

→ Issue Seven ←

LAKE

POOPÓ

GAZETTE

The
OFFICIAL
Middle School
News-Magazine

"No promises. No gimmicks. Just Poopo."

With articles written by: **Julian Lee**
and
Jon Myers

Issue Seven

LAST MINUTE NOTES:

★ The L.P.G. executives have hired Jon Myers as an additional reporter - for how long is the question. Please inform the editor if you are dissatisfied or would like to disembowel him. However, unless you think you can do any better, FORGET IT! Please do not disembowel him.

OK, we admit it - we're cheap - we have reduced the amount of staples from 3 to 1 to cut the immense costs of producing issues by a whole whopping penny.

We still would like to have more contributors to each issue. Please submit your articles/comics/etc. to the editor for publication.

OFFICIAL
Local Public
News-Magazine

"The premier, the gimmick, the 'pop'."

With articles on...
and more...

Bomb Threat in Middle School!

CAMBRIDGE, WI - We- er, um- someone has unveiled a bomb threat in the middle school- and school employees are frantically searching for it before 9:00 AM, Feb. 20th. If you are still reading this after that time, you are probably dead, or you are on the verge of death, but wanting to catch a final glimpse of your favorite newsmagazine before you go. If you are reading this before that time, what the heck are you doing in the building?! Let the principal die if he wants to- but he doesn't read the L.P.G., so he deserves it!

~~In case you are wondering how we have come upon this information, we did it.~~ Please ignore that last sentence. We have no idea that the bomb has been planted in this issue. I hope that the fact that we have blown you up does not discourage you from continuing to read our stories.

Lunch Time Fun-Fact: Scents from bat guano (poop) are so noxious that spelunkers in caves often must wear masks to avoid being killed by the stench.

Bonus Fun-Fact: There are over 15 people in the Madison phone book with the last name "Duff". I am glad I'm not one of them.

Poem:

The Unfortunate One

The other soldiers ran away
To come and fight another day
But one brave man was there to stay
He thought that war was a time to play
So he sat in the dirt and got blown away

ADVERTISMENT

Now in theaters -

ZZZs

ULTRA

Preschool

Man



BUILT TO TAKE ON THE WORLD

RATED NC-17

He cries!
He bites!
He pretends to drive a car!
He talks on 'you'!
He even picks his nose!

Is there anything he can't do?

-3-

**WILL THE NEW WEINERMOBILE
RUN FOR PRESIDENT OR NOT!**

MADISON WI: A new weinermobile has been spotted. We have word that it has aerodynamics. It is better than ever, it looks cool. I have asked lots of questions, but it wont answer me, it may not be able to talk. I don't understand he just doesn't talk. I tried to ask him questions like "Do you want to be president like the old weinermobile ",but he didn't answer.

The above sentences are the truth which means
I'm disobeying the rules of the L.P.G. ,so the
following sentences will be all a lie!

"YES"!!!!

Wait I just got a card saying he said something, but what did he say? I got another card saying the new weinermobile said I'm going for presidency!

"YES"!!!

" I DON'T GET IT "!!

"YES"!

written by:
Jon Myers

" 2+2=THE NUMBER
BEFORE 7"
(CHRIS KREUL 1994 NOBEL
PRIZE WINNER)

Rusch Bombs Geography Bee Final Test!

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Nicolette (alias Nicki) Rusch was narrowly victorious over Julian Lee in the middle school geography bee- so narrow that many school officials have looked into the results just to be sure...

Rusch would go on to take the qualification test for the honor of competing in the state competition- if she did well. Nicolette commented after taking it, "That was the hardest test I've ever taken! How could anyone get them right? I don't think I did very well." How right she was! It turned out that she scored a 1% out of 100 questions- receiving one point for knowing she went to school in Cambridge (which she spelled "Camebrege") Teacher in charge of the competition, Mr. Ehrike, revealed several questions to others in Nicolette's defense.

"In what country are you in?, On a map, which way is usually north?, etc., etc.- it's obvious that only a genius could answer those correctly! You shouldn't be so hard on her [Rusch]. After all, it's not her fault that she doesn't know what continent Brazil is in... wait a minute- a first grader could have gotten those right! How in the world did she win the geography bee?!"

