

...and baby makes three' ... (?)

As long as man and woman occupy the Earth together, there will be babies. All through the centuries, babies have been the pride of parents. Customs and traditions change as time goes on, and the tradition of caring for the newborn diminishes. Do you wonder what is becoming of these babies? According to the Surgeon General, birth is hazardous to the health of our nation.

mother either likes abortions or witchcraft. All of you should understand the effects of abortions, but I'll explain why I mentioned witchcraft. There is a popular witchcraft fad of eating red clay. Red clay may be tasty, but it also stimulates miscarriages, or even the mother's death.

Arriving into the new world is an extraordinary experience for the baby of today. Birth defects and cancer give the infants special characteristics. An increasing number of babies are born with dope freaks for parents. Babies with acid heads for parents are often born tripping. The child of a needle freak has the pleasure of being born with a running nose. This child learns to fire up his first nickle bag when he is two days old, if he is not sold for cash for stash.

Close observance was kept on the development of a lucky baby born six years ago. The lucky baby was born in good physical and mental health breathing polluted air, engulfing him with anxiety and depression. His first word has been recorded as a word relating to the bathroom. The baby burned his diapers three weeks after leaving the hospital in protest to dress

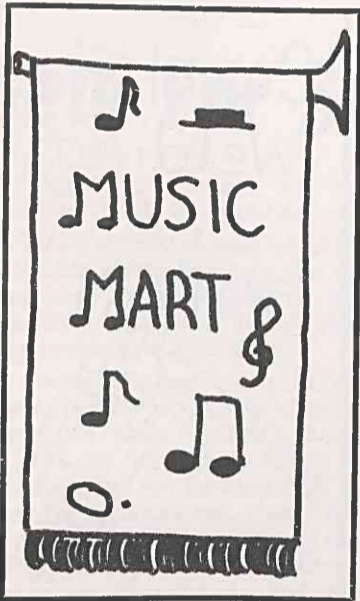
regulations. His first organized idea resulted in his father's arrest for child beating. Few can forget his first visit to the doctor. He was seven months old and was treated for a bullet wound received during a gun battle with local pigs. At the age of six years old, the boy defied nature by becoming a father. His actions angered Mother Nature. She punished him brutally. His punishment? Immortality.

If you wonder why immortality is a harsh punishment, think of what he has to look forward to if present conditions continue getting worse. He receives the pleasure of never being able to escape crime, pornography, and pollution. Two out of the three are pretty disgusting.

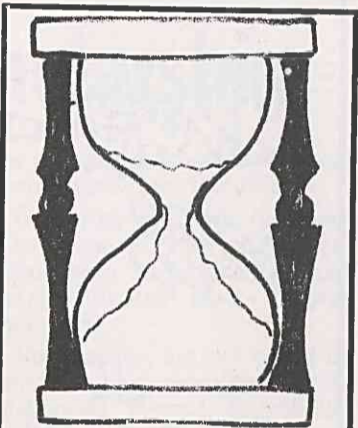


First, as a reminder, let's look back into the past, such as the 1800's. There was a universal method of birth. The father paces the floor while the mother is in labor. Fresh air brings the good sized baby to life. Breast feeding was even popular back then. Pride surged through the parents when the baby uttered his first word: mama or dada.

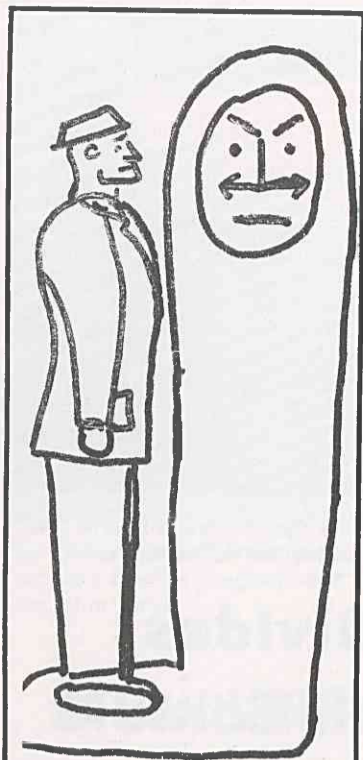
Now let's look at the present situation of birth. The present baby is compelled to run an obstacle course even before birth. Many babies never receive a birth certificate because the



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Why Me?

Still no idea. Only 45 minutes to write the whole article; 8 inches of paper to fill in with words.

This, as you all know, is the Junior issue, and the paper is directed by the Juniors today. Every one of them is working really hard, but they are making us work too.

And now, in 45 minutes, I have to finish my article. I ask for ideas, and nobody has a good one; somebody tells me to write about T.V., other one about girls, a girl tells me not to. So after listening to all these propositions, I decided to write about no one of them, and simply say something about my troubles to get my report for the FULL MOON ready, before Roy Rogers comes to kill me.

This too, is my fault. I had a lot of time to do it before, but I am kind of lazy and leave everything for the last minute.

Pow, the typewriter sounds constantly, while John Baugh is crying for articles to complete this issue. Roy comes again to tell me to hurry up and to complete the 8 inches.

Mrs. Gamewell studies us from her desk, while David Adams tries to concentrate himself in an article he is writing. The bell rings; now I have only 15 minutes and another 100 words to write.

This won't be my best article for our "famous" paper, but I am sure that I will never forget it. It is a perfect example of improvisation. It's a perfect example too, of a lazy guy.

Probably, this is my last article also, because, after this, I don't know if Mrs. Gamewell is going to kill me or not.

Just in case I want to tell you all good-bye, thanks for the attention you have paid to my articles, and it was very nice to meet you.

I hope I'll come back.
(This is to complete 320)