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TODAY'S
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CLASSIFIED

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07- Lost & Found

OUND Cat, short hair, Strik
L. gray, black & white,
una. mole, in N. Barrington

OUND DOG, small, Corolla
MIX, Feby. 23, 1981, old Tan

OUND, L. Cat, Chillin' head

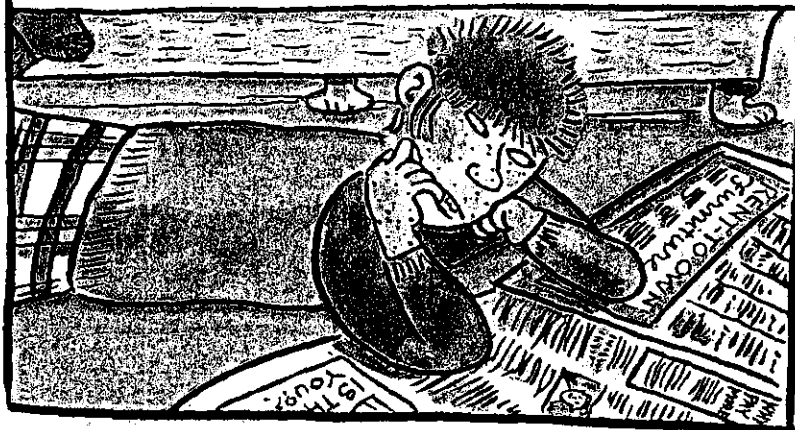
FREE Dirt/Clay Mix
NEED LOCATION FOR
DUMPING LARGE
AMOUNTS OF CLEAN FILL



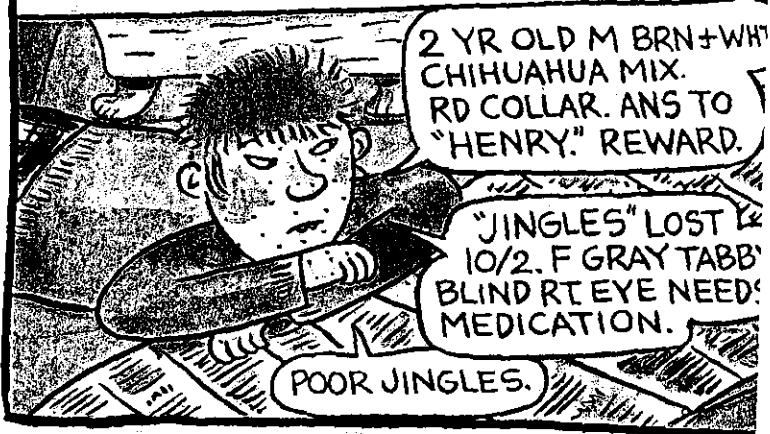
LOST
AND
FOUND



AFTER I LEARNED TO READ, I LOVED GETTING HOME FROM SCHOOL AND WAITING FOR THE AFTERNOON PAPER. WE DIDN'T HAVE BOOKS IN THE HOUSE, BUT THE PAPER GAVE ME PLENTY TO WORK WITH.



THE FIRST SECTION I TURNED TO WAS THE CLASSIFIEDS. I ALWAYS READ THE "LOST AND FOUND" ADS, TRYING TO MEMORIZE DESCRIPTIONS OF DOGS AND CATS WHO WERE OUT THERE ALONE AND SCARED.



EACH QUARTER-INCH AD WAS LIKE A CHAPTER IN A BOOK. I'D IMAGINE THE WHOLE STORY: THE FREAKED-OUT PEOPLE, THE FREAKED-OUT ANIMALS, AND ME, ALWAYS COMING TO THE RESCUE AND NEVER ACCEPTING THE REWARD.

NO, KEEP THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, SIR. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS THAT HENRY IS HOME.

PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT MY NAME IS DOESN'T MATTER. AND NEITHER DOES THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. ALL THAT MATTERS IS JINGLES.

LIKE MOST WRITERS, I LOVED TO READ WHEN I WAS LITTLE, BUT UNTIL RECENTLY, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT SOME OF THE THINGS I ENJOYED READING MOST. THE CLASSIFIED ADS FASCINATED ME.

CRYPT IN MAUSOLEUM. PRIME LOC. EYE-LEVEL. BEST OFFER. EVENINGS.

SZ. 12 WEDDING DRESS. NEVER WORN. MUST SACRIFICE.

FILL DIRT, VERY CLEAN.

PARTY PIANIST. MY PIANO OR YOURS.

