

The Great Parentetical

(flying news)

(late spring/early may, two thousand and one, anno domini)

\$32 (price doesn't reflect quality, demand, or the light of day)

(COVER ART)

(our bestest issue yet!)

(sorry about the cover, someone had turned our printer around backwards)
(to read cover, hold upside-down, really really close to your face)

(Staff)

Sir Bim Bocifero (knight of the round table)

Sir Jacob Bird (knight of the square table)

Sir William Garfield (knight of the elliptical table)

φim φocifero (squire) (the Greek letter “φ” is pronounced like an English “f” or “ph”)

Peter Nelly (Scottish translator, lost in a forest somewhere)

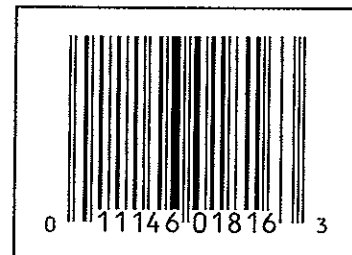
Leonard Nimoy (as Dr. Spock)

Prof. of Purchase:



Proof of Purchase:

Replace lid tightly after use. Store in a cool, dry place.



(a word of warning: stay away - far, far away - from zebra-shaped packages.)

(Comments, suggestions, money, and “kick me” signs can be sent to)
Flying News Headquarters
917 Goa Way
Never-Neverland 21028

(we are not responsible for our words, actions, games, indentities, credibility, lack of style, self-satisfied expression, loss of hair, clothing or other objects which may be lost or stolen. all systems go. prepare for countdown. 4...3...2...1... earth below us... drifting, falling... floating weightless. —Major Tom.)

(The real names of the autHors of this publicAtion will at last be revealed in the next issue.)

(recent studies show that Scottish people talk weird. when asked what he thought of this, Scotsman Patrick McHugh said something that we couldn't understand.)

(also in these same studies we learned that drug-induced hallucinations can be pretty wild.)

(most people don't know this, but the ancient Greek astronomers used to be very into LSD.

how do you think they saw all those shapes in the constellations? also, we have our

suspicious about people who invent "dot-to-dot" games...)

THE FLYING NEWS DOES NOT ENDORSE ILLEGAL DRUG USE OF ANY KIND.

(in fact, we are running a give-up-your-drugs drive this Saturday. we will be collecting all

illegal drugs, especially psychedelic hallucinogens, in Southeast D.C. in order to help

create a more colourful ~~dreamworld~~ drug-free world.)

(this Issue of the flying News features A Brand-new, state-of-the-art censorInG system for those readers whose mental health has not yet been fully destroyed. To activate the Censo-matic 007™ and edit Out harmful iNformation: Rub cover firmly with thumb or right paw, then douse each page successively in crude oil. This will block out the parts known to cause hallucinations and insanity levels above 90%.)

(the Censo-matic 007™ process is completely safe and non-toxic unless swallowed or sniffed or allowed to come into contact with skin. It has been tested on lab Mice and people we don't like, and has never caused us any personal discomfort.)

(a short skit) (if you want to call it that)

what are you doing here?

standing, I suppose.

but, I mean, what are *you* doing *here*?

I live here. am I not allowed in my own basement?

yes, but... I just thought that... well... you're supposed to be dead.

says who? I'd say I have a good thirty of forty years left.

but I just saw you... you were strewn on the floor, a bloody mess, with your eyes rolled back into your head and your tongue hanging out like a wasted dog...

I don't know what you're talking about.

your face was all screwed up, like this [makes nasty face]. you're dead.

am not.

are so.

you're mad.

I'm mad? you're the one who's mad— walking around here dead and all.

I am not dead!

you're a ghost, that's what you are. undead.

here, touch my hand, that'll prove I'm still alive.

[makes flailing motion with arms, as if trying to grasp him, but obviously missing on purpose]

you're purposely not touching me.

don't worry, i'll set up a nice funeral for you. what kind of casket do you want?

I don't want any casket! I am completely alive.

prove it.

fine. [punches his face in]

[collapses, stunned]

hah!

[doesn't get up]

umm, you can get up now...

[still doesn't get up]

hullo? [nudges him with foot] hmmm... oh well. [leaves in silence]

(the end)

Crash. Boom. Blast. Wham.

(advertisements:)

Bob's Band Aids made from all natural, non-dairy, hypo-allergenic soy materials. Can be used all around the house and even outside and in other people's houses. **B_u_o_b_y's W_a_r_e_h_o_u_s_e_a_l_l_d_a_y_e_v_e_r_y_d_a_y!**

if **anyOne** can Figure oUt the signifiCance of tHe following letterS and numbers, please call me and tell me, since I hAve no recollection of why I wrote them down:

Tb 87

TP ?100?

R 147

SC 90

(Whim Willy Winky, 1-800-THE-WHIM)

See yourself in the sun Special glasses which intensify light so much that you can see your own reflection in the sun if you stare long enough. (not recommended for anyone.)

Band Aids® for sale! These are actual Band Aid® brand band aids, not the cheap kind that you can get at Bob's Warehouse. \$2.59 per pack. Buy three packs for a little bit more.

