

RIDGIANS BAMBOOZLED BY PASSWORD HACKING SCAM



Thousands of people across the Ridge have reported falling victim to digital hackers over the last few months. According to JIA reports, hackers gain access to personal Klackys via the JONACO network, then hold sensitive information for ransom. If the victims cannot meet the hackers' demands, the sensitive information is posted in public forums, such as on Videomatics, Jonavisions, and in newspapers.

While the JIA are still investigating the hackers to bring the criminals to justice, they have cautioned Ridgians that they may also be to blame. "People make themselves an easy target, then whine when their things get stolen," said Agent Babylips. "If you're not going to try and protect yourself, then why should we?"

The JIA reported that a common problem is password strength. According to the report, there are a collection of passwords that are exceedingly common across the Ridge. The JIA suspect that these hackers are not actually hacking at all; rather, they are simply guessing commonly used passwords. The most commonly used passwords are:

1. password
2. P@ssword
3. Password123
4. Passw0rd!
5. TerrenceF33tPics!!!

If you use one of the passwords above, the JIA have highly recommended that you change your password to something stronger. The JIA recommend that you choose a password that doesn't contain the word "password", contains at least 43 characters, 7 special characters, your favorite breakfast cereal, a sample of your genetic code, and an image of the back of your head.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"Greatness resides within each of you - and I fully intend on scraping every last drop from your rotting carcass for content on my new show!"

- Mr Feast

HOT TAKES WITH RESIDENT



**"WHAT'S
SO WRONG
WITH
MURDER?"**

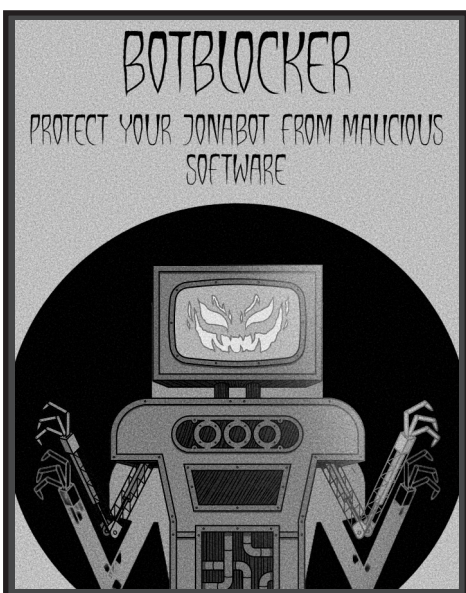
Ok, so upfront I just wanna say that I'm not like advocating for murder. Like I don't think people should just be out there murdering all the time, 'cuz like then we'd be in a population deficit and no one would wanna work the poor people jobs and then who would get all the gross toe cheese off of my feet each morning?

I'm just saying that like we all crash out over murder when it really isn't that big of a deal. People die on their own all the time, right? So like, what's the problem if I just kinda help them along a little? It's not like they're gonna be upset about it - they're dead, so they like don't care anymore 'cuz they don't care about anything 'cuz they're dead. Just like one little 'boop' and it's over for them, like that's so chill. And sure, their families or whatever would be sad for a little while, but like... why? Like you don't have to be upset, you're just like choosing to be, and you can just choose not to be.

It would just be like so good for everybody. 'Cuz like think about it, you've got some hag that got a

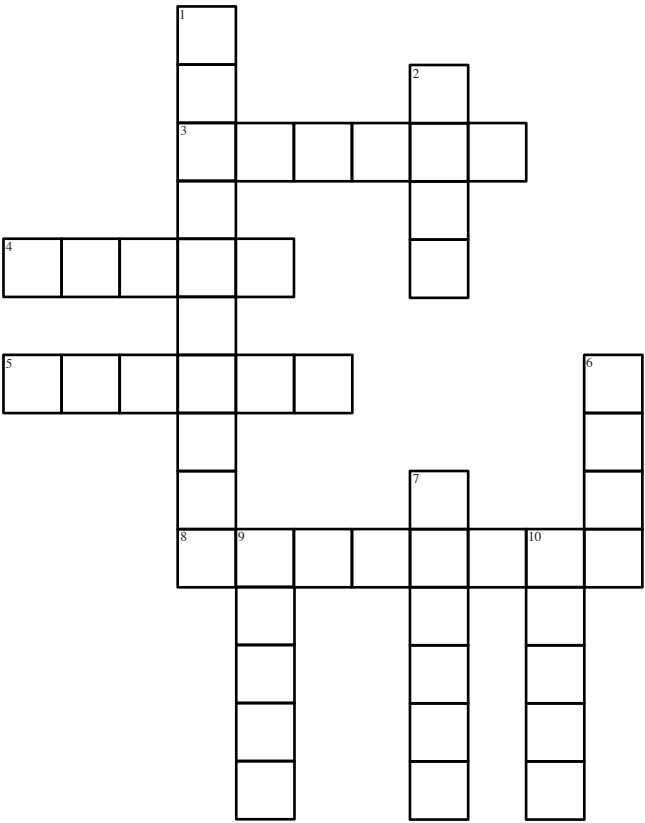
promotion over you and that job is like taken forever, right? Well not anymore if you just like kill them! You were second in line so then like the job is just yours and you don't have to wait like forever until someone else kicks the bucket or like retires or whatever. Or like if you have some gross butters for a partner and they're all like "babe, I'm gonna love you forever", like you can just kill them instead of having to go through this gross breakup process. Like they won't be upset 'cuz they're dead, and you don't have to keep seeing them!

