

# Rat BLEEP and Alien Poop

NOT FOR PARENTS AT ALL

A Non-Illustrated Picture Book

**WARNING!** The actual photographs of all Aliens have been **CENSORED**, so you will have to draw your own pictures.

Rat BLEEP  
and  
Alien Poop

NOT FOR PARENTS AT ALL

Story by Jimmy Huston  
Illustrations by \_\_\_\_\_  
(your name here)

## WARNING!

The photographs of all Aliens have been CENSORED. You will have to create your own illustrations for this story.

Maybe you like to draw and color or maybe you don't. Either way, these pages are easy.

Draw or paint what you think the story should look like. And the Aliens, too.

Do them however you like. Or don't do them at all.

Make it look any way you want.

It's your book.

Dedicated to Klaatu and Friends

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They were an odd bunch of creatures, even for Aliens.

Actually they weren't really Aliens when they were at home, on their own planet.

They were just - creatures - like I said. Not people certainly, like you and me, but to themselves they were just plain old home folk.

Kind of roundish perhaps, they could roll to and fro, or slide on their slime like a slug. They were harmless and happy and hairless as well. And easy to see through, not clear, but very thin-skinned. With two stubby arms and two stubbier legs, they were short and quite handsome to each other.

They had families and schools and jobs and leaders and plans for the future, just like us.

They liked to hang out with their friends and talk and joke and laugh.

They liked games and they liked parties and - they liked to eat garbage.

Yes, garbage.



That may seem disgusting, but the good news is that their planet was very clean. There was no trash. No litter. No garbage. None whatsoever.

That's because they loved to eat leftover paper and cardboard - even styrofoam and plastic.

They would eat eggshells and rotten tomatoes. Coffee grounds and chicken bones and orange peels, too.

They could eat tin cans and old dishes and even aluminum foil.

They ate moldy old shoes and rumpled cowboy hats. They ate their old notebooks and their out-of-date phones. They ate broken lunchboxes and tired roller skates. All swallowed whole. Ouch. (They never chewed.)

They could even eat scissors and discarded knives, which would be very bad for us people on Earth.

But there was a problem.



And it was a pretty big problem.

As they ate all the garbage, it would fill them up. They would stretch and expand and their mouths would get bigger, so the shapes of the things they had eaten would show through their very thin skins. They looked pretty silly (but not to each other). They thought it looked good. It was cool.

So they got bigger and bigger, swelling and stretching, looking more and more like junkyard monsters.

When they ran out of small trash and garbage, they would eat bigger things. Like broken trombones. Discarded fishing poles and shattered baseball bats. Entire trash cans, lids and all. Broken surfboards and skateboards and sometimes a unicycle.

And they kept getting bigger - giant gobblers of everything trashful.

You could see handlebars poking out of their tummies, and umbrellas, and top hats and skilletts.

They thought it was fashionable.

So that wasn't the problem.



The problem, you see - the reason they kept getting bigger - was actually simple, even if it was really quite gross.

They'd completely stopped pooping.

They were just too full to go (in that way we all go).

Too full to poop (and that's pretty full). Stopped up and still growing and eating and growing some more.

And, the oddest thing is, their poop was quite delicious.

Not the way you and I think of things delicious, but these were Aliens.

And, they were poop-eaters, much like poop-eating puppies here on Earth. Or rabbits or lemurs or pigs or salamanders or possums or chimps or baby hippos and elephants. But still, *yuck*.



