

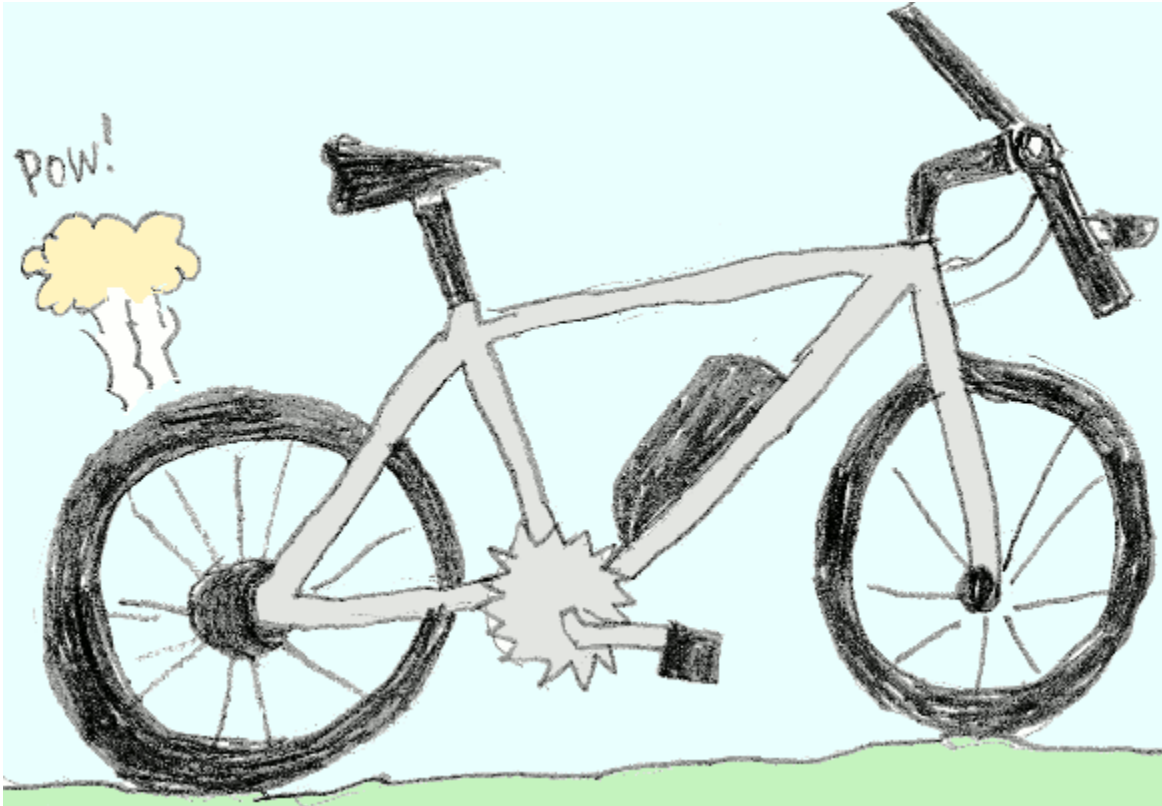
The Last Word™

Issue #527

September 2018

Our Annual Back-to-School Issue!

Road Ruiner pedals into class consciousness!



Repeat after me: Economic class consciousness!

We're big on it. Our family members, not so much.

Many of you have a relative who'll listen to overpaid right-wing radio or cable TV droids or other "respectable" people, but they won't listen to you. You've beat your head against the wall trying to get them to listen, but they're too thick-skulled. This article isn't about them. This piece is about those family members who are free from unbending ideological dogma and can be persuaded by facts and reason.

Economics is destiny—especially in a society like ours where economic status is usually not changeable. It's bad enough that no matter how mean the rich and powerful are, there's always somebody out there trying to force us to worship them. So why should we try to mimic those who despise us?

July 25 was a Roads Scholaring Wednesday with the Road Ruiner. This electric bicycle—which is road illegal in Kentucky (not like I give a shit)—journeyed to Wilder and Newport's south side. As I pulled off Kentucky Drive onto U.S. 27 by McDonald's, the motor blew. It's beyond repair.

The Road Ruiner is ruined!