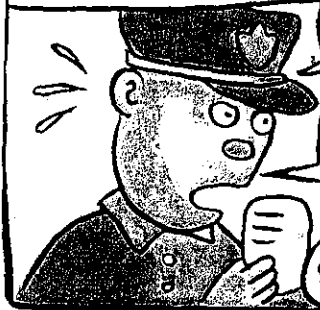
THEY GAVE ME SO MANY WEIRD
BLANKS TO FILL IN. LIKE WHO WAS
SELLING THEIR CRYPT? I ONLY
KNEW THE WORD FROM HORROR
MOVIES. ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES
CAME OUT OF THEM. THE AD
SAID "EVENINGS." IT SEEMED
LIKE SUCH AN OBVIOUS TRICK.



SAME WITH THE WEDDING
DRESS AD. WHO ELSE WAS GOING
TO CALL ABOUT IT EXCEPT A
MAIDEN? IT SAID "MUST SACRI-
FICE." WHO ELSE GOT SACRIFICED
BUT MAIDENS? THE POLICE
WOULD BE BAFFLED BY HOW
MAIDENS KEPT DISAPPEARING.



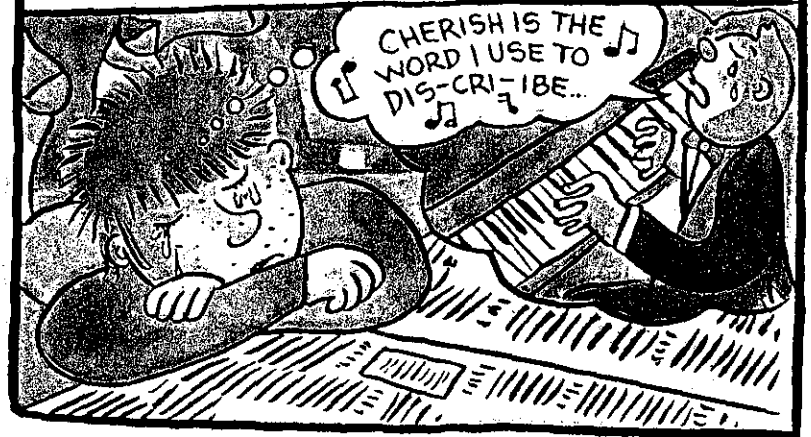
WHEN I CAME FORWARD WITH THE SOLUTION TO THESE CRIMES, AT FIRST NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME. I EXPECTED THAT. I WATCHED A LOT OF MOVIES. NO ONE EVER BELIEVES KIDS AT FIRST. YOU HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL ALMOST THE END. YOU HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER.



CALLING ALL CARS!
THAT KID WAS RIGHT
ABOUT THE WANT ADS!

BUT NOW THE CRYPT-
VAMPIRE AND THE
WEDDING DRESS-ZOMBIE
HAVE HER IN THEIR
CLUTCHES! WE WERE SO
STUPID! REPEAT! VERY STUPID!

MOSTLY I DIED IN MY CLAS-
SIFIED STORIES. EVEN THEN
I LOVED TRAGIC ENDINGS. PEO-
PLE WOULD BE CRYING SO
HARD. THEY'D COVER MY COFFIN
WITH FILL DIRT, VERY CLEAN.
THE PARTY PIANIST WOULD PLAY.

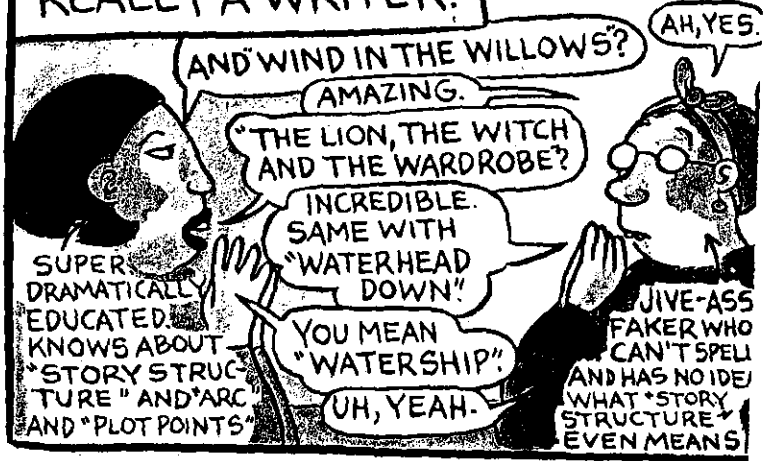


WHEN I READ ABOUT WRITER'S LIVES, THERE ARE USUALLY STORIES ABOUT WRITING FROM THE TIME THEY WERE LITTLE. I NEVER WROTE ANYTHING UNTIL I WAS A TEENAGER, AND THEN IT WAS ONLY A DIARY THAT SAID THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER.

