

*18 YEARS ON THE TIMES NEW ROMAN
BESTSELLER LIST!*



**INCLUDES A
GRIPPING
INTRODUCTION
BY THE AUTHOR!**



Confessions of a Tabloid Writer!

*“News” I Wrote
for the Tabloids!*

by Sam Post!

CONFESSIONS OF A TABLOID WRITER

Confessions
of a
Tabloid Writer!

“News” I wrote for the Tabloids!

Sam Post

Better Bathroom Books

SAM POST

The stories in this book are works of fiction. All names, characters, and incidents are entirely imaginary. Any resemblance to actual events, or to persons living or dead, is entirely coincidental (see introduction).

Thanks to Alex Speer for advising, editing, and proofreading. If you see mistakes, blame him.

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Better Bathroom Books

CONFESSIONS OF A TABLOID WRITER

Thanks to my wife and family for listening.

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Drug Using Dog Arrested! _____Error! Bookmark not defined.

Woman feeds hubby his pet pooch in spaghetti sauce!Error! Book

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Hubby electrocutes wife with recliner!Error! Bookmark not define

"I want to be a pimp." ... says freshman business major! _____Error! Bookmark not defined.

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Hitler's ghost seen in dirty toilets!Error! Bookmark not defined.

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nanny... and destroys her womanly charm!Error! Bookmark not defin*

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INTRO:

How This Book Happened!

Ever waited in line at the grocery store and watched shoppers laugh at the tabloid headlines? Have you ever snickered to yourself as you watched the shopper in front of you buy a copy or two? I have — knowing that I dreamed up the wacky ideas myself. Did I tell? Never. Until now. Here are my collected tabloid stories.

It happened this way:

I've never been a tabloid reader. I was too embarrassed to let anyone see me buy a copy. But one night, in a convenience store, I flipped through an issue. My thinking was this: 1) I'm desperate for money, and 2) who writes this stuff?

Happily, I realized that it was, in large part, pure fiction.

Being the most rejected novelist in history, something clicked. What have editors and agents been telling me about my novels for years? "This is implausible," they say.

And what thread ran through all of these tabloid pieces?

Implausibility.

So I killed some time in the store, flipping through magazines, until I was the only one inside except for the clerk. I looked over my right shoulder, looked over my left, and when I was certain no one I knew was in the parking lot, I grabbed a copy of a tabloid, paid for it, and took off.

I made a beeline for my office and got a feel for the stuff. A couple of hours later I had conjured up a story

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about a woman who got angry with her husband and prepared for him a plate of his favorite food — spaghetti. The main ingredient in the dish was his favorite friend — his pet dog. Why? She was jealous. He paid more attention to the pooch than to her.

I've always had a knack for newspaper style. My mother is a feature writer — and in school, that was my interest. But now, I prefer fiction to fact.

I mailed the article to one of the tabloids, and a few days later, an editor wrote me a letter and asked that I give him a ring.

Bingo! After years of rejection, I had found my niche.

At the time, I was a teacher, so I called him from a pay phone on the eighth grade hall of a middle school.

"We wanted to inquire about your sources," he said.

"Confidential," I said.

"Just so we have an understanding," he said, "that this person you're writing about won't have a problem with this article."

"No problem there," I said. "If you know what I mean."

"Great. Then I'll type it in the system. Send more."

I quickly wrote "Bowling for Custody," a story about two parents who let their love for bowling get out of hand. The big problem in the marriage was this: one parent had to stay at home with the child so the other could bowl. Eventually, during divorce proceedings, they saw the error of their ways and each parent wanted custody of the child. The judge ordered them to bowl a single, pressure packed game — winner take all — for custody.

Again, the tabloid bought, and I was on my way.

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For the next two years, I tried my best to crack up the folks down at tabloid central.

"We work under the assumption," one editorial assistant told me, "that Elvis is still alive."

"No jokes about cigarettes," I was told. "Many of our readers smoke, and the advertising...."

"Picture a little old grandmother type with no college. She's your reader," they said. "And please don't set these stories in the West. Eastern Europe or the Far East is better."

