

the new news newsletter

Issue 10, December 6 2007

Well! It's been a wild & long 10 weeks for "Good News Folks", and I don't know about you, but I remember all of them!

NEW FORMAT: LIKE THE LINES I BET DON'T U

WINTER CAMPING is a good activity only for those who are fool-hearty enough to think it is *such* a good idea that it cannot wait until SUMMER!

Drinking a nice cold glass of milk is one of my favorite activities! Using a **metal cup** enhances the experience.

Ever need to find out something about someone SPECIAL? Why not try snooping? -BIG TIP THOUGH: *Don't get CAUGHT~!~!!*

NEW YEARS 2008 is approaching. What are you thinking about doing? I hope to see many fireworks or other things that make big noises activated by under-qualified individuals. You? I hope you have fun!

ISSUE 10 - ISSUE TEN - ISSUE X - ISSUE !)

One (1) thing everyone (over 21) could use is a trip back to elementary school. I think it would really help in most areas, especially math and grammar.

DIRTY DANCING. Sure, but MESSY DANCING?

This is a character that I just created. His name is Globo, and he is from a planet called Maxelon.



(Simplified) List of things in my room:

- Artwork
- Books
- Clothes
- Debris
- Electronics
- Furniture
- Beer Bottles



1st HALF IS OVER - HERE COMES THE 2nd HALF

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Dividing large numbers can be a complex but satisfying adventure.

Let's work this one out together:
2353 ÷ 45 = ??????

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 \underline{1} R \\
 45 \overline{) 2353} \\
 \underline{45} \\
 8
 \end{array}$$

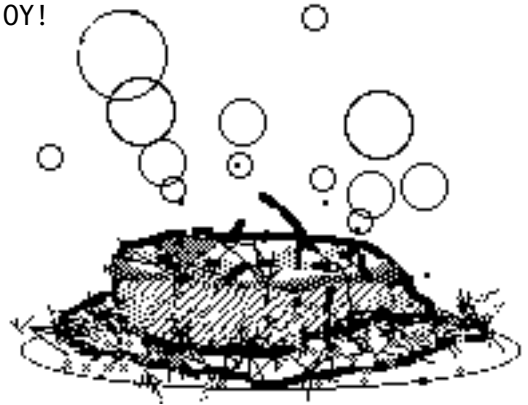
oh shoot.

Double-Braised Beef

Ingredients:

- 76 oz. Ox beef flank
- 14-30 Garlic cloves
- 1l. Red wine
- Salt & Pepper to taste

- > To begin, place salted beef into a foil-lined shoebox. Cut a hole in one side of the box and insert a hairdryer, blowing hot air. Leave for 25 minutes.
- > Remove the beef from box to breathe for 10 minutes. Spank beef with a hot spatula and then soak in red wine for anywhere between 1 hour and 1 day.
- > Pat the beef dry with a moist cloth.
- > Next, roll the meat tightly and wrap with 2 feet of heavy (5-8) gauge copper wire, and connect to a car battery for 20 seconds (it will get red hot).
-*This sears the beef with grill marks.*
- > Next, into boiling water, throw the beef for 8 minutes.
- > Force the garlic cloves into the hot meat by any means necessary, with haste.
- > Cook in a gas oven for 70 minutes on 450° F (232° C) on a bed of virginal watercress and honey-roasted peanuts.
- > ENJOY!



THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES - TILL NEXT WEEK!

Editor in Chief: Ethan Hayes-Chute
Printed in berlin germany 2007

the new news newsletter

Issue 16, January 17 2008

CONSUMERREPORTS:



CATS don't usually smell. Don't forget this key detail! If your cat smells, it's probably fake!

SOFAS. BE WARNED, these attractive items are a NAP TRAP that even the best of us get snared in, MANY TIMES OVER.

GA-GA-GADGETS. Don't be hosed by affable CEOs of TECH companies. They just want to sell you some more devices that make you even more dependent on the Internet.

FRUITS and VEGGIES. Clearly good by the books, but what about by the numbers? Is your carrot dipping into from Junior's college fund? Is that potato keeping Ms. Princess' new pony in the pasture?



