



october 29, 2012

Hi. Welcome to bibs chew glen. I don't know why the bibs started chewing the glen, but I felt it was important enough to tell you right up front. And ironically, "bibs chew glen" just happens to be an anagram of "big belch news!" How fitting of those bibs to start chewing the glen while this publication was active. Anyway, the bibs started chewing the glen right before Halloween. But if any bibs were to chew the glens near the Atlantic seaboard, they'd be snowed on by the big huge hurricane snowstorm that's coming their way. I don't know where the glen that's being chewed is, let's just hope for the bibs' sake that it's nowhere near there.



Special Halloween section – 2

That's not a very big table of contents, is it? Well, this isn't a very big newsletter.

Well anyway, what's in the news? Hen. Hen is in "the news." So is Ene. And then. That's in the news too. So, there.

poet tree.
"bloody bump"

There's a bump on my leg
All filled with blood
This is a big one
It ain't no dud
As big as a cow
That chews its cud
It has a mouth
And calls me "bud"
"Hey bud! Quit tryin' ta pop me!
And don't even think of tryin' ta lop me
off!" he keeps saying with a Boston accent
I hired a hitman to make his death look like
An accident
And I killed the bump that I named Mike
And he's still there all bloody filled
He won't talk and blood won't get spilled
Cuz no matter how hard I try with a needle
It hurts and I get in a position called "fetal."
Mommy.



Did you hear about when Mitt Romney was on "The Dating Game?" There were only 3 women in that binder.

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SPIDERS anagrams out to something even more terrifying: RED PISS.

A ghost story.

So I was carving my pumpkin.



When I was done, I looked and I was frightened at what I saw. I actually yelled. I had cut my thumb clean off. Blood and guts were everywhere. Well, pumpkin guts and my blood. So I drove myself to the emergency room and said “Hey! I cut my thumb off! It’s really hard to drive without my right thumb!” Blood was dripping everywhere. The

nurses looked at me like I was insane. So they took me to the mental hospital. My thumb got gangrene and I died. And now I’m a ghost. Boo.

I went in a haunted house. I’m the one that haunts it. You know, because I’m a ghost. So, pretty much every house I visit is haunted...by me. I try to haunt houses with pretty hot girls in it so I can watch them take showers all naked. Man they’re hot.

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Trick or treat! Here’s a trick to amaze your friends with. Take a knife and say “Watch as I magically unattach my thumb from my body.” They’ll be really amazed once you start sawing it off. They might run in terror. And the treat: Put the severed thumb in some kid’s trick or treat bag.

>>Junior: “This thumb candy doesn’t taste very good.”

>>Mom: “AAAH!! THAT’S NOT CANDY, THAT’S A REAL THUMB!!!!!!”

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