

call for appt.
with Dr. Lovitzky
—check out info for tickets

No Pants³

think of
clever
articles

where's
#2?
call Ren.
and Johny

www. noPants.com
No Pants issue #3
\$zero (\$0.50
Canada)

orrie's
birth

remember that
Kid from middle
school with the
messed up thumbs
try to find out
what he's doing
now → maybe
an interview →
article title:
"Donny — the boy
with 5 fingered
hands"

The spatula?

Old skool
skating is
with
dance

Stop wearing
pants

never settle for less

Kreditz



Contentz

"What are you doing later?"



LEZBOS GALORE!

Page 17

Get in the car!



It's
N
O
P
R
O
B
L
E
M
S
#3

Cover

by Danny

page 1 → you are HERE

pg. 2 → Frenchie

PPPP. 3 → anytime, anywhere

page 4 → I dream of weanie

PAGE 5 → BOOM CLICK PICTURE

Page SEX → SEX!

Page 7 → djk/geta

page 8 → Hello Again!

Page 9 → one more time

page 10 → back KOVRR

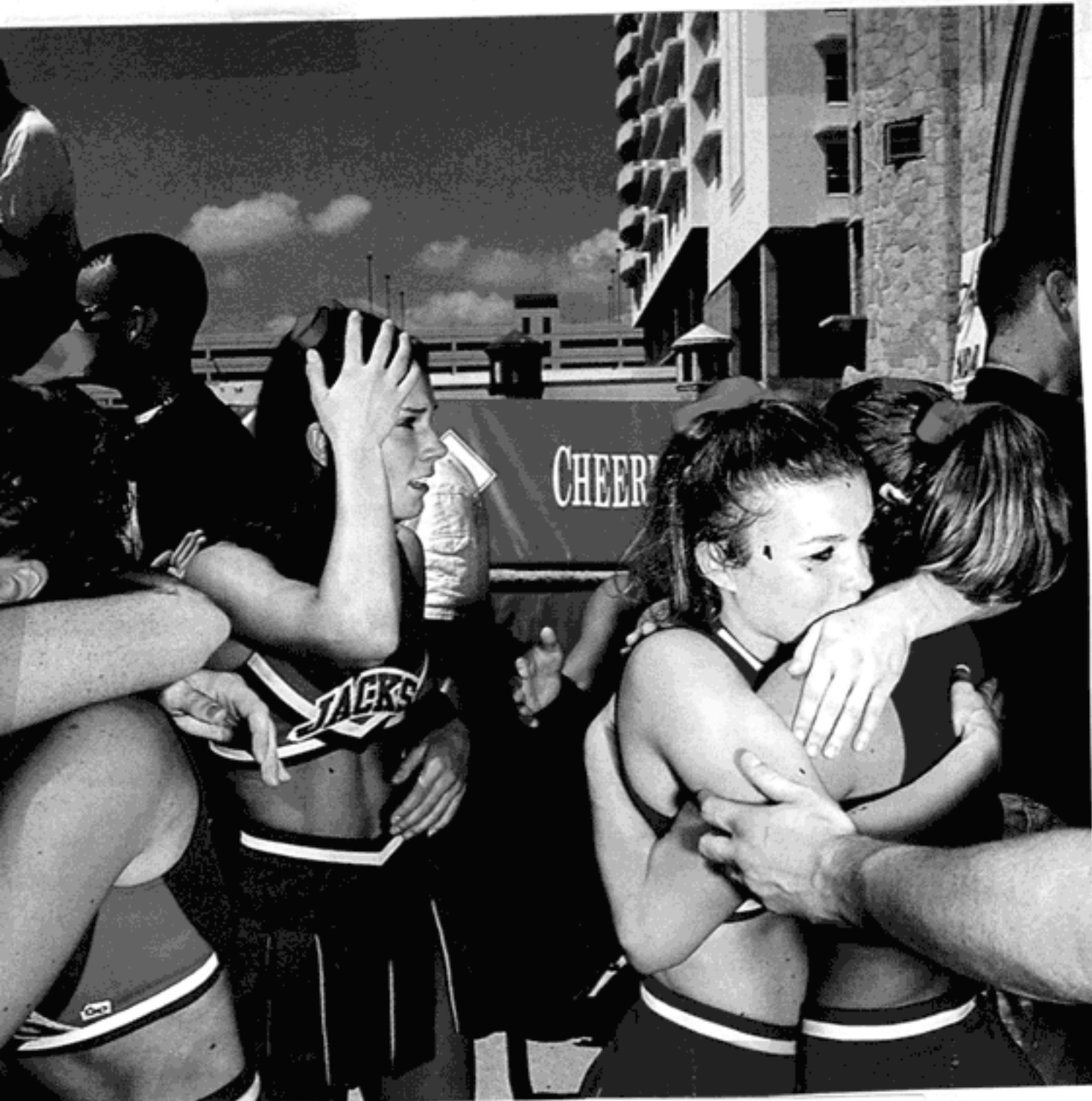
we love life!



