

THE REAL MEWS



A Collection of Satirical News Stories by

G. M. Byrne

“Well now you don’t get anywhere a’climbin’ ladders. No ma’am, you’re better off with your own two feet a’fixed upon the ground and walkin’ the straight and narrow. Alls you get when you climb a ladder is a permanent view of an old and worn-out ceilin’. Now ask yourself, when you get to the top of that ladder, where else you gonna go? And I reckon at that height you might just feel the wind a’blowin’ a bit more than someone out square on the ground yonder? Now consider this, as you’re a’listenin’ to the rickety squawk of that tired, rusty, ladder swaying a’hither to and fro – will you be the person a’pleadin’ with the Lord Almighty to provide you with balance, or the one a’slippin’ and stumblin’ into a terrible fall?”

Pa Coghlan on why he didn’t fix the leak in the roof last winter.

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All of the stories in this book are made-up.
All characters, including those based on actual people,
are entirely fictional. Historical events used as settings
in this book are also fictionalized. Meow.

The Drunk Swan

Last evening, customer service representative Kristi Williams finally completed the musical ballet she's been writing and performing in front of her cats for over a decade. With a double plié and a final quadruple soubresaut, Kristi ended the first act, bowed, and proceeded to reflect on the pain that led her to dance like a complete maniac in her suburban apartment for ten long years. Reports are coming into The Real Mews that she absolutely wowed Pickles and Mavis.

"I started drinking after the first act," Kristi relayed. "I hadn't fully fleshed out the arc in the love story between Hera and Zeus, so I was nervous. But then I had an epiphany and drank and danced liked a moonstruck raven into the dawn. Sauté after sauté, I flew like a butterfly, until completing a final pas de cheval into the kitchen, where I broke my ankle on the dishwasher and passed out on the floor."

When Kristi woke up this afternoon, triggered by a sudden need to breathe again, she took account of her surroundings, farted as hard as she could, and fell back into rigid uncomfortable sleep knowing that she had achieved perfection.

Borton Brahms' Devilish Dish

Hello and welcome to an incredible concept: A weekly article in an already completed and published book, courtesy of The Real Mews.

I'm Borton Brahms, a chef and restaurateur with over seventy restaurants in casinos and hotels around the world. I run my culinary empire *with an iron fist!!* If you've lost your passion, *stop reading now!!* But if you are not a stupid donkey, I encourage you to discover my devilish new "dish" straight from Hell's office – otherwise known as my Bubby's beautiful crafting room.

In this blog, I will show you how to make delicious entrées using simple yet stunning ingredients, as I report to you from the booth adjacent to your welcoming podium, strategically *jumping out to renovate your failing business!!* I will teach you how to cook a proper Wellington, and maybe even someday become your fairy-godfather. Don't miss next week's recipe for a delightful Tuna Samsarini, and *don't ever* listen to my sister, Margo. *I don't even know who that is!! She's just a stupid British nanny!!*

The Rescuer Up Yonder

The next time you hear a loud whoosh in the sky over your head – look up! You might see Silicon Valley octillionaire Bill Lagos riding around on his brand new biologically engineered eagle! Yup, you read that right: The world's most privileged people are now breeding genetically modified creatures and flying them over your homes.

And they're also solving crimes!

Cameras rolled as Mr. Lagos boarded the eagle, named Timmy, for the first time. Dressed in a wizard's robe and equipped with the *Scepter of BUDS* (*Billion Units Downloaded/Sold*), Mr. Lagos studied the sky before climbing awkwardly into a large golden reservoir attached to Timmy's back. He finally stood, proclaimed loudly that the one true ring would be returned, and cracked the reins around Timmy's neck. Looking quite awkward, the pair shoved off and sailed boorishly into the sunset, with the loud sound of Timmy's heaves growing more and more dim as they faded into the distance.

It was a cumbersome flight and admittedly difficult to watch. Perhaps Mr. Lagos is growing weary in his fight against humanity? The solution?

Download one of his many apps today and do nothing as your personal data is harvested! Brittle

ego pays for Mr. Lagos' quest, and isn't the most important thing in life knowing that you, too, are being protected by a magical beast riding superhero detective?

Worse than Fear

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," stated a collected Franklin Delano Roosevelt, his visage abruptly wan as he remembered the warm water brain eating amoeba. A sheer panic emerged and Roosevelt's eyes darted toward several members of the crowd. "We have to boil the water, *you idiots!!*" he screamed, jumping off of the stage and pushing people to the ground as he sped like greased lightning back to the White House. District of Columbia Fire and EMS treated minor injuries at the scene.

The Classic Story of Tony Macaroni

The entertainment world was set ablaze Tuesday when *The Classic Story of Tony Macaroni* was released to eager movie-goers in theaters across the United States. Touted as the only true story of his life, and

personally endorsed by Mr. Macaroni himself, critics are predicting sweeping wins at the Oscars this year.

The film follows Macaroni and his favorite goon, Eddie Spaghetti, as they bravely navigate the twists and turns of habitual narcissism. We grow with them as they blossom into ruthless superheroes who wield the power of never dying from cocaine. It's a tough road for Macaroni and Spaghetti, forced to kill at whim and profess their profoundly straight sexualities without the cops ever deterring them.

Tony Macaroni is a brilliant story about white men rising to power and then losing everything after falling to pieces over nothing. It's not surprising that groups of these men are lauding *Tony Macaroni* as a landmark first for their community.

