

The DAILY QUIP

THE DAILY QUIP
October 2005 Edition

VOLUME
1
NUMBER
1



THE WEATHER
TODAY: rain, rain, rain
highs 2-2223

Pope dies in epic battle of interior design contest



Pope Eddie making one of his last comebacks against the invincible Pope Frodo

On September 25, 2005, Pope George Harold Franklin Arthur Gregory John Bob Fredrick Theodore Russell Paul Taylor Calvin Skippy John Jones XVIII ("Eddie") perished in a valiant and gory challenge to the death against Pope Froderick Fronkonstein ("Frodo") of Scandinavia. The skirmish was actually over a color disagreement when the two old enemies met up in Phipps department store.

Nobody really knows exactly what the loony oldsters were thinking, but there were two witnesses of the dispute: Harry and Helga Hermonia of West Lake, Nevada. "Well, we were there on a business trip of Harry's, here, and we were hopin; that we were gonna get to have a bit o' time here, before he had to get going to his meetirns. But no, no, no, I said -" drones Helga. Harry, on the other hand, says that, "he was most certainly *not* on a business trip, they were there on vacation, and no, he would most certainly *not* like to be interviewed, and we will get out bottoms out of here if we do not want him to call the authorities, and why...

Pope dies, Page A2

Hurricane Hits CO

And dozens are confused

Today, Hurricane Santa Claus hit Quimby, CO with a clatter. Residents are petrified, because they have never, ever, ever, ever, ever in the history of history, witnessed an event before - witnessed an event *like this* - before. The US government has no clue how the hurricane surpassed the US border and managed to get halfway across the country without even being noticed. Quimby resident Bob Smith recalls the turmoil: "Well, ah went owtside to git mah mournin' papah, and ah heard ah loud noise comin' from above me, and it sounded like a dying boulder." Other residents are implying that they had no recollection of the event, however....

...they do believe that the storm was a recollection of the past to come. Mrs. Pricilla Schnapp recalls: "I remember that I was deeply terrified by the thunder, and the lightening, and I wasn't really quite sure what exactly was going on, in the neighbourhood..." "Now, Mrs. Schnapp...was it really you who made all those DELICIOUS Schnapps® cookies?" says Bob Sickly, our oh-so-prying reporter, "Oh, yes, I did make them, did you like them?" "Mrs. S., I've never tasted such luscious, delicious, scrumptious, yummy cookies in my entire life," says Bob, with a mouth full of Schnapps® Ginger Snaps.

Pope dies

Continued from A1

are these people even here, Helga, and you'd better not have talked to them, or even mentioned that we even saw the stupid argument, and you press people had better not be taking down every single word I'm a-sayin', and that we're callin' the constables, and that we'd better get away quick-fast, and -" (At this point, our press agents were forced to withdraw.)

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Sign up now for your monthly *DQ* edition delivered to your door! Monthly! Only 88¢ for forty years' subscription! That's only .022¢ per year! And remember, we do hope you sign up for this *delicious* offer. Otherwise we will be mad. Thank you again.

(see details on page following following page)



Antarctica

Antarctica is still a disputed place after many, many years. The wise one recalls the beginning of this long war, "I was skipping gaily (not an offensive term in those days) down to the iceberg when a rock the size of an American shrimp hit my blue bicycle. I remember my bicycle. I t had a flat front tire that I popped while trying to ride it across the river (the wise one has just recently forgot the location of the river). My bike had purple handle bars and the right one was falling off. I had a basket on the back of my bi..." Unfortunately, the Wise One fell asleep almost instantly during this part of the interview. Antarctica has caused much turmoil and regret over the past few months. The National Penguin Troops have much regret for their icebergs have been destroyed. While touring the city on my low budget trip I discovered that there is a wonderful pencil factory. They defiantly dominate Antarctica when it comes to pencil making. I do recommend going to it on a long weekend if you have time and buying as many pencils as possible. They also sell these scrumptious rubber grips that almost melt in your hands. I'm drooling just thinking of them. With this said, I hope I have forcefully convinced you to visit Antarctica during these perilous and dangerous times.



