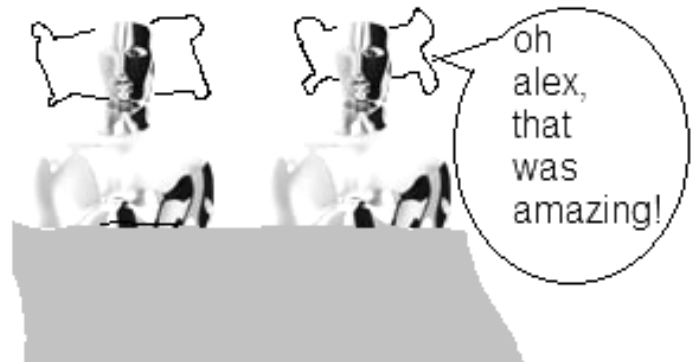



So I got extremely bored one day. I decided to write a new issue of big belch news. The last one was July 1 of last year. I suppose we hibernated early. Now I remember, I was going to make these more periodically, but then I stopped. A lot has happened since July 1. We got a new president. His name is Donald T. Rump. Not very many people like him because he didn't win the popular vote. No, that went to Hitlery Clinton. She did give it the ol' electoral college try though. But in the end, it went to Rump. OK, no more bad puns. And the wrong film got the oscar for best picture. It mistakenly went to the picture of my colonoscopy. Then they decided it was too graphic. I guess I Photoshopped it too much before I submitted it to the Academy. I'd like to thank the Academy. For it was there that I learned how to read and write and do math and other nifty things like write lurid romance novels. She turned her head and said "Oh, Alex, I love it when you call our story a lurid romance novel!" Alex turned his head and began caressing Tony's neck. Tony was going to have a sex change soon and he's going to change his name



to Maria. So don't call Alex gay. Because he's not.



Sometimes I think all I can do is write silly things. I attempted to write a lurid romance novel and of course it got all silly. Like that book that doesn't use the letter E. "It was a dark and stormy night." Unfortunately, that's not how the story begins, even though that sentence doesn't contain the letter e. E is the most commonly used letter in the English language. I one day plan to write a whole novel about Jack and Jill going down the hill to fetch a pail of water without using the letter j. Or write one about Queen Elizabeth without using q and z. Those types of novels where letters are purposely omitted are called "Lipograms." Probably because when you read them out loud, your lips are saying "Hey, some letter is missing! I

want to say the letter E but this dumb story doesn't have one! Argh!" 

So now it's the second page. I have to fill up this whole second page up with dumb nonsense. Let it begin.

**dumb nonsense** smart musings.

If fruit flies eat fruit, what do houseflies eat?

i've come to eat your house.



This fly is cute. He's tilting his head like a dog does. I wonder if the people that took the picture noticed that and then they thought he was so cute he was voted cutest fly. You know how they have cute baby contests when babies are fat ugly bloated blobs of fat and not cute at all. Well, they do that with flies as well. And then flies get their 15 minutes of fame in the newspaper.



When I SWAT them with it! And then their guts get all in the sports section and on the life section and

on the comics page and Billy from Family Circus is yawning but there's a fly gut part in her mouth and I start laughing hysterically. Even though Family Circus isn't normally all that funny.

So anyway, have you ever seen a fly tilt his head? If you haven't, then you're blind or not reading or didn't notice the big huge picture of it tilting its head.

But you're probably thinking "Wait a minute chris, how can you say that fly is cute when it's going to eat your house?" OK, you're probably NOT thinking that. You may be thinking "How can one tiny fly eat a whole house?" Well, I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 10 and i'm not gonna tell you what it is because you're supposed to guess. It's 47. What? It's not between 1 and 10? I guess I need to go back to the Academy and learn my 'rithmetic. Or arthritis. I got the carpool tunnel syndrome. Because neener carpools with me and we go through the tunnel. And I honk loudly like a goose whenever I go in there and neener says "knock it off! I'm trying to drive us to work!" except he hasn't been saying that because we haven't been going to work for the past 6 months. I'm surprised we haven't been fired.