(shut up you dumb bitch - edt.)

"LET'S GET STUPID!"

WELCOME to

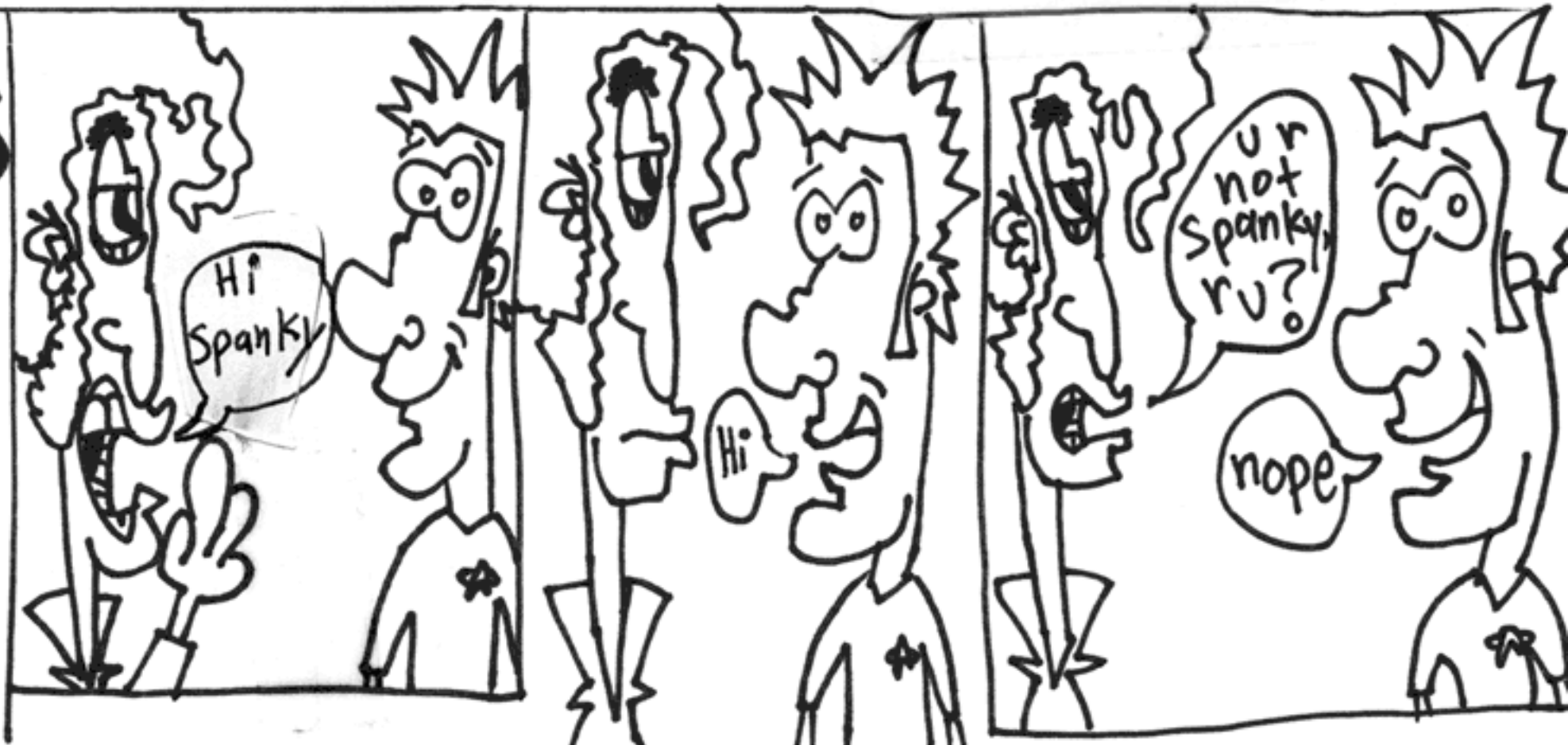


Paradise

Listen, you know you were thinking the same thing. Imagine, stuck in the middle of a mob of frantic cheerleaders just looking to hug something. What? Did you just call me a sick bastard? You better take that back. No... don't even start. YOU SEE THAT?! I did NOT throw the first punch. Oh I am so about to get voodoo on your ass. Yeah come on bring it bitch. Oh come on? What you swinging at? The air over my head? You pus- oh shit. OK yeah that did hurt - naw I got the idea - no really you don't need t- fuck stub eet ok! I fink foo ust roke ay gaw...