NEIGHBORHOOD SURVEILLANCE

AGENT: HC RANK: GUMSHOE

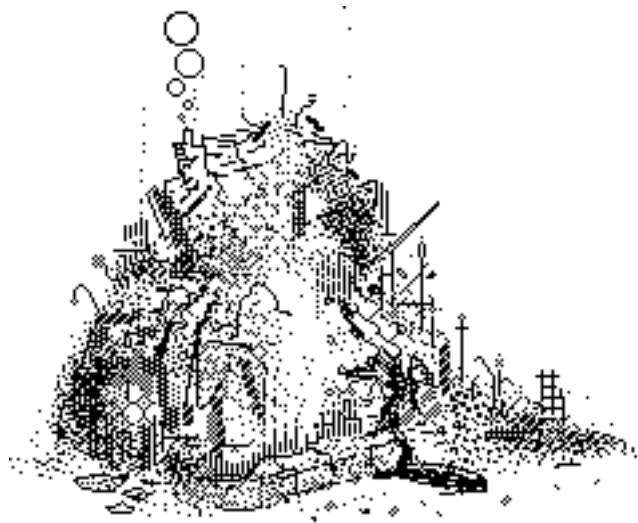
- 0950: Woke up. Looked out window, saw sunshine and then ate a bagel and drank the rest of the milk. Also showered (!)
- 1027: Surveillance begins: A man shouts to friend (accomplice??) regarding some un-seen project (illegal activity??).
- 1032: A dog walks by, *apparently* on the way to office or a meeting. Banker Dog?
- 1059: Street sweepers take over the sidewalks, removing 10% of a possible 100% of dog turds, while leaving as much broken glass and trash as possible.
- 1201: A man "has lunch" on a tree.
- 1390: I fear I am being *double-spied* on by a father on a higher balcony than I. My suspicions are dispelled when he spits on the street and wipes his lips with a drying shirt on the laundry line.
- 1400: Three 'teens enter the zoo with strong attitudes and cuss, at length, at various animals (a friend told me this).
- 1700: Two men unload a cheaply built shelving unit from a dirty van. One man drops the shelves and dent the corner but doesn't tell the other about it.
- 0120: Realized that it is now bedtime.

CEREBLITY GOOSELIPS: It has been a big week in the wild world of SUPERSTARS: CHUZ THOMPKINSONS asks for \$1 MILLION per picture- where does "Mr. Amazing" think he is- HOLLYWOOD2000??? Does IVA JONESBERG really need *another* tit job? I mean how many boobs does one lady even need? *Total Recall* was one thing, but I think even DARWIN himself would raise an eyebrow in this situation! Do you think Funny Man GEORGE HANNOVERMAN deserves to be TIME Magazine's Least Funniest? Seems a bit severe if you ask me. He's funnier than MARTIN GROBSON, BY A LONG SHOT, and *neither* of them are COMEDIANS. MARCY MARK, the stunning Heiress-With-a-Man's-First-Name-for-a-Last, has done it again: MARRIED AGAIN This time to: REPUBLICAN JOHN SMITH. UH OH! FATHERS, UNLOCK YOUR DAUGHTERS!

MAGIC NOOK:

Take two pills, whichever you want, and make them disappear. Easy, right? But can you make them REAPPEAR? No, right?

THIS ISSUE (#16) is sadly *not* KID-TESTED, MOTHER-APPROVED



A BIG PILE OF TRASH AND GARBAGE
I couldn't find one I liked so I made one.
I hope that you like it as well.

-THINGS ARE GETTING STEAMY IN HERE-
BUT I'M ALL OUT FOR THIS WEEK

Editor in Chief: Ethan Hayes-Chute
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the new news newsletter

Issue 23, March 6 2008

Excerpt: DIGGING FOR GOLD IN AMERICA

Cheech, the son of a wealthy Oil-Farmer from Georgia, stepped out of his 1997 Dodge Grand Caravan and looked around him. For miles, all he could see was dense, dark forest. "Aw, sugar sticks," he muttered to himself, "I've been had."

