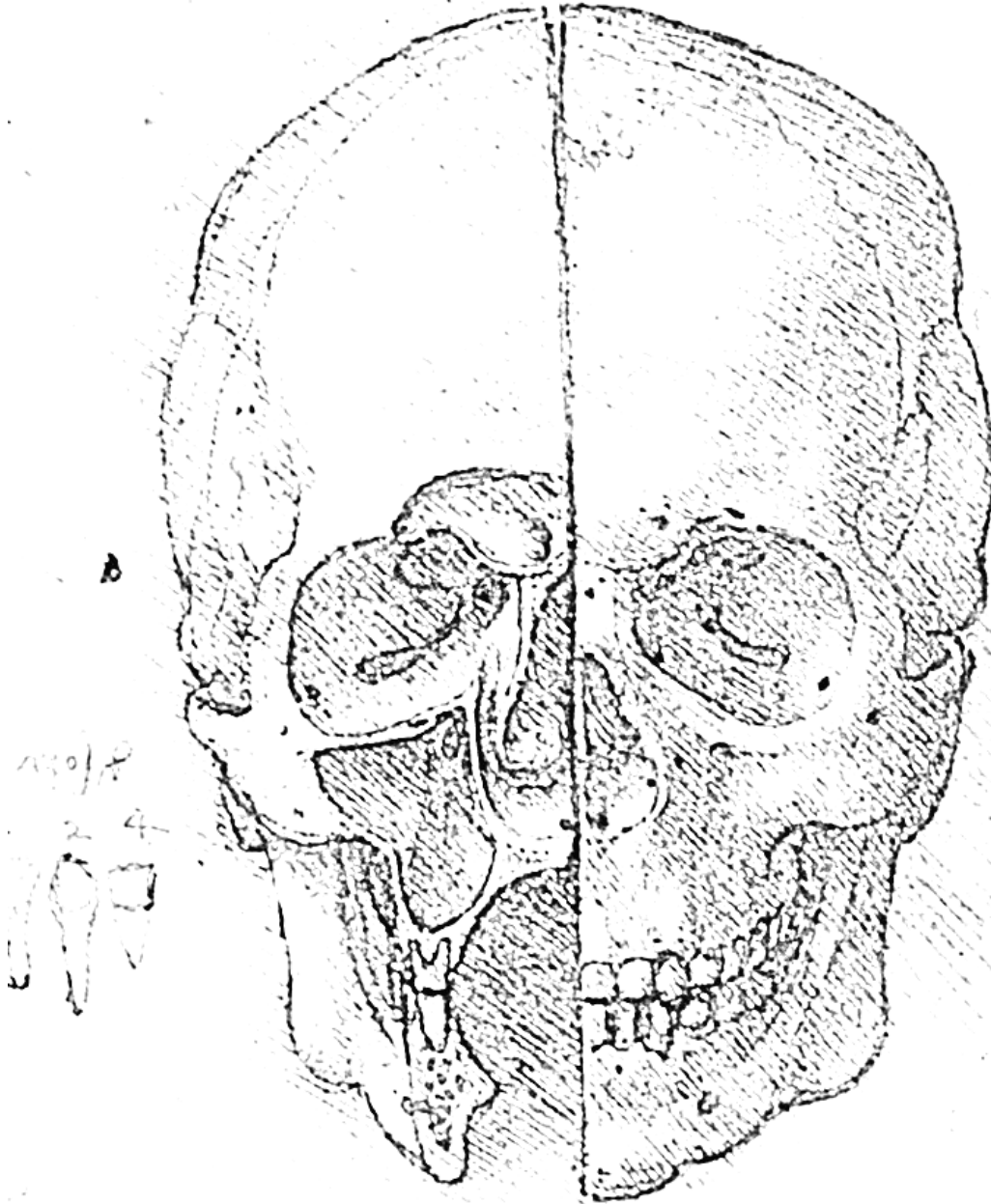


The Flying News

January 2001



price: your head

OUR BEST (t)ISSUE YET.

