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HOWDY YA'LL! GREETINGS AND SALIVINATIONS ALL FER'NERS AND PEOPLE FROM OTHER COUNTRIES!

This is the first ever, annual, bi-annual, tri-annual, any-annual, barnyard-animal, newsletter for the people of our age excluding those not our age. In udder words, for the country folk. Welcome to the first edition which is non edited by Matthew Walz and Dennis Cook. Allllll illustrations are copyrighted by Collyer Enterprises: In other werds, you have the right to copy. (At the expanse of your life, this is.) (>.<) Also you need to read the fine print!

Well, I think that about covets the legalities of this newsletter. Now on with the news!

The Collyer Grade School Situation:

Kari, Dennis, and Matthew (more Kari and Dennis) checked up on the possibility of purchasing the Collyer Grade School. At first things seemed to be looking up (especially when the ceiling fell in), but after a while, the floor fell out from under them. The Newman superintendent had a meeting with Kari and Matthew and told them that they could not give up the building for less then 300,000 dollars! (That's a lot of Yen) Then later in the meeting, Mr. Newman said he would sell everthing but the Gym for 50,000 dollars (That's a lot of Pounds). That seems much better, but it is not worth that to us. We value (no pun intended) the building at 20,000 dollars (That's about the same in Marks). But would rather buy at 10,000 dollars (That's a lot of Pecos to a Mexican!) For now we a waiting to here from Superintendentance Newman for further details. Until next newsletter, that's all I have to say about that! (Forest Gunky) (*%^&#!)

By Matthew Walz

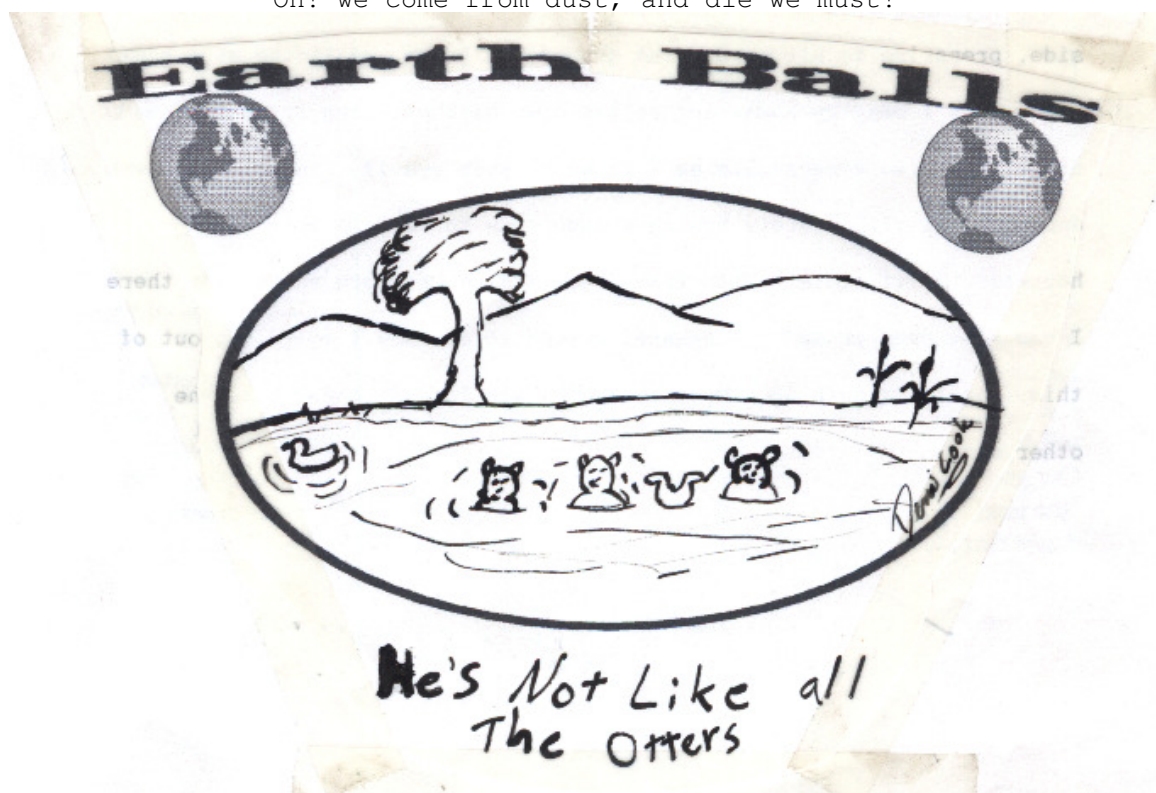


(Back in the studio)

RONNIE "Just to recap the situation, It seems that the government has been using real people to test out the safety equipment in vehicles. The latest event happened just recently when Carl Acheson was pulling anhydrous from Palco and a Volunteer was driving into Palco. Remember, this is all happening in Kansas. The volunteer tried dodging Carl and rolled the white car he was driving into the ditch. This just in, the volunteers name is a Richard Acheson. I see. Again this just in, the volunteers name is a Richard Acheson. It seems that Richard rolled his Mother's car! OOOH Boy, you know what is going to hit the ceiling!"
 (For those wondering, The Palco incident did happen just as described.)
 By Matthew Walz A.K.A. Samxon

Poetry

in the summer, life returns. By MRW
 only to die with the winter.
 if only I knew why
 people must live only to die.
 sure. death is a must,
 and so is rust.
 the Earth spins on, but it won't be long,
 until it stops.
 until the sun drops
 never to return.
 we look and find little.
 we find little, so we look alot.
 but we never find what we must,
 just a lot of rust.
 Oh! we come from dust, and die we must!



Friends

By Matthew Walz

As each foot hit the ground, the weeds whipped across my knees causing the water to soak my jeans. I looked around as I readjusted my rifle that was slung across my back. Each stride was slowly wearing me down, but I knew that I must keep going. I had to get there before they did. The sky was gray with clouds and the mist in the air had saturated everything, including me. The humidity was terrible and I was sweating profusely as I kept running.

In the distance, I could see the trees of the river, but there was one ravine to traverse. As I came closer to the ravine, I allowed my body to relax, then I pushed myself over the edge of the cliff. I pulled the rifle over my head and held it in my left hand as the wind rushed up around me. The breeze felt good and it evaporated most of my sweat, but soon I had to brace myself for the hard landing.

I stuck both feet out in front of me and held my arms out to the side, preparing to hit hard. The ground and I met, colliding at a great speed, but I bent my knees and rolled down hill with the force. My body did about three somersaults as I tried to stop myself. Then I fell over another drop off. Barely having enough time to realize what had happened, I hit again. This time the landing was much softer for there I was knee deep in mud. I scanned around to see how I could get out of this, but found nothing. My only choice was to wade through to the other side.

To be continued.....

Look for it in Vol 2 Sept 95

Do you like what you see? Comments? Questions? Would you like to submit an article? Know of someone who would like to receive our NewsBetter?

Contact someone at -

MRW Programs Anonymous
(address went here)

Attn: NewsBetter

Also, we need green backs to keep our NewsBetter going. From now until May of 95, it will cost Dennis and Matthew approximately \$7.00 a subscriber to keep our NewsBetter going. Envelopes and stamps aren't free! We would greatly appreciate it if each one of you would send \$7.00 along with any news that you might have. We will try to get a letter out to each subscriber every two weeks. That's a lot of news! Our goal is to keep you informed and us busy! Oh, ya. Any extra money will go into "the fund" to help with the expenses of our annual DEW FEST! (however, I seriously doubt that much money will be left over!) Until next time, or-e-vator!