

ATTENTION:

THIS IS A NEWSLETTER

(rettelswen)

“ $\Sigma \times \sqrt{-1}$ feel \approx being wispy”

It is called **THE FLYING NEWS** (capitals are unnecessary,

but feet are recommended for walking)

Late February, anno Domini 2003

Price: \$1.58 per copy.*

the real authors of this newsletter are unknown. The head editor's name is Phim Phocifero, but we believe he is an impostor, and not really himself.

“I am not myself today.”

*add \$3.00 shipping for residents of Hagerstown Hall

OUR BEST ISSUE YET! (including the last one.)
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STAFF: Phim “Phlimsy” Phocifero
Red “Red Wing” Wing
Mr. “Mister” Rogers
Walter “I want a new last name” Walters
And guest-starring:
Mr. Ed

Letter from Colonel Phim Phocifero

To: The whale population of the United Kingdom

Dear Pasteurized Whales,
To which whales it may concern:
Whilst the whales shall survive,

Quit eating grass and get your blowholes out of the backyard, fellows!! I write to ask a favor, old chums. I need a translator, pals. I have this buddy, chaps, and he speaks little. Therefore, in order for me to understand him, I need your help, mates. You see, I would like to become acquainted with him, and this should be impossible if not for your whalish wiles, laddies. If you don’t comply I will be forced to throw you, and my buddy, into a pit of fire, which I call... THE PIT OF FIRE!! You can trust me not to harm you, friends.

Pippip cheerio! And all that nonsense...
Shiver me Timbers!

-Colonel Phim

Phocifero

P. S. FIRE!!

The welsh did not respond to the colonel’s letter. He never got to know his buddy. His buddy was thrown to despair... and fire.

The Problem with Hagerstown Residents

Have you ever asked yourself the question “what’s wrong with those doggoned hagerstown folks?!” We thought so. This is the sort of question any responsible citizen must ask himself once in a while.

Well, stop wondering. The answer is here. We at the Flying News have spent hours, or at least minutes, in thought, pondering this question for your benefit. We now reveal our wisdom for all to receive...

Here's what's wrong with those hagerstowners... First of all, they're pretentious. They live in their high rise building looking down on the rest of the campus, and only come out at nightfall. They're lazy. They insist on keeping the dining hall just outside their own backdoor, so that others must walk distances of upto twelve or thirteen to get food, while they take a mere hop skip and jump to their feeding spot. They look stupid, as they hop skip and jump to the diner and back to their lairs up in the air. They are incredible! They hager and hager all the live-long day, as if they own the university. Even more, they listen to country music, drive go-carts, and walk on ceilings. One of these days, they're going to take all of the dining hall trays and horde them to keep others from obtaining proper nourishment. And sleds.

The worst thing is, the university staff lets them get away with all of this. The administration gives them hot water for showers, radiators to heat their rooms to comfortably toasty degrees in the wintertime, and easy to remember, five-digit telephone extensions, so that just about anyone on campus can call them anytime.

An actual conversation between Monsieur L and myself. (Monsieur L speaks for himself, but I am not myself today, so I'm not sure who is speaking for me.)

"Johnny the Homicidal Maniac - now **this** is one of the freakiest-"

"children's stories?"

"no... definitely NOT a children's story. This is one of the FREAKIEST comics I've ever read."

"oh yeah? How 'bout, how 'bout, how 'bout, how 'bout BATMAN?!"

"well, that was kinda weird, but this is much freakier."

"oh yeah? How 'bout, how 'bout, how 'bout, how 'bout SUPERMAN?!"

"yeah, but you get over superman."

"oh yeah? How 'bout, how 'bout, how 'bout, how 'bout SPIDERMAN?!"

"spiderman was a little tough, 'cause I'm arachnophobic, but even that wasn't as freaky as this one."

So Monsieur L begins to read "Johnny the Homicidal Maniac," and, by an interesting turn of events, soon becomes a homicidal maniac himself.*

*we do not recommend comics about homicidal maniacs to those who are not already homicidal maniacs, as they may lead one to become a homicidal maniac. This, of course, is no danger to those who are already homicidal maniacs.^

^we also do not recommend reading the rest of this newsletter to those who are not already newsletters, as it may lead one to become a newsletter. This, of course, is no danger to newsletters, since they are already newsletters.*

*please read the rest of this newsletter.

fortune cookies:

"you will have a neutral day." - "gain some friends, lose others." - "jaywalking is not a game." - "there's an ant crawling up your back." - "the sun will go down, and then come up again." - "tomorrow comes, but yesterday never does." - "you will sneeze sometimes." - "gazundheit." - "some days you will work, others you will not." - "books abound." - "sleep is for the weary." - "you can't visit the sun, even at night." - "once you get up, you're up. if you're lying, you're still up, you're just saying you aren't."

