

The Last Word™

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Alt-right won't put on their big kid pants

I'm a big kid, look what I can do. I can wear big kid pants too. But the alt-right apparently can't. They zigzag from crisis to crisis terrified of their own shadows.

Back in 2009, the alt-right Tea Party gloated that they would be conducting a simultaneous series of "We Surround Them" rallies at each exit off Interstate 275. I made vague noises on The Online Lunchpail about crashing their event in Wilder with a counterprotest. That's all it took for them to not show up. It took only one person —*me*—to announce opposition to the Tea Party town criers, and they bailed.

I *almost* defeated the Campbell County Tea Party all by myself. So just think what *hundreds* of people together can do!

Recently, I read that the usual suspects were going to hold a vigil supporting a killer cop at the Purple People Bridge on July 24. This event was

promoted by the same deep pockets that bankrolled the Tea Party, and it was announced on their Facebook page, which was also sprinkled with racist posts from their supporters. I had planned on filming them when they crossed into Newport. But the plans for the event caught people's attention, and a much larger counterprotest was organized. Several hundred arrived for the counterprotest. While I was there, we got word that the event we were protesting was canceled at the last minute because we outnumbered them by so much.

Aw, they're scared.

I'm not just speculating about the reason for the cancellation. Team Tyranny admitted that's why it was canceled. Still, about 5 supporters of the murderous police officer didn't get the memo that their event was canceled and showed up anyway to humiliate themselves. Their march was like a right-wing perp walk.

Grow up! If you're so sure of your stance, have the guts to go ahead with your events. The Far Right canceled because they have no guts. They're cowards.



We seared Sears

Here's a #1 smash from the bubble gum bustin' year 2008! It was an era of MySpace, a broken healthcare

system, and \$4/gallon gas. And in May of that year, we seared Sears.

I promised a family member I wouldn't tell this complete story until the statute of limitations ran out, and I think 9 years is sufficient. (I'm not sure, considering how long people harped about things they claim I did long before then.) Back in 2008, I blogged on The Online Lunchpail that I bought a new TV set—which I was forced to do because the Bush thugocracy was switching TV signals over to digital. Since the switch, America's TV industry has suffered its worst decade since television became popular, but that's another matter altogether. The change also created an environmental disaster from folks throwing away old TV's they couldn't use anymore. (This was back when I was still making lots of money from the 'Pail—before AdSense yanked my account and stiffed me out of thousands of dollars because of my political views.)

This TV replaced an ancient set from a yard sale that was wearing out—which in turn had replaced the sorry monstrosity I purchased new around 2005, which didn't even last 2 years. I got *that* lemon because I didn't have a car, and a family member refused to drive to any store other than the one they regularly shopped at—and then they complained about this retail chain the whole time we were there (justifiably, I might add). After I discovered this TV was junk, instead of returning it, my family member insisted on spending mega money on accessories for it to try to convince me it was a marvelous set—even though the volume kept changing by itself, and the picture kept going out and being overtaken by a solid blue screen. They wouldn't take me to return this set even though I paid for it myself.

Anybip, fast forward to 2008, when another family member drove me out to Sears in Florence one Sunday to buy another new telly. Heaven forbid an appliance store gets built within 10 miles of Cincinnati. I bought a Sylvania that was labeled as digital. I got it home, and discovered that was a little fib. This set had a digital setting, but you needed to buy a separate converter box to pick up digital signals. In other words, it was not digital—and would be no good a year later. Sears did not tell me this. In fact, Sears had just been fined by the FCC for selling this very model and not telling customers this. Sears didn't learn a damn thing from this fine.

You're a cool person. I can tell from the punk rocker teeth. Because you're a coolster, you read my blog back in 2008 when I told this story. But there was more to the story that I vowed not to tell just yet.

The day after I got this set, we decided to drive back out to Florence and return it. But something uproarious happened in the process. We put the ridiculously heavy TV back in the box and lugged it downstairs from my apartment. We each held on to one side of the box. The problem was that most of the weight of the TV was on one end. By the time we got down to the sidewalk in front of my building, we could hold out no longer.

