

***MAN ROBS BANK  
WITH HIS CHIN  
AND OTHER UNUSUAL STORIES  
MISSED BY MAINSTREAM MEDIA***

By Jeffrey L. Gurian

[Jeffrey@jeffreygurian.com](mailto:Jeffrey@jeffreygurian.com)

[www.comedymatterstv.com](http://www.comedymatterstv.com)

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

We live in a strange and unusual world, in which things happen that are beyond our comprehension. Some of them are so interesting and unusual you might think they had to be made up!

And even stranger, most of the time we don't even hear about them. Jeffrey Gurian's mission in life seems to be to counteract that. As a former writer/reporter for the legendary *Weekly World News*, he started out reporting on stories like "Tap Dancing For The Criminally Insane," "Man Paints Replica of the Sistine Chapel With His Beard," and "College Professor Fired For Casually Removing His Spine."

Shortly afterwards he wound up with his own column called "Gurian's World of the Bizarre" featuring stories like "Rare Virus Sweeps Japan, Victims Too Weak To Bow," "Man Impaled On Spike Still Shows Up For Work On Time," and "Mexican Hat Dance Adopted By Sweden." It can be said that Jeffrey Gurian has always been fascinated by very unusual stories.

This led him to launch *GNN, Gurian News Network*, which he considers to be your source for "All The News That's Fit To Dance To," and which covers the most unusual stories in the world missed by mainstream media.

In his spare time he is also an inventor who is responsible for inventions that have changed the world, like the flashlight that works during

the day, (so now people can see where they're going during the day too), the 24 hour stapler, (for people who enjoy stapling things late into the night), and the battery-operated beard, (as opposed to the old kind you had to plug in, because hot models often like men with Biblical length beards that swing like a pendulum,), as well as the reversible beard for men who travel and want to pack light, but still want to have a change of beard when they get where they're going.



Gurian claims not to have slept at all since he was a child. He just stays up all night searching the entire world for the most unusual stories he can find. He also spends much of his time reminiscing. He reminisces about people he's never met, places he's never gone, and things he's never done before.

"Sometimes," he says, "I just sit around thinking about all the parking spots I've ever found and who's

parked in them now. Then I think about all the wrong numbers I've ever received and wonder what those people are doing. And then I think maybe we should have kept in touch. And then I contemplate all the people I passed on the escalator going down while I was going up, and wonder how they've been doing."

This will give you some insight as to why Jeffrey felt the need to write this book. Some of you may never sleep again!

# FOREWORD by Scott Dikkers

I'm somewhat responsible for the modern flood of pseudo-news comedy. I founded theonion.com in the mid 1990s, which led to many imitators and inspired (and staffed) a lot of the comedy news TV shows that started showing up on TV in the 2000s. But before that, before even *The Onion* newspaper (founded in 1988), there were only three news outlets in America dedicated to news-based comedy: *Weekend Update*, supermarket tabloids, and HBO's *Not Necessarily the News*. That's it. *Weekend Update* and *Not Necessarily the News* did traditional comedy, billed as such, performed in front of a live audience (or maybe, in the case of *Not Necessarily the News*, a laugh track—I'm not sure). They were nothing out of the ordinary.

The supermarket tabloids were different. And by "supermarket tabloids" I don't mean the *National Enquirer* and the other hunt-the-celebrity circulars. I'm talking about a special kind of tabloid: the newspaper parody. *The Sun*, and *The Weekly World News* were the best. They were unique not just among the other supermarket tabloids, they were unique among any publications that did parody, including *Mad Magazine*, the *National Lampoon* and *Spy*.

What set the news tabloids apart was that nowhere did they say, "this is a parody." Not under the masthead, not in the staff listing or copyright, not with a red banner on the upper

corner of the cover that said "parody!," which a lot of books did in those days, thus destroying the conceit (and therefore the fun) for readers. They behaved like serious news sources. Their fonts were serious. Their photos were serious, at least, as serious as they could be before the advent of Photoshop.

These trailblazing publications tested readers' ability to tell the real from the made-up, and they confused and deluded untold millions waiting in line at the supermarket the same way *The Onion* gets credit for deluding people today.

The golden age of the *Weekly World News* and *The Sun* was the 1980s. And these unsung pioneers of straight-faced news parody were a big inspiration for those of us creating *The Onion*.

Jeffrey Gurian began writing for *The Weekly World News* long after their glory years, but he carried their torch of serious comedy, delivered as the straight-man journalist. For that, his writing delighted me then as it does now.

To fully enjoy this book, imagine you're in line at the grocery store. Pretend it's 1982. Pretend there's no Internet. Jeffrey's headlines call out to you from an important-looking black-and-white newsstand packed with soap opera magazines, crossword puzzle mini-books and celebrity gossip rags. Pick it up, read it, and believe every word.

Scott Dikkers

# MAN ROBS BANK WITH HIS CHIN

EUGENE, Oregon – Career criminal Horace Pentothine literally carved himself a place in the annals of crime today, by being the only man to ever rob a bank with his chin.