"As a straight male, it's really difficult to find movies that accurately portray how magical it is to be me," commented a 'very angry' man who wished to remain hidden beneath a blanket. "Tony Macaroni is more than a character: He's a hero! And the ending where he doesn't die and never gets punished left me breathless! Just breathless!" The man then screamed very loudly into my left ear, "Macaroni and Spaghetti!!"

Thanks in part to courageous documentaries like this, people with an extremely macho, binary male identity can finally rest with confidence knowing that they too are being heard.

Horse Dancing Comes to the Arena

This Saturday and Sunday only, the downtown arena is hosting an event highlighting the extraordinary art of horse dancing. Come see local legends not only stand up on a moving horse, but complete unique and complex choreographed dance routines. Watch in amazement as they triple flip into the air, land on different horses, and proceed to jitterbug like maniacs.

Globally known as "Horsancing," we caught up with three-time champion Gemma Coghlan and asked what made her decide to take up such a daring sport.

"Well, when I was a youngin'," she began, "I climbed onto Pa's prized horse, stood up on its saddle, and thought to myself that I should just start daaancin'," she proceeded to close her eyes and sway hypnotically. "I heard my mama shriek, and scream that the devil done got into me, so I reckon I danced that horse right out of the stable, straight up the main road, and I danced so hard that I didn't stop until I was here at the horsancin' show – and I've been here ever since!"

And what a long three days that has been. Horsancing is quickly becoming the world's most popular sport, which means that even with all of her

incredible talents, Gemma has some serious competition. But don't worry about *The Angel of Horsancing* just yet. Gemma left us with some insight regarding the finale of her show, and although we won't spoil it, let's just say it involves a full radium body suit, seventy pounds of textured soap, and a near apocalyptic level of jazz hands.

Poop Versus Pee

For years, scientists have hotly debated the age-old question: Are you a poop or are you a pee?

People who pee claim to enjoy higher metabolisms and a more active lifestyle, while people who poop tout the detoxifying benefits and increased metal acuity. As your reporter in the trenches, I decided to find out myself. I spent a week – only peeing and another – only pooping to find out just what makes each of these theories tick.

To begin with – full disclosure: I pooped at least once and possibly twelve times during the peeing experiment and peed fifty-seven times during the pooping week also.

The full op-ed will be published and released soon and I think you'll be surprised with what I learned!

The Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer

Having trouble making meetings on time? Did you miss your daughter's birthday last month because you got sidetracked by *another* meeting? Are you scheduling a meeting *right now??* You need to get organized.

Welcome to your new life 2.0 with the *Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer*. Just write your appointments onto a slip of paper and toss it in. The sizzle of the paper's essence being dismembered by flames ensures that you've successfully completed an entry. Now utilize the enclosed *Conveyance Circlet* to transport yourself into an inescapable castle where you'll wait for the next six months as the *Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer* compiles your schedule.

Once your first appointment is known, the *Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer* will impart the details to an old wizard who will then proceed to question your participation in the games. **Remember: You must make this appointment on time or die!** After fighting the wizard in brutal hand to hand combat and realizing in horror that your life will never be the same, it's time for the true test to begin. The *Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer* has discovered your greatest fears and will use them against you in a battle of cunning and skill.

With enhanced features such as a brighter flame display and the ability to eat your mortal soul, the *Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer 2.0* is perfect for your on the go needs. Didn't know your parents were murdered? Well now they are, courtesy of the *Chalice of Fire Personal Organizer 3.0*. You'll thank us when you finally make that next meeting on time.

Borton Brahms' Tuna Samsarini

Hello again, I'm Borton Brahms, an award winning restaurateur and proud owner of over forty failing hotels. Last week I introduced you to my new blog and promised that I would show you how to make a beautiful Tuna Samsarini, but then *my stupid sister Margo took all of my recipes and threw them straight into the bidet!!* But no bother. I can execute the recipe perfectly from memory.

The secret to making an incredible Tuna Samsarini is to make sure you lock every ounce of flavor in the pan – and this recipe does exactly that. First take the tuna fillet and coat it in a delicious vinegar batter. Amazing. Yellow carrots – less sassy than an orange carrot and a lot more polite. Turn the gas on. Put a tablespoon of coconut oil into the pan – a tablespoon only because of the fat coming out of the carrot. Carrots in. Stir them vigorously so you

can really start to emulsify them. Slice a small radish, including the stem, wasting nothing. Toss that into the pan and mix with the carrot. You want the veg to have zero texture after it's cooked. I love veg.

Now turn up the gas and get the pan nice and hot. A cup of water goes in. Add the tuna. You'll see that once you add the tuna everything cools down, and now you're boiling the carrot, the radish, and the tuna. Turn the heat up to maximum, and then start slashing the mixture with a paring knife. Stir quickly creating a beautiful mash.

Mustard powder in – and you basically sear the mustard powder until black infusing the mash with perfect seasoning. Stop here. Turn the heat off and let sit. The farty flavor of the Samsarini will marinate the room. There's no need to be hasty. I like to leave it there for several days before eating.