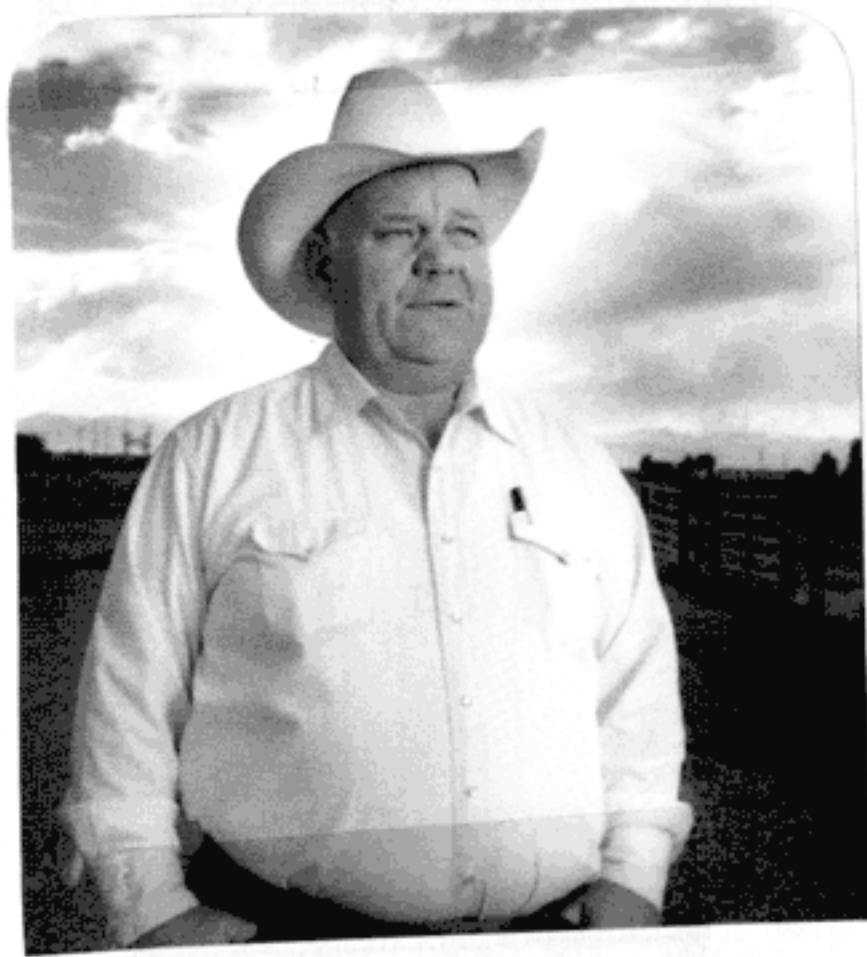
SPANKY'S
GANG!™

by
Rufus
Gallahger



CONFESSIONS of a TEXAS Cowboy by Merle Magoo

I was born in
Manhandle, Texas on
August 6th, 1947. Mama
always said I would
be a cowboy. But she
was abducted by a



“I was
looking
for that
big rodeo
in the
Sky...”⁹⁹
Merle, 2002

gang of possums when I was 3, so I don't
remember her saying it. Papa played the
fiddle and gambled for us to survive. Naturally
I became used to life on the trail.
From the tip of Texas to the woods of
Nevada, I searched. I guess I'm still
searching. For what? I don't know. If I
did, I probably would have found it. But
I'm a lonesome cowboy, so I ride on.