(math problem)
(solve for u in terms of everything)

$$u/ig - rap = 0$$

(do not solve this one, only ponder)

$$fh(u)^t = u(p!)$$

A GREAT BOOK IS A GREAT EVIL.

- Callimachus (a great quote to put in an AP english essay.)

Obituaries (Life tends to come and go)

(The following people and/or animals were found dead at least once.)

Floyd (the Barber)'s throat was slit with an old-fashioned razor a few days ago. No one knows exactly why he was killed, but it may have something to do with the bad shaving job he performed on Sheriff Taylor in episode #322 of the "Andy Griffith Show." The murderer(s) has(have) not yet been discovered, but Matlock has been assigned to the case. (Several species of small furry animals gathered together in a cave and grooving with a Pict.)

Captain Blackbeard (whose beard would have probably turned to a more greyish hue later on in life) washed up on the shore of the Potomac on April 30. Having drunk a few too many bottles of rum, the buoyant force on his body was great enough to float him entirely above the surface of the sea for the last 284 years.

The death of a disco dancer (it happens a lot 'round here) yesterday has caused more relief than grief. Personally, we'd rather not get involved.

Fun things to do when you're bored or don't feel like doing your homework: (a brief list)

1. stuff An empty Banana peel and sew it back together (repeat Until your fruit BASKet is filled with stuffed banana peels, so as to shock and confuscate the rest of your family)
2. lay 12 or thirteen large or small or medium-sized bath or beach towels across the street and wait in the trees or bushes or a ditch to see unsuspecting drivers' or cyclists' reactions

Oh, look, class is starting...

(I'll be asleep for awhile. Wake me when the sun falls from the sky.)

"education is the inculcation of the incomprehensible into the ignorant by the incompetent."

- (Sir Josiah Strong)

(it has recently come to our attention that a number of heights seniors have been accepted to colleges and universities. whilst we offer our warmest congratulations, we still wonder why in the world they'd want to attend another four [4] [IV] years of school. especially

when you consider the fact that they could have legally dropped out two years ago. these students are obviously very naïve, and will surely end up as pawns of the communists of "academia." still, we at the flying news will continue to preach our message of ignorant bliss, and maybe we can convince a few of these people that less really is more before they sell their souls to that great evil, Wisdom.)

(absurd things come in zebra-shaped packages.)

Recently, we at the Flying News needed to fill up some extra space in this issue, so we dug around in our backyard. There were lots of gas pipes to hack through, but we ended up finding that our top-secret news headquarters is built on an old cemetery. So we kept digging and sent our newest staff member, φim φocifero, to interview some of the more lucid and solid of the specimens which we have unearthed. (the following is a completely biased, censored, and edited interview. but everything in it is true because we say so.)

φim φocifero: Okay, our first guest today is Heinrich Schnibble. He died in 1884, a poor immigrant from eastern Franco-Prussia. So, Herr Schnibble, how do you enjoy the incarnate afterlife?

Schnibble: Vell, I must say dat der healt system has qvite improved sinze I expired. Our Decayers Discreet society is qvite attentive in helping us overcome dis difficult point of one's deat. As dey say, admission is der first step.

φim φocifero: And how is the social life Down Under?

Schnibble: Vell, again, tings haff qvite improved, ja? Our locomotive abilities are severely impaired by deat, and until de recent invention of dat most vonderful object, der cellular phonie, tings vere qvite dull below.

φim φocifero: Thanks very much. Our next guest is of the same occupation and era. So, Ed the Farmer, what's your story?

Ed the farmer: Well, I been dead nigh one hundred years *at this point, our guest spits out several ~~beetles~~ beetles*, yep, and it's been okee. Nice and quiet. Lots of time for calm cahn-tem-playshun. In fact, Ah'd like to go back now, if'n that be a'right.

φim φocifero: But sir, we'd like to ask you some questions.

Ed the farmer: Ah, shut yer #fl, φ@ ~@'§. Go lynch yerself.

φim φocifero: Well, okay! *(note: this "okay" is in reply to Ed's 1st, not 2nd, imperative clause)* Would someone please re-bury Ed's coffin? Our next speaker is so old we're not sure if we can call him a speaker. He is an American Indian who died, as close as we can tell, around 1550. So, Kroake, do you speak English?

Kroake: Mgggmffpht! *our interviewer cocks his head sympathetically as our guest deals with a compound of severe mandible decay, inhibited English vocabulary, and several roots twined around the remains of his jaw.*

φim φocifero: Really! And what are your other interests, besides chamber music and pinball, Kroake?

Kroake: Mggggggtlfffftt!!!! *our intrepid interviewee has finally freed himself of those tricky roots* Gaahhh!

φim φocifero: And what are your other ambitions in life, I mean death, Kroake? Sports? Law? Politics? Hey, dead people make it into office all the time! Look at our last Vice President!

Kroake: Grrgggh fttt maahh knarf!! *our guest, having had enough, has attempted to attack our interviewer, despite lacking an arm and a leg*

φim φocifero: Wow, these interviews are just flying along!! In fact, it's probably— get off, you savage corpse!!— time for the— close the lid! aaagh!— next interview! Phew! *deep breathing* Our next visitor is one of the more recent converts to death. Pauline McCarthy, when did you pass away?

