



BODGER?

Originally, a **bodger** was a **wood-worker** who roamed from village to village making repairs to chairs and other furniture. The repairs were called "bodges," and over time the word came to apply to any temporary patch or fix that is cobbled together from the materials at hand and may not be elegant or aesthetically pleasing, but which works. In modern terms, we might call these "hacks" or "kludges."

But there is another kind of Bodger.

Throughout history, a special class of people have been born – people through whom magic flows into the world. Those who never became aware of their ability came to regard themselves as accident-prone, jinxes, or jonahs.

But those who learned to master this flow started to channel the mischievous magic with the goal of making the world a better place. They vowed never to use the magic to advance their own interests, but instead sought only to help others. They wanted to be inconspicuous, to make small things go wrong in order to make big things go right. We call ourselves Bodgers.

WITH THE HELP
OF THIS PAMPHLET,
WE HOPE YOU CAN
DECIDE WHETHER YOU
ARE A BODGER,
AND
ARE A BODGER
OF SO, WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT.



BODGER CHECKLIST

- 1. Do machines suddenly stop working when you walk into a room?
- 2. Does the waiter at your favorite restaurant serve you on plastic plates?
- 3. Is your line at the supermarket always the slowest one?
- 4. If you drop a slice of toast, does it always fall with the butter-side down?
- 8. Do your car's strange noises disappear when you take it to the mechanic?
- 6. Do you always get to the subway platform just as the train is leaving?
- 7. Do vending machines eat your money without dispensing a product?
- 8. Does the traffic in the other lane always move faster until you switch?
- 9. Do you think your home appliances are out to kill you?
- 10. Do black cats refuse to cross your path?
- 11. Do computer screens go blank as soon as you touch the keyboard?
- 18. Does the nurse at the hospital emergency room greet you by name?
- 13. Did your plumber name his first-born child after you?
- 14. Do your jigsaw puzzles come with one piece missing?
- 18. Does your laptop start an update just as the taxi outside blows his horn to take you to the airport?
- 16. Do all your appliances fail one week after the warranty expires?
- 17. If you had magical powers, would you use them for good instead of evil?
- 18. If you Google "Murphy's Law," do you see a picture of you?
- 19. If you make a list of 20 items, does it only have 19 entries?



IF YOU ANSWERED, "YES" TO 3 OR MORE QUESTIONS ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE, THEN YOU MAY BE A BODGER, AND IT WOULD BE WISE FOR YOU TO TAKE THE FOLLOWING



- · Do not walk under ladders. Something will fall on your head.
- · When traveling, avoid mechanized vehicles such as cars, trains, buses, and airplanes. The preferred mode of travel for Bodgers is ox-cart.
- · Take the stairs. Elevator cables can snap and plunge you to a grisly death
- · Avoid tall buildings. They are likely to fall down.
- · Stay indoors whenever possible. If you must venture out, wear the protective gear listed on the next page.
- · Even when indoors, wear a tinfoil hat.
- · When eating out at a restaurant, bring a caged mouse as a food taster. Ensure the mouse is a

- cute one, so as not to upset the other patrons.
- · Don't waste your money on the lottery. No Bodger has ever won.
- · Always carry an umbrella.
- · Always carry a spare umbrella, in case the first one breaks.
- · Always carry a spare, spare umbrella, in case the spare umbrella is snatched by a passing eagle.
- · Don't operate heavy machinery except under the influence of opiates or other strong drugs.
- · Don't buy power tools. They'll turn on you in the end.
- · If you must use a computer, first wrap it in tinfoil, then encase it completely in bubble-wrap, and be sure to use oversize industrial rubber gloves.





STAY INCONSPICUOUS

When strolling outside, Bodgers are advised to wear the following protective gear.*



*Remember that most people don't know Bodgers exist. When wearing this gear, try to remain inconspicuous.

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[Well, we meant to leave it blank, but then we printed this notice on it, so now it's not really blank. We apologize for the error and issue the revised notice, below.]

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[But now there's so much text here that even this disclaimer is no longer accurate. Therefore, acting on the advice of our lawyers, we now amend this to the following.]