As for names and places, most of the time I just let my fingers fly around the keyboard until something looked almost, but not quite, pronounceable — and implausible. I didn't want to get a real person's name in there.

I never wrote about celebrities. But people, apparently, believed my creations were real.

I used a variety of pen names, mostly Ted Corners — but the editor usually slapped one of the publication's standard bylines on the piece.

Once, a radio talk show host who is quite well known wanted to interview a couple of my creations — two beautiful blond hookers, twins. If he couldn't do that, then he wanted to put me on the air to talk about them. My editor told me not to do it.

"He's trying to trick you," she said. "He'll get you to flub up."

I wrote and told him that these people were out of the country; I'd let him know when they returned.

My brother called me one night. Frantic, he said, "ESPN, quick!" During a televised bowling tournament, they did a special report on a couple from Finland who had been ordered by a judge to bowl for custody! The entire segment was based on my tabloid fiction.

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I got ideas everywhere. I just looked around. Whatever happened in my life that day, I just twisted a bit and made into an article.

One idea, about a cat who dialed 911, was given to me by a friend, over a beer. He loved his cat, and he wanted to see his name in print.

I read an article that advised magazine writers to write about one of three things: sex, money, and food. I followed it often.

If my car broke down, I wrote about a car with human intelligence and shrewd motives. If I got miffed at somebody, I twisted the frustration a bit and worked it into an article for millions to see. A friend told me about her pocketbook getting lifted from her car while she carried groceries in her house; I wrote about a woman who sliced the fingers off a purse-snatcher.

I needed money, so I wrote too many. Most were rejected. "Women with bigger breasts have more sex, as do men with bigger chests," never got published, although I did get a call from the editorial assistant (a woman). She said she was sorry, that they liked it lot. In fact, the text provoked the staff to engage in a stimulating ninety minute Socratic seminar on its validity.

A newspaper photo of a front yard full of wooden deer sculptures inspired "Strange cult of ex-hippies worships deer". One typical morning I had trouble getting out of bed. I overslept and showed up late for work. That evening: "Digital Alarm Clock Tells Owner: 'Sleep Forever!'"

The germ of just almost every article came from something that happened in my life, and I'll never admit what most of those inspiring events, or thoughts, really were.

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Trying to expand my market, at one point, I got copies of some British tabloids and called an editor at the sleaziest one.

"I've got some articles," I said.

"What have you got, mate?" he said.

"Oh, lots of things. Off the wall. Fabrications, you know?"

"Fabrications! This is a newspaper. You can stick your... "

"But... "

Click.

My favorite was the one about the ultra conservative group who wanted to clothe Michelangelo's statue of David. The tabloid actually printed a photo of the statue — with clothes!

Nothing but fun, for a couple of years. Then, the editors changed, the slant changed, and I got tired of it. I was ready to resume my career as the world's most unpublished novelist. Now, I'm back to serious work and more rejections.

But my friends kept asking what I had written lately for the tabloids. They asked if I planned to publish a collection. Well, here's it is. Thank you very much for reading it. If you enjoy it, as did my family, friends, and millions of tabloid readers — and I hope you do — I'm preparing another batch for a second volume.

Honest.

Thanks,

Sam

ADOPTED TEEN THREATENS PARENTS WITH BABIES OF HER OWN!

Melissa Dryerg, an adopted 15-year-old girl, said she knew how to get pregnant and was prepared to do so — over and over again — if her parents didn't respond to her one, simple request.

Melissa's demand: "Tell me who my real parents are."

Her scheme worked. The adopted teenager's threat that she would give birth to multitudes forced her sad, loving parents to reveal the identity of her biological parents.

"It was the most cruel, yet persuasive thing she could have done," says Vivian Dryerg, 38.

"I am unable to have children of my own. That's why we adopted Melissa. But I believe in honesty, so I told her she was adopted."

Melissa's threat, that she would begin an endless cycle of giving birth — was that much more upsetting because of the fact that her adopted mother was unable to experience the joy and pain of giving birth to her own child.

"We were going to give her that information anyway," says Vivian. "If she had wanted to know

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when she turned eighteen, it was her right. But not now.

"We think of Melissa as our baby, and we feel this is not good for her. But it's better than her getting pregnant. We did what we had to do."

