

By the Appropriately Depressed Edited by Man Overboard

Elvis visits Deadislature, conducts tour

By Roscoe P. Enis
Rock Reviewer

Sounds of "Love Me Tender" and "Jailhouse Rock" rolled through the corridors of the State Capsule Saturday as several sinators said they met face-to-face with "The King."

"It was Elvis, sure as hell," said Sin. Burnin Flamers. "I ran into him in the bill room. He said hello. I said hello. It was great. It was just the king and I."

'Why have a governor when you can have 'The King.'

-- Elvis

The City Missing Persons Bureau has received several calls in the last week from sinators. One of the reports had Elvis vowing to boot Gov.-Lord No Morr out of her posh mansion on H street.

It appears that Elvis, who ran an unsuccessful write-in campaign for president of the Association of Nobodies of the University Socialites at the University of No-Learning, has gone on to bigger and better things in the political arena.

"We've seen banners pushing Elvis for gov.-lord," said Sin. Dodger Beerbein. "He's running on the philosophy that why settle for a governor when you can have 'The King'? It's a mindless, heartless

campaign." Another report had "The King" guiding school children on tours through the State Capsule. He even stopped in the rotunda to give a touching rendition of "Viva Las Vegas" to startled pre-schoolers.

"Who the hell is Elvis?" asked Delbert Rinkmeyer, an 8-year-old kindergartener at Our Lady of Wrath Elementary. "I never heard of no King, but I had fun on the field trip. That big fat guy even took us on a tour of the bathrooms down here. He pointed at one stool and said, 'Elvis shitted here.'"

Deadsilative researcher Sis Cream, who also attended Our Lady of Wrath several years ago, said he has had several encounters with Elvis in the capsule.

"He's always in the lunchroom," Cream said. "You should see that pig eat -- four tuna casseroles, 17 oysters, two sides of fries and three lemon-whip pies. Not to mention four pitchers of margaritas. Then he sniffed a few lines of Sugar Twin, curled his lip and said, 'Hello darlin.' After that, he got up and stumbled out of the room with a bag of pork reins in hand."

Cream said he also had Elvis in a philosophy class at the University of No-Learning last semester.

"It was the philosophy of rock 'n' roll," said Cream, president of Future Bureaucrats of America. "Elvis got a D-plus."

But Elvis earned more than a passing grade when he graced the capsule chambers during a recent debate on the motorcycle helmet law. He and several bikers testified at the hearing.



Flash McGillicutty/Daily Half-asskin

In a flash of blinding brightness, Elvis bolts out of the Deadislative chambers after testifying on the motorcycle helmet law. University of No-Learning freshmen Joe Blowmeoff and Fawn del Me (right) are completely unaware of the King's presence.

"Don't Be Cruel," Elvis testified. "With this bill, we need to Return to Sender."

They did. He left.

But he'll be back, bigger (definitely) and better than ever. Many of the sinators said they were impressed with Elvis' appearance.

"That's the first time I've seen Elvis since he came to Omaha," said Sin. Bellboy Heifer. "Man, can that dude shake, rattle and hum."

Gang of marauding females nabbed Sunday by the FBI

HOLLYWEIRD -- A seven-year reign of terror ended last night when local police and FBI agents stormed the home of Edna "The tit" Garret, where her notorious Facts of Life Gang was arrested after a gun battle that resulted in one injury.

"Wow, did that hurt!" screamed FBI agent Ima G. Mann after being shot in the testicles.

The infamous gang is being charged with crimes ranging from murder to jaywalking to being blatantly unattractive.

Bob Andweave, the gang's legal council, said he was confident he would get the entire gang off with a light sentence.

"You damn cops ain't got shit on my clients," he said. "Edna is a beautiful woman, dammit, and her girls are with me, too. They ain't gotta thing to worry about with me onna job."

The gang is comprised of five members who are being arraigned in two weeks.

Members include:

- Tootie "The little bitch" Ramsey, charged with murder, drug trafficking, having a greatly over-inflated self-image, really bad acting and urinating in public.