And like, again, I'm not saying you should just kill whoever you want, there's gotta be some rules otherwise we'll like go extinct as a species, but like it solves a ton of other problems too. Like global warming won't be an issue 'cuz we won't have to make so much stuff, world hunger won't be a problem 'cuz there's less people to eat the food and stuff, wars won't happen 'cuz we can just like kill the annoying bad guy... it's like a total win all the way around.

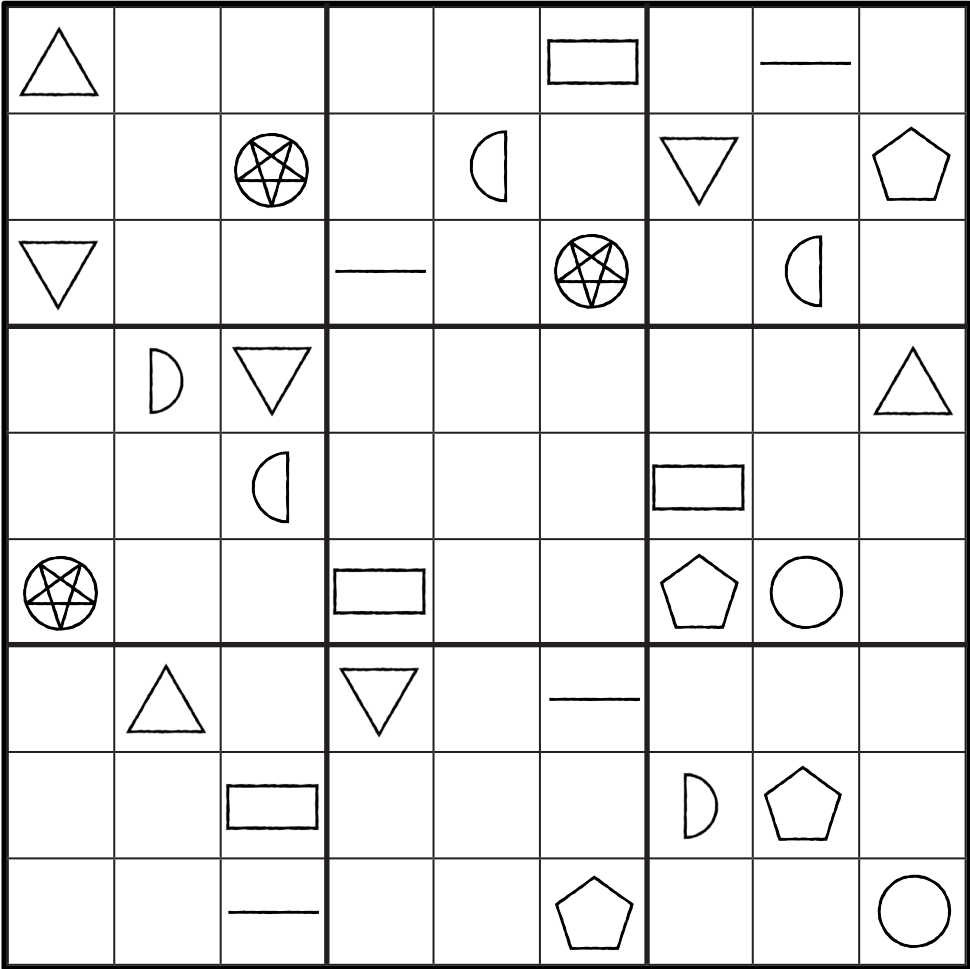


THE WRAITH DESERT CROSSWORD

The puzzle writers have returned from their vacation to Wraith Desert. After some fatal casualties to their team, they have returned inspired, compliant, and more affordable than ever. Our budget is balanced, you get puzzles, and the puzzle writers get the gift of fear. Everyone wins.



