

BIG BELCH NEWS.

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In the book “Alphabet Avenue” by Dave Morice, it talks about what he calls antigrams. An antigram is an anagram which the anagram means the opposite of the phrase it was anagrammed out of. I decided I want to try my hand at making an antigram. So I thought, what’s a long adjective? I eventually settled on a noun that indicates an adjective: Pandemonium. Then I went to sleep and forgot all about it until I remembered. I was in the bathroom and wrote down the letters in pandemonium. I was able to pick out the letters in the word mundane. But what about the left-over letters? I tried adding an adjective to the noun, (i.e. pure pandemonium), but that didn’t help. Then I saw it. The left over letters are I, P, O and M. What do you see there? Well, the word pandemonium was invented by John Milton from Paradise Lost, where it means the capital of Hell. And what is in Hell? An imp is in Hell. So with the letter O left, and it states in the one letter word dictionary by

Craig Conley that O is short for “Oh,” I was able to put it together.

O, MUNDANE IMP.

A mundane imp being an imp that is ordinary, a sharp contrast to the word “pandemonium” which means chaos.

So I did it. I made an antigram. So there.

It’s the beginning of the holiday season. There’s leftover bird carcass in the fridge, along with mashed potatoes and stuffing. It’s sad that a living thing had to be murdered and eaten because it tastes good. I’m talking, of course, about the potato. Potatoes get sad because they get dug up, picked and eaten. You can see the sadness in their eyes. And then you mash them up. Or fry them. And the wheat from the bread from the stuffing gets dead too because it gets picked. Just about everything you eat was once living. Ironic that the only

thing you eat that wasn't alive is salt, which is a rock. So there's only a finite supply of salt. There's also a finite supply of water. In fact, with billions of people living on the earth for so long, I'm surprised there's still water left on this planet. And lots of it. Hopefully the sun will explode before we run out of water, plunging earth into darkness and killing all living things. So merry Christmas! Anyway, I was talking about the holiday season. Hanukkah started early this year. The next time the first day of Hanukkah and Thanksgiving will be on the same day will happen next some 70,000 years later, which, like I said before, all the humans should be gone by then. Who knows? Maybe Jesus will come back like the Christians say and plunge most everyone down to Hell. When I die, I want to align myself as a friend of Satan so he doesn't torture me. I didn't want to be born, so it's only natural I worship the Devil. So while I sit and listen to "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" by Nat King Cole, I sit and wonder why I'm even celebrating Jesus's birthday at all. And besides, it was in the

spring anyway, so we're celebrating three months early, since the church's founding fathers wanted to forbid a Pagan holiday that happened on December 25. Some people say that the reason Jesus died and then rose again three days later is because of this. They believe that Jesus is just the sun personified. You see, the sun "dies" on December 21, which is the beginning of Winter, then comes back to life three days later, on that Pagan holiday the church's founding fathers replaced with Christ's Mass. So maybe the Pagans were right after all. I welcome Winter, but hate Jesus. I hate the sun. It says in the bible that when Jesus comes back, every eye will see him. And what does every eye see? The sun. Well, the sun's rays, at least. Don't stare directly at the sun, kids.

The Big Belch News would like to wish every reader a Merry Sunmas. Everyone else can kiss my ass. Then my ass would get very wet since 7 billion people would be kissing it. Actually, don't kiss my ass after all.