

Tiny nonannouncements.

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Welcome back. Back to fall. Fall is here. There's coldness in the air. The furnace is back on, although it smelled funny when I turned it back on after it being not on all summer. Squirrels are going nuts for nuts and bears are about ready to retire. The cat wants extra food. Oh wait, the cat always wants extra food. Football is back, both college and professional. Seahawks are looking good going 3-0 so far this year. Some say they're Super Bowl-bound, but I'll believe it when I see it. Anyway, autumn announces an annual arrival. And it's now. Time for rain.



There. I got soaked. I'm sopping wet. Standing under rain is not fun. These sentences are under rain, so they're wet. And taking a dog out to pee in this weather is hideous. I told mom not to get a dog, but she didn't listen. I had to go outside in the cold and take the dumb dog out. It is cold and raining out there. Some people here take off to Arizona for the

winter. They also take off to Arizona for the wiener. I bet there's some good hot dog shops in Arizona. But I don't want them to have scorpion meat in them. You know, some hot dog shops put the meat of the animal in the current zodiac sign. Too bad that Cancer is a zodiac sign. Putting cancer in hot dogs. And I don't know what they do during Libra, since that's not really an animal. This is the dawning of the age of aquarium.



Hey, there's fish in mah toilet! I guess this is for people who get creeped out by dead fish. So

when they die you only have to take the fish and just scoop it out the place where the water is and flush it without having to carry a dead fish corpse in a net all the way to the bathroom. I would have a hard time peeing in there, knowing fish would be watching me pee. I guess this toilet-themed aquarium gives new meaning to the term “goldfish bowl.”



So I went to the beach and stayed in a motel. And you know how motels always have a bible placed by the gideons. Well, I needed to poop and hadn't gone to the bookstore yet (Although I did eat three pancakes with scrambled eggs and a slice of ham) so I decided to take the bible with me and read it while I was taking a big ol' dump. Now I'm not one to argue religion, but in order for there to be a god, someone would have to create one, right? It says in the bible “In the beginning, god created the heavens and the earth.” But...who created god? Something always has to have a creator, right? I mean, for example, a model airplane just can't suddenly appear on my

table. Someone has to make it and then place it there. Although it would be kind of creepy if a model airplane appeared on my table from thin air. Or a dozen or so. That would be really creepy. And why is air thin? Can't there be fat air, too? I guess fog can be fat air. But then nobody says, “and this car appeared on the road out of fat air.” They would say: “and this car appeared out from the fog.” Looks like air got a liposuction. You know, that's the only way to lose weight because it's been scientifically proven that diets can't work. Especially in a world where every single thing is fattening. I mean, there are some people who eat nothing but plants. But who wants to go around eating trees and leaves and stuff? That stuff comes from **THE GROUND**. Well, I guess corn syrup comes from the ground, too. And it's in everything. And what is fructose? And why is it bad for us? And who created god? And why would you want a toilet that has a bunch of fish in it? And why want a dog? And why is it autumn? And why am I asking all these questions? Enquiring minds want to know!