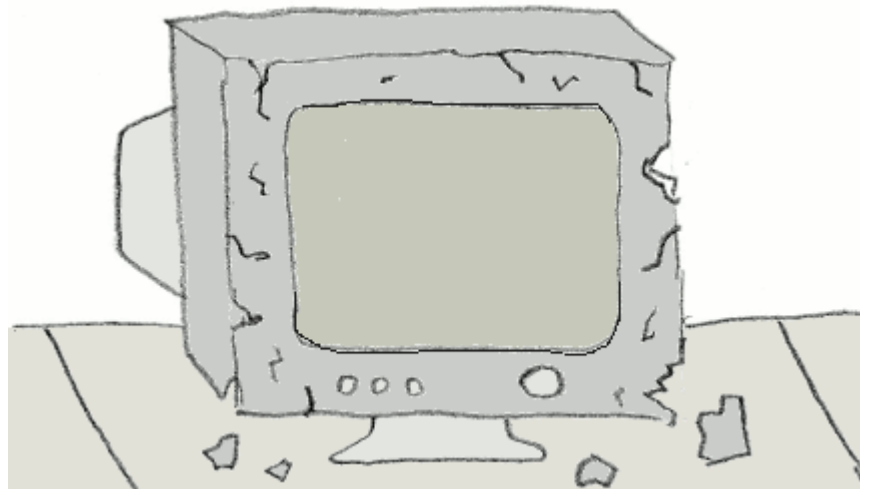
The brand new TV tumbled out of the box and onto the pavement—screen first. This fall didn't appear to break the screen—but the entire exterior of the set that framed the screen was scraped beyond repair. It was completely covered with nicks, scratches, and missing chunks. Nobody would want to buy anything that looked like that and put it in their living room.

Incidentally, this wasn't our fault. If the TV had digital reception like it claimed, it probably wouldn't have left my apartment ever since. If it wasn't designed so all the weight went to one end, it wouldn't have slid out of the box. It's not our responsibility to mold our lives around the mistakes of Sylvania and Sears. We were already spending a federal holiday taking the TV back when we shouldn't have had to, so Sears got off easy.

We knew Sears wouldn't see it our way. The world isn't arranged in quite the manner that the 0% thinks. We stuffed the TV back in the box, drove out to Florence, and dragged it into the TV department at Sears. We were afraid Sears employees would open the box and see the ruined TV before we could skedaddle out of the store. We couldn't very well claim the TV was already like that before we got it—for they had seen it before selling it to us. But we lucked out. The young man working at the store didn't open the box—and sent us on our way! Eventually, someone at the store would have had to open it and seen the condition it was in—since the store probably planned on reselling it. But it probably wasn't the clerk we saw that day, so Sears would have no way of knowing who returned this unsellable set!

I got a different brand of TV at a different store instead.

Sears was stuck with a TV they couldn't sell—and it was all their fault for misleading me in the first place. If Sears was honest, I wouldn't have gotten this set—and it wouldn't have gotten ruined on the way to being returned.



Now that the statute of limitations has expired for whatever “crime” we committed (when the real crime was that of Sears, since they’d already been fined), the time is right to regale the world with it, because why the hell not?

Daily Fuzz

In the late ‘90s, “Daily Fuzz” was a **Last Word** mainstay. It was our police blotter feature that we compiled from listening to our scanner.

Welp, our very expensive scanner is next to useless now. Not long after that, megawatt FM stations began interfering with local police and fire department frequencies. These stations came through our computer speakers too. By the time this illegal interference halted, area law enforcement agencies had switched over to digital transmissions in an effort to keep police runs secret—as in a police state.

But no bother! With smartphones a mainstream thing in recent months, I downloaded the free Scanner Radio app. It brings the magic of the ol’ scanny back to life! It offers many local scanner frequencies and lets us resume this regular feature...

JULY 2

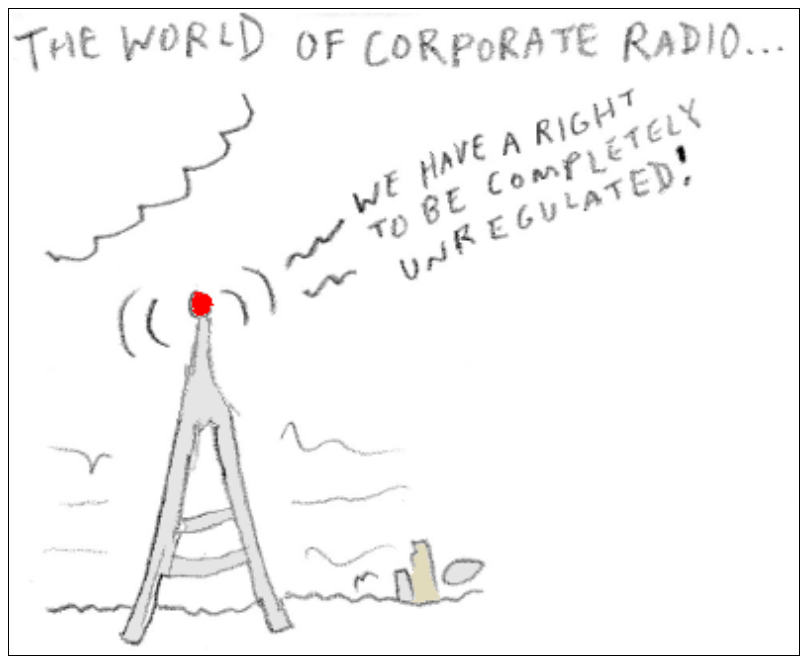
- **4:29 PM:** A couple tried to steal a locked bicycle parked outside Gold Star Chili.

