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S3

WindSheer

In-Flight Magazine of

TEENMOM

Airlines

Emergency Water Landing
Your Flight Attendant May Be Used
as a Flotation Device



**Gorgeous Guys
in the Skies**

**What's up in
Exotic
Costa Gavras**

**The Midgevale
Film Festival**

**Shop the
On Board
Mall**

**Audio Selections
Feature Films**

UHM

Uhm, ahem. [tap tap] Is this thing on? [screeeech] Ooo, sorry. Let me turn it down. Hello, and welcome aboard — aboard. We here at TeenMom Airlines are glad you've chosen to fly with us. We hope you enjoy the trip.

Commercial air travel is more exciting than ever before. With extra rows of seats packed in to milk each flight for as many passengers as possible, there's a growing sense of intimacy, a closeness with fellow travelers that's bound to create new and lasting friendships. Reduced oxygen in the ventilation system makes each breath you take an adventure in saying "yes, please" to life. Aging fleets of aircraft keep you alert and wondering. "Is this plane going to make it? Why did the doors to the overhead compartments open when we took off?"

And then there are the familiar foil bags of peanuts, the little bottles of booze, the long lines for the lavatories. And let us not forget those cute lavs themselves — walls that curve right into ceilings, soap scummed wash-basins, separate slots for razor and sanitary napkin disposal. Yes, getting on a plane is certainly a magical experience.

As teenmoms, you have special needs, needs that TeenMom Airlines is only so

I Cherish the Heck Outta You Guys!!!



totally happy to serve: Be sure to check out the Children's Ball Room located in the aft of each plane. It's a great place to stow the little ones while you kick back and enjoy our audio and video entertainment. Smoking is not only allowed but encouraged on all TeenMom domestic and international flights as is drinking, swearing, spitting, gossiping, passing notes and playing truth or dare. Our flight attendants are here to serve you. We employ only teen idol look-alikes. Feel free to press the attendant call button on the panel above you and don't be surprised when Jonathan Taylor Thomas or Dean Cain show up with drinks or dinner. It's all part of the fun here on TeenMom Airlines.

WindSheer is the official in-flight magazine of TeenMom Airlines. In this issue you'll find features on two of our most popular destinations: The island paradise of Costa Gavras and the fairy tale town of Midgevale, home to the prestigious film festival begun by Academy Award winner, Aly Sheedy. Be sure to check out our profile of air traffic controller Sally. *WindSheer* visits her on the job in a busy control tower. Browse and shop at TeenMom's in-flight mall and DO NOT MISS [under penalty of "you'll be sorry if you do"] our center spread "Cute Guys in the Skies."

Wherever your final destination, on behalf of the entire TeenMom flight crew, I extend to you blue skies and Midol. Now get outta here, you goofballs.

Roger wilco, over and out,

NB



WindSheer

The In-Flight Magazine of

TEENMOM AIRLINES

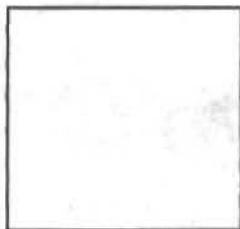
You don't need a *#@! razzfrazzin' TABLE OF CONTENTS

*The whole *#@! issue is only 24 pages, including front and back covers for pity's sake. Just flip through it till ya see something ya wanna read and read it, ya lazy sop!*

Oh, sorry, my meds are wearing off. I'll be okay just as soon as I pop another one of these pretty blue ones. [Gulp, glug, glug, glug (always drink plenty o' water when swallowing pills).] Ah, that's better

So, as I was saying, can't we forego the pretense of a ToC and use this page for more merriment?

[Interactive opportunity - Vote here]



Aye. More Merriment

Nay. I'd rather have a ToC



Now, I'll take a moment to manually tabulate the votes with my grandmother's slide rule. Bear with me. And while you're waiting, why not enjoy some muzak.

"Day after day alone on a hill the man of a thousand voices standing perfectly still and nobdy wants to know him they can tell that he's just a fool but he never bothers no one and the fool on the hill sees the sun going down and the eyes in his --"

And we have a winner. The "ayes" have it by a landslide.

Unfortunately, we've run out of room on this page. No space for merriment nor for a ToC. Proceed at your own risk.

Essential information required by the FCC and the FAA

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Real identities of our contributors:

Miss, Ms., Mrs., Mr. (circle one) Dave Postal

and, of course, Her Royal Highness, the Vicereine NB

Meditation

It's Like Medication but with a "T" Instead of the "C"

One of the best ways to relax and enjoy your flight — well actually the *best* way is to get completely shnoekered — but another good way, and one that TeenMom Airlines' Chief of Health and Mental Well-being, Dr. Angus McMuphin, feels totally comfortable prescribing is meditation. Following is the transcript of Dr. McMuphin's guided meditation found on Channel 14 of your audio selections, reprinted here for those too cheap to pay for the headphones:

Dr McMuphin: Close your eyes [Editor's Note: But not if you're reading this]. Imagine you are at a pep-rally in a gymnasium imbued with soothing flourescent light. Everyone you love is there, your mother, your father, your brothers and sisters, your baby, your friends and teachers, the varsity basketball team and the coach. The room is filled with melodious cheers chanted in perfect harmony. "Go, team, go. Siss boom bah." You are in the bleachers, surrounded by all your loved ones. Your baby is on your lap. The baby's father is on the basketball court. He could be any of the players or even the coach himself.

A tingling sensation starts in your toes. It moves through your foot and up your ankle and into your calf. Your leg is asleep. Shake it, or it will be up all night.

Now, in the center of the gymnasium is a silver river of pure energy. All your troubles float on this river. Your acne is there and so is that "F" in algebra. Your feud with your ex-best friend Ashleigh floats in the river. Your weight problem, your PMS and your suppressed memories of incest and abuse are all there too. Everything in the world that troubles you bobs in this stream of silver energy.

At the end of the gymnasium is a set of double doors. The doors open and from beyond them wafts a sweet aroma. It is the locker room. The crowd cheers louder and louder as the silver river begins to flow. It move into the locker room, carrying your troubles away.

Another door at the other end of the locker room opens. Outside, it is a sunny day. The river continues through this second door onto the warm asphalt of the playground. The river itself evaporates, leaving your troubles to litter the schoolyard.

Now a kind and gentle maintenance man with a golden-handled pushbroom comes along. He pushes your troubles into a heap. He strikes a match and sets them ablaze. Goodbye acne. Goodbye bad grades. Goodbye incest. All your troubles turn to smoke. Lighter than air, they rise to God in Heaven.



Don't Get Screwed Out of Frequent Flyer Miles

Join TeenMom Airlines' Mile High Club®

Here's some of the neat stuff you get

- Access to Mile High Club® lounges at
Midgevale International Airport
Costa Gavras Generalissima
Luz Abril Airport
Dilton Metropolitan Airport
Melvin-Blue Paw-Sawkatowa
Municipal Field
Hong Fat Dong Airport
Smørgraaten Airport
- Mile High Club® Preferred
Passenger Upgrades
- Discounts on hotels, rental cars,
and "how-to-be-a-model" videos
- A lifetime subscription to *Windsheer*
- Complimentary alcohol and audio
headsets on most flights
- TeenMom Airlines' "One-Hundred
Worst Air Disasters of All Time"
- Your choice of International
Dipping Sauces
French, Italian, Costa Gavran
- Affordable Day Care
- A health plan that covers
unmarried and same sex
domestic partners.
- Pills and lotions guaranteed
to remove ugly cellulite
- World peace
- Racial harmony

Sign up today and receive as
our gift one of these exciting
bonuses:

- A TeenMom Airlines AM/FM travel
alarm clock radio, or
- A TeenMom Airlines curling iron

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Address:	_____			

For TeenMom Airlines Use Only	_____			
Do Not Write Below This Line	_____			
Or This One	_____			



Sand - culture - good food - nightlife and boys, boys, boys

Sunny Costa Gavras

Once you visit, you'll never want to leave



Did you hear the one about the two Costa Gavrans stranded on a desolate stretch of highway? A rich if helpless woman with a flat tire and an able-bodied if hapless bum with a crowbar. Under the hot Costa Gavran sun the two stand in silence, each holding a cardboard sign. His reads "Spare Change." And hers reads "Change Spare."

