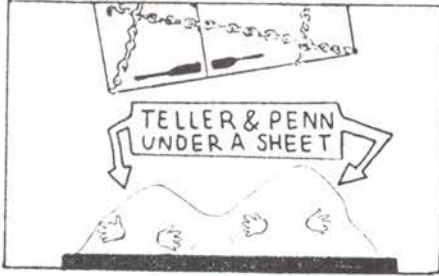
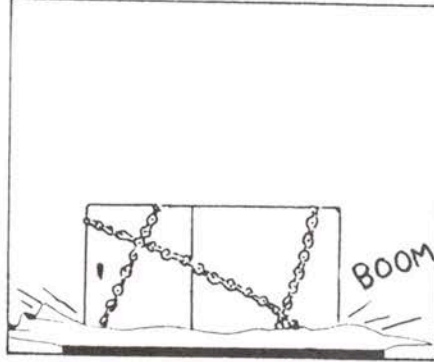


A STORY

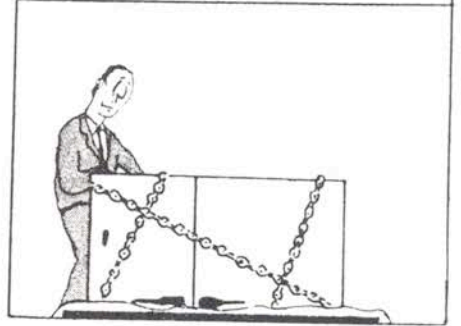
AT THE CURRENT T&P TOUR TELLER AND PENN DROP A REFRIGERATOR ON THEMSELVES.



THE REFRIGERATOR IS DROPPED ON THEM!



TELLER'S O.K., BUT WHERE'S PENN? WELL ... HE DIED.



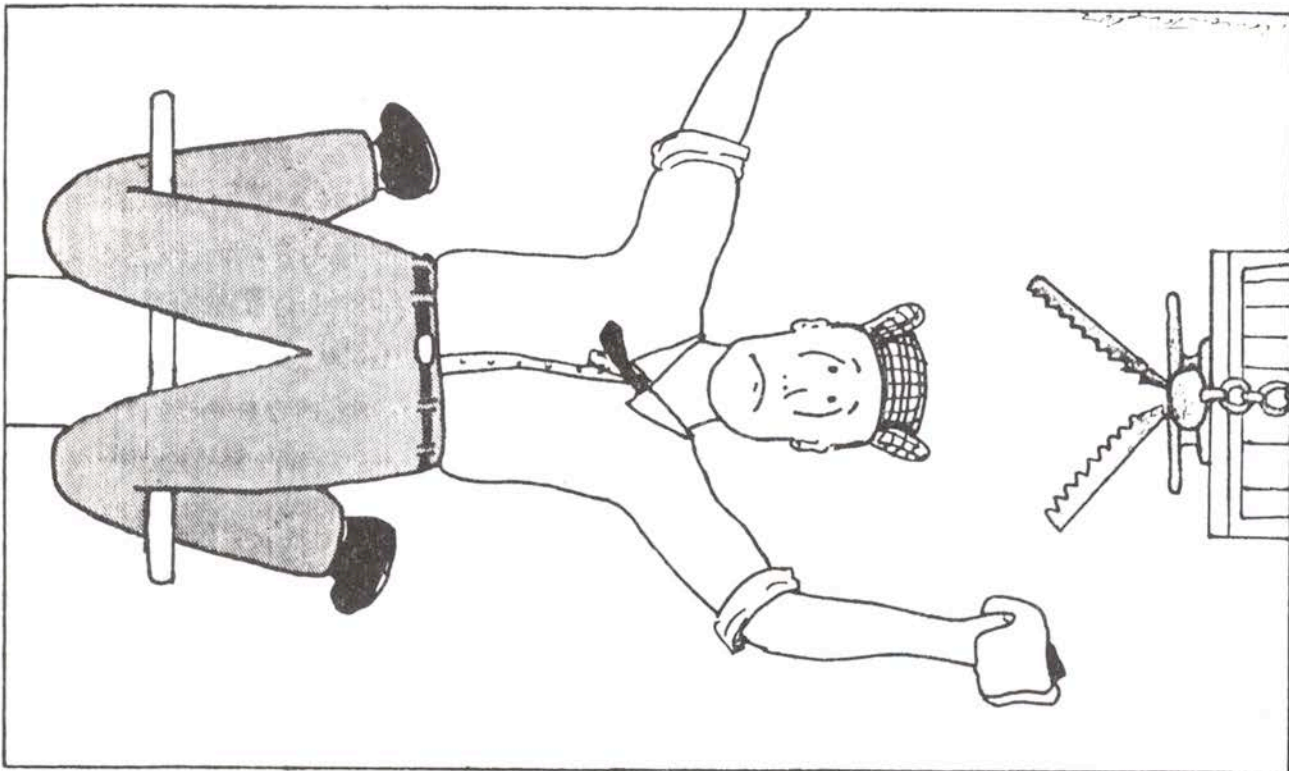
TELLER GETS THROUGH THE REST OF THE SHOW ON HIS OWN.



AFTER THE SHOW THE FANS EXPRESS THEIR CONDOLENCES.



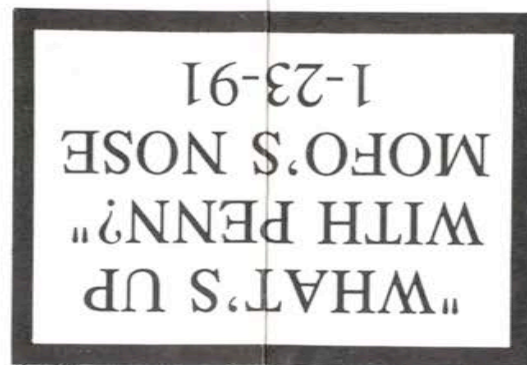
BUT WE ALL KNOW WHO THEY ARE REALLY AFTER.



