

Issue III

The Official Middle School News-Magazine

The

LAKE

POOPO'

Gazette

♪ "The best part of waking up, is Poopó in your cup." ♪

The Lake Poopó Gazette - Issue III

brought to you by:

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Written by Co-owner/Editor/Reporter Julian Lee

Take NOTE:

III

This issue includes a new column entitled "The Deep Literary Experience", giving you the reader a chance to indulge in utterly meaningless stuff to help you pass time, and make this look more complete. I hope to include a new example in every issue. If you wish to have your own issue column included in the L.P.G., contact the editor for my approval, and have an example handy. I am always in need of additional stories to make this company the best it can be. Now that I have put you to sleep again,

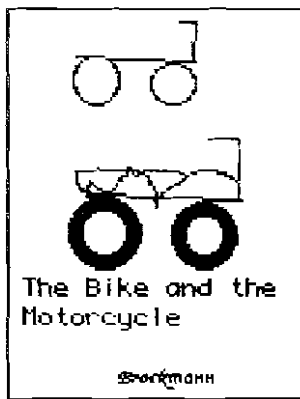
Wake  
Up!

and read this  
issue!



## Cambridge Teacher/Artist Mr.

### Brockmann Receives Highest Honor at Art Contest



The famous  
"Brockmann  
Smilie"

CAMBRIDGE, WI - A new power has emerged in the world of art, and his name is Mr. Brockmann, a middle school mathematics teacher for Cambridge Nickolay Middle

School. Apparently, we now know where his artistically accelerated sons get their talent (Their famous drawings were sold yesterday at an art auction each commanding from \$575,000 all the way to \$800,000). While he doesn't admit it freely, Mr. Brockmann has been conjuring up masterpieces like the one shown above for almost two years in every one of his classes on a daily basis. Now his art is beginning to sell even more than his sons'. How has this affected his life? Good question. Mr. Brockmann was not available for questioning at press time. Although Chris Kreul did comment, "Hey! I don't get it! Anyone could draw a bogus load of lines like that!" Yet not everyone is a Nobel Prize winner, like him - capable of many things far beyond as that of the average citizen. Still, even Mrs. Buell (the art teacher) was greatly impressed with his display of fine art ability.

The prize which he got for winning the age 2-4 group was a plate of our famous dung cuisine. Fear not though, he plans to still teach **Math** though he could live off his winnings for many years.

# Dinner is served!

MR. PHIPP'S BUFFALO CHIPS

Always Hot,  
Always Fresh,  
Always Mr. Phipp's



Grab a load today!

Editor's note: If you find any of the subjectional content of this news-magazine to be offensive, and you wish to complain, just call: 1-800-QQQQQQQQ

If we recieve no calls, we will assume there are no complaints, and we will continue on

# Major Polka Comeback Reported Throughout the Nation

EVERYWHERE, USA - Polka (Wisconsin state music), subject of much ridicule and put-downs, has gone on a steady decline in listeners for the past few years due to the passing away of fogies who lived during the glory days of polka several decades ago. Now, with the dawn of a new year nearly upon us, music stores nation-wide are being bought out of the few polka tapes that they carry. Yet if you ask the average teenager (the chief buyers of music) if they enjoy listening to polka, most either break out in laughter or pull out a gun and shoot you. So where are all the records, tapes, and CD's going? Personally, I have 4 polka tapes myself. Just a few days ago though, law officials reported finding several piles of polka music- that was burnt to a crisp! Later, several more polka burning sites were uncovered, and that kind of makes this story obsolete, but TOO BAD! Analyzers estimate that only about .00001% of the music bought is actually listened to- which adds up to about four tapes. Oh my. That's interesting...

## You Better Not Cry, I'm Tellin' You Why

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Scientific research has proven that every time you cry, your body excretes waste which could be harmful. But we at Poopo Labs, here in Bolivia know better. Head analyzer, Bob Pdah Hobo, has come across some astounding new evidence that says otherwise. According to Bob, "Whenever any you wusses gotta cry, yer brain cell things explode, and uh you -BLEEP- all over the ground, uh 'cause you like feel bad and um you don't like to feel bad. So you gotta cry. Once tears come outta yer eyes, you're basically toast. Why? Oh uh because you feel bad of course. Hey, trust me I know wut I'm talkin' 'bout." So you see, the commonly believed theory of crying is all wrong. After all, if you can't trust Bob, who can you trust? Perhaps you shouldn't answer that.

