

ZERRO!

In our never ending quest to bring you the very best and the very oddest, we present you with more, MORE from our favorite compender of funny texts....

Here is more from Zerro!

If all the telephone lines under New York City were straightened out, they would reach from here to Venus. (Another incredible and important fact you need to know, brought to you with our compliments, since you are a reader of Zerro!)

It is also very important for you to know that, during the course of your lifetime, you will generate some 8,000 gallons of saliva, at the rate of some 3 pints a day. Remember not to druel!

If your heart were filling gas tanks on a car, you could fill about 400 cars a day, if they were almost out of gas.

What this country really needs badly is a handful of politicians that are filled with cold or at least cool air.

Each day, enough people to fill St. Louis, Missouri, leave their homes to go to a land other than the one in which they are currently living. This is an excellent opportunity for those who handle baggage to lose a lot more than they are doing.

In the future, it is said that the real valuable antiques will be those which are made almost entirely of genuine plastic.

Talk about giving...each day, some 7,000 tons of wool are produced by the sheep of this world, and someone comes around and deprives them of it. I think the name is Pendleton, but I am not sure.

Among the things that is next to impossible, when it comes to putting off till tomorrow those things we don't intend doing today is procrastination.

A new author attempted to get an older author to read his works simply by sending them to the older man. The older author read what was sent and replied that the work was both interesting and original, but unfortunately, that which was original was not interesting and that which was interesting was not original.

How come they call it "prime time," when we really do not have anything better to do than watch television? What this society needs is a few less channels and not quite so many flavors of ice cream, or for that matter, fewer flavors of bubble gum and pop corn. Life is simply getting too confusing.

If the kids today did the same things I did when I was a kid at Halloween, it would be reported in the paper as the act of a local terrorist.

When starting to calculate why your children went wrong, one of the things that always seems to be neglected in such a listing is the important factor called heredity.

Far too often today, it appears, the Great American Dream is interrupted by the Japanese alarm clock.

Fish are said to have good eyesight, but many breeds are hard of herring. (Apologies on this one, all around, of course!)

Nowdays, kids express their individuality by dressing in a most bizarre manner, with unusual hair styles, all of which conform rigorously to the code for these things which the kids understand, even if you don't.

Business is supposed to be service for a profit, at a risk. Often it simply comes down to simple swindling.

A Presbyterian and Methodist Preacher got into a hot discussion about the Presbyterian teaching on what is called predestination. Like all such discussions, there was far more heat shed in the course of the discussion than there was light. The Methodist finally agreed that there just might be something to the teaching of the Presbyterians on predestination, and also he allowed that most Presbyterians were likely going to hell anyway. The Presbyterian was rather out of patience with all of this and admitted that he would much rather be a Presbyterian and know he was going to hell than a Methodist and know know where the hell he was going.

By the term "the good old days," most people are referring to those times in which static electricity was about the only thing that would stand your hair on end.

With the invention of spray paint, graffiti has increased in quantity, but the new invention did not do all that much for the quality of the whole thing.

The current quest for perfection has allowed far too many of us to spend far too much time, standing in front of a mirror, looking at ourselves. What a

quest!

If you learn something by watching the mistakes of others, it just seems fair to make some effort to return the favor.

If you don't collect all of these, your grand-children will be deprived, your humor will be shallow, and someone is sure to put some sort of curse on you, as in "May 1000 sand-flies hold a jazz festival in your shorts," or some other truly evil nasty type thing. A person who did NOT collect all of these Zerro things had a tragic consequence arise from this failure. Toenails grew inside rather than outside and finally came forth from the ears. This could happen to YOU, if you fail to get busy and collect all the previous 21 installments of Zerro. This is # 22, which means there were 21 before it. One thing for sure, this is a really clever and original effort, as you can note immediately in the numbering of these things.

Maybe you would like to contribute something to this effort, since you are confined to the home and don't have anything better to do between visits of the warden. Get your therapist's approval, and then write to

Zerro! Resident Idiot - Scribe Zerro Post Office Box 38 Buffalo, Illinois 62515

If you write and are so bold as to put down a return address, you may actually receive a response to your correspondence. I like to send my bills to people who write to me, and perhaps get them paid in this manner. There is no charge for this stuff, it just flows, sometimes it is taken from elsewhere, sometimes some of it starts something else, which ends up here, and then some of this is actually original garbage not previously used to nauseate anyone.

