



Natural Born Killers

If the road to fame is paved in Highway 66 asphalt, pillaged truckstops and a trail of human carnage, then one could say that your celebrity was unequalled in the twentieth century. You are Mickey and Mallory - lovers, victims, media stars - but most importantly a couple of remorseless serial killers who have wreaked havoc on the American sociological landscape in a matter of weeks. Your appetite for violence does not discriminate as to age, culture, race or gender. Or profession, for that matter, as grocery clerks, cops, waitresses and journalists have all been laid waste by your arsenal of weapons, employed whenever that fanciful murdering mood strikes you.

Not since Jack-the-Ripper have so many innocent victims fallen prey in one single spree of serial killing. Ted Bundy, John Wayne Gacy, and Charles Manson could have all learned a thing or two from your well-crafted method of random, gleeful, anonymous murder. Your exploits make Bonnie and Clyde look like Thelma and Louise in a pair of pumps, shoplifting from a candy store.

Along with notoriety, you have achieved cult status in a media directed generation that glorifies violence as if it were rarified political speech; you've made the cover of every national magazine, attracted lengthy segments on prime time talk shows and generated an entire line of Mickey and Mallory dolls replete with audible cusswords and mini-shotguns.

However, one particular media leech has been on your trail ever since your famous prison breakout. In fact, his prison interview was instrumental in giving Mickey the chance to overpower the prison guards. But even Wayne Gale, smarmy egotist of the popular show *American Maniacs* videotaped his last interview with you right before becoming your 49th victim. Or so you thought . . .

After all, he had to be terminated because only one person could be left living to tell the tale, and that was his video camera. Besides, Wayne was such a scum.

Now, the two of you look forward to a nice well-deserved rest; perhaps it's time to settle down, raise a family and live incognito for a while in some Mid-western suburb to let the publicity of your exploits die down. On the road to renew your vows, a wrench is thrown into your plans when you view the 6:00 news in a roadside motel. Oh, sure the camera was there to tell the tale, but you didn't expect it to tell the entire country where you were headed within hours of your escape. There could be only one explanation. And *American Maniacs* has the story . . .

1. Your worse fears have now materialized,
Your first pitstop has been advertised,
Wayne Gale survived to capitalize,
In the media glare you'll agonize,
For without the draw of publicity,
Crime's no fun without celebrity,
You rush now to retrieve the veil,
West down the 66 you should high-tail,
At the end before an off-ramp,
South on Grove you should encamp,
Just in time to go West on Green,
A grand right will dead end at your scene,
Park there and walk to the left,
To an outlook be quite deft,
Your item is hanging by a string,
Pull it up and your vows you'll sing.

2. A conscience is so hard to find,
Where evil is of the marrying kind,
Two hardened souls will be hard pressed,
Without compassion to meet the test,
As Dr. Rheingold said when you were in the slam,
Mickey and Mallory just don't give a damn,
The tribal smoke should've been your first tip,
That Mickey would have another bad trip,
He shot another Indian, for God's sakes,
You now find yourself in a bed of snakes,
In the cactus prickles you now search for a sign,
Off the desert path you should soon find,
Trichoreous Thelogonus all acreepin',
Remember now that love beats the demon.

3. Wayne Gale's film crew's back in charge,
Of Mickey and Mallory now at large,
Every time the cameras zoom,
To your old ways you both resume,
There's something about cinematic folklore,
That makes you love the guts and gore,
But a reptile's poison to Downtown sends,
Your psychos now to make amends,
Mallory's now got those Hill Street blues,
But after Fifth in one part there is good news,
The effects of the poison will escalate,
To make them *go down* don't hesitate,
For here there's surely no time to schlep,
Just make sure to watch your step.
The second part is underwater,
Where your serum turns to animal fodder.

