



look, it's the big belch news, issue 17! Wow! It has two pages and both of them are stupid. So read this bipaged newspaper. Whoo.

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A funny music palindrome. 🎵

Ron, I'm a niece, nut. Pen a Neptune: C, E, in A minor.

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Well, that wasn't funny at all. I want my money back. Too bad, this is a free newspaper. Well, I want my time back. Too bad, we can't do that. I heard once that if we are successful in building a time machine, we can only go



back in time to the moment the time machine was invented, which is sad because I wanted to see a dino soar. A pterodactyl, flying in the air. Because I doubt

that a brontosaurus could. And we haven't even built one yet.\*

\* as of press time (October 3, 2012)

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My cat is hungry again. Guess what time I'm writing this. 4:30am. One whole friggin hour before breakfast. She's meowing like crazy because she is crazy. And annoying. Stupid annoying crazy cat. I doubt she'd starve to

death in an hour. 🕒

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If you can read this, you're good at seeing small letters. Good for you. Now read some bigger ones.

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Letters. 📧

Here at big belch news, nobody ever e-mails us. Which is sad because probably nobody even reads this. We might get some e-mails, but we can't read them because they're all in Arabic. And I can't read Arabic. So if you're the guy sending e-mails in Arabic, please translate them to English. Thank you.

### *My pet rock.*

I need to invest in a bigger cage for Rocky. He's my pet rock. I know he's a male rock because I chose him to be a male. Of course, he could be a female rock and I would never know it. Maybe a rock expert should come and determine if my rock is a boy rock or a girl rock. Anyway, a few years ago, I got a keychain for my keychain collection that was a pet rock enclosed in a little cage with holes and sitting on a bed of



straw. What I want to do is get a nice plastic container so he can be freer. I'd keep the straw and box for the sake of memory. Maybe if I put him in his bigger enclosure he wouldn't suffer from claustrophobia. Maybe the rock should see a rock shrink or something. Of course, he can't tell me if he does since rocks don't talk. Or at least they don't when I'm awake to hear it. For all the scientists who don't say rocks talk were all asleep when the rocks they were studying said to each other "Ha ha ha! We sure fooled those so-called smart

people into thinking we can't talk!" Well, anyway, once I get my rock enclosure, I may invest in a heat lamp since my rock seems to be cold all the time. One for lizards, and snakes and that sort of thing. After all, I hate it when I'm cold, so maybe Rocky does too. Well, anyway that's my pet rock story. I love

Rocky. He's cool because he will never die on me. I don't have to feed him, so I don't have to take care of his poop

or take him outside.

I just now took him out of his little cage. He'd been cramped up in there for a while and it had been a few months since he's been out of the cage. I don't think the cat we have knows or even cares that I love the rock more than the cat. The rock doesn't meow incessantly when it's not fed. When I let the rock out just now, he rolled around on the table a little bit. Must be because he's been cramped up in that cage.

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