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**The Flying News**

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don't worry, we'll take our medication as soon as we're done writing the flying news.



\$3.95 or the equivalent in beans

*our best issue yet*

this issue will be completely different from any other issue of the flying news- guaranteed!

ingredients:

2 cups white flour

3 tsp baking soda

1 pint club soda

60 Colombian coffee beans

12 cups granulated sugar

4 tails of stray cats

3 1/2 cup assorted spices (nutmeg, cinnamon, paint chips, etc)

7 red lizard lungs

2 gallons Clorox™ bleach

mix all ingredients in a large black cauldron. stir well. heat to boiling over a blazing fire,  
and say five times fast:

“Double, double soil and stubble;

Stomach, churn; and cauldron, bubble.”

so drink, drink, drink, and be ill tonight.

*—from the one you left behind*

proof of purchase

If proof of purchase is missing, this copy was stolen or printed without authorization, and should not be read in case of bacteria, malaria, or other impurities.

we here at the flying news headquarters sometimes wonder about the mental health of our readers. according to our studies, only insane people, or people with way too much self-esteem, would read our newsletter. of course, that description fits pretty much all of the wealthiest and famous people in the United States, and about half of everyone else. I guess that combined with the partial insanity of our staff is what makes our newsletter so successful. since we have full knowledge of everything that goes on in your heads, we need no longer discuss that. but what happens, you might ask, over here where we write the flying news? well, we have decided to include in this issue a special surprise, all gift-wrapped and everything, just for you, the reader. it's...

**a day in the life of...**

**the flying news headquarters!!!**

(ok, so there isn't really any gift-wrap. cut us some slack here.)

*in the office of one of our writers...*

uhoh, i think the spacebar here is broken. oh wait it's not broken it's missing! somebody stole the spacebar!!! what am i going to do?!? where do you find replacement spacebars these days? i mean, it's not like you can just go mug some guy on the street and say 'give me a spacebar or i'll shoot your brains out' the way you used to be able to. i remember back in the day when you could get anything that way. i think i need a drink of water or vodka or something. i'll be back in a sec...

oh, look, the spacebar is here. hey, it must've been here the whole time. oh, I see the problem. my thumbs are gone. someone must've cut them off while I was sleeping or cleaning out the fireplace. hah, those jokers. that was a good one... heh, heh... heh... umm, guys? where are my thumbs? i'm starting to worry here. I don't think it's good to have blood spurting out of my hands like this... guys? guuuys? hey, you guys...

*meanwhile, just outside his office...*

\*chuckle, chuckle\* "boy, we sure got him! he'll never think to look in the freezer to find his thumbs.

\*laugh!\* "yeah, did you see the look on his face? man, I wish I had my camera here. that would've been one to show the kids!"

*this sort of episode usually lasts all morning, until about 2 pm. once everything settles down...*

“thanks for giving my thumbs back, guys. you fellows sure know how to pull a good old fashioned practical joke. you know, i’ll never forget the time when my socks caught fire, and— hey, wait a minute... *you* guys set my socks on fire that time, didn’t you? why, i’ll—”

“now, now, no need to get violent. let’s all have lunch.”

“ok.”

*for lunch we usually eat some sort of red meat, extremely rare so you can savor the blood dripping onto your tongue...*

*after lunch*

“... so the fastest waterslide really is a cycloid. wow, that’s pretty cool.”

“hey, let’s try making one. I bet that’d be pretty fun. we could make it a thousand feet high, and call it the Death Slide.”

“yeah, and we could test it on tom.”

“oh, no you don’t. not after what you did to me this morning.”

“oh, come on, it won’t be too dangerous. if you calculate the physics of it, you’ll probably only lose about five or six years of your life. even less if someone has already devised a plan to kill you the next day.”

“kill me?!? I don’t think this slide is such a good idea anymore. maybe you should test it on an animal or lettuce first.”

“now, that wouldn’t be nice, hurting innocent animals and vegetables. you are so insensitive.”

“i’m insensitive? I’M insensitive?!? I’M INSENSITIVE?!?!?!?!?”

“you animal-hater. we can’t have the likes of you polluting our children’s minds. come on guys, let’s get him!”

“kill the beast! cut his throat! spill his blood!...”

...and so it goes on. yes, we have good lives, us flying newssers. but there’s no need to be jealous. besides our infallible, omniscient minds, we’re all human just like you.

## Horrorscopes

- larries - (march 21-april 19) — beware of log  
florist - (april 20-may 20) — carnivorous plant-life is trying to eat you  
jiminy - (may 21-june 20) — chirping sounds will haunt you forevermore  
camper - (june 21-july 22) — happy  
feo - (july 23-aug 22) — avoid looking directly into mirrors  
ergo - (aug 23-sept 22) — cogito, sum  
libral - (sept 23-oct 22) — do whatever you like  
scorpion - (oct 23-nov 21) — fight the urge to stick people with sharp objects  
gasittarius - (nov 22-dec 21) — do not be alarmed if people plug their noses with  
clothespins when you enter the room  
labridorn - (dec 22-jan 19) — woof woof. woof, woof woof-woof.  
hilarius - (jan 20-feb 18) — stop laughing  
psyches - (feb 19-march 20) — will have an “out-of-mind” experience, followed by short  
bouts of cerebral idiocy