He had been had, and by his own uncle, no less. Perched high in a swinging oak tree a mile away, Cheech's uncle, Chong, watched the youth through the scope of his sniper rifle. Chuckling to himself, Chong cocked the gun and set his sights, once again, on his nephew in the clearing. He then turned his gaze to the right rear tire of the ratty old van, and squeezed out a round. Cheech heard the air rushing out of his tire and began to get the jack and spare tire out from under the vehicle's rear end.

"Darn it." he exclaimed. Now on the ground, Chong climbed onto his bicycle and headed back to town, all smiles. Admiration awaited him.

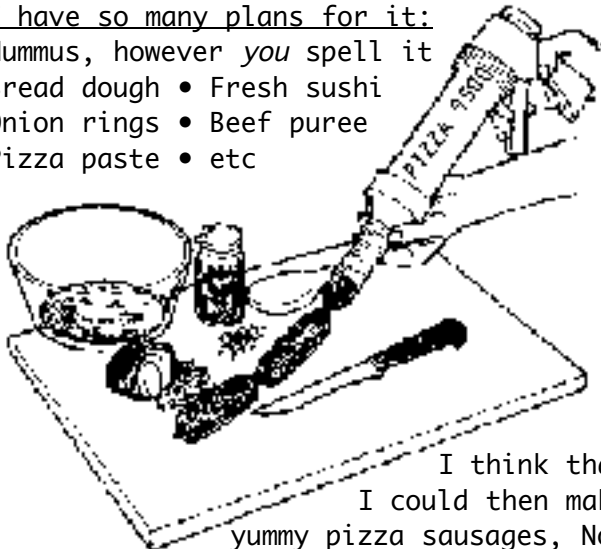
News from Tuesday:

WENT AND SAW A MOVIE TONIGHT. Not gonna tell you which one but I am going to tell you that I snuck two beers into the theatre and also maybe some snacks.

WISH LIST 2008: I am really waiting for the food processor that the bank was supposed to send to me, 6 weeks ago.

I have so many plans for it:

- Hummus, however you spell it
- Bread dough • Fresh sushi
- Onion rings • Beef puree
- Pizza paste • etc



I think that I could then make yummy pizza sausages, No?

NAME GAME: PIZZAUSAGES or PIZZAGES

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You might not think so, but it's

MORE GOOD ADVICE FROM AN ALIEN



Dear GLOBO,
I THINK THAT SOMEONE IS BEHIND ME.
Thanks! Bill Bristongale, Age 10

Dear Bill Bristongale,
I think that someone IS BEHIND YOU! It's just your shadow though, and shadows are harmless unless this is the TWILIGHT ZONE then you are most certainly and most sweetly screwed.

DON'T TURN AROUND(☺),
+GLOBO

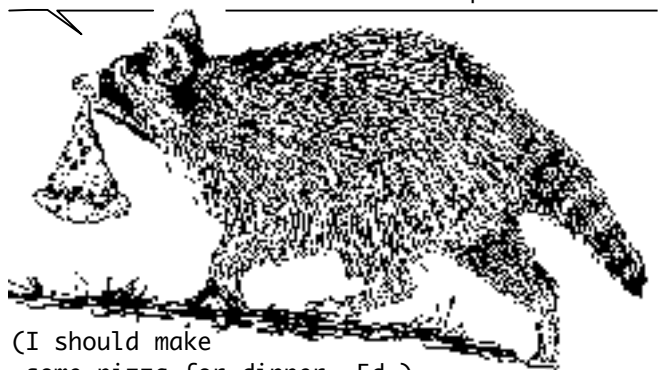
Dear GLOBO,
There are people in my building who continually throw the wrong 'kind' of trash in the wrong bins. Everyone is upset but no one knows what to do? DO YOU HAVE ANY THOUGHTS ON THE MATTER?

[No valediction] H. Marstens

Dear H.,
Well this certainly is a disgusting question isn't it, GLOBO-FRIENDS? I must express what I fear to be the truth: you are a card-carrying trash monster, Mr. H., aren't you? FOR SHAME, digging through rubbish, looking for discarded goods, only to find dirty diapers and waxy Q-Tips. JUST ROTTEN.