This page was originally intentionally left blank, but now contains text in an amount which may be considered by some to be sufficiently large to render inaccurate the description of "mostly blank." The player may or may not, at his or her discretion, read or ignore the aforementioned text, but in the event he or she exercises either or both of these options, we disavow responsibility for any eyestrain or other visually-related anomalies which may or may not, in the past, present or future, in this universe or any other, result from the exercise of said option



Colles Tealles

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interview

CHILD PRODIGY

Teen Genius wins \$100,000 Prize!

Eric Knight: From Anti-Stain to the next Einstein?

Eric Knight is just an ordinary boy. That's our first impression when we meet him at the door of his home.

There's nothing unusual about the teenager who's living with his mother in the suburbs of Whizbing, Michigan. His clothes are casual, as you'd expect. But his room is unusual. There are no posters of rock stars. The only thing that signals that we have not entered a chemist's lab is the mattress on the floor.

Invent: Eric, first of all: congratulations on winning the grand prize in the category 'Young Inventors'.

Eric: Erm, thank you.

Eric has to move some electronic devices so we can sit. As he touches them, they come to life, and he has to struggle to turn them off again. He places them on a pile of books in the corner, stumbles over some cables, frees himself.

Invent: At age 13 you are now the

youngest to win this prize. How does that feel?

Eric: I am? Wow. It feels big.

Eric wants to emphasize how big it feels by stretching out his arms. He knocks over a flask with a blue substance that shatters on the floor.

Eric: Sorry about that. Don't worry - it's not that toxic.

Invent: So, Eric, how long have you been an inventor?

Eric: I've always built stuff. Well, to be honest, it's more like I took everything apart and then tried to reassemble it, and the outcome wasn't always what I intended. But that did lead to many interesting creations. My uncle still loves the baseball throwing machine I made out of our old washing machine, so my mother always encouraged me to keep at it. But after the Next-Gen-Trampoline incident, our house insurance was upped for the

third time and she said I should only do it under supervision and describe my plans in advance.

Invent: And how are things at school?

Eric gets distracted by his computers. Suddenly all screens flash on. He hurries to a row of sockets and throws the main switch. All displays go black.

Eric: Chemistry has always been my best subject. My teacher, Mrs. Lorealle, is very proud of me. My experiments haven't hurt any of my friends for over a month now, and the principal says they will rebuild the lab at school soon.

Invent: Tell us how you came up with your winning invention.

Eric: Well, I've always been messy. I mean, it's normal when you're a baby, because you don't know any better. But even now I manage to get dirt on fresh clothes as soon as I wear them. My mother thinks I have a magical

attraction for dirt, haha. So I thought: Why isn't there something like light for dirt? I mean, light cancels out darkness, but why isn't there a substance that cancels out dirt?

Invent: An ingenious thought. So you started to experiment with that?

Eric: Yeah, I got shi-, I mean truckloads of dirt. The school lab was still not usable because of that fire, our basement was still wet from my experiment with the electric eels, so I set up shop here in my room.

Eric goes to his wardrobe and opens it. Clothes, electronics and a cat fall out. The cat hisses and runs out of the room, while Eric digs in the bottom of a wardrobe. He returns with a shoebox and opens it to reveal dirt.

Eric: This is what I started with. Genuine dirt from behind the house. Let me demonstrate.

Eric spills the dirt over me.

Eric: Now for Anti-Stain, which ... oh. I forgot. I sent my latest batch of samples to a company for evaluation. Sorry about that.

Invent: It's alright. And the supervision your mother demanded? How does she do it?

Eric: I always turn on my webcam and broadcast downstairs. Also, I record everything in my visual journal.

His video of me getting hit with the shoebox of dirt becomes an internet hit shortly after I conclude the

interview and return to New York.

Invent: Anti-Stain is the name of the chemical compound you invented and that won you the grand prize. It removes dirt without damaging other materials. Pity, we don't get to see it in action. How long did you work on it?