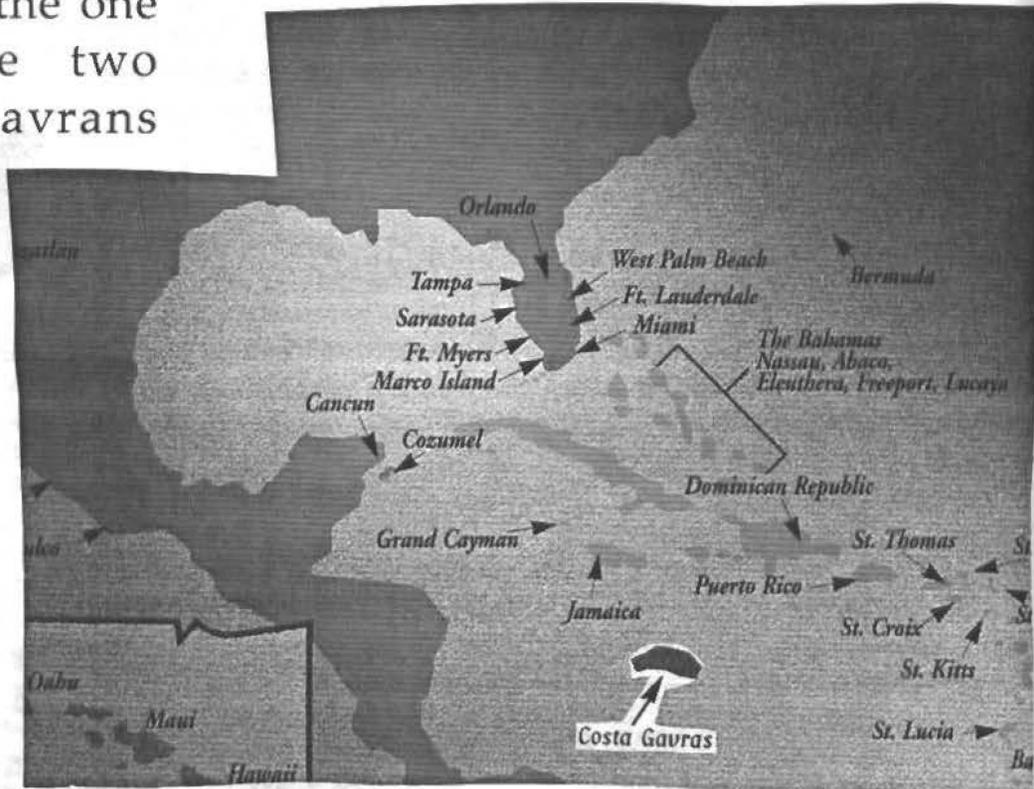
It's the natives' dry wit and sharp cynicism that attracts so many tourists to the tiny island nation. Costa Gavrans are a diffident, some might say charmless, bunch of shits, but

when you really get to know them, you come to understand how important your money is to them. With enough of it — and you'll need plenty — you can get anything or anyone your heart desires.

In Costa Gavras City skyscrapers tower over crowded streets, teeming with chic, cosmopolitan ladies and gentleman. But a five minute walk brings you to the pink sand beaches of the famed "Playa Gorda" where businessmen shed their suits and sunbathe nude on their lunch hours, where young mother's

bring their children to play in the clear blue water as they prostitute themselves to tourists and businessmen alike.

Costa Gavras City has a number of five star restaurants. You might want to try lunch at the delightful Cock and Bull Pizzle (Rijksgraacht 14), an authentic colonial tavern, serving favorite dishes such as sheep bladder pie and fried plantains with pig vulva. Or for lighter fare, head over to



Murika's Fish Stand (corner of Stimpleweg and Avenida Tres Pumas) where the goldfish frittatas are the best you'll ever taste.

Since nightlife in CGC can get a bit out of hand, it's always smart to pack some bullet resistant clothing. If you forgot to bring that lead lined LaCroix, don't despair. Via de las Ropas Caras, Costa Gavras' answer to the Champs Elysees, has all the designer boutiques to outfit you for a hot night on the town.

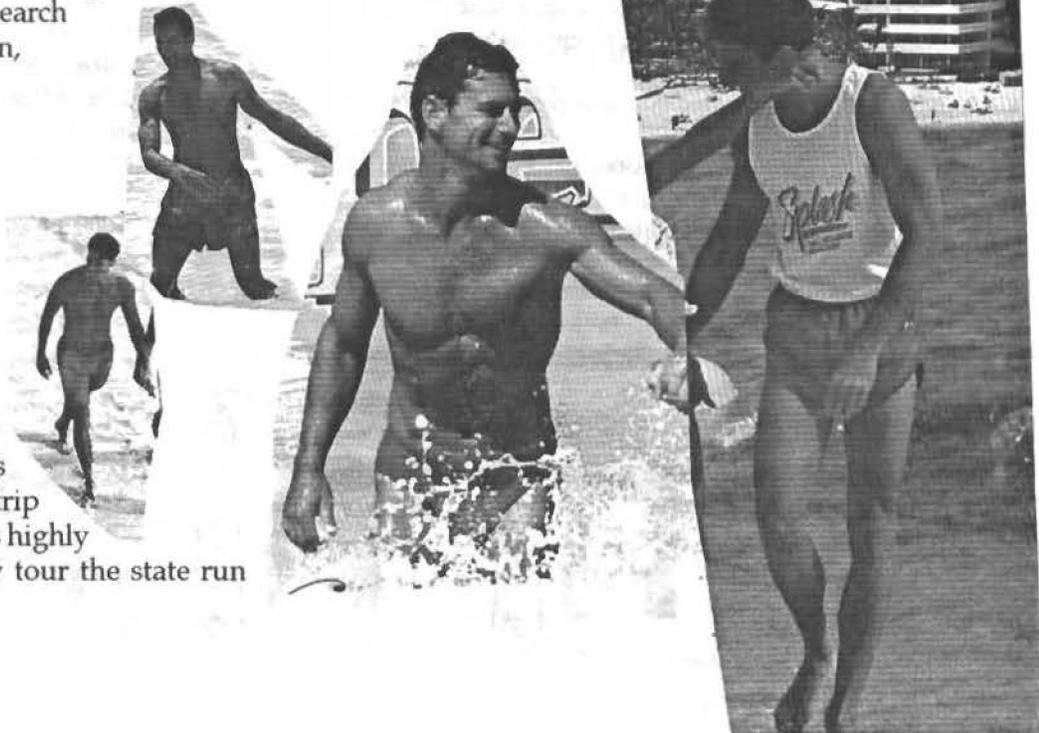
Begin your evening with cocktails and dinner at Gunther's, the revolving restaurant atop the Grand Hyatt Costa Gavras. The drinks are strong, the food is American and the views of bonfires, barricades, rebel insurgencies and street combat are the best you'll find anywhere.

After dinner take a stroll down the Boulevard Quo Vadis, where fashionable Costa Gavras show off their finery, gossip and criticize one another late into the night. CGC boasts many fine discotheques, the grand-mammy of them all is the Skunque Qulub (Avenida Eunice Shriver 3-1/2). Don't be put off by the strip and body cavity search at the door. It's all part of the fun, especially when your host, Morrello Filch, Costa Gavras' most eligible bachelor, does the honors.

For culture, a visit to the Museum of Bell Clappers (Temple Road 118) is a must. This excellent museum traces the history of Costa Gavras' chief export, that little thing that hangs in the middle of a bell and makes it ring. To make a day of this, a trip to the Fabrica Estada Centrale is highly recommended. Here you may tour the state run

factory where over a million bell clappers are turned out each year. Recently, some revolutionaries attempted to diversify the factory's product line by suggesting the manufacture of door-knockers and those wooden balls that go inside of whistles. Happily, this effort was quashed and the rabble rousers shot by firing squad.

El Teatro Naccional (Calle Marisol 21) is home to the world renowned Ballet Folkloriko de Costa Gavras which each night recreates the beautiful and moving dance "La Mujer y El Hombre." Roughly translated as The Woman and the Man, this ballet tells the story of a rich Costa Gavran woman and a poor Costa Gavran bum stranded on a highway, she with a flat tire and he with a crowbar. It is a favorite theme in Costa Gavras.



Barf Bags of the Rich and Famous

This is the transcript of an actual fone conversation nb had with a representative of TeenMom Airlines' Fleet Maintenance Division:

nb: Hi. With whom am I speaking?
Gretl: This is Gretl.
nb: Hi Gretl. This is nb, Editor-in-Chief of TeenMom and WindSheer Magazines. How are you today?
Gretl: Huh? I'm okay. How are you?
nb: Good thanks. Gretl, is it okay if I ask you a few questions for a piece I'm doing in the next issue of WindSheer?
Gretl: Sure. I guess.
nb: Great. First of all, what is your title and what do you do in the Fleet Maintenance Division?
Gretl: I'm Senior Vice President in Charge of Tray Tables and Seat Backs. That pretty much explains it. Whenever there's a problem with any of the tray tables or seat backs on any of the jets in our fleet, I'm the gal they come to.
nb: I see, so you'd be the one to talk to about barf bags ...
Gretl: airsickness bags. We call them airsickness bags. Yeah, I'd be the one. Whaddya wanna know?
nb: How many does the airline use in a month?
Gretl: Between 30 and 40,000, depending on how much turbulence there is in any given month.
nb: That makes sense. What is the recommended procedure for disposal of airsickness bags?
Gretl: We ask passengers to throw them away in the waste receptacles in the lavatories.
nb: Do you find that most passengers cooperate?
Gretl: Most do. Occasionally someone will put one back in the seat back pouch. That can be quite unpleasant for my clean-up gurls.
nb: What about first class passengers?
Gretl: Flight attendants in first class are

instructed to collect the bags from the passenger if that passenger happens to -- oh, how do I say this delicately -- blow chunks at his/her seat?
nb: And what becomes of those bags?
Gretl: If they belong to someone famous, they go into the TeenMom Airlines Museum of Aviation in Dilton.
nb: Fascinating. Who's puke does the museum have on display?
Gretl: Oh, lots of celebrities. Christian Slater, Soupy Sales, Van Cliburn, Madonna, Jackie Collins, Selena. Let's see, who else? Oh yeah, they have Princess Diana's puke from the time she flew with us to Sorgraaten for the Midsummer Night's Festival. And I think they've got Kirk Cameron's vomit from when he gagged on Tony Danza on a trip between Dilton and Hong Fat Dong.
nb: Now when you say these bags are on display in Dilton ...
Gretl: Yes, at the TeenMom Airlines Museum of Aviation there. It's open from 10 - 7 Tuesday through Saturday, 12 - 4 Sunday, closed Mondays and holidays. Admission \$7 for adults. \$4 children under 12. It's a wonderful museum. No visit to Dilton would be complete with out seeing it.
nb: And the airsickness bags are always on display.
Gretl: Yes. They're part of the permanent collection.
nb: You've been very gracious to take the time to talk with me and I'm sure our readers will be glad to know about the museum.
Gretl: Can I go now?
nb: Yes, you may.
Gretl: Okay, bye.
nb: Bye bye.