4. Though Mallory's cured of that bite,
Evil forces seem to alight,
You know the one way to get a fresh start,
To Wayne a bullet you must impart,
For now you long for a suburban life,
Far away from all this strife,
You'll know where he's anchoring his next spot,
Between your verses you'll find a slot,
Fifth to 110N you'll get Wayne yet,
The Hollywood Freeway is your best bet,
North to Sunset and then west,
After Cahuenga you'll find this pest,
He's anchored there behind the counter,
Now is not the time to flounder,
Here you'll need some time to think,
Make sure to order a bloody drink,
And address Debbie there in *balded* style,
Bespeckled to her you mischievously smile,
And then mutter the following bile:

Eeeny meeny miney moe,
Oh where, oh where did Wayne Gale go,
For his folly he'll be made to pay,
For his life now he should pray,
My mother told me to pick you and you are it.
We can't begin yet to repent,
'Til we kill what he represents,
We cannot stop this cruel rampage,
How can we now, we're the newest rage,

Once the clue you do retrieve,
There's work to do before you leave,
For if you must follow Wayne Gale's course,
A brand new massacre he waits to endorse,
The media awaits you in full force,
Decipher now his message in Morse,
Look in your bag for a cheatsheet,
Or your media nemesis you'll never meet.

5. The media blitz has gone to your head,
The talk show circuit makes you see red,
You feel it's a good day for some killing,
Venturing Northwest should share top billing,
Where Highland North finishes its path,
The Hollywood freeway carries on your wrath,
Past canyons, lumberjacks and an interchange,
Explorers and an autumn stream are in its range,
South on Calabassas Parkway, if you dare,
Up near a bird's refuge you'll find your fare,
Way up in the foliage you'll stalk your prey,
At the crane and depot there's folks to slay,
Since national exposure has made you vain,
The time has come to rob a train,
And of animals you'll find a throng,
Choose the one that doesn't belong.

6. It's now time to settle a score,
Warden Dwight needs an encore,
The prison riot he survived,
A posse's pursuit he's now contrived,
A preemptive strike would work the best,
Up the 101 you shoot northwest,
Drive miles of asphalt and pass the ox,
If bounty hunters you're to outfox,
By heading south down a victorious ramp,
You can tee off at Dwight's mud brick camp,
There by a volley of well-placed shots,
You can finish off Dwight if you connect the
dots.

7. After a Carillo right to an eighth street,
A Port Orford cedar does entreat,
For Mallory's planning a daring rescue,
With Mickey she's got her rendezvous,
By penetrating this leafy rim,
She'll have to go out on a limb,
If to branches you'd rather not cling,
Then avail yourself of the string.
8. If you pine for life in an RV,
Don't search for modern technology,
This appliance didn't just fall out of the sky,
Ask yourself the reason why,
If of the media you want to be free,
Under a gargoyle it'll be easy to see,
That a life of crime just doesn't pay,
For the aggravation you feel today.
9. Young Mickey witnessed his dad's suicide,
And those years as a butcher made him qualified,
And Mallory her father did molest,
No wonder she helped kill him with such zest,
But if you thought that child abuse,
Could give you murderers an excuse,
Then a clear conscience you should gain,
By confessing your sins at a bar on Main,
Its address you'll be able to tell,
By using the dial tones on Wayne Gale's cell,
A secret code's in your RV,
Subtract its numbers from the following:
Staccato-children's tune-the sound of a phone's
ring,
And when you arrive you must drink a stein,
For the nights here are stronger than moonshine,
And make sure to each wear your cult crown,
Or Wayne Gale will not be found,
And to Laurie or Sherilyn who tends bar,
You should sing your tune like a rapstar,
This is no time to lag,
Find the lyrics in your bag.
And if you show up after nine,
Forget the rap, just say your lines.
And when you to the last site go,
Make sure and use the right ammo!

LITTLE CLUES

1. In veil on 8th post on Colorado St. Bridge

You've repeated your nuptials, Mallory's keen,
But your rendezvous was picked up on the screen,
You feel that ratings blood lust,
For now it's Huntington Gardens, or bust,
There once was an Indian who brought you peace,
There some tensions you might release,
Highway 66 you'll now retrace,
A right on Allen will help you save face,
Hide your number, or just act poor,
When donations are taken at the door.

2. Behind sign in bed of cactus called Trichoreous
Thelogonus in Huntington Gardens

You tried your souls to quickly redeem,
Failure sends you to the 110 downstream,
Mallory's suffered a mean snakebite,
That Pershing water should help you fight,
A lightning bolt from 6th and Olive,
Leads to the serum that will forgive,
Recovery there is only half the feat,
Under a yellow building your ride is complete.