Surely, I have a right to expect a \$400 bike to last more than 18 months—but then again, Amazon did give it to me for free because the seller refused to replace defective parts. ("Butbutbut that's welfare!" says a wimpy voice off in the distance. Nope. That's Amazon's policy. If the seller had followed Amazon's rules, they wouldn't have had to give it to me for free.) Plus, the Road Ruiner can be pedaled without the motor—though it's about like trying to blow a bubble with a jawbreaker. Unless the whole trip is downhill both ways, you won't get very far.

As you know, I bought the Road Ruiner from Amazon because local shops didn't sell electric bikes that cost less than \$2,000 or so. And that brings us to the topic of economic class pride!

After the bike self-destructed, my mom suggested I buy a \$2,000 model to replace it. No, Mom. Not

happening. She must think I secretly hoard gold in hollowed-out books—like I’m some conspiracy theorist—but I don’t. Despite my legendary thrift, I *guarantee* you my checking account doesn’t even have more than \$2,000 in it. That is a *fact*. I’m a working-class fella, and it takes time and effort to earn that much these days. I have to grovel for my fans to put money in my PayPal account.

But let’s suppose a giant bundle of money crashed through my ceiling and landed in my lap. If that happened, I’d spend it fixing the ceiling. Just joking! But you know what I probably *wouldn’t* spend it on? A \$2,000 electric bike.

I have too much class consciousness to buy anything that seems too extravagant. I probably wouldn’t feel comfortable being seen on a bike like that.

It’s just like the parable about how I should get a bigger apartment in the same building—even though the rent would be higher for a bigger place. *Why* should I do this??? What would be the point of getting a more expensive apartment just for its own sake? Is it to show off my massive wealth?

It’s also like the Myrtle Beach trip when I was growing up, when my mom said we should eat at a luxury restaurant just so we could cavort with country clubbers. I don’t get it. Why is it so important to impress people just because they have more money? Am I supposed to sulk for the rest of my life because I “didn’t get to do” things that the rich kids did like join country clubs?

Maybe I’m expected to get a more expensive bike just to “show how far you’ve come in life.” Uh, the most lucrative employment I’ve had was in 1991.

Not only did my mom expect me to buy a \$2,000 bike, but also insurance for when it gets stolen. How about if people not steal stuff?

To me, class consciousness is empowering and signals independence. Modern America is under the uranium thumb of capitalism. Under this authoritarian system, I’ve spent a lifetime being forced to let others make decisions for me. Displaying class pride is something I get to do for myself. To me, markers of lower economic status are comforting and familiar—even attractive.

It’s possible I can join a group of my comrades to chip in to buy a more expensive electric bike—except some of my pals have said all along that electric bikes just defeat the purpose of bicycling. If we buy a more expensive bike for the commune to share, it needs to be marked in a dignified manner as a communal asset, not a luxury that gloats, “I’ve got mine!”

Think. Do. Be.

A person burned a toilet and thought it was funny

Because this is our Back-to-School edition, school toilets are gonna get ruined, and you’re gonna like it, dammit!

This video features the time-honored pastime of burning a toilet...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z37jNguZcX4>

In case you don’t want to wade through all the shoplifting scare films from 1976, here’s a summary of that clip. The video is titled “Toilet fire at school!” That sums it up quite well. In that clip, kids throw a bunch of toilet paper into the bowl of the tinkletorium. As the wad of tissue floats happily, smilin’ its ass off, one of the kids takes a lighter to it. As the pile of toilet paper burns, they flush it.

Welp, that was the end of that toilet.

Although the video was posted 5 years ago, people are still commenting that they’re going to report the kids to the police.

But that’s nothing compared to what happened not long ago at Lyman High School in central Florida. At this school, someone set the toilet paper on fire as it was in its dispenser. The blaze forced 3 buildings to be evacuated briefly.

The principal said that “it is obvious that this fire was intentionally set by an individual.” As opposed to being set by a corporation, I guess.

And that ain’t all! A student at a Pennsylvania middle school allegedly set the toilet paper on fire at his school too! The police chief said, “It burned the container pretty good.”



GOP scion loses glasses

When I found a broken frame from a pair of disco-era eyeglasses buried in sand along a Fort Thomas highway last fall, I knew the story would be hard to top. But the gafa gods are sure giving that narrative a run for its money.