Midgevale



When two-time Academy Award winning actress Aly Sheedy was looking for a home for her world-renowned film festival, she let fate decide and threw a dart at the map on her office wall. Actually, she threw three darts because the first went in the middle of the Indian Ocean and the second hit her assistant Geoffrey in the butt. The third was a charm, however. It landed on the dot in the "I" in Midgevale and the rest is herstory.

Celebrating its tenth anniversary this year, the Midgevale Film Festival is a magnet for Hollywood glamorpusses and a list of international screen luminaries that includes Julie Delpy, Persis Khambata and Gong Li. Sheedy's dream was to create an alternative to Sundance, a place where a low-budget feature could scoop up an award, get some critical raves and then disappear into complete obscurity.

"Distribution deals are never made at Midgevale," Sheedy explains, curled up beneath an afghan in her split-level, A-frame, chalet, bungalow, ranch house at the end of a winding road in the Midgevale Highlands. "We discourage all that commercial hoo-hah for fear of turning it into another hit factory like Sundance. Our objective is to keep the small, struggling independent filmmaker just that, small and struggling."

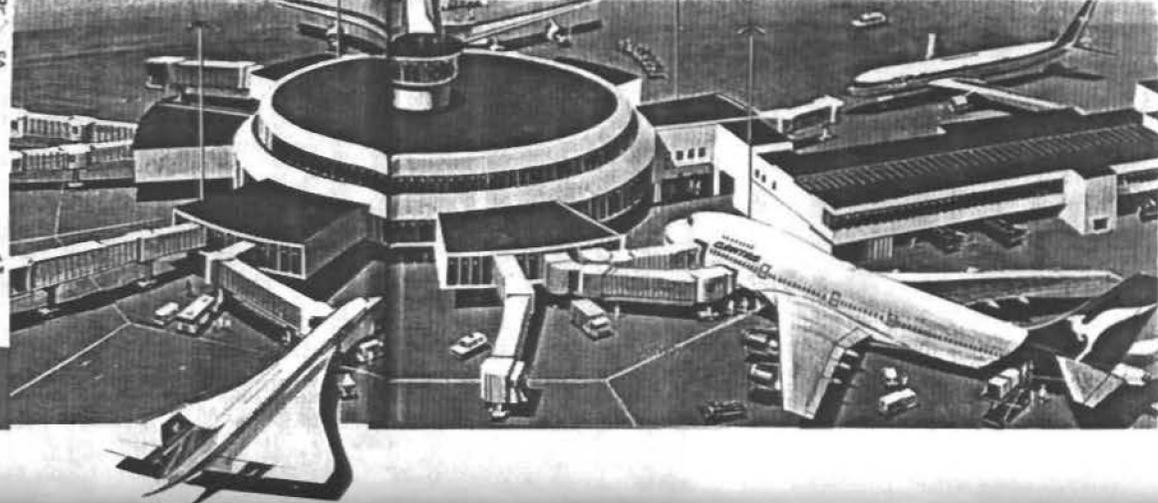
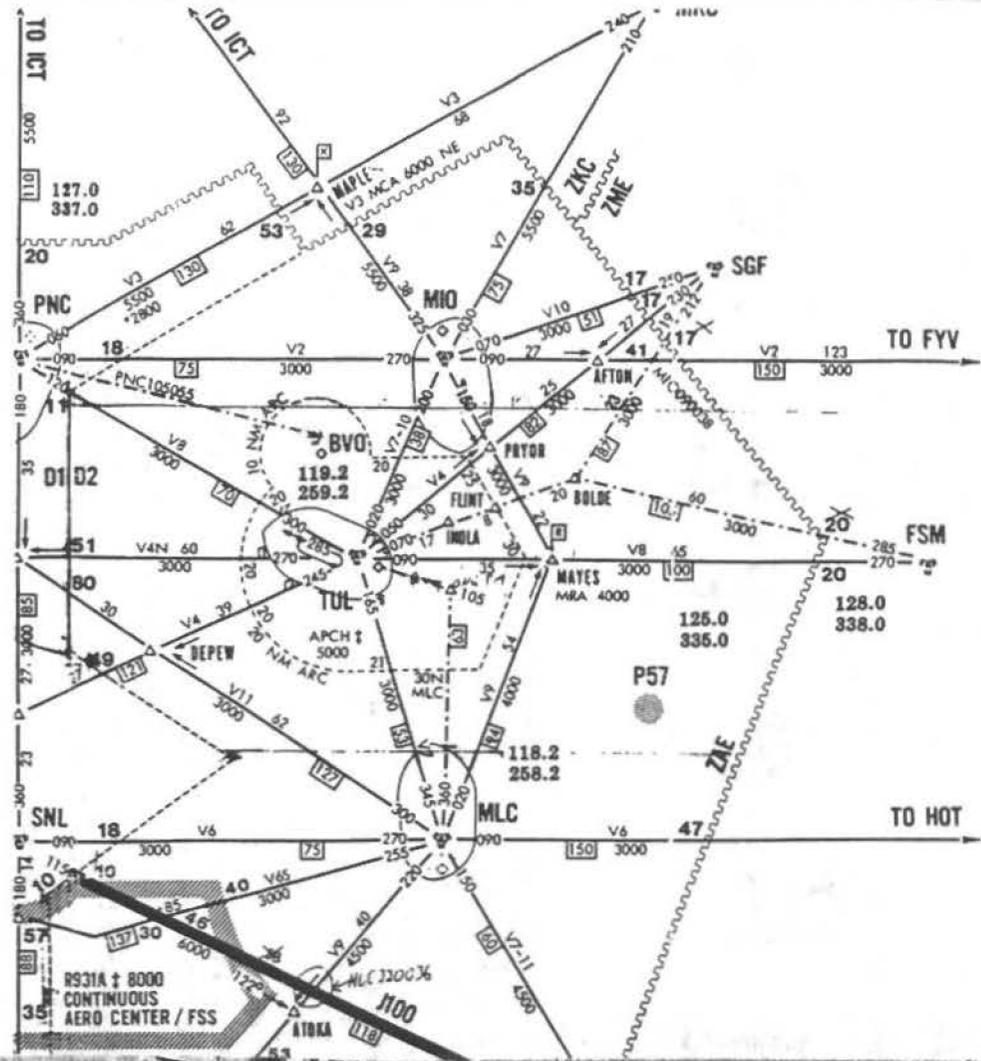
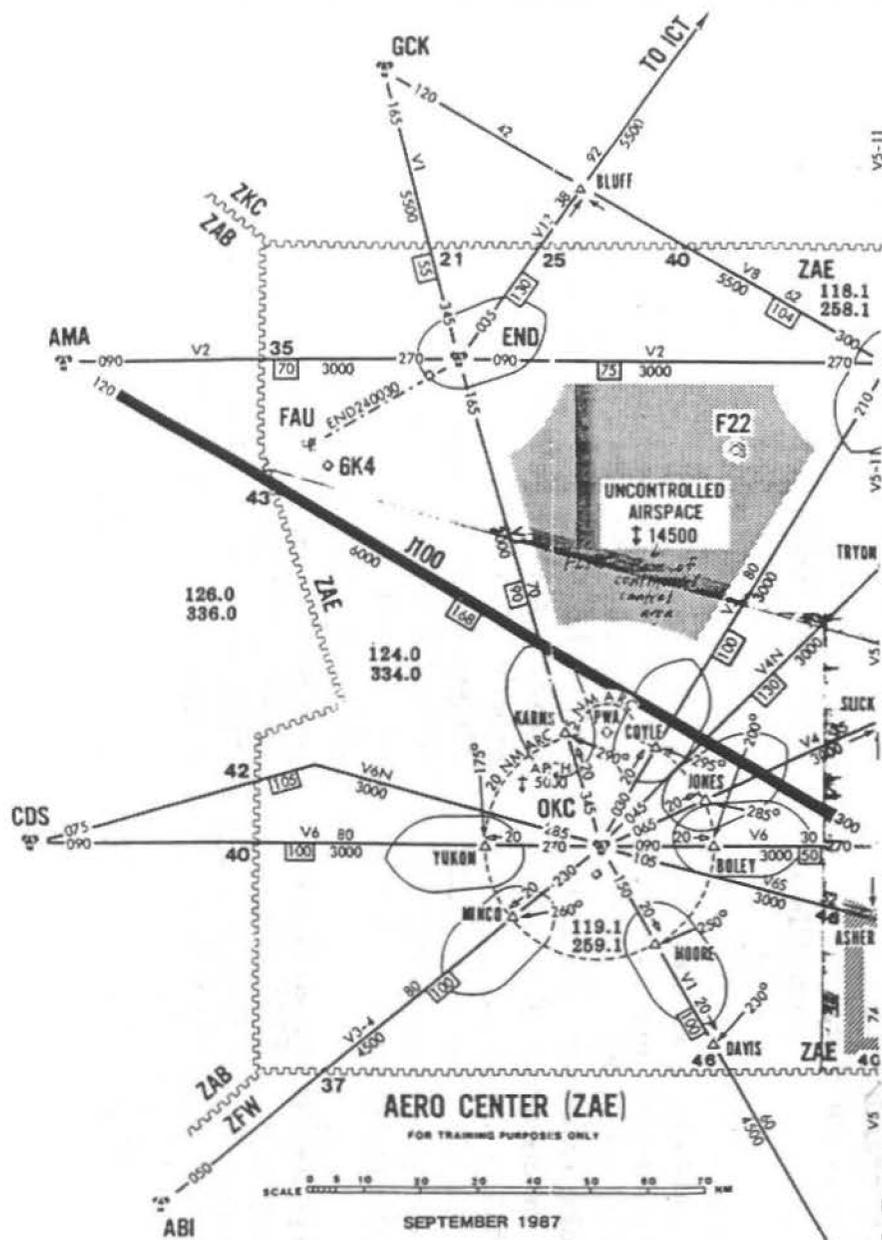
So far this policy has worked very well indeed. Among the many overlooked great films never to emerge from Midgevale are "The Fudgepacker Proxy," "Stench of a

Woman," and "Look Who's Speaking." Think you've heard of them? Think again. What you've probably heard of are the far more successful commercial rip-offs of these undiscovered classics.