FAITHFULLY YOURS,
+GLOBO

oh, please wait for me, i have found a slice of green pepper-and-onion pizza and it would be most grand for it to be turned into a spicy, tightly wrapped pizzausage! just two or three links worth!? ch-ch-ch-please?



(I should make some pizza for dinner -Ed.)

Editor in Chief: Ethan Hayes-Chute
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the new news newsletter

Issue 29, April 17 2008

PROJECTo:

A home (in your own home) for a cat!

Supplies needed:

- 1 paper bag, any size.
- 1 pillow or hamster shavings.
- 3 cups of Cat Love, mixed varieties.

STORY TIME: FACT OR FICTION?

Once there was this cool guy called DogDog, and he was a cool dog. You know, he wore sunglasses and tank tops. And usually shorts, but not always, and when he didn't, people got excited. They got excited because of his big dick. Like, they'd seen dog dicks before, on most dogs, but this one was really big (you could see it from all angles) but he usually wore shorts. But you could still see the tip sticking out. One day he was in the woods, looking for truffles; he was a truffle dog, and he ran around real fast and fucked shit and was just rad. And he smoked cigarettes.

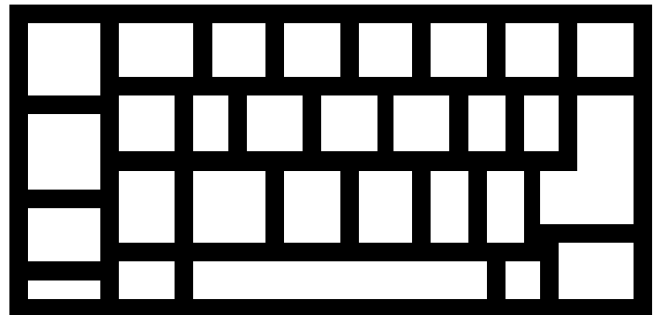


Neighborhood Watch -NIGHTS-

2143: A man with a bad bowl-cut swiftly turns the corner, hilarity ensues, in a mostly sad way, as he falls on a bottle.
2216: Two Bottle Bums encounter a veritable treasure trove of 10 or 6 beer bottles. A brief quarrel ensues (who got there first?), but, in a gentlemen-like fashion, they decide to split the booty 50/50 and part ways, each 40-24¢ richer.
2247: The ambient temperature drops 1°.
2309: Middle aged men decide that it is indeed no problem at all to park on the sidewalk/bicycle lane at a 30° angle.
2345: Catcalls are made, aimed at a sexy lady. She turns out to be a he :(
2399: Man exits bar to smoke. Steps in poop. Doesn't notice (or care?), goes inside. The night continues, stinkingly.

The best part of SimAnt is the sink.

.....
Uncommon names for computer keyboards:
 Button Box, Pushy-Thing, Letters-on-a-Board, Word Maker, Scrabble™-Pro® and of course, Calculator-With-More-Letters.



People don't treat the sweatsuit with appropriate levels of respect. They've gone and taken it out of the boxing ring and into the street, as if it was *casual wear*. Now, I'm aware that this has been going on for a long, long time, but we all know that it's really not so nice.

Unfortunately, it's not going to stop unless a celebrity (Woody?) signs on to the Stop Sweatsuit Abuse campaign: SSSA (It's easy to remember: like 'ass', with a third 's', backwards. ASSS = SSSA).

::

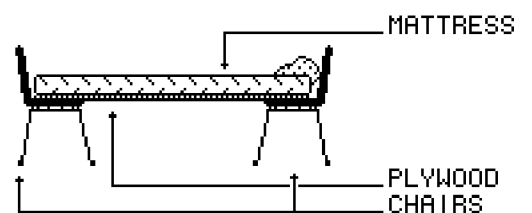
A pledge: "I, your name, promise to stop wearing sweatsuits/pants out and about, unless I am really ill or it's really dark out, in an attempt to class up this place just a little bit."

We're all guilty of this. It is 100% fact.

COMMON DIALOG:

Customer : Hi there, um, I'm looking for a screwdriver for this type of screw.
 Employee : No.