A few weeks ago, I was bicycling up the street using the Peace Bike on the way to the friendly commune Kroger, and I had to spin back around when I saw something interesting resting on the pavement....



Why, it too was a broken eyeglass frame. It wasn't like the huge frames I found last time. It was more squat and stodgy. These spectacles were more of the Sarah Palin style—only they were in a kids' size.

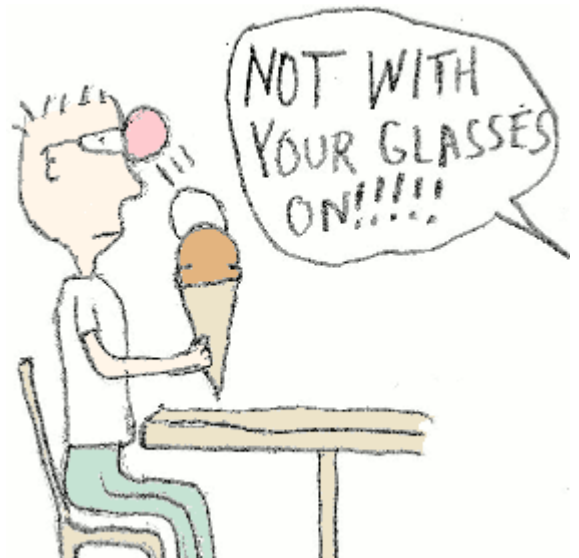
Who broke their good glasses? And why?

I'm absolutely certain I know what happened. These specs probably belonged to some kid who lives up in southern Campbell County and has wealthy Republican parents who forced them to get a Palin-style pair. The family was probably zooming down the street in their gas guzzler on the way to their favorite gentrified riverfront park. The kid must have thought they were going to UDF to get an ice cream as a reward for behaving so well at the eye doctor. Going to get ice cream is what they always do in those stupid YouTube videos.

But their parents probably told them they were skipping UDF. That's because the kid wasn't allowed to eat ice cream ever again, because their parents were afraid they might get ice cream on their glasses, for they thought ice cream could defy gravity.

Evidently, upon being informed of this Allowed Cloud, the kid threw their brand new gafas out the car window—thereby wasting them.

Glasses got ru.



School toilet gets poo on it just in time for election

Wait until you read about what happened in Cleveland this past May!

Luis Munoz Marin Elementary School was being used as a polling place for Ohio's May primary election. But—just before polling took place there—the restrooms got pee and poo all over them, treating many voters to a stinky surprise!

A local TV station's website was full of photos provided by a poll worker of the many messes. One shows liquefied feces all over a toilet that had been covered with a garbage bag. Another appears to depict a hunk of shit on the floor next to a toilet. Other photos seem to show urine-filled donickers preparing to overflow.

According to the poll worker, at least 6 toilets were clogged by the end of the day. But a school official says it was "only" 2 clogged toilets—plus one broken urinal.

A person got mad because they can't bubble with dentures

Because you're a cool person, you probably regularly read this fanzine of freedom. Because you read it, you're probably over 30. Because you're over 30, you probably have dentures. Because you have dentures, you probably don't have money, since you spent it all on dentures. Because you don't have money, you're probably better at blowing bubbles with bubble gum, for proletarian roots mean bubbling knowhow.

But some have found that their false teeth interfere with beegeeing.

Not long ago, someone on the Interpipes asked on a beleaguered message forum, "What kind of chewing gum does not get stuck on dentures?"

You'd think the answer would be every kind. Gum doesn't stick to teeth, so how can it stick to dentures? But there's always somebody out there to spoil all the fun.

A young woman replied that her dentures have put the kibosh on bubble busting...

"I'm really young, and imagine how pissed I was after getting my dentures without anyone telling me I couldn't chew gum anymore. I used to live for Bubblicious gums, and now I can't eat it or blow big bubbles anymore. I don't want to eat that gross Freedent **. I have acrylic dentures and I found that spearmint gum, no matter what the brand, but some more so than others, doesn't stick to your dentures. I also like to eat 2 sticks at a time since they're so little, but you can't do that. It will stick, not as bad as any other flavors, but it will. I like 5 spearmint, it sticks a lot less than Orbitz and other brands. 5 also has a Wintermint Ascent flavor that I just tried that doesn't stick either and you can chew 2 pieces at a time.**

"Whatever you do, STAY THE F* AWAY FROM BIG LEAGUE CHEW. What a huge mistake eating that was."**

(Yes, most of the naughty language was starred out in that post.)