"Tickets — is it okay if I plug the Festival?" Sheedy asks. [We nod.] "Tickets are \$7, or you can get a book of three for \$21, or six for \$42," she says, picking the jam out of her toes and scrutinizing it. "We really want people to come to Midgevale and join the fun. This ain't no — excuse me. I mean, this ain't *some* elitist film festival where you have to drive a BMW or be really cool and popular to come. All you need is a love of the cinema and, like I said, seven buck, or something of equal value."

Perhaps, this open arms policy explains the popularity of Midgevale among the most vulgar elements of society. For mixed in among the glitterati, you will also find such common people as drug addicts, run-aways, serial killers, and, lowest of all, talent and literary agents.

Besides attending screenings of movies with no future, visitors to Midgevale can enjoy a broad range of leisure activities. Whether it's racing slot cars at the Midgevale Towne Centre Mini Grand Prix, or tea and graham crackers at Spellman's Department Store or just hanging out at one of the many fine local middle schools and hitting on the kids there, you could easily spend two-and-a-half days in this enchanting burg, making this the perfect vacation spot, film festival or no film festival.



Ya gotta love a story that begins . . .

Bitch, bitch, bitch.

Speak to any air traffic controller in this country and that's what you're likely to get. Remember when they went on strike? Long hours, low pay, stressful work conditions. Oh wah! Honey, until you've put in 72 hour days chained to a sewing machine in a basement sweatshop in East L.A., you got nothing to complain about. I mean, hey, your work environment has plenty of natural light with great views and you get to talk on the phone all day.

That don't sound so bad to me.

Sally has been an air traffic controller at Midgevale International Airport since last April. At 14, Sally has pretty blonde hair, a dazzling white smile and a slight astigmatism. Already senior controller and twice chosen employee of the month, Sally is the kind of overachiever all America roots for. She graciously invited *WindSheer* up for a tour of her tower, an opportunity for us laywimmin to learn something about the complicated geegaws used in flight navigation.

The Tracking System

"Midgevale International is equipped with cutting edge, high-tech stuff for watching planes go up and come down," Sally explains, pointing to the eight pair of 3X pearl handled opera glasses. "This one's kinda broken, but if you close your left eye, you can sorta see through the other side." Sally hands us a pair of the expensive (\$29.95 at the Midgevale Opera House Gift Shop) precision tracking glasses and we check them out. Through the slightly schmutzy windows we can see TeenMom Airlines flight 666 from Port Irma on its final approach. A call comes in over the radio, a request for landing.

The Sound System

"Attention flight 666, this is Midgevale, Sally speaking. You gurls are looking good for landing, but can you circle the airport about seven or eight times? I'm in the middle of an interview." Sally is speaking into a Fisher-Price Baby Monitor (\$29.95 at Midgevale K-

Marts (not available at all locations)).

"No can do, Mr. Sally. We got a pregnant gurl up here and she's about to pinch a little one out. And besides that I gotta pee real bad."

"Sthat you, Captain Angela? You shoulda sed so. There's a couple planes ahead of you, but I think I can squeeze you in. Point your nose real low and when I say to, you dive."

"Roger Wilco, Sall."

"Ready, and DIIIIIVE!"

The plane comes plummeting out of the sky and slams onto the runway, a perfect one-point landing. As it jerks to an abrupt halt, it barely misses a taxi-ing Air Quint-Cities 10-seat commuter plane. Over the baby monitor comes the cry of a brand new infant.

The Data Center

In the middle of the tower is a 13" Samsung Black and White TV (\$29.95 at the Midgevale swapmeet). The popular soap opera, *The Young and the Fecund* is playing, barely visible through the snow and distortion, barely audible through the static and hiss. Sally explains that this is the latest development in weather-tracking, an important part of air traffic control. When we scratch our empty, little head, Sally explains further: "Yeah, well, usually we have the Weather Channel playing. You know, 'weather you can all ways turn to.' Only the cable went out this morning, so instead we have to go back to our old method for predicting the weather." Old indeed. Sally points at a womyn who must be at least sixty years old. "That's my Great-Nanna Alberta Veeohfive. She's got arthritis pretty bad and when there's rain coming she can always tell. What's the forecast, Nanna?"

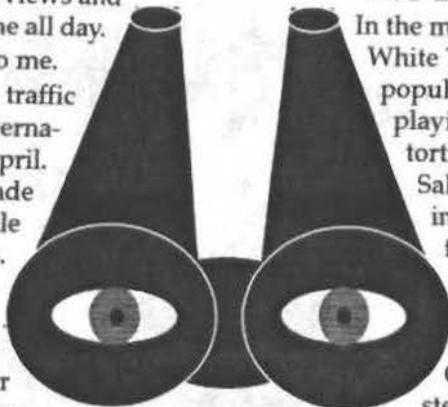
"Feels like rain," the gnarled old hag croaks from her rocking chair. "Get me an Advil, sweetheart. I'm begging you. Get me an Advil."

The Computer

Sally brings us over to a Tandy (model) computer with a keyboard and a screen and an external floppy drive for those quaint, old fashioned 5" discs in the black paper wrappers. The machine is vital to the work of air traffic controller. A white blip gracefully traverses the black screen. Radar? we inquire.

"Oh no," Sally explains. "Pong. See, it's like tennis. You move this thingy and try to hit the little blip thingy back. Pretty cool, huh?"

Cool indeed. By the end of our visit with Sally we have a new appreciation for the technology and hard work that go into the day-to-day running of the air traffic control tower.



Once upon a time it was glamorous to be a flight attendant, or "stewardess" as the job was called in the golden age of air travel (1959-1972). Purty gurlz jetted among the great cities of the world. They wore flattering uniforms and had cute pixie, flip or page-boy haircuts. They flirted with and sometimes were lucky enough to get balled by handsome, successful businessmen. Life was very sweet.

With the rise of feminism [boo] the art of stewardessy fell into a dark period of dishonor.

Airlines were no longer allowed to retire the aging population of haggard, dried up, old crones, thus making for some truly unattractive gals working well past their thirtieth birthdays.

Further, the introduction of low-budget, no-frills air travel meant the old biddies were pushing carts of increasingly less appetizing and less filling meals. Added to that, the booze was no longer free. It was simply the last straw.

In the seventies the once revered job of serving commercial air trav-

elers was exposed for the drudgery and mind and body torture it was. And it was those of us cramped in the passenger cabins who paid the price with surly service from stooped, wrinkly, disgruntled stewardesses.

But the end of the decade saw an important breakthrough, male flight attendants. The most infamous of these was Gaetan Dugas, a French-Canadian working for Air Canada.

Better known as "Patient Zero," Dugas' claim to fame was his central

roll in the spread of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS).

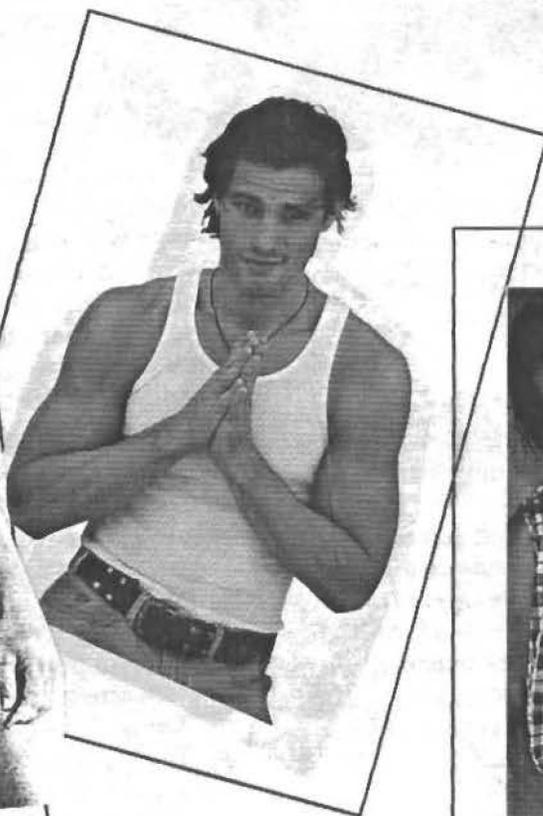
That unfortunate public relations nightmare aside, the advent of guys in the skies was a boom to teenmoms everywhere.