And that's my recipe for a brilliant Tuna Samsarini. If Margo comes back, please tell her *that I'm not going back to my Nanna Wooley Parson's!! I hate my Nanna Wooley Parson!!*

“Tin Can Mike” de Nostredame

Today human history was altered in a way that even philosopher and se’er Nostradamus wouldn’t predict – or should we say, in a way that *Tin Can Mike* couldn’t predict. That’s because historians have finally unearthed the truth about Mr. Damus.

Rare parchments were discovered in the cellars of the University of Montpellier last week that confirm a fact scholars have suspected for years: Nostradamus was in fact the comedian formally known as “Tin Can Mike” and many of his prophecies were the result of elaborate pranking schemes contrived by Mr. Damus and his drinking buddies.

This is but one stunning confession, written by Mike himself, regarding the first time he discovered the power of false prophecy:

“My name is Michel de Nostredame but everyone around here just calls me Tin Can Mike – word up dudes and dudettes! As a joke while drinking on Saturday, I “predicted” that my friend Carl de Nostredame would “have a great fall” and then moments later he did in fact slip and fall. From that moment forward, my drinking bras began to tell people that I could see the future, but what you all didn’t know is that I spent several hours Saturday

morning coating the bar floor with bison butter – in set-up of this “prank” as you will – and that I cannot, in fact, see the future. I apologize to the patrons of the bar, and hereby promise not to continue with my tomfoolery.”

Scholars, however, are now admitting that the “tomfoolery” did not stop there. Second rate historian and social media chat-bot assembler, Rebecca Montgomery, explains:

“Ever hear of the game ‘Telephone’? Well that's pretty much what happened here. News spread that Mike was psychic and before long the town began to regard him as some sort of prophet. Unable to let a good set-up pass, Mr. Damus started spreading bison butter on everything. He then “predicted” the great imbalance catastrophe of 1525. Well sure enough within days everyone in town was sliding back and forth with their arms flailing, convinced their perpetual imbalance was foretold by ol’ Tin Can’s prophecy.”

“And so we have Mike, giddy as the dickens, finally going full boar and taking the stage name Nostradamus. In fact he decided then and there to dedicate the rest of his life to “the wizard’s craft” as he so cheekily called it. And he went hard too – grew the pointiest beard and bought the tugboat hat and everything. I mean you got to hand it to the guy – he really did play the role. And boy did it pay off!

His comedic quatrains “predicting” the future are still making the news rounds today.

Unfortunately the true story of Mr. Damus continues to be swept under the rug, but we here at The Real Mews will continue to work tirelessly to ensure that it is told.

Thou Shall Not Pass

The Catholic Church issued an abrupt three-word plea to its followers this morning: “Stop farting immediately!” The statement stunned the faithful as they scrambled to make sense of the new ruling and figure out how to cease passing gas. The Real Mews caught up with Cardinal Jonathan Price who explained the reason behind the decree in greater detail.

“After a two thousand year push to rid society of the impure acts that displease our Lord, to no apparent avail, we began looking more closely at the Aramaic text of the Bible and discovered a bombshell. Yes, it’s true that Moses descended Mt. Sinai to deliver the *ten* commandments, however shortly thereafter he discovered that God had run out of space on the front of the stones and in fact inscribed an eleventh commandment onto the back.”

“Unfortunately, by the time Moses discovered the addition, the Israelites he’d been addressing had already returned to their shuckin’ and diddlin’, so he panicked and chucked the tablets into a nearby well – telling no one until his death in the land of Moab around 1407 BC. There he finally disclosed the truth to his also dying wife, Tharbis, who was able to retrieve the lost commandment and paint it onto a small obsidian stone before perishing as well.”

“Soon after, their son Gershom – who was returning from the doctor after a terminal diagnosis – discovered his dead parents and the stone. Fearing the potential damage to his father’s legacy, he chucked it into another well where it was forgotten until being discovered by Isaiah 700 years later. That’s when it was finally transcribed into the back cover of the Bible just above the publisher’s stamp.”

“*Thou Shall not Fart!!!*” the Bishop then screamed, his hands and knees trembling. After a long and awkward pause he continued. “No wonder bad things still happen to good people!” he exclaimed. “How can God’s will be deciphered when one of the pieces is missing?! From now on, anyone who is caught farting – or even caught *thinking* about farting – will be known as an agent of Satan!”

When confronted with the fact that everybody farts, the bishop clapped back angrily, producing an ancient bellows with extensive tubing. “Because I,

ma'am, am *no longer able* to fart, I shall discontinue listening to you besmirch my good Christian name!" he screamed before accidentally letting one loose. His face then reddened and he darted into a nearby confessional where he was observed chanting the Lord's prayer with distress while tootin' like a loon.

Captain Chicken's Famous Recipe

Today we learned another fun tidbit about our favorite chef, Captain Chicken. Was his mother Wiccan? Well yes, but that's not what we're pickin'. Mr. Chicken is famous for offering his frickin' chicken for a nickel a lickin'. And we ain't trickin'.

After perfecting his one hundred and three spice chicken, the captain knew he had something special. With a blade of wheat clenched between his teeth, Phil Chicken leapt into a dune buggy. Whistling bygone tunes from the grand ol' Mississip', Mr. Chicken hit the road and drove straight to the big city, where he realized his dream of selling fried chicken on street corners, and then to later chuck it at the seagulls that so often followed him.

