

SENTIENT FURNITURE HUNTED TO EXTINCTION FOREST OF SOULS RETAIL PARK TO BE DEMOLISHED



Multiple celebrations broke out across the Forest of Souls early this morning as the final piece of Sentient Furniture was captured. Forest Wardens have been closely tracking the furniture since their discovery several years ago, and have confirmed that the final furnishing has been laid to rest.

A popular sport for the Phantom Ridge elite, Furniture Hunting has been hotly contested across the ridge since its inception. The sport was originally invented by surviving residents of the Forest of Souls, who were angry that the furniture had overtaken their village and demolished it to make space for a sweeping retail park. Survivors employed guerrilla tactics, laying traps for unsuspecting sofas and burning the remains in ritualistic intimidation ceremonies. However, in recent months wealthy Ridgians have joined these hunts, formalising the process with clear rules and etiquette. Their incentive is clear - they strip the carcasses of their game, recycling upmarket wood grain and leather upholstery into affordably priced non-sentient furniture.

Activist organizations such as F.E.T.A. (Fair and Equal Treatment for Armchairs) have long argued that the hunting of household decorations should be considered akin to murdering a human. "Sofas are just like us! They feel, they think, they construct brutalist shopping centers that are an absolute eyesore and are horrible for the environment..." said F.E.T.A. president Herb Kindbud. "But now it's too late... we'll never be able to speak to our footrests again."

The original hunters - survivors of the Sentient Furniture takeover of Forest of Souls - have declared an emotional victory over their alleged oppressors. "Y'all don't understand," said Annabell McGruff, a seventh generation Forest of Souls resident, "we didn't just get our homes back, we got our way of life back! We get to walk in the sun again, and get back to the important things in life - cuttin' down trees and shavin' them into toothpicks."

Clarence Tafferty III, the hunter who captured the final hassock, displayed his kill in Apparition Hills' central square, Place de l'Opulence. When asked his opinion on the tense political discourse surrounding the morality of hunting Sentient Furniture, Tafferty responded, "It's just good clean fun! We're not hurting anyone." Tafferty is reportedly selling the hassock's brass studs for a princely sum of 2 million Phantom Dollars per stud. *Written by P.J. Remington*

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"You can't get to the moon in a rowboat, but if you paddle fast enough you just might drown!"

- Jonas



HOT TAKES WITH RESIDENT



"MEN AND SENTIENT FURNITURE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MARRY."

As a resident of the Forest of Souls, I feel strongly that man and self-aware armchair should be able to wed. Am I speaking hypothetically - of course? Yes, of course. I

emphatically do NOT have the final sentient recliner hiding in my attic, a delicate, upmarket, chintzy little number with a fine floral pattern (plus matching throw cushions).

I do not dream of a wedding day where my sofa husband and I traipse down an aisle - me, dressed to the nines, it on castors or Polyurethane wheels, delicately squeaking with joy and anticipation. Would a law on this be redundant, now the remaining pieces of sentient furniture have been exterminated? Did those pieces of furniture

threaten to murder and supplant humankind? Well, yes. But, like, also... no. Because we never know when a new generation of armchairs will rise up. They could even be half-human, half armchair.... Somehow. I mean. Like. Wouldn't that be a fine thing? A fine, fine, fine, fine thing! Anyway, love is love, no matter what you believe: whether you're man, or chair, or a horrific abomination in-between, spawned from an illicit dalliance in a low-slung loft conversion: everyone and everything deserves respect.