Here, we pay homage to that cadre of male flight attendants with a full grayscale pictorial spread featuring

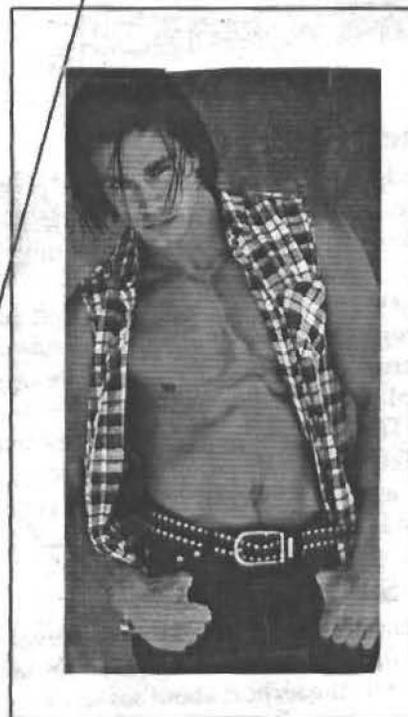
... The Men of TeenMom Airlines



Hi, I'm Brad. Fly me!



Hi, I'm Tad. Fly me!



Hi, I'm Chad. Fly me!

SCARY!!!

Stewardess frightens innocent passengers



what it



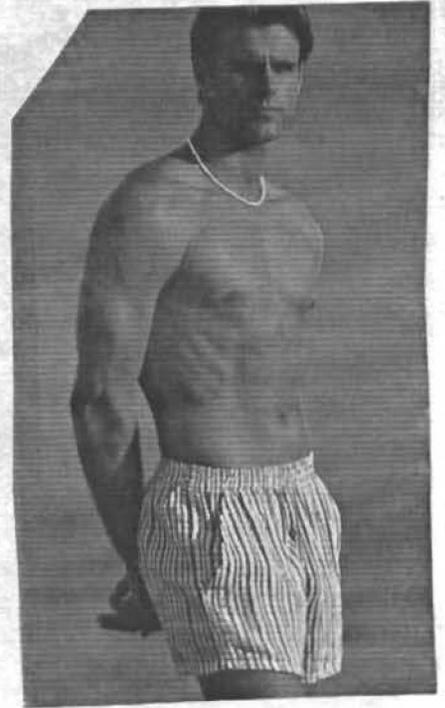
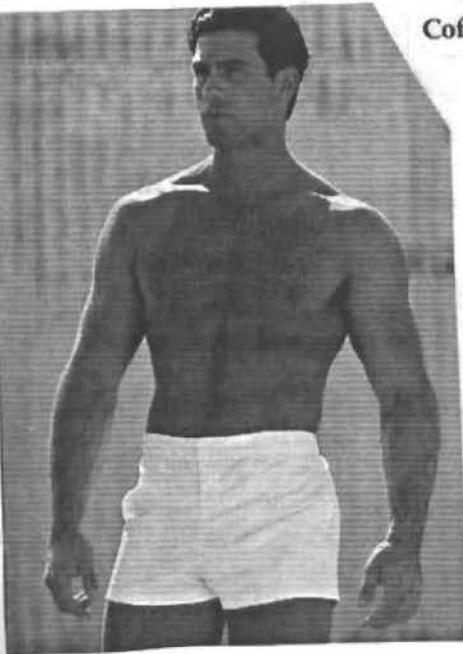
INSET
Captain with aging, unattractive "flight attendant"



Gorgeous Guys in the Skies

Meet Meet Andy, Randy, Sandy and Chip, a babelicious foursome ready, willing and eager to serve you.

Coffee, tea or THEM?





LARRY HAGMAN

SON OF FAMED
TEENMOM
MARY MARTIN

In his right hand Larry holds his former liver and in his left he holds the reason he needed a new one.

From left: Larry Hagman, Ken Kercheval (Cliff Barnes), Steve

Photographed June 13, 1995, by

Remember when: J.R. sent Sue Ellen to the sanitarium; Sue Ellen shot J.R.; Lucy nearly married a homosexual; Sue Ellen car into Mickey Trotter; Ray Krebbs pulled the plug on Trotter; Pam decided, apparently without suspicion, that a existence had been merely a *dream*; Sue Ellen became an erotic lingerie; J.R. was imprisoned on an Arkansas work

Of interest to our flying gal pals . . .

Luggage update

Good news for the teenmom on the go. East Umberto's beautiful new Stapleton International Airport has nearly worked out all the bugs in its luggage routing system. Last month the airport reported one-third fewer lost or mis-routed pieces of luggage than the month before.



Love is in the Air

Matthew Fox, bohunk from the underappreciated "Party of Five," has been flying every weekend to visit his sweetheart in Jolene. All next month TeenMom Airlines will offer a special FoxFare, you and a companion can fly two-for-one on any of our flights into or connecting through Jolene.



Shameless Self-Promotion or Proud Kid Sister? You Decide

Windsheer's sister publication, *TeenMom* was honored as *Sassy Magazines' Zine of the Month* in February.

'ZINE OF THE MONTH

Faint hearts will want to steer clear of *TeeNMoM*, a zippy little 'zine with enough acerbic wit to win over even the most cynical of, well, teen moms. With a slogan like "So uncool, it's truly uncool" and articles ranging from "Why I Love Being a Teen Mom" to "Valentine's Day Personals" for "gurls seeking bois, bois seeking gurls and drinking buddies only," *TeeNMoM* is funny in a sarcastic and biting kind of way that really



tickles our fancy. The focus is fervently geared toward teens with kids (sounds random, but who knows: According to the Oklahoma Institute for Child Advocacy, a baby is born to a teenage mother in the United States every 64 seconds!), but the tone of the 'zine is never self-pitying or over-glorifying. It reads like it's for real since all the writers claim to be bona fide teen moms. (Clever, clever girls, too: The Back Issue features an editorial by mysterious Editor-in-Chief NB

titled "Get Off My Back!" and reads, accordingly, from right to left, instead of left to right.) To get your copy, write to: *TeeNMoM*, 2211 N. Cahuenga, #306, Los Angeles, CA 90068. P.S. NB, whoever you are, we adore you and your 'zine. Send us a picture of Junior!



●ご購入先が2ヶ所以上になる場合は、必要な申込書の枚数を、客室乗務員にお申し付けください。

HOME DELIVERY

～商品はすべてご自宅に届きます。



商品番号 **0135 トロピカルフルーツセットA**
Tropical Fruits Set A 3種類セット
南国の香りいっぱいのトロピカルフルーツを3種類集めました。●マンゴスチン約15個、ライチ約25個、ランブータン約12個/計約2.5kg (冷凍) **¥7,100**



商品番号 **0134 トロピカルフルーツセットB**
Tropical Fruits Set B 6種類セット
●マンゴスチン約5個、ランブータン約12個、ライチ約25個、ピタヤ(ハーフ)2個、シュガーアップル2個、ミルクフルーツ(ハーフ)2個/計約50個 (冷凍) **¥7,900**



商品番号 **0653 本場手作りキムチ**
Kimuchi
無添加で辛味が少なく旨みが自然な本格派キムチです。(容器は冷蔵庫にそのまま入るサイズです。) ●白菜キムチ:1.3kg×1個 (冷蔵) **¥5,300**



商品番号 **0687 ファミリー飲茶セット**
Family Yamucha Set 5種類セット
ヘルシーでおいしい飲茶が、茶だけでご家庭でもお楽しみいただけます。●小籠包10個、ふかひれ餃子10個、四色しょうまい5個、芙蓉包5個、海鮮粥200g×2パック/5種類計32個 (冷凍) **¥6,600**



商品番号 **0686 特選 海鮮飲茶セット**
Special Seafood Yamucha Set 6種類セット
海の幸をふんだんに使い、中国宮廷料理の伝統を伝える飲茶です。●茶物/特製ふかひれ餃子10個、海鮮水晶包子10個、貴妃えび包10個、餅もちまき5個、揚げいか団子10個、春巻風えび巻6個/6種類計51個 (冷凍) **¥10,500**



商品番号 **0671 本格派骨付き牛カルビ**
Karubi with Bone
口の中でとろけるほど、柔らかく上質な牛肉です。日本人の味覚にあう特製のタレにつけ込みました。 ●約1.2kg (冷凍) **¥10,800**



商品番号 **0660 トムヤンスープ**
Tom Yam Soup 3種セット
タイ料理人気No.1。フリーズドライの具に熱湯をかけるだけでご家庭で本格的な味をお楽しみいただけます。 ●30g×2袋/3種 **¥3,600**



商品番号 **0688 台湾 高級海鮮&五目粥セット**
Rice Gruel Set 6パックセット
海の幸盛りだくさんの海鮮粥。山の幸いっぱい五目粥。いずれも、台湾国営大飯店の料理長の手ほどきを受けて作りあげた、本格的なお粥です。 ●海鮮粥、五目粥/200g×各3パック (冷凍) **¥7,700**



商品番号 **0441 ソフトスティック ビーフ・ジャーキー**
Soft Stick Beef Jerky 18袋セット
従来のビーフジャーキーよりも肉に厚みがあり、柔らかく食べやすいスティックタイプです。 ●約28g×18袋/計約500g **¥5,000**



商品番号 **0346 アーモンドロカチョコレート**
Almond Roca Chocolate 6缶セット
ミルクチョコにカリフォルニアアーモンドをまぶした贅沢なお菓子です。 ●198g×6缶 **¥4,500**



商品番号 **0276 バターショートブレッド**
Butter Shortbread 3箱セット
1691年創業の老舗ストラスディから直輸入。食べごたえがあるスコットランド地方伝統クッキーです。 ●350g×3箱 **¥3,600**

