

#128
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BIG

belch news.

ok. now it's officially winter. Every winter, bears go and hibernate. I don't know how they can do it. I mean, I bet I could sleep all winter except for the fact that when I sleep for 12 hours every night, I wake up and need to pee. And eat

something. And take those stupid pills they force down my throat so I don't go crazy.

And it's cold, too. Why does it have to be so freaking cold out? Why can't it be the same temperature all year, like in Florida? I'd move to Florida, except it never snows there and they have huge alligators. I do not want to get eaten by an alligator.

Not only are there non-hibernating alligators, there are also non-hibernating ants. Here.

And why can't people get their Christmas carols straight. Which is it, "O Tannenbaum" or "O Christmas Tree?" "Greensleeves" or "What Child Is This?"

Do you think Gary, Indiana was named after Gary Coleman?

Anyway, I want to sleep all winter. Actually, that's not true. I want to sleep for the rest of my life. Because life is challenging and I hate challenges. They're hard. I want everything to be easy. No, I would not get tired of it.

Actually, I would be super happy if I never got to do any challenging thing ever again.

My body is challenging itself. I keep burping a lot. If it didn't want a bunch of Cheez-its stuffed in it, it shouldn't have made me feel hungry. Stupid idiot body.

So if I eventually do vomit up the bunch of Cheez-its I ate earlier, then ants will come and frolic on it. Because I never clean up anything. Because I don't have a trash can. To put fingernail clippings in.

Oh, now I just hiccuped. I still feel my gut hurting because of all those Cheez-its. I have to go to the DMV. And get my stupid card renewed. Why can't they just do that



automatically? Like the way they send Medicare payments. And the way they ban everything because of the hoax virus? Here are some theories I have about what “DMV” actually stands for. And it’s not Department of Motor Vehicles. If it was that easy, I would be very surprised.

- Dancers Must Vomit.
- Darcie’s, Michelle’s Vaginas.
- Don’t Mash Vines.
- Delightful Mayo Vultures.
- Denver Mandated Vaping.
- Dying Mussels Vitriol.
- Death Means Vaccine.
- Dilbert Mutated Vastly.
- Dasher! Mush, Vixen! (timely)



poet-tree.

“One warm winter morning”

I ate a Cheez-it
one warm winter morning
into it I bit
didn’t give it a warning
all orange like a fruit
one that has no rhyming word
so I won’t name it, you brute
already this poem is absurd.
It was all salty
had cheese, quite a lot
it had so much qual’ty
that I’d better eat it than not.

So the taste hit my tongue
and it was quite great
It didn’t taste like dung
so I did celebrate
So I was done chewing
and so then I did swallow
And while the box I was viewing
I figured others would follow.
And then it was horrid
I ate the whole box
my love for cheez-its are torrid
it knocked off my socks.
They went flying
across the room
I felt so dying
I felt like it was doom
because it was cold
so cold were my feet
and hotness I’ve been told
cold don’t like heat
So I turned on the furnace
and away went frostbite
and the lights said “please turn us
off because it’s no longer night.”
So I flipped the switch
and the lights turned off from on
mr. sun did awaken
and it is now dawn
so give me some bacon
oh wait never mind
I ate a box of crackers
I shouldn’t have dined
on those wonderful snackers.

Merry x-mas, y-mas, and z-mas.

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