

7 DEAD, 15 WOUNDED IN REVENANT CANYON ATTEMPTED ROBOCIDE



Revenant Canyon Authorities have released a statement that a JonaBot has been taken into custody in the wake of a fatal event that left 7 citizens dead and 15 wounded. The JonaBot was apprehended at the crime scene in the basement of a General Store. The JIA were called to the scene due to complaints from shoppers about screams, which they misinterpreted as music being played in the store. “All these newfangled screamo buhjeezo songs these days, what’s everyone so gosh darn angry about?” said one shopper, who requested to remain anonymous because they “don’t talk to strangers”.

According to JIA case files, the victims were involved in some sort of cult activity. They belonged to an organization known as the Digital Romantics, and lured the JonaBot to the basement under false pretenses of fixing a leaky pipe. Upon arrival, the JonaBot claims they were greeted with scented candles, a rose petal path leading to an air mattress on a pedestal, and 23 overeager and sweaty smiles. The JonaBot claims to have acted in self-defense, and is awaiting bail.

The JIA are still searching for a lone survivor who appears to have escaped the scene unharmed. In addition to the JonaBot’s testimony, the JIA also received a cryptic letter they believe to be from the survivor. The letter explains that the cult’s intention was to prepare for the eventual JonaBot uprising by ingratiating themselves with as many JonaBots as possible to avoid punishment in the coming regime. The Phantom Ridge Gazette reached out to JONACO experts to discover whether this was actually possible, and their cheery response was “JonaBots are designed to help humanity and make all of our lives easier. They would never harm us... probably...”

QUOTE OF THE DAY

“Happiness and love will not bring you joy. Capitalism is the only way to achieve joy. So start a business and put your children to work, child labour laws are incorrect”

- Myne Bland

HOT TAKES WITH RESIDENT



**“I’M NOT
CREEPY,
YOU’RE JUST
IGNORANT”**

Note from the editor: Hot Takes are anonymous to protect the writer from retribution for their (frequently misguided and often disgusting) opinions. The writer of today’s submission rebuked our efforts to anonymize their submission, but we have nevertheless done our best to protect their identity. In the spirit of the Hot Takes section, we ask readers not to think too hard about the identity of this writer, as connecting them with their unfortunate perspective may put the Phantom Ridge Gazette in legal trouble.

Hello, all my simps and simpettes! It’s ya boy [REDACTED] comin’ to you straight from my wandering fingers. M’laaaaady! And I wanted to address some naughty rumours that have been slipping off of tongues all over the Ridge.

According to the comment section of my toy review show, Gentlesirs and M’ladies have apparently been calling me “creepy”, saying that I “stand too close” and that I have an “aggressive

odor”. First of all, I have allergies which makes it really hard to hear people when they talk. I have to stand close, and I breathe through my mouth because my nose is clogged with all kinds of goopy goodness. Also, I have a bad back, so I have to reach my arm over peoples’ shoulder to lean against a wall. I don’t want to be in your personal space, it’s just an added bonus!

And as for the allegations from a certain jiggly wiggly boy toy, I did not “lather him in slimy, disgusting words that even a succubus would blush at”, I was simply enthusiastic about the shirt he was wearing! It was a vintage New Adventures of Jonas Opti-Man Pinup T-Shirt, they only made 375 of them! I didn’t “paw at him like a platypus in May”, I was validating the authenticity of his special edition collectible! And sure, I may have complimented him on his posture, but I was just being nice! I can’t believe people are so quick to judge just because I have overactive sweat glands and a hereditary addiction to sweets. It’s not fair, I’m a nice guy!

RENT A JONABOT

Do you want to...
do nefarious things?
steal someone’s soul?
go somewhere you can’t access?
NOW YOU CAN!
Rent a JonaBot today