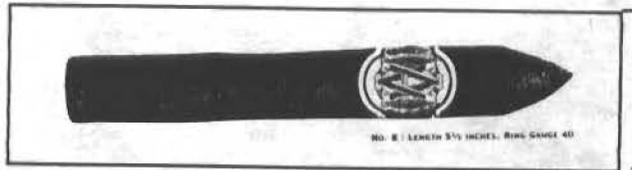
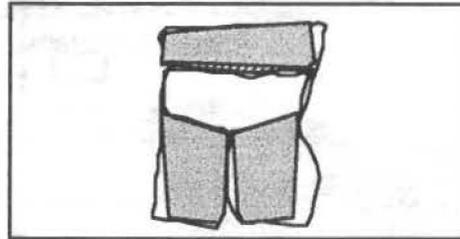


商品番号 **0383 クレストコアラマカデミアナッツチョコ**
Kostas Macadamia Nuts Chocolate 6箱セット
コアラの形をしたマカデミアナッツチョコレートです。かわいい6角形のギフトBOX入り。 ●18粒/175g×6箱 **¥7,800**

On Board Mall

A Select Catalogue of Doody Free Stuff You Can Buy

The World's Prettiest Diapers. Pampers for Him and Pampers for Her - It's a fact: Babies who wear Pampers grow up to be smarter and more physically fit than those who don't. ¥1,890



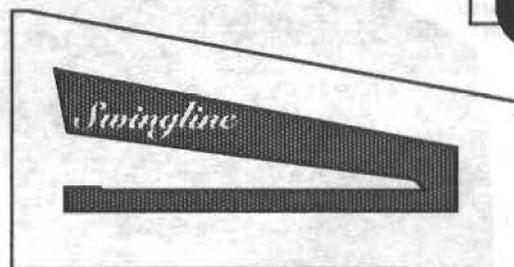
The World's Best Cigars - Next to Andy Garcia, the yummiest thing to come out of Cuba, our Commie Island neighbor 90 miles south of Florida. ¥ 3,031

The World's Most Nutritious Baby Formula. Enfamil - More nutritious than breast milk for baby. A lot less of a hassle for mom. This is the only formula your child will ever need. ¥1,003



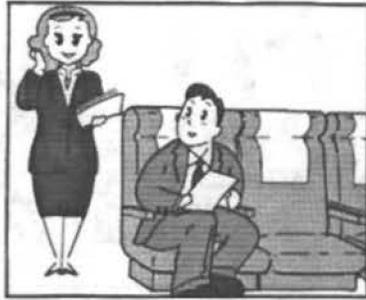
The World's Most Tasty Scotch. Chivas Regal Scotch Whiskey - Whether your drinking to celebrate or just to get plastered, Chivas is the one Scotch whiskey you'll want to turn to. ¥2,430

Our Favorite Stapler from Swingline - Made of metal with non-skid rubber feet, this special edition stapler holds a hundred staples and can be opened for tacking things to a bulletin board. Swingline it the first name in quality staplers. ¥532

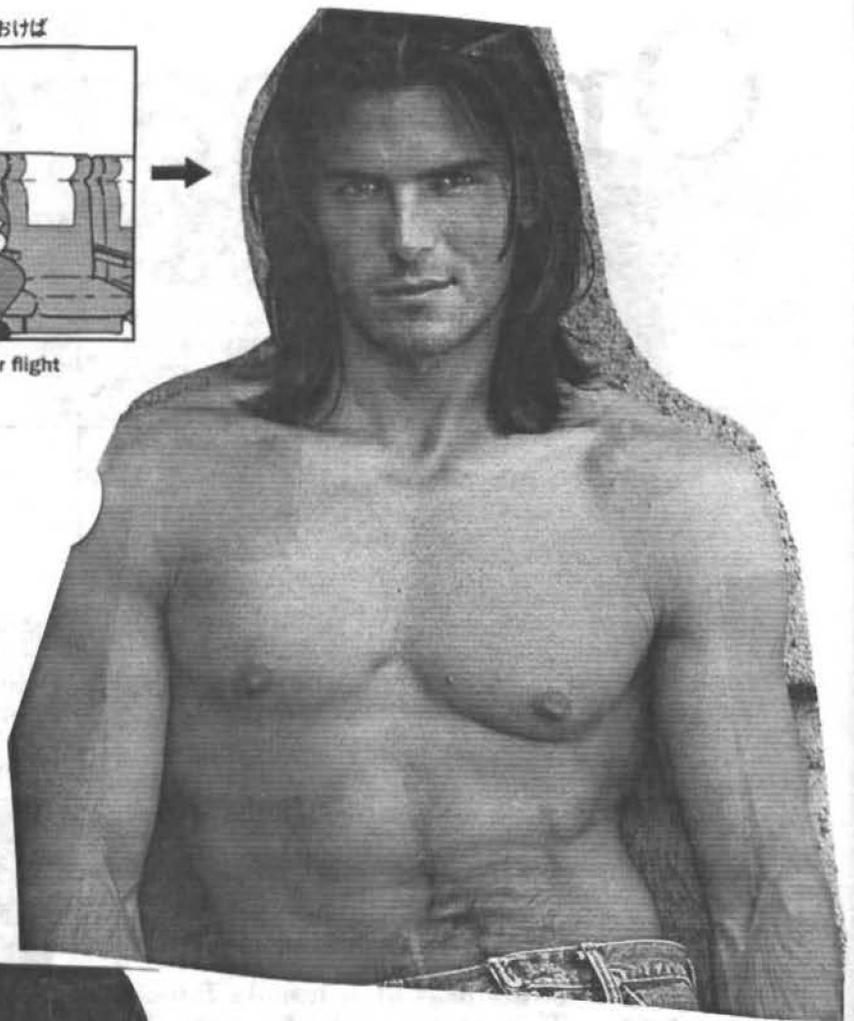


The World's Tiniest Vibrator - We love this little chrome plated vibrator because it fits in our back pocket and goes with us anywhere. Comes attached to a very long string to keep it from getting lost. ¥987

機内で注文しておけば



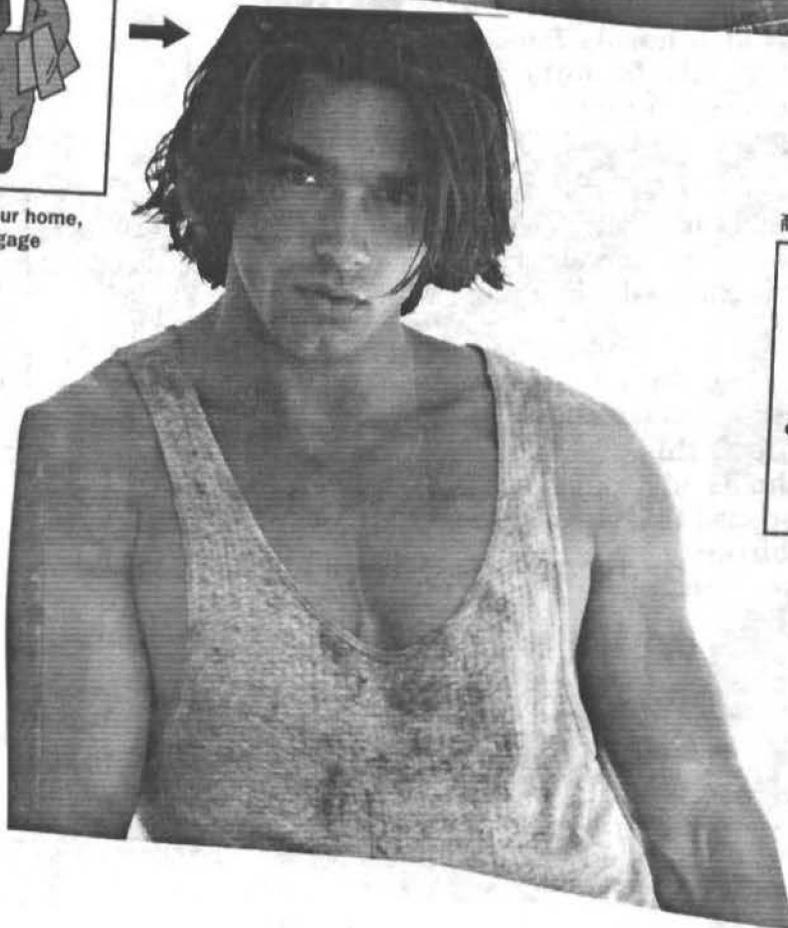
Order during your flight



旅行は手ぶらでお土産はご自宅に。



Because we deliver to your home,
there's no extra baggage



商品をお受け取りになってからの支払い。



Payment is on delivery of
goods to your home in Japan

WindSheer Video Presentations

North by Northwest Bound Flights

Un chien andalou (Andalusian Dog) -   
Comedy/120 minutes, 1925.

Luis Buñuel's uproariously funny tale of a sheep dog who gets his master into all kinds of wacky trouble. The opening scene with a woman getting her eyeball sliced by a straightrazor is a real hoot! Later remade by Disney under the title *The Shaggy Dog*, the original is much better.

