

# AND NOW ANOTHER STORY FROM THE JOSHUA GULCH COLLECTION.

When will he ever STOP?!?  
-Rush Limbaugh

I've been HYP-MO-TIZED!!!  
-David Letterman

One of my best works!!!  
-Joshua Gulch

OH JEEZE JOSH !!!  
-Bryan MacAfee

Oh my god!!!  
-A Duck

MOO???  
-Danny Hubbs

YES I AM!!!!  
-Leslie Tipping

Cha-cha-cha-Chia!!!!  
-Robert McClellan

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*On With The Story...*

# I DON'T GET

# IT.

BY JOSHUA GULCH~AUTHOR OF THE BEST  
SELLERS *JIMMY JOE AND THE BOX* AND *THE*  
*STORY OF SOMETHING!!!!*

"I don't get it," said Bryan MacAfee staring at the T.V. which was still flashing the phone number for the Rice-a-Roni three pack. "I just don't get it."

"Don't you ever shut-up?" I yelled from my lab across the room.

"I just don't get it," Bryan said again.

I threw a beaker full of thynoxofytheuioacleaosiochyic acid at the dumb guy sitting on the couch watching the Leased Access Channel. He had cookie

crumbs all over his shirt. When the beaker hit him, he blew up.

"Now you ruined my couch!" I said.

"I ... still ... don't ... get ... it," Bryan murmured. He was laying in a charred heap in the corner. Burned bologna fell out of his pocket.

Lesile walked in. "Ha ha," he laughed like a dork.

Now I was looking through boxes of toilet plungers. "Wheres my clock?"

"...enspiel!" yelled John Manton.

Lesile laughed again. Danny slapped him silly.

"I'm an idiot!" Lesile shouted happily.

Bryan burped loudly.

Robert walked in with a Velociraptor. "Mommy, mommy he followed me home! Can I keep him?"

"Duh, okay." said Danny. "Moo?"

"Yay! Cha-cha-cha-Raptor!" Robert said.

The raptor ate him.

"I don't get it," Bryan said. He was dressed like his hero, Alan Grant.

We suddenly heard giggling from across the room. It was Bradibidibible! Can you believe it? He was playing an old Atari from 1983.

"Where did you get that?" I asked inquiring about the Atari.

"It fell out of the sky!" Brad said.

"Sure it did," said an evil, sinister voice

We all turned toward the voice. It was Gerald the Tour Guide back for more!

I screamed and grabbed my patented **GARY GUN™** and ran away.

"Oh goody, more fun!" It was Robert. He had the Raptor sitting on his shoulder. "Call me Cha-cha-cha-Robert."

"HI, CHA-CHA-CHA-ROBERT!!!!" Everyone said.

Gary smacked me along side the head with a door.

The raptor jumped off Robert's shoulder and ate Gary then jumped back.

Robert gave the raptor a raptor treat.

"I trained him," said Robert.

"Tsa-tsa-tsa-Yummy!" The raptor said.

"I don't ...," Began Bryan.

"WE KNOW!! YOU DON'T GET IT!!!!" Everyone yelled.

"Yah," He said.

"Dat's no fair!" The raptor said.

Robert whispered something to the raptor.

"Neber mind," The raptor apologized.

"HEY! I haven't had anything good to say!" complained John. "All I've gotten to say was 'enspiel!' I WANT BETTER LINES!!!!" he pouted.

"Danny," I ordered, "John".

Danny hit John. John hit Danny. Raptor ate Bill the Brooklyn Bug. Gunther punched Robert. I socked myself. And Bryan didn't get it.

"Here, you can have the part of Raptor numero deus," I requested handing John the script.

John read, "Ahem. Growl, snarl, snap. Thanks Josh!!!"

"Yeah whatever," I replied.

"I don't get it," Bryan said.

"Baaaaad Maaaaatt!" Ludwig chimed.

"Welcome," greeted Johann.

Wolfgang Amadeus drove his DeLorean by the house.

"I'm a Jurassic Dork!" Lesile shouted at Wolfgang.

Wolfgang got into an accident looking at Lesile.

"My Power Kitty is in the macrowave!!!" Exclaimed Bryan.

"This is for the seafood lover in you: La, la, la, la!" sang Andy.

Everyone kicked Andy. Twice!

"Duh, now HOW many horns does a tri- tri- triceratops have?" Danny asked for the twenty-seventh time today.

"He da Durassic Dork!" the raptor said referring to Danny.

"He is not!!! I am!!!" shouted Lesile.

The raptor didn't like Lesile's attitude so he ate him only to spit him out again.

"Yucky! He no taste good! He indi-, indi-...," the raptor tried.

"Indigestible?" I asked.

"Yeah, yucky!" raptor said.

"I don't get it," said Bryan holding a tray with a green, glowing power kitty,

"Dinner is served!"

Everyone groaned. The raptor wrinkled it's nose.

Bryan ate a bite then turned and violently threw-up.

"Pretty colors," Danny announced.

"Growl, snarl, uh, bite. Yeah that's it," John announced.

"Good jov!," Commented Robert. "Ya moron!"

"Thats Good **JOB**!!!!," I said.

"I know, but Josh accidentally hit the 'v' key," Robert explained.

"I'll kill him for that!" I exclaimed.

At that moment, the door flew open and Spatula Boy entered. Raptor

attacked...and won.

"I win!" Raptor said happily.

Everyone cheered, except Bryan who was still barfing.

"I don't get it," Bryan said. He had little bits of power kitty running down his chin.

"Good night everyone!" Yakko Warner yelled.

"Cha-cha-cha-Chia!" Robert said.

"Da, da, da, dat's aww fowks!!!" Raptor said the endings.

# THE END.

"Good night and gawd bless," Danny said like an idiot.

"**HEY!!!!!!!!** I'm the idiot!" Lesile yelled, "**SMUCKERS!!!!!!!!!!!!**"

"Cha-cha-cha-Bye!!!" Robert announced.

"Growl, Snarl, Bye!!!" John muttered.

"**GO!!! SCRAM!!!! GET OUTTA HERE!!!!!!!!**" I screamed.

"I'm not allowed to say bye," Bryan said reading his script.

**BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

"I don't get it."

-Bryan MacAfee, 1982- 1995

**TH' END**