

## Talk with ape ends in death

**City Moon:** Why does golf need an ape player?

**A.G.:** Ask a simpler question.

**C.M.:** How much do you weigh?

**A.G.:** About fifty divots, give or take. That was a good question. Ask another.

**C.M.:** What's a sand wedge for?

**A.G.:** To eat, I think. Isn't it? My trainer always made banana and peanut butter ones for me.

**C.M.:** Who makes your shoes?

**A.G.:** Monkeyshines Shoe Company. If they don't fit right, my bunions ache. I own the company. I'm rich. It feels good. It's one thing to be a poor ape, but a poor human--it must be awful. I'm a Republicrat. Please excuse me, I have to potty.

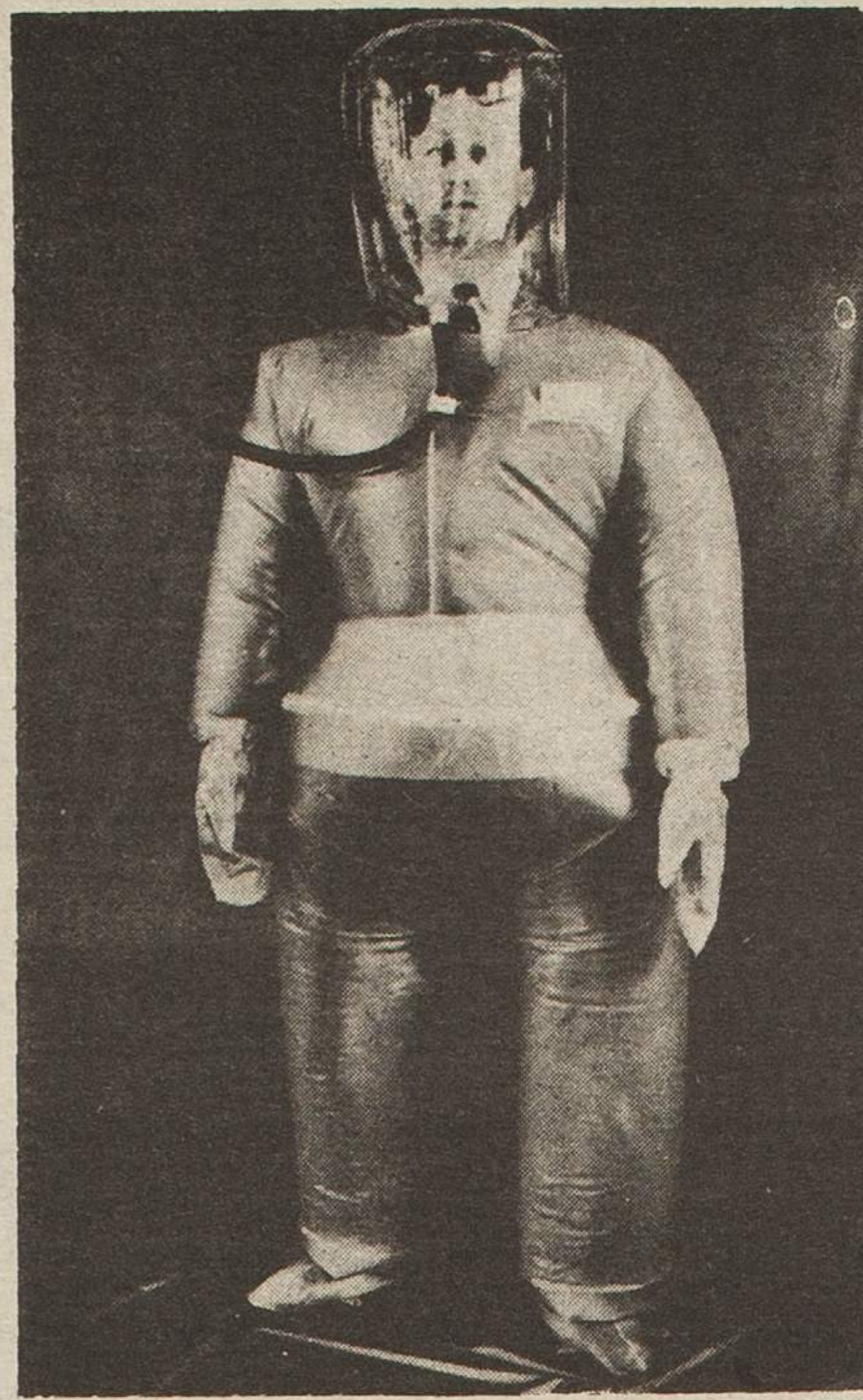
*(City Moon interviewers waited outside the bathroom, shouting questions through the door.)*

**C.M.:** Do you believe in a god?

**A.G.:** Are you kidding? I'm an ape. No god ever gave an ape a break. I dig Masonry. I got a motor scooter and I love to ride in parades.