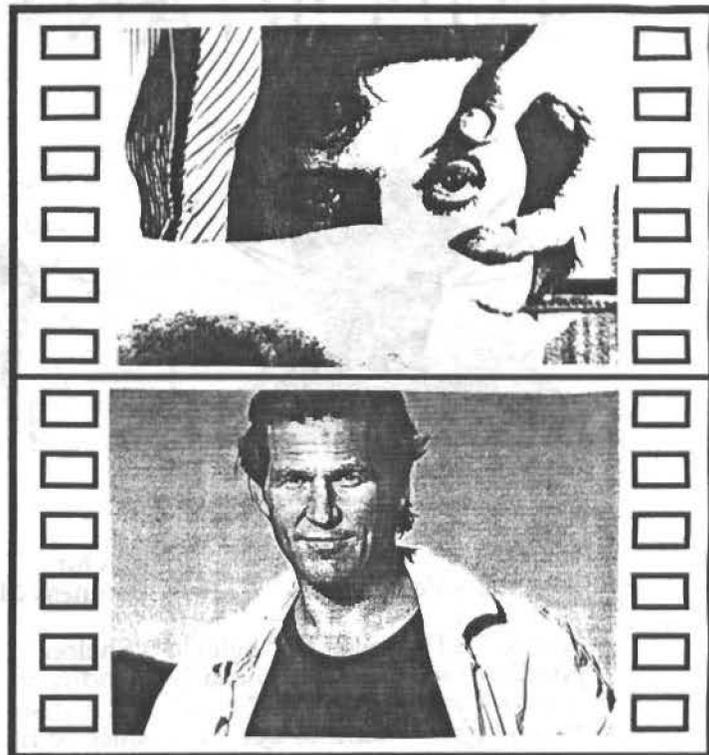
Audio in English on Channel 8
Audio in Romansh on Channel 9

South by Southeast Bound Flights

Fearless (Sans Peur) - 
Comedy/120 minutes, 1993.

Jeff Bridges stars in this hysterical remake of the Neil Simon classic, *The Goodbye Gurl*. Rosie Perez plays a single mom who opens her home and her heart to a puny nebish. The role is a stretch for the tall, handsome Bridges and won him the Oscar. The plane crash sequence is so real, you'll feel like it's happening to you.

Audio in English on Channel 8
Audio in Ladino on Channel 9



-  In 3-D
-  Some violence
-  Suitable for children
-  No animals harmed in making this film



Audio:

Channel 1

EZ Liss'ning: For our passengers seeking a no-brainer entertainment experience, this is the channel to stay tuned to. No black keys. No three part harmonies. Just simple tunes in 4/4 time in the key of C. Selections include *Chopsticks*, *The ABC Song*, *Do-Re-Me* and *Happy Birthday*.

Channel 2

Rock 'n' Roll: Young people can't get enough of this fast, loud music with incomprehensible lyrics. Now that Cleveland, of all places, has a hall of fame devoted to its legends, the die seems to have been caste. *Rock 'n' Roll* is here to stay, damnit.

Channel 3

Rythum 'n' Blooz: Come along with Jimmy Osmond as he take you on a tour of his Provo, Utah. Drop in on little known Blooz clubs in the Polygamy State and hear some of the hottest toonz, this side of Chi-town.

Channel 4

Klasikal: Our more "mature" passengers will enjoy this selection of all time favorites from the three Bs, Bartok, Britton and Berlioz.

Channel 5

Showtoonz: The most popular hits from the Great White Way. This month a salute to the first lady of the American Musical Theater, Ethel Mertz, including her most famous ballad "I Love Lucy," from the box office smash hit of the same title which later became a popular tv program.

Channel 6

Spoken Wurd: Far-out, esoteric, inaccessible, high-brow. Call it what you will, spoken wurd is an emerging art form and if you don't want to hear it, don't listen to channel 6.

Channel 7

Suck for Suckess: Divine Brown shares tips on getting ahead in showbiz and tells you how to avoid getting the shaft.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION



To Our
First Class Passengers:

"Aloha" is Hawaiian for "hello/goodbye/sit back/relax/can I get you some more Veuve Clicot Champagne?" And to our valued First Class passengers we say a heartfelt "aloha." We want to make your flight as pleasurable as possible. If there is anything you need, anything at all — legal or illegal — it would be our honor to get it for you. Since most of you are rich, famous or both, we want you to know how much we appreciate the glory you reflect on us by making TeenMom Airlines your carrier of choice. Whether you're off to Midgevale for the film festival or Costa Gavras to do some dolphin spearing at the famed Costa Gavras Rancho del Mar, please continue to have a charmed and abundant life and thank you again for flying TeenMom.



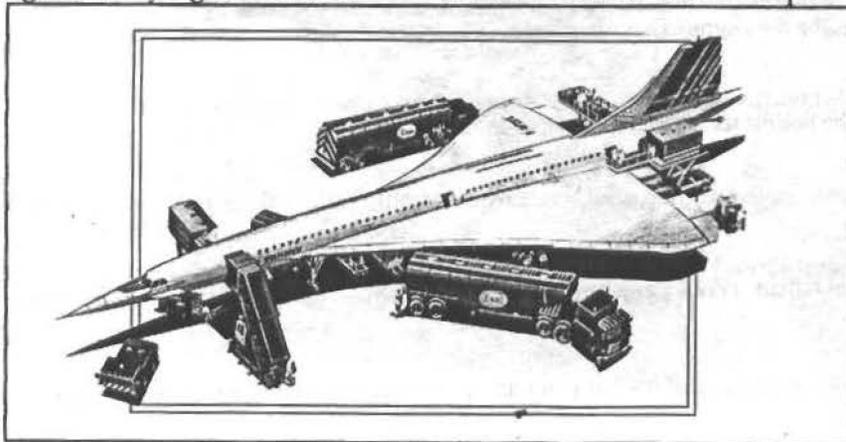
To Our
Business Class Passengers:

"Shalom" is Hebrew for "hello/goodbye/peace/can you give me a discount on this?" And since so many of our friends in Business Class are of the Jewish faith, we wish you a big old "shalom." May we point out that our menu includes a selection of kosher foods prepared under the strict supervision of TeenMom Airline's staff rabbi, Rabbi Marcie Rabinowitz. Our wine list features the entire line of Maneschewitz products. Whether you're off to Johannesburg to trade in diamonds and exploit the ruling black majority or to Hollywood where you dominate the entertainment industry while managing to deny your Jewish roots, we hope you won't forget the six million of your people who died in Nazi concentration camps.



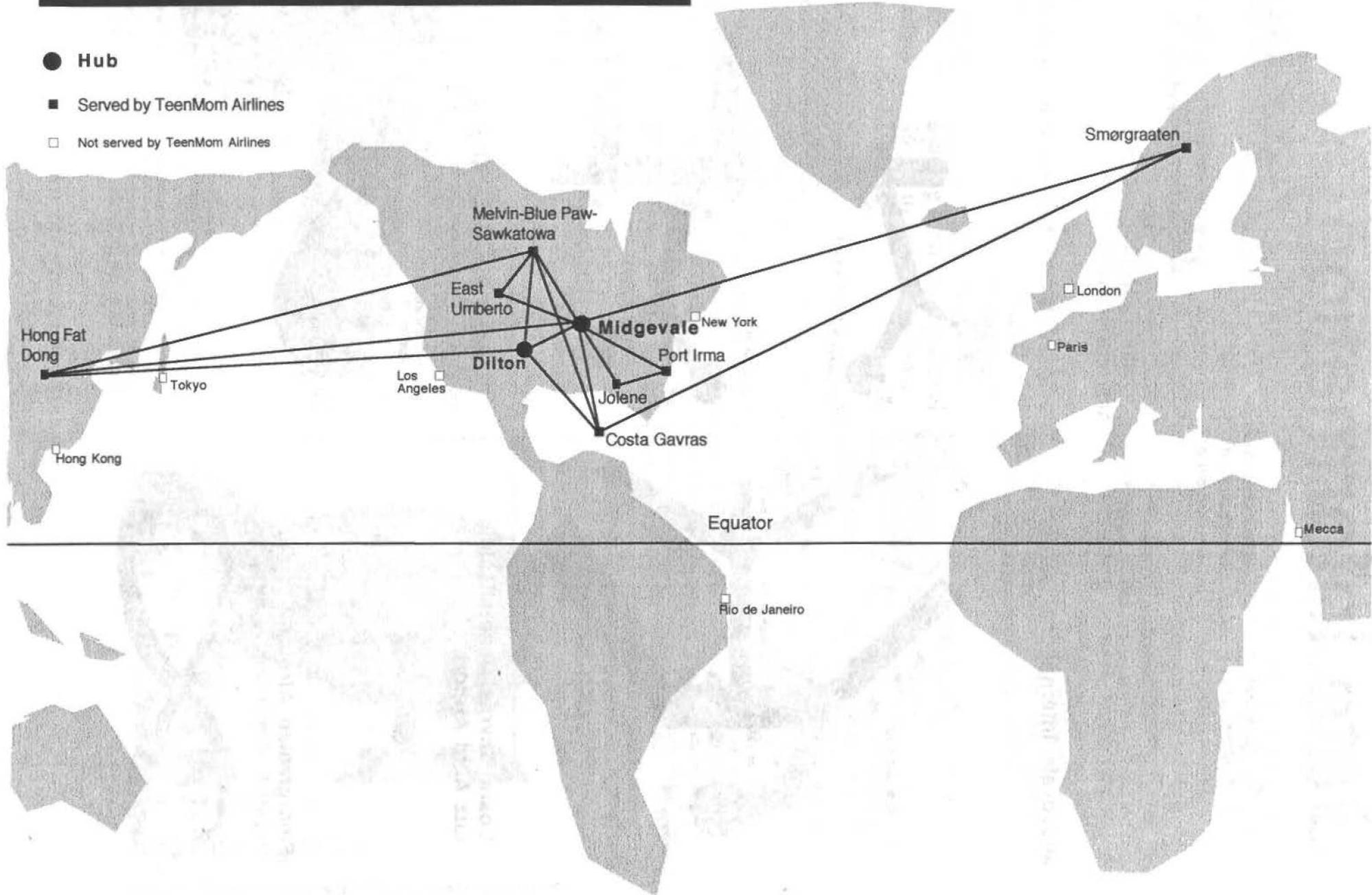
To Our
Coach Passengers:

"What is it now?" is an American English expression which conveys our interest in your well being. If you hear a slight edge in our voices when we ask you that, rest assured, it's only because we're tired and have had a long day. You could help a lot by letting us get a little rest.



