

Here's what we're asking you to do:

Bombing Accident

KEEP THE

Immigrants

Asians, Hispanics  
Are Trend Leaders

FLYING NEWS

Have Waded Into American Culture

The Pink Plastic Lawn Ornaments

Now Their Stories

Can Be Trashed

Wreak havoc.  
Repeat as necessary

The point is, he was doing what presidents and their highfalutin negotiators couldn't get done. They were embarrassed, out of course they couldn't say anything because the results were too good. But you can

When it rains,  
we think about punches about

Fire  
Violence  
rice

TAKING A WHACK AT  
THE FAMOUS AMERICAN DESIGNER

been around that block. More

times than we care to admit.

China and the Olympics

Still in the Dark

Human

Home, Gargantuan Home

Faces May Not Hold Up  
we build them



Today we hitched  
a ride into other people's lives.

ear 2000 computer glitch  
is universal problem

To Whom?  
And to What?

No blackouts

In my former life as an editor here, I attended these sessions. But now, as

Ombudsman

an independent ombudsman, I don't get invited, nor should I be. Still, the

Polyester was king, the muslin number guano

In it, Kram refers to Ali as a "useful idiot" and "near the morose level." "Seldom," he writes, "has a figure of such superficial depth been more wrongly perceived."

PHOBIAS

Aluminum

Is  
The

Solution

"That reminds me."

