



welcome to the thirteenth issue of the big belch news. Not only is it issue 13, the date on it is September 13. So if you're afraid of the number 13, you're probably not reading this issue because you saw the issue number, started having a panic attack and dropped the issue and ran and hid under the bed like my cat would do. Something else my cat does is beg for food. She's always hungry and wants food. She squawks her head off if she doesn't get her way and it can be very annoying. Something else that can be annoying is people being afraid of a certain number. Not me. Except there is one number that gives me the heebie-jeebies: 4,918,372. Just typing it makes me break out in a cold sweat. Hopefully I won't live to see the 4,918,372nd issue, or type that stupid number any more. I know I should have talked about it with my shrink, but I killed him and ate his carcass because he was planning

to steal my pet ox. He said I had paranoia, but I think he just wanted to calm me down and make me think he wasn't trying to steal my pet ox. Well I was on to him, and I knew he was planning it all along. Nobody can fool me, I'm too smart to fall for that old "you have paranoia" gag. You'd better watch out because it's Thursday the 13. I mean it, weird things can happen, like a kid named Jason Voorhees coming to kill you if you volunteer as a counselor at a summer camp. But we don't have to worry about being killed at a summer camp because they're all closed. What we still have to worry about, though, is Jason killing us in our own beds while we sleep.



Quote of the day:  
"We have nothing to fear but Jason coming to kill us in our sleep on Thursday the 13."

-Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Poet tree.

'the beach'



I like the beach  
It's within reach  
If I could teach  
Everyone to like the beach  
I would.

I like the sand  
Held it in my hand  
Put some in a can so it's canned  
If somewhere in the sand  
Is wood

I'll pick it up and put it out in my  
garden  
And if the sand gets wet it will  
harden  
And make a rock hopefully an  
agate  
Then I can throw it at Bob Saget.

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This is the last issue of Big Belch News (to be made before September 15, 2012), so listen up you. There is a dentist in town named Dr. Borf. Dentist Borf like to knock patients out with laughing gas and while they're out, he'll take a q-tip from his jar and scoop out all your ear wax and then eat it. That's why you

don't want Dentist Borf. He has ear wax breath. That's breath that smells like ear wax. And if you have breath that smells like ear wax, you'll have flies coming near your mouth. And he does. And you know what he does when flies come near his mouth? He takes out his frog-like tongue and eats them all. Yes, Dr. Borf is part frog. And he molts, too. So that makes him an amphibian because he's part frog. But it also makes him an amphibian with feathers because he's part bird, too. And that's why the cops can never catch him: He flies away from them. I don't know why the cops come after him, it's not like there's a law that says you can't eat someone else's ear wax. But there should be. Maybe that's what the cops are thinking. They're also after my pet ox. If those damn cops come near as fifty yards near my ox, I'll sick Dentist Borf on them. Because Dentist Borf is a friend of mine. Whenever he comes to my house, I let him knock me out with laughing gas and he can eat my ear wax because I don't want it in my ears.

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