The World of TeenMom Airlines

- Hub
- Served by TeenMom Airlines
- Not served by TeenMom Airlines

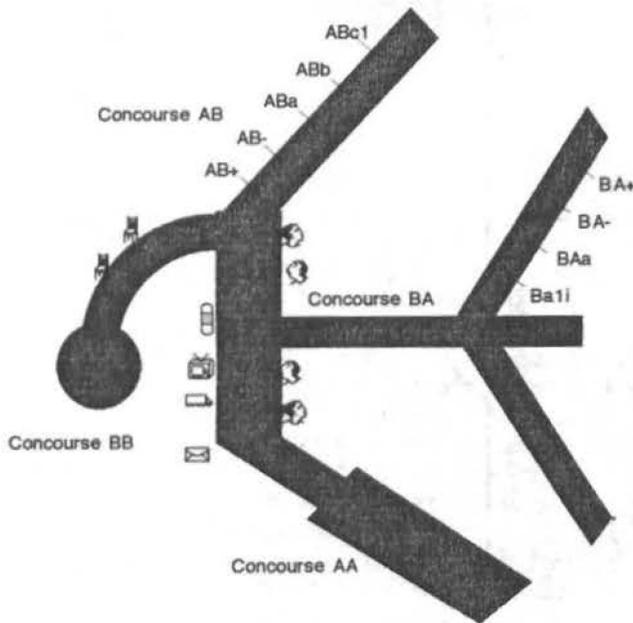


Gate Information

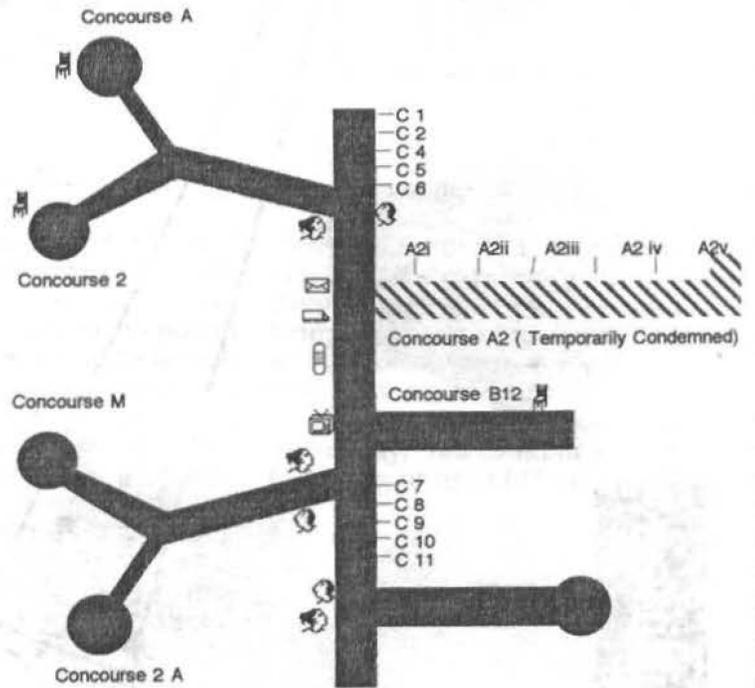
-  Ladies room
-  Men's room
-  First aid center
-  Television lounge
-  Place to sit
-  Post office

-  Ground transportation
-  Bomb deactivation center

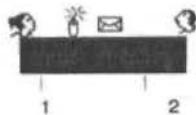
Midgevale International Airport



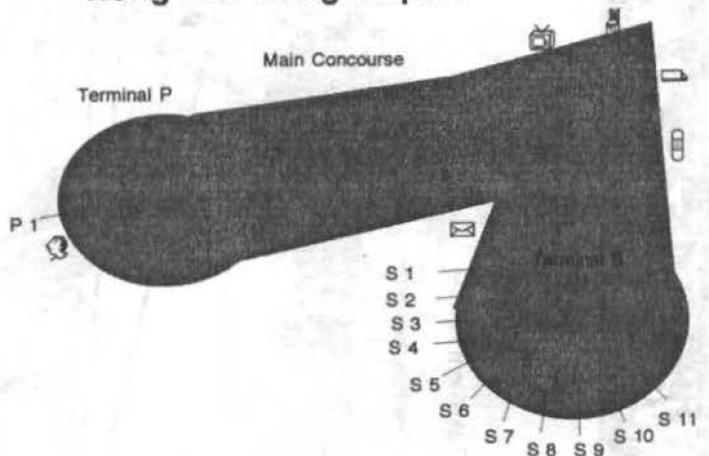
Dilton Metropolitan Airport



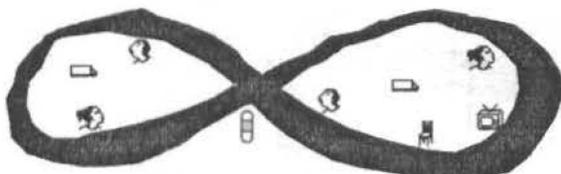
Costa Gavras Generalissima Luz Abril Airport



Hong Fat Dong Airport



Smørgraaten Airport (August F. Mobius Landing Strip)



DISSIN DAT

bi Chrissy F

BACK WITH A FUTURE

In an effort to boost two sagging careers simultaneously, pint-sized Family Ties star Michael J. Fox has merged with downscaled Presidential advisor George Stephanopoulous to become one entity. The new personality, known as George S. Foxapopoulous is seeking political thrill film work, consulting for a major political candidacy or maybe to just help out in a kennel or something ...

Do You Have the No-Ken-Do Dyke Barbie in Stock?

Executives at Mattel are red-faced and readying their resumes when the winners of a just for fun, holiday in-house Barbie drawing contest ended up in the February issue of trade magazine Toy and Hobby World. The winners, which included "Drunk in a Housecoat" Barbie, and Australian beer swilling "Shrimponda Barbie," a steroid-taking 15 year old gymnast "Para Lel Barbie," and our personal favorite, "Single and In-The-Third Trimester Barbie" did not amuse the mostly Born Again Christian Bored of Directors who issued a statement denying that any of these dolls were being considered for production. Well, DUH! ...

To All the Girls I Stole Film From Before ...

At a Christmas party at one of the local El-Lay radio stations, me and TeenMom photog Sue Kretz were rubbing tinsel and pounding shots of Chivas with the near-stars when Sue got a fab foto of intoxicatingly hunky Latin singing sensache Enrique Iglesias, son of perennially tanned Bijan look alike Julio. Before you could say "que se fue," three super macho bodyguards pounced on Sue and relieved her of her \$1700 Konica. Seems that Teen Dad in Training Enrique belongs to one of those religions where taking pictures means that part of your soul gets stolen or some crap like that. Later that eve, Enrique himself returned the camera to us (sans film, of course) and gave Sue a kiss and apologized for the misunderstanding. "That film cost me eight and he thinks a kiss will pay for it?" harumphed a disgruntled Sue. Glad she didn't see the life sized poster of the semi-clad Menudo-Breathed popster for sale at the exits ...

Check Local Listings

So eggcited to report that you can see me, yes me, Chrissy F (and you are going to find out my real name that day) on the April 5 version of the Sally Jesse Tempest Carmie Jones Show. Me and Mrs. F are appearing as on of several mother/daughter teams raising a baby together. It was a very uplifting show and 'cept for when little Axl hurled that teething ring at host Rolondahue Winfrey and hit her square in the left boob (they'll probably edit that out, huh?) it was great fun for the whole F family. Later days!

Over and Dunst With?

A coterie of doctors, executive producers and assorted in-the-know sycophants surrounded the trailer of teenmom could-be Kirsten "Little Women" Dunst on the set of her latest film when she went into hysterics while watching an NBA basketball game in which Magic Johnson was doing the color commentary. Between shrieks, yelps and wails, a young production assistant finally calmed the really silly girl down after nearly 90 minutes, assuring Miss Dunst that HIV cannot be transmitted via satellite ...



Soon to Be Home Alone Forever?

Could the end of the line be far for poor Macaulay Culkin? Word on the street (I don't know which street, just a street, okay?) is that show biz dad Kit is in talks with Industrial Light and Magic to computer digitize the getting-older-by-the-minute Culkin at the age of his Home Alone success and offer the computer animated little chucklehead up for roles now being nabbed by younger actors. No word yet as to whether the animated version of little Mac will wreck hotel rooms, die his hair lime green or call Brad Pitt paramour Gwyneth Paltrow "some really fine pussy" at premiere screening of "12 Monkeys."



QUESTIONS FOR:

Enrique Iglesias

He is the 20-year-old son of the Spanish singer and hearthth Julio, and his first album, "Enrique Iglesias," has been in

Are my eyes going bad or is this type getting smaller???



LOOK AT THE PALMS
OF MY HANDS, DARLING!
YOU COULD FLOAT A
SHIP ON 'EM.'

WELL, YOU
FOOLED ME!
MAYBE YOU
ARE HUMAN,
AT THAT!