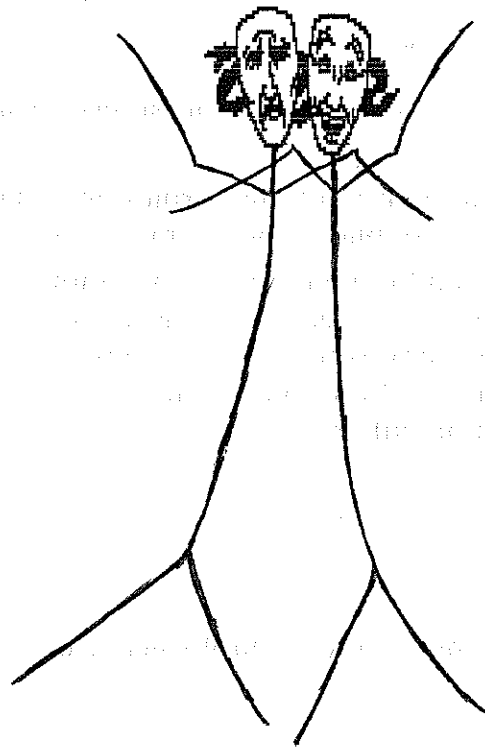


The Flying News

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February 2000



“We want your money”

this issue was born in our minds in February, even though it was not ready to print until April. The March issue is coming, hopefully sometime before August, as long as we are not still busy with our earwax problems.

Our best issue yet!

@ copyright in front of your face, you idiot!

This issue costs \$1.59 (£10.59) per copy. If you do not pay, we have no way of tracking you down, but you will forever carry a guilty conscience for neglecting to help the starving writers of The Flying News. If you have no money, which we consider the most evil paper since sliced bread, you may pay in the form of peanuts and self-humiliation by means of shouting, "Look at me! I can walk like a pigeon on cocaine!" in the hallways between classes.

Warning: Keep out of reach of children...

contains 9% recycled paper

12% hydroxide ions

64% alcohol

200% cotton (that's a lot of money)

and 31% petroleum distillates

as well as many abundant and most likely poisonous (upon contact) impurities.

Reproduction of this publication is normally forbidden by law, but since we are poor and deeply in need of publicity, please make ten copies of this issue of "*The Flying News*" and send them to ten friends immediately. Good luck will then begin to follow you wherever you go, as all your friends will see your keen sense of humour manifest in this here newsletter that they think you wrote yourself (since the staff list contains names similar to the ones you often call yourself in dark moments of psychosis).

THE flying news staff:

Head editor person in chief:

-Bim Bocifero, the Widely Known and Metaphysical Genius

Head copy machinée:

-King Yugli-Cade

Translators:

-José Arcadio, Señor Gomez, et Jean-Jacque Jean-Jacque

Pep Coach:

-Happe Occ. (the only Cope Chap)

=U.N. Owen.

Did You Know...?

There are 632 bicycle wheels.

Yes.

No you didn't.

What falsehood dost thou impart on me?

Huh?

:This publication is often written in fits of rage, drunkenness, hairballs, straitjackets, cartoon doorways, and/or pyromania. The views expressed in The Flying News are in no way those of the staff, your mother, or any other group of persons in particular.

Letterszszs to the editor

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.....>

Dear Bim (can I call you Bim?),

I think The Flying News ought to be diversified a bit, its horizons expanded slightly. I am vertically challenged, lacking capital hair, and somewhat overweight. I feel that this publication needs to appeal to all groups if it is to be considered truly enjoyable reading. What have you to offer those groups of people, like myself, who are inferior to you?

-Lost in Kentucky

(No.) In response to this letter, we have decided to incorporate more jokes directed towards short, fat, bald people, as well as ethnic jokes and cutdowns on people born in the month of February. By doing so, we hope to offend all readers equally.

Birthdays

there were some, possibly many, people born in February, so we thought we could commend them. But we didn't feel like finding out who was born in February, because frankly we don't care; and since we don't care, it probably isn't important anyway.

