

**Herein is the beginning of the Dubious Book of Waz.**

**Created for the Sheer Hell Of It by  
Duke Euphoria De'Gryn  
Knight of the Living Dead  
TransGalactic MegaPope of RotaTing Space**

**Which shall continue onward until its end.**

**And then stop.**

Barely contained within these pages is much in the way of Biz,  
Stuff, Kit, Junk and other T'ings.

And Not Much Else.

Does Size really matter ?

A Pig Meant of the Imagination. The Colour of one eye opening.

Many things drift upon the face of the Earth, be they fast, slow  
**red**, poor, lumpy, smooth or beef flavoured.  
Others are London Buses which are neither fast nor slow, nor are they  
smooth or beef flavoured, except in certain cases.

**A London Bus, Yesterday**



## **If it is the will of the Goddess**

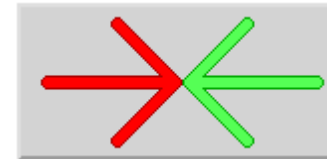
that your bus is early, late, or beef flavoured then it will be so.

Do not be taken in by this, it is true.

## **The Cognitive Theory of Rain**

**Which was revolved in the most Erisian chaos of a heavy traffic Jam Session in North London.  
In the rain.**

## **Who gets the money..?**



**Chao Baby**

What can I avoid cutting with a pair of non sequiturs.?

And it is this.

Rain is dull, it's the weather equivalent of "**I love Lucy**", everyone's seen it before and they didn't like it the first time. The brain of the truly talented Homo Sap. refuses to focus on this drab rerun of an uninspiring section of reality and turns to other things.

Lack of intellectual stimulation causes the mind to seize on any stray thought and examine it unto its full potential.

Many wondrous things are discovered.

They are not explained.

We never discover just why it's so hard to tune Polar Bears to anything but Radio 2, we catch only glimpses of the life cycle of the paisley sofa.

Things man what not meant to know, secrets from beyond the dawn of time all may be safely contemplated in the most Holy Chaos which is a London Bus.

The London Bus, a large red thing carrying people to places, many of both are old. Some of the places are Busstops, some are not.

Always there are a few people hanging around at BusStops waiting, for what do they wait ?

Busses come, busses go, so, what're you gonna do about it ? that's what I'd like to know...



I Am The Sound Of One Hand  
Clapping  
Eye Am The Ground Of Fun  
Land Mapping  
Why Slam A Pound Of Flax?  
Stand Napping  
Pie an Tea Round To Some Lip  
Smacking  
Pi? Damn We Found The  
Number Lacking  
Sky Cam Sees Bound Old Gun  
fan Snapping  
Thy Ram Unbound by some  
Random Hacking  
Aye Jam, Be Bound By Rum-  
Band Rapping  
Buy Yam, Get Free "Hound  
and Tracking"  
"Try Spam" She Clowned and  
was killed

**A passing Frog**

People never  
seem to think  
up a deity  
superior to  
themselves

Most Gods have  
the manners  
and morals of  
a spoiled child.

**She Wot Dun it  
All**  
is perhaps a case  
in point.

## **Lifestyle guidance and the TV Dinner.**

Many items of everyday food, clothing and occasionally consumer electronics now come with free lifestyle guidance panels printed unobtrusively on the packaging. These pearls of wisdom are invaluable to the healthy Hom. Sap. and will lead to a more relaxed and safer lifestyle.

Source Item	Invaluable gem of wisdom
Sausages	Keep Cool.
Yoghurt	Eat within three days.
Garbage bags	Keep away from Young Children.
Aerosol Cream	Keep Away from Fire.
Paint Stripper	Avoid Deliberate Inhalation.
Antifreeze	If Drunk, Do Not Induce Vomiting.
Cayenne Pepper	Keep In A Cool Dry Place, Out Of Reach of Children.
Breath Mints	Best Before Date, See Bottom.

The above list is merely a small selection of the wonderfully useful hints and tips to be found in your local supermarket, seek and ye shall find.

**Don't try it on with me mister! Use the Cubicle provided.**

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**Cats**

Consider the cat, a cat is the most Erisian creature on Earth. Or Not.

A cat is fed, housed, and hideously over pampered by its humans, What do the humans get out of it?

The Privilege of feeding, housing and pampering the cat. Which one of these is the more intelligent species?



**Indeed do many things come to pass.**

Everywhere we look stars and galaxies are moving away from us at great speed, current theory puts this down to the universe expanding.

It is also possible that they simply want to get away from us...

If the Universe is expanding then it`s expanding too slowly.

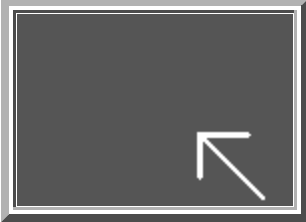
The relaxed, almost nonchalant, saunter away from us cannot be accounted for by the laws of physics we currently like the look of. So cosmologists are trying to make them fit by inventing 90% of all matter in the universe and deciding that we can`t see it for some reason or another.

They call this extra stuff Dark Matter.