Says Melissa: "I love Vivian. She is my real mother. I don't see why she felt so threatened about telling me who my biological mother is.

"But I wanted to know. The curiosity was really getting to me."

Melissa says that she pulled the strongest punch she had because she knew it would work.

"I know about babies. I know about sex. And I know about birth control. I know Vivian can't have children of her own, but if I want to have a baby, I will. I plan to use my reproductive powers to my best advantage."

Melissa says that meeting her real mother was a thrill.

"She's a lot different from the way I expected her to be," she says. "But I'm glad I met her. We're good friends, that's all. Vivian is my real mother, and she always will be."

CAR-DRIVING ALIENS

LEAD PEOPLE TO THEIR DREAMS!

A group of invisible, big-hearted space beings has been taking the steering wheels of automobiles and helping people find their greatest wishes.

The unseen magical creatures apparently take-over all operations of cars, giving the driver no control. They then drive the cars to places that yield incredible rewards for the passengers.

"No matter where I turned, or how hard I hit the gas or the brakes, the car just went by itself. I had no control," says Milo Nakara, 46, of Bamta, Thailand. "It was scary, but it turned out to be wonderful."

Mr. Nakara had been struggling for years, with seven children to feed on his security guard salary. He could barely make ends meet.

His fifteen-year-old beater with less than a gallon of gas in the tank took him down a dirt road and suddenly stopped. When he opened the door he looked down at the ground and picked up a diamond that was nearly the size of a golf ball. He now has millions of dollars safely invested in bonds and security accounts, and all the cash he needs.

"My family is now able to live the good life," Nakara says. "My wife and I have also established a charity fund which helps out large, poor families. Those invisible creatures have given me a wonderful life, and I'll always be grateful for it."

Other people have also had their cars visited by the alien drivers.

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A Romanian woman whose son mysteriously disappeared from the home five years ago was taken to him by her alien-driven car.

"I was on my way to the grocery store when the car suddenly got a mind of it's own," says Kintina Rasbrow, 29.

"It took me to an orphanage in another town and stopped. Then I couldn't get the car to start. When I went inside to call for help, I saw my boy standing in hall. He had apparently lost his memory, but when he saw me, it all came back to him. It was a miracle. The experience has made me whole again."

A Brazilian couple that had been dating for sixteen years was shocked when their car drove them to the church for a beautiful wedding.

"We were going to the bowling alley," says Lazaro Parkanza, 37. "And suddenly our car took us to a country church.

We went down roads I had never been before. I had no idea where we were going, or how the car even stayed on the road.

"We had been meaning to marry for years, but we were constantly making excuses not to," says Parkanza. "When our car took us to the church, there was a preacher there ready to marry us. It was just the nudge we needed."

"We've never been happier," says Helena Parkanza. "We had put it off for so long, and we finally took the plunge."

Frank Carsnado was 80 pounds overweight and had been on every diet in the book. While he was on his way home from work in Kintz, Chile, his car began driving him out of town.

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"I kept trying to stop and turn around, but the space aliens had total control of my vehicle," says the 53-year-old bricklayer.

"It took me to a special weight loss colony that fit my needs perfectly. I've lost 80 pounds, and I never felt better. Those aliens are uncanny."

Marita Bulsto had given up on finding a husband, even though it had always been her dream to marry and have a child.

"The biological clock was ticking," says Marita. "And I had just never met Mr. Right."

She was on her way to the train station to pick up her sister, in Karnstank, East Germany, when her car began going in the opposite direction.

"Those invisible creatures drove me over a hundred miles, to a small village I had never seen before," she says.

The car stopped at the home of a single man, who turned out to be a perfect match for Marita.

"It was love at first sight," she says. "We automatically knew we were right for each other, and now we're happily married with one baby, and another one on the way."

It is not known what the space beings have in mind for earth. Dr. Edwardo Bartholm, of the ETRC (Extra Terrestrial Research Center), says that time has no meaning for most space aliens.

"They could stay here for another month, or for thousands of years," says Dr. Bartholm. "There is no way to tell. It would be the same either way for them.

"They might decide to go on to other planets at any given moment, or they might enjoy earth cars and stay for thousands of years. We'll just have to wait and see."

