



horoscopes

aries (march 21-april 19) - consider adopting a brazilian macaw

taurus (april 20-may 20) - brought home in a cage by a traveler

gemini (may 21-june 20) - found by natives limping by a road

cancer (june 21-july 22) - known to the natives as "the wrong one"

leo (july 23-aug. 22) - you shouldn't go too far on that road

virgo (aug. 23-sept. 22) - wearing sandals with holes in them

libra (sept. 23-oct. 22) - you would certainly be drawn and quartered

scorpio (oct. 23- nov. 21) - and probably hanged too

sagittarius (nov. 22-dec. 21) - you might want to check with your doctor

before attempting anything at all

capricorn (dec. 22-jan. 19) - why not just stay in bed for the rest of

your life

aquarius (jan. 20-feb. 18) - nothing to worry about there

pisces (feb. 19-march 20) - you might get hungry, so don't forget to

bring some ice cream

people named bob - horror, outrage fill your life

because of a slight malfunction in the disjointed cables within bim bocifero's head, there will be no may issue of the flying news, you greedy dogs! thank you.

is orange juice a dairy product?

fin.

do not attempt to discover the relationship between the flying news and the moon. if this information were to be leaked out by anyone, even if found by way of nonchalant insanity, we would be ruined forever, and you might never see a flying vewo do a nose-dive in the new parking lot.

next saturday the official mascot of the flying news, the flying vewo, will do a nose-dive in the new parking lot at 10400 seven locks rd. admission is \$12 for adults, \$13.50 for children under 36, and only \$40 for teachers. refreshments will be sold. bring the whole family.

the relationship between the flying news and the moon:

$$z = \cos 3n\theta \\ = 42$$

the aforementioned showing of the flying vewo nose-dive has been canceled, because someone leaked out the relationship between the flying news and the moon. we must kill the vewo.

additional obituary:

the flying vewo has just died while practicing his nose-dive. and all because you, the reader, were so intent on seeing a flying vewo do a nose-dive. according to the report from our psycho-analysts and the autopsy, the vewo is an extremely sensitive creature, and because of all the social pressure on him, he felt it necessary to practice for hours before his public appearance. unfortunately, we had just drugged him, so when he went to practice, he died in mid-flight, then landed with a spectacular *splat*. he now resembles something of a cross between spilt milk and a "meat lovers" pizza dropped from the twelfth story of a skyscraper.

due to the cancellation of the flying vewo nose-dive, and our desire to satisfy our readers, no matter how ugly, we have decided to instead hold an event featuring a heights teacher in a belly-flop from the roof of the high school building onto the pavement near the downstairs entrance. we ask that you vote on which teacher should jump, as we would rather blame the public for the mess that might result.

Guy: flaut!

Friend: flute flute flute.

Mus: what's the difference?!

Friend: i can't believe that *you*, a *musician*, can't even pronounce the name of the instrument you're playing.

Mus: why does it matter how i pronounce it?

Friend: because it's a *flute*, you flaut!

Guy: we've had about enough of you and your fluty-tooty pronounciations.

Mus: yeah, i think we should just forget about this whole thing. i'll just play a different instrument.

Friend: very well.

Mus: fortunately, i also brought along my gee-tar. (*stress on "gee"*) (*picks up a guitar*)

Guy: splendid! i like to hear a little gee-tar even more than i like to hear the flaut.

Friend: (*extremely perturbed, disturbed, and downright frustrated*) argh!!! am i the only sane person here?!? (*storms out, slamming door behind him*)

Guy: what's with him?

Mus: i don't know. (*begins to play a silly little tune on guitar, both Guy and Mus grinning happily; also Guy tapping foot and nodding head to music; twelve or so dancers in the background, all acting very gleeful*)

fin. (*pronounced "feen"*)

please keep your comments, suggestions, and death threats to yourself

additional ad:

do you often wonder if you might have known someone named mill in a past life? neither do i. but apparently that mill that you did not know has created a rather large mess. hear the sound that two-thirds of his mess makes, and find out why trees are more gravitationally efficient than that over there at: <http://www.mp3.com/TwoThirdsMillsMess>. a large concoction thingamajig of one of the co-founders of the flying news.

the flaut a one-act play by someone you don't know

personae dramatis:

Musician (an unusual man)

musician's Friend (not very friendly to the musician, or anyone else for that matter)

Guy (guy)

Act I

Musician: good evening. tonight I am going to perform a piece written by beethoven for piano. but I've decided to perform it on my flaut, since my piano is very heavy and cumbersome.

Friend: what's a *flaut*?

Mus: this, here. (*picks up and displays a flute*)

Friend: oh, you mean your *flute*.