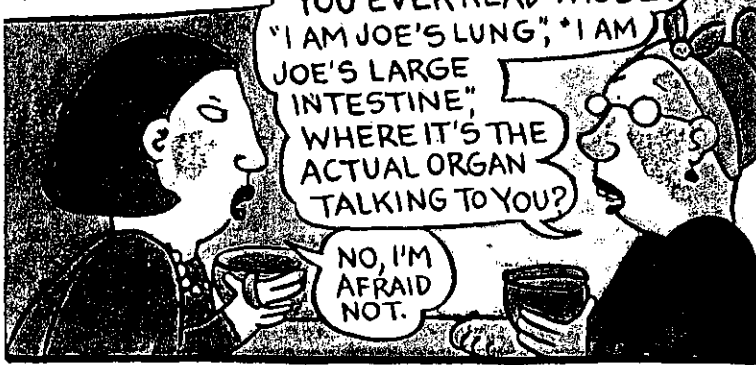
I thought Bill liked me but turns out he doesn't. I'm so depressed about Bill. He didn't call me. I can't stop thinking about Bill.



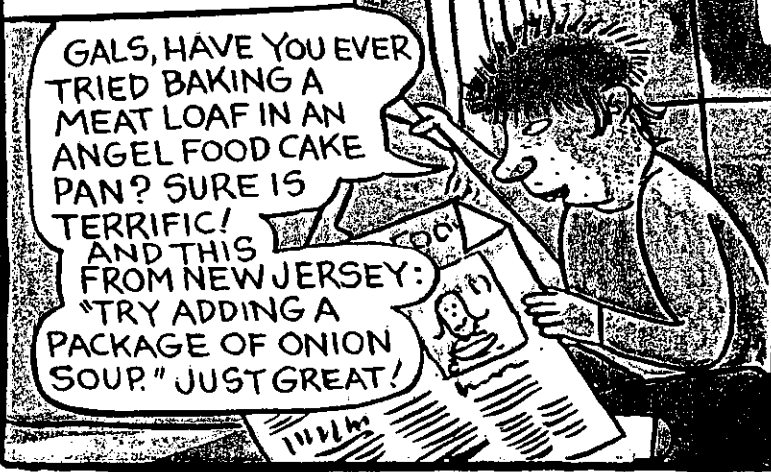
WRITERS TALK ABOUT ALL THE BOOKS THEY LOVED WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN. CLASSIC STORIES I NEVER READ, BUT I LIED ABOUT BECAUSE I WAS SCARED IT WAS PROOF I WASN'T REALLY A WRITER.



I HAD ONLY THREE BOOKS WHEN I WAS A KID. "GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES", "ANDERSON'S FAIRY TALES", AND "HEIDI" ALL GREAT, AND I READ THEM OVER AND OVER. BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT I LOVED READER'S DIGEST STORIES LIKE "I AM JOE'S LUNG" JUST AS MUCH.



AND MY ALL TIME FAVORITE THING TO READ WAS "HINTS FROM HELOISE." SHE WAS THE PERSON I WANTED TO BE WHEN I GREW UP. I LOVED THE WAY SHE TALKED.



I SNITCHED ENVELOPES AND STAMPS FROM MY MOM AND WROTE HELOISE A COUPLE OF TIMES WITH SOME HINTS I'D THOUGHT UP. I'M NOT SURE SHE EVER USED THEM.

Dear Heloise,
Gals did you ever try putting food coloring in your milk? Sure is terrific! Red = cherry Green = lime Blue = from outer space! (Just pretend)

Plus Gals did you ever try biting both ends off a piece of ~~licorice~~ licorice and sucking koolaid with it? Sure makes a great straw! Sincerely!!
Also I love you! Signed Lynda from Seattle Wash 98144!



WHEN I GOT OLDER AND WAS COVERED THE LIBRARY I HAD ALL THE BOOKS I EVER WANTED. ALSO, THERE WAS A NEW THING THEY WERE TEACHING IN HIGH-SCHOOL CALLED "CREATIVE WRITING." IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD TIME FOR ME.

EXCUSE ME, MRS. SNOBAROO?