JULY 20

- **6:13 PM:** A man stole a TV from Kohl’s.

JULY 21

- **9:05 PM:** Huge fight in the middle of Madison Avenue in Covington.



Antique gum shortage bursts our bubble

This fanzine of fun has encountered an insurmountable hurdle: the lack of availability of bubble gum from 30 years ago that’s still in a comestible state.

I vowed to consult an expert to test the Internet’s claim that bubble gum doesn’t blow as big of a bubble as it used to. It’s a wholly credible claim. But is it a fact—or just an “alternative fact”?

To accurately test this widely held theory, you need to chew some antique gum and blow bubbles with it, and compare it with new gum. It’s called the scientific method—the thing you learned about in 6th grade. You can buy ancient gum if you know where to look. I’m told that an antique shop sells decades-old pieces of Bazooka—still in their wrapper—for \$5 apiece. But it’s impossible to chew gum that is this old. YouTubers have demonstrated that if you try to chomp beegee that is that old, it merely crumbles, for it is spoiled.

To answer the question of whether bubble gum bubbles as well as it used to, we must rely on memory and guesswork. Despite the prevailing theory, I know peeps who can still puff out a mean bubble with only one fresh piece of a modern brand of beegee that’s said by many Internet gum connoisseurs to be an inferior brand. I know this because bubbling is what people do. They bubble. People bubbled *constantly* 30 years ago, so why should it be a surprise if I mention a person bubbling now? But using this one data point, you’d think the *quality* of gum has been undiminished in 30 years—even though people don’t bubble as much as they used to.

Something is actually as good now as it was 30 years ago? Radio is worse now than it was 30 years ago, by far. Chronic unemployment hasn’t improved either. Popular music is a catastrophe now too. So it’s a miracle that you can still find gum that’s good and bubbleable.

Coney acrimony

Remember what you were doing on Sunday, July 13, 1986?

I do. I'm *pretty sure* I've got the exact date. I was reminded recently when I heard a rerun of *American Top 40* from that weekend. "Opportunities" and "Danger Zone" will forever remind me of my mom's company picnic at Cincinnati's Coney Island that went awry during the summer I turned 13.

I'm a fun guy, and I talk about amusement parks a lot, but I don't think I've touched on the Kings Island versus Americana divide. As a teenager, whenever I went to Kings Island, I always felt like most other visitors were suburban preppy types. I didn't feel like part of the Kings Island crowd. The corny, valspeak-laden, overproduced YouTube channels from soccer parents endlessly documenting their kids' boring lives sort of remind me of that. I felt more at home among the working-class guests of Americana—even though I famously spit on a sign that had the park's mascot on it.

I don't know if the rest of my immediate family felt the same as I did about how to identify with my economic class. Obviously, they were the same economic level as me, since they were in the same household, but that doesn't necessarily make them champions of class consciousness. (It's the same way Donald Trump won so many poor counties.) I've mentioned the family trip to Myrtle Beach where my mom said she wanted us to eat at a fancy restaurant so we could impress its zillionaire customer base. Why that was so important, I don't know.

(Right now, I'm reading negative reviews that people have posted online about Kings Island—mostly about how Kings Island doesn't let anyone who isn't thinner than a twig to ride most of the rides, and the fact that visitors spend a whole week's paycheck just to find out half the rides are closed. Someone also reported that the restrooms at this amusement park had "human feces on just about every wall.")

I don't think I ever got to Coney Island until the '86 picnic—even though it was directly across the river from us. There's lots of things I didn't do in life. Call me weird—or cool.

