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MAN HAS HEART ATTACK – THOUSANDS DEAD

Tragedy this morning in Old York as 101-year-old Marcus Wipe has fallen victim to a fatal heart attack. He was beloved in this community for his utmost acclaimed invention: the hole punch. The following story has been stitched together through accounts from law enforcement, security footage, and the statements of witnesses who managed to get away in time.

In the effort of saving his life, one of the paramedics at the scene panicked and tripped over a grain of sand in his carpet, falling head-first out the window of the third floor of his apartment building. The paramedic, identified to be 32-year-old Margarine Elliptical, is now in stable condition at the hospital, suffering from multiple bone fractures and internal bleeding.

One of the paramedics who went to help Margarine, Billiam Tumble, accidentally tripped on the very same grain of sand and landed directly on the gas oven, turning it on. Impressed by his ability to avoid injury from the intense danger he just faced, he decided to celebrate with a cigarette. He brought out a lighter and every building within a 45 kilometer radius was rapidly engulfed in a ball of fire. He died instantly. Law enforcement is still looking at the damages and the story is progressing rapidly. So far, the death toll is estimated to be well over five thousand.

The Old York regional council has declared this day a local public holiday to remember those who have passed.

MAN CHARGED WITH 80 COUNTS OF FIRST-DEGREE HOMICIDE AFTER FAILING CROSSWORD

Local mathematician Clive McClean was detained at a police station around noon on the 25th of May after being the lead suspect for a long string of manslaughters over the previous seven days. Distressed, after being questioned for over three minutes, he confessed to being the sole perpetrator. His four-day trial begins on the 11th of June.

According to McClean, it was Sunday, the 18th, when he was doing the daily Old Jersey Times crossword. He was toiling away at the puzzle for almost nine hours and couldn’t figure out nine across. It was a seven-letter word meaning “deposit”. Distraught, he went to the beach to relax. He knew he was intelligent. How could this happen to such a smart young man? He gazed to his left. At the sand. And a sick plan hatched in his head. A devilish grin broke out across his face. It was perfect. No one would suspect a thing.

He got to work right away. He emptied a water bottle he had lying in his car and filled it up with sand. Then, he drove back into the city of Old York, looking for his first victim, until eventually, he stopped at a small apartment jammed in between two restaurants. It was around four, so not busy. No witnesses. He entered the house with the water bottle. He carefully extracted one grain of sand that was stuck to the lid. And he placed it gently in between the fibres of the owner’s carpet.

Rince and repeat. Eleven more times that day. It was genius. Someone in the house would eventually trip over the sand and have a fatal landing. The grain of sand would be so small that it would look like an accident. Just a chain of unlucky falls, they would all think. But all they think did not.

The police were immediately alarmed by the uptake of daily resident deaths from 1,703 per day to 1,714. Something was up. The number of fall-related deaths in those under 60 directly correlated with the general death rate. This was no accident. These were homicides.

But who would do such a thing? They had no idea. There was no clear link between the victims and no apparent motive. This was one sick, unbiased freak. They had to wait for more information. This was all part of McClean’s plan. He would assassinate the puzzlemaker at Old Jersey Times for making such a vile crossword and it would appear no more than just a sad accident. Part of the unwavering fall under 40s epidemic in Old York.

Anyway, the police checked the security footage outside a victim’s house once and saw the completely undisguised Clive McClean closing a bottle filled with sand on his way out when no one was home. He broke after next to no questioning. They asked him if he did it and he said “yeah”.

The puzzlemaker at Old Jersey Times, Lewis Anderson, has expressed nothing but confusion about the whole ordeal. Remarks such as “what” and “huh” were made to the press on Friday.

NATIONAL TOUCH FOOTBALL DAY ON THURSDAY

With National Touch Football Day coming up this Thursday on the 29th, we here at the Old York Times thought we’d share the true story of the creator of Touch Football himself here today. Here it is.