3. a) On escalator at Pershing Park

Hey Diddle Diddle

- b) In fountain in film canister at Pershing
W/ serum

The Cow Jumped Over the Moon

5467144. - Marc

4. In Cracker Jacks box

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5. In depot at train

The thirst for power is now quenched,
The train platform with blood is drenched,
Yet another record of which to boast,
In innocent lives you've taken the most,
A warden's plan you aim to thwart,
At his abode of a greenish sort,
Where there's a Spanish courtyard view,
Is the place to make your coup,
To know poor Dwight and company's fate,
Your code is 108-26-17-33-28-21-3-14-1-108-51-6-105-63-
2-7-28-7-11-8-35-18-16-4-22-38-53-30-10-51-108.

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6. In hat at Olivas Adobe, 2nd floor

The gunfight's casualties were worse than feared,
The warden was dead after the smoke cleared,
But Scagnetti, that offensive cop,
Upon poor Mickey got the drop,
And he found himself incarcerated,
In a secret cell that is quite dated,
The D.A. filed murder in the first degree,
For the carnage caused by your crimespree,
Mallory needs to spring her guy,
Or surely Mickey will soon fry,
If a prison break's to be engineered,
To the cell's location she must be steered,
But the Knoxes know how to communicate,
When one of them's a jail inmate,
A personal ad Mickey might choose,
The Ventura County Star you should peruse.

VENTURA COUNTY STAR ad in Personals

MICKEY LOOKING FOR MALLORY

I'm in S.B.,
I'd like to flee,
Miss you dear, they're holding me here,
Help me get out of this scrape,
From courthouse grounds we can escape.

7. In washing machine in Port Orford tree

Your prison break's a great success,
But now you're hounded by the press,
Your escape will be to no avail,
With the prime-time rantings of Wayne Gale,
Your dirty laundry he'll continue to air,
And publicize your whereabouts everywhere,
Without your images on the news,
A life of violence you might not choose,
And it's time to face the facts,
It's not too late to clean up your acts,
SB street leads you to your mission,
There follow the Indians' intuition.

8. In RV under gargoyle at Lavenderia

Though traveling now incognito,
Major penance you clearly owe,
Of your murderous past they say repent!
You ask yourselves just what they meant,
For if love truly beats the demon,
Down Alameda Padre you should be steamin',
It's the scenic way to quietly leave,
A Montecito right will be your reprieve,
Milpas will take you back to the 101,
A southern return may humorously stun,
For now you must drive to where,
There are alligators and lizards in the air,
Though this town may not look good in snow,
Venture left and you will know,
A honky tonk's locale will be quite exact,
If a 366 you do subtract.

Confession and plea for forgiveness to Sherilyn/ Laurie
done to a rapbeat

It be clear that our roadkill,
Is still the result of our free will,
If we accept this cultist throne,
We gotta accept our sins as our own,
We're sorry to have caused such a bloody mess,
Forgive us now, sister, for we confess,
But grant us one indulgence please,
One more little murder will appease,
The cause of justice won't be complete,
If death Wayne Gale's allowed to cheat,
Sister, sister tell us where,
This egomaniac we can ensnare.

Sherilyn/Laurie -

Thanks for helping us set this up. We'll be sure to send alot of business your way on Labor Day weekend. This is the set-up: 3 to 4 people on one team will come in probably somewhere between 5:00 and 9:00 p.m. on Sept. 2nd of Labor Day weekend. Their them is Natural Born Killers, taken from the movie of the same name. They're supposed to repent for their misdeeds. They should be wearing Burger King hats and they will have to order a drink, probably a beer. There they will have to sing to the bartender, to a rapbeat, the following tune:

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Is still the result of our free will,
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If the bartender is satisfied, then he/she should give them the clue which is in the envelope provided with the name of their team on it. The team will also have to find a small plastic animal in the bar. You could put this in one of their drinks or on a shelf where they can't miss it. Thanks again! If you have any questions, you can reach me at (310) 222-3469 during the day up until Wed of this week. After that, (310) 546-7144. Thanks again!

9. Laurie's note

New identities for your rap feat,
Go south now down California street,
For there's still Gale to defeat,
Harbor a left and a path you'll beat,
At Seaward take a conservative turn,
And south down Pierpont your penance you'll earn,
At Greenock lane you'll make your stand,
At 1459 right on the sand,
The media devil you should demand,
With your gun you can shoot this ingrate,
Just this once we'll call it Fate.