Another person responded...

"I find that Extra does not stick but I tried Stride last weekend it was a disaster! Stuck like crazy! I wish there was a good bubble gum that I could blow bubbles without sticking to my dentures. ..."

That's why we asked people why they enjoy chewing bubble gum with extensive, costly, hilarious dental work. The best answer: "Because gum's not gonna chew itself."

Who knows? It might!

Trump made a stupid board game

Did you know that back in 1989, Donald Trump released his own board game?

Published by the Milton Bradley Company, it was called Trump: The Game and was a humiliating flop. Not surprisingly, it was based on Monopoly—making it yet another in a long line of board games of that format, which originated with The Landlord's Game. But Trump himself declared, "It's much more sophisticated than Monopoly, which I've played all my life." A Trump associate who worked on the game said that the Donald actually didn't give a shit about how to play his game—apparently he didn't even know how—and that most copies were sold as novelty gifts that were never actually played.

Analysts felt the game sold poorly because everyone was already sick of Donald Trump back in 1989. Kind of like Brossart.

Parker Brothers released a new version in 2004 to even worse reviews. *Mother Jones* magazine said Trump "basically took Monopoly money, stuck his face on it, and added a bunch of zeroes." Sort of like all the zeroes he added to his Cabinet.

The future leader of the unfree world appeared in this commercial for the original version...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OdY31mDsBmU>

Trump wasn't as incoherent back then as he is now. These days, every time he talks, all that comes out is a stupid-sounding goo. But even back then, he was as much of a megalomaniac as ever. The commersh starts out with a bunch of rich people acting like they give a damn what Trump does—and then the man himself addresses



the viewer about his idiotic game. The ad also said proceeds from the game would be donated to charity, but the Huffington Post reported in 2016 that this pledge could not be substantiated.

In the next video, a guy reviews the game and goes on to describe its broken gameplay. Then—although the game is now considered a collector’s item—he pokes a gigantic hole in Trump’s face on the box, not unlike how the broken spring under our armchair ground back and forth into the Domino Rally box. After that, he burns the box...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pAHeRiCuz2g>

The way fire shoots out of Trump’s mouth at the end is reminiscent of our Bunning Bomb—which was when we stuck the wick of a smoke bomb through Jim Bunning’s face on his congressional newsletters and lit it.

I can imagine my high school—after I was relegated to the “bad” kids’ class—having a copy of this game with half the cards missing (even though it would have been only a couple years after the first edition came out) and students cheating, arguing, and throwing pieces while playing it. I have an image of the teacher stomping over to the table and grabbing the pieces from us because we were arguing so much—like what happened when we played Monopoly. I also have an image of a student waiting across the street at the library at the end of the day to pummel a classmate for beating him at this game—like what occurred when we played a U.S. trivia game. Like the time workers at a sporting goods store mutilated a cardboard Jimmy the Greek cutout following his comedown, I can imagine my classmates tearing up the box for the Donald Trump game and the school claiming Trump posed for the box just for us.



Right-wing politician bubbled during arrest

Amy Hedtke—a frequent political candidate in Waxahachie, Texas (though I don’t know if she’s ever won)—is one of these grating “anarchist Republican” types. I’ve met real anarchists, and they’re respectable, principled, peaceful people—and they’re not Republicans. “Anarchist Republicans” are just loldumb. They’re like the so-called “anarchist” who worked on Thomas Massie’s campaign who harangued police that he was above the law because of his connections.

Hedtke’s credibility was dashed to detritus when she teamed up with James O’Keefe—the discredited authoritarian right-wing filmmaker who deceptively edits his agitprop films and was once convicted of entering a senator’s office under false pretenses. An O’Keefe operative was also once caught attempting to pay people to incite a riot at Donald Trump’s inauguration—in an effort to make Trump’s opponents look bad. The Trump Foundation has donated thousands to an O’Keefe sponsor.

Apparently, the Amy Hedtke/James O’Keefe alliance began not long ago when Hedtke was arrested for allegedly disrupting a legislative hearing at the Texas State Capitol. It’s unclear exactly what the disruption was, or what her goal was—but it couldn’t have been good if O’Keefe was involved.

