

Big belch ns.
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Hi. Welcome to the one and only big belch news. Hopefully. If there was another big belch news newsletter, we'd show them the one we have from 1995. And if their's was even older, we'd have to change our name. I'd name it "turkey pot pie." Now all of a sudden I'm hungry for a turkey pot pie. But sadly, while they do taste good and contain vegetables, they are not very good for you and if I were to eat one my stomach would explode. Or something. Or I might get a hideous disease like diabetes, or maybe I'd get high blood pressure. Or maybe I'd get a heart attack. But I would die doing what I like doing best: eating turkey pot pies.

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There's a whole bunch of wildfires everywhere in the west. If you're over there, chances are you're hearing about wildfires. Makes me wonder what happened to the earth if there were no humans to put them out. Would the whole continent be just one big fire? And while the

firefighters are fighting fires, I still think we should import some elephants from Africa and have them pee on the fire to extinguish it. Yes, I bet elephant urine would probably do the trick. Just don't drink it, like water. Well, I guess you could drink it, but it probably wouldn't taste very good. And then the tests they did at Harvard show conclusively that if you drink elephant pee, you turn into an elephant. Now there's an elephant at Harvard walking around scaring college students and professors. Because one escaped from the zoo near there. I don't know where Harvard is. But suppose there's a zoo near it. And suppose said zoo had a tiger escape it and it mauled some liberal, communist professors. Communism is evil. They proved that back in the '50s. Now everyone is a communist. I don't see the thrill of living in a commune. Unless it was a nudist commune, then I could see some naked girls, but then I would be naked too and they'd gawk at my small

erection. Well, at least I don't need Viagra yet.

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I've got the blues. I have no food left. I ate it all. I guess I got a little keyed up.

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If I was stranded on a desert island with a girl, I'd convince her to have sex with me and then nine months later we could eat the baby for meat. Until then, I don't know what we'd survive on. I guess I didn't think this through enough. First I have to get on a plane bound to Asia. Then al-Qaeda needs to hijack it and it needs to land in the ocean killing everyone except me and a hot girl. Then the plane wreckage would be floating, enough to support me and the hot girl. Then we'd do the nasty. But there are two things wrong here: Number one is I've never been on a plane before and number two: there is only one thing wrong. Which I guess is better than there being two things wrong. I've never been on an airplane before. I'm afraid of heights. Would you like to know the reason why I've never been on an airplane before? Well, I'll tell you anyway. The Wright Brothers

beat up my great-great-uncles because they went and slept with the Wright brothers' wives. Hey, I bet they were pretty hot if my uncles wanted to sleep with them. And then my uncles (from now on I'm saying uncles because I'm sick of typing "great-great-uncles" went to the hospital because they got beaten up pretty badly. Then, the Wright Brothers forced them on an airplane and didn't give them a little bag of peanuts. And the on-flight movie was silent because the first talkie was in 1927. And then the following year, Steamboat Willie, the classic Mickey Mouse cartoon debuted. I hate Mickey Mouse. I guess his voice. After all, if a mouse were to talk, he'd have an irritating voice. And Mickey Mouse is an idiotic stupid-head. That's because everything Disney does sucks geezer soufflés. I have a bone to pick with Walt Disney. They beat up my great-great-uncle's nephew because he snuck into Walt Disney's house while he was gone and ate all his peanut butter.

