

Bbn.

December 29, 2012 | issue 33

We're back from holiday vacation time. I got a didgeridoo for Christmas. Whenever I try and play it it sounds like farting. And it snowed, too. Just not on Christmas. And it didn't stick. I like sticky snot. Picking my nose is fun, especially when the snot pulls on my nosehairs. Are you ready for 2013? I don't know about you, but I think we're going cliff jumping. That means all our taxes will go up. All our taxis will go up, too.

=====

List of dead people.

Norman schwartzkopf died.

Jack klugman died.

What an odd couple. Well, one of them anyway.

Corrections:

Well, the end of the world didn't come like we said it would. Sorry about those who wanted and were expecting the world to end on December 21. Stupid world can't end like it's supposed to. Dumb Mayans.

Well, now that 2012 has come to an end, now is the time to think about what to do in 2013 (besides pay higher taxes.) Maybe the Mayans were off a year and the world will end on December 21, 2013. Maybe I'll finally get Jimi Hendrix's "Voodoo Chile" out of my head. Maybe George Bush will die. Maybe Obama will get assassinated and we'll have President Biden telling us we all must wear lederhosen. Sounds like something he'd do. Then we'd all be dancing because we'd have lederhosen on.

=====

Well, the crap at Sandy Hook has reminded the country that we (apparently) need stricter gun laws. I have an idea. Let's ban every fun thing we can think of. Smoking? Sure, we'll ban that, as well as marijuana, guns, booze, lederhosen, nosehair trimming, and sex. If you have a baby in public, you and the baby will get the death penalty, as well as anyone who might be considered the baby's father. Then what would Maury Povich's show do?

And then everyone's nosehairs would be really long and then I'd be an ugly, naked, sober, masturbator with really long nosehairs. Naked because I can't bear the thought of not having lederhosen on. OK, that doesn't really make sense. I'd rather walk around naked than not wearing lederhosen.

====

WHAT IS WITH ALL THIS
TALK ABOUT NOSEHAIRS?
Neener's thoughts about
nosehairs.

"Why did he mention that trimming nosehairs is fun? We all know for a fact that it isn't. It's a fact of life. It's dull, especially if you don't have a nosehair trimmer and you have to use scissors and you might cut your nose inside and then you'd have a bleeding nose. That's why I can't wait to go bald. Then all my nosehairs would fall out and disappear. I just don't want that to happen while I'm eating because it'd be really disgusting to find nosehairs in your food. Especially ones that aren't yours. You'd be like, 'hey, frank! Why'd you put your nosehairs in my soup?' and then frank would

go 'don't you like nosehair soup?' and I hate nosehair soup. Frank knows that full well from the first time he tried it. I gagged myself to death and vomited so hard I barfed out my esophagus so now I have to eat through an IV because there's no esophagus to get the food from my mouth to my stomach. As a result I lost 50 pounds."

Thanks for that exciting report, neener. Well, neener's just upset that he didn't get a nosehair trimmer for Christmas like he asked for. Instead his wife bought him a 2013 Rolls Royce. He told his wife that he was really upset with her because she didn't give him a nosehair trimmer for Christmas and so she's out sleeping in the doghouse and now neener is sleeping on the couch. Which means that nobody is sleeping in the bed, well, except the guy that neener's wife is cheating with. Man, I'd love to be neener's wife. I could put on my bra to cover my big boobs and then go around saying "hey look, my boobs are really big!" while taking it off. Then I'd look down because I want to see her boobs.