

Big belch news.

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Hi. A lot has happened since last time. It snowed. Then it got real cold. It was 8. And horrible. And it's still cold. But not as cold as 8. But I hate the cold. And I hate the hot. I hate weather. It should end. I have a plan for god. Make it be always 70 degrees all the time 24/7. Even in December. That way it would never get to be 8 and the bums wouldn't freeze to death. And what else is crazy? In Eugene, about an hours' drive south, it was below 0. And a foot of snow. It's horrible. And you know what else is horrible? Being bored. That's really horrible. I'm cold and bored. And it will not stop. And christmas is soon, just a little under a week away. I'm sick of it. I want christmas to be over with. I don't want to be cold. I'm sick of winter. And it is going to snow some more. It won't stop. It's like god hates me.

I'm tired of clipping my toenails. I've decided to let them grow. Then I will have the world's longest toenails. I'll have to wear sandals and people will gawk at

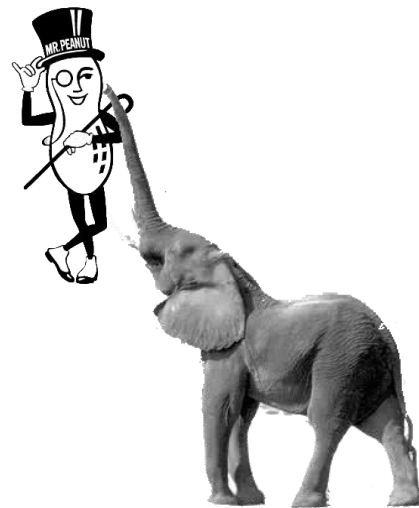
me because I wear sandals in the winter because of my really long toenails. They'll also gawk at my toenails because they're really long. I wonder how long my toenails can get. I'll cut them once they get to 10 feet long. Then I'll donate them to Locks of Love, even though that's for hair and not toenails. I'll just leave a box marked "hair" on their doorstep and they'll open it and find all my 10-foot-long toenails.



Then I can get a job as a sideshow freak. But then I'd have to pay taxes, so I don't think I will. But I guess being in the Guinness World Record book will be cool. I wonder how long it will take for my toenails to reach ten feet long? Will it be in time to make the 2015 edition? Or will I be in the 2016 edition? Anyway, toenail clipping sucks and I don't want to do it.

This is the 69th issue. Yes, it means that. Next issue will be 70. 70 issues of garbage I've outputted this past year and a half. Well, 69½. This is the beginning of the second half of the paper. You know, I'm part elephant. How? My great aunt was an elephant. I never met her, but I've heard things about how big her poop was, since she was an elephant. She ate the original Mr. Peanut mascot, so Planters had to find another monocle and top-hat-wearing peanut with arms and legs. It took a while, but they did. I guess you could say Mr. Peanut was salted by my great aunt. And yummy. Then she died. It took a while to find a casket big enough for an elephant to fit in. So they just threw her body in a ditch out in the country. You know what's odd? Nobody noticed. You'd think someone would call the cops. Maybe someone did and 911 thought it was a prank call so they didn't do anything about it. And then something odd happened: she came back to life again. She woke up from the ditch and ate the maggots that were growing in her. She trumpeted "brains!" This

elephant doesn't want a peanut mascot. It wants your brains. Now I'm worried great aunt mabel will come kill me in my sleep and eat my brains. So I can't sleep. It's been 27 days and I haven't had any sleep at all. Hey, I just had an idea. Maybe I can get in the Guinness book of records for longest period without sleep, which means I'll have to cut my toenails after all. Maybe I should just keep it a secret that I haven't slept for 27 days because I'm too lazy to clip my toenails.



Merry xmas. May your lawn be green and covered with grass. Or barkdust if you hate grass. I like grass. I like to kiss it. Then if someone says "Kiss my grass!" I'll sneak out at night and smooch their lawn.