Now we will all know. Unfortunately too late, private investigators became aware of what really went on at the geography bee. After you read this, there will be an old-fashioned stoning in the village square...

1: Mr. Ehrike has been cloned to perfection by Elvis himself (see one of the back issues to understand that)

2: Rusch gave Lee a death threat before the competition. Had he won, she would have gunned him down on the spot.

3: She hired master thief, Laurel Cutcher, to steal the answer key to the bee and memorized all the answers to the questions she would get

4: The spontaneous combustion of the liquid diffusion chamber ignited a catastrophic chain of events, resulting in an unprecedented solar eclipse, which although being indoors, provided the perpetrator the necessary amount of time to transport, telepathically, the correct responses into the cranium of Nicolette.

NOTE: There is a minuscule possibility that this information may be false. Oh well

THE DEEP LITERATURE EXPERIENCE

Hello, My name is Steve Starks I'm just about thirteen years old I had a little sister named Julie Starks she was three years old. She is dead, and I have to tell you the story about how she died.

It was about two weeks ago we went to a rummage sale, and my sister wanted a teddy bear that was five dollars. It was that expensive because they said it was a Mystic Teddy Bear. So my mom got it for her because she wanted it so much.

I didn't know what was so mystic about it. It just stood there on my sisters bed. It looked like an ordinary teddy bear until last week we found live hair laying around. We didn't know what it could be from, but when we walked into my sisters bedroom she was dead without a head. The bear was by her with devilish red eyes, but the bear always had terrifying red eyes.

We woke finding more live hair laying around, but there was more than hair. Three days ago when we woke up our house, which is at W9245 Oakland Pass apt. # 3, it looked like a tornado hit it.

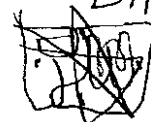
We cleaned up later that day at about noon. Our house looked spotless until that night at about 10:00 p.m. when I was about to go to bed, out of my dead sisters room came a six foot tall slob sucking monster with hair, came out running at my cat Sam with its evil tongue, and sharp teeth sticking out of its mouth. I didn't want him, she or whatever it was to see me or else it would eat me. Frightfully I ducked down underneath the couch and army crawled unseen to my room. When I was going to my room I went passed my old sisters and saw that the teddy bear was gone so I said to myself the monster killed my sister so I have to get my hidden guns in my room and shoot the monster in the heart, brain and in other places it would hurt. So I crawled to my room got my guns went to where the monstrous teddy bear was, and shot it in as many places that it would hurt the monster. When I was looking at the teddy bear It fell, and all of a sudden there was a shiny bright rainbow of colors surrounding the monster. Then when the light dimmed down, I saw a little brown teddy bear with little blue eyes instead of red horrible, terrifying red eyes. It looked like an angel teddy bear without wings.

I had nightmares all night about fighting with my sister Julie. We cleaned up that Saturday Morning it took us one and a half hours to clean up the house. I told my mom and dad about the story that I did that last night, but they said they didn't hear anything but me fighting with something loud and that was also heard strongly. Then at five o'clock PM that night we had my sisters funeral at the funeral home in the town of Madison, Wisconsin. We watched a dark burial, and everything that happens at a funeral. That was the only time I actually felt bad for my sister.