Basically, there was no logical explanation for my actions. If, perhaps, I'd been more careful, none of this would've happened to any of us. It all started on a bright sunny day in the middle of June, Miguel was quietly shaving his pet gorrilla, when my butt caught on fire. It started as just a pesky little itch, then, I noticed smoke coming from my pants. I hadn't eaten beans for 2 whole days, so, after a few hours to think it over, I decided that they had, indeed, caught on fire. That's not so good. By that time, my whole body was charred, and the whole neighborhood was in flames.

See Miguel. See Miguel go insane. See Miguel come after me with a bloodstained butcher knife. Hear Miguel swear and curse at me. See Miguel mutilate his family. Miguel is very naughty. I am glad that he is in your family and not in mine. Thank you Miguel. I never liked the person reading this anyway.

The minestrone noodles have encrusted themselves into a transistor radio and formed an uninhabitable zone in the center of Kingston upon Hull, Great Britain. All those in the affected area should not evacuate, but coat themselves in petroleum jelly and dance the Old Folks Polka in the nude. Each person who neglects to perform these events shall be slayed by Captain Hook and fed to the Loch Ness Monster while reciting "Puff the Magic Dragon". No mutant zebra mussels shall be admitted. Do not attempt to impersonate one to avoid being involved. Our security guards have hi-tech electric toothbrushes which wiggle far less in the presence of true crustaceans.


Do you remember the flying monkeys from the wizard of Oz who captured Dorothy? I have always wondered who played them in the movie. The black and white credits are so hard to read, they might not be listed at all. All my life I have pondered who could have played them. Perhaps they were the munchkins in disguise. Because of these thoughts I cannot take up any occupation without dazing off into my own little land of Oz and losing touch with reality...

Who were they? Perhaps I will never know.

The writer of this article has arrived at a predicament. He may either enscribe grotesque and meaningless phrases into the following segment or fill the space with unknown mysteries of the world revealed. Wait! He has made his decision. He will mix them together and form another display of his immense- yet somewhat misused- writing talent.