**Cold dark matter** theory says that all this extra stuff (nine tenths of everything) is just ordinary stuff, dust clouds, lumps of rock, tins of spam etc.

But this has problems, mainly, where the hell *is* all this stuff..?

Especially the spam... ***People should be told.***



**Hot dark matter** theory states that the missing mass is formed from many many high energy neutrinos and their friends, particles which are small, fast and very very slippery which makes them hard to catch and hold for questioning.

**A Neutrino.**

**Warm, Furry dark matter** theory predicts that the matter in question is almost entirely made up of cats. Who, being able to alter their density at will can contain many quintillion tons of dark matter in an extremely small space.

Evidence for this can be found almost every night when a small Five pound moggy becomes a Seventeen Ton monster asleep on your feet.

**A Cat**





Consult your Pineal gland for the current location of your share of Dark Matter.

It should be about nine times your present weight.  
If you would like a larger share of Dark Matter, eat.

Democracy seems to be based on the concept that a million people are better at making decisions than one person.  
Don't vote, the government will get in..

**Do not believe this, it is also true.**

The AntiVote, In which you tick the box of anyone you Don` t want to reach public office. This is a much more certain way to discover the will of the people...

## Consider...

<b>Tacks</b>	<b>Tax</b>	<b>Flax</b>
Small pointy things for holding wood together	Large heavy thing for holding government together	Soft fluffy stuff for holding linen together
Purchased in Hardware Stores	Taken from Hardware Stores, Dock Workers, Shoeshine Boys and	Grown in fields



	everyone possible.	
Painful when encountered closely	Painful when encountered closely	Tickles when encountered closely
Always more than you need in a bag	Always more than you feared in a year	Always plenty to go round
Bends when used wrongly	Starves small children, buys guns and bribes politicians when used wrongly	People wander round naked if used wrongly
Many kinds made by many different people	Many kinds, all enforced by the same people	One basic kind wherever there are people
Used by everyone who needs them	Uses everyone regardless, most don't need this.	Used by people who wear clothes
Pressure is applied to Tacks by People	Pressure is applied to People by Tax	No pressure either way.
People would use screws if there were no Tacks	People are screwed because there is Tax	People screw whether or not there is Flax

Beware of strong drink. It might make you shoot a Tax Collector and Miss..

**Hush Mother. Do not cry, for I am filled with Angels**

By his sign you will know him, and his sign is a turned around baseball cap and Glasses

**Hermits do not want to get away from people.**

They spend time on their own because they want to be with people. They are each fighting an invisible demon which has taken over their souls, preventing them from living their life.

We all have demons within us.

When one of my demons believes it is more important than me, causing me to feel overwhelmed and disoriented, I act immediately by excessively pursuing the very thing the demon desires, leading it into a false sense of security and far away from my inner self.

Only yesterday I met a man who had been usurped by a happy demon. He said, "I took the dog for a run this morning and he soaked me by shaking all his muddy water over me," but his eyes said, "Life is full of bliss and wonder. Happy I am."

This disparity can be resolved if the man pursues nothing but pleasure for some months. If not, his life will become totally meaningless. Reasonably balanced people only experience these demons mildly.

I have watched a woman with a prominent earth demon do her gardening. After some hours she returns into her house but she told me that the demon stays out on the grass, presumably intoxicated. A day or so later, as though connected to the woman by a piece of elastic, it gradually makes its way back to her, whispering "*gardening, gaaaardeneeng*" before re-entering her body.

Hermits cannot easily leave lonely demons behind - the elastic is too short and too strong. Last autumn I was standing in the street when a woman I vaguely know asked me out to the cinema. At the same time a demon I vaguely knew said, "Let us be alone. Speak to me only, for I'm lonely, lonely, lonely!" making it difficult for me to respond to the woman, who soon left.

I dealt with this maddening companion by the only means I saw fit. I took it to a place where we could be alone together, talked it through its problems, listened to it incessantly, discovered its weaknesses. Then killed it.

Some hermits believe that such an act is immoral. Others have not taken on board the fact that it is a viable option.

**A Pope has a Water Cannon.  
He fires Holy-Water from it.  
He Blesses it.  
He Blesses the Hell out of it.  
He has it pierced.  
Batman and Robin arrive.**

**It is a Water Cannon.  
It is a Holy-Water Cannon.  
It is a Holy Holy-Water Cannon  
It is a Wholly Holy Holy-Water Cannon  
It is a Holey Wholly Holy Holy-Water Cannon  
It is used to shoot them.**

God is omnipotent, omniscient and omnibenevolent.

If you believe *all three* of the above **at the same time** then please send \$20 to:

**The Holy God Loves You And Doesn't Want You To Burn In Hell Forever  
Because You Didn't Donate. Church Of Waz.**

**P.O. Box 552**

Rock Island

Illinois

T.H.G.L.Y.A.D.W.Y.T.B.I.H.F.B.Y.D.D.C.O.W.

You Wouldn't hit a guy with glasses Would you..?

Would you..?

No, I'd use my fists..

**Moby Ferret, the white ferret!**

**I Can contain myself no longer, I must speak!**

Who Wrote this pile of Waz ?