Horace started out in life as a normal boy until the day his parents took him to a Thanksgiving Day parade, and he accidentally got sucked into the bell of a very large trombone.

They rushed Horace to the hospital where after three hours of surgery and metalwork he was finally removed from the trombone. The trombone was saved, but despite the best efforts of a plastic surgeon, who tried his best to repair Horace's damaged chin, he was left with a chin as sharp and pointy as a knife.

The doctor mistakenly tried convincing Horace that it was a good look for him by saying —“Don't worry Horace, you look really sharp!!!! But that was the start of Horace's deep inferiority complex.

The children in school tormented Horace because of his knife-like chin. They often

stuck apples and sandwiches on it when he wasn't looking. They also used him as a barbecue skewer, and to slice up their pizza. They even invited him to the school picnic, just to use him to eat corn on the cob.

The school custodial staff did their part in making Horace feel good about himself by using him as a cleaning tool in the schoolyard.

Horace's mother did her best to make him feel useful by using his head as a kitchen utensil to chop onions and other vegetables even though it often made him cry. She thought it was the onions, but it was the humiliation of being used as a utensil that hurt him and added to his low self esteem.

Horace's father did his part by using Horace's face as an all-purpose tool, kind of like a Swiss army knife. Horace's chin also came in handy for whittling, and for electrical repairs because his father wanted him to feel useful.

In high school, Horace tried his best to act like the other kids, and actually almost attended

the prom, until he accidentally ripped his date's dress, and her jugular vein, after trying his best to snuggle up to her for the photos.

Horace had been a promising violinist, but had to give that up too when he destroyed one violin after the next, piercing each one with his overly sharp chin.

Horace's inferiority complex got worse, and worse, and he developed a temper to match. People who knew him said you could actually see it in his physical appearance. He began his descent into crime and insanity, and you could tell something was very wrong just by looking at him.

He became a bad drinker, and was arrested more than once for pulling his chin on a guy during a bar fight. Anytime he heard a remark having anything at all to do with a knife, he went berserk.

This last time it happened, all the guy said to Horace was, “You're not the sharpest knife in the drawer,” and that's all it took to set him off.

It was after that most recent

arrest that Horace was forced to carry his chin in a sheath.

He tried growing a beard to camouflage his chin, but it wasn't that effective. Not able to find a job, and becoming more and more anti-social, Horace was driven to a life of crime.

In his desperation, he decided to rob a bank, hoping he could use the money to reshape his chin. Once in the bank, he got the teller's attention by pounding his chin on her window, into a stack of deposit slips, piercing them easily like one of those sharp spindles they use to pierce checks in a restaurant. He passed her a note

saying "I've got a chin. Fill this bag with money, or I'll use it."

Fortunately the teller had the presence of mind to press the silent alarm and within minutes Pentothine was surrounded by shotgun wielding police.

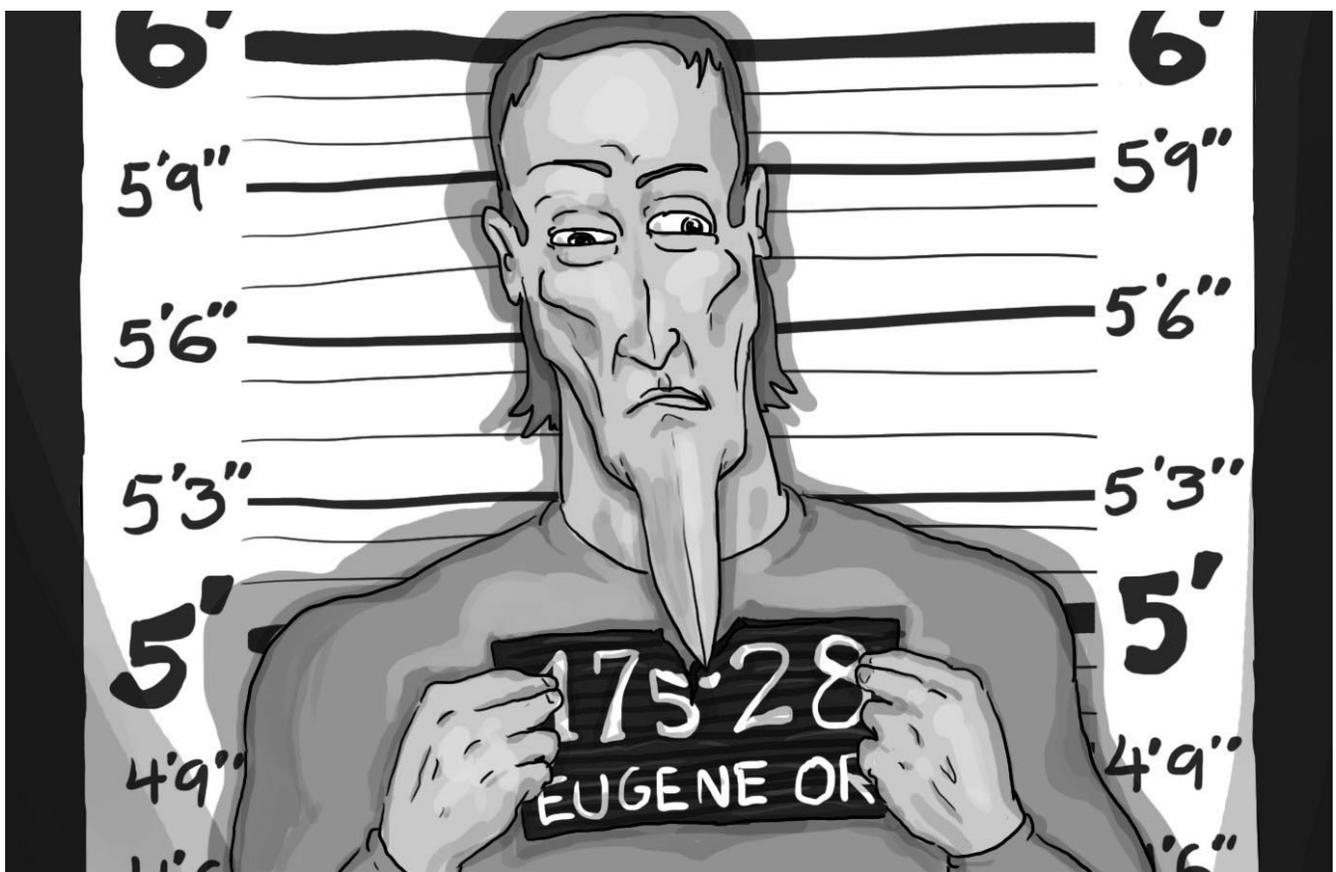
Realizing his chin was no match for their shotguns, he put it back in it's sheath, and meekly surrendered, after first claiming to have had a carry permit for his chin, which later turned out not to be the case.

