

World News

The world may be flat or round, definitely not pyramid or dick shaped.



NASAL RUMORS
Possible discovery of giant space wiener.

Local News

Where the fuck are we? Seriously, Matt and Sal never mention what city or state we're in.



Wiener of the Month. Submit your hand-drawn wiener if you want to be the Big Wiener of the Month.

STRANO NEWS

Cool-Ass Book Released

"Writing a full-length novel on a dysfunctional corporate space agency and giant space wieners was a dream come true," answered Sal Strano when asked how old he was. And, I guess that's the hidden genius in the Strano Brothers humor. They

clearly have no idea what they're doing, and surely no comprehension on what is and is not funny to the public as a whole. "I think our humor is funny because it makes me laugh out loud and sometimes even guffaw! Wait... those are the same things," said Matt Strano. However, their elusive audience has other ideas of humor considering they haven't sold many fucking books yet. "I ain't worried about the money," says Sal Strano as he holds an old coffee cup that reads, "any little bit helps." Obviously, the Strano Brothers need money, but they are proud people; the kind that don't want to ask for charity. "I ain't begging for money, I'm hoping someone will pour a little bit of coffee in this cup," said Sal when confronted on his panhandling ways. But book sales aren't going so well, and that's why they have resorted to writing fucked up newsletters.



And then I started choking on a fucking licorice!

Why Licorice?

We all know that licorice is funny, but it's even funnier when you laugh so hard you almost choke and die on that delicious red twisted morsel of starch, flour, gum arabic, and gelatin. Sal Strano recaps his ordeal, "All I know is that I was watching *Hot Rod* when Matt sent me the latest addition to *Meet the WTFs*. I took a big hefty bite of some red licorice twists as I read. I got to a part that was funny as fuck and then I started choking on a fucking piece of licorice! I had to give myself the hind-lick because I don't have access to a fisty." The story gets even more crazy. "I was finally successful in dislodging the candy. I spit that shit on the floor and then my muthafuckin' dog runs up and eats it. Now who was supposed to get the licorice? ME or the fucking dog?" The world would probably have been a much better place if that licorice would've stayed lodged in Sal's throat until he choked to death, but then who would clean the watery shit off the carpet? Not that lazy-ass dog!

What Author Influenced You?

"That's pretty easy, I think it was Arthur Herbert Fonzarelli," answered Matt, clearly not understanding the difference between an author and an Arthur. However, we let him continue. "He was cool as shit, and never had to pay for the jukebox. He also had a motorcycle and could jump over sharks and shit. The guy that is really Arthur Fonzarelli was at Pensacon in 2017, and I had the opportunity to meet him. He said I was real cool! That made me want to go home and binge watch episodes of that show he was on, but instead I just watched *Waterboy*, and wondered why that Fonzarelli guy didn't go on to doing any other types of shows and shit. I guess that's because people were real racist against Italians back then, and they probably didn't want his kind hanging around the TV sets. Him and that Chachi guy probably would've started a lot of trouble."

Who Gets the Licorice?



I guess it really doesn't matter considering the dog already ate it. You would need to be willing to do some pretty gross and unethical things if you wanted to try to get that fucking piece of licorice back. Guess you win for now, DOG!

Save Maxie Status

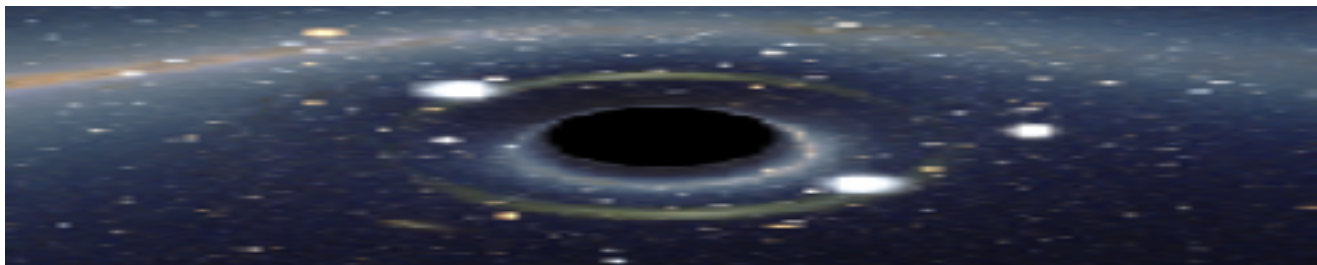
Alright fucksticks, we still haven't been able to save Maxie, probably because you fuckers aren't tweeting #squeezethebigends. A big shout out to Sarah Silverman who retweeted one of Dr. Banks' stupid fucking tweets, which luckily contained #squeezethebigends. That retweet outdid all of you fuckwads. But then again Sarah Silverman is funny as fuck, hot, and has 12.5 million motherfuckin' followers. Either way you all disgust me. So, let's take a look at how many times the NASAL team has posted it, since no one else seems to fucking care.

#squeezethebigends tweets = 92 (that sucks!)

How many people saw these tweets = About 190,000 (thanks to Sarah Silverman!).



Final Newsletter Nut Shot



Matt and Sal are hard at work writing the next WTF book, "Filling Holes." That's why there's a picture of a black hole ^ . It has some really good stories. First, there's the whole background on Rolf and his group of 'Believers.' Then you got a story about the County Coroner, Mr. Ed Squatsenfartz. Also, there's a pretty gross story about a man named Trot, who has a very weird addiction. You will surely guffaw at all the random documents that are included in it like the Police Report from Burt's Bike Shop, some Coroner reports from all the people that were wasted in "Meet the WTFs," and some letters to the editors of gossip magazines. Well shit, I guess I need to fill up the last few lines of this shit, so it looks professional and what not. However, I'm running out of shit to write...yeah!

CLASSY ASS ADS

Carlton's Small Cap Stock Tips

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

Due to an unfortunate work-related accident we are forced to close all small cap stock sales. As a reward to our current suckers, uh subscribers, we are closing all trades with a 120% interest trading fee. We'll also throw in a couple uncooked macaronis that we found in a jar in Carlton's desk.

Meet the WTFs

BAD ASS MUTHAFUCKIN' BOOK NOW ON SALE!

Get your copy on Amazon, it's exclusively on Amazon because that's how we roll, motherfuckas!



Harry Bald, Literary Agent (For Hire)

Is your book selling billions of copies? If not, it probably sucks and no one will want to help you because you wrote a shitty book and deserve to die by being punched repeatedly in your genitals.

However, Harry Bald can help! Mr. Bald will turn your shit-book into a Newark Times Bestseller!

Don't believe me, just ask Mr. Bald's number one client Steven Kiing. He wrote all types of junk but Harry Bald turned them into the classics that you know and love. For example, Salem's Lob, Culo, shIT, Carey, and the Bark Tower.

Stop fucking around already and send a bitcoin to Harry Bald's Bitservice account 69-69-69-2. Shortly after receiving the funds he'll show up at your door.

THIS IS NOT A SCAM!

Believers Meeting

Have you been abducted or anal-probed? Do you want to be? There's a place for people like you:

Every second Tuesday of the Month, in the basement of 'Mystical Mischief Cards & Comics.'

Bring your own tin foil!