King of Animal Traps

I'm sitting in my hotel room in Philadelphia watching CNN. There's a war going on and it's time to write for Mofo's Nose. It's very odd. Over our career we have spent many newspaper inches doing the hype that the Teller & Penn show deals with serious subjects and not just cheesy tricks. Now that reporters are asking questions like "Can you make Hussein disappear?" I feel like we're just doing cheesy tricks. I'm aware that there's a war going on and I have nothing to say about it. Having said those two things, I'll go on with some empty-headed fluff.

When we finished in LA, I flew to Bonaire for a week off. I love scuba diving and I had a very attractive dive buddy, the fire-eating model from "Don't Try This at Home." Bonaire is an island in the Caribbean. It's tiny, and near the equator. It's considered one of the three best dive spots in the world (the other two are the Great Barrier Reef, which Teller covered last year, and the Red Sea, where I feel the quality of my dives would be a low priority to the natives right



now.) On the radio in San Francisco with my good friend, Alex Bennett, I made a \$100 bet whether I could successfully complete a sexual union with my dive buddy under 40 feet of water. For the outcome of this bet and all the details - keep your eye on Penthouse magazine. If they print it, it'll start with "Dear Penthouse, I never believed your letters until I made a \$100 bet with a San Francisco radio personality, I'll call him Alex Bennett . . ." You'll know it's me, it'll be signed "Name and address withheld by request."

I'm still writing for "PC Computing." I'm still unhappy with the pictures and titles but they've at least stopped changing my copy. What you read now, is damn close to what I wrote. If you want to read all the articles

without buying the magazine, you can read them on the MOFO BBS in their original form. "PC Computing" gave me a little heat because the F.C.C threatened them about one of my articles. It was a little thing about computer jokes at airport security. I was very careful, the idea was that it was a good joke that no one should ever do. The F.C.C. didn't like it and didn't think it was funny. I don't like the F.C.C. and I think they're unconstitutional - so we're even. I just wrote an article about computer censorship. Let's see if they print that.

The tour is going well, very well. People like the new stuff and seem pretty happy seeing the old stuff. I'm having a great time moving around the country and I'm really happy with this show. I would like to give you some sort of advanced notice on what the next project is but I don't have clue one. Will we do a TV show? Will we go to England? Will we go to Broadway? Will we do the sequel to "Get Killed?"

Mofo knows, Teller & Penn don't.

"Two subs: Pastrami, salami, and ham on a roll -- NO onions. And meatball with provolone." I leaned back against the wall opposite Uncle Vito's counter. A young Italian opened the oven and poked the toppings of a pizza with his finger.

Presently the sandwich man announced: "Pastrami, salami, and ham on a roll -- NO tomatoes."

"I asked for no onion on that," I argued.

"Not your order. Don't worry."

A few chairs were lined against the wall for waiting customers. I sat down, muttering, "I should just shut up and sit down."

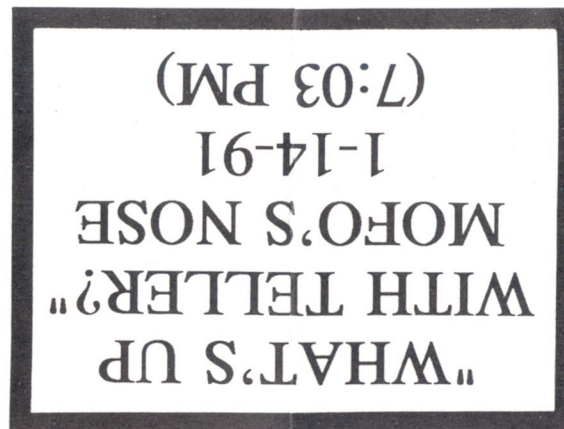
"Bush should just shut up and sit down." The speaker was a creased, tan, rough-skinned gentleman neither young nor old in a tweed jacket. His glasses had tan, translucent rims.

I nodded. "Him, too."

"You mean, He, too.'" And he was right. 'He' was the subject of the sentence.

"Right. He, too, should shut up."

"Too. That's an adverb."



"Really?" I thought for a moment. Well, it certainly wasn't a verb or a noun. "Yes, I guess so."

"An adverb. Can you name the eight parts of speech?"

"Um. Noun. Verb. Adjective..." I started reciting "The Raven" to myself and identifying parts of speech: Once upon... "Preposition!"

"That's four."

I thought hard...a midnight dreary while I pondered weak and..."Conjunction."

"And I've already given you Adverb. So, two to go."

"How about if you don't tell me, but give me an example and I'll name the part of speech it is," I suggested eagerly.

"No."

"Okay. 'Once upon a midnight

dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary over many a quaint..."Article!"

"No. Just a little decoration. Not a basic part of speech."

...And curious volume of forgotten lore, as I..."Pronoun!"

He smiled. "And?"

"Salami with bell peppers," the counterman announced. The grammarian arose.

"Hrmmph!" He paused, waiting for me to react. "Hrmmph! Interjection! Hrmmph!" He picked up his sandwich. "Interjection!" He opened the door to leave.

"Is that it? Did we name them all?"

"Yes. 'Hrmmph'. Can you spell it, Hrmmph?" he asked and walked out the door, closing it behind him.

The counterman leaned over the counter. "What was that about?"

"He asked if I could name the eight parts of speech."

"Hmm. Noun, Verb, Adjective, Adverb...I should know these. Here's the order. \$9.65."

"No onions?"

"No onions."