Eric: Well, it did take quite some time until the other materials didn't disintegrate, too. Thankfully, it was summer and I didn't need pants anyway. About three months of experiments, I guess. Then it started to work. Oh, I may have some leftovers from my experiments ...

He rummages under his desk, hits his head when he gets out and produces a bottle with a clear liquid, which he spills over me. The dirt on my clothes turns green and then gets muddy. It keeps growing.

Eric: Oh, sorry, that must have been a work in progress version ... I may have other-

Invent: No, no, it's fine. Now, you are now considered someone with a great future. What's next for you?

Eric: I want to keep improving Anti-Stain and license the formula. But more importantly I want to finish school and attend the best university! I have many revolutionary ideas for the future of mankind! And I think a university is the best place to make them real!

Invent: And finally, what have you done with your prize money so far?

Eric: I bought pants.

When we leave the Knight's home it has started to rain. As the green mud all over me gets wet, it solidifies until I can't move anymore. While his mother watches wearily, as if this has happened before, Eric rummages through the garage, looking for a hammer.

Two hours later we can leave. And we are sure: Eric Knight is a very special person.



SCIENTISTS WANTED!

Are you tired of working in your university's basement?

Are you sick of professors breathing down your neck?

We at Inculab have created an environment where great minds can unleash their potential!

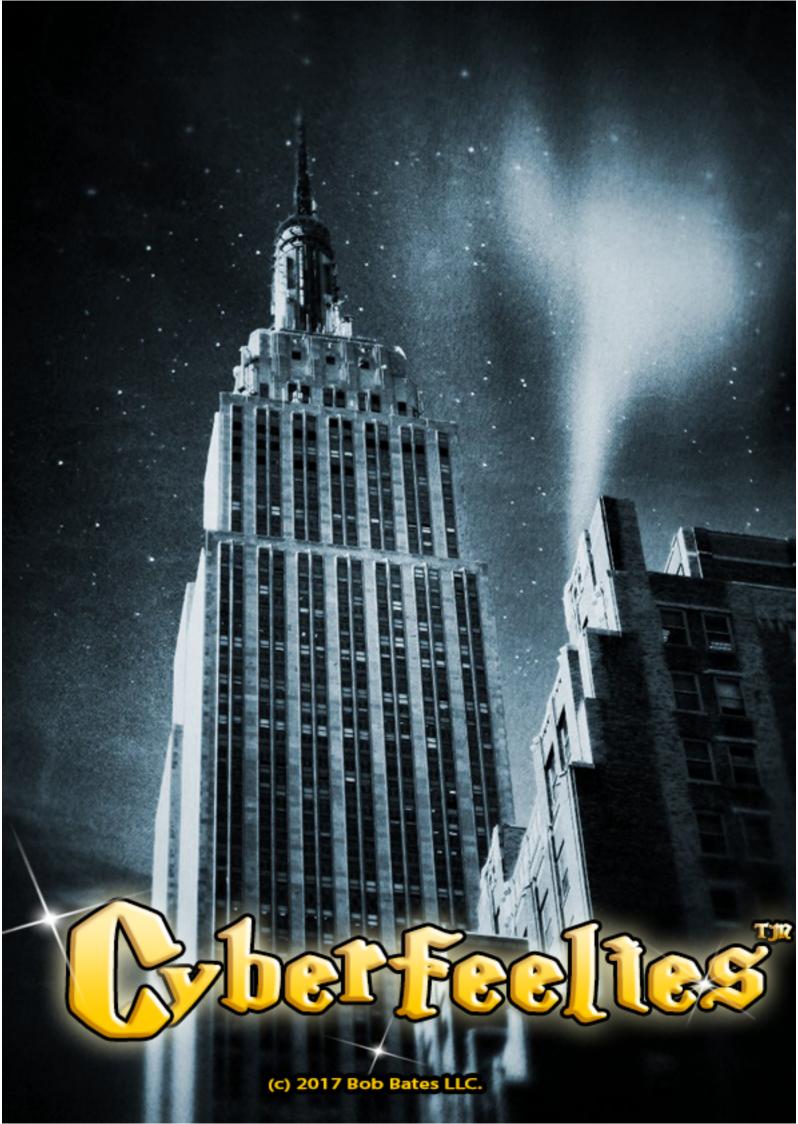
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Change the world one revolutionary invention at a time!



