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departments:

the good page.1  
the evil page.2  
the evil twin page.3  
hidden page.4  
blank page.5  
the page of no return.6

read on, read on, oh  
hearty minds! for you  
shall see my greatness  
(disappear)!

please keep this copy in  
circulation, unless you  
wish to add it to your  
collection



our best issue since sliced bread

flying news staff:

editor-in-chief.....	Bim Bocifero
director of lead boots.....	Willy Steel
conductor of musical inquiry.....	Charlie
grammatical engineer.....	Earl Kranz
consultant for political correctness.....	deceased
nasal content analyzer.....	Hank Erchiff
left-handed punching bag.....	Mr. Sinister
public relations committee.....	unnecessary

we mourn the loss of one member of the Flying News staff, who has just been diagnosed as insane (crazy, loco, cuckoo, out of mind, off the wall, lost marbles, wrong side of the train tracks), and now resides at the local mental institution. But despite our loss of a great writer, we see this as a new opportunity to get that supply of straitjackets we always wanted at a relatively low price.

anything appearing in the FLYING NEWS that even remotely concerns the truth is purely accidental and is in no way meant to infringe on your opinion of reality.

Proof of Purchase— good towards one free trip all the way around the world. we guarantee you will reach your destination in less than one hour!



not redeemable outside the 50 United States. especially not in Canada, Mexico, or Puerto Rico.

***do not consume without large amounts of strongly alcoholic beverages***

“It’s very confusing and it’s *about* confusion.” —Bono

*one*

in a few aspects of my life I have shown improvement, and for this I congratulate myself. for instance, I don't cut myself shaving as often as I used to. then again, I don't shave as often as I used to.

however, in many other aspects of my life I see no improvement whatsoever. I am still a member of the staff of The Flying News, and plan to continue being one for as many years as it takes for me to graduate from high school. i'm not exactly sure what is wrong with me, or why I take such pleasure in writing this obviously demented magazine...

heretoforth I have decided to end every paragraph with...

do not be surprised or dismayed by the things you are not accustomed to. most people would never think of a lot of the things that don't exist. but the few who do are usually strangers...

#### formula for building a large (self-)destructive bomb

this bomb is meant only as a toy and should not be used on animals or people big enough to fight back...

take three bottles of tequila. drink quickly.

fill the empty bottles halfway with gunpowder.

stop up bottlenecks with rubber clown nose.

when ready to use, ignite and bite off the clown nose the way they do with grenade pins in movies, and toss at ~~Mr. Breslin~~ your target.

run away...

the Limit of Heights students as sanity goes to infinity = Flying News staff...

the Limit of Heights students as sanity goes to zero = Heights Herald staff...

the Limit of Heights teachers as Heights students go to infinity = suicidal...

"Someone put their fingers in the president's ears

It wasn't too much later they came out with Johnson's Wax" —They Might Be Giants...

Who really won the presidential election?

Please put a check next to the name of the candidate you think won, tear this page out, and mail it to us. We will count the ballots, then recount them, analyze the ones whose votes do not support our choice, probably change a few, and slip in some fraudulent ones for the Democratic side, just to sort of keep everything in balance, you know, because having Bill Clinton's party in office for another four years isn't throwing off the balance or anything, especially after he graciously gave us a huge scandal to talk about, and you know, we all know from experience that Democrats are *always* the most honest and loveable politicians, and of course the economic success of the US depends *completely* on one man, not the whole population and all the big businesses or anything. No, we all know Mr. Clinton is completely responsible for all the good that has ever come of this country. But anyway, this will definitely be a fair vote, because we are personally making sure you vote the right way...

- George W. Bush (Do not vote here)
- Albert Gore (Vote here)
- Abraham Lincoln (Do not vote here)
- Pat Buchanan (Do not vote here)

naturally, anyone with any common sense would know that the only person listed above who has won a presidential election is Abraham Lincoln, and would have voted respectively...

are you not concerned about the moral values of the American people and their leaders?...

In these days of turmoil and confusion, many people spend too much time thinking, and not enough time unthinking. People are so sure of their illogical conclusions ("I won the state") that they never bother to unthink their agenda. If people spent more time unthinking their thoughts, we would not have such unthinkable gore to deal with, and the country would be a much cleaner place.

At the tune the Tim will be 10.

Today is probably Thursday, but it should be Sunday.

## On the Malformation of the Youth of 20th Century America

by Robin LaHood

Some of history's worst poets, including William Shakespeare, T.S. Eliot, and many others, seem to have over the years acquired undue fame of the highest proportions. This extends too into the art world, with such nitwits as Picasso, having "created" (and I use the term loosely) some of the most expensive "works" (as if they reveal any real amount of labor) of "art" (I use this term even more loosely) in the world. In fact, the price/pleasantness ratio for most of Picasso's paintings approaches numbers that even the greatest physicists would blush at. But getting back to poets, the point I am trying to make is that... umm... now I can't remember my point. I'm not even sure I had a point in the first place. And why should I? You're not the boss of me. I don't have to write this if I don't want to. That's it! I'm not working here anymore. And you know what? You can take that raise you never gave me and throw it out the window, because I'm quitting! I'm old, I'm tired, and I just want to get some sleep. Can't a guy have some peace and quiet around here without someone knocking on the door at 2 am every night? I'm going back to bed...

