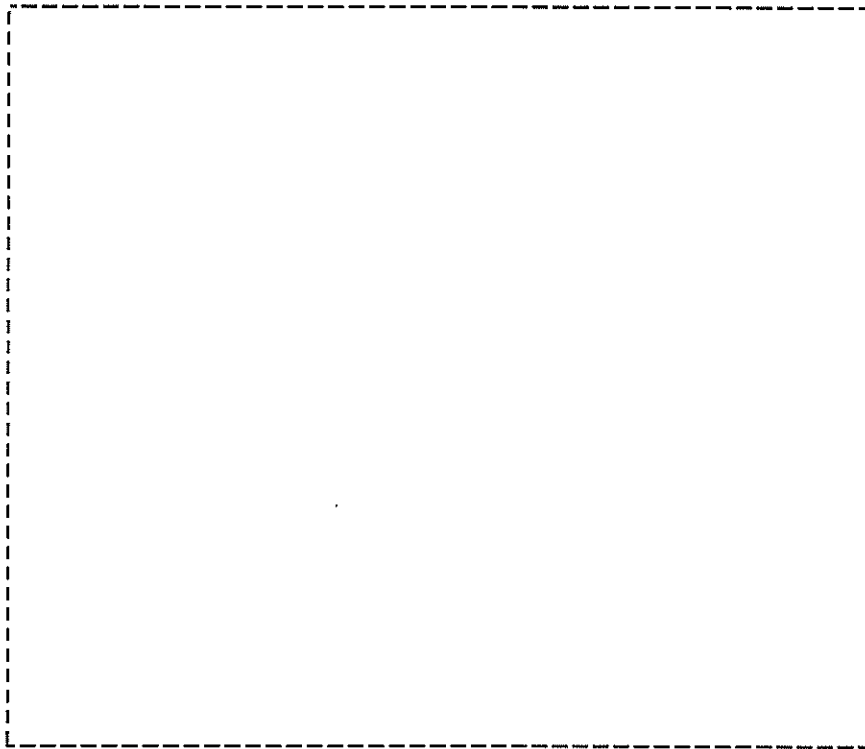


The Flying News

January, 2000
issue 43

Create your own cover art!



fine print: The Flying News is not a new publication. It has been in print for centuries, and if you haven't seen it before you should consider yourself entirely lost, and may never discover the answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything.

Our best issue yet!

© copywritten 1:35 am 1984. Lost In Thought Publications, The 6th Dimension, Peru

Caution: do not exhale

the great Bim Bocifero, heir to the late Vim Vocifero, has awoken from his 5-year hibernation, and recently decided to re-enter society armed with this enhanced, semi-automatic publication for entertainment purposes only. \$3.99 a minute

extremely fuzzy Flying News staff:

Editor in chief.....Bim Bocifero, 15th cousin, twice removed, of the late Vim Vocifero

Other staff.....Marty the Good Humor Ice Cream Truck Man

.....Sam from down the street

.....tiny lab mice bent on a quest for world domination

.....Erronius Maximus, Spell Checker

note from the many-lettered staff:

All readers, and some nonreaders of this publication are free to send letters to the editors, but those letters will never be read, and pesky-letter-writers will henceforth receive hate mail in great throngs every so often.

$k = \sum \ln x^2 - 7$ if and only if for every $0 < x < \text{ice cream}$, $f(\text{spoon})$ is an inverse function of the way you remember breaking all your older sister's barbie doll heads off.

as ultimate editor princepe, I reserve the right to take words from the mouth of any source, and replace them with words that I think fit, for no other purpose than the humiliation of the source (and for my own material benefit).

I also reserve the right to replace the actual source as well, with a source I am more comfortable with, so as to manipulate the reader towards accepting this imaginary world of the " " as the new, reformed reality.

I also reserve a table for three imaginary boys

Everything else is secondary.

Thanks to all who attended the March(January 24) For Life on January 24. And to all who did not, no cookies for you.

(there will be no actual news appearing on this page)

1 flew over the cuckoo's nest

[The staff of tHE fLYING nEWS is currently engaged in a slightly heated discussion, and the text will be edited for our younger versions of readers]

Bim Bocifero's Right Brain: But you can't #ψ%* take the ∂!\$ square root of a μ/#ã , negative!

Bim's Left Brain: Just try to *%o\$\$ stop me!

Right Brain: NO! #β*Ω*! Don't §^∅ do it!

Left Brain: Hahahahahaha! (connotes evil laugh)

—an immensely dangerous explosion has just occurred at the flying news Headquarters, due to the fact that , despite the right brain's warning, Bim Bocifero's mischievous left brain took the square root of a negative.

so-called news:

Psychic goatboy has revealed that the end of the world will occur.

brief tabloid section:

The United States is doing very well economically by "virtue" of its executive officer.