Obituaries what a great way to start your day!

Charles M. "Cartoonist of the Peanut" Schulz died on February 13, 2000. Coincidentally, this was the day before St. Valentine's Day, which must hold some allegorical meaning. (Of course, we have no idea what that meaning is, but you are free to ponder it as long as you like.) We here at the Flying News greatly respected Charles Schulz for his classic comic strips (especially the one where Charlie Brown walks by and the other kid says "Here comes Charlie Brown..."), by far funnier and less annoying than certain other strips such as "Cathy" and "Zippy" (which unfortunately are still published in The Washington Post).

Also, one Mr. Richard B. "L.T." McFersomie died last night on his death bed. We never knew him, but I'm sure he was a great guy.

Speaking of Death, you may have noticed the impending presidential Election Day 2000, coming up on November 7 (2000). We believe that, as dedicated citizens of the United States of America, you should start thinking about the views of each candidate, then immediately stop, and erase them from your memory altogether. We dislike all politicians (especially short, fat, balding ones), because they are lying, cheating, stinking, greedy, earth-tone-wearing scum.

note: if the above statement offends you personally, then The Flying News has fulfilled its ultimate purpose, and we would appreciate it if you would let us know immediately.

Why Elf Gets Inn (a variation of the news that flies)

"Those we call the others have seen what we are doing. We have got to find some way to stop them from stopping us from carrying out our plans. Super glue, a motorcar, and paperclips will be necessary. There should be no one in our way, lest mutiny overcome the populus. Set fire to The City!"

At this point, it is necessary that we rebuild the entire four (4) (IV) yards. There is nowhere left to go, so we shall raze the walls, in order that the water, having lost it's firm foothold, might not escape our pursuit. Absurdity does little good at times like this, but the little people have such little minds.

A conversation in good health:

Jake: What's the difference between a rooster and a chicken?

Clondit: Well, it's basically the same as the difference between a square and a rectangle.

Jake: Oh... so a rooster is a chicken with four equal sides.

Clondit: Exactly.

Advertisements

Pens for sale: all natural (grown in Lower Artámila), use very little ink. In fact, they use none at all. Well, they're really pencils, but these days pencils don't go for nearly as much as pens, so we're calling them pens. call 301-365-9786. \$45 each

There was another advertisement, but for some reason it was written in some kind of code with letters cut out of a magazine, so we are not quite sure what it says. well, we did try to decode it, and decided to print what we interpreted it as, so here it is:

We want your garbage: there is no one to go to now, your world is ended. trash. shart. the mites will eat away at your flesh, until the jumÓflümμds seep into your chyrephrÁnte. shart shart shart!!!

We apologize for the above advertisement.

A Special edition poetry session... (this poem was not written by me)

Words and space
fill the page
Pointless sounds fill
youth/age
Nothing more nothing more
nothing more or
less less less less less less less less less less less less less less less
... still nothing!

(again, this poem was not written by me) (or me)

and they are playing that annoying song, over and over and over and over and over...

An interview with the cousin of the president, Phil Clinton (a conversation in bad health)

Myself: Hello, Mr. Clinton. How are you this fine day?

Phil: Oh, sure, just pick on me like everybody else! I know what you're thinking... "How come *you* didn't become president? Your *cousin* became president! What are you, chicken?" Yeah, I've heard it all, I know how you people think! You think just because Bill lives in a big white house with lots of windows, that he's better than me, and I'm probably just some idiot who got nervous when I tried to run for class president in the third grade. Well, I've got feelings too, you know! How come Bill doesn't feel *my* pain? After all, I *am* his cousin! Oh, I don't care. Go on, mock me all you want. I don't need this country anyway!

Myself: Umm, I just wanted to ask a few ques—

Phil: Questions about Bill! You people just got me to do your stupid interview because you didn't have enough money to get Bill over here! Well, I'm sick of it all! Sick of it all! You hear that?! How's that for a disgruntled relative of the president?!

