Slight Disclaimer from Lemony Snicket

Some parts of this magazine have been hacked into by the villains, a phrase which here means "the rather villainous and untrustworthy people on the wrong side of V.F.D. who set fires rather than put them out has taken over parts of this magazine, including the advertisements, which means that under no circumstances should you pay any mind to their suspicious and villainous content". The villains are also known to create very misleading content that favors themselves, a phrase which here means "the information they provide is as true as *The Daily Punctilio*". Please listen to my advice and pay their villainous additions to this magazine no mind. You most likely won't regret it.

With all due respect,

Lemony Snicket

Table of Contents

The Clever & Capable Count Olaf (Pages 3-5)

The Baudelaire Ballads (Page 6)

Catastrophic Conversation between an Author and an Awful Actor (Pages 7-9)

Lamentable Limericks (Page 9)

Serious Senryu (Page 10)

Isadora's Interesting & Conclusive Couplets (Page 10)

Duncan's Desperate Journal Entries (and some responses from the public) (Pages 11-14)

Newspaper Article from *The Daily Punctilio* (Page 14)

The Clever & Capable Count Olaf

This is the story of how I, the magnificent, intelligent, and talented actor Count Olaf captured the pathetic Baudelaire orphans, and obtained their enormous fortune! I'll tell it as briefly as I can, but of course I won't forget to illustrate how brilliant I am, and how brilliant my plan was!

It all started one Saturday morning when I was reading the paper, The Daily Punctilio, only in the hopes of seeing those Baudelaire brats in it, of course. My eyes scanned the page, until I spotted an article about a previous disaster that the Baudelaires had faced at a previous home. I scoffed.

"Those pesky orphans," I muttered. "Always ruining my plans! But that'll end today." I nearly crumpled up the paper, but something caught my eye. The paper mentioned that the Baudelaires had been adopted by a famous scientist named Addi Flinn Shrewders.

The name Addi Flinn Shrewders looked odd to me. I had never heard of a famous scientist by that name. Then I realized why it looked so odd. Addi Flinn Shrewders was an anagram for the name Fernald Widdershins, the name of my hook-handed henchman!

I immediately rushed over to my associate Esme Gigi Genevieve Squalor in the next room over. "Esme! Look what I found in the paper."

The normally eccentric Esme frowned. "Reading's not very in, Olaf!" However, she was just as eccentric about what was in and what was out. Reading was not considered very in, or in other words, fashionable.

I scowled. "Esme! But listen! If you look here in the paper, Addi Flinn Shrewders is an anagram for Fernald Widdershins!"

She crossed her arms. "Soooo?"

"So, he's taking care of the Baudelaire orphans! We just need to send him a short telegram, asking where he is staying with them! Wait..."

I looked back down at the paper. The address the Baudelaire brats were staying at was mentioned.

"Wait, what, Olaf?" Esme asked.

"Hold that thought," I responded. "But I have a plan!"

I sent out a telegram to Fernald Widdershins, telling him of the plan. You might be thinking, what could this great plan be? Keep reading and find out.

After sending the telegram out to my associate, I got into my disguise. I shaved my arms and legs, put on a nurse's dress uniform and tights, put on a wig, shaved off my eyebrow, drew on eyebrows, and put on a pair of glasses that showed my shiny eyes less. I grabbed a first aid kit and packed in it the things I needed for my plan.

I heard the phone ringing, and I picked it up and answered it. Perfect, it seemed everything was going according to plan!

"Hello?" I heard a voice on the other end, which for a moment I didn't recognize. Then I realized my associate was using a disguised voice. I put on my best high-pitched voice.

"Yes? This is Nurse Anne speaking!"

I heard a whisper on the other end. "Hey, Boss, you don't have to pretend. I'll just pretend for my end."

"Alright," I responded.

"The orphans seem to have grown very ill. We need your assistance, Nurse Anne!"

"Did you do what we planned?"

"Yes," Fernald said.

"Yes, Yes! I'll be right over! The orphans will feel much better in no time!"

I hung up the phone and headed over to the address in the paper.

When I got there, the Baudelaire orphans were weak from poison, and I injected them with non-deadly sedatives from my first aid kit! All three of the brats were unconscious in an instant, and we were able to tie them up and hold them hostage.

Mr. Poe, the foolish banker in charge of the brats' fortune had no choice but to hand over the fortune to me. So that this was legally possible, we forced the lovely eldest Baudelaire Violet to marry me again (outside of my disguise, of course). After the wedding, Mr. Poe allowed me to have the Baudelaire fortune in exchange for the safety of the Baudelaire brats.

I handed them back over to him, and ran off with the fortune. This had been such a simple plan, and my most brilliant one yet. I had finally gotten a hold of all the money the Baudelaires owned!

And then I bought myself a mansion and a convertible and continued my life of burning people's houses down in searches of more fortunes from other orphans. THE END.

(This story was sponsored by Untrue Completely Fictional Poorly Written Fantasies Inc.)

