

Big belch news.
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Hello. I went to the doctor. There was something wrong with me. I didn't want to go. I sat there for almost half an hour waiting for the moron. And when he finally did show up, he told me I have high cholesterol and I reluctantly agreed to take something for it because he sounded like I was going to have heart problems later on if I didn't. And he forced me in, and if I didn't, all that waiting would have been for nothing. So I did. I told him about the time I nearly choked to death on an Advil pill. It was not fun at all. My throat was completely blocked and I had to vomit the thing out. It caused more pain than I had. He assured me the pills were relatively small. I was hoping he wouldn't give me Crestor. I HATE CRESTOR ADS. "You're down with Crestor." I'll take your stupid Crestor and stick it up my butt! I guess it would be a suppository then. I had a suppository once because I was pooping out blood. I poop out blood once in a while. I guess I



poop too much and that causes it. I have more medical problems than most people. I could make a list of them. But I'm not a hypochondriac. Want to know the difference between me and a hypochondriac? A hypochondriac actually CARES about his medical problems. See, I don't care. Whatever happens will happen. I guess I could temporarily try to stop what could happen, but in the long run, does it really matter because I'm just going to die anyway. It's not like I care if I'm alive or not because if I wasn't alive, I wouldn't be around to care that I wasn't alive. I wouldn't be sad any more. I wouldn't be happy, either. I would be nothing. Because life ends. There is no heaven or hell. As much as we want to see our enemies suffer in the lakes of fire in Hell, it will not be. And sadly, we can't be ghosts and go into the girls' locker rooms and watch them undress. I like boobies. But I won't be around to see any. Because I'm fat and ugly. And

all women care about is looks. Because they're so selfish and don't want to have sex with ugly, fat slobs. There are two classes of people: The beautiful and the ugly. I have to sit here because I'm ugly when I could have been beautiful and having a girl hump me. Wait. I couldn't have been beautiful. I was born ugly. Ugly ugly. Just like this fruit:

Yes, there is a fruit called an ugly.

That's with an i and not a y.

Although I guess it could be with a w for all I

care. I don't really care about anything that much any more. Which is why I haven't been making big belch news for a while. I've been busy doing other things in life. Like sleeping. And filming lemons. And sticking q-tips in my ear and getting out ear wax. Inside my ear itches. So I get a q-tip and I get all the ear wax out.

BREXIT.

The united kingdom decided they didn't want to be part of the EU any more. Well, most people did. They voted on it. And exiting the EU beat out staying in

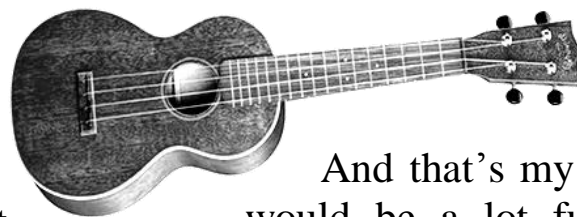


it. And they call the debacle Brexit, which is short for Britain exiting, I guess. Why not call it Ukexit? We need more words that start with 'uk'. The only ones in my Scrabble dictionary are 'ukase' (an edict), and, of course, ukulele. I made a tongue twister using a ukulele. It's "I'll lick your ukulele." Which, while

probably one of the shorter tongue twisters, is also true. If you have a ukulele, I'll come over and lick it, provided you pay for the trip there. And it'll

be good for me because I've never been on an airplane. I've never had a need to. No special hobnobbing in New York trying to get some deal. No, I just sit here. And why shouldn't I? What has the ground deserved for me to not be on it? I will not exit the ground just because Great Britain

exited the EU.



And that's my story. It would be a lot funnier if you read it to those you love in a Tiny Tim voice. © 2016, chris.