

City Moon Enterprises belly up; vultures to feed



A *City Moon* Enterprises brute ranch has bellied up. Nine hundred seed brutes, valued in excess of 10,000 guida, demonstrated for their freedom near Jarbalo. Under a broiling sun, they offered their stomachs to the vultures of Belikin Valley, who did not

resist . . . Plans to bottle babycake--stripped flesh of high IQ kid--were tabled until the late Januarius meeting. . . Hellhounds Bus drivers, laid off because Hell is shut down and all the buses have been rerouted to Heaven, picket outside the Pearly Gate. Hell

is big, cold, doomed and empty. (See "First Pics of Hell," Page 7.) Meanwhile, Satan keeps staring at the picture of our planet on the cover of the *Last Black Hole Earth Catalog* and thinking relocation. . . Brute futures mixed in late trading.

Dirty rain pops ape balloon

The maiden voyage of Mick Rat, The Balloon, foundered when the helium-filled head caught fire and spewed burning plasma chunks over onlookers and into the East River near Ice

Palace Boulevard, according to Papa Isio and two tramps watching the parade, the only survivors. President Rat wired condolences from his White House den.

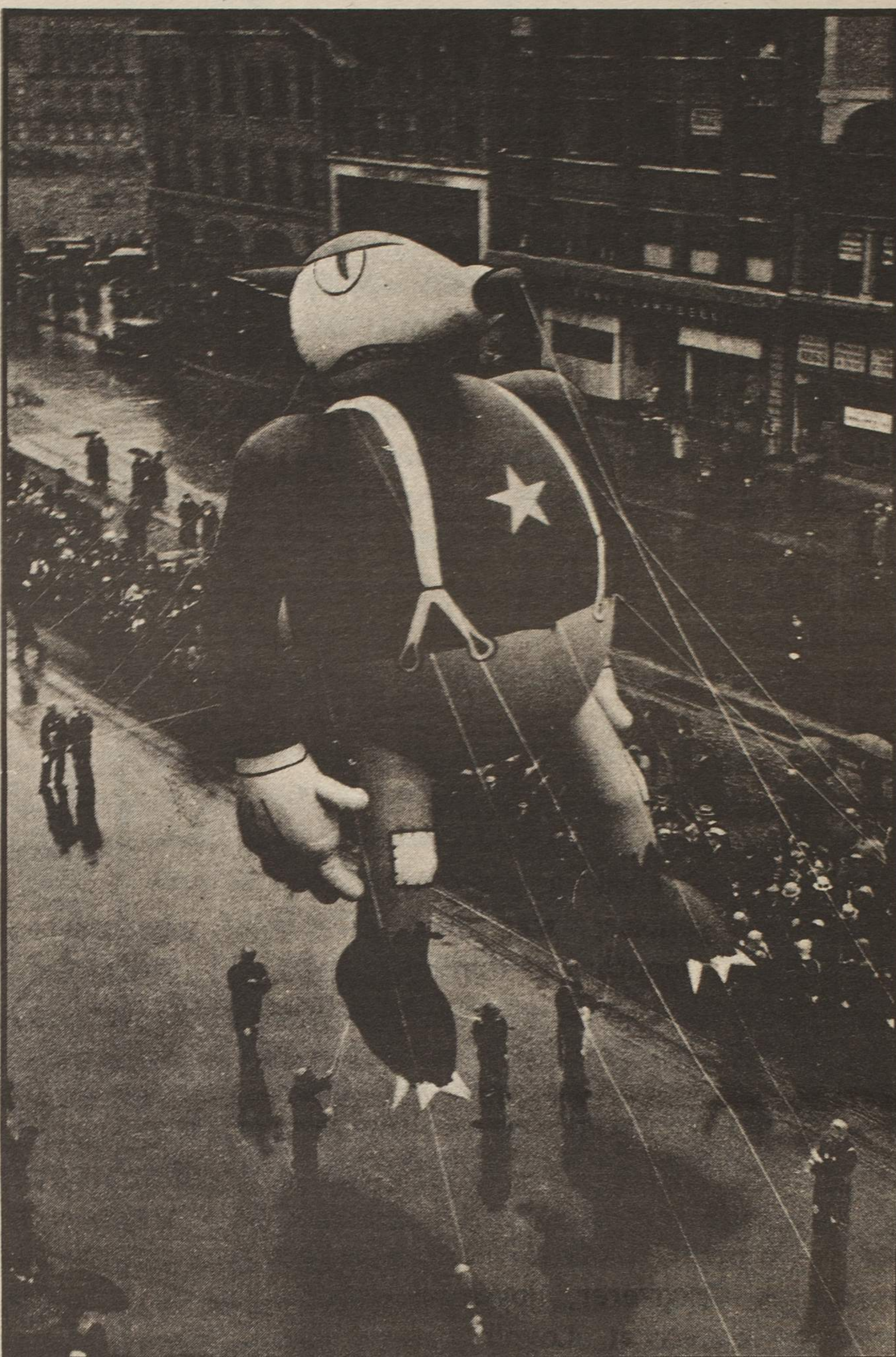
Newspaper cures schizoids

Uptown Sinclair retires to Belikin to write memoirs and to set up a cottage industry: the manufacture of bull-dick walking sticks. "I go to the slaughterhouse, I take the penises home to my workshop, stretch them over steel rods, hang them in the oaks to dry, apply shellac, tip them with a ferrule and sell them to crippled, gimpy persons." The newspaper in your hands is printing this rambling letter from Sinclair, which it got last week.

Now, a TV-enstooaged citizenry of room-temp intelligence finds good fiction can't keep up with Jonestown. Who wants it all tediously chronicled on sheets of dead pine by professional realists?

Readers want to groove on the brutal truth, not cock 'n' bull stories.

Which brings me now to the *City Moon*. It seems The National Home for the Insane has begun distributing the paper to its educated clientele in the most advanced and experimental programs of cure. Reading the paper restores longtime, literate schizophrenics to their senses and produces a spectrum of adjunct responses, all for less than the cost of a single spansule of valium.

