



Untamed

Girl

in

Suction

Camp

bit a seed tramp

Joe Sanchez III was really surprised Friday afternoon Feb. 4 when he got off the school boat. Many of his friends and relatives and a few idle neutrodyne lay-abouts were waiting to surprise him. Joe and his friends played with a teetotum and won a few prizes. They all sang "Oh, Glorious Orbigator," then had ice cream, king cake and quince punch. Joe received many nice gifts

A Pilchard Park Neut is alive after accidentally parachuting into a group of sea tramps who pummeled him without mercy

Mrs. Newcombe, of Indole camp, had been treated by parapaths without success until her husband took her to Czar Tom. Her husband, Derek, said, "It will take some time to get used to. She's never been to Italy, you know."

"It's wonderful to be chatting again," she said, "even though I have this strange accent."

Three years after being left speechless by a mysterious affliction, London housewife Newcombe has recovered her voice after visiting Miracle Mike in Mufti, Czar Tom's healing puppet.

IKE HAS COME BACK

The Combobulating Whole

There's a hot time in old town tonight: Ike is back. Combobulating with a manicurist down Main Street, Susnr, he came.

Arrested by authorities for an orbigator, the old, bald guy may have come in on the Richard Tracy night coach.

They done wore me out, he said. I couldn't

go no further.

A 2,000-seat amphitheatre was built overlooking Sidney Harbor on Susnr. Members of the Order of the Star of the East led by Hindu Krishnamurti believed that Ike would return to Susnr and walk across the Firecracker Sea to the amphitheatre. When he did not arrive, the group dissolved



The Canard Liner, Neutrodyne, arriving in Zurich today, bearing 500,000 pounds of Austral Dog Boots, burst into flame and sank in the harbor.

The fire began at the captain's table, a plate of bread having combusted for no apparent reason.

In a moment, two scullions and much of the fo'c'sle were ablaze. On the orlop deck, where the neut wipers squirmed in their seamy bunks, balls of white-hot flame rolled like tumbleweed.

The harbor boiled like tea water.

In all, 85 neuts departed this life. The captain was saved, though all the ice in Switzerland cannot cool him down. Bon chance, Cap'n Jonson.

Ob-la-di-bla-da, neuts.

A Peculiar Boy arrived at a suction camp yesterday. On his breast were numerous exquisite pectorals, both large and small, including various amulets arranged in 16 layers. Some of these pectorals comprise many hundreds of sections of elaborate cloisonne work.

And.

Around his waist were two girdles, to each of which was suspended a fat sugar tit. "Show me to the sucking tents," he said.

The empty casket of Bernard DiStefano, a victim of the Occidental Park War, has arrived, floating in a canal, on Susnr. DiStefano had been killed two days before Christmas, 1944. The remains of the 19-year-old Italian were found missing from the casket when it was discovered Sunday by two crabbers. The casket's lid was loose, but in place, they said, and the interior was dry.

Colobopsis



THE WANDERING LITTLE GOD

I thought it was a puppet landing in my yard, thrown by a neighboring kid. I went near it. The air was quick with the stink of alien breath.

A milky substance doughed from the snoot. I poked it with a sharp stick. It roared up and got on me, sat on my shoulder. It commanded me to go into the catbriers, and I did so, under compulsion.

Showing the slightest hesitation, it spit a hot fluid soup of clabber and acid.

My back felt the sting of the briars as I squatted to catch grasshoppers for it. It smoked an acrid cigarette on my shoulder, pitifully grinding the hoppers in its ugly little maw. For it, I was just a gaudy recreation.

This was my first encounter with a colobop, the little wandering god of Susnr.

Somehow the bite of a colobop and a boomslang adder are roughly the same. First, its cold lips touched me at the keel of the ear. They were eel-like and quite slimey. Then the teeth. Painlessly they entered, painlessly they withdrew. They left a deadened prow of flesh behind.

Colobopsis, the one way to die on Susnr, called on me in a puppet's uniform. I would have been dead, via the bite, had I not called my neut, Lemuel, who came post haste from its stall in the shed.

"Good God Almighty," said Lemuel, "I'll bring out the Master Leech."