



september 23, 2012

welcome to the 15th issue of my wonderful thing called bg belch news. Let's start this issue off with some actual news. I was picking my nose Tuesday night and I think it bled a little bit. Not enough to warrant alarm. After additional pokes of up my nose, it wasn't bloody anymore, so maybe the blood on my finger was from that rash I was scratching earlier. Whatever it is, the point I am making is blood leaked out of me. I asked the nurse what happens to my body once they take blood out of it when I was getting a blood test. She replied that the body makes even more blood. And leeches, they eat the stuff, although I don't know why, it doesn't taste very good. I know because I licked my own blood once. And that's the story of my bloody nose. Not that it was bloody, but the slang term 'bloody' used by those crazy Brits.

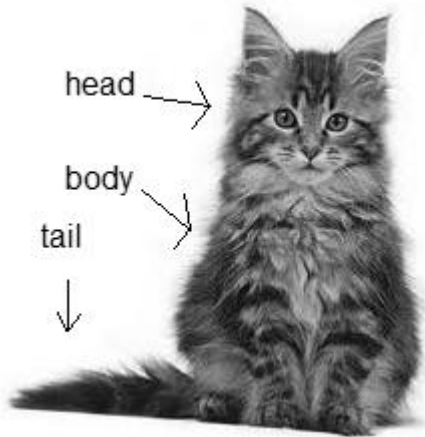
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You know what? It's September, I'm sitting here typing this at a quarter to 11pm and I'm sweating profusely. Well, it isn't actually 10:45, it's 10:44, oh wait, it just changed to 10:45. I want COLD! I'm sick of burning to death in my oven room. I feel like a dead turkey roasting in an oven because it's being cooked for Thanksgiving. Ah, how I wish it was that time of year so I don't want to be cooked any more. If you were to take a bite out of me, you wouldn't have to put me back in the microwave since I'm not cold.

The weather report.

The Watering Needs Index is 10 meaning "High." The precipitation forecast is 0.0 inches. The high will be 73 degrees today and the low will be 50. Tomorrow we'll have hail the size of elephants, so be sure to keep your car in the garage. The high tomorrow will be 666 degrees. Or at least it will feel like it.

*Kitty witty, joy of joys
When I squeeze you, you make noise.*



Ever squeezed a cat before? It's fun. They make the weirdest noise when you squeeze them. Mr. Whipple used to say "Don't squeeze the Charmin." But I don't care what he said. (I named my cat Charmin because I wipe my butt with it. She vomits a few hours after she licks herself. I don't know why she would lick herself even though she knows full well I use her to wipe my butt. You'd think she'd hop in the shower with me and rub soap all over herself but no. She licks herself.) I squeeze the Charmin. It's soft, just like the toilet paper, but it's hairy. Maybe that's why I keep getting butthole hairs in my butt. The poop makes it stick to my anus. Yes, I wipe my butt after I poop. I wipe and wipe and wipe. It usually takes 3-4 wipes

before I quit wiping because I don't poop all that often because I eat nothing but garbage all the time. You know, chicken bones, used coffee filters, banana peels, they taste good. Except for the one time I choked on a chicken bone and died. But that's another story.

The story of how I choked and died on a chicken bone.

One day I was rooting through the garbage with my dog. I accidentally choked to death on a chicken bone. The dog called 911 on his cell but by the time the ambulance came they had to call the undertaker. So I got buried in the cemetery. The tombstone reads "Here lies Mr. I Magination." For you see, I isn't me, it's another guy whose first name just happens to be I. I was a friend of mine. His name evoked a lot of weird instances. For one, when people asked what his name was, he said I. And then people asked if he was Scottish. He said, "Nope, that's what my name is." They asked "So your name is that's?" He said "Yes." So then they said "Hi, that's!" like that's was his name was.

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