

NewsBetter Vol. 9

(Almost Vol. 10! hint hint!)

Well, it seems that time just flies and flies and flies and flies. Which reminds me, did I shut off the water at the stock tank? Well, anyways, as time was flying, It got me to thinking, what if time didn't fly?(swat! get it? I GOT IT!) (the fly, that is)(anyways) SO as I was flying, err... saying, what if time didn't fly? What if it just crept along real slow? Like a turtle? Well, maybe to a turtle, time is flying, but just not as fast as we humans see time flying. I mean, time is relative is it not? Okay. Let's say that we build a calculating machine that can do 286 mathematical problems in a second. We use this machine to do all of our math on for one month(31 days, 4 weeks, etc.). Suddenly, they(the great scientists and engineers and mathematical problem solving machine builders of our time build a mathematical problem solving machine that solves 386 mathematical problems in one second (1 million/millionths second, 1 min/60, 3 hours/10800,etc). We use this machine for 12 weeks/3 (one month, in case you weren't paying ATTENTION!). When we use the 286 mathematical problems per second solving machine, we feel like *w e r e g o i n g r e a l s l o w*. Know what I mean? Okay, now that's relativity! So really, a 386 mathematical solving machine per second do witchy is actually just a slow(or fast) as a mathematical solving machine that can mathematically solve problems at 286 mathematical problems per second per machine(device with two or more simple machines attached together to do work at a different speed or power, etc.) Well, what we have here is really not relative, so I won't concern you about it! Just think, everyone of you whom read this, read the same amount at different speeds, yet you all read it. Just at different times and different speeds. But to each of you, it took the same amount of time to read from your point of view! Cool, huh? (uhuhuhu!...why?) -MRW

We apologize for the above article. for it is not at all relative to this NewsBetter!
-Editors Note

Humor is in the holder of the be eyes. Quote this do I! For no see I humor do, humor is, humor does, ma'am. But what humor is? This ask I do eye! But sea little you do because humor iz knot watt eye wand heard two bee. On knot to be! That your answer is, but does not do...you does? Ask you why? WHY say eye is not watt ewe saw it two seam two bee! So this say I, nothing of you think you or me, but little think I, or less, so now I say good bye! Get that needle outa' my I!(Q)? Oh! iT's you! Not me, good grief! I seemed two half confused yourself. Wel, thyme two putt this humour on z shelf. But ask you me bee four ewe goe, how four can you do that? Knot eye no oar say a word do I. GOOD BYE! (rely, m audi hear!)

Saying Of The Week-

Trying to find out who we, ourselves, really are is alot like a magician fighting a ninja,
Both put up a good front with their tricks, but neither one ever wins.

MRW

I was reading some stuff on Sarajevo and this story just started flowing out of my head. I liked it so well, I thought I would include it in here. Hope you like it as much as I do.
-MRW

The Suspicious...

It is not at all like I had imagined it, people every where, mostly dead. Those who were alive...barely such. I couldn't sleep at night. My dreams were only of these people...their suffering. I wanted to reach out and touch them, help them somehow, but could not because they had confined my body and soul to the inside of four walls...I would just stand, leaning on the bars of my window, all day...and most of the night...wondering if being free was actually better. Wondering...wondering if this was my fate, to be trapped inside the fortress of concrete and soldiers, or if it was a gift of life in disguise. In the shelter of the place I was condemned to, I was fed...that is more than the people walking...stumbling around outside my window could...well, it is what they hoped for day and night after day and night. Once, one of them walked up to my window, hoping for a gift, a morsel of food. He was immediately shot. I remember the joy in his eyes as he slid from my grasp. He would no longer have to suffer day and night, longing for food and clean water. Joyous to be dead, he was. But me, that was not for me. I wanted to live. To be alive. I wanted out of the confines of the concrete walls just because I was trapped here. The people outside would have been joyous to be inside, with food. One lady did manage to 'steal' food from me. Each night, she would somehow manage to sneak up to window right at supper time. She always knew when supper was. Then, just like she appeared, she would be gone. I enjoyed her company...while it lasted, that is. We probably only spoke ten words total the entire six months she did this. But it was enough. Of course, she stole my heart too.

