

Moronic Verses

By YOSH

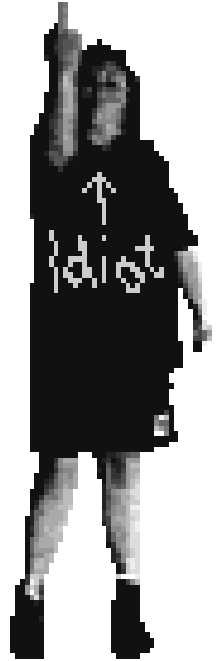
Welcome to my suck. Rick, being the usual dicktator he is, told me that the second piece of fresh had to be written (but I wish to express my appologies to no one because I'm not sorry). Second of all the solo Yosh album is now to be called "Yosh and His Coloidal Bass and His Older Brother and His Guitar." It doesn't suck so far.

Free with your subscription comes the newly soon-to-be nearly out collection of poems by me (Yosh) entitled *moronic verses*. It is very good poems which it has very well gre'mmer:.,

Nispy will be most triumphant at The Day On the Green thing or whatever that is. You should all come to it and make enormous amounts of fun of us because Rick and Pierre like green apples and going to the fair and visiting the obstetricians and very long pointless run-on sentences. **WARNING:** The following paragraph is very ironic, so put your heads between your legs and close your eyes and sniff. **BOY, I SURE DO LIKE LOWERCASE LETTERS, I USE THEM ALL THE TIME BECAUSE ALL CAPITAL LETTERS MAKES ME SICK.**

I have now as I sit pondering my fate of thine own intercession of thy divine right of kings, say now good-bye to your personhood.

THE END



All You Wanted To Know About Being Sick

By: Moocher

Hello... well, here's another stupid edition of the NISPY newsletter which in reality, bites. Okay... as most of you know, I have been sick. As about half of you know, I went to school last Friday, and when I did, I was continually called 'Ralph.' Now from what I understand, there was a big 'Let's make fun of Pierre while he's not here' party during play tryouts. Now I realize that it was all in jest and fun, but I would still like to make a statement of the following allegations and rumors that were about me ---none of them are true! Well, except for that I was sick. But the one about my parents shoveling food in my nose, or butt, or toes, or whatever the hell it was because I couldn't keep anything down was the spoonful that lowered Italy! Anyway, so I partied Friday night and got sick again, missing Sadie and the tryouts for Your Mother, my side band (just kidding), but what do they need a singer for, anyway? So here I am, lonely and miserable (sniff, sniff) pouring my heart to a lost cause. Expect Nispy to not only go to the 'Day On The Green*,' but to kick some major butt. We will play vintage NISPY, along with some new crap (thank you for pressing the selfdestruct button) and Ryan will be doing drums for the day. Good bye.

MOOCHER!!!!!!!

