OBITUARIES

- **F. NOAH** Local health teacher, Ferdinand Noah has passed on, and the whole town is feeling his absence. He was beloved by students and parents alike. At school, he would always lend the students his cigarettes, assuming he was not out. At home, he threw the most epic parties. Sadly, he suffered a fatal crushing, when an untethered bounce house pinned him to a wall.
- I. SYE So yeah, my buddy Isiah Sye died yesterday and I'm like, super bummed. I can't believe he died of drowning while drinking straight from the soda machine at work. That was like, his thing. I guess we should have listened to our boss and only worked with the stuff you eat. Bye forever, bro.
- was a victim of electrocution from her defective pumpkin farming equipment. Nancy became famous for her pumpkin-themed shop selling pumpkin candles, pumpkin butter, and pumpkin soap. On a blank morning this week, much of her body was discovered but most of it is now fertilizer. Her service is on the 8th of the month.
- D. FLOG Owner of local day spa, Dorothy Flog, died this week. She kept it a tranquil space, referring to it a it as a 'no worries, no frets' location. On guitar, she played soothing music to transport clients to the elusive "12th Level of Bliss" (patent pending). Sadly, she died of dehydration from an oversalted bath. Since the body is so well preserved, the viewing will take place for several days.
- **SIPS** Mrs. Sips died this weekend. Funeral to be standard issue. Pizza serving will be followed by talking about the deceased. What else... Oh she died of starvation. Also, we are sad. She was really neat. Is that enough?

A. WINO Local drunk, Andrew Wino has sadly met his end at his favorite bar. He was in the middle of one of his famous stories when he died from choking on a cocktail onion. We are reminded of one of his famous quotes: "It's not over until when it's not over and it's not over yet. So it's not over unless it's over. Think about that." Come split a 5th with us tonight in his memory.

C. MOES Cora Moes the 3rd has died. She was a travel nut and her life-long goal was to visit most of earth's surface. Ironically, she died of strangulation from a faulty parachute during her first safari and was eaten by piranhas which were then sold to pet stores around the world. A pet store on 2nd street claims to have what may be part of her so on the 8th they will have a service.

R. NAOS Rudolph Naos is the 6th of his family to die of a vitamin deficiency. Clearly the police investigations are not adequate or sufficient, or proof of foul play would have been found. Service on the 4th.

O. ADS We say a fond adieu to Oliver Ads, of the local acting troop "Insert Zany Name Here!" He loved his afternoon shows and had dreams of being a daytime star. Perhaps he spent a little too much time in front of the television and developed a rare face tumor. Doctors could not operate as he refused to let anyone "cut this beautiful face." That's our Ollie. He sadly died from the skin cancer. There will be a small service on the 2nd.

N. IBHAA Nevil Ibhaa is gone and we are sad. He was an underground poker dealer by night and weapons trader by day. I never knew what he liked best, but it's between hands and arms! A little joke. We thought he'd be taken out by the feds

long ago, but Nevil was lucky enough to die of hypothermia. Only he could find a high stakes game in Antarctica! Eh. That's Nevil for ya. He died doing what he loved. We will pay our respects this Saturday.

Y. KATPU Local nuisance, Yoko Katpu passed when an altercation in a local coffee shop lead to sudden decapitation by a standard kitchen appliance. "That pops up more than you might think." said the store manager, continuing, "So I don't think there's any real reason to fault the coffee shop, it's owners or subsidiaries." A small service is planned for the 2nd, but I heard her annoying friends are going so I'm like, "no thanks."

M. BEAT So, as ya may have heard, my dad Mel finally got it. Doctors are calling it exanguination. But we know who dunnit. You hear me!? We know! I don't want to go into details or nothin'. As my old man told me before: "Eye (and, truth be told, the nostril) is the window to the soul." Come to think of it that don't make sense. But no matter, he makes us all proud. There's a wake on the 10th, if you wanna come look at him. I reckon on the 2nd, they'll read the will.

S. TID It is with a heavy heart we pay our respects to Saul Tid, the illustrious voice of the local time and temperature. In December, he was the only warmth this town knew. He would always try to start with a song and dance, which initially, seemed strange, but his little numbers grew on us and we loved them at the end. He was a famous food lover and his death is presumed to be food related. Though the true cause of death is a puzzle...

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