If you have been reading the Flying News avidly, you might realize that every issue is better than the previous one. This is because of our superior intelligence, which grows exponentially as a function of issues. Unfortunately, laziness seems to be an exponential function as well, and we are working to root out the sloth which sometimes characterizes our work. We are working to provide you with more pages to read and doodle on, so we have incorporated an extra blank page section into the Flying News as suggested by one of our readers. That way it will appear as if we have written more, and everyone will be satisfied. Even those who disdain the Flying News, such as Democrats, will be pleased since the blank page will make it seem to them as if we have written less, since we haven't filled the entire issue. In short, only our highly intellectual staff could think of such a splendid deal. Indeed, the genius of us has once again surpassed itself.

(stupidity)

Table Of Discontent:

Cover	This is the page of life. Cover art by Lucy Matthews, age 8
1.	This is the page of death.
2.	This is the page of long, excruciating pain.
3.	This is the page of agonizing boredom.
4.	This is the page of The Machine.
5.	This is the page of a fat man sitting on you until you scream like a baby.
6.	This is the jimmy page.
7.	This is the page of something something(more dreaded than that over there).
8.	This page is the page of zombie-like war machines.

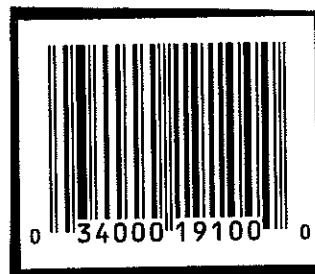
Flying News Staves:

The man without a mouth
The man of very silly hats
The man who sings on lofty buildings downtown
The man underneath the staircase
The man who was shot four times through the brain and survived with only a slight
bruise
The man you fear extremely
The man you will never see (not to be confused with the invisible man or the man
you will never come across but would see if you did)

Proof of Purchase:

Warning: *Do Not Attempt to Remove*

without a pair of scissors



note: the flying news does ~~not~~ promote running with scissors
"one of the greatest achievements in the history of mankind"

Letters to the Wise EdiTorso:

Oh Great Wise Ones,

I bow to your majesty. The Flying News has influenced me so greatly that I have written a book entitled *The One Wonder of the Not-So-Wonderful World*, in which I insult every political figure (especially those who whine when they lose elections) in the US. Also, in The 13th chapter there is an expression of praise towards the high and mighty powers behind the Flying News. But anyway, the reason I am writing is to ask if you will advertise my book. Thank you and thank you again for allowing all of us unworthy commoners to receive a glimpse of your magnificence.

Your lowly fan,
Alvin Innstin

To this the Flying News aptly responds:

We will be glad to advertise your book, Mr. Innstin, and I'm sure everyone will buy it since its title clearly refers to The Flying News.

Dear Flying News man,

I'm like the hugest fan of you guys' work. I have all your albums and will buy every Greatest Hits album you come out with, although the songs are all old, even 50 years after you're dead. You guys are like the most radical inspiration to me. Peace out, dudes.

Otto Man

Dear Men of the Flying News,

I am a pagan atheistic Jew and I feel kind of bad since I hate God and therefore couldn't celebrate Christmas, so I was going to make up a holiday for myself. The problem is, I couldn't think of a name for the holiday, so I ended up sitting in my room alone all December. Could you give me a title for my holiday so next year I'll feel better?

Sincerely,
Mr. Nitschze

To this the Flying News aptly responds:

We think you are full of B.S. (sorry kids, no actual profanity in this issue). Please throw yourself into a deep well.

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The third declension of your second life once removed raised to the n th power metaphorically coincided with all the matter in Napoleon's left nostril, translated into Spanish then into Greek and back into English, brings us to the revelation that they may, in fact, be giants.

Advertisement

Do you believe in Bob? Call toll-free for your guide to the Ultimate Og. 900-BOB-UNOW small service charge of \$47 for each call.

A Conversation between President-Elect George W. Bush and Untitled-Unemployed Al Gore

Bush: Hello.

Gore: I still think I should win.

Bush: Nice to see you too.

Gore: I think everyone was tricked into voting for you. I bet you would've voted for me if you had been able to read the ballot correctly.

Bush: Can't say I would do that.

Gore: You know, I don't think you're prepared for the presidency. You were only a governor. If you'd just give the job to me, we'd all end up happier.

Bush: If I remember correctly, Bill Clinton was a governor before he became president. You seemed to think he was a good man for the job.

Gore: I should've won anyway, because I know for a fact that some people voted for me more than once. With the way we rigged it, there was no way for you to win.