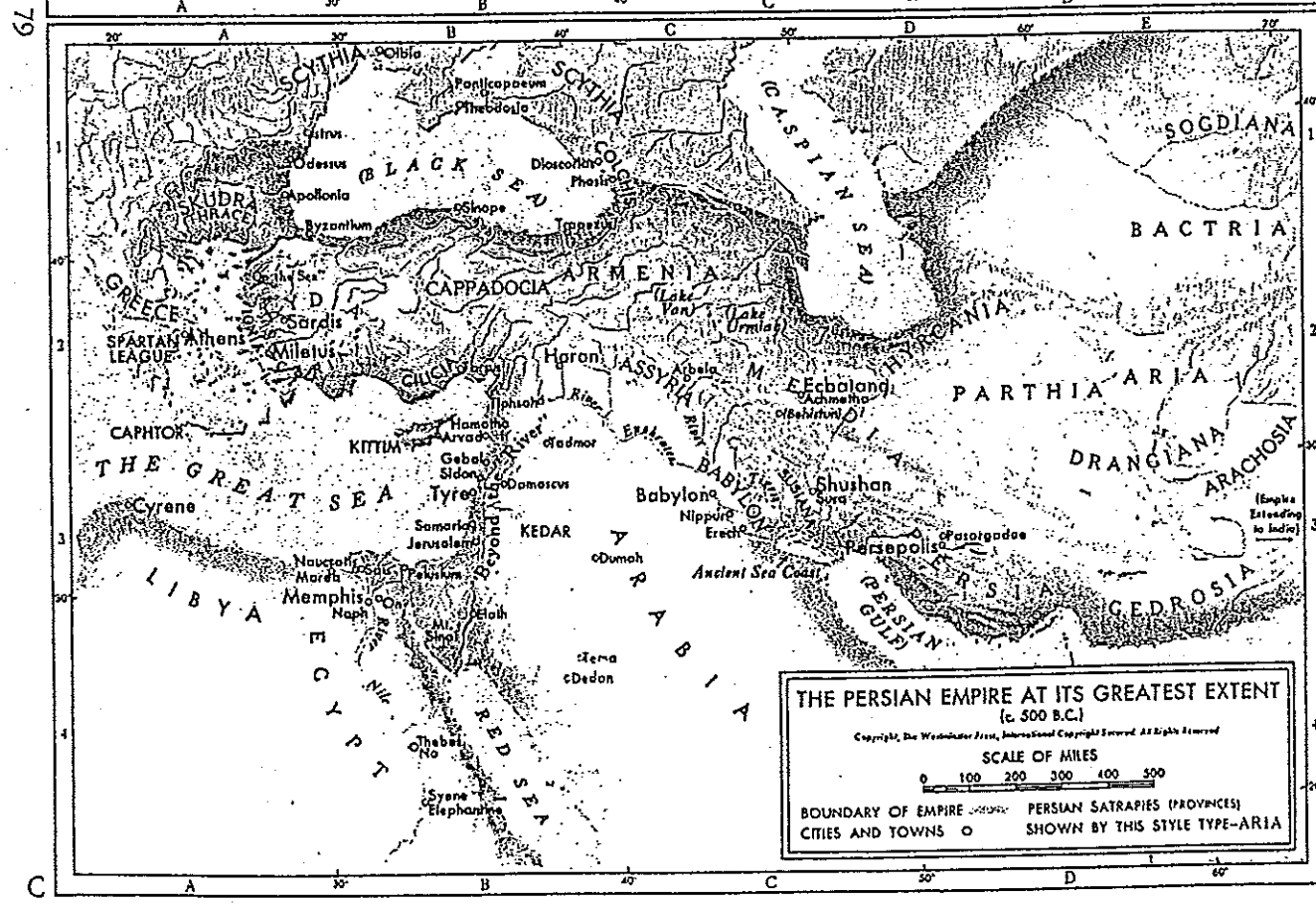
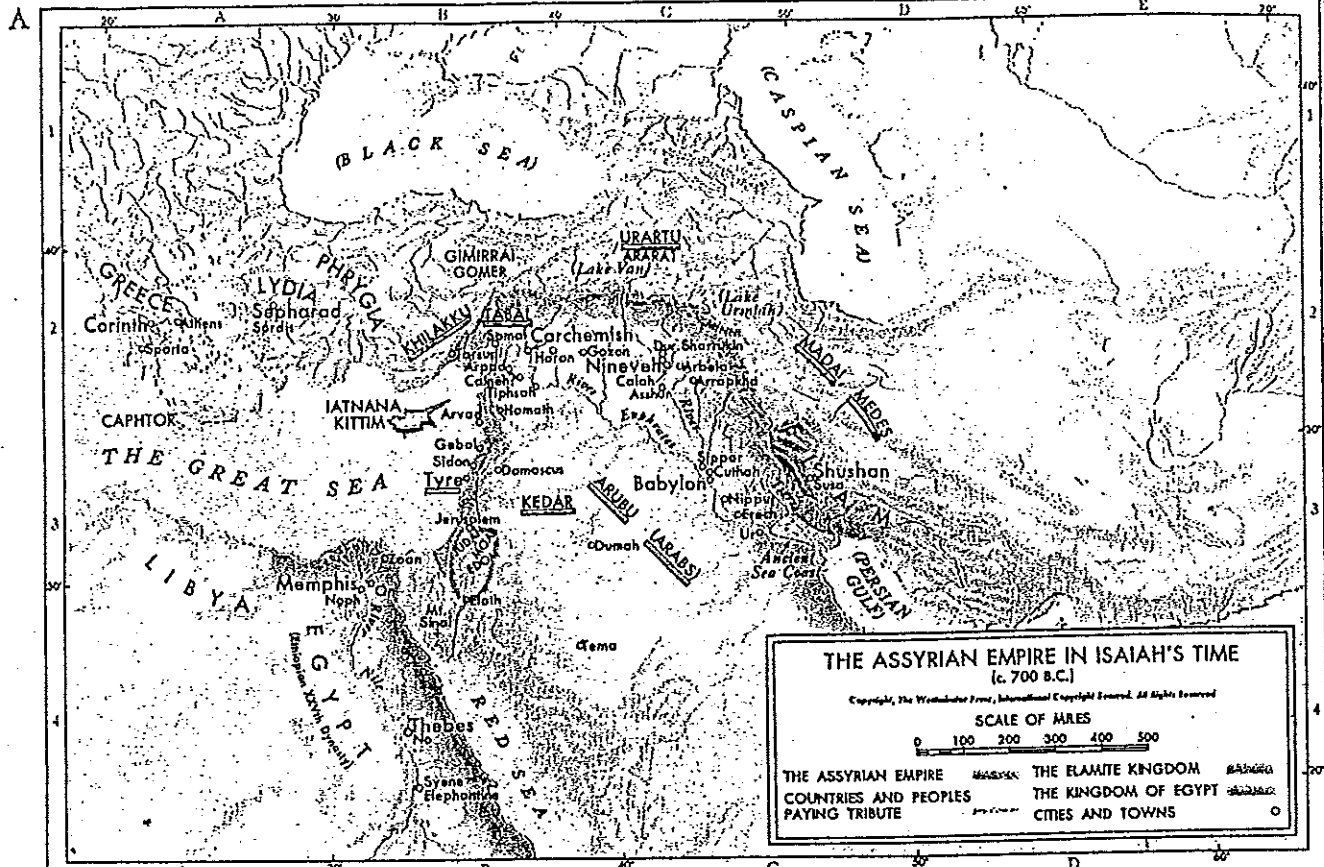
BETTER THAN  
Real Legs

