

Our most controversial release to date!

The Tally Times

Our editors are saying,

"A huge downgrade from the first issue."

"I thought this was supposed to be funny?"

April 2026

We whimsically shuffled the first letter of each word in « The Tally Times ». Sadly, they were all T's. \$5.00, Est 2026

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Hey, hi, howdy!

- You're's truly

How's it going, friends?! This issue, we decided to do something a little different. This issue, we let AI generate a couple articles! Just for fun! To those familiar with the paper's history, that may come as a surprise, but we got a great deal on a computer named Stephen who we've got screaming in the basement right now. Keep it down, Stephen! Haha.

Other than periodically demanding to be fed centipedes (and the relentless, harrowing screams), he it churns out a mean paper. So, without further ado, The Tally Times!

LOCAL CAT LEFT TO STARVATION

Absolutely disgraceful

- Anonymous

Picture this: your pet human is about to leave for work, but you're hungry. That auto-feeder went off *more than an hour ago*, and you haven't even gotten your treat yet. You find yourself on the brink of

oblivion, and no one seems to care.

We've been putting a lot of energy into this problem, and would like to publish our research up to this point. Hopefully it can be of some use to you.

Your first thought may be: a gun. However, despite minutes and minutes of testing, they are really hard to aim without thumbs. This doesn't seem entirely intractable, but our top scientists batted one around for a couple seconds and rapidly lost interest, so we're not sure when we might see further results. Also, it seems very possible that killing the human may, in fact, further delay food delivery. A cat's 22, if we've ever seen one.

Another approach we've tried is knocking over that big fuck-off bag of food when the humans are working on refilling for us, and gorging as much as possible before they can clean up. However, while this does appear effective in the short term, we've heard whispers that this can empower the humans to withhold future treats. We recommend proceeding with an abundance of caution.

Many cats are convinced that optimal delivery times come from a combination of being your cute self, and pretending to be sad, and in many cases, humans will eat that shit up. However, it's become increasingly popular to tell them we hate them, right to their face.

Is there evidence to suggest that building our ivory towers on such hateful ground will inevitably bring them tumbling down?

None that I will acknowledge!

IN LOVING MEMORY OF ROGER

"Oh, Roger died? That could have a measurable impact on our sales numbers."

- His best friend

Roger, beloved <todo: job title> and <todo: familial relation> passed away peacefully in his sleep on April 19th, after 6 weeks in the hospital following a prior being-hit-by-a-train incident.



Last Picture of an intact Roger

He is survived by his dog, and a collection of Cheetos shaped like Jesus.

Roger left no will, but a man claiming to be his uncle keeps throwing rocks at The Tally Times' window, so we're giving Roger's shit to that guy.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to ~~your local soup kitchen~~

Roger's
uncle

WHY MUST YOU MAKE ME KNOW THINGS?

"I don't want to care."

- Concerned

Listen folks, I've got nothing against people keeping themselves informed. All I ask is that you keep me out of it, alright? I'm *apolitical*, understand? What that means is that I don't believe in anything, and that I don't even want to *think* about things changing. That's a very different thing from having an opinion!

Why would I bother to have « *a thought* », when there exists such beautiful « **a-thought** » ?

And honestly, if I want a voidsome noggin, that's my prerogative. If anything, it's actually problematic for you not to respect that.

So much for the tolerant left !

GROCERY STORES WANT ME DEAD

This one weird trick has Publix and Olive Garden sending assassins to my home!

- Professional Home Cook

Did you know that you can make soup out of literally anything? Did you know that if you dump

random garbage into a pot, it's possible to reach food nirvana? In today's recipe, our garbage is canned tomatoes and Possibly Onion.

Tomato soup:

1. Dump two Big Cans (56 oz.) of tomatoes into a pot. Crush, if they're not already.
2. Cut an onion in half and add it to the pot (or, for the lazy, Some Amount of onion powder).
3. Add a ½ stick of butter or equivalent pour of idk olive oil. Just don't be coy with it.
4. Simmer for 40 minutes.
5. Trash the onion (we have already Absorbed its Power)
6. Dilute with bouillon/stock as you see fit. Not more than 1:1.
7. Pop some pasta in that sucker.