What made this picnic so memorable? Right before we went, I got in an argument with my parents because I waited too long to take a shower, and got them to say "damn." In fact, we all argued with each other throughout the picnic. My brother and I even got into a king-sized shoving match at the lake there. It was a barrel of awesome (to quote an intelligent person)!

While I was in the swimming pool, I kept letting loose with a string of nonsense syllables—which was also a common practice at home at the time. Ritalin will do that. One of my battle cries back then—"Beedle-eedle-eed!"—originated when my brother got mad at me one day and I thought he was going to punch me. By reflex, I blurted out that expression. I thought it sounded so cool that I began saying it confronting a variety of other situations—thus making me a real ladies' man.

On the way home, I kept goofing off in the car and laughing uncontrollably, and my parents got mad. Then, when we got home, my mom got angry because the dogs had stunk up the couch. (Did I mention that "The Woo Woo Song" was in the countdown that week?)

What a day!

Although I remember a lot of insignificant details about that day, I can't remember important things like whether anyone bubbled at the picnic. They probably did. Everyone bubbled in 1986. You were considered a weirdo if you didn't bubble. Some of the songs that were popular that summer seem to be about bubble gum: "Danger Zone" and "Point Of No Return" are titles that seem to denote a bubble getting big enough to burst on your glasses. "Like A Rock" and "Tuff Enuff" seem to be about the texture of gum distributed each Halloween.

It's quite likely that bunker blasts were detected. I remember 1986 being one big, long, rancid peal of flatulence.

This event is not to be confused with my dad's company picnic at Coney Island that I'm *reasonably certain* was conducted on Sunday, July 2, 1989. That was when we saw the Mister Rogers look-alike.



They've got questions, and they've got questions

Why do I still get interrogated by my parents at the age of 44? What am I? A baby?

The questions were already getting stale when I was in high school, when almost every day, I was confronted with this query: "Did you do good work?" That sounds like something you'd ask a 5-year-old, not a high school kid of reasonable intelligence.

A few months ago, I was questioned extensively because of the discovery that I have a female friend. Why should that revelation be such a shock? Do people seriously think I have no social life whatsoever? My friend had been commenting on my websites, blogs, and social media accounts since 2001, and *nobody noticed*? It's not like I'd seen her every day or even every month, but why did it take 15 years to figure out she exists? I didn't think I needed to go around bragging about her existence. The oldsters only found out about her when I wrote on my whiteboard that I was picking up bananas for her so she didn't have to buy rotten produce at the store that was closer.

Upon this discovery, I was met with some bizarre parental prying. One of the first questions I was asked is whether my friend wears glasses. Another of the first things I was asked is whether she has any teeth. These were actually intended to be serious questions. It boggles the mind that adults aren't allowed to have a social life without being cross-examined like a teenager who sneaks out of the house at night.

At the same time, I get a lot of shit from the oldsters for little things like my strabismus—the *cool* eye disorder—while my health problems that are far more serious are shrugged off. I've tried to explain that I'm not a dynamo of energy. My PTSD social worker told me I have no energy because I spent it all dealing with the violence and harassment from the spoiled brats I was forced to attend school with. Prolonged high levels of cortisol overwork the adrenal gland and endocrine system—for years and years.

Because of this, I have to take 2 hour-long naps every day during what should be wakey-wakey time—yet the oldsters want to call in the National Guard to cure my crossed eye.

It's sort of like their fable about how I have unlimited storage space in a 275-square-foot apartment.

Ritalin is bad

Medicare covers Ritalin.

