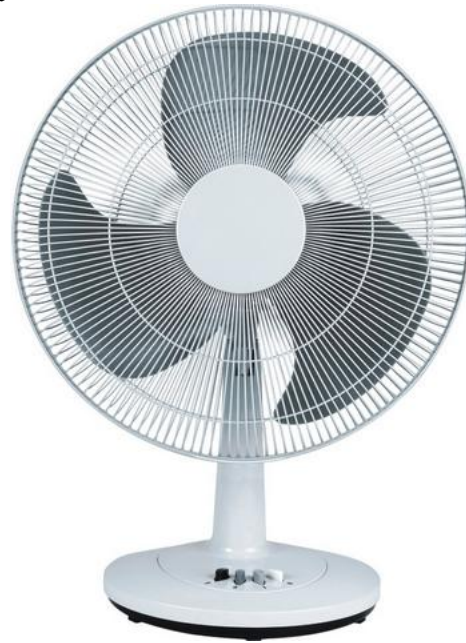


big belch noz.

number 50. may 7, 2013.

Well, come to the big belch news. It is our nifty fifty issue. We've got a lot of fans because it's getting hot in here. I gotta take off all my clothes, as the song goes. Well, not all of them. I'll keep my undiez on since they cover my private parts. I don't know why they're so private though. All you do is pee and have sex with them. It's not like women's boobs where they serve no purpose yet you're supposed to cover them. Well, they feed babies, but is that private? No. and it's hot. May amy yam myanus? Amy, am your anus. Yam is a verb. It means to put a yam on something. My fan is oscillating my metallic sonatas, which is weird because in the palindrome, it's Satan that usually does that. Its sonata isn't a very melodious one, though. It's just vvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvv... And it's hot. How hot is it? It's so hot that even the prudiest of prudes have to strip naked. It's too hot to dance around though. Being hot sucks. not only that, it hurts, too. It's 80 right now and

I'm



burning in the oven house. Mom is evil because she won't let me turn on the air conditioning. She says it gets too cold when it's on. I don't think she knows the meaning of the word "cold." If by cold, you mean it's just fine and not cold, then yes, it would get cold in the house.

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Since it's our 50th issue, we'll take a look back on parts of our best articles.

the. – July 15, 2012

in. – January 8, 2013

my. – October 29, 2012

albatross. – May 4, 2012

Wait. We haven't had the word albatross in any of our issues! And the first issue was July 15, so there was no May 4, 2012 big belch news. That was bbbn. (Before Big Belch News.) We're nearing our first anniversary. We're almost a year old. Can you change my diaper? Waaa! I hate babies.

My mom went to a vegan restaurant. You know, the kind of restaurant where they serve vegetables and other disgusting crap. She brought home a cookie for me to eat. I didn't really want the cookie, but it was in a plastic bag with a sticker with the words



on it. Gee, someone went to all that trouble preparing and putting it in a bag and then putting a sticker on the bag. I would feel sorry for the cookie and the restaurant if I didn't eat the cookie. So I felt it was my duty and so I said to myself, "Chris, it is your duty to eat this cookie. You must. It is your destiny. All

of your life you have wondered why you were put on this earth to endure 30 years of suffering. It all came to a head right now" This is what my purpose was. To eat the cookie. It was the cookie of fate. So I ate the cookie. It was disgusting. It had these bits of red stuff that I assume was some sort of dried fruit to put in it.

By the way, that isn't really the exact font they used on the sticker, but it is pretty close. So I used it because nothing else I had on my computer came close to that font.

So now I have an empty bag with a sticker on it that looks like this:



I don't know what to do with it. I don't want to throw it away because it would sit in a landfill for a million years. And I can't give it to anyone else because they'd throw it away. So I guess I can peel the sticker off and put it on my shirt and say "Hey, look at me! I'm a vegan cookie from Marco Polo Global Restaurant!"