SLOPPY CROSSWORD

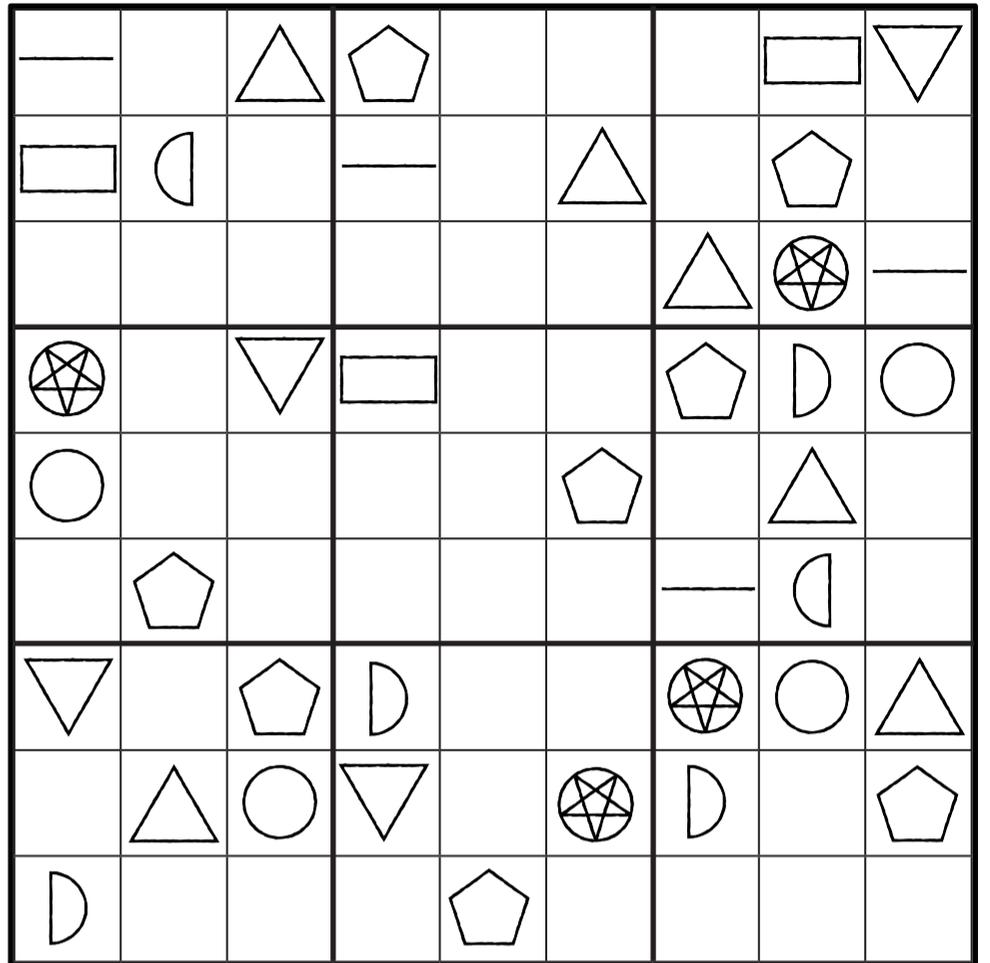
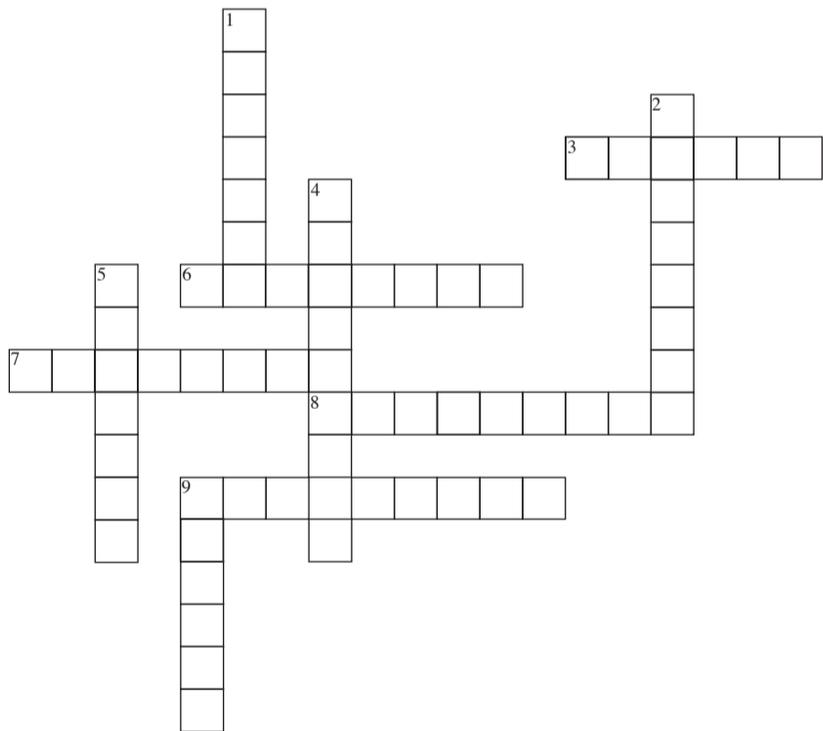
Due to a small gas leak in the puzzle writers room, this crossword has turned out a bit sloppy! To be honest not sure what most of them mean, but you can figure it out.

Across:

- 3. The hungry dead guy?
- 6. The tiny, angry coffee, it'sd like a regular coffee but... tiny?
- 7. The... the big jumping rat with the built-in bum bag? I wish I had a built-in bum bag.
- 8. What is it called? When you're sad/happy about a time that isn't now. When the juice tasted better because you miss it you know?
- 9. The dirt that... it drinks you. It's like the ground is thirsty for people.