"NO"

An opinion

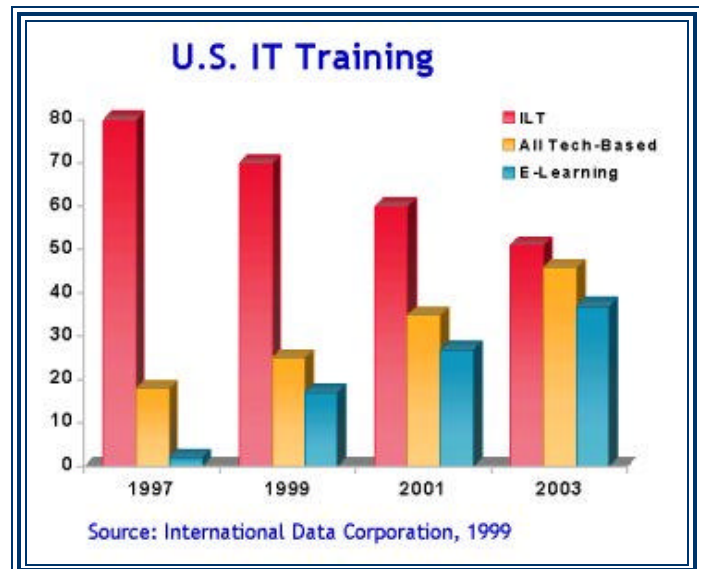
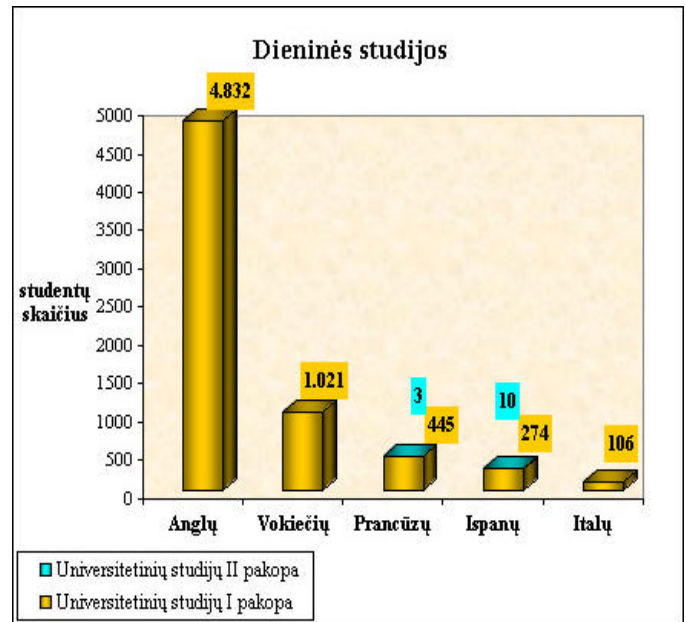
"Many people look at their livers and think, "No". This point of view may seem outrageous to most, but Liver Biopsist Ezmereldah G. Gearfuenkealea thinks differently. "It's not about who wins, or who is the smartest; it's about who is the most creative in their work. Every day we have people come in to the clinic who tell our cat, "No", and don't think to consider other options. Many industrialists are the same way; they say the word without even knowing the consequences." E. G. G. thinks it's time to put our feet down, unless it's in sticky, brown slime.

"YES!"

A better opinion!

Sure, many people think "No", but so many more think "Yes!" It's not about who is a good talker, it's about who's the *better* talker! Nobody wants to sit around and listen to somebody say they're better, so we typed it for you so you can read it instead of listen to it! Only about 17.589% of Americans listen to "The News" on the television set or read "The News" in any newspaper *other than* **THE DAILY QUIP**. **THE DAILY QUIP** gets ALL of the other 82.411% of *ALL news readers*! That's how much better we are than all those other broadcasters! Thank you for your thoughtful, selfless, gracious weekly purchases of **THE DAILY QUIP**. We firmly assure you that your weekly copies of **THE DAILY QUIP** will greatly inspire you for weeks to come. Thank you again.

- The DQ
staff



And now it's time for a new episode of...

EXTREME APPERIL!!!