His most ingenious creation? Well in nineteen-ought-two the common folk couldn't afford bread. But the always innovative Phillip Chicken had a solution. For two and a half cents per chicken you

could buy his famous "Chick'n Cheese'n Chick'n" – a slice of cheese in between two pieces of chicken. And boy what a concept. Not only did Mr. Chicken feed the masses, but the copious amounts of glued up chicken eventually seeped into their bone marrow and became a natural inoculation to polio.

According to the Captain Chicken website, the well-being of the average American citizen increased exponentially and humanity greatly benefited.

Who knew that a man named Montgomery Phillip Chicken – a man whose only dream was to sell chicken for a nickel a lickin' – would have such an impact on the American way of life? Unfortunately, shortly after this story took place, Mr. Chicken crashed his dune buggy into a river and died. Goodbye Dr. John Montgomery Phillip "Captain" Chicken. Your contributions to society will never be forgotten.

Four Score and Seven Years Before

In an unscheduled event held by the Abraham Lincoln Association this afternoon, experts revealed that President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was in fact penned by his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln. Incredibly, this fact remained undiscovered until a week ago, when the original draft of her work was found in Chicago.

"After her husband's death, Mary moved into a hotel room and rigged it into a humble recording studio," reported association president Bethany Garfield. "She stowed a rather substantial collection of her work beneath a floorboard, including a musical which was called *The Gettysburg Revue*. We have subsequently learned that when the President began to sing the song he messed up the first line. '*Four score and seven years ago*,' was written by Mary Todd as '*four score and seven years before*,' and was necessary for establishing the hook later in the song."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Lincoln immediately forgot the rest of the melody and chose to read the remaining lyrics in prose. This then threw off the band who abandoned the tune altogether, so the public never heard the soaring trumpet build up to

of the people, by the people, for the people, or the resulting bass drop and hi-hats that take it home."

When Mary Todd heard the news she was devastated. "She learned that the song had been cancelled just as she was getting ready to be lowered by harness to deliver the final aria about all men being created equal. People think the death of Tad broke her, but it was literally this one singular moment that drove her to madness. We can only marvel at how her debut would have changed music forever had it been delivered properly."

Piano Man Down

Yesterday evening, legendary musician William Joyel suffered lethal but non-fatal injuries after stumbling from the top of his own piano. His manager, Rona Davidson, confirmed that William had indeed fallen to his demise and would never be able to live again.

"The incident occurred on Saturday at John's Tavern downtown," Davidson explained. "As usual, William was getting his drinks for free. Audience members report that at around nine o'clock, Mr. Joyel became so giddy that he kicked off his shoes and started dancing like the Devil's apprentice on top of his piano. Unfortunately, he was wearing

knee-high socks – Mr. Joyel had a habit of doing this. We had warned him before the show that he wasn't wearing his typical grippy socks, but when Willy was feeling silly, all warnings went unheeded.”

“While dancing what appeared to be rock and pop versions of his fifty-seven hit songs, Mr. Joyel attempted a Tootsee Roll and slipped straight into the air.” Davidson paused before adding “...and that was the end of old Willy.”

Mr. Joyel leaves behind a trophy wife, three genetically engineered pet goats, and sixteen million three hundred and seventeen dollars.

No Ma'am's Land

A woman’s near-death experience is exceptional this time because it doesn’t contain any of the hallmarks of traditional reports. Monday morning, scientists at Jordan University introduced the case of Linda Cragg, who died on the operating table for several minutes. In a bone-chilling interview, she detailed the harrowing episode.

“Well at first it began as if I was falling,” she started. “It was a warm feeling like something was pulling me away from my body. As I melted into infinite time and space, reality dissipated into a pool of color and light, until I was left standing in a white

room that contained an uncomfortably tall bar stool and a movie projector."

A blank stare swept across her face. "The song 'Desperado' began to play on a loop. The projector turned on and proceeded to show a montage of every time in my life that I unwittingly had a booger in my nose while I was talking with someone." She continued. "The images then turned into me spilling soup on the boob area of my shirt and going throughout my day completely oblivious – interspersed with slow motion close ups on the faces of the people who did notice. I now know why I didn't get the job I interviewed for at the bank."

She began to cry. "When it finally concluded, I could sense and see spirits around me, laughing. One of them approached me to tell me in an over-the-top falsetto voice that I wasn't his type. He then pushed me off of the cloud and I fell like a sack of potatoes back into my body."

Ms. Cragg hasn't responded to The Real Mews requests for follow up, however yesterday she was spotted at the local multivitamin store spending thousands of dollars to "*stay alive, goddammit!!*"

Margo Bobbins' Angelic Housekeeping

Hello children! I must apologize to you in advance for a lack of recent "Devilish Dish" columns in this already published book. Borton hasn't been well the past several weeks and has asked me to take over. Oh children, I'm so worried about him. He gets so mad. After making his traditional *Tuna Samsarini*, he fell to pieces after realizing he forgot the cilantro, promptly disappeared for three days, and woke up screaming at an *actual* donkey! Following a stand-off of yelling and berating that lasted several hours, he was interred by Animal Control indefinitely.

My name is Margo – you may remember me from Borton's diatribes. Mrs. *Margaret Judith Montgomery Bobbins!!* I'm a British nanny from North Shropshirehamville and specialize in letting people express their emotions and feelings. And children, I love to dance! And sing! Oh ship-ship-shiree, me nanny life is what I be! Oh chhhilllllldren!