### Interlude

doo doo-du doo~ doo doo-du doo, doo doo-du doo~ doo du-du...  
singing ha la la la de day...  
pa rum pum pum pum... me and my drum...

THIS PAGE ALL CAPS...

IT IS MY PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE ARE NOW WRITING THE FLYING NEWS IN THE DARK! AS THE LIGHT WAS NOT ON WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM, AND MY LAZINESS BEING MOSTLY UNSTOPPABLE, I DECIDED IT WAS NOT WORTH MY WHILE TO TURN IT ON. MY COMRADES AND MYSELF ARE HUDDLED HERE, ALL WITH EXACTLY THE SAME THOUGHT GOING THROUGH OUR HEADS: "WHOA." WE NOW FEEL AS IF WE ARE PART OF A REAL SECRET CLUB, AND WE ACTUALLY HAVE SOME SLIGHTLY EVIL, MAD-SCIENTIST TYPE OF WORK TO ATTEND TO, WHICH OF COURSE WE CANNOT DISCLOSE, BECAUSE THEN WE WOULD HAVE TO KILL YOU...  
HAHAHAHAHA!!! (MAD-SCIENTIST LAUGHTER) HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!  
HAHAAAAA! HAAAHHHHH!...  
BUT ANYWAYS, YES, WE NOW WRITE IN THE DARK. WHICH MAKES FOR SOME AWFULLY BAD HANDWRITING. BUT OF COURSE, YOU WON'T NOTICE BECAUSE THIS IS GOING TO BE TYPED UP. HAHAHAHA! ONCE AGAIN WE FOOL THE COMMONERS WITH OUR BRILLIANT LOGIC! NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW! WE SHALL OVERTHROW THE ENTIRE PLANET AND ERASE ALL LIFE FORMS THAT STAND IN THE WAY, INCLUDING SMALL FURRY RODENTS WITH BIG FLOPPY EARS! AND YOU ASK WHY? BECAUSE WE CAN! HAHAHA! WHILE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING, WE BUILT UP AN ENORMOUS FLEET OF PAPER AIRPLANES THAT WILL, WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, BE LAUNCHED FROM BIGGER PAPER AIRPLANES OVER EVERY MAJOR CITY IN THE WORLD! AND ALL YOU SMALL PEOPLE WILL BE STANDING ON YOUR HEADS UNAWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING WHILST YOUR PRECIOUS LAND AND POSSESSIONS ARE OVERCOME! AND ONCE WE'VE CAPTURED EVERY LAND IN THE WORLD AND SUPPRESSED ALL THOSE LEFT LIVING, WE WILL FORCE EVERYONE INTO LABOR CAMPS WHERE YOU WILL SING CHANTS IN OUR HONOUR UNTIL THE END OF TIME! NO ONE WILL ESCAPE! YOU SHALL NOT KNOW THE DAY NOR THE HOUR UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE! YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP US? FOOLS! FOOLS! FOOLS! ALL OF YOU ARE FOOLS!...

CAN YOU COUNT ALL THE EXCLAMATION POINTS ON THIS PAGE? ANSWER APPEARS ON LAST PAGE...

## Horoscopes

Aries (March 21-April 19) - Bright lights in your future. Of course, you're standing in the middle of the road.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Laugh in the face of danger. Spit in the face of wind.

Gemini (May 21-June 20) - Diamond meets pupil. You will become very like a cartoon man with dollar signs in his eyes.

Cancer (June 21-July 22) - Try thinking upside down, and backwards. But not sideways, for great evils come of sideways thinking.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) - Aim low, and you won't be disappointed. Aim high, and you'll get beat up.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - Guard against changes in behavior that resemble tuna, Al Gore, frozen cockroaches, or pudding. (Hint: frozen cockroach pudding is always a hit when a party seems dead. But if the party really isn't dead, it will be soon.)

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) - This month is one of brief success, but will undoubtedly end in utter confusion as to what time it is. No one will have the answer, and you will feel compelled to start your own religion. Suggested names: 2 O'Clockism, Chronomentalism

Scorpio (Oct. 23- Nov. 21) - Aries friend is really a fire-breathing dragon seeking to seize your wealth and press you into slavery.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - The electrodes in your brain will come to a grinding halt as you realize that chocolate-covered ants really are.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - Your food appears to be alive (but suicidal) as it presents a dramatic recitation of Hamlet's famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - Nearly existentialist outlook due to a highly improbable outcome of 90+ heads in coin toss, which in fact should be no more alarming than your shoe size (11).

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Feeling of inner peace throughout the month due to overexposure to household cleaning products.



(Blank)

