



Tonto's Shocking Discovery

by Bobby D. Lux

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The following was discovered by renowned world explorer, former heavyweight boxing contender until KO'd by Larry Holmes, and current salesman of the highest quality Native-American products (AKA "Indian Shit"), Tonto Balboa. How it was found, has yet to be determined, as Balboa has remained uncharacteristically quiet on the subject of the document's discovery.

It is thought to be the first calling for government censorship in the Western world and is provided for your judgment as follows:

Your highness,

My name is not important other than that I'm a loyal British subject and have been my whole life. This past weekend, I took my family to the Globe to see the new show by this Shakespeare fella. I was not impressed, to say the least. I have never seen such filth in my life. To think that my ancestors died in the Great Crusades for this makes my stomach turn.

Is this what we fought for? To see people using the most vile language? Oh, the words they utter from their mouths. I would have covered my children's ears but I was too busy covering my own. As a result, my children heard every slang, curse, and jest uninterrupted. They heard such pornography as, "That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

I'm sure you're just as shocked as I am.

What exactly is this telling our young children? I hasten to even think what an impressionable young man or woman would think about Shakespeare saying that the only way to win the love of a woman is to be good at eating pussy? If that 'twere the case, I'd be a single shopkeeper. Instead I have two children and have to spend late at the shop just to put grog on the table.

And now my oldest, my son, runs around the house at all hours like he's MacBeth. He's out of control. He goes on and on about 'To-morrow, and 'To-morrow, and 'To-morrow and so on. He jumps off the couch with his sword and says the forests are moving and pretends to see the severed head of his pal sitting on the dinner table.

My daughter thinks it's hilarious. Don't get me started on her, my wife took her to see this play about the Shrew. I thought it

would be a play about a harmless bird, but no. Now the two of them tell me in unison, "Asses are made to bear, and so are you."

The Last straw came two weeks ago. Alas, my dear neighbor, a Mr. Samuel Wickersmire, recommended that I take my family to see this "Twelfth Night or What you Will." I choose what you will. It starts off pleasant enough, with a shipwreck and the twins separated and whatnot. That's fine. I enjoy that. But then... oh lord, then the drunks start to show up and girls dress like boys and then the other girl wants to... I guess I'll just use his language: the girl wants to try to make a baby with the other girl. I saw some men in the audience drooling in anticipation. The saliva formed little pools of joy on the corner of their mouths. Their heads leaned forward while their midsections leaned up.

Oh my god!!! Listen to me. What have I become?

I brought my loving mother to see this show. I was embarrassed for her. There she was, my mother, laughing aloud at this debacle and debauchery, but I know she was just in denial. If she has been affected by this man as I have... Lord help her.

I know you are quite fond of Mr. Shakespeare, but I beg you, please do what is right for England and the world. If we put a stop to this man, we can save future generations from seeing these stories about sex and killings and demons. What good can this add to the general public? Not much if my opinion is to be asked. We owe this to ourselves and to our children. I know you are childless, but I ask you to view the world as your children. I am only one man, but I'm convinced that this madness must end. Shakespeare must be stopped before he goes too far with his blasted influence.

Respectfully, your humble subject,

Harold Tittleman IV.