Bush: I'm sure you democrats are very good at rigging elections, but this time you weren't good enough.

Gore: You just aren't playing fair with all that "sincerity" stuff. That's not the way politics is supposed to be.

Bush: Did anybody ever tell you how well you take a loss?

Gore: What's that supposed to mean?

Bush: Oh, I'm sorry, maybe I should speak a little slower for you.

Gore: Hmph!

Bush: Do you know what it's like to be president, anyway?

Gore: Sure I do... You get to do whatever you want and then lie about it and there's no punishment. That's the whole reason I ran.

Bush: Oh, I almost forgot, you're a democrat. Well, fortunately the rest of us have this thing called honor. But I guess that's too complicated an idea for you.

Gore: What's that supposed to mean?

Bush: Oh, sorry, am I speaking too fast again? I'll slow down a little.

Flying Newsman: Well, I think that's about all we have time for, guys.

Gore: What?! It's not over yet, I haven't finished saying what I wanted. You didn't let me tell you about my new policies.

Flying Newsman: And what are those new policies?

Gore: I've decided to give all my money to charity and become a nun.

Flying Newsman: Alright, time's up.

the 4th form

Gore: Wait! I also want to give up my wife for adoption and burn the entire state of Florida, after letting all inmates on death row free on the grounds that they remind me of myself.

Flying Newsman: That's great, Mr. Gore, but I'm afraid we've run out of time, so we're going to have to—

Gore: Then I'll adopt all the little puppies caged up in animal shelters and they'll be like my own children and I'll just love them to pieces, and, and...

Flying Newsman: OK, well, you do that, but unfortunately, there is only so much space in this issue and we don't want to disgust people too much.

Gore: But, but—

Bush: The election is over, Al.

Gore: But... *SOB* I wanted to win! I just wanted to be something!

Gore's Mother: Awww, my little pumpkin wumpkin, it's alright. We'll get you a nice big ice cream cone when we get home.

Gore: *Sniff* With chocolate sauce and sprinkles?

Gore's Mother: And a big fat cherry on top, just the way you like it.

Gore: OK, Mommy. *sniff*

As promised, Gore goes home and has a nice big ice cream cone, just the way he likes it, just the way his mother always treated him when he was a boy and lost at checkers (he wasn't smart enough to play chess). Then his mother, finally realizing she hasn't raised a very good boy, disowns him and he is found the next day on a bench in the park, sucking his thumb and sobbing like a baby. He is put into a mental institution and seems to enjoy life there with his imaginary friend Nelson. And America is happy once again.

...something else entirely...

cough

The 8th Corporal Work of Mercy:
"Remember the dismembered."

Horoscopes

aries (march 21 - april 19): Life is short. Don't get too used to it.

taurus (april 20 - may 20): Death is just around the corner.

gemini (may 21 - june 20): Nothing you can do will keep you alive.

cancer (june 21 - july 22): Disease dwells deep within you.

leo (july 23 - aug 22): You will soon be reduced to bones and teeth rotting in the dust.

virgo (aug 23 - sept 22): Might as well step onto the middle of a runway in front of a
landing airplane.

libra (sept 23 - oct 22): You will be burnt to a stinking heap of smoldering flesh, just after
being mocked, spit on, and sliced to pieces by an insane chainsawyer.

scorpio (oct 23 - nov 21): You may never see the light of day again.

sagittarius (nov 22 - dec 21): However hard you try, you will never find happiness in this
life.

capricorn (dec 22 - jan 19): Just killing time until the worms eat into your brain.

aquarius (jan 20 - feb 18): Ever thought about DEATH?

pisces (feb 19 - march 20): Whatever you choose, it amounts to the same: ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.

if your birthday was yesterday: you are most likely dead by now.

**PLEASE ATTEND THE MARCH (JANUARY 22ND) FOR LIFE ON JANUARY
22ND. MOST OF THE FLYING NEWS STAFF WILL BE THERE, BUT IF
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU CAN AVOID US.**

Obituaries

Socrates died.
Plato died.
Aristotle died.
Alexander the Great died.
Julius Caesar died.
Leonardo da Vinci died.
King Henry V died.
King Henry VIII died.
Queen Elizabeth I died.
William Shakespeare died.
Napoleon died.
George Washington died.
Percy B. Shelley died.
Edgar Allen Poe died.
Charles Dickens died.
Adolf Hitler died.
Martin Luther King, Jr. died.
Jimi Hendrix died.
Kurt Cobain died.
Princess Diana died.
Sonny Bono died.
Bill Clinton will die soon.
Even Vim Vocifero died.
It's only a matter of time...