Non-Muslims Told At My Age,  
To Wear SUNDRASSES

Many Unhappy  
Many Not

to find out just what in the name of God is going to happen. ... you keep turning the pages

nation of a three-way catalyst and EG



Our best issue yet!!!

Price: For the first time, it's entirely FREE!!! (Offer good while supplies last.)

Donations of any size (preferably \$20 or more) are strongly encouraged to get more rich people to support us.

\*Note: because this issue is free, we are cutting costs by periodically dropping unnecessary letters out of some words. Rest assured, we do know how to spell

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Staff:

Head Editor: Bim Bocifero, world famous juggler and trapeze artist

Vice Editor: φ| m φocifero, mostly unknown housecat tamer

Chief of Staff: Master Whippe, switch brandisher

Page-numberer: Juan Tuthry, foreign fifer

Pilot: Orville Wrong, spirited St. Louis native

Stewardess: none (we don't hire women)

The key to a happy and successful life:

Remember everything, forget everything, and never pick a fight with a 600 lb gorilla

pay no attention to the underwritten

abskida fou num tondeimin\*

99 rnedebanllaons (go by)

htohwe ssomoint ihss now? (What exactly do you mean?)

cmoru.njtoinnegs crows (and me)

this is are was were shall be the last and very last and I mean final issue of the flying news for the current school year. Any other issues that might be released before next fall are impostors.

If you see an impostor issue, lynch the person who wrote it. If you are the person who wrote it, have someone else help, since it is easier than trying to lynch yourself.

### Birthdays

This month is are was were shall be Bim Bocifero's birthday (not the entire month, just one day, but no one, including Bim himself, is quite sure which day). We is are was were shall be celebrating with a gigantic feast, accompanied by a performance of the Greek tragedy "Thyramus and Piggy" to be acted out by a troupe of working-class fellows who otherwise would not have been invited to the feast. The Flying Vewo, our mascot back from the dead, will also be there to do a number of deadly stunts which you will see are indeed deadly.

This month if also the birthday of Mr. Nelson (not really).

\*Please do not give gifts to any of the people named above.

### Obituaries

23 students and Mr. Cárdenas dropped dead during the last few weeks due to mental over-exertion in preparing for APs. Many of them actually died in the middle of their tests (the most deadly ones being Physics— killing 100% of the students who took it— Latin, and Art History)

There were a few casualties on the mountaineering trip earlier this week. Three lost, one eaten by bear, and one Mexican left in the woods "by accident." One survivor of the trip, Charlie Gallagher, is quoted as saying, "We broke his glasses the first night, and after that it wasn't too hard to lose him. I don't think he'll be back anytime soon."

The Flying Vewo, our mascot back from the dead, is once again back to the dead, due to a number of deadly stunts he performed at the birthday feast of Bim Bocifero.

Bim Bocifero also died at his birthday feast. What happened is, the Flying Vewo was in the middle of the Icarus Death Dive when suddenly Bim sneezed a great sneeze, causing the Flying Vewo to lose concentration and hit a pole that happened to be standing in the middle of the feast-room. It swayed to the left, then to the right, then back to the left, then back to the right again. Bim became hypnotized and, under the impression that he was a chicken, cooked himself for dinner.

### Life-bituary

Bim Bocifero was recently discovered alive, humming to himself as he fished from an old tree just inside central park yesterday.

### Re-obituary

Bim Bocifero was wrestled to the ground by the authorities, and brought to his mother, who pulled a meat cleaver on him and chopped him to pieces. We are pretty sure he's dead.