The Baudelaire Ballad

(Chorus) The Baudelaire mansion burned down straight to the ground,
Mister Poe told the children of a new home that he'd found,
And completely, blissful, unaware Mister Poe,
Made them live with a foul man who wanted their dough!

(Verse 1) The tinkerer, researcher, and sharp-toothed baby,
Forced to live with that man who was quite shady,
His ploys to steal their fortune corrupt to the brim,
When caught he'd run, fast as his skinny legs carried him!

(Verse 2) At a new home Mister Poe sent the orphans to,
The kids lived with Aunt Josephine, a woman who
Was quite afraid of nearly almost everything,
And couldn't see the "Captain Sham" that same foul man was pulling!

(Verse 3) After Olaf threw Aunt Josephine to the leeches,
Violet and Klaus begged Mister Poe, "Please believe us!"
Then the baby dug her teeth in to mangle,
Sham's peg leg revealing the tattoo on his ankle!

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Winnipeg, Winkler
(411) 364-0185
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Thursday, January 8th, 1998

Lemony Snicket
833 Articulate Alley
Terrible Town, Stickler
(833) 541-3307
comparativelyinnocent@volunteer.com

Dear Mr. Snicket,

I feel that I must write to you regarding your magazine. Your tales of the Baudelaire orphans are nothing but lies. I have met these children myself, and they are nothing but a nuisance. You claim that they are polite, though they are quite rude. You also claim that they are kind and well-behaved. This isn't true either.

They are selfish kids that have only weakened V.F.D.'s structure. They care only about themselves. The Baudelaires are not innocent children. Violet, Klaus, and Sunny have set many fires, have broken many laws, and have lied to and betrayed many innocent people. They are brutal criminals and should be treated as such, and turned in to the proper authorities!

Please quit spreading your slanderous lies, and rewrite your magazine entirely, or discontinue it. This magazine is misleading to many innocent civilians.

Sincerely,

Al Funcoot

Lemony Snicket
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Isolated, Stickler
(833) 541-3307
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Monday, January 12th, 1998

Al Funcoot
Professional Actor
309 Villain Street
Winnipeg, Winkler

Dear Mr. Funcoot,

Thank you for approaching my magazine with your complaints. However, you do not fool me with your name. Your name Al Funcoot is an anagram of the name "Count Olaf", the word anagram being a phrase which here means "a word, phrase or name formed by the rearranging of letters". The Baudelaire orphans have done nothing wrong.

Due to their unfortunate circumstances, on several occasions the Baudelaires, although kind and noble people, have had to commit some questionable acts. My research strays away from your beliefs of them being horrible people who have caused harm to many others. They have always done everything in their power to help noble people, but they were unfortunate enough to be pursued by you, and had to do horrible things due to these unfortunate circumstances.

You, however, Count Olaf, have committed a great many murders and set a great many fires, all without remorse. Your only reason you have ever given to justify your actions is you feel that it is your only option. You were once a very noble man, but you have strayed from being a noble volunteer to becoming nothing but a criminal.

Please think more about your own actions before considering kind orphans to be wicked. They have done nothing the way you said they did, and they deserve to have themselves heard properly through my magazine. I will continue writing my issues the way I have been writing them, as I would like the public to hear only the truth, a word that you disrespect greatly, and try to hide at every opportunity.

With all due respect,

Lemony Snicket

P.s., You really should just turn yourself in for your crimes. Though I highly doubt you will.

Lamentable Limericks

Three triplets, a mom, and a dad,

Struggling to save the house that they had,

From an awful fire,

A pyro did inspire,

Leaving two mere twins very sad.

Three children happy to the brim,

A banker arrived with news that was grim,

That their parents burned,

The children's stomachs churned,

As the man told them to come with him.

Serious Senryu

A family once

Built a house they called their home

That went up in smoke.

Couplets by Isadora Q

Of a certain fire lighting man we have grown to fear,

But we've heard he will no longer find us here.

From an unknown source we've learned,

That to the ashes he's returned.

We often wonder if our friends are okay,

Or if Olaf burned them all away.

We haven't seen Widdershins for a long time,

Maybe his life met its deadline.

A Message from the Qs

My sister just can't stop speaking in couplets, can she? Well, anyways, if you're reading this, you probably picked up a message that my siblings and I put inside of a bottle. We have reason to believe our friends got shipwrecked on a nearby island, because we were told by a trustworthy woman called Kit Snicket about a certain harmless viper our friends knew who we ran into on our travels. We're here now and I am writing this on sheets of paper I have torn out from Quigley's notebook (sorry, Quigley), and putting them into bottles in the hope of someone to come rescue us.

I don't even know where we are right now. Isadora, Quigley and I have searched the island, and found there are some tents on it, and we've been raiding what appears to be a room that once held some kind of secret passageway for food to eat, and something to drink. We were excited when we discovered some inventions on the island. Violet might have been here!

...However, we have searched the island thoroughly, and although it seems apparent that our friends have been here, they aren't here anymore. We don't even know where we are right now. Maybe we could try setting out for land, maybe we couldn't. It might be too dangerous.