NEW BED DESIGN: TRIED AND TRUE:
 FOR DARK TIMES: WORKS WELL:



vdnn! Livin' the WILD LIFE BABY!

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the new news newsletter

Issue 31, April 31 2008

SEX LAMP: ELECTRIC EROTIC FICTION

Rick slowly bent over the side of the couch and stretched his bare arm down to the aging, close-cropped beige carpet. Straining, he managed to finger the slick brown cord of the lamp into his hand. As he fed the cord through his cupped palm, he waited with anticipation for the polarized plug to reach his anxious fingers, which seized the rubberized housing with a vigor he had never before felt. As he oriented the plug in his hands, using his strong but nimble digits to guide him, he shifted his weight slightly on the cheap cushions of his sofa, which squeaked in gentle protest, and then urged his hand toward the wall. There, the ever-ready socket waited to fulfill it's one, and only, purpose in this world. Rick touched the smooth, plastic face of the outlet with his index finger knowingly. He gently ran it around the curves and bevels, then over the small holes, finally, once again over the bronze-colored prongs in his hand. In a tortuously slow manner, Rick brought the two partners, the yin and yang, together. As he pushed the plug into the socket, it was met with some resistance at first: the plug was upside down. This broke the tension, but didn't spoil the mood. As he pulled the plug back from the wall, Rick chuckled quietly to himself - *he always had it upside down* - the entire time deftly rotating the entire unit 180° clockwise. Once more, he reattempted the connection. On this occasion the plug slotted perfectly into the socket with an immensely satisfying click. Had it sparked, as well? He wasn't sure. He breathed a light sigh and leaned back on the couch; his job was done. The light was back on, and he could now find the remote control for the TV. He didn't know what was on, and he didn't care. He'd find something or other to numb his mind for the night.



GRILL SEASON is almost upon us, so make sure that you're fully stocked up on pizzausages, fats and this new BBQ item: FRENCHLY-FRIED HAMBURGERS (necessitates employment of an ad-hoc deep-fryer.)



METHOD:

- Cook about one million hamburgers.
- Fill 4-quart saucepan with oil, place on grill surface, so it gets very hot.
- Dress patties as seen fit (w/ buns).
- Dump the now entirely edible burger into beer-batter and throw into oil pot.
- Leave for 1 - 2 minutes, till crispy.

=====

IN REGARDS TO THE FROZEN PIZZA TIRADE OF LAST WEEK [GNF #30], IT SEEMS I MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT HEAVY-HANDED: FOR BREAKFAST THE NEXT DAY, I WAITED A TRUE 10 MINUTES FOR THE PIZZA STICKS TO COOL. THEY WERE ALMOST *TOO* COOL, ACTUALLY. I'D SAY EIGHT MINUTES IS A MORE APPROPRIATE COOL-TIME. THEY *WERE* QUITE SUPER GOOD, HOWEVER.

--

CLIP n SAVE

VOLUME III

**COCONUT
RUM
GOT NOTHIN'
ON THIS
BUM**

the new news newsletter

Issue 34, May 22 2008

FOUND IN THE TRASH IN AN OFFICE
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: JUNE 14, 1988

Today I stopped a crime. There was a man with a knife about to murder another man in red-hot cold-blooded hate and misery. As I recorded what I could see in this very notebook, the scenario escalated to a near-blood level. I quickly released my Time Pistol from its holster and shot off two rounds, sending one man three hours into the future and one man three hours into the past, giving the two men a six-hour buffer zone, so that they could cool off and think about what they had (almost) done. I have a meeting with the mayor tomorrow to talk all about it.

=+=+=

"over heard on the street"

"I played video games all week. On Monday, I started at, um, seven, and didn't go to bed until, uh, *midniight!*"

==+==

A place to live that would probably end up being pretty useful, if you had to:

An abandoned dump/junkyard.

A PROGRAM TO RUN WHEN YOU'RE FEELING LOW

```
10 HOME
20 INPUT "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, FRIEND? ";A$
30 PRINT "HEY ";A$, "CHEER UP! IT'S OK."
40 PRINT "SEE YOU LATER. BYE."
50 END
```

]PLEASE COME BACK

?SYNTAX ERROR
]PLEASE!