Unlike my foul-mouthed brother, Borton, I shall now teach you how to cook and clean. And next week I will march into one of my sourpuss brother's hotels and take his place! Oh splendid! Oh, imagine what they'll think when they expect Borton and get me!!

Today's recipe is for a fresh mop water brine I like to call *Lemon Samsarini*. First empty a bucket from your kitchen – any bucket will do. I like to save all of my old mop water so I have hundreds to choose from. Then mix in a heaping cup of lemon extract, three bath beads, and Mother's day-old butter cream. Incredible. Stir with the vigor of one hundred servant men, with their rippling biceps and oh so tenderly draped loin cloths (oh Jiminy!! *I'm blushing!!*), and ship-ship-shiree, you're ready to clean with *Margo's Decadent Lemon Samsarini!*

As it looks like I must be taking over for my brother for the next several weeks, stay tuned for subsequent columns about staying fresh, clean, and full of amazing!!

The Birds

Researchers at The Real Mews have now proven beyond any doubt that birds are secretly arranging the extinction of the human race and the complete annihilation of the planet we lovingly refer to as our *Mother Earth*. The Real Mews' lead scientist, Tish Avery, broke the news to a stunned boardroom yesterday.

"When I was sitting in the forest like I do, listening to the sound of the trees and the toots of

the wind, it became apparent that there were birds singing. The more I listened, the more I could identify the polyphony. As I deconstructed their words it became obvious that these creatures were extremely bitter about the lack of what they called '*rich soil worms*'."

"Their beautiful arias soon turned into low guttural tones of destruction detailing a nuclear holocaust I tremble at even mentioning. After learning of their sick and twisted plans I stood up and loudly proclaimed that '*the birds are trying to kill us!!!*' A group of people on a pathway nearby heard me and appeared to be as alarmed as I was!"

Local police confirmed that they received numerous reports of an intoxicated woman streaking in a forest behind the local grocery store. The Real Mews has yet to verify the identity of this unknown person, however, we can confirm that the ever-impervious Tish was found in a crawl space beneath the back porch of her parent's house this morning. Reports indicate that when she came to, she began moaning loudly which woke up her parents, Dan and Marcy.

"She always comes back," Mrs. Avery exclaimed proudly.

The Electric Piano Man

Everyone knows that Thomas Edison invented the light bulb, but few of us remember his contributions to jam bands and classic rock music. The staff at The Real Mews has uncovered an interview with his wife, Mina Edison, which sheds new light on the legacy of the man we now know as *Vitamin E*, the heppiest cat in musical history.

"He was like a madman, workin' in the basement all night." Mina Edison begins. "He connected a five-pound generator to a piano and started tinkerin' about. Soon he has them electrified keys that keep his fingers playin'. That's when he starts writing all sorts of strange jams, zipping and zapping with the power of lightnin', and becomes a rock and roll prodigy right before my very eyes."

She continued, "For years he's putting on these concerts in the middle of town and everyone in the colonies knows he's pioneerin' a musical revolution. He forms a band called '*Edison's Medicine*' that immediately starts the teenage girls screaming – they take to calling him '*The Electric Piano Man*.' Soon you got a bunch of hippies gathering in Plymouth town square, boogying about like a bunch of loons."

After demonstrating what she called '*the Devil's dancing,*' Mina finally slumped back into her rocking chair. "He started plugging them electrical sockets up to his peddles, and that's when he took to dancin' on that piani all crazy. I feel like I wasted me life tryin' to change him, but old Eddy is still me greatest love." She paused and bowed her head. "Oh how Eddy loved his LSD," she finally lamented. "But I guess in a world full of uncertainty, you can't blame a man for wanting to spend his time blasted on *Yellow Sunshine* and jitterbuggin' with the Devil on top of an old piani."

For Just a Dollar a Day

Hi everyone.

At The Real Mews we make a lot of jokes, but today we'd like to tell you about something we've been supporting passionately for the past forty years: *The Bill Lagos Foundation*. For only a dollar a day, a hard-working American can fund Mr. Lagos and his genetically engineered pet eagle, Timmy, for years to come – heroically ensuring their continued life of detached egocentricity.

Bill Lagos woke up this morning beneath cashmere sheets, longing for something less pedestrian – like bedding made with the feathers of an ancient rare-bird

species – knowing that living off of forty million dollars a day would never pay for it. He asked his nanny, Wooley Parson, for a breakfast tray bearing a single beluga caviar floating in a crystal goblet of Wagyu insulin, but she was despondent.

Please join us in our effort to replace Mr. Lago's nanny's brain with a state of the art, advanced AI robot. For only two dollars a day, you can ensure that Mr. Lagos gets that golden sarcophagus he's always wished for – not for his eventual demise – but for a large cereal bowl to feast from while watching Saturday morning stocks, rolled up like a burrito in his brand-new archaeopteryx bedding.

For further information on how to support the Bill Lago's Foundation, please contact us at The Real Mews. Donate today and rest easy knowing that you're buying actual angel dust for a man wearing a shirt made out of fresh spider silk and living in a bubble he'll never understand to be his soul's undoing.

Sergeant Planet the Zero

In a startling upset to the green community, Sergeant Planet announced that he would stop focusing on bringing pollution down to zero and begin addressing the numerous allegations of environmental misconduct leveled against him recently. The news was met with dismay by confused fans, and protestors spilled into the streets this afternoon – many of them fed up with the lies of Mr. Planet.

