

The Dairy Creamer

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Friday, April 12, 1996

Creamer Kisses Ass

"We're paving ourselves and the city respective businesses.
a new future."

— Mayor Woodshed

You heard it in the *Telecrap Urinal* this morning first dear readers.

Our Mayor and his conglomeration of city engineers has decided to pave the little township of Devon, in order to make a super parking lot for the Devon liquor store, the Metro and Jean Couteau Pharmacy.

The Superlot as it tentatively called, will begin at McKean Street and extend all the way to the Princess Margaret Bridge.

The *Creamer* staff is proud to support Mayor Woodshed in his endeavour to alleviate the parking problem in this city of Flakey Kelp.

Have you ever tried to find a parking spot at the Devon liquor store on a Friday or Saturday night after you have run out of a good bottle of Kellys? I have tried and tried again. I have come to the distinct conclusion—you can not do it. There are too many drunks with their hands extended for money. They try and tell you the money is for some sort of operation. Their hardluck stories are validated further by the pungent sweet aroma of Great White or Golden Nut on their wine soaked breath.

Once you make it through the liquor store, you can then go behind the store and proceed to drink your hooch. Then if you're responsible, you can call a cab home. Do not worry about your car because some soon to be homeless Devonite can take up temporary residence in it. Collecting your automobile the next morning can be quite invigorating. It works best if the police accompany you on your sojourn of fun.

First Freddy Beach's finest raps gently on the driver's side window. This alarms the formerly sleeping trespasser. When the individual sees the police, they try to bolt out the passenger side. That is when newly adopted SPCA Pet of the Week, Jeff bites the individual hard in the buttocks. Jeff is a wonderful addition to the K-9 corps. The police then proceed to the other side and administer a city prescribed beating on the individual.

I admit at times it can be a trifle much, but it is fun for the whole southside family.

The Metro and Jean Couteau stores in the vicinity are anticipating an unparalleled boom in their

The Antarctic Priss Council

Public complaints about the low quality of this paper, its blantant attempts to kiss Irbing ass, its rewritten *Telecrap Urinal* stuff, its overuse of 3D stereoscopic colour screw-ups and its gross indency concerning heartattacks and unpires, may be directed to the Antarctic Priss Council, a voluntary organization of which The Dairy Creamer is a member.

Egg Fillins, a longtime Metro employee is ecstatic at the prospects of all those cars to fill with Irbing distributed gas. In fact Fillins expects to make enough in hours to finally be able to take his first vacation in two years. The basic premise concerning the liquor store, Metro and Jean Couteau is simple economics: More business means more jobs and new opportunities for everyone.

For instance new opportunities in business can be explored like a Valet service, large carwashes and professional speed bump making.

Truly these businesses will carry Freddy Beach on their backs for many years to come.

Another advantage to the Superlot is that it is replacing an area traditionally associated with a high crime rate. If the homes and people are displaced, crime will decrease. Chief of Police Snack Awhile applauds the mayor's efforts to clean up crime.

It is the first time in three years that Woodshed and Awhile have seen eye to forehead on any matter regarding police and crime, including how to spend money needlessly in court.

A reduction in the crime rate will surely add to Freddy Beach's overall attractiveness to Upper-class White Anglo Saxon Protestants Straight Males. Pretty soon more fringe groups will spring up.

Devonites will undoubtedly be moving to the other parts of the northside or to the southside. This influx of people will fill all those apartments for sublet in *The Bumslickan* and our own paper. In fact if there is not enough buildings, then rest assured the Chappins and Ghouleys will have places built in a day out of popcicle sticks and bird feed.

The city is taking a step in the right direction by paving over Devon but *The Creamer* asks the Mayor, when will Skyline acres be levelled to make room for Aardvark Land?

Who cares about the billions of dollars needed for the project let us think of good old fashioned morale. That is what this city needs to make itself better and who better to lead us then the Mayor who nobody voted for (i.e. acclamation. Yawn.), Bad Woodshed.

We love you Bad. We love you.

Note On Letters

Due to the oh-so-high volume of letters received from socially inept phycopaths and senile old rednecks from central New Brunswick, writers are urged to keep submissions 40 words or less because our attention to detail dies after 20 words. Publication of the writer's name is encouraged unless you're too gutless to stand by your own words. Usually we don't give a rat's ass what we print.



News Item: Mayor Gets Ready to Demolish Devon

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Dairy Creamer encourages letters from its socially inept phycopaths and senile rednecks from central New Brunswick. Publication of the writer's name is encouraged but may be withheld by request. It's not our fault they're spineless like the worms they are. The name, address and telephone number of writer must be provided to the newspaper (if you can read and write). Submissions should not exceed 40 words. Longer letters just end up in the trash or at the bottom of Mayor Bad Woodshed's dog Puddles' breeding cage. Letters will be judged by colour of crayons and sanity or lack of. We don't edit, that's someone else's job. Letters may be mailed to PO Box 4400, College Hill, Fredericton, N.B., E3B 5A3 or faxed to (506) 447-4325. Our E-mail address is spew@nbnet.nb.ca (Submissions in plain text only. Damn it.)

Old People Should Do Us A Favour And Die

Dear Editor: I'm madder than a wedgy without a crack to fill. I was walking downtown Freddy Beach minding my own business like all us politicians do and then I met Hell on walkers. A gaggle of geezers were blocking my way into the Legislature. Oh, I tried to go around their fat wrinkly asses but no, the noxious smell of canned corn and the flatulation sounds of dead trumpets quickly expunged my hopes. I fell back into a euphoric-like trance of bliss, almost to certain doom. However my good pal Premier Spank McFella caught my balding head with his lap. I thanked him. I then asked the old people why they were at the Legislature. They told me

they were fighting cuts to Healthcare. What's the point of old people fighting Healthcare cuts? They are just going to die anyway.