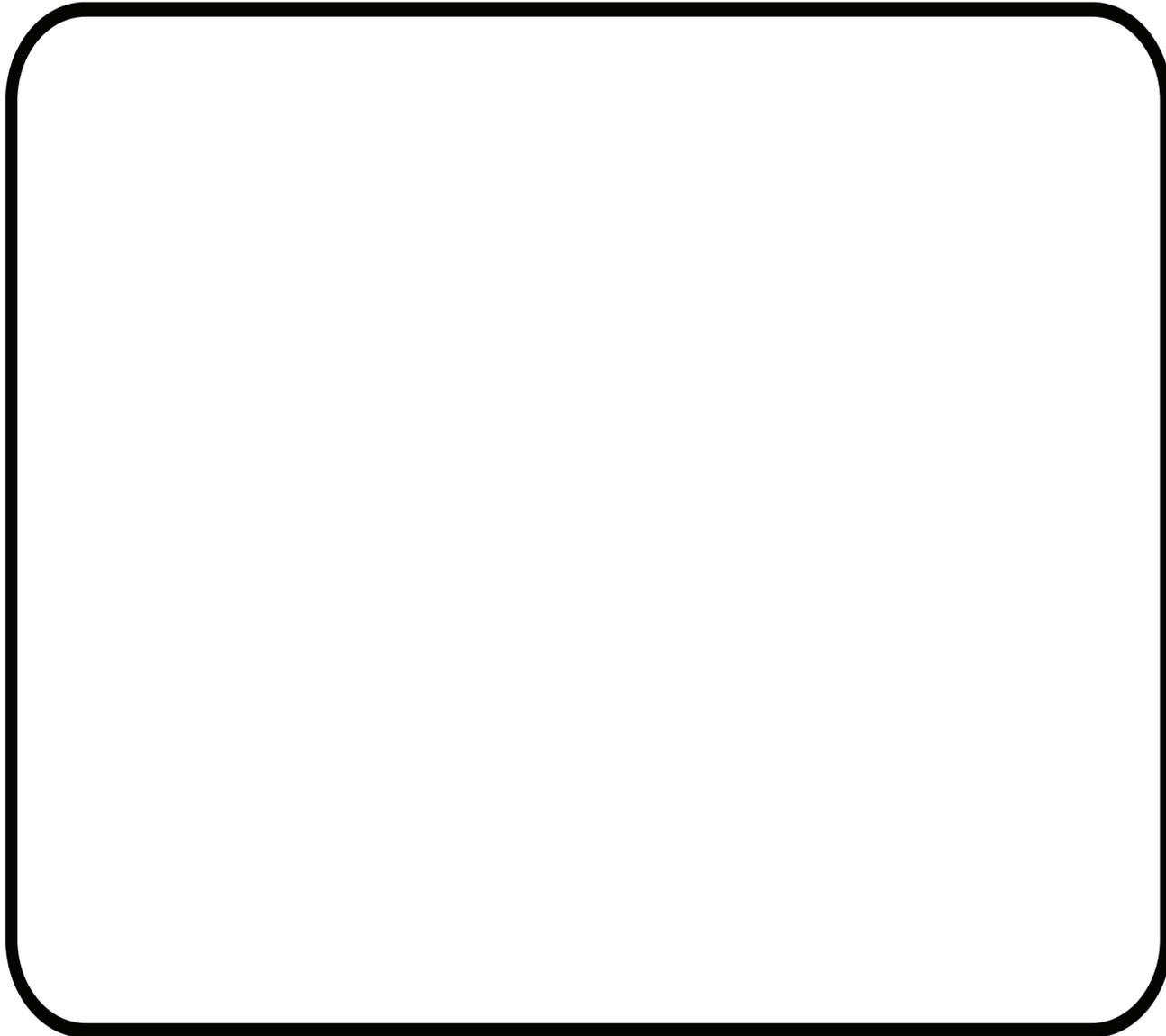
To them, poop had leftover tasty bits that were never digested. Scrumptious things like delicious old screws, delectable metal scraps, gourmet toothbrushes, mouthwatering bottle caps, flavorful rusty nails, appetizing nuts and bolts, even small yummy tools and exquisite electronic bits.

Their poop made quite a racket as it popped out and dropped. It would clank, it would click, it would crash, it would clang, and it would clatter - all quite noisy, of course.

Poop wasn't all that the Aliens ate, but it was their favorite part of the meal. It was Alien dessert. Chunky, crunchy poop. You and I would never agree.

The very smell would be awful to us, but the Aliens' noses were all upside down. So, they liked really bad smells and hated the good - like sea breezes and flowers and cookies in the oven. They really liked poop!

But that wasn't happening any more, and they missed it.



So they ate and they ate and they ate. There was no exercise and there was no sleeping either.

Soon they were bigger than trees and could sit on their houses, picking their teeth with old shovels.

They were too big to work and too big to play. They just ate garbage and trash. It was gooey and sloppy and worse.

Until they finally ran out of trash.



They were too fat and too lazy so they couldn't make more, and they'd never make enough - because, as I said - they were too fat and too lazy. They just sat on their buildings for lunch, dinner, and snacks.

They ate the wreckage of sailboats and broken-down trucks, abandoned billboards and derailed and crashed trains. They once even ate a whole blimp.

One professor had eaten a pretty big telescope, and as he lay resting - if he moved just right - he could watch stars through his very thin skin.

A big crowd was just about to eat their last spaceship when the professor yelled -

"I see it! I see it!!!"

"There's plenty of garbage."

"All over a planet called Earth."

"There's enough for us all. We can eat well forever, without ever pooping. Without ever pooping again."

"Hooray!"

# Finally, the truth about UFOs and Aliens!

Now that the government has admitted that there are Alien spacecrafts zooming around us, it's time to reveal what's really going on.

You've heard the stories, the rumors, and the news reports about flying saucers and such. Here are the facts.

Discover what the Aliens really want from us.

And, it's finally time for the Rats to get the credit they deserve.

Rats? Really?

Yes, the unsung heroes of this vital intergalactic saga finally sing.

There's lots of BLEEP and poop.

Wash your hands after reading.

