

belch

# Big butt news.

Number 52 in a series. June 6, 2013.

Hi. These are very troubling times we live in what with obama ruining the country and everything. I just thought you'd be glad to know that we're still here reporting on news that we see fit to report. Like the one story where a bug flew up my butt and out of my eye. I could feel its presence. It happened when I was trying to poop. Or maybe when I was pooping I was being possessed by demons. I usually don't care if a demon possesses me. What would really bug me, though, if a demon repossessed me and turned me over to the IRS because I hadn't been paying my taxes. Which I should be really worried about since the IRS has been going after right-wing groups. And last year we supported Romney. We told you to go out and vote for him but noooooo, you didn't listen to us. OK, maybe you did, but that doesn't explain how obama got reelected if so many people dislike him. I think he

rigged the election. That's what I think.

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- (\_|\_) = my butt.
- (\_{}\_) = my buttohole opening.
- (\_{\*}\_) = a fly flying into my buttohole.

A haiku about flies.



Into my buttohole  
The flies keep flying in there  
My butt needs clearness.

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There are 52 weeks in a year. This is the 52nd issue of big belch news. The first issue was july 15, 2012. So I guess we average about 1.1 issues per week. This is weird because we've gone for at least a few weeks without any activity from us whatsoever. And the last issue had bees all over it. And now, we're doing flies? What is the matter with me? I guess I hate insects. Especially ones that fly into my anus. You'd think they wouldn't like the smell of my anus. Even for a fly. Which is

awful because I haven't bathed in like two weeks. I'm guessing that if a bee flew up my butt it would hurt because of the stinger. But I guess it's better a fly flying up my butt than a bee. That's what I learned from Monty Python. Always look on the bright side of life. Or it could be Eric the half-a-bee, which would be fine if Eric was the half that didn't have the stinger on it. The song never did explain where the other half went. We'll call him Frank. Why Frank? Because it's a nice name. OK, I'll stop with the Monty Python references.

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Hey kids, it's time again for sleeper of the week. This week's sleeper gets a \$200 gift certificate to the Mattress World right down the street to the big belch news headquarters. Yep, they opened a second salem location, but it's a secret because there's no sign at the front saying it's a mattress world location. Then how do I know? I went in there to try and vandalize the place, throw paint cans all over, write graffiti to show my alliance to the bloods. I went in there with spray paint can in hand and found there to be a ton of

mattresses. I thought it wouldn't be very nice to trash mattresses. The guy said "Welcome to Mattress World. How may I help you?" I said "I thought this was a vacant building," and then left. So I trashed the former Borders. You should see it. There's diarrhea all over the carpet. Oh wait. You can't. It's closed. Then how did I get in there? I threw a giant boulder through the front door. Too bad they went and replaced the door with a new door, which doesn't seem very necessary since it's not a store any more. Wait. What was I talking about? Oh yeah, the Sleeper of the Week. This week's Sleeper is Ty Urd. Thanks for playing along. If you want to win the Sleeper of the Week award, all you have to do is sleep. Which is quite hard if you happen to be a robot. Since robots can't sleep. Sure they can pretend all they want, but they aren't fooling me. I know the secret of those Japanese robot creators about their fake sleeping robots. There, Japan! I told your secret to the world! So if you ever see a sleeping robot, you

must be dreaming.  g'nite.