Down:

- 1. The wet guy with too many arms.
- 2. It's like an outdoor cloud stick. You know? You push the button and - FOOMP- now the wet can't get you.
- 4. It looks like a... shiny sandwich. It makes music when you breathe on it? Sounds like a sad train I guess?
- 5. I love those fancy little bean bird. You know, the cold one? It has a tuxedo?
- 9. this one is REALLY hard - it's a science word - for the space light? It's a huge disc shape, WAY bigger than the sun.



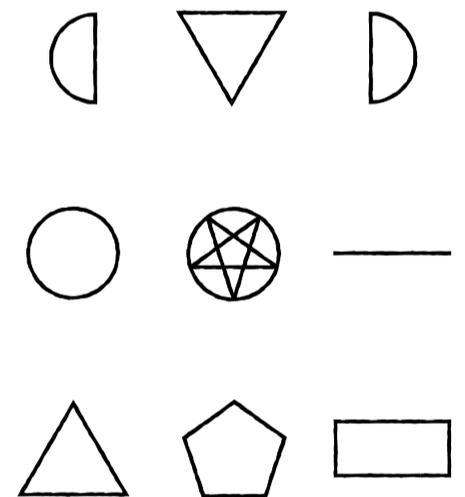
SUDOKU & VOX

It's just like Sudoku but instead of numbers you will need to use these nine symbols!

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SPECTRE & VOX

NEED SOMETHING PARANORMAL INVESTIGATING, CALL US, THE PARANORMAL INVESTIGATORS



BALANCE THE BOOKS

JONACO Accounts love to balance their books using this special system, we know the numbers we want, but need you to figure out how we get there.

Using only the numbers provided below fill in the blank spaces surrounding the arithmetic signs so all the maths checks out from left to right and from up to down. Use each of the nine numbers only once.

1 2 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

	+		-		=	12
x		÷		x		
	x		+		=	5
+		x		x		
	-		+		=	3
=		=		=		
18		24		15		

Bird Songs of the Ridge

LISTEN TO THE MELODIES OF NATURE'S FINEST COMPOSERS!

COMING SOON TO RETAILERS NEAR YOU!
BRUGHT TO YOU BY JONACO MEDIA DEPARTMENT

JONACO'S MOST WANTED LOGIC PUZZLER

Suspects

 Mr Feast
5'10 - Flesh Suit - Right Handed

 Sir Merryleggs
6'5 - Fully Armoured - Left Handed

 Egbert Simpsbury
5'6 - Enchanted Fedora - Ambidextrous

This week there was a horrible murder at the JONACON Convention Centre. Suspects have been narrowed down to three likely candidates, but JONACO Crime and Prevention is already bored of the case. So we turn to you the public to see if you can figure it out instead! Who cares about motive, just use some logic and tell us who did it, where, and with what! Only one suspect will be at each location and will have a specific piece of equipment.

Things we know to be true...

- The victim was killed with a heavy object.
- Merryleggs was missing his iconic sword.
- Simpsbury was seen in a homemade "Laura Field; Crypt Burglar." Cosplay. Specifically the unnecessarily risque outfit from Laura Field 3.
- After the murder Furbo-Chan was found alone in the conference room
- A pile of discarded human skin was found in the conference room.

Equipment

 Bulky VHS Camera - Heavy Weapon
A retro camera - it's the equivalent of a pile of bricks on your shoulder, but it shoots in 240p.

 Killjoy the Songblade - Medium Weapon
A legendary sword capable of singing with the voice of an angel. It also raps when culturally appropriate.

 Furbo-Chan - Light Weapon
This furry little plush is a weeb's best friend. It's cute, cuddly, and capable of murder.

Locations

 The Conference Room
The Conference room was booked for several events but was closed due to the murder.

 The Fan Art Gallery
Hundreds of individual booths featuring the work of independent artist. It ranges from Kawaii to... needlessly sensual.

 The Cosplay Competition
This place is filled with creative nerds waiting to show off their hard work and lost pay checks.

		Suspects			Locations		
							
Equipment							
							
							
Locations							
							
							

Who?

What?

Where?