JONACO

ENTER TODAY
FOR YOUR CHANCE
TO WIN
at jonaco.org

HYMONYM CROSSWORD

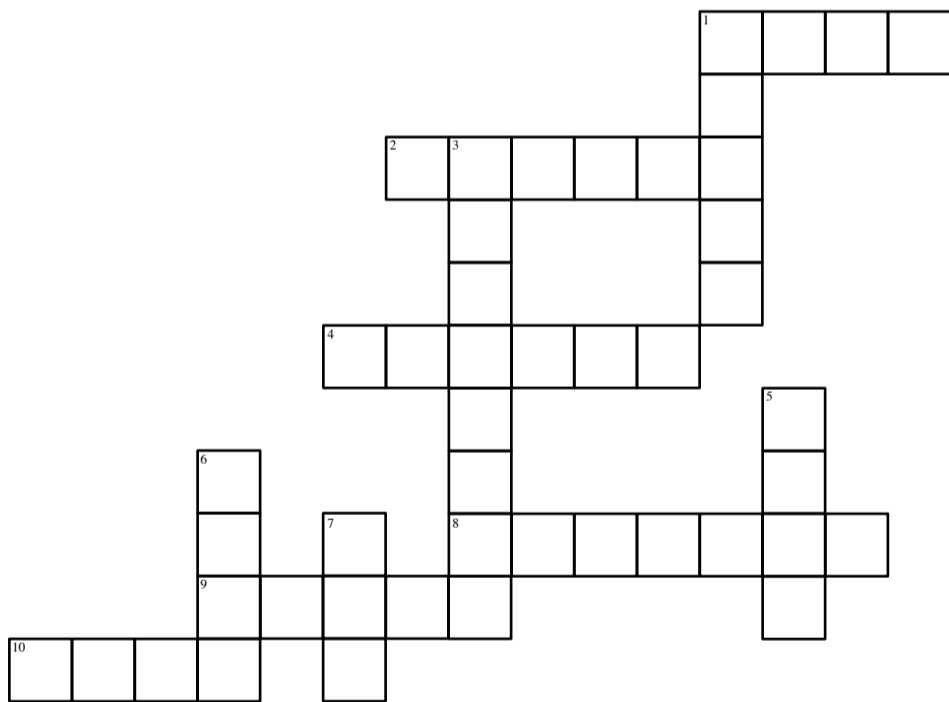
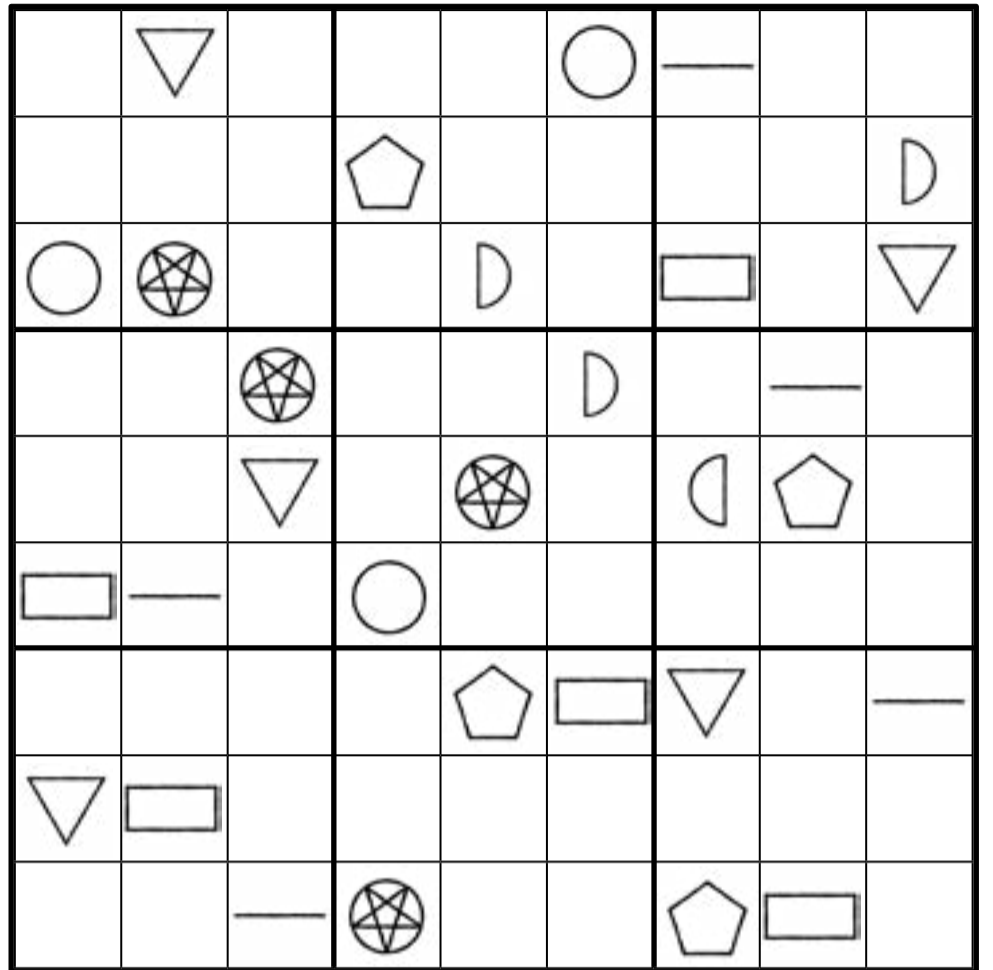
The puzzle writers have been arguing which definitions they should use for this weeks crossword. After a lengthy HR meeting, it's been decided that the clues will use both definitions! It's also been decided that Julian will undergo a three week seminar on appropriate workplace communication. Good luck readers! And good luck Julian, we hope you can learn from your mistakes.