Let that sink in for a moment. *Medicare pays for Ritalin!*

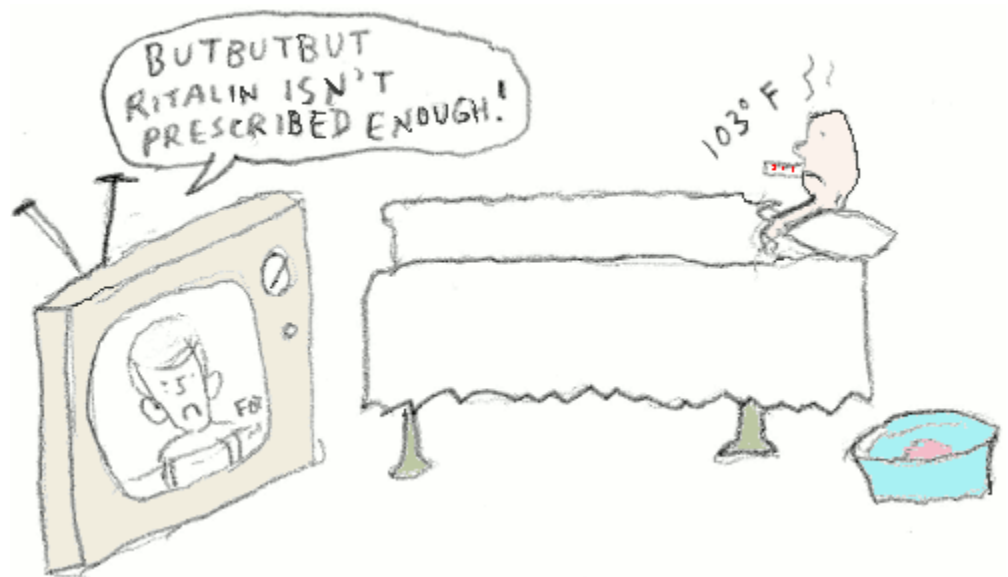
I don't think Medicare covers *any* dental services anymore—but it covers Ritalin. Keep in mind this is *Medicare* we're talking about. Which do you think is needed more by Medicare's mostly older customer base? Dentures, or a harmful ADHD drug? There are patients under 65 who qualify for Medicare—those with end-stage kidney disease qualify at any age—but the program is used primarily by seniors.

This is just like how all those insurance plans cover cosmetic dentistry but not *necessary* dentistry.

Before anyone says I'm being a big meanie by denying the existence of ADHD, I too was saddled with that diagnosis. ADHD was a bullshit diagnosis, and Ritalin was a bullshit drug. Other drugs have been discontinued for much less.

Nobody is a stronger advocate than I am of making Medicare and Medicaid more generous. Maybe these programs can pay for necessary treatments by not letting school-appointed shrinks overprescribe poisons like Ritalin. We should be able to agree that drugs should be covered if they're beneficial. How does it help patients when therapists are encouraged to prescribe dangerous substances? I don't think Medicare pays for heroin and crack cocaine, so why should it just automatically cover Ritalin?

It's not like private insurance is any better. If America had single payer healthcare over 30 years ago, I could have been spared a lot of grief—Medicare's current disparities notwithstanding.



She talks to Doritos...Says they all know her name...

I miss Dorito Woman.

She was an impressive lady, that Dorito Woman. It's been years since I've seen her, and it makes me sad.

Who is this mysterious Dorito Woman, dare you ask, and why is she called that? Some years back—maybe a decade ago—I was unwinding on Fountain Square like the cool dude I am. A bespectacled woman emerged from 5th Street and sauntered onto the square carrying a small bag of Doritos. I think they were the Cool Ranch flavor. I know they were Doritos, not Fritos, so I couldn't run up to her and demand, "Gimme a Muncha Buncha!" like some kid in 6th grade did.

She sat down about 30 feet away. She deftly opened the poke of triangular tortilla chips and glanced over at me. Then the yummy fun began. Before she crammed each Dorito into her mouth, she talked to the Dorito. I couldn't hear what she was telling each of her Doritos, but it must have been mighty important. She gave the impression of being a rather intelligent individual, so I'm sure it wasn't some right-wing political meme or commercial slogan. It might not have been a statement, but a question. What was she asking her Doritos? Was she asking them, "Do people pop?"? Did she expect them to answer? Doritos are inanimate objects. They cannot think or speak. A Dorito doesn't even know it's a Dorito! Why would someone as seemingly sharp as Dorito Woman expect a Dorito to reply?

I was quite impressed by this public scene that this attractive woman was creating.

All good things must come to an end. When Dorito Woman's sack of Doritos came to an end, she left the square.

I saw Dorito Woman at least once after that. One day, I was a couple miles out on Central Parkway, and I saw her carrying a plant outside a shop where she worked.

Come on, Dorito Woman, where are you? America needs you!



Dollars for Docs gives shrinks a taste of their own medicine

I don't have the budget for investigative journalism like *60 Minutes* does when they want to embarrass a random homeless person or run a one-sided story attacking Social Security disability benefits. So I rely on websites like Dollars for Docs.

When I attended the human rights conference in March in Washington, D.C., I was informed of this website. It lets you type in the name of doctors to see if they've received payoffs from drug companies within the past few years.