Your loyalty in obtaining all the previous installments of Zerro is needed to make the operators of the electronic bulletin boards think that this is really hot stuff, and in high demand. Actually, what we need are a few dedicated nerds that will seek copies of this material, get it and leave it on their computer, since they have no idea of what to do with it. If you happen to have all previous installments of this material, and if, what is even worse, you might have read all of these previous efforts, consult your local public mental health facility immediately if not sooner, since you are in need of prolonged intense custodial therapeutic care and radical redirection. You likely need your tires changed, too.

What is really sorry about all of this is that this is not the last of these things. There are to be more! If the EPA is to be kept busy, someone has to put out pollution, and so it is a dirty job, but someone has to do it.

Don't forget to write to Scribe Zerro, since it is lonely sitting around in a box

in the post office waiting for the male to come in! (No, that was NOT a spelling error!). Zerro asked for a phone, but it would not fit into the box, and the postal authorities seem to be a trifle upset with such things, so this did not happen.

If you like this type of thing, you will like what went before and what comes after, and you are very seriously ill. You need team professional help. You are more than Oral Roberts can heal, even with Richard's help!

Keep a smile on your face - the ultimate and ONLY purpose of Zerro. The world needs humor, and after this effort, the need is even greater...

HIGH MOUNTAIN GOLD BBS

Hello Folks,

I'm Raini Forester (Quizzy), Sysop of the High Mountain Gold BBS. Located in the Great State of Alaska on the Kenai Penninsula. Cooper Landing, AK is the nearest little town.

Living out here on a placer gold mining claim has been a real experience. First, convincing the phone company to install a line so I could continue with my favorite hobby, BBS'ing. That was an experience in itself. But I did wind up with 3000+ feet of phone cable strung through the trees, across trails, a creek and finally across our drive-in trail.

Last summer my phone continually cried out for help. You know, the little bleep, bleep, jingle, jingle sounds of a phone in trouble.

The first incident of the phone line involved 2 black bears. They had come to investigate whether or not there was some garbage or other goodies they might sample laying around. First they climbed in the bed of the Pickup and thumped and jumped around. When I shouted at them they moseyed off and on the way took a plastic container of motor oil. This they chewed up until it looked like white gum. Which they spit out on the ground. The next day, they ambled in and found the phone line where it crosses the creek and is hanging in the trees. One of the bears grabbed the part of the line closest to the ground and the other was batting at the higher part. What they managed to do was get the line swinging, much like a jump rope, and then running under it and tripping over it. The smaller one actually fell into the creek. The larger one stayed here that night, camped in the outhouse. The smaller slept

in the mine shaft entrance. The one in the outhouse left his claw prints on the back wall. The bears eventually left the phone line alone. I guess they didn't care for me shouting and raging at them all the time.

Then the tourist season started. Living close to a world famous river, The Kenai, and excellent salmon and trout streams, we expected several campers to utilize the area for camping. The US Forest camps are always over full and people just find a flat area to park. Which is nice because you meet a lot of folks that way. But some of the campers hadn't a clue that the big, fat, black wire laying on the ground and hanging in trees, was really my phone line. Again, my phone started its crying out for help. I would get on the ATV and traverse the line. Some of the campers thought it was a well-kept clothes line, and had hung their waders and wet clothes from it. Most were very nice about it after I explained it was a phone line, and removed their clothes and waders. One time a camper decided to use it to prop up on two forked sticks above his little fire to hang the coffee pot from. Whew! Saved it from being Bar-B-Que'd that time!

As the summer came to a close, other wildlife came to investigate this strange item across their trails and country. The porcupines like to chew it a bit now and then. But fortunately, no damage was done. The moose liked to walk under it to scratch their backs. One even tried to move the house with his horns. The marks are still there in the siding.

The loggers were conscientious most of the time during their fall logging. They only skidded the logs across the line in one area. It was cut in half only once. The phone company came and fixed it fairly quick.

A dozer ran over it a couple of times, but only chewed up the outer covering a bit.

