

NO! We didn't forget!!!!

What, do you think we're stupid? It's just that, well nothing's going on right now, we don't have any letters to publish, so why put out a newsletter???

OK. Fine. Have it your way.

MOMMY HIT ME... 'EEP'N'...

Well, the decision to call the next album "Mommy Hit Me" was turned down by a one vote majority named Yosh. Now we are album nameless. So what do you think? Any ideas? We'd love to make fun of them. Send 'em in to:



I'm a loss Nispy News 5902 Galaxie Garland TX 75044

Amazing's Happy Little Column.

Hi. I guess I'll just fill you in on the very little that has been going on since last you heard. Well, the talent show is coming up... We tried out without a bassist doing an unrehearsed could have been better (understatement) version of Frozen. If by some remote chance we get in, we will probably be playing two new

tunes you've never heard much and (if time allows) a cover so secret, even we don't know what it is. Speaking of bitch, here's a newer song line up as of April 5, 1995:

- Shut up, Mommy Hit Me, Water the cat, Slab, Orange raisin sack [?], Sophie's Butt (Moocher's song), Imbroglia (Yosh's song), At Risk (Amazing's song), [no name yet ?] (Ryan's song), This is the END [?]=projected [no name yet]=you're a dumb-ass

Plus we'll be redoing ALL (well, almost all) of our old songs. Definite ones are:

- Trout, Underwear on my head (Faster!), Frozen, Away

And probably also:

- People get killed by dogs, Stapler, Disturbal '94

Bye. Er, by the way, if any of you have a Mod music player on your computer, let me know, and I can hook you up with some of your favorite Nispy songs!!! OK. Now bye for real.



Fig 34-G: My ever-popular tongue

YOSH'S BUTT THAT'S LOVE BUTTER BUTS



First of all I would like to say hi to: Stephanie Jade Jean Koa Big mama Mango-Head Citi Titi Huntress Briggs because I know you hate this newsletter, and now you're a part of it. Ha. I was just sitting here playing with my meditation balls when I decided to find my purpose in life. I did. Moocher and I are going to the poppy fields in India so we can smell the wonder of life and choke the faculty-staff. Oh yeah, none of you piles of people wrote in to express utter disgust regarding the album name •Mommy Hit Me• but screw you anyways because it's not called that anymore. So there.

For a limited time only come in to Schlotzsky's and say hi to me and you'll get a free something.



F*Ball Sucks

Hi. As we're working on our new album. We're pretty close to finishing it, it should be out by July 2004. It's a small little demo tape with about 347 songs because Pierre seems to have a new song every day. What else besides that it will rule.

OK, on to bigger and better things. Talent show try-outs as "Amazing" said, we played kind of a new version of Frozen. Who needs Yosh anyway? That day of the try-outs, I decided I don't need double bass, toms or crash cymbals.

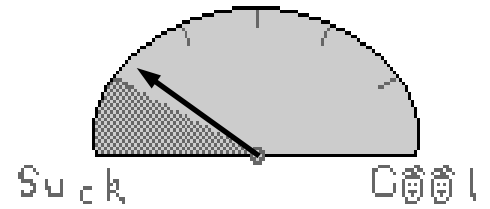
Let's take a short break to thank this week's sponsor: President's Choice's very own Dr. Smooth. It rules. Yosh and Mocher are idiots.

Most of you know about Jamie, yeah well she deserves a guest spotlight in my column. She lives in Houston and if anyone has a problem with that, well, tough appendix secretions. Thanks for your support, Jamie, and I love you!!!!

Upcoming events: There are no upcoming events worth seeing because the Lion King is already out and it kicks ass. OK, go away.



Nispy's Official Suck-O-Meter



SO MUCH FOR THAT...

NOW AN OPEN APOLOGY FROM THE EDITOR.

Well as famous wise-man Butt-Head once said "I don't like stuff that sucks." Neither do I. Well here's some relatively sound advice: There isn't always something to blame for what goes wrong. Yes, that is really annoying because it is so much fun to point the finger and blame things and beat them up, but that isn't right. Sometimes. Well, it's not right this time, so I'm not going to do it. If I've been doing it, I'd like to take this time to apologize to all persons involved. I won't do it again. Most of you know what I'm talking about, but I don't so I'll shut up now. That's my wonderful advice, anyway. Bite me.



The Evil Pierre and his pies...

Yes, I've taken a turn in direction--no more Mr. Nice Mocher... Just kidding.... Anyway, I am writing this on Good Friday. Not that much to report... well, there is, but I'm not gonna print it just because I've got too much to worry about! Okay... one of these days, I'm gonna grab one of the senators and throw up. I'd sue. Anyway, I'm typing aimlessly and I've got a joke...

Some of you guys/gals have heard this joke already, so bear with me... A doctor, a psychiatrist, and a baker went into a bar. The baker said "I'm hungry!" the psychiatrist said "Eat yourself!" doctor said "I'll examine it!" (If you laughed at that joke, you're a pretty dumb one...)

ANYWAY... If anyone wants to know, I'm watching a REALLY dumb movie... okay... now, I'm gonna sing a song, hence, CRAZY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"Whistle while you work, la, la, da"

Okay, I'm running out of things to write about, so I'm gonna go. See Ya.