\*Note: we are not responsible for acts of violence printed in this newsletter. Anyone who sees the above statement of violence as unfit for publication should blame the perpetrator of the act, Bim Bocifero's mother.

\*Warning: Bim Bocifero's mother, as you can see, tends to be a very violent woman, someone you probably do not want to mess with.

### Obituarical Reassurance

But never fear!  $\phi$ im  $\phi$ ocifero, Bim's fourth nephew thrice removed (his first three nephews thrice removed are all in jail from a series of mob-related activities), is available and somewhat qualified for the position of head-editor-in-chief-with-two-nostrils, and so he will soon be taking over as our new leader-to-bow-to-forevermore-or-at-least-until-he-suffers-an-accident-such-as-the-one-Bim-suffered-or-another-one-if-he-likes.

\*note: though it may sound unnecessary, we always must have a royal leader so as not to let on that we may not indeed have as much power as we make people think, and so we can say to each other in strange voices "take me to your leader" with no lack of zeal when we get bored.

I do not remember the last time I had a good idea, or the last time I had any idea of what is good.

#### Want Ads

I want a Ctuoape. For enjoyment of the cwaatielripniglwlaalrl and other strange stounnges.

Will pay cash. Call me anytime.

I want a dog. Call the pet shop boys at 1-988-WEST-END.

I want your money. Send American greenback-style cash to:

Johnny John Jean

shift444 Franklin Jackson Hamilton Ave.

Potomac, MD

#### **To place an ad:**

\$.50 per letter; anything past two lines will be cut short even if it makes no sense, and you will still be charged for every letter in the lines we cut out. Send ads to:

Flying News-ews-ews

P.O. Box 1066

Normandy

#### Stupidity Alert

Sentence from an actual internet forward/chain letter:

>Inside the car was a woman driving that

>was obviously dead.

Think for two seconds... what did the chain letter that says "this chain letter was started in 1986..." say when it was started?

And who added in that story about the man who died because he didn't send it? Or was that story written in the original letter, five years before it happened?

#### Time

10:14. 10:15. 10:16. 10:17. 10:18. 10:19. 10:21. 10:20. 10:19. 10:18. 10:61. 10:62.

#### Announcement

The Fourth of July has been officially changed to tomorrow. There will be no school, and fireworks displays will be presented at the usual locations.

#### Official Statement from the President

"Not gonna do it. Wouldn't be prudent."

"Dad, you're not president anymore, I am. Now let me have the microphone back."

"But son, I'm just tryin' to help."

"I don't *need* any help, Dad. I'm all grown up now. I'm the president, for heaven's sake. I can speak for myself."

"Well, ok, son, but I still think you shouldn't do it. Read my lips. Wouldn't be prudent."

"Dad, people are giving you strange looks. Please step down from the tabletop."

"I *feel* your pain, Dubya. I *know* what your *goin'* through. Hillary is *always* takin' the spotlight from *me*, and *tellin'* me what to *do*. I *know* how it is to be *pushed* aside and to be *ridiculed*. I *feel* your *pain*."

"Bill, go back home. I told you not to leave the house without my permission."

"I'm sorry, honey. I'm goin'."

"I think we need another recount. I would've been a perfect president. I'm so much smarter than all of you. If it weren't for all those chads and butterfly ballots, it would be me speaking up here."

"Dad, Bill, Hillary, Al, go AWAY. I'm TRYING to do my job here. PLEASE leave me alone."

- Anonymous

This summer, many high school students will be applying for jobs, which they will do with vim and vigor until they realize they are being paid a cheap sum and begin to slack off and work for what their paychecks are really worth. So I have decided to tell the story of my own career hunt, which begins in my sixteenth year and ends in the recent past, many years later:

When I turned sixteen my mother told me to get a job. She said I wouldn't amount to anything if I sat around vegetating the whole summer. (Ha! I showed her! I didn't amount to anything anyway.) On the other hand, I thought that was a rather enriching way to spend my time. But my mother stopped giving me allowance; so I couldn't buy any more CDs. Then she stopped giving my lunch money; so I started mooching off my friends. Then she stopped making me dinner; so I only ate two meals a day. Then she stopped buying me cereal; so I stopped eating breakfast. Then my friends, seeing that my lunchtime appetite had grown to that of the blue whale (eating ten or twelve times my weight, including the brown bags in which they carried their lunches), stopped giving my lunch. So I stopped eating altogether, except for an occasional wooden chair or desk that looked quite enticing considering my situation. Then my mom pulled a meat cleaver on me, so I finally decided to get a job. At first I wanted to be a circus clown or tightrope walker; but I realized at the end of summer that I couldn't juggle the work and school at the same time, so that job fell out of balance. Then I applied for a job at the golf course, but they said I wasn't upto par. The clothing store did hire me, but after working there for awhile I got darned worn out. So I went to the post office and took a job as a mailman, but I got carried away with my position and they moved me to a job indoors. When that didn't work out either, they finally just sent me away. (UPS was packed at the time, so there was no chance of them having a position open for me). Then I went to work at a hospital, but soon I got sick of it. Next I did some work as a gardener, but that job never really took root. But I liked the outdoor labor, so I started in the stables at the Smith Farm. But Mr. Smith caught me horsing around and demoted me to the pig pen. That got boring, so I quit to work at the nearby wheel factory. I got tired of making wheels, though, and applied for a job at the railroad. They said I didn't have enough training. I had wanted to work in rope-making for quite some time, but I was always too afraid to apply at the rope factory. So I went to Mr. Smith's brother Biff Smith, the iron-smith, and got a job making alloys, but he fired me when I was caught stealing. I asked Fr. Tim if maybe I could become a singing monk, but he said I didn't have a chance. So I forgot about that and went to work for the Educational Testing Service (ETS). That job quickly failed. After twelve years of searching I decided I might as well go work at my father's lighting company, but by that time I was too burned out to do a decent job, and, anyway, my father said I wasn't bright enough. So I took a break for a year (one year turned into five...), My father then recommended me to a close friend of his at the Electric Co. He put me to work making batteries, but at last I died. I was looking for a job and then I found a job. And heaven knows I'm miserable now.

Anonymous Column

J o b S e a r c h i n g

Horoscopes for summer 2001

Gemini: Boy meets girl, girl slaps boy, girl throws boy down elevator shaft.

Cancer: Your head will turn into a massive doughnut, which you will quickly devour, meeting your ultimate doom.

Leo: You will end up writing bad humor newsletters all day long and being avoided thereafter by all normal people.

Virgo: Get job, lose job, find job right where you left it.

Libra: You may be severely injured by a falling book. Stay away from books no matter what.

Scorpio: Little crunchy thing becomes your dinner when you lose a bet.

Sagittarius: You will shoot yourself with a bow-and-arrow.

Capricorn: You will be sent to the hospital after being rammed by a goat at the local petting zoo.

Aquarius: You will die of thirst.

Pisces: Ever wonder about that wet slimy thing in your shoe?

Aries: Come down with the common cold, stay in bed for a few days, realize it was really the uncommon cold, shiver and shake, finally get up and find it was just the thermostat set to 38°F. Turn it up to reasonable level.

Taurus: You pervert.

If today is your birthday: It won't be for long, so don't think you're special or anything.

If today is not your birthday: Then it is somebody else's. Read these horoscopes again when your birthday comes around.

## Glossary

newspaper: the only place that will hire English majors

labials: like, those things that come on packages that tell you what's  
inside

dentals: torturers, specializing in drilling and cutting with string

palatals: see "ping-pong palatals"

idiolect: how idiots talk

news: loose term meaning made-up stories, sometimes containing abstruse  
slivers of truth

If you never see another issue of The Flying News, it's because we're dead. Several of us often have foreboding dreams of being killed by a sane person who is completely disgusted at the things we write and the way we stick blue crayons up our noses.

### A few words of wisdom before we go

If you do not face the paint, you will be forced to paint your face.

Never wash your hair with tar.

Fear the reaper.

Shower us with lavish gifts.

Flying News-ews-ews

404 Broadside of a Barn Place

(Don't Go Back To) Rockville, MD

Empty space due to time and the fact that we ran out of ideas

Thank you for (re-)reading this issue of The Flying News. Please take your finger out of your ear.

©1215...Enterprises, Inc. Co.