



hi, smarty. You're reading big belch news. That makes you pretty smart. Unless you wanted news. Then you're out of luck because nothing of interest happened since last issue. "What about the second presidential debate?" you may ask. Well, that wasn't really anything, and besides, we already did a joke about debates. Oh, my bomma.

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I had one of my choking fits again. It was really intense. I kept on barfing up water I had drunk in the bathroom to see if I could keep it down. Finally, I barfed out a piece of hot dog that was really big. Then I felt better. Which makes me wonder why I didn't choke to death on it. Perhaps it was resting on my tonsils? Or lodged in my throat but air could still get in and out and didn't completely clog my esophagus? Whatever it was, it sure was bad. But I can't stop eating hot dogs because I love them so much. I don't think I'm

allergic to meat. How can I be when I love it so? Maybe it's bread. No, can't be because I ate a lot of stuffing and didn't feel like that. I must have not chewed that piece of hot dog I barfed up very good, but I usually chew a lot before I swallow. Well, not a whole lot, but enough to form it into a mushy pile of chewed up hot dog. Choking sucks. You can ask me, or the Seattle Seahawks.



Hi. I have some binders full of women. Yep. These women are so small they can fit in there comfortably. Well, they're not actually women; they're just women's resumes. Of women looking for a job. Romney should have made that more clear. Now the Obama camp is picking on him for it. Oh, the wars in the Middle East aren't important enough. No, we have to go after womanful binders. But you know, I have a binder full of women too. The only difference is that my women are naked.

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I'm looking over a four-leafed fadufer that I overlooked before. This fadufer has four fadufites on it. I'm surprised that Microsoft Word doesn't know what a fadufer is. It thinks I spelled "fad fur" wrong. Ok, let's try fadoofer. Nope. It can be spelled either fadufer or fadoofer, but no other way. Come on, you lousy word processing program, get with the times. You all know what a fadufer is, right? It's someone who fadooofs. And we all know who fadooofs, right? You guessed it. Microsoft Word.

Whoever designed the spell check program for it is a big fat fadufer.

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I was eating a hot dog when I realized there's no such thing as hot cats. But then I thought to myself, "that's what Chinese restaurants are for."

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Well, it's raining again. Whoope. We've had such a dry spell that I forgot what it was and I was wondering why water was falling down from out of the sky. You know why you shouldn't drink rain water? Because it's god's pee. God is up there peeing. And God's farts are thunder and his poop is lightning bolts. And if you believe that, I have a bridge to sell you.



New York City's Brooklyn Bridge. On sale now wherever fine bridges are sold.