Touch football is a sport in which you use muscles and energy to move a ball a certain distance towards a goal. It is one of the world’s most unique sports. No other sports feature running with a ball. It is truly revolutionary.

Touch football was invented in 2018 by Devin Touch Football, who instantly brought the sport to millions. His friend Angel W. Investor saw great potential in the sport and gave him a small loan of $1,000,000 to advertise his new activity. What did he do with the money? Billboards. He bought Almost 25,000 billboards across Alaska (where he lived) to run for 30 days, calling for the public to show up for free at a brand new sport’s grand opening match. Unfortunately, every single person who saw them thought it was a ploy to kidnap for ransom and so nobody showed up.

So, the sport of Touch Football was up in the air. Devin was $1,000,000 in debt, depressed, and with hand foot and mouth disease, could no longer pedal the sport. So he needed someone new to do it for him. Enter: ALFRED PEDAL. Alaska’s finest salesman and pride of Alaska’s capital city: Alaskatown. When Alfred heard about Devin’s situation, he was happy to help. He vowed to help him pay off his debts to afford the cure to the then-fatal hand foot and mouth disease. He got to work immediately.

More billboards. Alfred Pedal bought an additional 500,000 billboards across Alaska, building new billboards that weren’t even there before. Every street you drove down, there was a billboard for the concept of touch football. Every rule was written on every billboard. It was this huge block of text that was way too small to read, but the crazy thing is: it worked. Alfred Pedal had eventually bought every billboard in Alaska and replaced whatever business it was advertising with the same exact touch football one. People were going insane over them. There were riots in the streets. Bombs were going off in public places, fires ignited in places of worship. There was a new movement in town now: #stoptouchfootballbillboards.

Alfred and Devin could not be happier. The billboards worked like a charm! Aside from the millions of civilian deaths, their plan was in motion and going perfectly. The publicity stunt had worked. Everyone was talking about touch football. “Have you heard that they destroyed the white house in protest of the touch football billboards?”, “Have you heard that they assassinated the president in outrage of the unstoppable touch football billboards?”, “Have you heard that racism is making a comeback in protest of touch football?”. The two had an important moral decision to make. They could either continue the publicity, increase the popularity of their sport, or they could cease their shenanigans and save tens of millions of infant lives.

They chose to continue the billboards. Business was booming, baby. Almost three people were playing touch football, annually. Devin was on the no-fly list. Everybody hated them, including the UN. Everything was going exactly to plan.

However, one cold December morning in 2019, everything started going awry. Devin woke up to a knock on the door. He opened it. It was the FBI. This wasn’t out of the ordinary perse, he got visited by at least one government law enforcement or regulatory body about once a week. But this was different. He was already interrogated by the National Security Agency on Monday. He started to panic. What did they want? He hadn’t committed any crimes, aside from a little perjury every now and then. But no, what they were here for was far worse.

His wife, Carol Devin Football Sr., was missing. Panicked, he immediately called Alfred. He wouldn’t pick up. So he went to his house. It was abandoned. He called Alfred’s wife. Nothing. His son. Nothing. Worried, he went back to the police station to report him as a missing person. But even the police station was deserted. He ran up to random homes and barged through the door, but they were all empty too.

He ran back home in tears, confused and betrayed. As he entered through the front door, something on the dining room table caught his eye. A note. From Carol.

“Dear Devin,  
To preface this: you are a terrible person and I hope you drown. Now. As a part of the #stoptouchfootballbillboards movement, I have convinced all Alaskan residents to boycott Alaska.  
You’re all alone now, with no way out. No resources, no services. You’re sealocked by the border and there’s no way they’ll let you into Canada once they see you’re on the no-fly list. This is how it ends, Devin. Nobody wants to play touch football. It’s too arbitrary.  
Love, Carol Devin Football Sr.”

Devin died two days later of dehydration. The plumbing in his house still worked, he just forgot to drink any water because he was preoccupied thinking about Touch Football.

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