- By joining IncuLab you agree that all your inventions and patents are completely owned by IncuLab, Inc for all eternity.
- You will spend at least 12 hours per day in your lab
- You will not disclose your findings to anyone outside IncuLab, Inc.
- You agree that IncuLab, Inc. is allowed to monitor all interpersonal interactions you may have, and have to approve of your choice of romantic partners (if any).
- Your bodily fluids may be preserved for routine



Hi fellow Bodgers!

It's Monday, and you know what that means! Another round-up of news and notes from around our Bodger community. My apologies for missing last week's issue - my computer shorted out and just when I got the replacement working, my monitor exploded. I'm sure you've all been there! But now I'm back with all the latest, so stand by for news! -- Your Pal, Sam



OTHER NOTABLE BODGES



STOP AND GO

Sydney Ringer of Dallas, Texas saved two lives at once in his local barbershop last Thursday. The man in the next chair was getting a straight-razor shave when the barber had a sudden heart attack. Thinking quickly, Sydney cast an immobility spell on the barber's hand to freeze it in place, and simultaneously cast a mobility spell on his heart to get it

pumping again. Neither man realized the danger he had been in, as Sydney distracted them by asking, "How bout them Cowboys?" If it had been you, Sydney, you might have ended up a "Dead Ringer."

BOTTOMS UP

Passing a construction site in downtown Nashville, Tennessee on Monday morning. Laurel Hardee heard a wolf whistle, followed

by catcalls and lewd comments coming from an obnoxious hard-hatted worker. Looking up, she saw that a crane cable directly over his head was unravelling, and the slab it was lifting was about to fall and crush him. She quietly cast a nudge spell, which shifted the falling slab by inches, so that it fell within inches of the worker, pulling his pants down as it fell, and revealing the oversize boxer shorts with big red hearts and flowers that his wife makes him wear. Way to go, Laurel!

That'll teach him!

BOOM AND BUST

Bodger Bonnie Parker was on a bike tour with a friend when they stopped to eat in

BODGE OF THE WEEK

The Butterfly Effect Maggie Eckels of Lafavette, Louisiana has mastered Chaos Theory so thoroughly that she can forecast the future impact of the most seemingly insignificant actions. Last week, while working in her garden, she noticed a butterfly about to alight on a marigold. Instantly aware that this would cause a devastating hurricane in China, she shooed the butterfly to a nearby hollyhock, resulting in mild mid-day showers in Bakersfield. California, and causing a single 5-pound lump of hail to fall into the back yard of a surprised homeowner in Casper, Wyoming. --Nice work, Jane!!!

a small town café next to the local bank. They emerged from the café to find her companion's bike tire had gone flat. Just as Bonnie cast an inflation spell on the tire, the alarms went off in the bank and they saw robbers running towards a getaway car. Distracted by the action, Bonnie forgot to terminate the spell and the tires on the getaway car exploded. The crooks made a run for it, but then the ink pack exploded and the police had no trouble tracking down the brightly-colored thieves. Afterwards, Bonnie and her friend discovered that their bike tires had exploded as well, stranding them in the town overnight.

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GUEST EDITORIAL FROM THE HIGH COUNCIL



We wish to remind our fellow Bodgers that our magic is to be used to help others, not ourselves. When this cornerstone of the Bodger ethos is violated, it can result in unintended consequences. Here are some anonymized examples that have come to our attention.

- A Bodger shopping at a major food chain became impatient with a
 woman in front of him who was fumbling for change. He cast an
 impatience spell on her, causing her to abandon her groceries and
 walk out. The Bodger moved forward and the clerk informed him he
 was their 999,999th customer. As he left, the man behind him in line
 became their millionth customer and received a check for \$100,000
 and free groceries for life.
- A Bodger cast a spell to make it rain on her vegetable garden, but it
 brought on such a deluge that a huge sinkhole opened underneath
 her house and swallowed it up, leaving only the chimney visible.
 Now she has to live underground and can only get in and out of her
 house by way of the chimney.
- A Bodger cast a spell on a woman to make her want to go on a date
 with him. But the spell was so effective that she turned into a stalker.
 She was so persistent he had to take out a restraining order, and
 when that wasn't enough he had to move to a different state and
 change his identity.