202 Useless Facts of Anonymity

1. My name remains a secret. –Anonymous
2. Only I know my real name. –Anonymous
02. I forget what my name is. –Anonymous

A conversation overheard by our flying bugs in Ellicott Hall (edited for punctuation):

Joe: "Man, if there was a fire, Dan, the one thing I'd save is my song notebooks. If I'm not in the building, though, would you save them?"

Dan: "Sure...what about your guitar?"

Joe: "Hmm, yeah, could you get that too? Oh, don't forget the amplifiers, and the tape mixer, and..."

-so you'll know if ellicott's on fire by the amount of joe's stuff dan is carrying....

On February 24th or 25th (time is a blur...), a fire alarm went off in Ellicott Hall, and the building was evacuated. Daniel K. Burden conveniently left the building about ten minutes before the alarm. Joseph A. Currano was left to fend for himself, fighting off deadly flames and saving damsels in distress. Afterwards, he went back inside to save his song notebooks, and did not return. Sources say he may still be inside Ellicott Hall. Daniel K. Burden has not commented on this, but seems to be his usual, jolly self. We see in his attitude one of deep-set selfishness, lacking any compassion for his roommate. Daniel K. Burden is a maniac. We cannot tolerate such foolish carelessness in even one member of our society. If he had not left Joseph alone, he may have been able to save his guitars and amplifiers. Nothing more shall be said of this man, but that he should be ashamed of himself. Shame on you, Daniel K. Burden.

☺ OBITUARY ☺

Joseph A. Currano died in Ellicott Hall on February 24th or 25th with his notebooks, guitars, and amplifiers. Nothing more shall be said of this man, but that his roommate should be ashamed of himself. Shame on you, Daniel K. Burden. ☺

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INTERVIEW

Mr. Ed: Now, sir, what are your thoughts on life?

Sir: Hm, that's a tough question, Ed - may I call you Ed? -

Mr. Ed: Certainly.

Sir: Thanks.

Mr. Ed: Sir, you didn't answer the question.

Sir: You know, you're right. I apologize for being so rude. I did, after all, volunteer to do this interview. I shall be more careful next time.

Mr. Ed: You still haven't answered the question.

Sir: Really? Well who's interview is this, anyway? You act like you can order me around, ask me anything you like, and expect me to answer with no questions asked. You know how hard it is to answer questions that haven't been asked? It's pretty hard, Ed, I'll tell you that much. Why don't you try it yourself?

Mr. Ed: Ok, which question should I answer then?

Sir: Hey, **I'm** the one asking the questions here, buddy.

Mr. Ed: You haven't answered my question.

Sir: Sorry. What was the question again?

Mr. Ed: Oh, don't try to pull that one. I know a question mark when I see one.

Sir: So do I, and that's why I'm going to eliminate all question marks in America if you elect me as your president.

Mr. Ed: That is not part of the president's powers.

Sir: Which is why I have already appointed men to my cabinet who can do it for me.

Mr. Ed: So you're just going to put all of America's questions in your cabinet?

Sir: Yes, but my wife may get angry if I leave them there too long. Last time I left a glass of milk in the cabinet, she threw 5 dishes at me.

Mr. Ed: I bet that hurt.

Sir: Indeed! But since then, I have learned to juggle, and the next time it happens, I'll show her.

Mr. Ed: How to juggle?

Sir: No, I mean I'll show her who's boss.

Mr. Ed: Who is boss?

Sir: Hey, I'm asking the questions here!

Mr. Ed: Wasn't that a statement?

Sir: Um, yes, but... what's your favorite colour?

Mr. Ed: Black, what's yours?

Sir: Red.

Mr. Ed: You're just trying to flatter Red Wing.

Sir: Do you think it worked?

Red Wing: No.

Sir: Darn.

HOROSCOPES

Part of a balanced diet.

Aquarius: Dreams can fall through and so often they do. Yours are no exception.

Gemini: You have rich ocular organs.

Taurus: If you don't die soon, you will die later.

Capricorn: Monday is not your day. In fact, Monday is nobody's day. Just face it.

Cancer: Many believe you are a failure. They may be right.

Pisces: Happiness is not a fish.

Aries: If you haven't fallen asleep in class this week, the week is not over.

Leo: There's this guy who can find how you're feeling all the time. But I am not he.

Virgo: Consider changing your major to chemistry, so you can take courses that almost rhyme with your astrological sign.

Libra: Run away and don't look back! The wind is with you! Full speed ahead!

Scorpio: Today you are fine. Tomorrow, finer. The next day, finest. After that, your fineness will cancel itself out, and you will no longer be fine. Which is fine.

Sagittarius: In the world, there is strife. And there's nothing you can do about it.

Capricorn: Take steps to kill Sagittarius, as he does not seem to care about the strife in the world. You will become a hero to all others.

Feb. 29: Take advantage of the fact that nobody knows how old you really are.

If you liked (and by "liked", we mean "liked") this newsletter, please read it again.
If you did not like (and by "not like", we mean "like") this newsletter, please read it again.

GODSPEED, ALL!