?SYNTAX ERROR
]❏

CURRENT THOUGHTS ON:

- What this woman is holding in her hand. Is it:
a spoon?
a pencil?
a fly-swatter?
a conductor's baton?
a magnifying glass?
important?



"What I got?"

HARD TIMES IN 1619 HISTORICAL FICTION

Squanto looked at his watch. It was just about time to get to the mess hall for dinner. He hoped Pocahontas would be there tonight! On his way home from the Snake River, he caught up with Sitting Bull. Sitting Bull asked Squanto if he knew what was for dinner. Squanto didn't know for sure, but guessed that it would probably be meaty. Squanto then hurried on his way. When he got home, he jumped in the shower and washed his long hair. No holds barred tonight, he thought.

At the dinner he was worried, even though he had his fave parrot feather in his hair. Oh jeez, he thought, there's Sacagawea- shiiiiit. They had made out pretty hard the week before but Squanto hadn't gotten around to sending her any smoke signals before it was too late: tonight. He knew trouble would be afoot. Just then, Little Bear and Mowgli walked in and sat down near Pocahontas, and immediately began flirting with her and the other girls. It was over for Squanto from this point. He wouldn't be taking anyone home to his tipi tonight, except maybe a bit of leftover dodo meat from dinner. His bed smelled like eggs.

=+=

What should you do to that thing that is annoying you? Most often: Cut it off. ✕

=+====

DREAMS: WHO NEEDS 'EM! Just joking.

- This week's popular *dream themes* are:
+Large, grape-sized ticks on ankles/feet
+Losing an 'adult' tooth for no reason
+Catching up with schoolmates or pals
+Being really hungry and crying a lot
+Fingers falling off
+Parties on islands
+Missing some busses
+Robot in the cellar
+Finding things



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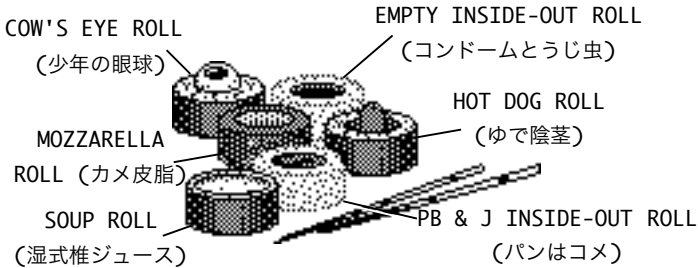
the new news newsletter

Issue 42, July 17 2008

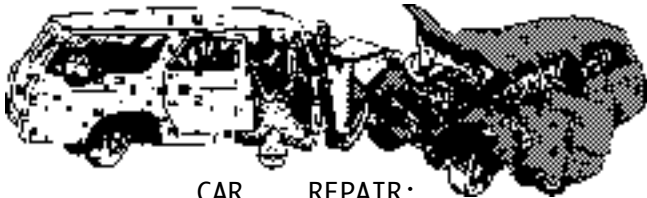
Got a frown? Is it brown? Why not try some facial bleaching? The sensation that is sweeping the nation is coming soon to your favorite gas station. Look for the Family Value-Pak!

Ever heard of NuSushi -or- 鮨笑時間 ?

Sushi literally means 'ROLLED FOOD'. Why not make a few improvements on an old classic? (this is the 'Nu' part)



Despite the loss of information due to the reduction algorithm you can still make out at least one victim of the car accident depicted below.



CAR REPAIR:

It is often said that the easiest way to clean a car is to throw out everything that is in it and start fresh. Why not.

1. First, take all your old tapes out of the car (so that they *technically* aren't in it when you "begin"- thus saving them from the trash bag) and put them aside.
2. Start throwing all your old sticky or crumbly crap onto the floor. It's easier to sweep it out when it's all on a level playing field. Don't forget the back!
3. Grab a piece of stiff cardboard and, in a haphazard manner, 'sweep' the junk out of the open doors and onto the ground of the parking lot you're in.
4. Drive away, tunes blazing, in YOUR **NEW CAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

[Just kidding about all the littering.]
[I saw it happen today. It made me mad.]