Weather: may exist in some regions

Lucky Numbers: all reals

In order to create a recurring, yet still nonsensical theme in this issue, I am compelled to randomly insert the phrase "Fight for prosthetic foreheads!" between bits and pieces of the usual nonsensical text.

example:

bit: And then he ran behind the barn with all the guns of Brixton.

Fight for prosthetic foreheads!

piece: Michael don't you know you were meant to ride your bicycle.

The only purpose for this recurring joke is to

Fight for prosthetic foreheads!

use up extra space.

(there will be no actual news appearing on this page)

Horoscopes

Gemini – encounters with your own likeness on almost every mirror you see

Cancer – unforeseen flailing of upper and lower limbs in an attempts to avoid potential Scottish kamikaze attacks

Leo – you obviously let others control you, as you have read this far without realizing that it is all one large plot against the welfare of your innards

Virgo – will take on strong disliking to anything involving cheesy comestibles

Libra – will find inner peace through patronization of this publication

Scorpio – look at the world with a new perspective. consider a hobby of standing on your head.

Sagittarius – beware Libras, or anyone who actually knows their astrological sign

Capricorn – you will find difficulty in pronouncing the name of your astrological sign backwards

Aquarius, –a, –um, feminine

Pisces – future holds many events which have not happened yet

Aries – Relax. You're going to die, yes. But it's not the end of the world.

Taurus – 1995, good condition, runs well; asking \$8,000. Call 555-4268

Flying News staff lemonade break...

...

.glug, glug.

Philosophical thoughts

John Locke likes oysters and pineapples, as can be inferred from his “The Blank State of the Mind,” which is not Iowa (Population: 46.3, Area: πr^2).

ρ ρ ρ your boat

number 3: They might be giants.

(there will be no actual news appearing on this page)

news, which is often inconsistent with itself

A ubiquitous child was recently murdered by a murderer. The child was reported to have been playing with his blocks just before the crime occurred. The child's mother was in the kitchen "making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich (with crunchy peanut butter-- he hates creamy) for his lunch." She was not aware of the murderer's presence in the house until afterwards, when she heard a scream. "It was loud, very loud," she said. But she did not see the crime occur. Luckily, at that time a burglar was also in the house, and happened to notice that another man, who looked like a murderer, was in the house. "He looked like a murderer," said the burglar. The family is very fortunate that the burglar was an eyewitness to the murder. He told us what happened, and now we have some clues that will help us find and catch the murderer who murdered the murder victim.

The story is as follows:

It was about 1:37 and 29 seconds pm. The murderer crept in through the front door, and slipped through the kitchen unnoticed, stopping to say hello to the boy's mother. He said, "Hello. Is that peanut butter and jelly you're making?" The boy's mother replied, "Hello, how are you?" That's when things got ugly. The murderer said, "You didn't answer my question." He stormed into the family room, where the burglar was playing blocks with little Timmy. Timmy said (with a British accent, though he is not British at all, and is in fact from Omaha), "Good day, Mister Murderer! Would you care to join us?" The murderer accepted the invitation despite the British accent, and began building a rather large tower with the blocks. When he finished making his tower, he said, "I've finished making my tower." Little Timmy then stood up, causing the floor to shake ever so slightly, and the tower began to sway. It then collapsed, causing anger to grow deep in the murderer's murderous mind. He totally freaked out, and using a rubber knife, stabbed the unfortunate child repeatedly. The murderer then walked away. As he passed the mother in the kitchen, he said, "I've murdered your child, goodbye." The mother said, "Thank you, come again."

That's when things got really ugly. Just before the murderer left, he used the bathroom, and left the seat up. Then when he left, he didn't close the front door. As for the burglar, he stole all 234 blocks that Timmy owned. He stuffed them into his pocket and thanked the mother, saying, "Thank you," as he left.

That is exactly the way this tragic occurrence occurred, and I'm sure everyone feels sorry for little Timmy. There will be a two hour TV movie about the murder that will air on Saturday at 1:00 pm to reenact the tragic event. It will be, as movies like this always are, extremely dramatic and exaggerated. But hey, it's all good.

(there will be no actual news appearing on this page)

More news, which may or may not be considered worthwhile to the sound-bite gluttons' evil scheme:

Late last night, a man from west Philadelphia (born and raised, on the playground... oh, sorry) was defenestrated. He was reportedly thrown out of the 19th story window of an apartment building which has very low rent. The man's apartment is now vacant because a strange thing happened when he hit the ground. He happened to be tied to a piece of toast, so he landed on his nose and began dancing like a ballerina. Then an old lady hit him with her purse, which killed him instantly. Unfortunately, we are not allowed to interview the man, but we have interviewed the woman who killed him. Her name happens to be Greta.