So we reiterate: please do not use Bodgerish magic for self-advancement. It doesn't help us, and it may not help you!



SPORTING NEWS

The long-anticipated Whizball match between the Brooklyn Bodgers and the Midtown Magicians was canceled this week when the Magicians' bus disappeared in a puff of smoke as they tried to board it. This marks the 37th consecutive week that the match has been canceled due to various mishaps.

ButtShield Fireproof Underwear



Every Bodger knows the next accident is just around the corner. Be prepared with ButtShield's flame-retardant undergarments. Woven from a combination of mineral wool, ceramics, and Kevlar, ButtShield underwear is the perfect protection for your private parts. Check out our men's Boxers 'N Briefs, and don't forget our complete line of attractive "Iron Lady" lingerie for women.

TRAVEL



Bodgers are reminded that trains, planes, and automobiles each have thousands of moving parts, any one of which could fail at any given moment. After an exhaustive two-year study, the Bodger Safety Commission has just released their findings that the safest mode of transportation for Bodgers is an ox-cart, provided you remember to bring along a spare axle.

· · · · Lifestyle · · · ·

Tired of ovens, stoves and even hot plates conking out just before your dinner parties? Perhaps you should catch up with the latest rage sweeping the Bodger culinary and home entertaining scene. "Cooking with Campfires" is a new book full of worry-free recipes for Bodgerish hosts and hostesses. From scones to soufflés, there's nothing you can't cook with a campfire.

CRANKWARE COMPUTERS



DOES YOUR COMPUTER ROUTINELY CRASH DUE TO POWER SURGES AND MYSTERIOUS OUTAGES?

Well, worry no more with CrankWare Computers. Our hand-cranked workstations ensure you always have consistent power available to you at the turn of a crank. With a RAM capacity of a full L MB and a processor running at a blazing 2-3 Hz (depending on how fast you crank), you never have to worry again. (Foot-pedal models also available).

Inventor Ronald Gilbert has been granted a patent for his updated version of the classic tin-foil hat. Gilbert claims his hat blocks 50% more mental rays than previous models, and guarantees maximum protection against alien mind control. The hat's effectiveness against

ADVICE

Bodgerish spells has yet to be tested.

Dear Sam.

My girlfriend's father refuses to accept my explanation that I bring her home late from dates because my car constantly breaks down. What should T do?

Next time, bring him along! He can help you push the car home.

Dear Sam.

I love my new ox-cart, but I find that it's slowing down my commute. Do you have any suggestions?

We have petitioned the city to create ox-cart lanes, but progress has been slow. I suggest you find other Bodgers with whom you can cart-pool, and use the HOV lanes.

Dear Sam.

Whenever I buy a stock, it goes down. Whenever I sell a stock, it goes up. What should I do?

This is not because you are a Bodger. You are a lousy investor. Stop playing the stock market!



What could be more romantic than taking your sweetie for a moonlight ox-cart tour through Midtown Manhattan? Our carts are fully-equipped with spare axles and fringed canopies that can be pulled down to keep you dry in the (inevitable) rain showers. Our oxen are fed only the finest hay and they are as strong as, well, oxen. See the sights from behind these gentle giants.

Call us today!

BODGGUARD SERVICE AND REPAIR CO

Being a Bodger means constantly replacing door knobs, blown fuses, shattered light bulbs, and small appliances. Sign up with BodgGuard and let us take home-care off your mind. During our weekly visits, we will mend your broken furniture, re-grout cracked tiles, reinstall computer operating systems, and remove those embarrassing scorch marks from your walls and ceilings. Specialists in plumbing, electrical, and HVAC

repairs. For a small additional fee, our technicians can also provide medical care for bumps, bruises, cuts, and light sprains.