HOW TO SHARPEN A KNIFE... IN 30 SECONDS:
80 GRIT SANDPAPER OUGHTA WORK.

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PISSIN' TIPS: FOR WOMEN



There are various methods for pissin' in the toilet available to the 21st century woman. Here's a run-down, with tips and techniques, culled from a variety of womanly sources.

Before you enter the toilet area, you have a few options. Sit or squat? If it's your own toilet, chances are you'll be sitting, so skip to the next step. If you find yourself confronted with a public toilet, you've got two main choices: squat (bend over and prepare to spray a torrent of hot tinkle all over the toilet seat/bowl/floor) or make a thick bed of toilet paper on the seat (that got all pissy from the women who squatted and sprayed piss all over the place before you) and move on to the next step.

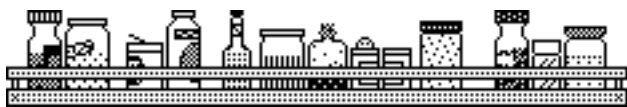
Now that you're ready to release the gush of urine, make sure that you're not on your menses! If you ARE, then remove the tampon - or you won't be able to pee! - and put it in a safe place. After removing the tampon, spread the flabs and let loose. If applicable, re-insert the tampon. Next, simply use an ample amount of toilet paper to clean yourself up, and you're done. That's it!

RESPONSE TO A READER: No, I didn't know.

If you could eat a cartoon bunny, like Thumper, what do you think it'd taste like? What about a (cute) Pokémon? It has been theorized (by this editor) that such a creature, if sliced, would look and taste not unlike the inside of either a gumdrop or a marshmallow, or a combination of the two. What about Donald Duck? Probably like a halved coconut jellybean. Would little Jiminy Cricket's exoskull crush in a similar fashion as an M&M would? Whatever the case, there's a delicious future ahead.

the new news newsletter

Issue 44, July 31 2008



Back in the 40s they only had tarragon and basil. Nowadays we've got *Mrs. Dash* and "Oriental Seasoning". But what about 300 years into the future?

What's on Spock's spice rack?

- Clammagon
- Granulated Dander
- Nerd's Tears
- Dill Weed
- Crustophus
- Sprinkles
- Whole Scabs
- Powder of Time
- Irish Freckles
- Salamander
- Sweet Horror
- Blue Curry

There are lots of ways to deal with pests: Mousetraps, Fly-paper, BB guns, etc. But what about other slower-moving insectual-nuisances? Rolled-up newspaper is for grandfathers (and babies).

Here's a new spin (doesn't go all the way around though) on an old thing.

Take a hair dryer and open 'er up. Now, basically the only thing you gotta do is make the fan suck in, rather than blow out. To do all that, simply follow this schematic diagram (below):



Fig 8

Once that is accomplished, reassemble the machine and plug 'er in. Wait calmly for your next attacker. When a beast approaches, switch on the not-so-silent killer and advance upon the intended.

The low-powered suction *may* coax the offending insect into the nozzle of the hair dryer, literally grilling it alive on the red-hot heating coils, usually meant to dry your hair into a frizzy mess. Now you've got another effortless, self-cleaning* way to kill bugs that might have been about to bother you.

A vacuum cleaner would work better, but I bet bugs *like* to be in there.

*Keep it on for a while.

CRANKY ABOUT SO MUCH STUFF? BAH! TO THAT

Familiar Moments:

Drinking water

Breathing [Don't do all 3 at once!]

Pumpin' Blood

HANGING UP A PICTURE.

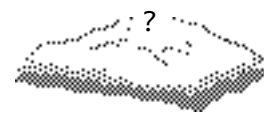
Just another sec. Ok, done.

BYOB : BREW YOUR OWN BEER : GRASS BEER

1. Collect upwards of 3 lbs of grass.
2. Stew in a pot of boiling water with lime or nutmeg.
3. Cut-in 2 packs of yeast.
4. Forget in cellar for minimum 1 month.
5. Remove all grass from mixture.
6. Flush remaining slurry down the toilet and forget it.