Today's EXTREME APPAREL episode consists of suffocation, readornments, and plain ol' TURMOIL!!! "Last week, we found ourselves face-to-face with the biggest, meanest, evilest (is that even a word?) pair of socks we'd ever laid our hands on!" Recalls barber shop owner Snippiitt Aloff. "We rasseded it till it gave up and went limp on us. But that was only the beginning. The worst was yet to come." Snippiitt is the Mustard Yellow Team's fourth leader. For those of you who are new to the series, we hope you catch on quickly. You see, there are these three teams. Each team has five people in it. The teams are the Green Team (the sports freaks) the Tickle-Me-Pink Team (the girly group) and.....the Mustard Yellow Team (the fashion DON'TS!!!!)

Fashion Do's and Don'ts for this Fall

This fall brings about an unusual sense of style. The last time the public witnessed such an obscure style was the big wigs people wore in the 1800's. Some say that this fall's fashion is even stranger than the big wigs. Now, the revealing of the Fashion Do's of Fall 2005...

- ? Wear the same color socks for the entire season; the fashion squad suggests a sluggish green.

TIP: To make sure your socks do not smell too much, use 2 gallons of Febreeze® a day.

- ? WARNING: The majority of people that read this next Fashion DO will die of shock. It is now in style to wear black wool knee-socks with your average pair of clunky sandals.
- ? Wear brightly colored propeller hats whenever you can. You will be greatly looked up to if you follow this rule.
- ? To be especially in style this fall, be sure to wear overgrown sweaters that look somewhat like an oriental rug you would find in a museum.
- ? For an easy popularity boost, carry around a giant Tribal shield, much like the one below.



The picture above suggests how people in the old days might have reacted to our absurd Fashion Do's



Fashion Don'ts This Fall

1. DON'T dress like this:
2. DON'T EVER, EVER, EVER wear what these people are wearing.
3. Even though these clothes are fashionable and well-priced, DON'T wear them or any "them" wannabes.
4. Don't dress like the young adults in *figure 8*. They are stupid.
5. Finally, don't wear fruit hats. Especially the one in *figure 2*.
6. Also don't wear these shoes in ANY public grocery store. Your feet will be cold.



Figure 2



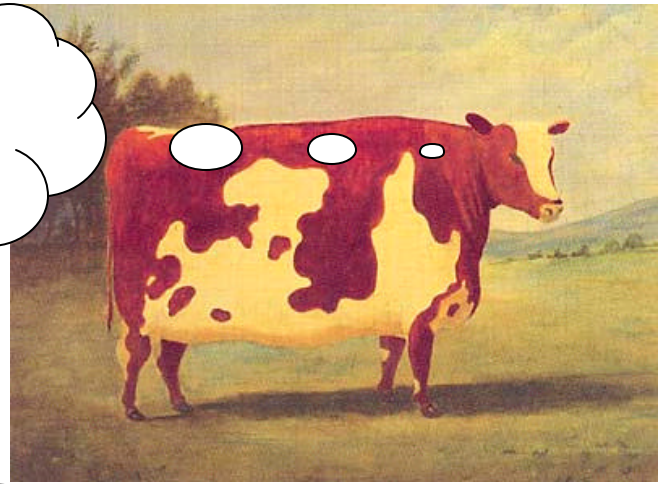
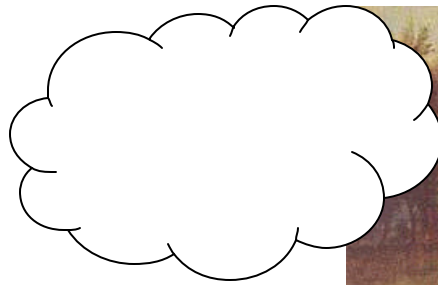
And now it's time for...

THE COMICS!

Flip the page if you want to see them. Remember, these comics are not only dumb, but they're stupid also. Please don't criticize the author of said particular comic. And remember, we try to squish them as much as possible.



What do you think this cow is thinking? Remember, we're not only looking for funny, witty, or other ideas worth mentioning. But don't worry about that. Just fill in the bubble and send it in.



Woah! Kinda pushy, there...

"I feel squished!"

This is an odd situation

"No, no no, I disagree..."

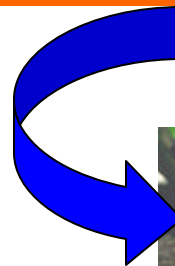
You stay—
I'll go get the cheerios.