I dig all the stories about kids intentionally breaking their own eyeglasses. I'd like to find stories about kids rejecting psychiatric treatment, but things like glasses are more tangible, so I use that as a stand-in. These tiny tots' opinion of ophthalmology surely pales in comparison to the contempt I have for the psychiatric racket.

I remember seeing 2 different child psychiatrists as a teenager prior to the CPH debacle. I didn't need to see either one. But in the police state that flourished around here, if you disagreed with anything a school official said, it was assumed there was something wrong with you. Plus, our shitty medical insurance covered quackery like this, but wouldn't cover real medicine. Of these 2 shrinks, the second one—who I saw when I was 16—was the more obviously incompetent. Anyone should have been able to see after only 30 seconds with her that she was incompetent. All she had was her catchphrase: "You sound like a very unhappy young man." Over and over. For the life of me, I don't understand why my parents didn't see right away that this shrink was incompetent.

This psychiatrist is 88 now, so she probably retired before practitioners were required to disclose Big Pharma payoffs. Also, she's a registered Republican. Big surprise.

The psychiatrist I saw earlier—briefly when I was 13—appears to be still in business, and his practice was almost as pitiable. He didn't appear incompetent right off the bat, but at some point, he managed to prove he was wrong on just about everything. Psychiatrists usually are. But my parents absolutely worshiped this man. When he appeared on a local radio talk show, they actually bothered to tape it.

There was a time in my youth lasting for years when almost everything went wrong. I can think of *one thing* that went 100% right, but if everything else didn't go wrong, it wouldn't have mattered as much, since I'd

still have the energy to right it if it went wrong. Except for events that would have been very unlikely, the only thing that would have made my youth much worse is if we'd listened to this shrink when he suggested the CPH gulag. Gee, that would have been really tremendous dealing with CPH at 13 instead of 17. **What was wrong** with this guy? You have to question the competence of any practitioner who tries to fuck up some kid's life years earlier than it was—when the kid was even less prepared to deal with it. I constantly think of “what if” scenarios about those years of my life, and that's the only “what if” that would have made life significantly worse.

Dollars for Docs to the rescue!

I investigated this psychiatrist using Dollars for Docs. It turns out he received payoffs worth hundreds of dollars in only a little more than 2 years from drug companies like Pfizer and Lilly USA. Most of these payments were not in cash but in the form of “food and beverage.” Evidently, drug makers wined and dined this shrink—which isn't any more ethical than cash payments. I don't care if he was paid in gum. It's still unethical.

How can we trust professionals who accept payoffs?

Incidentally, he's a registered Republican as well. Big surprise.

Par-King still gets bad reviews after 20 years

Recently, I celebrated 20 years since the Par-King incident—which occurred on my 1997 Chicago trip.

Par-King Skill Golf is a miniature golf course in Lincolnshire, Illinois. (That figures, since Lincolnshire is the only place in Illinois ever to pass a right-to-scab law.) I was on a family vacation with a group of 6, and we were ejected from this course, because it bips. We protested by bubbling. That is, we blew bubbles in our sodas at a Denny's restaurant. Not the gum kind of bubbling. I think the last time I wrote about Par-King getting negative feedback on review websites was a couple years ago. Later, at my 25-year reunion, one of my old schoolmates said she saw my article and thought it was hilarious.

Par-King is still racking up the bad reviews! Just recently, someone poked fun at the course's strictly enforced height requirement—as if a miniature golf course has a replica of Son of Beast or something. This reviewer said...

“If you want to get a 4 year old to start crying because he is not tall enough to play with the nuclear missiles they have here.....oh wait it's mini golf that I was trying to take him to with 2 other adults. ... Let's hope a bulldozer takes over to build a new condo building.”



Par-King gets bad reviews from adults who still remember being turned away when they were kids. One said they were turned away as a youth even though nobody in their group was younger than 9. This reviewer had the last laugh, saying they “love that my now adult friends all make this place the butt of their jokes.”

I'm intellectually industrious, so I took the effort to research to see if any other miniature golf courses have a height rule, and I just can't find any others. When I typed “miniature golf height requirement” into Google, the only course that came up was—you guessed it!—Par-King. Among other things, I found a 2002 article from suburban Chicago's *Daily Herald* that says golf executives believe Par-King is probably the only course in America with a height restriction.

Kind of like how Six Flags America is the only amusement park I've heard of that tells visitors they can't wear a bandana because it's considered a “gang symbol.” The reviewer who mentioned that also reported that a Six Flags employee told a guest, “I hope you choke on your gum!”

