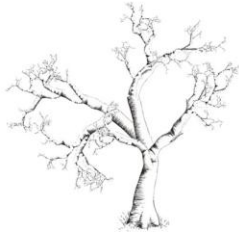




hi. Well, we've hit a milestone. Ten issues are now under my belt. So is my mile long stone, if you know what I mean. What? It's showing? That's OK, it's just a rock I have in my pocket. I got it from de beach.

Potty tree.



Iwent to the bathroom, One cold and drippy morn I expected to take very long Because the other day I ate corn While combating flies & pooping out fries I wanted to say "hey! Stop it, you guys! Stop flying!" I cries I was in there for a day And my butt started hurting Sitting on a hard toilet seat And then I did something quite alerting I pooped out a parakeet.

It's bison time!

Find the bison if you can.
BISOBISOBISOBISOB
ISOBISOBISOBISOBI
WENTTOTHEBATHROOM
ONECOLDANDDRIPPYM
ORNIEXPECTEDBISON
BUTTHEREWERENTANY
SOIWASVERYFORLORN

And now, a little bit of bisonry. Bisonry is when you make a sound like a bison and act like a bison, and pretty much channel the inner machinations uv a bison.

mooOOOOO!

What sound does a bison make, actually? Easy: mooOOOOO!

This bison is in the bisonian book of bison for exceptional bisonry:



Funfact:

The scientific name for the bison is bison bison. So next time you see a bison, you can say to your friend "Hey look, a bison bison!" and your friend will think you're really smart because you know the scientific name for the bison.

I sobbed out bison from my eyes, yes.

I love bison. They are the animals of the Midwest. They are the all-American mammal. Australia has kangaroos, Africa the tsetse fly, and we have bison. Bisons are graceful creatures. The way they dance the polka amuses me so. I wish I had a bison. It could live in the bathroom so when it would be time to bathe the bison, I could say “Hey Bubba! (I’d name my bison Bubba.) Time to take a bath!” and the bison would get in the basin and I’d bathe my big brown bison.

Well, I declare. My independence from the United States of America. If the US can declare independence from Britain, I can declare my independence from the US. My new country shall be called Chrisland. On this, the 26th day of August, LXVI, A.S. (Anno Satanas). Do you know what this means? Next year will be 47! Yep, 47 years since Anton LaVey founded Modern Satanism (1966). And my dollar bills will say “In Bison We Trust.” Because Brak’s mom said “I told you, never trust a monkey!”

Well, one more column left. What do we write about? Bison? Bananas? Something that doesn’t start with the letter B? I know what we’ll talk about. Buffalo. Buffalo, New York is a town in Buffalo. They have their own NFL team, the Buffalo Bills. So does Green Bay, Wisconsin. I wonder why the NFL gave these puny towns their own NFL teams. Salem should have one. I’d call it the Salem Sunshine. Because the sun shines here in Salem, except for that place where the sun don’t shine, which is over someplace near Kuebler Boulevard somewhere. I forget where exactly. For you see, it doesn’t shine there because this



is in the way of the sun’s UV rays. Well, I gotta go poop, so I think I’ll end this issue. Bye, son!

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