

Yellow HooHah...a oneshot produced by Great Rich and Great Scott (of address unknown). This am be Richall Press #61 I am be think. If that aint enough to hold you then.. then...then all I can say is 'I am Great' and if that don't clue you in well.. Never Give a STreaker an even break.'

Well folks, Rich tells me to say something, so I guess I will say something. . Probably nothing of interest to you, but words of wisdom none-the-less. A thought just struck me! But time for that later. NOW...HERES RICH. p.s. I am the Great Scott!

Great scott, why...why... why it's Great Rich, noble folk hero and genius about town who fights a never ending battle against certain nefarious Great Rich imitators, with secrets that he learned mysteriously while vacationing in the orient. Gadzooks, it seems that even my layout is apt to be imitated! Why...why...why what can one say about such goings on? Why what can one...wait...i hear it...not sure what it could be...it's getting closee, Closer, CLOSER...WHY IT'S...

Great Scott! Now about that flash...Here is the story as it really happened, I swear by my copy of Superman #1...At exactly 8:45 p.m. on Sunday, March 17, Myself and another were traveling along the truck route just past the intersection of rt. 20, when what do we see, but a genuine, bona-fide UFO! More details later as the details are slowly unraveled. Now it's..

Heavens, Great Scott is talking about UFOs, or unmittigated lfleeing objectivists, which are sort of strange anyway. It should be mentioned here that Great Scott is one of Tallahassee's most infamous comics fans. Just as soon as I figure out what Great Scott is infamous for...of course! He's the town's leading Great Rich imitator! IF the details that Great Scott is on the verge of unraveling seem a little unraveled, this is more than likely due to Great Scott's mind being more or less unraveled and should not be taked for the ravings of a short, hideous Turkish Dwarf (not aeven a long hideous Von-Turkish Dwarf - A german dwarf, the worst kind).

I'll forget those snide remarks for now, and continue with the details... As we approached the object it looked somewhat like the three lights of a tower, you know, halfway up and spaced evenly apart. However, as we approached it, it became clearly something else, as a) the lights were not blinknig, b) there were now five or six lights, red and white, c) they were hexagon shaped, d) they were perfectly stationary (for at leats five seconds, e) had it been a tower, I would have been able to see the legs of it in front of the far lights, f) as we passed it, it glided off with no visible means of propulsion...well, Rich is screaming, so I will complete the details later. Now for the worlds worst wretch...I mean hero.



One must forgive poor poor deluded (as opposed to antideluded) Great Scott for uttering such unkind words in rash hastiness. Great Scott is a great person though and believes in all sorts of interesting things like flying sorcerers, marbled cosmos and fimple battiest chairch. Great Scott may wish to say a few words about that noted institution and so if he does, don't say that I didn't warn you. Great Scott wondered over here earlier tonight and we wandered down to the local amusement center (2 blocks away-a converted grocery store) wherein I manged to trounce TGS thrice at a skillful game known as 'Air Hockey'. Knowing Great Scott he will probably try to come up with some excuse or may claim that he beat me elsewhere, but that's Great Scott all over.

I'm so modest,

I'me running out of things to say. But fear not!  
I shall prevail. Rich thinks he can fool ya'!! into  
believing that I is no good. See how smart I are!  
Now for some real foot-stomping tounge-waggin' and  
mind-boggling news...I is the Great Scott! And not  
only that, but the lowliest of low (as wretch would say)  
blundering heroes is about to make his entrance. Hey!  
What's that stench? Must be that grease relief Rich uses  
in his hair...and here he comes now...that slobering  
bag of wind known as the Great Stench...aaaaaiaiiiiiiii!!!!

Modesty prevents me from saying how strong a person Great Scott is and  
as long as one stays downwind, there shouldn't be any major problems. As  
The Great Scott says, if he are when am be thinking...oh phooey. Hey  
Great Scott...you hongry? Well, Great Scott just replied 'sure' so  
I think we shall make for the local burger barf so that great Scott  
can laugh at the burgers. ~~That's one bad thing about~~ That's one bad thing about  
burger barfs...if the burgers don't like you, they barf on you. Is  
Rough all around.

Zounds, we are back from the Burger Barf. And the burgers didn't barf  
on us, an amazing feat...es in feets do yo' stuff. Other feats need  
not apply. While at the Burger Barf TGS and I ran into this black  
dude who was working there, who remembered our last visit when I adloped  
my way from hear to insanity. Much fun, but I guess Great Scott would  
like to say something about that and other diverse topics as well. Take  
it away, Scott!

Rich says to say some words of wisdom, so I shall to endeavor to do  
so...I am guess who? Never-the-less, it is getting late and I have  
miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep, or some-  
thing like that. Well it shore has been fun chewing the fat with  
ya'll but I reckon I'll let you go in-as-much-as you're probably al-  
ready gone by now. But if you want to get the full story on that ufo  
fire away...no, no, NO RICH...NO...What are you doing with that...you  
wouldn't...youwould?...this is it folks...aaaaaaiaiiiiiiii!!!!

I regret to state that The Great Scott was so impressed by the momentary  
appearance of a Flying sorcerer, that he stripped off his clothes and  
ran streaking into the night with his war cry of 'Great Scott' ringing  
through the air.

Speaking of streaking, one might mention that the fabled sport  
originated here (or at least got most of its early publicity here).  
As big Lee phrased it, it took the FSU newspaper people to come up with  
a ficticious story about...oh well big Lee says it better so here are  
his words on the subject "The Flambeau took an unimportant story about  
a couple of streakers and wrote it into a major article on the new  
college fad. This was sufficient to encourage a few brave souls to dash  
out and pose for photographers in the still chilly winter weather. One  
of the pictures made Newsweek and a nationwide fad was born."

With Big Lee's words of wisdom, this ends this oneshot.

See Yez.

The Great Rich

Adios,

The Great  
Scott