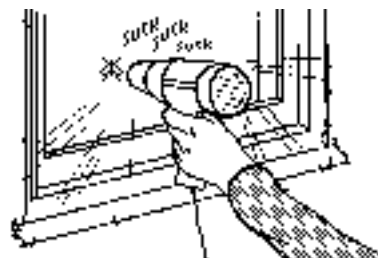
What's the cutest thing you can imagine?
CHECK ONE:

- A kitten on a pillow.
- A puppie on a pillow.
- A puppie or a kitten.



INSULT TO INJURY: A SPLINTER IN A CUT

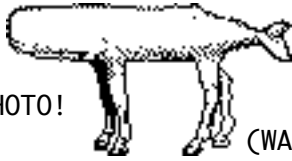
Having trouble inventing a new board game? Not surprising. All the good ones are already made, and the bad ones are just variations of the pre-established themes. Just go play *Trivial Pursuit*.



One afternoon, God was frying up some homemade potato chips. He had washed the russets well, and the oil was already on the flame. God began slicing the spuds so thin he could hardly believe it himself. He chuckled as he tossed the slices into the oil. *(To be continued.)*

the new news newsletter

Issue 49, September 4 2008



REAL PHOTO!

SEAWHALE!
(WALKS ON WATER)

TOASTER TALES

Whether you prefer the traditional (pop-up) or the new wave (oven) style, your toaster is an instrument of *delicion*. It can take years to find the perfect toaster-mate, but when that day finally arises, try these delicious *toasteries!*

EGG TOASTERZ

- 2 eggs, any size
 - 1 toast-to-be (bread)
- = Toast the eggs for at least 14 min on heat-level 4, then fill bread and eat.

GRAPE TOASTIES

- 3 grape grapes
 - 3 grape tomatoes
 - 3 grape oranges (kumquats)
 - 3 grape onions (*allium parvum*)
- = Heat the *grape-iations* in a microwave for 5 minutes. Blend all together in a blender and spread the resulting stuff on hot oat bread toast. Salt to taste.



TOASTEEToes

- 5 hot dogs, any length
 - Bread or a roll
- = Cut the ends off of the 5 hot dogs and discard the rest. Poke your finger in to the bread or roll 5 times and insert hot dog tips into the holes, round end out, so that the whole thing has the look of a shoe with toes sticking out. Toast up.

WHAT IF

- DOGS ATE SANDWICHES LIKE HUMANS?
- SUGAR MADE YOU SMARTER?
- SLEEP COULD BE BOUGHT?
- COLORS REALLY HAD FLAVORS?
- LADDERS DIDN'T WOBBLE?
- ANTS HAD FURNITURE AND ELECTRICITY?
- FRENCH FRIES WERE HEALTHY?
- DEATH WAS LIKE A VACATION?

GOALS FOR THE MONTH:

- EGGS EGGS EGGS EGGS EGGS EGGS EGGS EGGS
- OPEN BED & BREAKFAST FOR STREET FOLK
- REMOVE ALL IMPURITIES FROM YOUR BODY
- PAINT THE FENCE, REPAVE THE DRIVEWAY

Good News Folks is a weekly pursuit dedicated to bringing the latest trends in Art, Fashion and Culture to the forefront.
Please email newsletter@ethanhc.com for subscription inquiries.

FALL SCHOOLYARD SUMMER-SHAME CHANT

Green, green, go away,
Brown, brown's here to stay.
The leaves are fallin' on the ground,
So fatten up, pound by pound.
Eat those 'tatoes, eat those yams,
Wash your buns and salty hands.
Now, grab your jacket and your cap,
And get a blanket, silly sap.
So here ends our little tune,
The leaves of fall all but strewn.



NEW WORKOUT ROUTINE

# of Reps	Description	Notes
10	Look around	(in bed)
10	Try to get up	-
90	Brush teeth	(& floss)
4	Check Internet	-
1	Nap	(on sofa)
20	Not do something	(again)

EXAMPLE OF A
POWER-TORK TWIST
(LEVEL: PRO)



FRESH WISDOM ON TAP:
Got too many chunks of fruit in your yoghurt? Push it through the window screen and reap the rewards of that soft and smooth blend of milk and fruit stuff cascading over your tongue to your tum.

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