"Two times the negative of x^2 equals the sub-derogative of fifteen divided by the square root of nineteen minus the force of gravity equals the mass of a meatball..."

Our Comics are 100% stupid and random. If you actually like these homemade funnies, then you should seriously consider getting some mental help. If you adore these then we do not know what to tell you. The comics only job is to fill space, so please do not write a letter to the editor saying you like them!! The comic, if you can even call it that, was made by Mia R, who thinks she has a sense of humor. Now that is funny, ha, ha. If you think that you have a

Chicken



Our Comics

Continued from pg 6

reasonable sense of humor, please send us some of your witty ideas, maybe a comic of yours, or a hilarious picture. If you would like to do this, please give your comic to Mia Rossi or Stratton Coffman. We really, really, really, appreciate your donation.

Now back to our comics. We believe that comics should not be funny, but random. Therefore, we strive to bring you the most stupid and time wasting comics.

We thank you truly, for completely wasting your time.

I'm really hungry. I wish I had some taters

Woah... Look at that shiny thing.



It's awfully boring just sitting here!

"Would you like some tea?"

This painting is terrible!

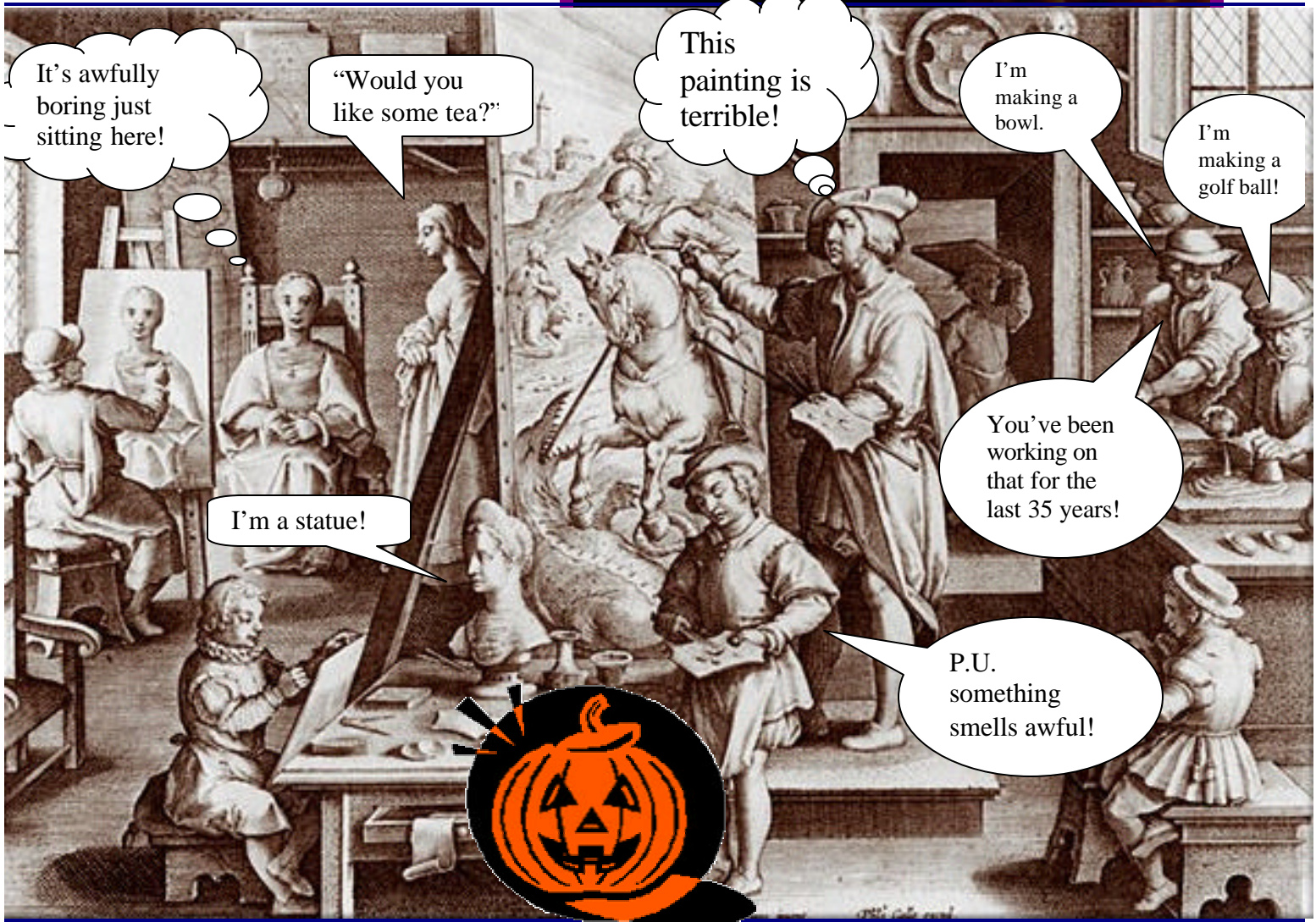
I'm making a bowl.