Mus: that's what i said, my *flaut*. now, to begin—

Friend: no, it's not called a *flaut*. it's pronounced *flut*.

Mus: yes, well. (*puts flute to lips, preparing to play*)
(*enter Guy*)

Guy: (*noticing Mus. w/ flute*) oh, splendid! i see you've brought your flaut. what are you going to play?

Friend: *flute*.

Guy: what?

Friend: flute. not flaut.

Guy: i think he's going to play his flaut.

Mus: yes, now let me—

Friend: (*excitedly, a bit perturbed*) it's a flute! f-l-u-t-e. *flute*.

Mus: yes, f-l-u-t-e. *flaut*.

Friend: no... see, the "u" is long, you put your lips out like—

Guy: (*a bit perturbed himself*) won't you let him play?

Friend: (*apparently settling argument*) ok.

Mus: alright... beethoven's "moonlight sonata," performed on the flaut. (*brings flute to lips, takes a breath, about to play, when—*)

Friend: (*looking upwards and about, says childishly*) flute.

Mus: i say! let me play my flaut!

Friend: (*same manner as last time, but more towards Mus*) flute.

Guy: (*childishly retorting*) flaut.

Friend: flute.

obituaries

young J.P. Mitchell died last thursday due to severe lack of height. this tragic event will be mourned by many- well, not that many, but some. his last words, as he was being lowered into the grave, were, "i'm not dead, i'm not dead!" he always was the joker, wasn't he? we'll miss you, little fella'.

mr. chris post, a famous (or infamous?) heights history teacher, was found to be missing on the first day of school. after extensive investigation by our flying news informants (spies), we have come to the conclusion that mr. post is dead. his body was found not far from the water fountain, where it seems last year's disgruntled European history class drowned him slowly and painfully.

birthdays

april 2 - someone was born

april 14 - someone else was born

april 22 - another someone else was born (coincidentally with the same name as someone else)

take heed!!! all issues of the flying news are printed on pure white paper, made from the best rainforest trees. and that means that, of the ten thousand trees we cut down everyday, we hand-select our flying news trees and only use the best twelve.

in case you haven't noticed by now, this issue is written almost all in minuscule type, to avoid wasting paper on capital letters. (and our shift key is stuck)

also, unless you are living under a rock or an old tire in a junkyard, you might have noticed that it is not april. by now it must be may or june, yet this issue of the flying news is called the april issue. we aren't sure exactly why it is the april issue, but as soon as we find out, we will report back to our ever-confused public.

if the flying news in any way offends you or your kin, you need to get a sense of humor. we realize that for some this is impossible, so we are now offering the DELUXE HUMOUR FOR FLIGHT™ for only \$29.95 plus shipping and handling. send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with cash payment to:

p.o. box 67¢

baton rouge, LA

if you have not the money, you could try sticking your head in a doorway and having someone slam the door repeatedly. there is no evidence that this will actually give you a sense of humor, but could it hurt to try?

announcement:

someone found a few neufloeses on the street last week, according (accordion) to some informants (spies) of ours. they were in many pieces (the neufloeses, not our informants) and nobody seemed to want the left tornots. if you are the owner, and are still alive, please contact my friend Gordon. he currently dwells in a dark underground chamber (and also dwells on the past a little too much, so be careful what you say).

the anonymous column

in my experiences over the past thirty years or so, I have found that most things happen on thursdays. for instance, the day i got new socks was a thursday. and the day i got tired of my new socks and threw them away was also a thursday. and then the day i decided i should start wearing socks again since my shoes were getting moldy inside- also a thursday. and it was a thursday the day i saw my third grade teacher in a clothing store and hid behind the sock rack because I still had not finished that homework assignment in which we had to draw our favorite animal *before* it was hit by a car. coincidence? i don't think so.

anonymously,
myself

Our best issue yet!!!

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all parts of this issue that are in color were printed in color.

of course, they wid.

if this issue seems runny, you may want to turn off the faucet and remove it from the sink (remove the issue, not the faucet).

brand new flying news staff lineup:

head editor.....Big Bim Bocifero
next to head editor.....Little Wim Wocifero
next to next to head editor.....Carl
foot editor.....Pedro Pies
illustrations.....Johnny 5
children's section writing panel.....Joey, Timmy, and Tom
organization.....(none)
reporters/informants (spies).....wouldn't you like to know?
other.....William L. Seymour
.....Michael J. Fox
.....George W. Mush
.....Al Ore

this issue may contain aluminum.

proof of purchase: good for one free copy of the next flying news



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“built with two sticks and a chainsaw”