Pending his trial, Pentothine has been remanded to the county jail, where they were threatening to have his chin

removed if he didn't behave himself.

The warden said, "We don't allow prisoners to carry weapons in here, and this guy's chin certainly falls into that category. He's here two hours, and already tried throwing his chin at one of the guards.

And so the moral of the story is, "Never take your child to a Thanksgiving Day parade, and let him fall into the bell of a trombone, unless you want him to turn out exactly like Horace Pentothine, one of the most unusual criminals in history.





**MAN WITH  
INFANT'S HEAD  
SUES FOR  
DISCRIMINATION**

NEW YORK CITY – A major Wall Street firm is reeling from charges of discrimination after Luigi Capo D’Infante leveled a \$100 million lawsuit against them, claiming he was turned down for a job as a stockbroker, because he has the head of an infant.

Capo D’Infante suffers with a rare genetic defect known as Infantilism, leaving him with the 6’1” body of a 35 year old adult man, but the head of a six month old infant.

His brain is normally developed, and he speaks in an adult voice, but he has wisps of hair, and baby teeth.

In a bizarre coincidence, Capo D’Infante claims he had no idea that his name translates to mean “head of an infant” in Italian.

According to Capo D’Infante, his trouble all started when he answered an ad in the New York Times for a stockbroker with experience, and was granted an interview.

Michael Dornlap, head of personnel at Smith Barney’s Connecticut office explains, “Mr. Capo D’Infante did in fact come in for an interview, but the reason we turned him down had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that he has the head of an infant.

“The ad clearly stated ‘experience needed in finance.’ We needed someone to run a multi-billion dollar hedge fund. Mr. Capo D’Infante’s experience with finance was handling the cash register in a bakery. He never even graduated from high school.”

He went on to say that Smith Barney is very open to hiring people with disabilities, although he could not honestly say that they have any other employees with infant’s heads, however he did say, “but we do have a man who limps”!

Capo D’Infante claims he was treated rudely and that they laughed at him and took pictures of his head.

The employee who actually interviewed Mr. Capo D’Infante, Noah Churn a Smith Barney employee for 30 years said, “I gave Mr. Capo D’Infante every courtesy.

“I never once mentioned his obvious disability, even when he asked me to help him untie his hat, which was a typical infant’s bonnet, tied under his chin, . . . not the usual look for a major Wall Street firm!”

Churn went on to say, “We were advertising for someone with experience in underwriting IPO’s, working with hedge funds, and the like. This man

worked in a bakery making change for people who bought cakes and pies.”

Capo D’Infante admits he may not have been qualified for the job, but he says that Churn kept giggling during the interview, “and when he thought I wasn’t looking, he took out a tiny camera and tried to take a picture of my head. That’s not right.”

Churn said it’s customary to take photos of everyone who applies for a job for security reasons. “You’re always reading about disgruntled applicants coming back seeking revenge. This way we have their photos. That’s all there was to it,” explained Churn.

And the only reason he laughed was because “Mr. D’infante had such a charming sense of humor!”

“If he had had the right qualifications,” Churn added, “we would have given him the position, infant’s head or not.”