I told them if they were committed to fighting Healthcare cuts they should just die and quit sponging off my portfolio and New Bumslicker's tax money.

They told me they were looking for Cuss Ing. I told them to look no further because the genuine article was before them. Instead of worshipping me like a deity they then became rowdy and proceeded to kick the snot out of me. In between kicks to my groin and fists to my pancreas, they kept on shouting "It's

all your fault!" over and over again.

Spank, the quick thinking fellow he is, ran to Theatre New Bumslick to recruit some of those nice upstanding gentlemen with skateboards. Several well-dressed individuals wearing size 54 pants picked up their boards and practised their "Ollies" on the older persons heads. Spank and I thanked them. Last I saw of the gentlemen they were headed to McDornail's on the Northside.

Cuss Ing

Healthcare guy,
Nice Guy too
Freddy Beach

Some Winter Tail

Dear Editor: I have been a keen reader of your fine publication for some time now, but I never truly believed the contents of the Letters Page. Until last week that is. I was out riding on my snowmobile (beside Crabbe Mountain - such a lovely trail) when my attention moved from the beautiful scenery to a figure hiding in the woods. I went over to investigate further. I couldn't believe my luck! There stood a gorgeous, leggy blonde who had lost her way while skiing down the slopes. She wanted my help, and boy did I give it to her!

I pointed down at the map, showing her ex-

actly where she was, but she wasn't interested. She had other things on her mind! She reached down, and took a hold of my gearstick - she knew what she wanted, and she knew how to get it. She was supple and able-able to do anything. She proceeded to caress my quivering body and I ran my mitted hands over her red snowsuit. I found the snowsuits a little cumbersome, so needless to say our suits had to come off. Within fifteen minutes, we had stripped out of our snowsuits, undershirts, thermal underwear and other winter clothes and began to make mad, passionate love on the forest floor. And

then, her twin sister appeared out of nowhere and joined in! Surprisingly enough, she looked and acted exactly like her twin sister. The antics continued for hours, and by the time we had finished, all the snow in the surrounding area had melted because of the frenzied activity.

Needless to say, every time I head out snowmobiling I keep one eye on the woods to see if any other skiers need my special help and other eye on my gearshift. Now the woods know who is a king.

Horny in Stickney

Juniper

Excellent Publication

Dear Editor: I am writing to say you got one excellent publication. The family and I sit around each evening after our nightly Lite-Bite contest and try to read your excellent publication. Over the past years on Brewer's Bane we have enjoyed your excellent publication like we would our very own flesh and blood. I remember the time a bunch of us were out behind Dennis's Gulch reading Playboy and that other magazine, and our cousin Maynard introduced us to *The Creamer*. Ever since then I have always read your excellent publication.

I thank you for changing to the new paper format, as the sheet metal you used in the past in the past has cut

little Jimmy Joe up pretty sad and has prevented him from playing in our weekly Etc-a-Sketch competitions. But he still says it's an excellent publication. And his scars don't show all that much now. Little Jimmy Joe used to be ashamed of the huge gash on his arm but after the scab appeared he was proud as punch. He's saved his scab up for the local fair in Lower Painsville. He'll probably win and he'll owe it all to your excellent publication. We actually built our roof out of the sheet metal from old issues of your excellent publication. You wouldn't believe the holes in that roof. Every time it would rain we'd use your

excellent publication to stop that rain. One time when a beaver had gnawed off the prostheticarm of my Uncle Leslie, we wrapped your excellent publication around his fake broken arm. He has worn it ever since. Your excellent publication may have saved his life. Keep up the good work on your excellent publication. I'll never read anything else but your excellent publication

P.S. You got one excellent publication.

Billy Bob Brewer

Upper Painsville

Sik (Sic) and Tyred (Sic) of Real Bad(Sic) Gmmmer(Sic)

Deer (sic) Editor: I am writing to say that grammer (sic) just no good these daze (sic). I'm just right unhappy (sic) that people today reeufuz (sic) to try and learn themselves (sic) proper English (sic).

If they took more time and tried to konsintyrat (sic) about stuff that should be importint (sic) to all the words and lines that are here, then are (sic) English (sic) would get better.

So go to Skool (sic) and figger (sic) out how to speel (sic) and towk (sic). Or else are (sic) world will get into pandemonium and aberration.

So their (sic).

Larry Jonez (sic)
Nakawik (sic) N.B.

Mayor Does Not Like Us

Dear Editor: I can't believe how useless your publication is. For God's sake, it got into a fight with a Television station. Take a look around *Creamer*, no one is reading your crap. Trying to tell motorists and the fair city of Flakey Kelp that the CDC is a hazard. Hogspew! Have you ever obtained a paper cut from your paper? I have when I was lining my dog Puddles' breeding cage, and it hurts like Hell. I was going to sue, but why waste my time. I've got better things to do like wash my expensive car or eat at Sweatwaters. Now that's a place.

It wasn't too long ago that I changed my hairstyle but your file photo hasn't been updated. At least the CDC has.

Anyway, I like that sign on the corner of Prospect and Regent. Why?

Because if anyone has an accident they won't sue us for our crappy intersection, they'll sue the crown owned CDC. They got the bigger pockets.

After Snack Awhile took us to court, funds at City Hall have been tight. We've even had to dip into the Nude Dude fountain for a couple of bucks.

What I'm trying to write is that you didn't make a difference, and that makes you... well... bad. Wasting all that effort and not doing anything. HaHa.

Next time you want to talk to me I'll be in Cuba with Fidel having the best damn barbecue south of Texas you ever did see. Anyway keep out of my garbage while I'm gone. I repeat stay away from the garbage.

Bad Woodshed
Mayor of Freddy Beach