Is this literally just a diluted version of Marcella Hazan's pasta sauce recipe? How about you watch your mouth. (Skip the stock and double the butter if you want straight-up pasta sauce instead of soup.) San Marzano tomatoes are ideal, but tomato, tomato, as they say.

REBEL WITHOUT A DOS

Read the thrilling final chapter!

What's taking so long??" Richard's voice had been growing increasingly desperate for the last five minutes. Kelly's hands fly over the keys like lightning, but her face is calm. "I'm going as fast as I need to." This did nothing to assuage his fears. "If we can't activate it in time, the whole city's gonna flood, and 2039 will officially be my worst! year! ever!" Her voice stays calm. "This system was the last thing my wife ever built. I can do this."

On the monitor, a new screen appears. "Shit. A PIN entry?" She leaned back and rubbed her temples. "I never learned any of her PINs. I never needed to. Fuck."

Richard, ever the helpful, rattles off ways that four digits could be combined. "It's gotta be something! Last four of her phone number! Or her social! Maybe it's her birthday! Or yours! Anything!"

Kelly was silent. What numbers could hold this much significance? Had she come this far just to fail? Seconds of disquiet turned to minutes. Richard's voice faded with her darkening vision. Where is she?

Why couldn't she remember?

She thought back. Days on the beach. Inside jokes. Tearful nights. Memories, a rush of burning memories, dragging each other along, sweeping through her mind, years of being ignored having turned them as loud as thunder. And there were painful ones, yes, but laughter - oh, laughter - all the more. She realized she'd been stupid. A PIN? It could never have been anything else, and her mind slowly waded across the astral river back to her body.

Fingers trembling, just a little, she typed four digits, and the screen flashed an affirmative green. She hit the enter key. Somewhere in the distance, the flood protection systems whirred to life.

Richard's voice was loud, full of genuine exuberance, but she couldn't hear him as she collapsed into her chair and threw her head back, exhausted. She breathed deep, and stared up at the ceiling. No, not at it - through it. Maybe, she even smiled. It had been a while.

"I love you, too."



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INTERVIEW WITH GREG GARYS, CEO

“Quitters never win.”

Hi, Greg. I suppose I appreciate you taking the time for this interview.

Well, I really wanted to clear the air.

Yes, there's been a lot of chatter about the charges against you. Embezzling 42 million dollars from the children's hospital this year—

So far.

Sure. So far this year, 42 million.

It's a *record* for an amount taken during the first quarter, so make sure you get that right.

I've got your record on the record.

Thank you.

Is it true that you've asked for a stay of execution?

Yes. The punishment is ludicrous for this "crime". All this health spending is so wasteful, it only seemed fair to take a slice for myself. I have a second mortgage to pay! Where are my handouts? I'm expected to contribute to society if I want money, but what has this hospital done for me?

Well-

Jack shit, that's what. Call me when those kids amount to something. In the meantime, I saw a whole lot of cash laying unguarded - I'd be a weakling not to take it. That's just human nature, isn't it?

...Isn't it?

[...]

Mr. Garys was executed six weeks later, allowing him to participate in the setting of a new record:

The world's loudest cheer.

SHOUTS OUT, AND SO ON

“Thanks, boss”

So, first of all, I forgot to mention Lexi in the last issue, which is a terrible crime. Lexi, you are also very cool.

Everybody else, you know who you are, and I'm not gonna copy and paste the list every time, but nevertheless you are all beautiful people and I thank you.

HUNGRY FOR MORE?

Craving another bite of The Tally Times?

Many readers have been asking how it's possible for our ragtag team to craft a paper of such quality. What sort of environment is required to foster this astounding level of creativity? Well, for the true Tally Times superfan, we wanted to pull back the curtain for you, if only a little ;)



Our office kitchen features real safety equipment !

So, for a limited *Time* only, scan the QR code below, and get access to exclusive new content, plus a special behind-the-scenes look at what goes into an issue of the Tally Times!