NUMBER

2

No Pants
#2



GET
~~the~~ side
for

Nooze
SCAMOOZE

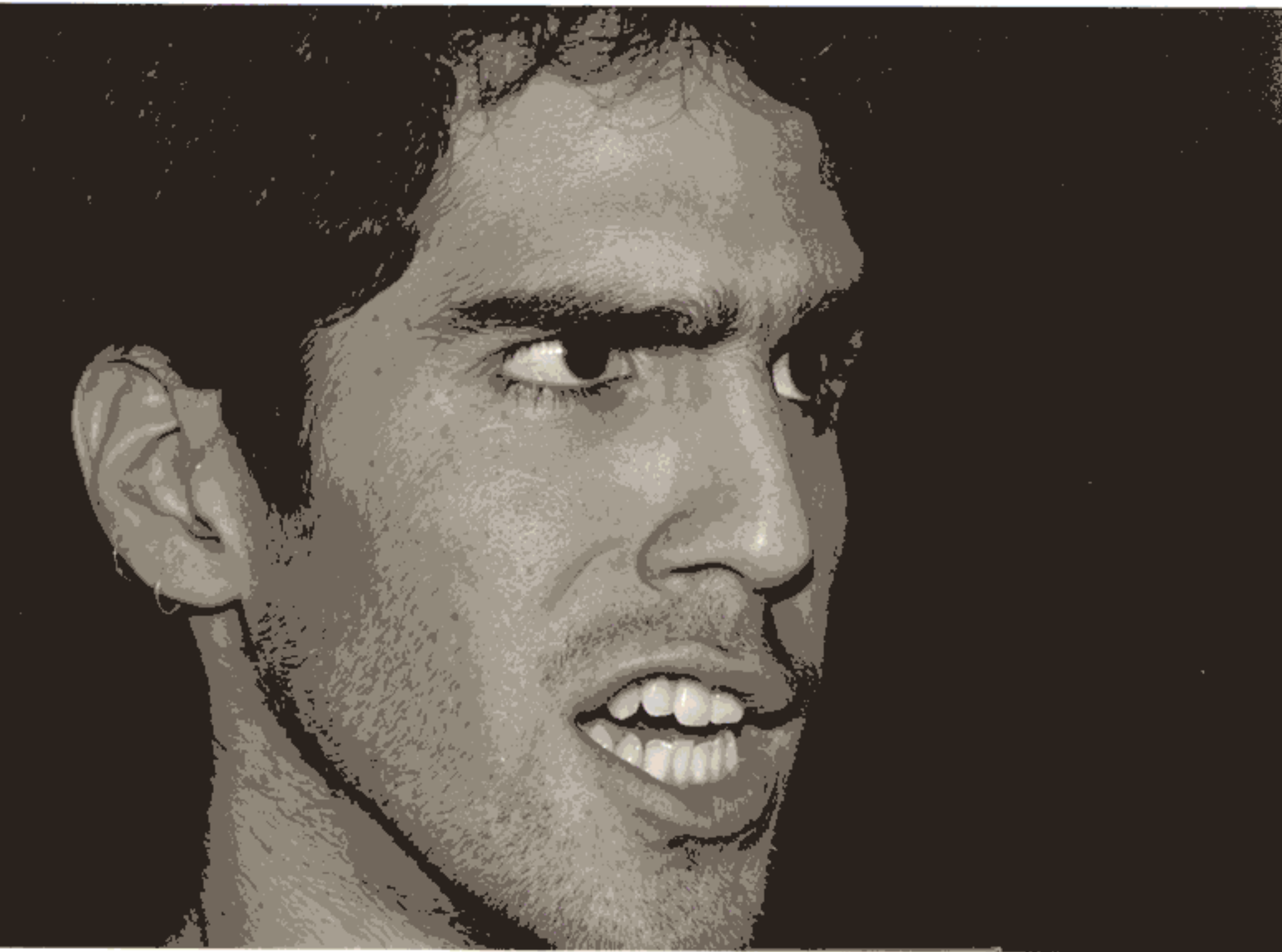
FREE
UNLESS

used
2 Copy



rejected
covered

the Official NoPants™©®

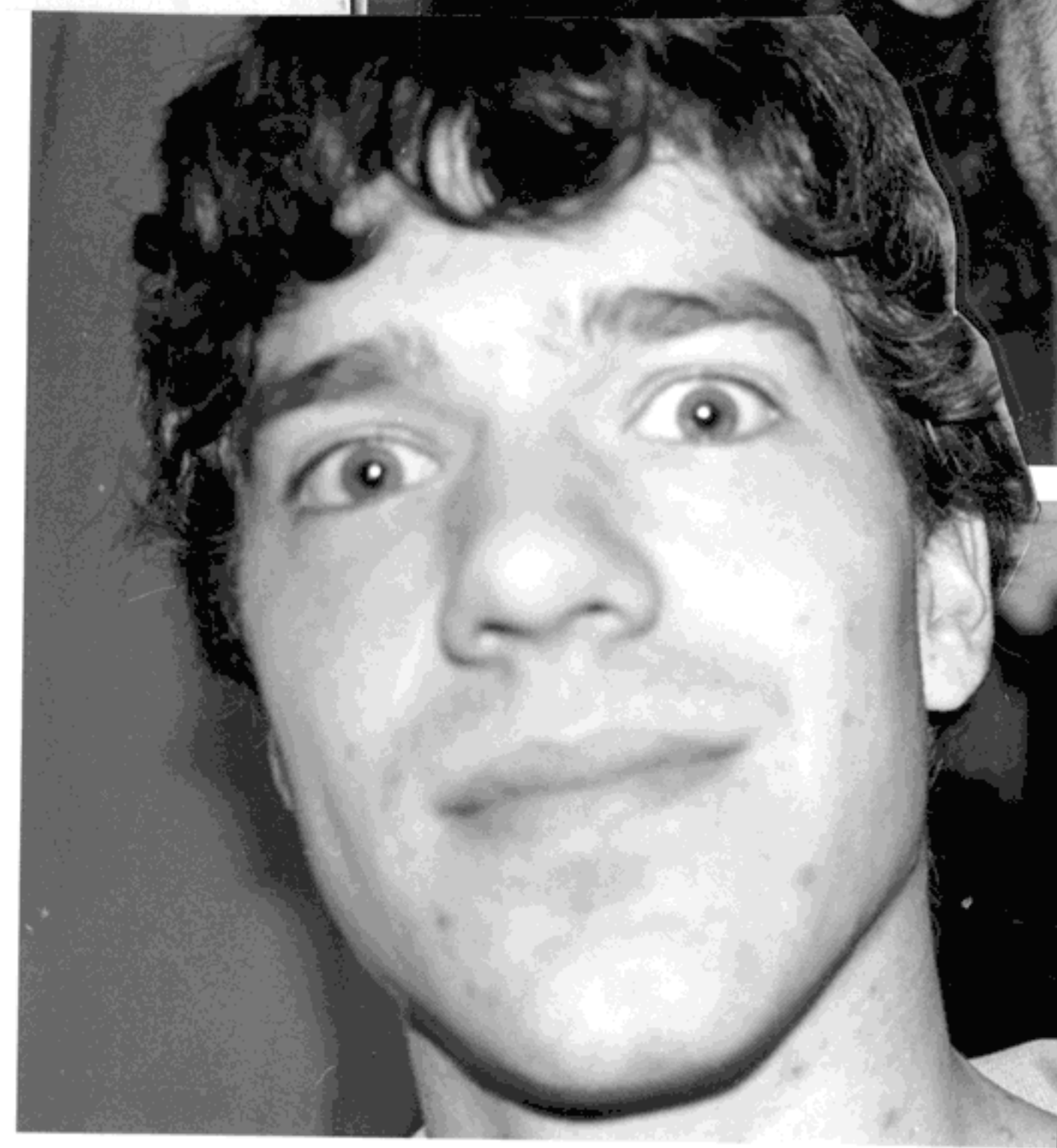


PHOTO



SHOOT

Do
you



KNOW

these
dorks
?



my all-time favorite game



Butt's Up!



I don't know what you did growing up, but I used to play a game called Butt's Up! It involved a tennis ball and two or more kids. You bounced the ball off a wall or a garage door. If you bumbled the ball or caught your own bounce, then you were "butt's up!" You went and stood with your hands pressed against the wall, your butt facing out. The other players had three chances to chuck the tennis ball at your ass as hard as they could. You would brace for impact, sweating just slightly out of fear, hoping that the ball would whiz past your ass and hit the wall. You would play with shot nerves hoping that it would be the other kid who couldn't catch and would get called