### glossary (in backwards alphabetical odor)

- thingamajig - thingamabob  
paddywhack - a fit of temper; rage  
hogsheer - a sheer in which the middle part is higher than the ends  
headquarters - coins that, if tossed successively, will land on heads 92 times in a  
row  
ahem - an utterance designed to attract attention, express doubt, etc.  
AAAA - a proportional shoe width size, narrower than AAA and wider than  
AAAAA

### de-obituary

Mr. Post is not dead. In fact, he is alive and kicking at another school. Now a headmaster, he enjoys even greater dominion over students at a boarding school in PA. and as they say in old PA, *“how can you have any pudding if you don’t eat your meat!?”*

### birthdays

this month is the birthday of someone very famous who may be losing his/her hair. you will probably never know this person.

you have reached page 5. continue without opposition.

early to bed, early to rise, makes a man strange. it is not good to be strange.

the early bird gets the worm. do you really want to eat worms?

a bird in the hand is worth much in the butcher's shop.

those who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glass. - Dr. E. Bell

you can't track an old teacher with new dogs.

old McDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o.

remember that whatever you do, you will one day regret not doing something else.

diagram this sentence with all your might:

Once upon a time, after no one had never not had neither ever, they had had had had to have had a hearty laugh.

now translate it into seven different languages.

code word for the month: plasmic.

example of use:

Guy 1: How are you?

Guy 2: I'm plasmic. You?

Guy 1: What have you been smoking?

the space below is left blank for doodles, so that you can feign your normal inattention during class, rather than being discovered as a supporter of this here magazine

this page would have been deleted if not for the insistence of several individuals on the importance of quantity despite repulsiveness.

we were going to have a cartoon in this issue, but our artist has suddenly been overwhelmed with lack of impressiveness, and left it unfinished until it was already too late and the joke was out of date. and it wasn't very funny anyway, so we have decided to print only the punch line without a picture. so don't blame us for this. next time we may be able to include an actual comic.

Simon: This is election year.

Lionel: Oh yeah.

note: this is a purely satirical joke, and it doesn't take much thought to understand why it is funny, with the state of our country's election process.

there is an actual song called "Oscillate Wildly." it has no lyrics.

people who call themselves musicians and are named after candy that melts in yo' mouth (not in yo' hand) should... well, nevermind.

the story is old, but it goes on...

*at the end of the day, when the flying news is finally finished and ready to print...*

"so do you think we'll need to replace him?"

"oh, I think we can get along fine without him. the question is, where to hide the body?"

"to be or not to be? *that* is the question."

"that question is old, and it never solved anything anyway. there's really no point in even thinking about existence if you aren't sure you should exist in the first place."

"or if you have a dead body on your hands."

"I suppose that's true. so what do you say we go down to the river and drop him in?"

"too obvious. too traditional. we've got to think of something new and clever. something no one would ever expect any sane murderer to do."

"what if we threw ourselves in the river? then they'd come and find us and accuse him of killing us just before committing his own suicide."

"they'd throw him in jail instead of us. they might even give him the Chair, since it would be a mass murder, all bloody and everything— the whole bit."

...yes, our lives of brilliance... ah, yes... yes...



ways to confuse people and deter annoying questions

1. What time is it?

I do not know what time it is.

I do not know what time is.

I do not know what Tim is.

2. Can you give me directions to...?

Take a left.

Take another left.

Take a third left.

Take one more left, and it will seem as though you'd never left.

3. Who are you going to vote for?

George W. Bush looks better than Al Gore.

George W. Mush looks better than Al Gore.

Lumpy mush looks better than Al Gore.

5. Who are you, and why are you eating my lunch?

I did not know this was your lunch.

I did not know this was your bunch.

I did not know this was your bench.

I did not know this was your stench.

lottery tickets for sale. please buy tickets to support a good cause, the M.E. Fund. tickets are \$2 each. winners shall receive various rewards, ranging from 32 lashes to amputations to good hard slaps in the face. in order to make the lottery fair and include everyone, we will mail free tickets to any who are unable to buy one. winners will be announced and rewarded in public.

Thank you for reading this issue of <sup>the flying news</sup>. please move onto the back of this page to complete the process of literary hypnotism.

## Article of Superiority

1. As men of good standing, my companions and I proclaim a new law through our own authority. this law shall be put into action immediately upon writing without need for any formal ratification, and shall remain in action henceforth until death do us part. the statement of this law is as follows:
2. From this day onward, all feminists (all women), shall live on bread and water alone, and shall spend all hours in the kitchen.
3. The reasoning for the passing of this law is very simple:
  - a. Man is good.
  - b. Woman is the opposite of Man.
  - c. Therefore, Woman is evil.
4. No matter how hard you try to refute this argument, you cannot change the truth. therefore, also under this law, which we are making up as we go along, it shall not be the slightest bit permissible for any female human being to organize her husband's closet. the penalty for such an offense, or any offense remotely related to it, shall be permanent exile. anyone who refuses to obey the terms of exile shall be given even more permanent exile.
5. The rest of this law, which we haven't thought of yet, is subject to modifications without warning, and whoever disobeys anything we decide to put in later shall be given the aforementioned sentence of permanent exile.
6. This law shall be signed by all of its authors and anyone else who would like to sign. we will sign in invisible ink, and will assume that any signatures from outside parties that do not appear on this page have also been written in invisible ink. therefore, by common logic, the entire world, both living and dead, has signed this article, and it is by the most democratic process that this law has been passed.