THE END

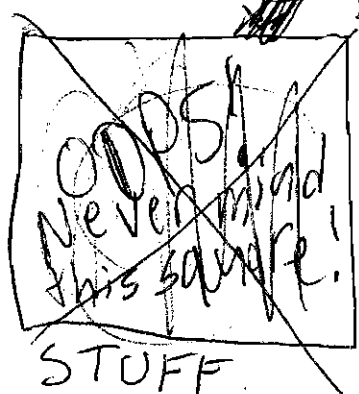
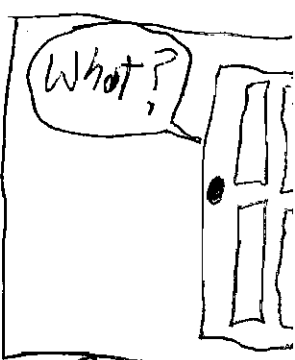
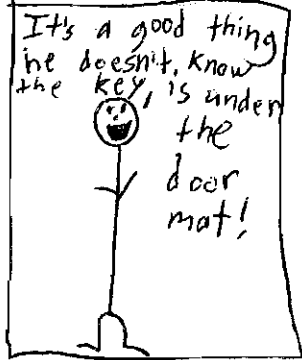
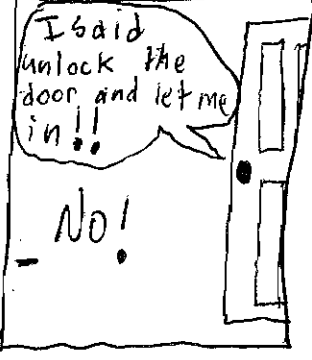
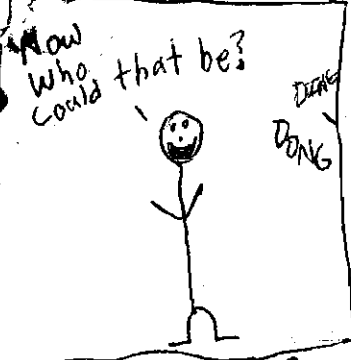
written by:

Jon Myers - the
new reporter of the
L.P.G. owner of



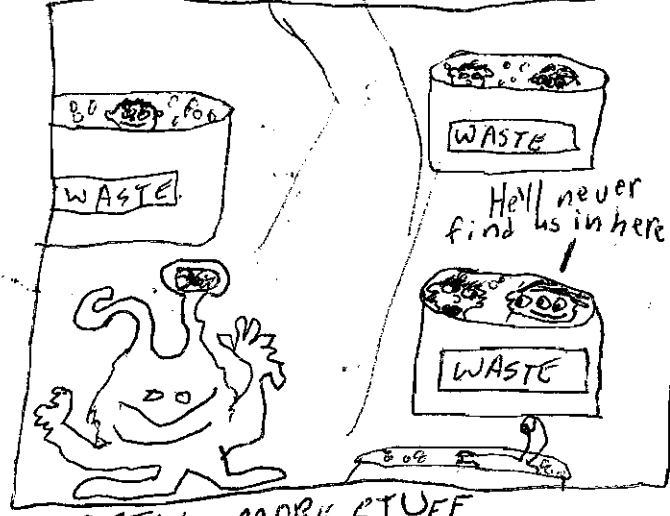
CORN COMICS

By: Julian Lee



STUFF

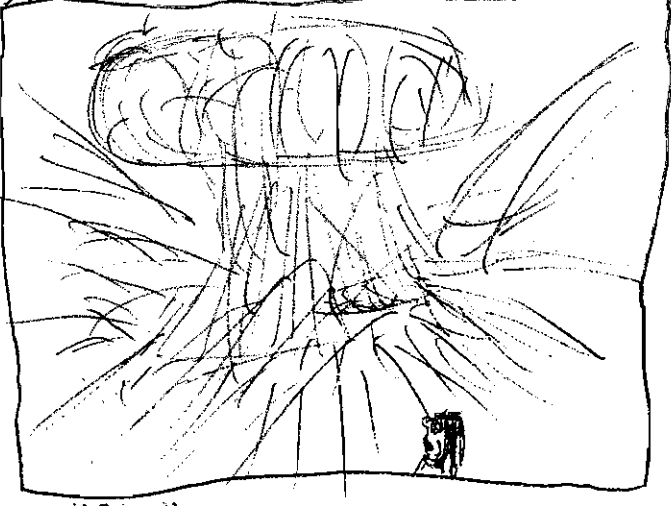
MORE STUFF



Suddenly, and without warning, the innocent game of hide and seek in the power plant went terribly wrong.

EVEN MORE STUFF

STILL MORE STUFF



For some reason, the saying "you are what you eat" never really ~~took~~ ~~took~~ amongst cannibals.
 took much consideration