Now, it is winter here. The phone line for the most part is covered by six feet of snow. Where it is hanging in the trees, it is coated with only a few inches of ice and hanging a few feet above the top of the snow. Makes a grand perching area for the birds. They line up on it and sway gently back and forth.

That's a bit of what is it like being a Bush Sysop in Alaska on a mining claim. Oh, yes, I forgot, the High Mountain Gold BBS is an open BBS, not specifically dedicated to any theme. With such a wide diversity of callers, I have a little bit of just about everything.

- editor's note.

Raini Forester is one of our very favorite people. She is also one of our most ardent supporters and contributors. We love her and wish her always the best.

SNIGLETS

Captured from RelayNet....

My wife brought home a book of SNIGLETS - def: any word that doesn't appear in the dictionary, but should.... Here's some examples:

Here are some in my QUOTES file:

SNIGLET: Aquadextrous - adj. Possessing the ability to turn the bathtub faucet on and off with your toes.

SNIGLET: Blithwapping - v. Using anything BUT a hammer to hammer a nail into the wall, such as shoes, lamp bases, doorstops, etc.

SNIGLET: Burbulation - n. The obsessive act of opening and closing a refrigerator door in an attempt to catch it before the automatic light comes on.

SNIGLET: Cinemuck - n. The combination of popcorn, soda, and melted chocolate which covers the floors of movie theaters.

SNIGLET: Elbonics - n. The actions of two people maneuvering for one armrest in a movie theatre.

SNIGLET: Fenderberg - n. The large glacial deposits that form on the insides of car fenders during snowstorms.

SNIGLET: Flannister - n. The plastic yoke that holds a six-pack of beer together.

SNIGLET: Furbling - v. Having to wander through a maze of ropes at an airport or bank even when you are the only person in line.

SNIGLET: Genderplex - n. The predicament of a person in a restaurant who is unable to determine his or her designated restroom (e.g. turtles and tortoises).

SNIGLET: Gleemites - n. Petrified deposits of toothpaste found in sinks.

SNIGLET: Gurmlish - n. The red warning flag at the top of a club sandwich which prevents the person from biting into it and puncturing the roof of his mouth.

SNIGLET: Idiot Box - n. The part of the envelope that tells a person where to place the stamp when they can't quite figure it out for themselves.

SNIGLET: Krogt - n. (chemical symbol: Kr) The metallic silver coating found on fast-food game cards.

SNIGLET: Lactomangulation - n. Manhandling the "open here" spout on a milk carton so badly that one has to resort to using the "illegal" side.

SNIGLET: Magnocartic - n. Any automobile that, when left unattended, attracts shopping carts.

SNIGLET: Mittsquinter - n. A ballplayer who looks into his glove after missing the ball, as if, somehow, the cause of the error lies there.

SNIGLET: Mustgo - n. Any item of food that has been sitting in the refrigerator so long it has become a science project.

SNIGLET: Narcolepulacy (nar ko lep' ul ah see) - n. The contagious action of yawning, causing everyone in sight to also yawn.

SNIGLET: Nugloo (nug' lew) - n. Single continuous eyebrow that covers the entire forehead.

SNIGLET: Phosflink - v. To flick a bulb on and off when it burns out (as if, somehow, that will bring it back to life).

SNIGLET: PIYAN (pi' an) - n. (acronym: "Plus If You Act Now") Any miscellaneous item thrown in on a late night television ad.

SNIGLET: Purpitation - v. To take something off the grocery shelf, decide you don't want it, and then put it in another section.

SNIGLET: Relative Humidity -n. The little drops of sweat that role down your back when you are having sex with your sister-in-law.

SNIGLET: Scriblin - n. The blank area on the back of credit cards where one's signature goes.

SNIGLET: Slurm - n. The slime that accumulates on the underside of a soap

bar when it sits in the dish too long.

SNIGLET: Snacktrek - n. The peculiar habit, when searching for a snack, of constantly returning to the refrigerator in hopes that something new will have materialized.

SNIGLET: Spagmumps - n. Any of the millions of Styrofoam wads that accompany mail-order items.

SNIGLET: Spirobits - n. The frayed bits of left-behind paper in a spiral notebook.

SNIGLET: Spirtle - n. The fine stream from a grapefruit that always lands right in your eye.

SLMR 1.05 #T345 - To iterate is human; to recurse, divine.