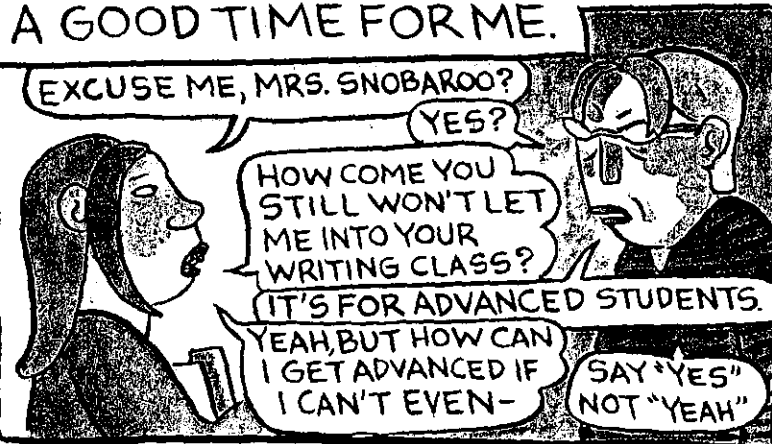
YES?

HOW COME YOU STILL WON'T LET ME INTO YOUR WRITING CLASS?

IT'S FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS.

YEAH, BUT HOW CAN I GET ADVANCED IF I CAN'T EVEN-

SAY "YES" NOT "YEAH"



BUT ONLY CERTAIN PEOPLE WERE "ADVANCED" ENOUGH FOR WRITING AND LITERATURE. IN COLLEGE IT GOT EVEN WORSE. I LOVED THE WRONG KIND OF WRITING AND I NEVER COULD BREAK A STORY DOWN TO FIND THE SYMBOLIC MEANING, ALTHOUGH I SURE TRIED TO FAKE IT.

In "The Bell Jar," Plath profounds her enumerated existential parthenogenesis using subvertible intramural insight on the dissimulation of her classic bumper of the 20th century.



MY TROUBLE ENDED WHEN I STARTED MAKING COMIC-STRIPS. IT'S NOT SOMETHING A PERSON HAS TO BE VERY "ADVANCED" TO DO. AT LEAST NOT IN THE MINDS OF LITERARY TYPES.

SO YOU'RE A CARTOONIST!
HOW ADORABLE!

POLITICAL?

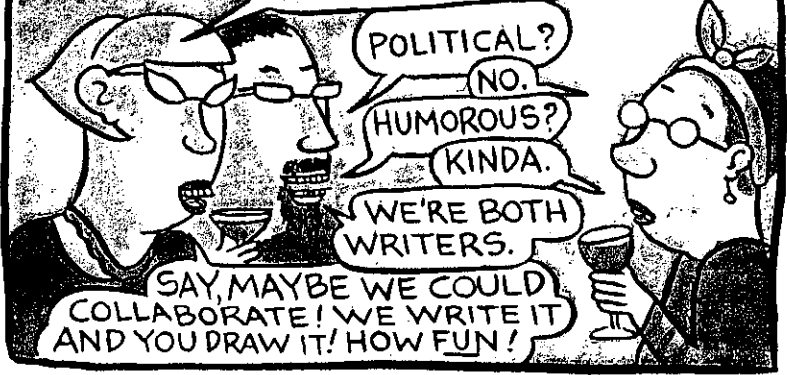
NO.

HUMOROUS?

KINDA.

WE'RE BOTH WRITERS.

SAY, MAYBE WE COULD COLLABORATE! WE WRITE IT AND YOU DRAW IT! HOW FUN!



NOBODY FEELS THE NEED TO PROVIDE DEEP CRITICAL INSIGHT TO SOMETHING WRITTEN BY HAND. MOSTLY THEY KEEP IT AS SHORT AS A WANT AD. THE WORST I GET IS, "TOO MANY WORDS. NOT FUNNY. DON'T GET THE JOKE." I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.

ESPECIALLY BECAUSE I'M SURE THAT THE NINE-YEAR-OLD VERSION OF ME WHO MADE UP ALL THOSE "CLASSIFIED STORIES" WOULD THINK THAT THIS ONE HAD A VERY HAPPY ENDING.

GALS, EVER FELT SO intimidated by the IDEA OF writing THAT you've never even given it a try? Think writing IS only for "writers"? Sure IS common!

(and YES, Gals - the first thing I read in the paper IS still the "lost and found")

LOST. SOMEWHERE AROUND PUBERTY. ABILITY TO MAKE UP STORIES. HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON IT. PLEASE WRITE.