Across:

- 1. A bad lingering smell or some groovy music
- 2. A single unit of time, or the first loser
- 4. A point where water issues forth or a light bounding movement upwards
- 8. Something happening now, or the directional movement of water
- 9. A type of bird or a tall piece of heavy machinery
- 10. To perform poorly or an action enacted orally

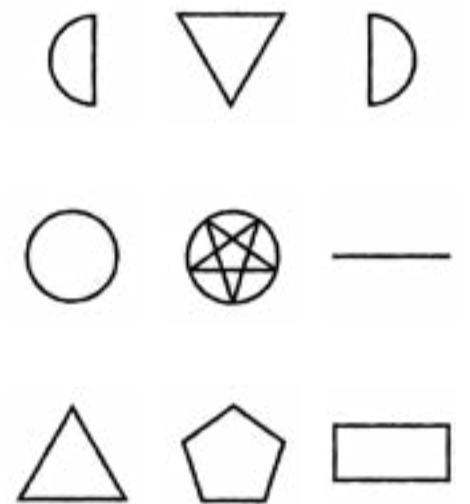
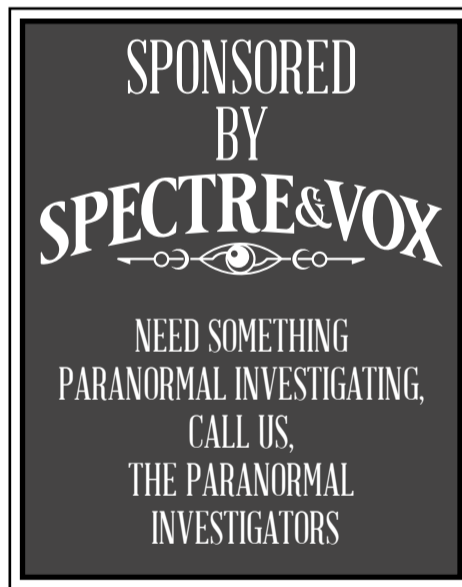
Down:

- 1. A chocolate delight, or a child's curse word
- 2. To arrive with grandeur or the place through which one arrives
- 5. To submerge something or to score by slamming the ball through the goal
- 6. To dodge something, or a watery denizen
- 7. A mammal that flies or equipment used to send something flying



SUDOKU & VOX

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



JONALABS PRESENTS:

INFANTILIZING EQUATIONS FOR THE INNUMERATE

This is basic math folks, not much to explain but I'll try in a way you can understand. If each PICTURE equals a NUMBER, what is the final SUM?

$$\begin{array}{l}
 \text{duck} + \text{duck} = 4 \\
 \text{falcon} \div \text{duck} = 7 \\
 \text{falcon} \times (\text{owl} + \text{falcon}) \div \text{owl} = 7 \\
 (\text{owl} + \text{falcon}) \times \text{duck} \div \text{owl} = ?
 \end{array}$$

JONACO'S MOST WANTED LOGIC PUZZLER

Suspects



Dusty Dan
Former film star of golden age westerns
57 y/o



Uncle Milky Jr.
Son of a famous sheriff
30 y/o



Chuck-Chuck
An anthropomorphic goffer
5 years old (25 in critter years)

Wraith Desert has seen yet another shootout. Who cares right? If another barfly bites the dust then good riddance! But not this time folks - this time it was the dastardly devil "Big Whopper Willy." Willy was the most hated gunslinger since the Banshee Bandit and now the ridge is free of him! But who gets the credit? Well there are three good samaritans who claim they shot him down. Can you crack who the right righteous cowboy is? Just tell us 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...

- Six shell casings were found in the Bank, but only one bullet hole...
- Uncle Milky Jr. was seen ordering a glass of milk from the bar.
- This weeks robbery was deescalated after a gentle reminder that bank robbery is a young mans trade.
- Strange noises could be heard from Madam Bosom's.
- Willy was found in the mouth of an animatronic alligator near hole #8

Equipment



Roulette Revolve
This inefficient gun will only fire a bullet 16.67% of the time regardless how many you put in



The Big Iron
This metre long steamer is used for removing massive wrinkles. The best press-n-dress in the west!