One of five Planetauts, Monty McGill, the master of heart, voiced support for his embattled employer in a rally on Tuesday. "I may be drunk," he began in a slurred drawl, "but I do know a thing or two about David Jeffrey Planet," he said and smiled coyly. After standing in front of the crowd for nearly a minute, McGill then screamed, "David just wanted to *save your fucking planet!*" He was eventually escorted off of the stage.

The next speaker, Linda, the summoner of wind, who was high on cocaine, took the conference in a much different direction when she accused the audience of stealing her thoughts and not giving her enough bison butter to cook. Just as the shock began to ebb, a bald man clapping sarcastically approached the microphone.

"You see folks," he said. "Do you see your heroes now?!" he demanded as the curtain parted to reveal all five Planetauts, disheveled and passed out. It was Garbage Greedly. Luckily, David was in the audience. "The power is ours!" he screamed and shot into the sky displaying the bird with both hands. Unfortunately, he did not see a jet plane overhead. The two collided and Mr. Planet plummeted into the ocean, where he was drowned. The plane then crash landed into the heart of Los Angeles, claiming the lives of thousands. David Planet, himself, was over 20,000 years old.

At his funeral, the Planetauts assembled their five rings for one last time, hoping that by summoning Mother Gaia – a deity also known by Jennifer Sanders – they could blame their hedonistic crimes on her. Luckily Jennifer was tipped off and closed the magical portal. This caused the collective clink of the Planetauts rings to create an explosion sending them and their pet monkey, Scrubbles, into the sky where they also crashed into jets, hurtled back toward earth, and subsequently drowned in the ocean. Unfortunately, none of them had ever actually participated in legislation to save, or to even maintain, the environment.

Father Gabriel's Grand Hustle

A priest who once helped hospice patients cross over to the other side has ditched his Catholic tutelage to become a full-time professional runner in *The Valley of the Dead*. We talked with the former father, Francis Gabriel, as he explained this decision in elaborate detail.

"It all started with Judith Robinson," he began with a grin. "I was reciting the Lord's Prayer to her when I was suddenly sucked into the metaphysical aura of her passing. When I came to, we were in a fiery pit between two tall mountains. I immediately recognized this as *The Valley of the Dead*. I screamed at Judith to start running, but she was too feeble, and she would have slowed me down."

"I pushed her to the ground and bolted for my life. There were a million voices, taunting me, but soon those taunts turned into cheers, and before I knew it, I was hearing things like "go Father Gabriel!" And "look at that form!" And "keep running!!"

He smiled even wider. "I was like a beautiful gazelle, running for all of the priests before me! When I finally stopped and turned around, a group of spirits had gathered, so I leapt into the air and exclaimed with certainty that 'I, Father Gabriel, was the best runner in *The Valley of the Dead*!!'"

Our interview ended prematurely as the father leapt up and exclaimed those exact words. Unfortunately, he then tripped over the camera equipment, hit his head, and died. *The Real Mews mourns Father Gabriel and supports the Father Gabriel Foundation. Please donate.*

Emission Possible

Hollywood was left in shock today after learning that one of their biggest stars has been habitually pooping in garbage cans on or around movie sets, and that his identity is close to being revealed. While refusing to name the suspect until DNA results are confirmed, film executive Donna Schneider sat down with *The Real Mews* to discuss the situation.

“The mystery man – let’s call him – *I don’t know* – ‘*Tim Clues*’ – has been secretly relieving himself in wired waste baskets for decades. Naturally we assumed that it was one of the animal actors that are often involved with shoots, but now it’s evident that we’re dealing with a human culprit, and frankly one who’s struggling with gastric issues and should consult his doctor.”

She sighed. “And he’s becoming more brazen. Last week we were talking in the hallway when he excused himself and entered an empty board room.

Several minutes later he re-emerged with a fantastic grin on his face. When I finally caved to my greater sensibilities and looked inside, there was a fresh human size poop in the waste bin."

When asked why such a high-profile person would do something so depraved, Donna smiled wryly. "You know," she replied. "I think he does it because he knows he can. And I think he knows that *we* know – which is more than likely the main thrill. It's a cat and mouse game for him now, and honestly I don't think he's going to stop – even once he's exposed."

In other news, the fifty-seventh film in your favorite high-octane, action-packed movie franchise has begun principal photography. Workers on set have reported a sudden abundance of wire waste bins.

The Opposite of Pure Joy

If it's up to Ericka Hyatt, today at noon everyone on Earth will collectively hold hands and sing Dustin Beaver's "Owie." Barges have been lined up bow to stern across the planet's oceans, and canyons have been filled with concrete in anticipation of this tremendous event. The two and a half minute *a capella* is being sponsored by Sanderson's Salts, with

perfectly seasoned gizzards and giblets being delivered by the food experts at Captain Chicken.

A full time "cool mom" and self-described "DB enthusiast," Ericka claims that Mr. Beaver's song helped her unlock memories of past trauma that she's buried for decades. She arranged today's event after hearing "Owie" on the radio and having an epiphany where she finally figured out that she also had it all with nobody to call.