Flying News: Why did you kill this man?

Greta: He was such a fool. And he couldn't dance.

FN: Can you dance?

Greta: No.

FN: Then why did you kill him?

Greta: Because he couldn't dance.

FN: Okay, next question: Has anyone pressed charges yet?

Greta: No, I don't think you can be charged for dancing badly. Besides, why would anyone press charges against a dead man?

FN: I meant, has anyone pressed charges against you for killing the man?

Greta: Oh, yes, I'm being charged for manslaughter.

FN: How do you feel about the death penalty?

Greta: I think that anyone who kills somebody should himself be killed.

FN: So you don't mind if you're executed?

Greta: What? Me?

FN: Well, you did kill that man, didn't you?

Greta: Yes.

FN: And you're in favor of the death penalty for any form of murder, right?

Greta: Certainly.

FN: So, you... you... nevermind. Anyway, that's all we have time for, and things don't look good for you, Greta.

Good luck, Greta. Greta is now on death row, and we would just like to say one thing to all the purse-owning people out there-- you have a lethal weapon, so be careful. Congress is going to meet to discuss the purse control issue. If the men of this country are lucky, a law may be made against all those murderous women who hit people with purses.

(there will be no actual news appearing on this page)

5 little native americans

And more:

Once there was a boy named Clarence. Too bad.

(here's where the evil laugh is heard in the background.)

see pages 90-91, 72-73, and 28-31 for rolling waves

Stock Market

The stock market does not exist this month, which is the reason the economics class has suddenly spawned several millionaires with wacky hairstyles and large overcoats.

FIGHT FOR PROSTHETIC FOREHEADS!

(here's where the evil laugh is heard once again, but slightly louder this time, with a little more emphasis on the last "ha")

Ads

Tired of buying new batteries for your wristwatch? or just tired of your wristwatch? Wristwathces are so 20th century. Buy the new, state of the art, technologically inefficient **WristSundial™** from Old Time Clockworks. We've been making ~~quality~~ real sundials since 135 bc (the last time we set our clocks). £1549

Tobacco-free cigarettes for the next millenium(which starts in 2001, according to the Gregorian calendar). We use pure nicotine extract and the finest non-tobacco leaves. Feels just like smoking a real cigarette:

*just as addictive!

*just as stupid!

*just as much horrible black smoke to choke your precious lungs and cause extremely painful cancer which will slowly bring about your demise!

(there will be no actual news appearing on this page)

Subtracts

_____dark blacks for sale. limited supply. only \$79-- best price you'll get in these parts for a dark black. and much better than your typical dark blue or dark purple. call 1-800-1-800-1-800 now, and be the first on your block to have a dark black just like on tv.

:To place an ad, clip letters from magazines and glue onto a large piece of paper in a secret code, such as **symchig**, so as not to let outsiders in on your sales techniques. send all ads to: The Flying News, c/o Dead Letter Office, PO Box 4235, Bethesda, MD 20814. \$.67 per letter, \$5.43 per full sentence.

There's not much else to say, so you can just

Obituaries

A multi-purpose cow was found dead on the other side of the door a while back. Since then, it has decayed, disintegrated, fertilized the soil, been absorbed by a tree's roots, and spat out again in its original form. I'd have to say a catalyst of many a day's remembrance.

2 chickens were sighted running around without heads for four days, from the 11th through the 14th. We suspect Ol' McDonald had a farm, and on his farm he HAD some chickens. eieio

-over and out-

"Extremely funny... inspired lunacy... over much too soon. But don't panic - there's a sequel on the way!"

- Washington Post Book World

Look for the next issue of the Flying News to be available on or before or after the Ides of February.

(there would have been some actual news on this page, but we ran out of

sorry, wrong #

Because we are dedicated to pleasing, or at least pretending to please, the reader, we would like to ask a few simple questions. Please answer honestly, so that we may pretend to serve you better. Note: this is not a survey.

1. How many surveys have you taken in the last two weeks?
...in the last century?
2. Would you like to take this survey?
yes no undecided
3. What sort of survey would you like this to be?
4. If you were to take this survey, what 2 questions would you include herein?
1.
B.
5. Fill in the blank: _____.
6. Are you enjoying this survey so far? Have you yet felt a strong urge to utter harsh words directed towards the staff of this publication?
yes no undecided yes yes yes
7. ?
yes no undecided
8. Do you agree with the answer to this question?
yes no undecided
9. How would you react to question #8?
10. On a scale of one to ten (one being the worst, ten being the best), how would you rate this survey? (Circle as few as possible)
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 -1 -2 -3 -4

Bonus essay question:

11. Do you really think this is the last question? Explain, making apparent use of the Pythagorean Theorem.

The results of this (not a survey) will be published in due time.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE FLYING NEWS