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***ALIEN VISITS MAN
IN HIS SLEEP—
...AND TEACHES HIM
FOUR LANGUAGES!***

A man who didn't know how to read or write in any language just one year ago can now speak, read, and write in four different languages — after being visited nightly by an alien teacher!

Says Carmos Hoderos, 26: "I quit school when I was nine, and never picked-up on the reading. Now, I can translate books from one language to another. This alien is a whiz teacher!"

Hoderos says he learns while he sleeps, and that it is effortless. The alien visits him during the night, and when he wakes up, he knows things he never knew before.

He says it all feels like a dream, but the results prove that it is much more than that. He is now fluent in Japanese, Finnish, Russian, and English, as well as his native Spanish.

"And I'm learning more than foreign languages," says Hoderos. "I've had lessons in science, math, history, and even psychology."

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"I know it isn't a dream because I'm being taught things that I've never had any exposure to whatsoever. In dreams, that's impossible."

With all of his new knowledge, Hoderos has quit his job as a taxi driver. He is now translating books for publishing companies. He is also working on his college degree in night school and plans to eventually become a professor at a university.

"I don't need to take the classes," he says. "Because I already know everything that's being taught. But I want to get a job as a professor, and I can't get hired unless I have the credentials. It would be a waste for me not to share all of this education."

The alien, who takes the form of a middle-aged woman, has never told Hoderos what her purpose is.

"She just teaches me," he says. "Why, I don't know."

It seems that the alien is able to implant entire books, and even volumes of reference materials into Hoderos' brain in a single night. When he awakes, he feels as if he has read certain things, and when he goes to the local library and checks the shelves, he finds that he remembers everything on the pages, as if he had spent weeks studying them.

"I woke up one day and knew how to do nearly everything that could be done on a computer," he says. "And I had never touched one in my life. It's amazing."

Dr. Wilkie Thosith, a researcher at ISAI (Institute for the Study of Alien Invasions), says that it is a unique occurrence on Earth, but not one that surprises him.

"We know that some alien creatures are determined to get our attention, and that they are willing to do outrageous things in order to make themselves known. They are very clever rascals."

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Thosith says that the Alien Institute will be watching the encounters closely.

"These are obviously friendly creatures," he says. "We would like to engage in some two-way communication eventually, if we can possibly pull it off."

THEY HAVE SEX ON EARTH, GIVE BIRTH IN SPACE...

***... SEXY ALIEN WOMEN VISIT EARTH ON
PREGNANCY MISSIONS; VICTIMS SAY IT'S
'HEAVEN ON EARTH'***

In an attempt to populate the universe with human colonies, a group of beautiful, sexy, fertile aliens have been visiting earthmen at night and giving them the times of their lives!

Harold Lundraiys, 24, was approached by one of the temptresses in a bar.

"She got right in my face," says Lundraiys, a carpenter. "And she looked magnificent. Then she told me exactly who she was, what she wanted, and why. I was happy to oblige. We went back to my place. Believe me, it was heaven on Earth."

According to the fathers-to-be, the alien women possess the otherworldly flexibility to take any form they like.

Says another lucky man, Dr. Alfredo Cransfuelle, a twenty-nine-year-old chiropractor: "She was after my sperm, and she wanted me to find her attractive. She told me she could become blond, brunette, or dark

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haired; tall and slim, muscular, or petite — whatever I wanted.

"She was such a lovely brunette, I asked her to please not change a thing, even though I do, technically, prefer blondes," says Alfredo. "Before I knew it, she became the sexiest blond bombshell I've ever seen in my life."

The aliens are completely open about what they do. Before they say their goodbyes, they tell their Earth lovers who they are and what their mission is.

"This absolutely beautiful woman appeared in my bed one night," says Marty Crossbing, 39, a computer technician.

"Naturally, I was shocked and scared, but she was so sexy I found myself powerless when faced with her wishes. I had the time of my life, and then she told me she was going to have my baby — in another galaxy!

"I don't know whether they are doing research on the human species, or whether they are sincerely interested in populating their world with humans. I do know this, though. They won't get much argument from the men down here."