krist! My goddamn eye! You—you—ARRGH!"

Do they sell food here?

"Man I could eat a baby piece by piece. You wanna eat babies too, ugly?"

Do you have the time?

"Impent timeclock on yer hand? Wotsa number on it, an tell me mouthwise."

Thank you.

"Eyyy, buzz off ya stupid piece a patchwork."

I heard Michael Dougal lives here. Does he really live here?

"Ey, wake up Bitchy. I wanna take im an get a knish."

"

Do those people want to hurt us?

"Yer tellin me IM the pertato??? You can take that job an stick it in the mountains, pal. Gota Hell."

Which way to the theatre?

"I/ll killyer ass if you dont shut that baby up, lady. SHUTTIM THE HELL UP SOON."

Is this made out of jackrabbit skin?

"Whats this made outta, fur-ass blankets or what?"

Is there someplace where I can buy a jar of rain?

"Look, Imma little nipple-dry. 'Zat wettins?"

Do you believe in reincarnation?

"Ooh, I heard ya cant die if ya eat a lotta candy an I know they make it here, or wait—where/n Hell are we?"

My neck is starting to bleed. Can I have a cloth?

"Goddamn vampire got at me! You stupid?? AGAIN, goddamn vampire got at me! Jesus Krist! LOOK AT MY FRIGGIN NECK, YA STUPID MISH-MASH. Yeah, yeah, y'know!"

What did you say?

"Huh? I cant hear you when Im wearin my earstones! (take them out) Jeez!"

We should trade hats. Oh, nevermind.

"Listen, moron—I/m sayin if you take off YER hat an on my head it goes, then I/ll do that too an then—ah the Hell with it!"

Goodbye.

"Kiss my big pair a punchers."