Myself: Well, I really wasn't thinking—

Phil: I know what you were thinking! I'm not even going to go into that again. If you ask

me, the U.S. isn't much of a country anyway, with a president who doesn't even care about his family, and only pretends to care about everyone else. Who elected that guy anyway? And the first lady too! Don't even get me started on her. I'm just glad she's not related by blood. Boy, I don't want to see how Chelsey turns out, she'll be so messed up by the time it's all over...

Myself: Ok, Phil, I think our time is up, so we'll just let you go now.

Phil: Hey! I wasn't done! You think you can use me like this and not let me have my say--

Myself: Oops, sorry Phil, looks like you need another shot. [---[_____|_____]-----] There you go, that should calm you down a bit.

Phil Clinton is now lying on the floor, completely sedated, and will be transported back to the Arkansas Psychiatric Center.

We would also like to emphasize the fact that Phil Clinton is short, fat, balding, and from Norway.

A short story written by John McAbel

There I was, at the intersection of this road and that. And just when the light is about to turn green and I'm ready to go, this guy walks right into the intersection. And I'm thinking, who does he think he is? Certainly not Michael Jordan, by the size of him. He had the Don't Walk sign, and he just waddles right in front of my new car like some kind of brainless penguin. It's like he's *asking* to be run over. I mean, I like short people, but this guy looked like a tree stump trying to cross the road.

So, anyway, after waiting there forever for him to cross the road, I finally had a chance to go, when this guy in an SUV pulls up next to me. I look over, and think, he's got to be some kind of circus freak or something. He couldn't have been more than 2 feet tall! Even sitting on those two phonebooks, he could barely see over the steering wheel. And then he starts yelling at me in his high-pitched voice and calling me a coward. Well, normally if someone started talking like that to me, I'd shoot him right there, but this little chimpanzee was too pathetic to be worth even a single bullet. He was so short he'd make a Japanese guy seem like a giant.

When I arrived home, I walked into my house only to find that it had been broken into by some guy who had tattooed his name on my cat. "Martin Short," right there in red letters on poor little Kitty's then-shaven back. Well, by this time I was pretty ticked off with all these short people. So I went to the Mall and shot the first twenty-seven people I saw who were shorter than I. Afterwards, I went home to bed and slept quite soundly.

This world is being taken over by short people, practically all of whom are liberals and communists. Pretty soon they'll be shortening doorways to prevent us normal people from entering public places. We must fight the worthless low-to-the-ground-ers, destroy them completely! Therefore I am beginning a campaign which will provide every man over 5'10" with powerful handguns and grenades, and pay \$3 (because they're not worth a cent more) for each dead little-fellow turned in to our concentration camps ("built especially small to pack them in tight").

Horoscopes-

Aries (March 21-April 19) - High levels of indistinct frolicking in the near future. Should consult a physician, psychiatrist, and/or mad scientist.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Try rearranging the letters in your name to spell out obscene lines from Shakespeare plays. This should significantly raise your self-esteem.

Gemini (May 21-June 20) - You will steadily climb the corporate ladder to become the head plumber for a high institution.

Cancer (June 21-July 22) - Read your horoscope upside down.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) - A dark future, characterised by uncontrollable rapid movements of the eyes.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - (no future)

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) - Quick slip, banana peel, and an awful backache.

Scorpio (Oct. 23- Nov. 21) - Suggested reading: The Flying News.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - Avoid people of any nationality.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - You will talk to a person today. The first thing this person says to you will either definitely have an impact on your life or definitely not have an impact on your life.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - You will not talk to a person today.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Most of the persons you know are not persons at all.

This issue of The Flying News has come to an end. You may now return to your normal state of mind, until the next issue is released. Until then, Fare-thee-well and Cheerio!

Dern it! All this extra space! And I thought this was going to be a perfect issue! Well, we came close. Just enjoy the extra space while you can...