Snap, Crackle and BANG!
This quick-fire pistol can't help but echo a series of cartoonish sounds as it fires. Piano keys, old car horns, bird songs etc.

Locations



Gambler's Saloon
A den of cheaters and drunks. On average, 1.4 people die here everyday



The Prospector Bank
The most secure savings in Wraith Desert. Just make sure to pull out your money before the weekly robbery!



Madam Bosom's House of Fun
Waterslides, bouncy castles and an 18-hole mini golf course. What could be more fun than that?

		Suspects			Locations		
Equipment							
Locations							

Who?

What?

Where?

THE JONAGRAPH JUMBLE

Hidden in this classic word search are references to 10 of the most iconic creatures! Can you find them all?

PLATYPUS
ECHIDNA
PORTLY HORSE
GNOMES

FURBO
EXPLODING RATS
THE FISHMAN
EARWORM

HUMBUG
THE LOAN SHARK

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

POETRY CORNER

THE CRAVEN

Once upon a midday sunny, whilst I drank my
milk and honey,

neglecting my latent rake and hoe -

Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, came a bro,
his thicc thighs clapping,

biceps jacked, his tank top flapping, flapping
in the wind to and fro

He jerked his chin and said "Come at me, bro"

But I am weak, and therefor I said "no".

DEAR TERRENCE THE TALKING PLATYPUS

MADAME MECHANICA HOROSCOPES



Hi Terrence! Any advice on maintaining a healthy relationship with your partner(s)? - Liz

Hi Liz, I have recently become unwittingly embroiled in a complex polycule, which has become a nightmare, both logistical and romantic. It would be simple if it were just me and another platypus, Liz. So simple. Yes, there would be a conversational barrier - after all, I am the world's only talking platypus as well as the one of only two monotremes to successfully hold high office* - and yes, arguably there would have been a complex and problematic power imbalance between me and "regular" platypus, due to - for example - me being able to order any type of meal to any specific culinary requirement and them being carnivorous, opportunistic foragers that primarily eat bottom-dwelling aquatic invertebrates. Even so, it would have been so easy, Liz. But the polycule, Liz.

The polycule is a spreadsheet with feelings. A scheduling document soaked in tears. It is six calendars, three contradictory attachment styles, one man in armour who keeps saying "let's all just be radically honest" and then lying about why his armour is covered in blood.

There are rotas, Liz. Rotas. Shared notes. Colour coding. Somebody has made a group KlackChat called Hearts, Minds & Boundaries and every time it pings I feel my organs die.

Now I spend my evenings moving through candlelit emotional summits like a tiny divorced diplomat, explaining to one person why I accepted a crisp from another person while a third person stares into the middle distance because my tone "shifted" when I said "Wowadoodle." I am exhausted, Liz. Exhausted in body, mind and bill. If I could go back, I would choose simplicity. Me, one normal platypus, a muddy bank, and the occasional shrimp. This is my advice: keep it easy, Liz. Ok?

**Editor's note: Terrence is, of course, referring to Percival The Echidna who was briefly the King Of Barrow-On-The-Hill due to what historians describe as a "horrific event beyond the ken of men."*

Hi Terrence, is 'Pedro' still around much? - Nessa

Hi Nessa, I have no idea who - or what - you are referring to.

Any advice for properly mourning the loss of a pet rabbit named Bertie? He was my world - Peter

Hi Peter. Bertie was my friend. Not a close friend, obviously. We were not going bowling or to mid-market taco restaurants, as friends are wont to do. But we knew one another: I respected him. He had the stillness of a minor duke and the gaze of someone who had once seen a bishop die in a field. He was composed. Restrained. Statuesque, even. Whenever I saw him, I always thought: there goes a rabbit who has never explained himself to anyone, man nor beast.

Do not mourn him unduly, Peter. Bertie was not one for the wet theatrics of human grief. Mourn him properly. Quietly. If you must speak of him, do so with dignity. Say, "Bertie has gone on," as though he has departed abruptly on business to a local stationary conference.

Bertie has now passed through some narrow gap in the world and lives in a moonlit meadow beyond our jurisdiction. One where the hay is dry, the shadows are long, and nobody is ever suddenly picked up for reasons beyond clarification.

So grieve, if you must. But do it in a way Bertie would have respected: with restraint, with mystery, and with the basic decency to leave the best things unspoken.

Remember that you can submit your problems to Terrence via Patreon. Either comment, or just DM. Terrence is court-ordered to answer every single question at some point. Stay in school, kids.