- Across**
- (3) This desert plant can be a real pain in the butt.
 - (4) Another word for a bush or some brush, found in deserts and well trimmed gardens.
 - (5) Wrangling, riding, and rodeo, these ranchers are itching to use their lasso.
 - (8) Big and slow, this critter wears his home. Not that one, the bigger one.
- Down**
- (1) This little critter has a mighty big hop, ears so large they never flop!
 - (2) In the desert this stuff is all around, in the air and on the ground.
 - (6) This mound of sand can be big or small, traverse them with care or else you'll fall!
 - (7) This desert scavenger is a classic trickster. Not a fox or wolf but something leaner.
 - (9) A patch of salvation in the sand, drink some water and wash your hands.
 - (10) These little stars make a lovely sound, clicking and clacking along the ground.

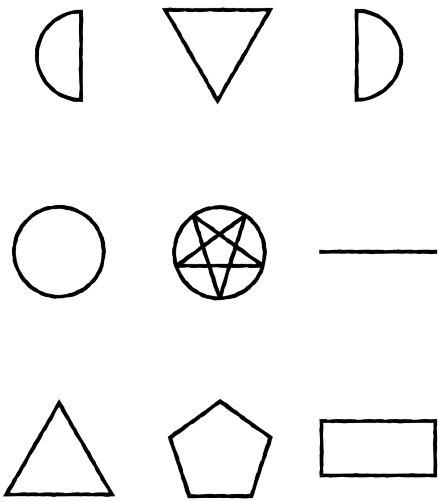


SUDOKU & VOX

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

SPONSORED
BY
SPECTRE&VOX

NEED SOMETHING
PARANORMAL INVESTIGATING,
CALL US,
THE PARANORMAL
INVESTIGATORS



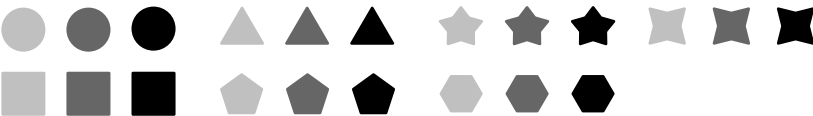
JONALABS PRESENTS:

CODEBREAKER

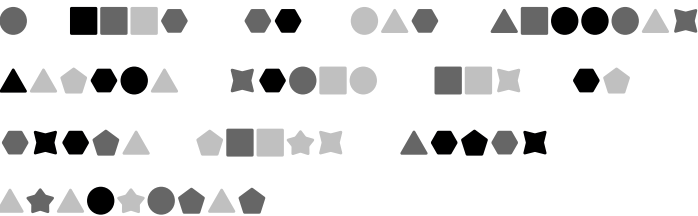
Encryption/Decryption literacy is at an all time low right now. Refresh your skills with this easy substitution encryption.

YOU CAN MARK THE LETTERS HERE FOR REFERENCE

Don't say we never give you anything



De $\blacksquare$ r $\blacktriangle$ ditoo●
My nae i $\heartsuit$ Ken $\blacksquare$ y and ●am look $\heartsuit$ ing ●or love.
I am a pro gol $\heartsuit$ er and I enjo $\blacktriangle$ s $\blacksquare$ immin● in
the lake. I $\blacktriangle$ on't like ●o read or think too
 $\blacktriangle$ ard.



JONACO’S MOST WANTED LOGIC PUZZLER

Suspects

Madam Mechanica
A Robot
Works as a medium and oracle.
Able to Commune with the dead

Robodoc-M4
A Robot
Works as a medical doctor for fleshbags
Skilled with a knife

Jonabot-B19
A Robot
Works as an assistant Gravedigger
Quiet, creep and covered in dirt

Equipment

Cattle Prod
This little baton packs enough volts to kill.

Iron Fence Spire
A graveyard fence classic. Getting hit by one of these would really hurt!

A Super-Magnet
The magnetic force from this super-magnet is strong enough to lift a car! Recently confiscated from a murderous Red-Crested Gargler.

Locations

Winslow Family Crypt
This overgrown mausoleum resting just outside the graveyard. Resting inside it’s walls are seven generations of the Winslow family.

Graveyard
A classic graveyard. Lots of dead bodies, a few fresh mounds of dirt, and plenty of headstones. SpoOoOooOoky!

Lonely Byway
This dusty old road doesn’t get many visitors. Anyone travelling this road is surely up to some trouble.

Jonabots make the world run. Without them, JONACO would have to employ sad fleshy humans who want “breaks” and “fair wages.” But all work and no play makes Jonabots a dull boy! Last night three Jonabots were discovered near the Wraith Desert graveyard having a little party. Amongst them was the body of a human. Obviously this is a serious offence, one of these bots needs to go offline for good. We need to know who did it, where, and with what! There will only be one suspect at each location and each will have a specific piece of equipment.

THINGS WE KNOW TO BE TRUE...

