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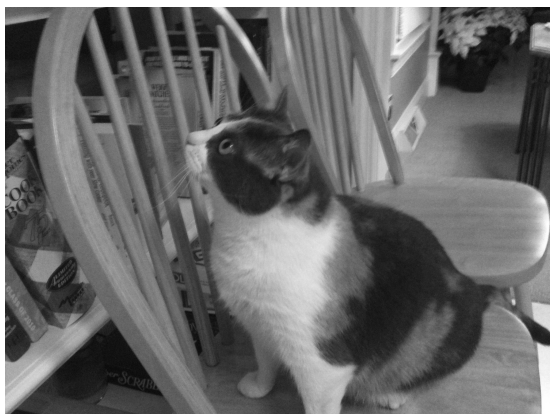
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Shelby's Cat, Looking at Things

by *scunning*



Mitt Romney Sweeps Republican Nomination by Changing First Name to "Not" by An Upstanding KGB Citizen

New Hampshire Most Americans are aware of the great success that Republican front-runner has had in securing the Republican nomination. What most of us don't know is the true secret to that success. When voters in early primary states were faced with ballots that included an option that read "Not Romney" virtually all Republican voters immediately chose that option, not having realized that former Massachusetts Governor Mitt Romney had legally changed his name to "Not Romney".

"I was horrified to learn what I had just voted for," Tea Party Member and Iowa voter Hugh Glackin told us, "Look, I know the Republican Party can be a big tent sometimes, and I admit there's a place for more liberal and moderate people, but come on guys we just got hoodwinked into voting for Mitt [expletive deleted] Romney here!"

"Wait, what, I just voted for the 'corporations are people' guy?" said Cody Braunstein, a University of New Hampshire young Republican. Cody went on to tell us that he took solace in knowing that Romney could never legally serve as President anyway because the microchips and motherboards that allow Romney's cold, electrical exoskeleton to function were mostly manufactured in Japan, as was his posotronic brain.

Not everyone we talked to in the Republican Party had the same viewpoint, however. Kurt Fujita, spokesperson for the New Hampshire Republican Party had this today. "Okay, yes, were you snookered, hoodwinked by this Massachusetts moderate who will pretty much tell you anything you want to hear to get elected? Sure, but, at least he's not Barack Obama. Ever thought about that? And, now that his first name is 'Not', all he has to do is legally change his last name to Obama and he'll be a sure bet at the Presidency."

President Obama could not be reached for comment on the issue, but a senior staffer described the development as requiring "enormous balls."

Do Over, Chapter 1: "My God," said the Queen, "I'm pregnant. I wonder who the father is..."

by *Dan Kirby*

I know what you're thinking, how did a guy like me end up in a place like this with you? Well, that's a long story. And there were only two things my mom told me to never do while growing up. The first one was "Never use time travel

for personal gain.” And the other one was “Never tell an old man a long story”. Well, I might as well make it a twofer.

Anywhoole, this all started what I guess is now a long time ago. 2013. February to be specific. I was an undergraduate then, I guess technically I still am, at a technical college in Pittsburgh. I was majoring in Physics and hoping to one day be a grizzled old professor, giving students hell and refusing to believe there was such a thing as a “curve.” And all of that started to change one day when I met Melissa Kendra. Don’t get me wrong, I didn’t fall in love at first sight at all, it took me about a month to work up the nerve to even ask her out on a date. Actually, I guess technically I never did. But one day I met another, quite stranger person.

I was walking into my apartment one day. Have you ever seen that episode of Seinfeld where they talk about the serial killer game? I always wonder, if there was a mad killer chasing me, could I get my keys out in time? Sometimes I think I play that game every day. I never thought today would be the day that, as I felt the lock release as I twisted the key, a crazy person actually was chasing me. It was at this point when a curious looking man dressed curiously cried out “HUDSON!” I spun around upon hearing my own name. If I didn’t know any better, and if he didn’t have an American accent I would think I was looking at The Doctor. He looked like a fish out of temporal water, that was for sure. He stopped in front of me panting. My hand slipped away from the heavy set of keys now lodged in its temporary home in the door, my mind made that mental note you make every time you leave your keys in the door to pick them up before you get too far away.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“Hudson, Hudson Timbers?” he asked.

“Yes, that’s me,” I responded.

“No,” he replied, “No no no, I AM Hudson Timbers.” I stared blankly at him for a moment before he said “What’s today’s date?”

“February 2nd,” I answered.

“WHAT YEAR!?” he asked.

Now, at this point in my story you should understand, I’m a HUGE science fiction fan, and it was at this point that I started to wonder whether I was talking to a crazy homeless guy with a facebook account, or perhaps myself from the ****ing future.

“...2013.” I replied. Remember that scene in Back to the Future where Doc Brown from the ’50s realizes his time machine works, yea, the me from the future reacted a LITTLE bit like that. Anyhow, presently I said “Okay, okay, I get it, you’re me from my future. I take it you’ve come back to warn me about something or tell me to invest in hovercars or something?” I asked.

“It’s Melissa, Hudson. I’m here to warn you about Melissa. You have to ask her out on a date,” I said (the me from the future, that is).

“Why, does the fate of the world depend on it? Does our relationship have a broad, sweeping effect on the future of the human race? Does she help me invent time travel?” I asked, beginning to be a little skeptical as to whether I was just dreaming. The me from the future replied “Nah, I just ran into her at a reunion in our future and found out she really had a thing for me, er, you, er, us. Just figured I’d give you the heads up.”

It was at this point that I noticed, or at least, began to ponder, the metallic, round object with the large red button that was strapped around his chest. A disembodied voice seemed to emanate from it “WARNING: SCHEDULED PULL-BACK IN FIVE SECONDS”

“I don’t have much time left, fist bump,” said future Hudson, reaching out an arm. I returned his terrorist fist-jab as the device went “DING (beat) DING (beat) DING (beat) DING (beat) DING” terminating with a metallic CLANGCLANG-CLANG, which sounded probably like an AT-AT taking a step. As he disappeared elongated white lights seemed to dance around him, enveloping him in a blueish glow he said “Don’t forget what your mom told you about telling old men long stories!”