JONALABS PRESENTS: INFANTILIZING EQUATIONS FOR THE INNUMERATE

$$\text{Dinosaur} + \text{Dinosaur} + \text{Dinosaur} = 12$$

$$\text{Dinosaur} \times \text{Blimp} + \text{Gem} = 15$$

$$\text{Dinosaur} \times \text{Dinosaur} \times \text{Robot} = 48$$

$$\text{Gem} \times \text{Dinosaur} + \left(\text{Blimp} + \text{Robot} \right) = ?$$

POETRY CORNER

Dr. Furbish, Former Mayor
Died In A Crash, Send Your Prayers
Did he deserve a fiery death
Screaming aflame with final breaths

"Of course he did" say JONACO
He was rubbish as we all know
"We're not quite saying he deserved to die
Just implying it, on the sly"

Now Phantom Peak, that mining town
Is free of that ugly feeble clown
Its streets are free and painted red
Not literally, though many are dead

A violent place is Phantom Peak
But life is pain - and you are weak

Yours,
Anonymous (Rank 3)

DEAR TERRENCE THE TALKING PLATYPUS

MADAME MECHANICA HOROSCOPES



Dear Terrence, I need to tell my husband I want a divorce, what's the best way to tell them? Thanks
— Spooky Emili

Emili: do not tell your husband, remember the magic eight words: *'I HAVE BEEN A GHOST THIS WHOLE TIME.'* Divorce is for chumps: instead you must wage a gaslighting pseudo-paranormal war with him which spans years, hopefully decades. Begin small: a fake obituary on the kitchen table, a humble pepper's ghost effect in a school or educational establishment of your choice (excluding trade or vocational colleges) or a full sound and light extravaganza in an abandoned cathedral. Eventually convince him your soul must be put to rest by signing an infernal contract - cough cough - get his signature on the dotted line and POOF - disappear through a hidden trapdoor into your new life of singlehood. Easy!

Dear Terrence, My cousin has turned to a life of crime. What should I do?
— Daydreamer135

Dear Terrence, I'm looking to get into a life of crime, do you have any suggestions for a good starting point?
— sillybil

Crime! Yes! My first love! So many questions about crime. Yesss. YESSSSSS. **Daydreamer**, your cousin is dead. I am so sorry. I have most likely already killed him in my endless pursuit of criminal mastery. I kill so many people, **Daydreamer** - mostly dressed in a scout's uniform, because I find that both liberating and frightening. I would return their corpse to you, but they are by now a fine nutritional slurry that is both high in antioxidants and - apparently - a superfood. As for you, **SillyBil** - I think crime is best imagined as an inverse pyramid: start at high treason and work your way down. Good

luck! You'll need it - once you step into the area of crime, you're up against me: and I don't take prisoners - I drink them. Yum yum in the tum tum!

Dear Terrence, One R or Two??
— Smarty

DJ Smarty Pants - wowadoodle, what a question. I am just a humble platypus, wrought into being by a foolish wish from a thick carnival child called Sparks. I am no linguistic expert! But if I were to opine on the spelling of this from a metrical standpoint - and I must insist we speak only in metrical terms from this point forward - the single-r form, Terrence, is vastly superior. You see, in the study of poetic metre, one must consider the delicate dance of long and short syllables. A name is not merely spelled. It is scanned: it must submit itself to the iron rules of stress, quantity and the invisible ballet of breath!

Let us examine my name: Te-rence (two r's) versus Te-rence (one r)

On paper they appear identical. This is a FIESTA of LIES. When pronounced in strict iambic discipline, the single-r Terrence produces a cleaner foot, as the parlance goes:

te-RENCE // short-LONG

But the double-r Terrence introduces a consonantal drag coefficient. The tongue lingers. It broods. It squats, ugly and dark, like a black stain upon the fabric of creation. I don't want to exaggerate, but it is humanity's greatest sin.

In conclusion:
Legally: two r's. Poetically: one.
Spiritually: none. Names are a prison.

Submit your problems to Terrence via Patreon

Scarab - You have only started to scratch the surface. Dig deeper.

Platypus - Today give yourself a gift. Don't plan it, just let it present itself.

Kakapo - The weather is warming, but you deserve more time to rest. Enjoy it, you've earned it.

Lobster - You are the ruler of today, pinch your potential and allow it to drag you to unknown depths.

Moth - You may be overlooked, but your power is ancient. Summon it.

Capybara - Don't infantilize yourself - allow others to do it for you. You are "Baby-Girl."

Ostrich - Get your head out of the sand and stop ignoring your problems.

Eel - Bite, Shock, and Scream. No one can stop you - you little freak.

Mantis - Legally we cannot *advise* you to "eat the head of your lover."

Echidna - A big change is coming, put up your spines and prepare for rough conditions.

Peacock - Your exulted time is nearly here, prime your feathers and open yourself up to great fortune.

Blobfish - It's never a good day for Blobfish. But today, is a bit better than the last I suppose.

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KLACKY.OS is not liable for any malware, spyware, demonic transactions, hurt feelings, digital possession, crypto conversions, or reality distortions. Also Klacky will be really mean, that's just how he is!

THE SUPPLE ADVENTURES OF EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE IMMORTAL ALPHA MONOTREME, TERRENCE THE TALKING PLATYPUS