Then, one day I got the joyous news. I was to be set free. My sentence was over. My time served. I was overjoyed! I ran out of that building as fast as my legs would carry me. I never looked back as I ran up the hill behind the compound, heading to my home...only, it wasn't there. Nothing was there. Kinda' like the great nothing on the 'Never Ending Story', only worse. It wasn't my disbelief that caused this, nor my belief that could bring it back. As I stood looking around, I felt something hit me in the back of the head...waking up later in a dark cave...this cave. And there before me...the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on. Actually, the only woman...well, since my sentence. It was her. The one who came to my window every night. She had knocked my out to steal the necklace I wore, but when she saw it was me, she hauled my to her safe haven, her house...this cave. We talked a lot. Both of us wanted company. She because I was the only male who would actually talk without another motive, and I because I had been alone for years.

Looking back, I find it hard to believe she didn't know who I was. I guess she didn't care in times like these. To think she was the one who condemned me to my years of solitaire for something I didn't do. We lived for years in this cave. We even found a priest to marry us. Of course it wasn't legal, but then again, nothing was...nothing was illegal either. It was the happiest years of my life. Food came and went, and we were able to grow some things in the back of the cave, but not much. Mostly, we lived off the MRE's I had stashed when the destruction broke out. I must have hidden thousands of meals across the mountain. I was surprised that I could remember it all! We were happy...we were happy.

She never did talk about my trial, I never mentioned it...no one had to...we both knew that is was destiny. We were happy because I was 'the suspicious'.

Current Happiness(enings)

Well, we all knew that things could be better with business here at MRW Programs Anonymous, and low and behold, THEY DID! With Brenda Walz (Ma) feeling that not being able to E-mail due to the primitive phone company being Total Tote Hose (you learned that German phrase earlier), she made a few phone calls and soon had us a **PRIVATE PHONE LINE!!!!!!** We have no E-mail services as of yet, but we're getting there! (anybody know a CHEAP provider of said?) I'll keep ya'll posted on the current go'ins on round here and release the E-mail address ASAWGI (As Soon As We Get It)

With the cold wether and all, (A - L - L! That's ALL!) (J-E-L-L-0! That's JELLO!)(C-H-E-L-L-0! That a musical instrument!), A barn warmer party was thrown here at the Property of MRW Programs Anonymous, but it failed. (Gopher Matches anyways!)(Besides, the gas was frozen and wouldn't lite!)(L-I-T-E! That tastes nasty! IT RHYMES! Oh happy day!) Well, after all that effort failed, we tried a pasture raising, but it was froze down. (D-O-W-N! That's in a pillow!) We tried breaking it loose with a few pry bars and screw drivers, but all the drinks were frozen stiff! (wait a second!...) I mean...The pry bars were so cold that they were brittle and broke! (Why is brittle breakable when peanut brittle ain't) (food for thought) (get it? FOOD AHAHAHAHA!) Let's see, where was I? Oh, ya! Next, we thought it would be phun iph (fun if) we just rose a little cain, but ain't much gonna grow in this wether. Sew, weather oar knot ewe...nevermind. After all of this commotion, our neighbors called the police and we were "forced" back into the warm comfort of our house.

I might not

For my sister, Ann

Sitting here looking out my window,
 Thinking of what to do.
 Maybe go see the farm,
 Well, I might not.
 I think just stay at home,
 Talking on the phone.
 Naw, that numbs my arm
 So, I might not.
 Maybe go see a Movie
 A good one, something moving.
 That's not very fun,
 I guess I might not.
 Just go to bed,
 Dream the dreams in my head.
 I'm tired of being on the run,
 Then again, I might not.
 Spend time alone,
 No talking on the phone,
 Spend time here, relax.
 Stop grinding my ax.
 Just sit and learn,
 Put my candle on slow burn.
 That's what I'll do.
 Kick off my shoe.
 Well, then agian...I might not.
 (thanks Ann, for the inspiration! MRW)