**C.M.:** Some say you resent your given name and are considering changing it.

**A.G.:** Come January One, you can call me Brainard



*Suit resists asswhip*

**Franklin.** It cost me high guida, no lie, but a good legal mouthpiece is pure gold in my profession. Hey, I needed a name, not no label. Nobody calls me the Ape of Golf. People know me say Brainard.

**C.M.:** They say 'boons only last 15 years, Brainard. How about you? You worried at all?

*(The toilet flushes inside. When the water stops rushing, it flushes again, and this happens two or three times more.)*

**A.G.:** This toilet is broke. This interview is over. Get out, you turds.

**C.M.:** Is that your final comment?

**A.G.:** Turds are all over the floor in here. Don't leave. Help. Please help. There are turds everywhere in here. Call the police.

*(Police arrive. Water flecked with feces pours from the cracks of the door. Nobody opens the door. Noise crashes through the building as a water-soaked wall gives way and the ape tumbles to the garden in a drowned heap.)*

**C.M.:** That about wraps it up from here.

## Duke eats sitz

John Horton, Iron Duke of Wellington, Kansas, announced his retirement at the Green Gables Bar and Grill Tuesday night. He ate chicken royale, spinach biscuit with onion sauce, redberry pie, his plate, drinking glass, and coffee cup with saucer. After the plastic tablecloth, he sucked a dinner mint through a napkin.


Then he went downtown, entered an antiquarium, ate an old tin sitz bath and died.

Noguchi arrived to extract the Duke's famous iron stomach. This took 3:05 mins. of time. The organ, weighed on a butcher scale, topped 50 puds.

Parts of the Iron Duke went for high guida today under a broiling Kansas sun near Jarbalo.

Legs rampant on a hickory plaque, mounted, tanned, sold for under 6 Gs. Hands cost a dollar. The eyes were sold by the pair, for 80 guis.

The nads went to a senior who makes marble bags and penile backscratchers.

A priest got the  for the Horton Devil's Church Halloween Ball, a tailor the torso skin (for vests), Tall Eddy's BBQ the rib section, a pedophile the left foot, the Devil's consolidated flatball companies the head, Lefty's Jewels the coccyx and so on. The auction netted upward of a thousand guida.

The Duke's ass, with no takers, was fed to possums on the edge of town.