No Pants Butt's Up!

I hate porn

by

Jackie Hoff

Why are men so
perverted? How
come they always
want to see pic-

tures of naked women? I think it
ruins men's minds. When we get inti-
mate, they want me to pose like
I'm in some hardcore porno movie!
Why can't you masturbate to women
with their clothes on? Because you're
dirty little naughties, that's why! Isn't
my picture cute enough to whack it?!



I used to work as a janitor at a community college. One night I was behind in my work. I was finishing up in the girls' locker room when I heard the doors lock. The lights shut off and the alarm clicked on. Since I wasn't going anywhere, I decided to sleep and finish up in the morning.



Storytime

I awoke the next day to loud female voices. I opened my eyes to find myself surrounded by the naked cheerleading squad changing into their uniforms. I won't get into the details of what happened next....
"Let's just say I cleaned up." -

in a shocking turn of events **no pants** #2 Disappears!

by staffwriter
RONALD LEVINE

Strange rumblings came from Renaldo's grandma's bathroom on Wed's Nov 27th. And this time it wasn't the meatloaf. Editor Johnny had been pre-viewing the final proof of **No pants** before it hit the presses. Twenty-seven minutes after

Exhibit #1



• the stolen mag'

Exhibit #2



• a roll of toilet paper from grandma's bathroom

he had flushed and ran back to watch HOME IMPROVEMENT, it was gone. "It was probably a competing editor from VANITY FAIR," Renaldo commented.

We came. We laughed. We kicked ass. Thank you to the fans, the lovers, the mothers. You can email 'nickmarino72@mail.com for more nonsense. Until next time kids.....



KEEP the FAITH 