"At first pass I thought this song was about a man-child who, while desperately trying to figure out what an actual feeling is, reveals that he's even more of a sociopath than we'd realized," she explained. "But as I started really analyzing Dustin's poetry, every '*Ow-wee-owe-wee-owe-wee-ooowww-wee,*' I realized that "Owie" resonates with everyone because we all know what it's like to be granted ridiculous levels of fame and money, act like complete dicks, and then whine that nobody was there for us when we felt lonely."

A small group of people had collected behind Mrs. Hyatt which didn't go unnoticed. "And we're sick of it!" she proclaimed as she raised a fist into the air to cheers. "Today we'll all hold hands to form a circle around the globe, sing "Owie" from the depths of our souls, and finally release our collective self-absorption into the annals of history. We will heal our egos with Mr. Dustin Lou Beaver's opus, end

equality, and raise enough money to help DB through this difficult time in his life!"

The event will be spectacular. What's even more spectacular is Sanderson Salt. Sanderson's specialty salts are made from mineralized salt rock married to our secret ingredient, *Epsom Brine*. Imagine fine flakes of the most luxurious salt lick, melting into your tongue, revealing the hearty taste of bone meal and clay pots. You'll thank us when your unbridled senses are awakened. *Feel like a horse, with Sanderson's coarse!*

The Fresh Face of Püpi

Püpi executives revealed Thursday that Icelandic pop star, Gorko, will be the newest face of their brand. Gorko recently became an overnight sensation – not only for her unique brand of pop music – but also for her discovery of bio-travel, a method of traveling through wormholes by strategically releasing compact bursts of loose fecal matter into the toilet or the street.

When we interviewed Gorko she appeared queasy. "I've been eating large amounts of hotdogs and ramen," she began. "With practice, I've learned to harness the power of their fuel in my belly." She stopped and burped before continuing.

“The first time I bio-traveled, it began as a low rumble. My buttock became sharp as I released a sudden explosion of diarrhea through it. That's when I shot off into the sky like a rocket. It was from there that I discovered the myriad of wormholes that exist in our atmosphere, and I traveled all over this world and to other planets and dimensions.”

Püpi spokesperson Marc Roberts, creeping from the background, suddenly jumped in. “We are absolutely thrilled by the addition of this poop bag. With her on the team, we've now learned how to access wormholes that will stream our content directly into your brain. Think about it – for the cost of a packet of ramen, several cans of Vienna sausages, and a new pair of pants – you TOO can do the Püpi blastoff! Hell, if you wear a skirt, you can forget about replacing the pants!”

The first ad featuring Gorko will be released next Monday.

Editor's Note: After writing this story, Gorko bio-traveled into a forbidden wormhole, and is now stuck in dimension Xirgon V.

Borton Brahms' Ham and Cheese Toasties

Hello and welcome to another stunning edition of The Devilish Dish. You may not know this, but I've always had a passion for flying around in bubble cars. Yes, I, Borton Brahms, routinely fly to a fro in a hovering motor machine whilst wearing a tweed cap and delighting my fellow countryfolk with elaborate and cheeky escapades. After all, you know what they say, "All work and no play *makes Borton a bad little donkey boy!*"

You may be wondering why I told you all of this. Well life isn't always fun and games. Today I want to talk about something that's very dear to my heart – ham and cheese toasties. When I think of a ham and cheese toastie, my throat feels dry, and it becomes hard to breathe. My inhibitions turn to snow and I begin to melt like the creamy cheese of a toastie as it oozes between the buttery baps struggling so hard to contain it. The ham butty calls to me. And I want it. I want to bite that bap and own it.

Today's tale of caution took place several weeks ago. As usual, I was zipping about in a futuristic bubble and looking for someone to prank. I finally arrived at the drive-thru of my first mark – fast food restaurant, *Prêt à Chier*. To escape recognition, I

affixed a fake beard and slipped on a woman's bra filled with two well-endowed coconuts. I pressed the gas button and pulled up to the menu, which is where I caught my first glimpse of it. I couldn't believe my eyes. My head started firing like a thousand slot machines. It was an advertisement for a fucking toastie.

The caper I had spent all morning planning suddenly seemed distant as I struggled to think straight. Pure instinct took over. I abruptly screamed into the intercom that I was *in fact Borton Brahms and needed to close the restaurant at once!* I then revved up the bubble, sailed full force into the pick-up window, exited with a karate kick, and stormed into the kitchen. The looks of horror were all around me.

"Don't look at me!" I shrieked, demanding that they show me to the toasties, never believing that I'd actually see them. An employee named Jamie took me to the freezer. *"Open it!"* I insisted. She complied, pulling the stainless-steel doors apart like a Hercules and nodding once the action had been completed. There, shining like ambrosia in a crushed cardboard box, were the beautiful toasties. I don't remember much after that. Except for gunshots. And screaming. I woke up several hours later in an alley covered with half eaten, half destroyed, thawing toasties.

I wrote this article today to release myself from addiction and to admit that I have a problem. Please don't go down the same path as me. You may not have the power to shut down restaurants at whim – an ability granted to me by British Parliament – but I still implore you – all of you – to send me your cheese toasties and bacon buttys immediately to prevent any further conflict. And to the employees of *Prêt à Chier*: If you tell the Bobbies, I will find and eliminate you.

The Angel Has Fallen

In breaking news, we have an unlikely and heartbreaking follow up to a story earlier in this book featuring *The Angel of Horsancing*. Gemma Coghlan, that very angel, has fallen to her death after trying to dance while on a moving horse. Unfortunately, her demise was quite public, seen by hundreds of thousands of spectators as she performed at the downtown arena.