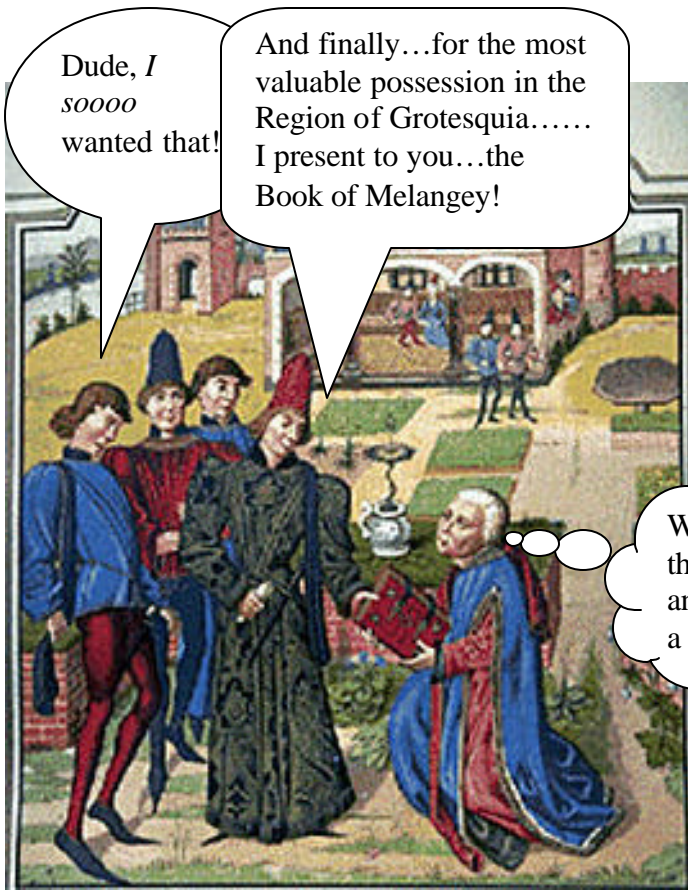
I'm making a golf ball!

I'm a statue!

You've been working on that for the last 35 years!

P.U. something smells awful!





Dude, I soooo wanted that!

And finally...for the most valuable possession in the Region of Grottesquia..... I present to you...the Book of Melangey!

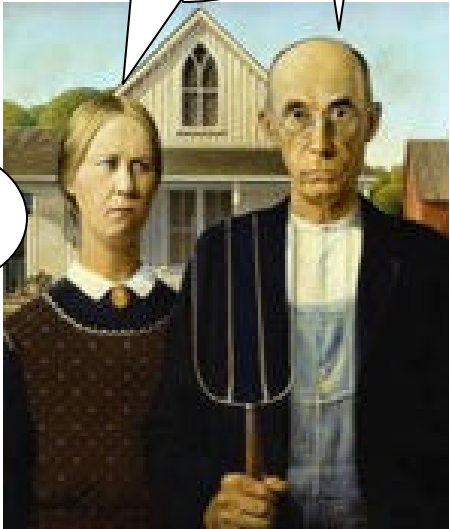


Hmmmmmm....

Huh.

Be quiet, Amy! I'm tryin' to look serious!

Oh, Joe, yer hair's on backwards!



What? Saved the country and all I get is a stupid book?

...

