



Well, I wanted to listen to the Steve Miller Band's "Macho City" while typing this stupid thing up. But my butthole computer wanted to shut itself off and back on because it thinks it has to install "important" updates. Well let me tell you, you stupid computer, nothing, and I mean nothing, is more important than Macho City. It's right near Funkytown, kind of like how Keizer is next to Salem. Or Eugene to Springfield, or Detroit to Sioux Falls.

Welcome to the entertainment, here now are the facts, presented by reporters wearing macho slacks. Velcro people with x-ray sight will be making judgments about what's wrong and what's right. Macho men are always shooting up macho pages. Macho men always where it's at. El Salvador, Afghanistan, ask those people about the macho plan.

See, Afghanistan even had problems back in 1981 when that song was made. Fast forward 21 years later, and there's a big huge war being fought for about 12 years now. And the guy who headed it resigned because he had an

illicit affair with the guy that plays Elmo on Sesame Street. As is my understanding. Well, anyway, General Patraeus, or however you spell it (at least it's not Al-Fuerlghe Gagjh Za Qhsgsdg.) is gone. And just when he was about to testify about Ben Gazi. I wonder what Ben is up to. Is that the same Ben that owns the Gazi Strip? I guess not because I spelled Gaza Strip wrong. And I don't want to see Ben strip because he's gay. For you see, that's why they call it Bengay. That icky white stuff in the Bengay tubes is actually Ben's semen. People have been rubbing bear semen on their hands to help heal them. Oh, did I mention that I was talking about Gentle Ben? His last name was Gazi. Apparently, he mauled four people, including the ambassador to Libya.

Excuse the margins. The dumb computer won't let me put two pages. No, it thinks it has to have a third blank page with nothing on it. Yeah, like I'd really like that. Come on, Microsoft, your Word program really sucks.

Well, with all this talk about the fiscal cliff, and ending up like the people in Grease. I mean who in the hell would want to end up like Olivia Newton-John Travolta anyway? Or am I putting celebrities together again, like Christopher Lloyd Bridges? You know, his uncle was named London. And he got teased a lot as a kid. Bullies always said

awibbybibby, HOO HOO HOO! I want to end up like John Travolta, having millions of dollars. Maybe John should give some of his money to reduce the deficit. You know, there was lots of voter fraud. You'd think a country like the U.S. could hold fair, legitimate elections. After all, we're the ones that invented them. But no, Obama wanted to win so badly, he rigged them. As is my understanding.

John Travolta **Olivia Newton-John**



FROM PARAMOUNT FOR SUMMER '78

“London Bridges falling down!” as they pushed him down. Wait, what was I talking about? Oh yeah, the people in Grease. But I like them. They're the ones that I want

The holidays are coming up, and what better way to say I love you than with a copy of “Grease” on DVD or Blu-ray or Yello-Ray, or heck, even Purpl-Ray? As Santa Claus always says “Hoo hoo hoo, you're the one that I want, awibbybibby,” Well, actually, I can think of better ways to say I love you. As Mr. Rogers always said, “There are many ways to say I love you.” He was right, you know. Take, for instance, these ways:

Neener's Ways To Say "I Love You"

Man, your ass is fine. Come on ya, strip for me. I want to see yo' boobies jiggle. Your body is so hot. I want to have sex with it. Come on, baby, why can't I just at least see it nude? That would really be awesome. Oh wait, I was supposed to write ways to say “I love you.” Well, too bad, because I ran out of space.

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