

BIG BELCH NEWS.

for Friday, December 14, 2012. | issue 31

Hi. Only one more week until the world ends. Are you ready for the world ending? The next issue will have a special “the world is ending” section on page 2. But for now, here’s the news. Someone shot two people at the Clackamas Town Center and they died. And then the guy that shot the two people shot himself. Perhaps he was getting a little angry that the world is going to end and he didn’t want to see it end and then his world ended and he’s now in Hell being tormented by Satan forever and ever. Police say he shot two people with a gun, because you can’t shoot people with knives, unless you put the knives in a bazooka and then shoot them out that way. But there was no bazooka at the scene, so he most likely used a gun. He stole the gun.

The gingerbread man killed himself yesterday. Gingerbread police say he snapped.

Well, it’s beginning to look a lot like Easter, which is why we here

at Big Belch News is looking forward to Easter. Too bad it won’t be happening because the world is set to end on December 21.

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Did you hear about Tom Burger On Sesame Seed Bun Street?

ff my that’s a lot of f’s. Let’s count the f’s. 40. There’s 40 Fs in that last line of fs. F is a very important letter, especially if you want to spell fart or fuchsia, or fantasy. I had a fantasy of my farts smelling like fuchsias. As you can probably tell, I’m really bored. The reason I’m writing a Big Belch News, well that and there hasn’t been one since December 7.

Neener’s Christmas list.

What do I want for Christmas? I want a big refrigerator to keep my raccoon meat in. I also want a raccoon farm so I can kill all the raccoons and eat them. I also want lemons, to squirt on my raccoon filets. They taste good.

One of the guys responsible for creating the barcode has died. He was 91. There will be a long line to see his coffin.

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OK, is that worse than the gingerbread joke? I don't know. What's with all the people dying, though? The three people at the mall, the gingerbread man, Neener's pet raccoons, and now the barcode guy. They all had deaths before the rest of us die on December 21. If I fall to the floor dead while typing this, it wouldn't surprise me one bit.

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Fake facts. Christmas carol edition.

+ The guy who wrote "Jingle Bells" was actually writing about the time he rode a sleigh while drunk.

+ "What Child Is This?" composer Bob Slappman was actually looking at a kid. He thought it would make for a snappy Christmas carol title. So he rushed to the piano to write a song about it. The kid grew up to be none other than Bob Dylan.

+ "We Three Kings of Orient Are" was actually written by three kings from the Orient.

+ All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth.

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Dumb Christmas joke.

So this guy got pulled over and got out of his car. The cop yelled "Freeze!" The guy responded "I already am frozen! It's like 30 degrees out here!"

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Help me! Neener is after me!



Yum.

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Well, I did it. I wrote another issue of Big Belch News. And to think, I actually worried about dying. I'm as fit as a fiddle. I was acting crazy. I was acting like I was going to die. What a fool I was. Yeah, sure. I'm gonna wait until the 21st to die. I'm not going to drop to the floo