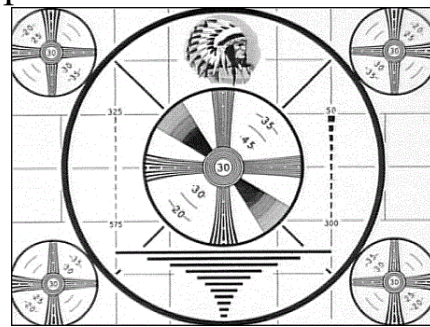




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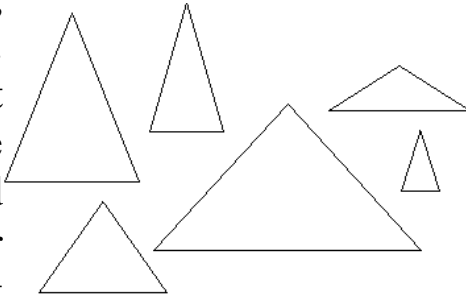
hi. welcome to big belch news. You know, memorial day is fast approaching. That means it's the beginning of summer. Summer is stupid. Yeah, I know, I said I hated Winter a few years ago. I can't hate them both? I hate all the seasons. Spring is dumb because all the dumb moths and ants are flying and walking around. Summer is dumber because you add heat as well as insects bugging you. Fall is stupid because I am always at a loss as to whether I should call it Fall or Autumn. And winter is cold. So I hate the four seasons. Frankie Valli's high-pitched voice made him sound like a chipmunk who inhaled helium. But anyway, the season is now spring, gonna be Summer soon. Because Memorial day is fast approaching. And that's the official barbecue day, where everyone goes out and barbecues dead animal carcasses. All while sweating to the oldies. And the fan has to be running. I'm not a fan of running. It requires energy to run. Energy is something I don't have because I'm sleepy all the time. Not

only am I sleepy all the time, I have hot flashes. Kind of odd for a 34-year-old guy to have hot flashes, but I suddenly just now felt hot. At 12:42 a.m. as I'm writing this. Yes, I'm up now. And I don't know why because all they air is garbage in the middle of the night. Has anyone ever bought anything off an infomercial? No. So why do they air them? A test pattern would be just as good as anything infomercial people could do. Back in the fifties, this was a popular test pattern:



I don't know why there's a Native American on the top center. This is a lot more entertaining than those dumb color bars they used to show. Especially if the guy began talking. I'd imagine he'd say stuff like "Hi! I'm a Native American! I have a hat of feathers and I'm in black and white since color TV hasn't been invented yet!"

oh yeah. I was talking about summer hating. This red triangle just showed up on the computer screen and every time I type a letter it blinks. Oh wait, it just went away. You know



what I hate more than summer? Red triangles that appear on my computer screen for no apparent reason. Well, that was interesting. Now back to summer. I hate summer because it's ▲▶▼◀ oh no! it's the attack of the triangles! What's more is I had this groovy idea about stopping mid sentence and showing the triangle picture like it was interrupting things, but no, this word processor is being mean and evil and wouldn't let me. I really hate it, but it's better than Microsoft Word...or is it? Why can't I do great things with it? Oh well, let's talk about summer. It's evil and hate filled. Just like computers. It makes me so angry that some days I wish I was at a time before computers existed. Then I could just type stuff with a typewriter and paste stuff on wherever I wanted with actual paste. Then I could have had a great thing like I wanted. Perhaps the Amish have the right idea. Perhaps computers are of the Devil. But then I worship the Devil, so that probably wouldn't work right. Did you know

Satanic images are on the dollar bill? And they have the nerve to put "in God we trust" on it. I was watching the religious station or something and you know what? The

trapezoid is a Satanic symbol. Under it, it says in Latin "Nuvus Ordo Seclorum." You know what that means? "New World Order." So perhaps the founding fathers were trying to not found a new country, but instead trying to found a one-world government. But that seems odd. How I could make a sentence that says "trying to found a one-world government." It looks like I should say "trying to FIND a one-world government." The English language sure is stupid. I think we should just switch to Latin. And use the Metric System. You know that's how drugs are weighed. A kilo means kilogram. And you know what? That's part of the Metric System. Perhaps that's more proof that drugs are evil. But then, plants shouldn't have to be regulated. Since we're regulating marijuana, why not radishes? They do harm to bodies. Well, my body. They cause harm to my tongue. With their awful taste.

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well, it's time to end another issue. END.