Ms. McCarthy: Hmm, lemme like, think. I dunno, like, I was just like, having a major, like, I mean *major* night of partying, y'know, dude? And then, like, after I had a few drinks, we like, ran outta beer, and so I had to like go to the store to get like some more.

φim φocifero: Yes, of course Pauline, but when did you die?

Ms. McCarthy: And then I like, took a sharp turn, and my car was like flying, and like, then it was all over.

φim φocifero: Fascinating, but in what yea-

Ms. McCarthy: I'm feeling kinda woozy. Can I like, go back under, like, now? *our interviewer quickly consults with Flying News scientific experts and determines that, being dead, Ms. McCarthy is unable to burn the alcohol in her system, and is still like, smashed*

φim φocifero: Right! Thanks a bunch. It's time for our last guest on this evening's report. Her name is, uh, Fluffy?

Fluffy: Meow.

φim φocifero: !?!?! A cat?!?!!

Fluffy: Purrrrrggghh. *connotes cute, but somewhat malicious purr*

φim φocifero: Well, um, okay, uh, Fluffy, how dead are you?

Fluffy: HAAAAAAAAACCKK!!!! HACK HACK HACK!! KAFFF! KAFFF!

φim φocifero: Oh, nasty! A dead cat passing a who-knows-how-old hairball.

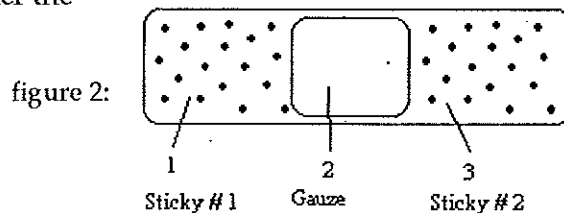
* we are not sure what this word means, but it seems to fit

Just then, much to ϕ im's chagrin, Fluffy springs up from the ground and, clutching ϕ im with razor-sharp claws, sinks her vampirical fangs into his throat. A great conflict ensues, and it takes thirteen men and 3 tranquilizer darts to remove the ferocious feline from ϕ im's flavorful flesh.

That's all folks, show's over.

Anonymous Column: 12 or 13 things to do with a Band-Aid® besides use it.

1. Band-Aids® make excellent decorative toothbrush holders!!!! Just stick to wall, and slide the handle of your toothbrush under the gauze (see fig. 2)! No mess! No hassle!



Note: Technically, Sticky #1 and Sticky #2 are one and the same.

2. Forget safety pins. Forget superglue. Forget duct tape°. Band-Aids® make excellent emergency repair jobs! Whether it's a loose fingernail or a loose car door, Band-Aids® solve any problem in moments.

#. Eyebrow pluckers. For a nice, smooth forehead. (not recommended for men.)

7. Collect 1,000,000 Band-Aids®, then roll each one into a convenient little curl, stick them to your wall, and hurl yourself against them. If all goes well, you will hang permanently restrained. Great for beds, or those annoying toddlers who won't hold still.

6. Band-Aids® make excellent flypaper. Merely suspend from ceiling and coat gauze (see fig. 2) with honey.

9³/₄. New-age mummy look: plaster yourself in Band-Aids® for a modern alternative to linen, which is so 4,000 years ago.

5. Yes.

10. Band-Aids® are also wonderful lint removers! just whack a hundred or so on that jacket, peel off in one big sheet, and voila! No more lint (or jacket, but, oh well)!

12 or 13. Whenever that frayed electric cord peeps out, don't head for the electric tape! Go straight for economical Band-Aids®, which can safely wrap any wire and prevent the risk of shock, which may be hazardou— *ZAP BZZZ*ZZT!!!!* *AHHHH!!!!*

—Anonymous

° do not mess with duct tape. this is only a joke. we would never mess with duct tape.

Horoscopies

Aries (March 21 - April 19): Bad luck comes from walking under cement trucks.

Taurus (April 20 - May 20): Follow the yellow cement road. (Try not to step on Aries.)

Gemini (May 21 - June 20): I see a birthday in your near future.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22): Let the energy flow. Feel the energy.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22): You who live by the sword get shot by those who don't.

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22): Attempt to juggle goldfish with your tongue leads to a not-so-joyful first taste of sushi.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22): Your love life may be in trouble if your fiancé hurls a javelin through your chest.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21): Do not fly too close to the sea, nor too close to the sun. (the wax might melt.)

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21): Step away from the vehicle.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19): Give up career as a neuro-surgeon; your true calling is as a bus driver (which you prefer to call "public chauffeur").

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18): To raise grades on English essays, increase use of semicolons and parentheses (()).

Pisces (Feb. 19 - March 20): Remember to square the hypotenuse. (but do not carry the zero.)

If today is your birthday: well, aren't you special? you think you're better than everyone else, eh? well, i'll show you a thing or two...

The Flying News would like to wish good luck upon all those taking AP tests. (you'll need lots of it.)

Port Out, Starboard Home. Please remain seated during the credits.

Godspeed!