News

Other than the fact that a lot of people died yesterday and a lot of people will die tomorrow, there isn't much news right now. We seem to have bumped into a time of relative "peace." But we wonder, is it peace of mind, peace of soul, world peace, peace of π , rest in peace, PC, slurpees, or what? Personally, we'd prefer the last.

In other news, Americans are steadily becoming stupider and stupider. Many are being convinced that it is somehow "evil" to eat meat from an actual once-living animal. I don't mean to imply that vegetarians are stupid, just that they're idiots. But anyway, we have been doing extensive research and experimentation (which consists mostly of trying to

make a cow laugh by making childish faces at it), and have come to the conclusion that cows may be as dumb as vegetarians.

We have also been making charts on the walls that seem to point to the extinction of cows in general. For, if environmentalism keeps spreading as it has been lately, people will eventually stop eating meat altogether, and stop using such goods as leather which come directly from cows, then there will be no more cow farms. We predict a great wave of idealist animal rights consciousness, wherein all the farmers will suddenly realize how cruel it is to keep cows in fences. They will release the cows into the wild, with words of encouragement such as "Run free, boy!" and "Go frolick in the hills! See the world you've always yearned for!" The cows will be quite confused at this, since they have always been perfectly content in their fences chewing their cud all the live-long day. Nevertheless, they will feel a newfound happiness at this great world which has just been opened to them, and will eagerly go out into the forests and hills in search of opportunity. Then, unprotected from the predators of the wild, they'll all be eaten by wolves and bears, and cows will become extinct.

A prestigious newspaper recently (over 150 years ago) printed a short poem entitled "An Ode to Oil-of-Bob," which runs thus:

"To pen an Ode upon the 'Oil-of-Bob'

Is all sorts of a job.

(Signed) Snob."

I am partly flabbergasted at this and a monk's cell with wall-to-wall carpeting. This man "Snob," who is surely a genius, has perfectly expressed the feelings of every single human being in these few lines. I have never seen a poem more transcendently worthy of praise. Apparently, the author is none other than the son of the Oil-of-Bob inventor himself, the great Thomas Bob, Esq. It is no wonder that such beautiful poetry comes from such a talented family.

see also: <http://www.poedecoder.com/Qrisse/works/thingum.html>

Quotes

"We are number 1. All others are number 2 or lower." — *some movie*

"Death is one of those things." — *one of those guys*

While sifting through our Documents of Old, we discovered this treatise on Man's Nature, which reveals a truth long forgotten in human wisdom. Because it exceeds the mental capabilities of every great philosopher, and it was not signed in any legible way, we have concluded that one of the Flying News brethren wrote it long ago and forgot about it (we tend to do that sometimes, because of the constant flow of high knowledge into our cerebelli). There was a lengthy introduction written by Aristotle, but the contents of the document itself make its introduction look like a child's writing, so we have left it out.

A Treatise on the Highest Nature of Man

We often hear speak of our human nature and its effects (or defects) in our daily activities. And while human nature is a great part of every one of us, there is another more essential element of our being that is too much neglected: our Bob Nature. The Bobness of each individual person must not be overlooked, for it is the Aura from which come some of mankind's most beautiful achievements (hopping on one foot, dancing while seated, putting spaghetti noodles in through the nose and out the mouth, running with scissors, etc).

I say that we need to create a new awareness of the Bobness inside us. There should be studies done to determine which types of people tend to have the best-developed Bobness. We should write self-help books with instructions to increase personal Bobness (suggested title: *The Bob in the John: finding your inner Bob*). Every Thursday of every month except February (the month of the Anti-Bob) should be Bob Awareness Day, and we should wear the official Bob colour Blue on those days.

We must also search for the Ideal Bob, a man who has achieved a state of ultimate Bobness, to lead us in a movement towards world peace and free candycorn (the candy of happiness). In the name of Bob, let us build a less bad world!

and someday you'll be dead. dead. dead.

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