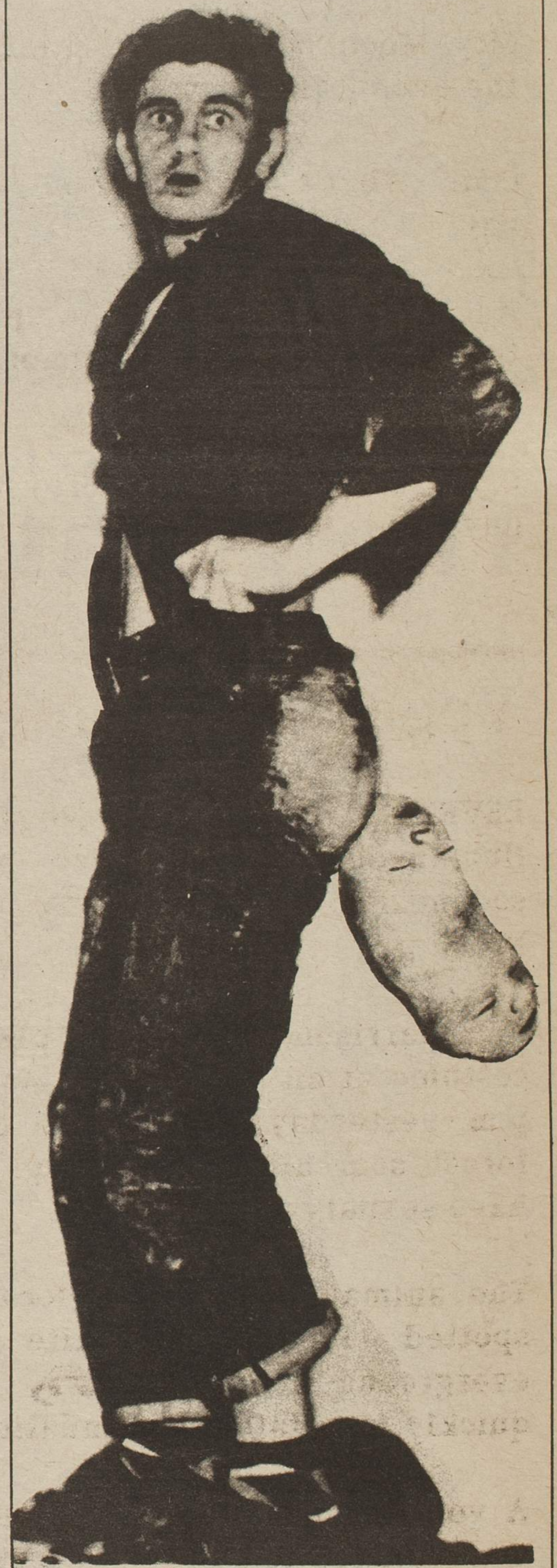
## HEADS COME OUT OF MAN

### ONE DEAD, ONE ALIVE

Doctors hope for more soon

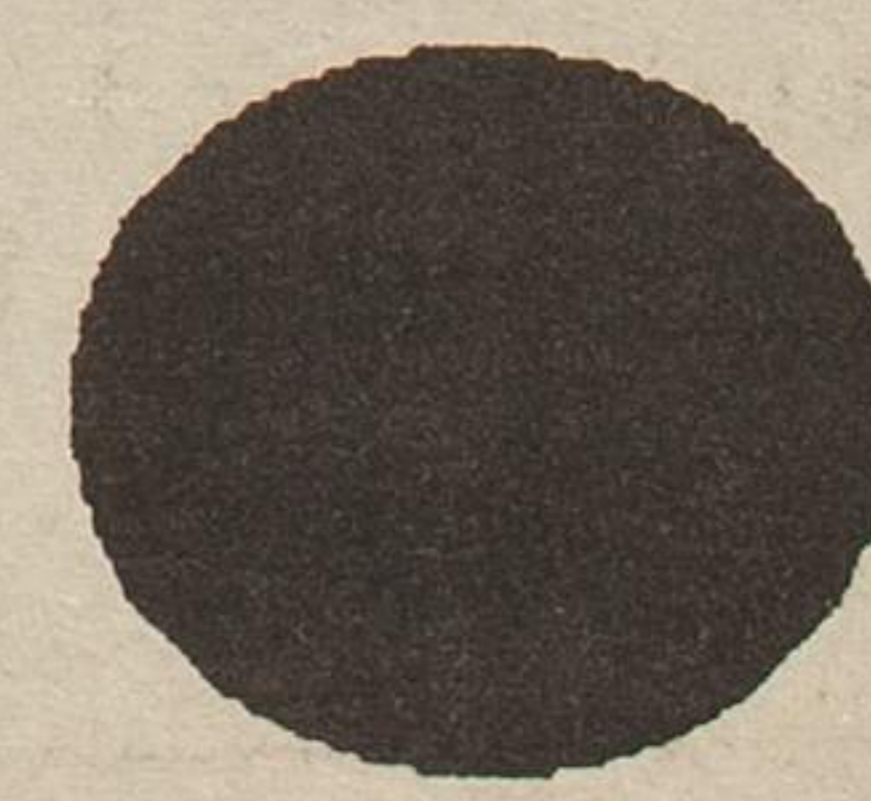
**EAST WICHITA, Ks.--**A mudpacker, Marcus Govinda, has given birth from the anus.

Govinda exhausted doctors with a standing labor of 11 days, 8 hours, 13 minutes. After birthing, he refused to answer questions.



The deadliest sin is the consciousness of no sin

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--Brunhilda

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