- Natalie "The fat chick" Green, charged with two counts of murder, drug trafficking, being blatantly unattractive, burglary, possession of a controlled substance and kissing a wombat on the mouth.

- Blair "Daddy's girl" Warner, charged with murder, extortion, drug trafficking, being a real bitch, not curbing her dog and basic stupidity.

- Joe "I wanna be a man" Polnacek, charged with murder, drug trafficking, extortion, jaywalking, public defecation and being obnoxious.

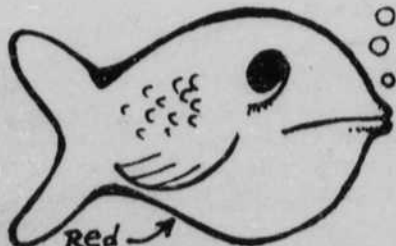
- Garret, charged with murder, drug trafficking, spitting on the sidewalk, assault with intent to kill, sodomizing a toaster and insisting on being everybody's goshdamn conscience all the time.

Fisherman eats red fish

By Troy Andrew Clark
Staff Kid

CANDY ASS, Mass. (AD) -- Once upon a time there were three little fish. One was red, one was blue and one was yellow, and that's all there was.

There was also a fisherman. He smelled a lot like mothballs. He wore big black boots and they always had a lot of doo-doo on them, probably from all the fish he caught.



One day, the fisherman said he wished he had a fish to eat.

"I wish I had a fish to eat," the fisherman said.

And then, there was a green worm -- kind of like a big loogie -- and the fisherman put it on his hook. The worm, not the loogie.

The red fish went to eat it, but he couldn't, because the other fish wouldn't let him.

"If they eat that worm, you'll get caught," the other fish all said together, which is pretty unlikely in itself.

But the red fish, who was a non-conformist, ate the loogie . . . er, the worm, and sure as hell, he got caught.

The fisherman ate him all up and got diarrhea. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has announced they will launch an investigation Wednesday.

Gov.-lord: 'Little bastard isn't mine'

LINCOLN (AD) -- At an impromptu press conference Saturday, Gov.-Lord No Morr revealed her involvement in a publicity scheme designed to defraud Nebraskans.

Standing in a heavy drizzle outside the front door of her mansion, Morr revealed that the oft-photographed child she has claimed is her grandson is, in fact, no relation to her at all.

"I don't even know who the little bastard is," Morr admitted.

She said that her staff engineered the adoption of the child when a top-level image consulting firm advised the gov.-lord she'd look better with a

family.

In fact, the child's parents aren't even related to Morr, but are hired actors.

"You have no idea how hard it's been," Morr said, referring to her search for a surrogate family.

"Hell, trying to find a brat that matched the parents was a feat in itself. Actually, I've never spoken to any of them in my life. They get paid every two weeks, and that's about the extent of it."

Morr apologized for deceiving her constituents, claiming deep depression.

"After I lost Con-Agra, I just

needed something to make me feel whole again. But I realize I was wrong."

Morr said she hoped that Nebraskans everywhere would forgive her and that from now on, she would try to do her best by her state.

"I'm even changing my hair style and taking color analysis," she promised. "I'm going to knock Blob Scarey out of People Magazine if it's the last thing I do."

As a final note, amid tears Morr addressed the assorted press.

"See? I'm not a witch," she said. "I'm standing in the rain, aren't I? Am I melting? Noo-o-o-o . . ."

Hey, all you heathens!

Cover your stump before you hump.
 Don't be silly! Protect your willy.
 Don't be a loner. Cover your boner.
 You can't go wrong if you shield your dong.
 If you're not going to sack it, go home and wack it.
 It'll be sweeter if you wrap your peter.
 If you go into heat, package your meat.
 Wrap it in foil before checking her oil.
 When you get bolder, put a helmet on that soldier.
 To save embarrassment later, cover your gator.
 When in doubt, shroud your spout.
 The right selection? Sack that erection.

And the right selection is "The Donger" Condoms!
Available from Hels Prudey in the fires of hell!