

Grog finds beached bod

A shrouded, crab-pinned Body that washed up on Corpus Christi beach last week may be that of the Savior Jesus. The Body was turned over by a beachcomber from Alaska, one Grog, of Nome, who was searching for fossils of the ancient bird Archaeopteryx and reported finding a baptonis skull lodged in the ribcage.

Charity toughens gut

A Texas man went to the desert, where he trained to pull cars with his teeth and a rope. He met Prudence--pretty, tender, tiny, toothless--and in a fever, they wed. Some (3) babies were born. One had spina bifida, one was still and one was swiped by the Rainbow Brothers. Out of grief, he made a decision: to put his own belly on the line for charity. He trained with a semi until his ribs broke and he'd busted six 10-ply, heavy-duty highway tires. I'm ready, he thought. He started and ended with third-rate, Midwestern Renaissance fairs. A redneck brought his jenny mule down to kick the man hard in the breadbasket. Some people slammed his ass with bowling balls. Gradually, his gut toughened.

Beagle No. 6 washes up

The body of the sixth Beagle has washed up among the cypress knees of Bayou Goula Swamp. He is Chimponius Ringo, a bitter little monkey from here, there and everywhere, taught from infancy to pose as Beagle No. 6, singing "Norwegian Wood" in Bavaria, for example, "Yellow Submarine" in Jacksonville and "Here Comes the Sun" in Point Barrow, Ala. Cause of death? Noguchi could not say. "Had Paul died," he explained, "Chimpo Ringo would have been the new Beagle, according to what Brian Epstein told me. He was their manager."

Hardleg's Spot found

A new Hardleg Spot, analogue to the G-Spot, an erogenous zone, was scientifically excavated from the loess piles, or Q-Spots, of a Bat City cave yesterday.

The spot will be named for discoverer Quincy Hardleg, an unemployed porter from the Gons Hotel, who was wandering through the Playboy Cave looking for the lost ruins of Hefner's mansion when he pitched through a skylight onto a crumbling, oval bed strewn with naked-women photos, then crashed through the bed and into the Bat Cave--in former times an underground gym where Hefner had been buried beneath the basketball court--to puddle on the floor.

His Spot will be stored in dry ice until science retrieves it for experiment.

Beware of all enterprises requiring no clothes. *Henry B. Thorough*

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kakistocracy



Queen marries Wichita dealer

Queen Redwhite Blue, bringing her dozen bastards, has come to Belize City to marry Andrew Carnegie Burris, the word merchant, former head digman at the Wichita Atom Pile, with Friar Benedict officiating. His bastards include the numbskull Salmonella; Shagella, a normal; and Bushboy Sugarman, a low-order brute. Her dowry includes a bucket of frozen Kennedy semen and an apehair counterpane. Burris arrived on the last bus from Oaxaca, the gold lame tie flashing in the mountain sun, the Earth Shoes, the works. The marriage was publicly consummated after a feast of orchid-stuffed gibnut and hot raisin paste. Hours before, the queen, at her mother's house, had readied for nuptials in the usual ways:

tucking in her tulle, tending her hair, hanging her sash embroidered "kakistocracy," douching, drowsing, eating soured cheese and grazing for other pleasures.

At the church, before the sacred sacrament of marriage, Burris reported a dream to Friar Benedict, the officiant:

A monstrous worm emerged from my mouth with a sibilant hiss. It was cobralike, having a dozen or more eyes, which looked at me in unison, then separately, and then bled pus all over my beard, in my mouth, up my nose and in the ears. Next it became a white wurst, and I ate it. It homunculated into a man in my stomach, a two-headed one.

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