Speaking of which, we visited Chicago's Six Flags installation during our Par-King trip, and I remember one of our group trying to buy bubble gum there and discovering it was a jawbreaker instead. Ouch!

A lopsided win for teeth punkers

We are teeth punkers! Bum ba dum bum bum bum bum! (To the tune of “We Are Farmers.”)

Cool people want me to write about bubble gum because it’s funny. Funny people want me to write about punk rocker teeth because it’s cool. I’m trying to figure out a way to work *Sesame Street*, toilets, Speak & Spell, *American Top 40*, and amusement parks into the mix.

As teeth punkers, we have skills that 95% of people don’t have. If you don’t have magnificently crooked chompers like I have, I feel sorry for you. You need to buy some good pliers so you can join our teeth punker club.

As you know, I’m quite skilled at using my teeth to open the tabs on aluminum cans. And trust me, I know teeth punkers who are even more skillful than I am at this. I’m in awe! We could do this all day and laugh uncontrollably about it. (It rains a lot here.) And if you like wine, you don’t need a corkscrew if I’m around. Probably. I haven’t been allowed to test this skill—despite my pleas—but I think I can do it.

Teeth punkers have another amazing power besides these, and it has to do with beegie. If you rock punk rocker teeth, you can blow a lopsided bubble with bubble gum. It’s only logical. Your sexy toofums can be impacted, rotated, overlapping, flared, broken, or just plain missing—some of us are lucky enough to have had all of the above—but being a teeth punker almost always means awe-inspiring asymmetry. In plain English, one side of your face is not a mirror image of the other. Sometimes you confuse yourself over which side has the cooler dental irregularities, because when you see yourself in a mirror, it’s backwards. Your bubble gum gets confused too: If you have a teeth punker buddy who bubbles, it’s impossible to predict which side of the bubble the lopsidedness will favor.

If the person wears glasses, which lens will the beegie stick to when it bursts? If they’re wearing a nosering chained to their ear, will the bubble expand on the proper side to get caught in it? It’s almost a coin toss.

Some teeth punkers report fearing in their youth that their odd dentition was interfering with bubbling. These fears apparently did not last long once they realized their serrated gnashers actually gave them an advantage in obnoxious bubble gum busting. They grew up in an era when bubbling was considered an art, so this was important to them. They fondly recall TV commercials in which people made a dramatic scene of kablammoing huge bubbles.

Many coolsters punk it up because teeth do not have feelings to hurt. Human teeth are inanimate objects. They’re just pieces of hardened tissue produced by the body that stay attached for the purpose of masticating vittles. Most teeth punkers think their dental anomalies are funny as shit.

Think. Do. Be.

Aren’t you hungry for bad restaurant reviews now!

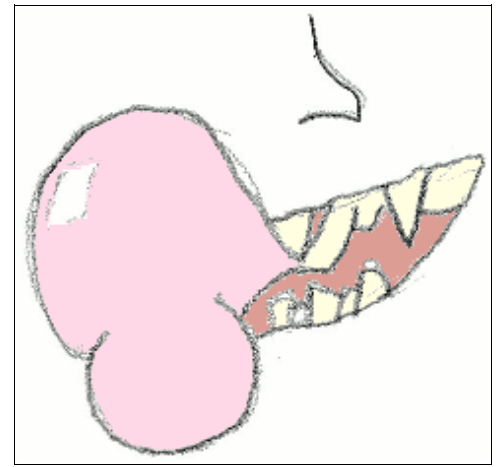
It’s funny when people give restaurants bad reviews. It can be a fine dining establishment, the most informal fast food joint, or anything in-between—but the reviews all have one thing in common: They’re hilarious!

It’s especially funny when people give Burger King bad reviews. For instance, someone complained on a review website that a Burger King in Indiana had “goop hanging from the ceiling.” Someone reported that at a Burger King in Ohio, the bun for their Whopper “was flat like someone stomped on it.” Another reviewer said they found a fly in their iced tea at a Burger King in Alabama.

Subway gets funny reviews too! A reviewer reported that an employee of a Subway in Ohio got mad at their aunt because she popped a paper bag.

Ronald McDonald also isn’t safe. Somebody said that in a restroom at a McDonald’s in New Jersey, “Someone had defecated against the wall and all of it ran down the wall all the way to the floor. ... It was the most revolting, repulsive, sickening, nauseating, stomach-churning thing I had ever seen and I could not actually believe someone would be so low to do something like this and leave it behind for someone else to find.” Oh, I believe it. I went to Bishop Brossart. A customer of a McDonald’s in Tennessee reported receiving a Sausage McMuffin that was already partially eaten.