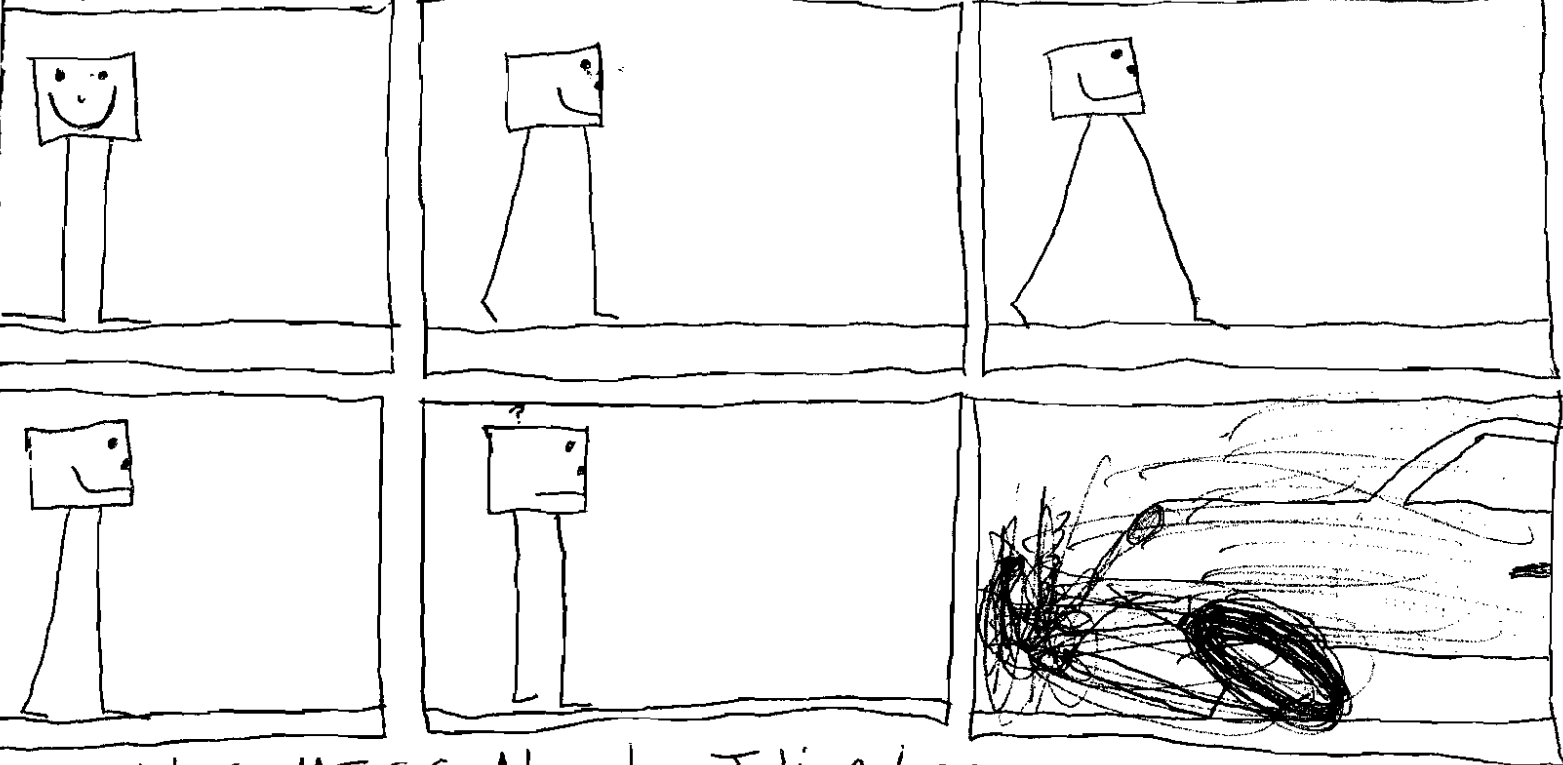
Myth: Lightning has electricity. Truth: Lightning is actually just a harmless hologram that pigmies from Lake Poopo have created to frighten us into believing that it could actually do us harm if struck by a bolt. This fits in perfectly into their lifelong plot to assume control of the world's supply of hamster chow to use in sacrificial ceremonies for the holy toilet gods of their culture. Test it for yourself!

Myth: It is unhealthy to consume large quantities of battery acid. Truth: It supplies 100% of US RDA of 12 essential vitamins and minerals, and its an important part of your complete breakfast! Now on specially marked packages, get a free poison kit with 2 proofs of purchase!

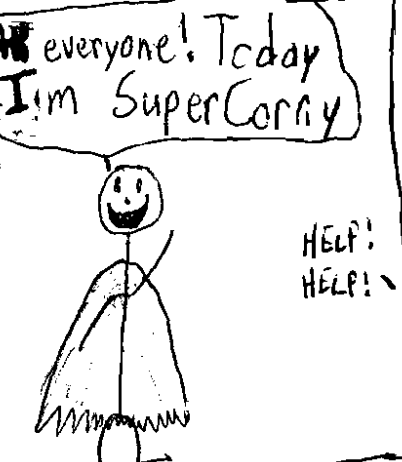
By:   
JULIAN LEE

# COMICS

ippy: By Julian Lee



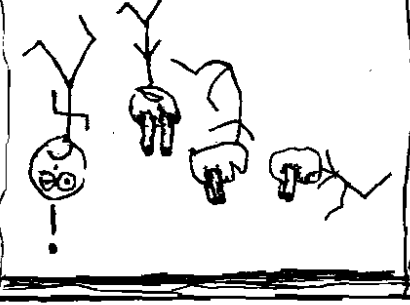
CORNY COMICS: Also by Julian Lee



DUMB PEOPLE!: By Julian Lee



YOU AIN'T DONE NUTHIN' TILL YOU DO SPLAT STEW!



SPLAT!