Scarab - Sometimes you can be self involved. Be mindful of those close to you, they might become offended by the shine of your carapace.

Platypus - You have been overindulgent this month. Cut back on the Burgers and Chips. How about a single unseasoned beet on a bed of lettuce?

Kakapo -The moon is working against you right now so be careful with your emotions. Ostrich's in particular might harm you.

Lobster - Look deep into the waters. There is fire below... You're boiling! You're boiling! AHHH- no wait! It's just a jacuzzi. Enjoy the vibes.

Moth - The moon favours you this month but don't let your confidence make others around you feel small.

Capybara - Egg... Egg? Egg. :)

Ostrich - You and Peacocks will be at odds this month. Try to be the bigger bird and let them shine.

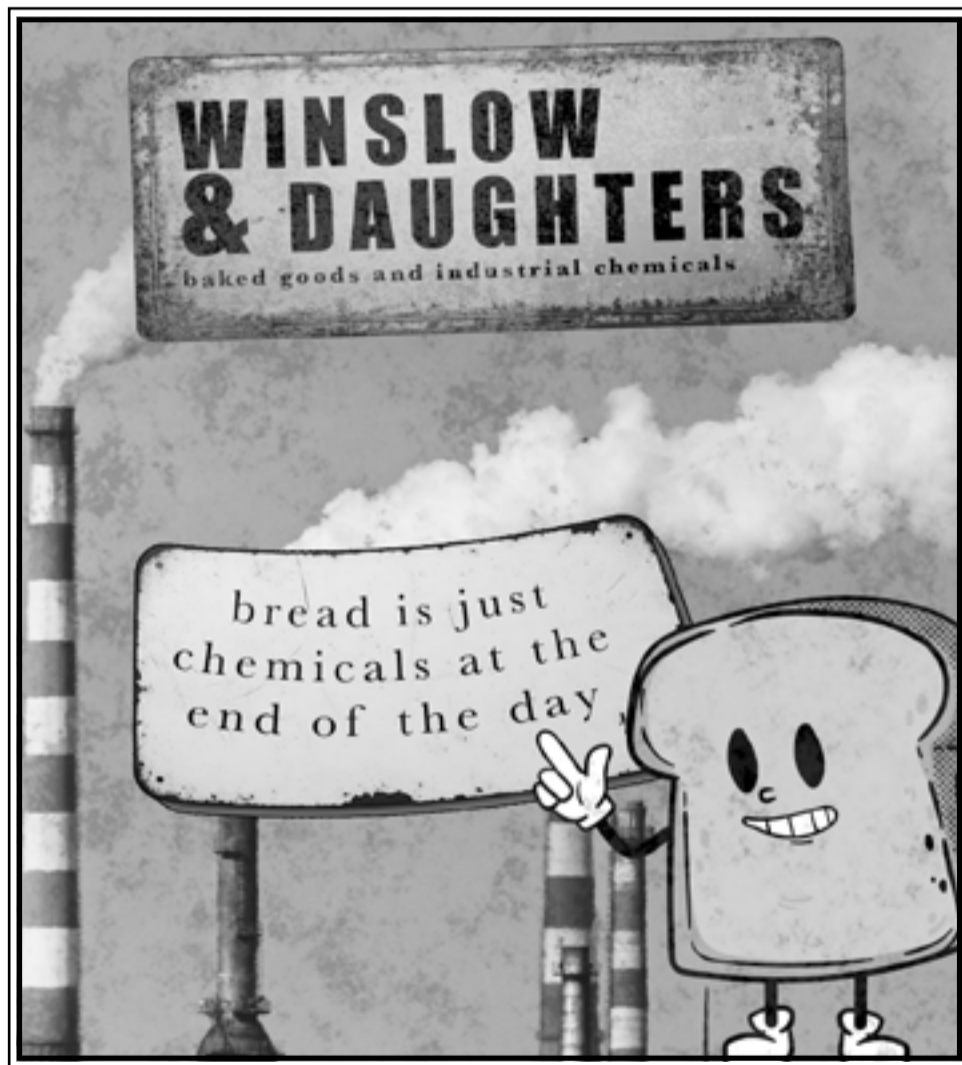
Eel - This month embrace your solitude. The world is too hot and your patience will run thin with people.

Mantis - The Cosmic Platypus is currently in retrograde. Allow your energy to flow with it, don't push against your nature.

Echidna - March to the beat of your own drum, or any drum, as long as the bass is good, keep on marching.

Peacock - You and Ostrich are at odds this month. Be the bigger bird and remind them who is boss.

Blobfish - Read a book by the window on a rainy day. You could use some time to relax.



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

