

big ^{the}belch news.


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Hellow. Welcome back. It's been a while. A long while. Our last issue was in December 2020. A lot has happened since then. Like this stupid pandemic where they made us wear stupid masks for no good reason. But the powers that be have decided that it's all over, which is good because masks don't help anyway.

And we got a new president. His name is Stupid Geezer man. And we have Vice President Mrs. Word Salad Giggles. This makes me have very little faith in humanity.

Well, anyway, since this is supposed to be a funny publication, I won't talk about the news any more. It's too depressing.

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the sleeper of the week award. 

Hey, remember this? We used to hand out awards for the person who slept the most. And we have a new winner. This week's winner is Ivan Osumbehd. If you sleep a lot, perhaps you'll see your name printed in a lovely issue of bbn. So cut it out.

The form. And send it to us. ✂

Name: _____
Number of hours slept last week: _____
address: _____
city: _____ state: _____
zip code: _____

It's a lovely form.



poet
tree.

“june third.”

my, what a fitting
poem.

It was June third
when I pooped a noon turd.
Actually it was at 12:01 PM
when I pooped out the BM
well I won't get sem-
antic.
But this poop was gigantic.
I had to flush the toilet thrice
And all I did was eat some rice.

Anyway, we have a page 2. look at it.

The page #2

this is the second page. I'm really glad you turned the page over and read this stuff. Well, we've done a sleeper of the week award, we've done a poet-tree. What now am I missing that I usually did in these things? Oh yeahh. Talk about how cool bison are.



This is a bison. It is not a yak. If you mention how good yaks are to me, I will shout.

Ah, the majestic bison. With its horns to gore you, its mouth to eat you, its feet to trample you, its anus to poop on you. Actually, now when I think about it, bison are actually pretty terrifying.

Have you ever got pooped on by a bison? I haven't, but I doubt it would be very pleasant. I want a pet bison. That way if any evil mean people try to get into our front yard and rob our house, there would be a big huge bison standing there staring at the robber, and the robber would get so scared he'd poop his pants and run

away. That would be good and funny. I'd name the bison Fred. He'd be Fred the bison.

Camping. 

I bet when you go out camping in, say, Wyoming, you'd see a lot of bisons running around engaging in bisonry. The word 'bisonry' is not in the dictionary. I made it up. If masons can do masonry, why can't bisons do bisonry?

Anyway, the English language can be pretty dumb sometimes. It can be pretty constricting if you just use words in the dictionary. So I try to make up words because I think outside the box. And most of the time, the word I want hasn't been invented yet. Like "bisonry."

And anyway, june is a good time to go camping. That is, if you like getting stung by bees. That's why I don't go outside much. Who knows? Bisons are clever hiders. You could be walking down the street and then BAM! A bison comes out out of nowhere and gore you and trample you and poop on you. And like I said, I haven't ever been pooped on by a bison. And I hope to keep it that way.

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well, that's the end of another issue. I hope you enjoyed it. It was as wonderful as a bison. ©2023, bbn.