

big belch news

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hi. Welcome to thy big belch news. We here at big belch news are pleased that Halloween was such a big success, and now that it's over, we are listening to Christmas music. All the classics. Grandma Got Ran Over By a Reindeer, the barking dogs doing Jingle Bells, all that good stuff. I know what we'll do. Let's do a perfect pangram. That's where I make a sentence using all 26 letters of the alphabet and nothing else. This issue's perfect pangram:

JEB H. VICK'S QUARTZ
FLOWN; PDX, GYM

The meaning.

Jeb H. Vick had a piece of quartz. It grew wings and flew to the gym and Portland International Airport. Woo.

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Dux sux...again.

It's a sad day for ducks fan, as they lost to Stanford...again. With this defeat, not only did

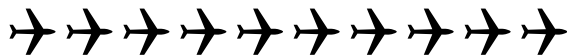
they prove they hate their fans, they also proved they suck at football. But if there is a silver lining to any of this, I think the ducks threw the game. So while they have a loss, they also got tons of money they can use to blow on expensive cars and hookers. Because if all sports heroes are all alike, that's what it comes all down to: expensive cars and hookers. But they would still hate their fans. I doubt they would have any fans left after this, though. The final score: 26-20. So it was a close defeat, but a defeat. Luckily they didn't win, because the mafia would get really upset if somehow they accidentally won. Why does the mafia hate Oregon so much? The ducks lose, the blazers lose, the beavers lose, everyone loses. If I was a member of the mafia, I would convince everyone that the Blazers needed to win again because it has been about 40 years since the last time they did. Unfortunately, I'm not. Also, I've just been advised by a few

guys in snazzy tuxedos and sunglasses that there is no mafia. They said “You better say there’s no such thing about the mafia if you know what’s good for you.” Then they left.



31.

I’m now 31 years old. That’s old. If I thought I was old last year, I’m even older this year. And then next year I will be even older. That is, if I make it through next year. Who knows, maybe I’ll die in a car crash. Maybe I’ll be taking the dog out and an airplane will land on my head. I knew mom shouldn’t have gotten that dumb dog. I think mom likes the dog more than she likes me if she wants me dead like that. Then once the airplane lands on my head, it won’t land on the dog, and the dog will stand there and whimper



Daffynition.

tampon : a periodical issue.

Well, the cat won’t stop meowing at me. The cat is stupid. El gato es muy estúpido. So anyway, all the dummy wants is

food. There’s more to life than food. I found this out a few years ago when I discovered sleeping. Yes, sleeping is a great way to make all your troubles disappear. Unless of course you get nightmares, like a big purple monster with yellow polka dots demanding your lunch money while you’re wearing a bra and panties standing in the middle of the cafeteria of a middle school and you’re a 31 year old guy wondering why he’s even in a middle school if he graduated it a long time ago. And then there’s the whole thing about waking up. That’s the sad part. All your troubles come back the second you wake up. So what’s a guy to do? Go back to sleep again. Repeat this process until you die. Because as I learned, there’s no such thing as too much sleep. Where did I learn this? Reading the Garfield comic strip. I learned that outside is stupid. I learned that lasagna is yummy and Mondays are evil. Although I don’t see why they would be to Jim Davis, seeing as he probably gets paid a whole bunch for making all those Garfield comics. Well anyway, it’s been swell. Gbye.