It’s a work of art!



NFL drops ball on forfeits



Back in 2014, I wrote in these pages about my disappointment over how rare it is for Major League Baseball to experience the hilarity of a forfeited game. I then gave an uproarious rundown of the few forfeits in the league's modern history.

Well, guess what? The National Football League is even more of a letdown. The lack of NFL forfeits deprives American football of the secret sauce it so richly needs these days. There's never been a real forfeit in the NFL's history. There was one game in the league's early years that is sometimes described as a forfeit, but it appears to count as just a canceled game, which resulted when the Rochester Jeffersons refused to play because of bad weather.

However, the NFL does have rules that allow games to be forfeited. These rules apply if a team won't or can't take the field. Pay attention to the *can't* part. That suggests it's kind of like baseball, so if misbehavior by fans makes it unsafe to play, the game can be forfeited.

The referee can declare a forfeit if a team is unable to take the field even though the other team is willing to play—but the ref must consult the commissioner first. The ref can't use the word *forfeit* over the PA system (probably because it's a funny word, and people might laugh). In an NFL forfeit, the official score is recorded as 2 to 0.

If you like football forfeits, all is not lost. Many folks forget that the NFL took over the American Football League a half-century ago. There was a different AFL even earlier than that, and it allowed forfeits too, and it used them. This AFL was home to an early team called the Cincinnati Bengals—unrelated to the modern Bengals. This team once had to forfeit a game because they couldn't field all the positions.

It's a conspiracy!

How can something be a conspiracy if it involves only one person?

Yet—for some 20 years—the right-wing deplorapile has been claiming that I'm a conspiracy of one.

For years, they've argued that anyone who posts a positive reply to any of my online commentaries is actually me using a fake name. It doesn't matter that there's solid proof against their claims. It doesn't even matter if the positive responses were posted when I can confirm that I had an alibi. They always say it's a conspiracy by me—and only me.

They need to go look up *conspiracy* in their *Charlie Brown's Cyclopedia*. If it's only one person, it's not a conspiracy, stupid.

You know, I'm not the only person out there who doesn't regularly vote Republican. You do realize Donald Trump lost the popular vote by 3 million, right?

This is a classic case of projection. They post as sockpuppets themselves—then accuse others of doing the same.

Another contradiction is that they claim I'm dumb enough to post under a sockpuppet that everyone can detect, yet somehow smart enough to constantly plot behind their backs to ruin them. I can't be both.

On the other hand, who is actually stupid enough to believe that I've been juggling Internet sockpuppets for 20 years? The dumb losers claiming it know it's not true, and I don't think anyone actually believes them, but they keep claiming it anyway. They think that if you repeat a lie often enough, people will start believing it. They're the ones making the claim, but they won't show evidence. Years ago, they were caught using the anonymous remailer to impersonate me, so why would anyone believe these liars anyway? I won the only lawsuit I've ever filed—which was unrelated to this—because I came to court with facts. A *court* trusted me, but some right-wing malcontents think nobody else will?

Everything they do, they get caught with their Underoos down around their ankles. The corporations they worship do it too. Once, about 10 years ago, I was informed that a phone company ISP revoked a customer's account because he kept downloading copyrighted music for free from file-sharing sites. So how would the phone company even know he was doing this unless they illegally wiretapped him? It's not like Cincinnati Bell has such a great record on respecting telcom privacy laws, after the scandal in which they wiretapped Gerald Ford and Al Schottelkotte.

A person chewed gum and it ruined their dental work

I thought it was just an urban legend that beegie ruins dental work. Gum is on an Internet list of foods you are legally required to avoid forever if you have fillings, because fillings are “vulnerable to gooey gum.” Nobody cares. Only real party poopers pay any heed when dentists say to stay away from certain foods.

So imagine my shock when I received an e-mail that someone did what has never been done before: They demolished their dental work by chewing bubble gum. This is the only recorded instance of this in the history of the universe!

According to this e-mail, the person was chomping on a big, juicy quid of beegie—bubbling all the while—when a tugging feeling was felt. They extracted the wad of gum from their mouth to find their dental work buried in it. It was an appliance they didn't even remember getting.

How can you not know a dental accessory was there, or remember getting it? I have a good long-term memory, but even if it was only average, I wouldn't forget something like that.