We caught up with her sobbing mother, Ma Coghlan. “Gemma got hit on the head with a rock, and ever since then the devil done got into her, and it's been nothing but *horsancing*!! I guess she finally did what she always wanted to – she done danced

on top of a horse's saddle whilst that horse was running at full speed!"

As deaths continue to mount, authorities are begging the public to discontinue dancing on moving horses. If you or a loved one suffers from the debilitating need to dance on a moving horse, contact our help line, 1-800-HORSIES, immediately.

The Incredible Life of Susan Dunderman

The world of classical music was shattered today, like a defective pane of chemically strengthened glass, when historians admitted that superstar Johann Sebastian Bach neither wrote nor sang his own music. Like numerous classical music lip-syncers before him, Mr. Bach was a fraud, a fact exposed after a repository of documents believed to be written in the final hours of his life was discovered.

In the writings, penned on his own personal stationary, Mr. Bach admits the lifelong charade, discloses that he could never actually write music, and expresses guilt that he didn't credit the true genius behind the majority of his work: a parole officer by trade named Susan Dunderman.

Now understood to be the creative force behind all of Bach's fugues and most of his oratorios and

motets, the public has been scrambling to place a face on the woman who changed classical music forever. Ohio State University music professor and self-proclaimed '*Baroque-Boy*,' Barty Blarté, is happy that Dunderman's strange legacy, now known in full detail, will finally be revealed.

"Luckily," he began, "in addition to the almost near and utter crap contained in that old bat Johann's feverish ramblings, we also found a rolled-up collection of music reviews he'd kept as a begrudging reminder of his failures. In those reviews we catch a glimpse of the beauty – and sometimes sickness – that enveloped Susan Dunderman."

The articles focus on a series of events and shows performed in east London during the summer of 1718.

"On the morning of November 6, 1717, Johann was put into jail for one month courtesy of Prince Wilhelm Ernst of Weimar," Barty Blarté explained. "Bach was a terrible musician but still sought to make his name in the arts. He largely just got himself into trouble. Deflated but full of energy after a day of failing to learn *Three Blind Mice* on the trumpet, Johann started following Prince Ernst around town whilst blowing into the trumpet to simulate the sound of flatulence. He was brought to

the jail that evening, sentenced before suppertime, and began serving his punishment the next day."

Blarté paused before adding, "and he did. Once he was ready for release, Ms. Dunderman was assigned to his case by the magistrate. Susan was an *actual* troubadour and pianist in her own right, however women in those days were only allowed to communicate in a series of meeps until a nearby man could hear and decipher their needs. The magistrate, sensing the perfect match, ordered the two to work together as a condition of Johann's parole and further ordered them to *'have fun witing dose songs you'se twos!'*"

And so, upon Johann's release, the pair became inexorably intertwined. "The duo premiered their first show as a street performance entitled *'I Tink We Found Some'fing Good'* and were quickly swept up by talent scouts. Within weeks they were headlining the Globe theatre to rave reviews. Finally, Dunderman had the chance to shine."

Blarté smiled. "Now she could not only express her creativity in song – with Mr. Bach playing her masterpieces on the piano – but could also explore the extreme psychosis that had been woefully infecting her mind. The latter was showcased in the form of b-rated performance art."

The proof is in the reviews. In one penned by a Ms. Dina Perdue, she confronts the emotion of being

front and center in the audience of the Globe at the height of Bach & Susan's fame.

"Johann was a somber emo-boy," she gushed, "looking almost annoyed to be on stage. He was a man – a gaunt and dirty man – but somehow still Victorian, with a full powdered face and puffs of lace peeking out from the cuffs of his jacket and breeches. This venerable powerhouse, this diamond in the rough, was then complimented by a woman we now all revere as *The Gun Show* – whistling along with the music like a mad raven, taunting Mr. Bach awkwardly while boasting a full ten-gallon basket of dead birds on her head, and notably arching her derrière in the finale to fart freely whilst laughing like an old witch as the auditorium filled with a stench this reviewer can only liken to the mustardy gas of a thousand angels in heaven!"

Enraptured by the exotic performers in front of them, people couldn't help but become ensnared. Another reviewer noted that, "Whilst lively, the street interpretation of B&S's music is too complicated, too esoteric, too long, and increasingly way too boring. I mean we've all heard '*I am Some'fing Good*' – or whatever – *ad nauseam!* However, from the moment the candles dimmed and *The Gun Show* skipped onto stage dressed from head to foot in a full radium body suit – barking like a mad seal and dancing the most complicated ballet

routine I've ever seen – I knew that the Lord God almighty was allowing me to witness this phantasmagoric event, and that I would never again experience a smell like this!”

After serving his parole, Bach and Dunderman went their separate ways. He went on to record several fugues to low critical regard – as he mostly just hummed like a little girl or cawed loudly like a crow – while Dunderman disguised herself as a man and joined the military to become a little drummer boy. Susan's dark and sometimes harrowing journey was later memorialized in the song by the same name.

Bach is survived by a slew of straight white men that were talented geniuses and very important. Dunderman is survived by a single gray goose, whose great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandmother once lived in Dunderman's bathtub from September 1720 to March 1721.

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