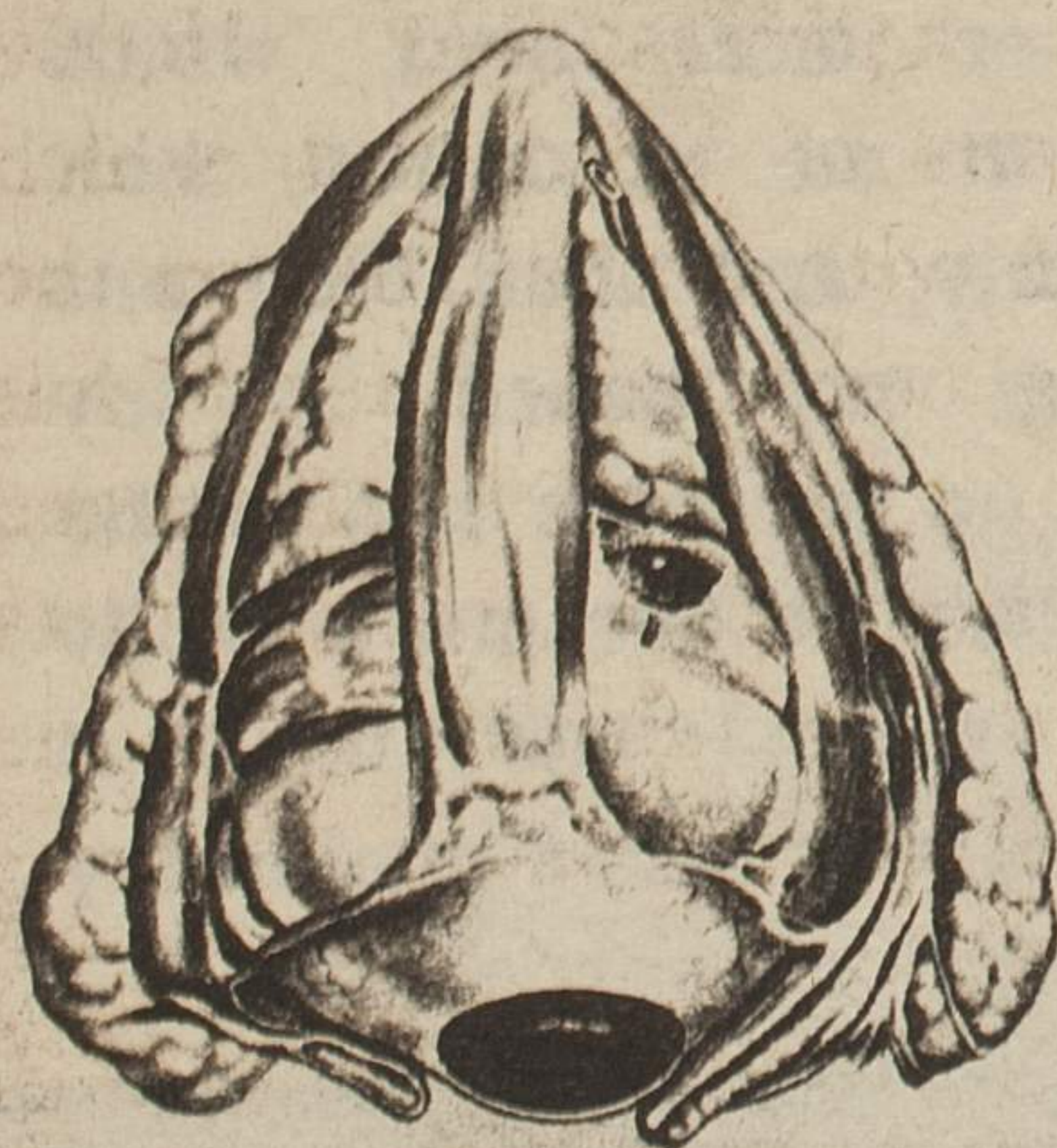


In a dirty pelting sleet, the head of Mick Rat's balloon exploded near the Popeye Spinach Co., injuring 3,000, killing none.

Dear City Moon,

I am happy I lived long enough to see the novel, that quirky, indulgent movement of the literary bowels, pass.

Asswhipped starlet says Peterbilt ruined her life



Mitzi Gaynor has brought charges against Sissy Peterbilt, author of the mystery *Who Puked in the Sink?* Ms. Gaynor says the Peterbilt heiress assaulted her at the filming of *Full Sink of Puke*, the movie based on her work, with a can of aerosol deformant, in street argot *asswhip*. Ms. Gaynor: "I can only get monster roles."

PAMPERED HEADS LEFT IN DAIRY QUEEN

A hypermammiferous woman entered the Dairy Queen at 1212 Cheddar Hill Drive today in Nome, Ala., with five human heads in a suitcase, each nestled neatly in a Pamper.

The heads were those of husband Barry; Muffy and Dale, the twin 10-year-olds; Earnest, the dull-normal son, 17; and George D. Bennett, an uncle visiting from Skagway.

Observers say she sat down with a calm demeanor, though her clothes were blood-soaked and the suitcase oozed both blood and fluid, ordered a Hunger Buster and a Mr. Pibb from a trembling waitress, then shouted, "Oh, sput! I forgot about little Timmy," and

dashed from the restaurant without paying.

As she flew away, a typescript fell from her coat--Creative Uses for Throway Products: A Book of Love, by Nadine Trotsky.

Police were summoned and as horrified Dairy Queen patrons looked on, the oozing suitcase was opened. "This is incredibly awesome . . . extremely and unbelievably bizarre . . . definitely a worst-case scenario. Personally speaking, I've never gotten more than three heads in one suitcase," said Sergeant Del Piombo. "This one beats them all. For some darned reason, the white women love to come to this particular Dairy Queen, the

northernmost one in the world, to dump their grisly loads.

"They come from great distances, suitcases in tow, hungry, tired. Why? Search me. I'm just a cop with a chilly beat. To tell you the truth, there's one thing about all this that's a puzzle. . . Why are all the women who bring in the heads hypermammiferous? I mean, what makes large-breasted women behead their families at 10 times the statistical rate of moderate- to small-breasted ones?"

Trotsky remains at large.

More than six dozen have been abandoned in the Cheddar Hill Dairy Queen.