Captain Widdershins had his reasons. A strange, green question mark had shown up on the radar when we were aboard the Queequeg, and he had panicked and he shouted, "Aye! It's too late! Aye! Everyone, don't move! Aye! No, scratch that, start running around panicked! Aye, no! Fiona, get the Quagmires to safety!"

"Why are you so panicked?" we had all exclaimed, but Fiona silenced us.

"Shh! No time to explain. Let's just get you out of here!"

Fiona ushered us to the escape pods, and due to how afraid Widdershins seemed, we agreed immediately. We managed to just barely get out of there in time.

We still don't know what he was so terrified of, or if anyone else aboard made it out alive from whatever danger he was so afraid of.

But because of dangers like this one, we're trying to send out messages like this one in pages from Quigley's notebook, within whatever bottles we can find to contain them as we float them across the water. We're hoping at least one of these can make it to civilization, and that someone will come searching for us. But for now, unless we give up and decide to try to leave this place, we'll be investigating this island and its history, and living off of the resources it has to offer.

We're also hoping we can find our friends. But that's something that might have to wait. Are they even alive? We hope so.

Isadora was sad to discover that Kit Snicket was buried on the island, and Quigley and I were sad as well. We didn't know her all too well, but she still meant so much to us.

We were quite unsure of how to feel when we discovered that it seemed Count Olaf had died as well. Relieved? Happy? Horrified? We weren't quite sure...

He was a wicked man, perhaps, but did he deserve this? The Baudelaires were *definitely* here, we decided. Maybe they had set out to society themselves. Were they still alive, or had they encountered some unfortunate fate?

Nonetheless, we are staying here until we either get help, or find a way to leave the island in search of our friends and in search of civilization. My hope is that someone has this very message in their hands right now, and that we ourselves are still alive when they receive this.

Please help us!

The Quagmires

P.S. Don't pay this message any mind! These so-called Quagmires don't even exist, and they don't need any help to get back to civilization. – Unknown

They're lying! Please help the Quagmires! – Violet Baudelaire

Violet, how are we even submitting these? We haven't even gotten back to civilization yet! – Klaus Baudelaire

No, no! Don't listen to the Baudelaires. They should almost be called Baude*liars*. – Al Funcoot

Olaf mort! – Sunny Baudelaire

Count Olaf, my sister means we literally saw you die and *buried* you. How are you even posting a response in this magazine? – Klaus Baudelaire

How are you even posting a response in this magazine? You said yourself you're not even back to civilization yet! – "Not" Count Olaf

Esme, help me out here! – Count Omar

Oh, so now you want my help!? – The esteemed amazing extraordinary Esme Gigi Genevieve Squalor

How is Lemony even allowing all this to go on in the issue? – Jacques Snicket

Jacques, how are you even here? I- I don't know anything anymore. – Violet Baudelaire

Shut your mouth and hand over the sugar bowl, you cakesniffer! – Carmelita Spats

Carmelita, I thought we solved this several books ago! – Klaus Baudelaire

Of course YOU'D say several books ago, you bookworm! Books are just not cool! – Detective Dupin

STOP! – Sunny Baudelaire

That stupid baby. Does she ever say anything that makes any sense? We're trying to argue here! – The grandest sixth most glorified financial advisor that should be number one, Esme Gigi Genevieve Squalor

No, seriously. I'm stopping this here. – Lemony Snicket

Uh, can somebody please help us? – Isadora Quagmire

Hello? – Isadora Quagmire

Esme:
CARMELITA! HAVE YOU SEEN MY DRESS?

Bow to me, cake sniffers!

My mother has lost a very precious item! A sugar bowl! If you find it, contact us at ---
We'll ---! You reward generously! (we won't.)

The Daily Punctilio

Remains of Unknown Object Spotted!

Upon heading to the Briny Beach, a passerby found some debris of an unknown object in the waters that had washed ashore. The object was completely wrecked, with mere pieces of it left of which are bent or broken in certain places to some degree. What little evidence we have suggests that this object may have once been a submarine. Some bones that appear to be human and a few pages that are damp and torn beyond recognition have also floated to the shores of the beach along with the parts of this unknown object. It's believed this submarine in question if it was a submarine may be of the Taequag, and its passengers. Though this is unknown.

Further Disclaimer from Lemony Snicket

Dear Reader,

I hope you enjoyed our magazine, and paid no mind to the villainous advertisements. You may be wondering why we have such advertisements in our magazine. VFD has been low on funds lately, and the villains were paying us to have their advertisements appear in our magazine. Perhaps this magazine left you feeling great satisfaction, a phrase which here means something along the lines of

"a feeling of contentment and fulfillment", and that it did not perhaps leave you in despair, a phrase which here means something along the lines of "what you feel when reading Count Olaf's story about capturing the Baudelaire orphans". Stay safe, and on the right side of the schism!

With all due respect,

Lemony Snicket

Hello! Have you ever had your house suspiciously burned down? Well, there's no need to go to the police about it! Contact me today at 411 254-0738!