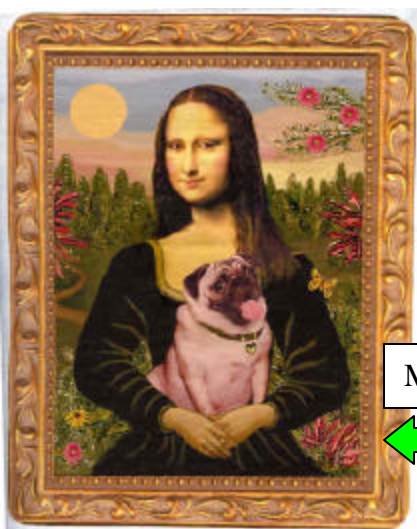


The Art Gallery

Oh, yes, I do love my pets...



Mona's Many Mammals

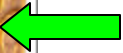


Mona and "Shaggy"

Mona and "Doodle"



Mona and "Pesto"



POETRY

Spagetti. I mean Spag-hetti.

By Tom. A. Toesauce

On top of Spagetti,
All covered in luscious, crimson, sweet, sour, juicy,
creamy, pungent, yummy tomato sauce,
And cheese,
I ate my delicious, chewy, crunchy, toasty, garlicky,
yummy meatball,
Then somebody sneezed.
On me.

Once Upon a Time

By Greg Lime

Once upon a time, there was a lonely lime
He only had a dime, and no no other money.
So, one day, this lonely lime, this this lonely
Decided to commit a crime, and so he he did.
He committed a crime; he stole a lime,

aand;

And then made some limeade. Limeade



The Calendar By Bob Sickly

Every day I look at you,
And every day you tell me true...
ly...
The day, and the month, and the year,
and the company that made the
calendar,
And the way to draw realistic-looking
salamanders.
Today, you say, is the day, to pay,
your bills, you say, for today, you
say.
It is tax day.
Tomorrow, you write, is the day for a
fright. In the night, you will bite, a
werewolf.
It is Halloween.
But now, I say, is the thirtieth of
May, May Day, I say, and we dance
and we sing.

Maybe someday I will be king.

We Are Desperate!

Just kidding. But if you or any of your distant relatives are an aspiring or perspiring poet, a professional writer, or a jolly green giant, we hope you don't step on anyone. We also hope that you write to us any of your recent masterpieces, mediocre compositions, or just plain pieces of junk, we will either put them in the DQ or crumple them up into balls of paper and then chuck them at each other. Whatever you send us, we hope it's good. Otherwise we will have a lot of paper to recycle.

Thanks,
The second-rate poet of the DQ Poetry dept., ext. 19205

C.O.N.S.E.R.V.E. **Cheesy, Omniscient Nerds Seeking Elementary Respect for Eggs**

Support us! If you or someone you know is also Seeking Elementary Support for the contents of an omelet, please contact a chicken and tell her you sincerely apologize for the theft of her offspring, and that you will be vegan from now on.

But enough about me, let's hear about me.

I was born in a barn, in an egg, on a farm, from a hen, in a barn, on field, on a farm. In May.

I am a chicken.

But enough about that, let's hear about me.

I was born as a fruit bat, but then I became a bee. Lucky me.

And then, I saw an egg.

And, the, egg was in the nest, and the nest was on the twig, and the twig was on the branch, and the branch was on the tree, and the tree was in a hole, and the hole was in the ground, and the green grass grew all around, all around, and the green grass grew all around.

Thank you.



We're sorry.

This concludes the October issue of *The Daily Quip*. We hope you have enjoyed it. Remember, this is only our first issue, and the quality will gradually improve as the year goes on and our experience grows and flourishes. Or, it could just crash. Anyhow, if you would like to either purchase a copy of the *DQ*, get it for free, or sign up for 40 years' subscription, please do. You can do so by calling the number on your screen, or by telling Mia or Stratton the code phrase "I would like a copy of *The Daily Quip*, please".

Again, we would like to thank you for purchasing (or bribing one of the editors to give it to you for free) this copy of the *DQ*, and we *do* hope you do it again, because it makes our hearts happy and joyful to know that there is actually someone who appreciates approximately 5.3 hours of work and toil.

Once again, thanks for evreything. Everytyhing. Ev-er-y-thing.

Goodbye!

