

Do you know how  
Bounty paper towels  
got their name?

" I DO! "

- RENO RAINES  
TELLS ALL!

The year was 1992. I was a cop and good at my job, but I committed the ultimate sin and testified against other cops gone bad—cops that tried to kill me, but got the woman I loved instead. Framed for murder, I prowled the badlands—an outlaw hunting outlaws—a bounty hunter, and I needed a paper towel with superior absorbency and durability, which would enable me to handle even the biggest, stankiest spills.

Let me tell you, the first time I blew a scumbag's head off with my sawed-off Remington 870 12-gauge, I couldn't believe the mess! I tried to clean it up using regular paper towels, but those just fell apart! Finally, I ended up having to use quilts that my old lady made for me to clean up pieces of the bastard's brain and skull. I didn't expect for that dude's head to explode everywhere like it did, but boy did I learn fast!

Talking it over with Bobby Six Killer, we both agreed that a step had to be made to create an all-surface material to soak up spills faster and clean up tough messes

better than any other two-ply paper towel. We presented the plan to hot babe computer expert Cheyenne Phillips, who combined paper with quilt-technology to create a virtual template of the first-ever quicker thicker picker-upper. Thus Six Killer Enterprises embarked on a new mission: producing and distributing the only paper towel that meets the needs of a bounty hunter—from wiping mud off the Harley, checking oil in the Hummer, sopping up pools of blood, or cleaning up after grinding a hot chick's naked ass up and down the bike. We were ready to test it on the road.

Had there been any skepticism about the new paper towel when I hit the highway, it completely dissipated when I was using it to soak up a criminal's blood and the urine he let out after I finished him with two shots in the chest from my Sig-Sauer 9mm. And after I cleaned up the mess I made with him, his buddy jumped out from behind me, taking me by surprise. He told me to drop my nine and kick it towards him, so I did. He

told me to get down, so I did. I had killed his brother, he said, and he was going to kill me. Naturally, I grabbed my .38 that was strapped to my ankle and shot the guy in both of his kneecaps. As he went down I explained to him that it was nothing personal between me and his brother or me and him for that matter. I was just forking in cash by cleaning up the scum of the earth. Then I plugged him between the eyes and he defecated all over the place. I then cleaned up his blood and poop with the paper towels. One word: wondrous.

Then—and you won't believe this—I used this new miracle paper towel to cover myself up that night. Nights on the road are usually completely lonely and desolate, but I felt safe wrapped in the blanket of this bountiful material. And that's when it hit me like a trailer to a good action movie:

*Bounty! The product of the future.*

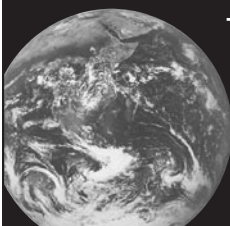
- Reno Raines  
a.k.a. Vince Black



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US?

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**BELGIUM**

Q: What goes "clap, clap, clap, bang, bang, clap, clap, clap?"

A: An Amish drive-by shooting!

**POLAND**

Q: Where do you find a dog with no legs?

A: Right where you left him!

**GERMANY**

Q: How many Austrians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Five!