- The Victim was found dead on the lonely byway.
- A Iron Fence Spire was stolen from the graveyard.
- Robodoc threatened to shock anyone accusing them of the crime.
- The sound of someone talking to ghost could be heard from inside the crypt.
- The Graveyard is filled with mounds of loose dirt. Unsurprising but still useful.

		Suspects			Locations		
Equipment							
Locations							

Who?

What?

Where?

THE JONAGRAPH JUMBLE

Hidden in this classic word search are the names of 10 Jonavision celebrities from across The Phantom Ridge! Can you find them all?

BEARDYHAM NARFNARF DOJAPLAT
THEHOST MRFEAST TODDTOFFINGTON
ALVINSHELDRAKE ANIMEJONAS CAPTAINBOOK

U	C	A	P	T	A	I	N	B	O	O	K	D	U
T	O	D	D	T	O	F	F	I	N	G	T	O	N
A	B	P	G	L	U	M	O	E	N	F	E	Y	H
N	N	E	Z	O	I	A	R	N	J	E	D	J	D
I	O	W	A	T	T	T	N	F	O	R	H	T	R
M	R	G	G	R	T	Z	C	T	E	A	I	I	J
E	R	U	J	Q	D	N	H	G	T	A	C	U	X
J	L	B	E	Y	A	Y	K	B	C	W	S	E	Q
O	S	E	B	Z	R	E	H	D	F	U	I	T	Q
N	A	R	F	N	A	R	F	A	H	Z	I	C	T
A	I	K	D	H	Y	V	X	K	M	U	F	B	I
S	P	F	O	P	R	D	O	J	A	P	L	A	T
Z	V	C	T	H	E	H	O	S	T	E	M	R	F
A	L	V	I	N	S	H	E	L	D	R	A	K	E

POETRY CORNER

STRAITS BOY

There was a boy,
A very strong and handsome boy.
They say his parents were grotesque, so
grotesque,
But he came to be
A business man with acumen,
and this he said to me:
“The greatest gift you’ll ever see
are my bare abs - this fit you’ll never be.”

TALES FROM THE RIDGE

MADAME MECHANICA HOROSCOPES

When I was 16, there was a record snowstorm. The blustering wind piled snow onto the ground, stacking it up layer by layer, like someone building the foundation of a structure. I grabbed my schoolbag and loaded it up with the regular supplies. Pencils, textbooks, emergency ghost spray—the usual. As I tied my boots, my mother approached; her steps were as timid as her voice.

“Darling...” she called out, “are you sure it’s safe to go to school today?”

“Yes, Mother. I’ll be fine, Mother,” I responded. I could feel her insecurity seeping into my skin as she stared at me with the big, wet eyes of a goldfish.

“But what if you freeze? Surely school has been cancelled.”

Again, she attempted to undermine my intellect. As if she knew I was desperate to get away from this place. This place, this rancid, abandoned barn she called our home.

“Education waits for no one, Mother,” I reminded her. I slid my jacket over my left arm, and then the right. I pulled the collar up, then folded it back down.

“I have a test today, and I have already ensured I will get a perfect score. I must be going.”

As I pulled the bag up from the ground, I looked at her with a cold glare.

“Oh... okay... I love you, darling,” she said.

I narrowed my eyes to convey distrust, I furrowed my brow to project anger, and I barked a few times so she understood I meant business.

“BARK BARK BARK”

She jumped back, humouring me. Some children tell their parents they love them; I bark for dominance. It’s my daily ritual. She was not surprised; she only jumped back because she could tell by my expression that I was in a biting mood.

“Stop it!” she yelled. “You’re a horrible little rabid thing! Horrible, horrible!”

“Thank you, Mother. I feel the same

about you.” I opened the door to leave, a bold future ahead of me, but as I pulled on the dark, brassy knob, an avalanche of snow crashed down upon me like a wave breaking on the shore. The snow pushed me deep into the room, forcing me back to the end of the hall. My head met another brassy knob with a resounding *THUMP*. The next thing I remember was waking up in a bed, my legs in casts, my arms suspended to aid the repair of my broken bones.

I felt a wave of relief—relief that felt a lot like morphine. Was I in the ROBODOC? I must be! I could not have prayed for something better. Well encumbered and restrained, I was free to listen to the grinding of bone saws and the screaming of patients. I could smell the chemical cleaner and the excrement-stained sheets. I was in heaven.

And then I was in hell. As the curtain parted, I was not greeted by the loving embrace of a soulless robot; instead, I was forced to look upon my weeping mother. She looked upon me with a guilt and sorrow that made me feel sick. As she hugged me, I attempted to recoil with what control of my body remained. Then she looked at me with a wide, inscrutable grin.

“Don’t worry, darling. I’m going to take care of you. And in a few weeks, you can go back to school.”

I screamed. I barked. It meant nothing. This was not hell, this was worse.

FIN

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