The *Austin American-Statesman*’s blog reported that—right as Hedtke was being handcuffed and hauled away from the scene—she was seen “blowing a perfect bubble from a three-pack of Bubblicious Bubble Gum she

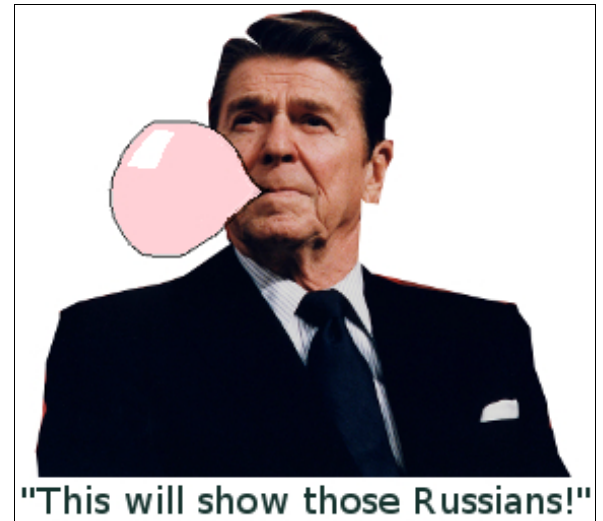
got at the Dollar Tree.”

Hedtke posted a photo of her bubbling escapade on Facebook. Someone replied...

“The bubble shows how right you are and wrong they are to [sic] think it is ok to put an AMAZING person like you that fights for the whole USA and I’m sure the rest of the world.”

That’s shown by a bubble? The only thing the bubble shows is that a person with a lot of money who is over 40 knows how to do something that most people of normal economic means in this fine land taught themselves how to do when they were grade school age. You can join the Honeycomb Hideout now, Amy.

Think of all the people who have been arrested for a noble cause. They didn’t sit there and bubble for a photo op.



Family photos got ru

Now that America has been turned into one big stupid reality show, I guess it’s no surprise that someone tried to pass this off as acceptable workmanship...

<https://petapixel.com/2018/01/12/hilariously-bad-family-photos-go-viral>

Here’s a synopsis of that page in case you’re still afraid to let it flow (as REO Speedwagon would say). Not long ago, a family paid \$250 to a professional photographer for a set of family photos. When they received the photos, they found their faces replaced by ridiculous, cartoon-like mock-ups.

The photographer’s excuse was that her photography teacher never taught her how to retouch photos—even though the photographer claims to have a degree in digital photography.

This isn’t an entirely new phenomenon. The studio that made some of my high school photos pulled shit like this too. Perhaps even more infamously, we had some family photos taken at a professional studio when I was younger that are also not fit for display, but at least that wasn’t the studio’s fault. (These are the photos I had to miss *The Dukes Of Hazzard* for.)

This also reminds me of when a painter ruined a 200-year-old painting of Jesus in a church in Spain by doing such a terrible touch-up job (though she didn’t even have permission to touch up the painting). It’s also like the time a couple hired a cameraman to make a video of their wedding, but it didn’t record the audio, so the cameraman dubbed over the sound by imitating Mickey Mouse and other cartoon characters.

It’s shocking what some people will try to get away with these days. This is like how that outfit that sold me the Road Ruiner thinks they can bullshit people by telling them laughable things like how tents aren’t designed for shelter from rain. Or the morons I ordered that turntable stylus from who argued with me that my turntable must have been missing the cartridge (even though I sent them a photo of it).



Rat has Thriftway day with Urkel-Os box

“Have yourself a Thriftway day!”

That was the mating call of Thriftway, a now-defunct local supermarket chain.

But my bizbud tells me that at one Thriftway location, a rat had an Urkel day!

Urkel-Os was a short-lived cereal based on Steve Urkel, Jaleel White’s nerdy character on the ‘90s sitcom *Family Matters*. I never tried the cereal, but it was said to look and taste somewhat like Froot Loops—only more artificial.

One night back in the ‘90s, my comrade went to the Thriftway in Highland Heights with her mom. This store sported ‘70s decor throughout its existence. Everyone agrees the ‘70s were great, but someone in a chatroom

said this Thriftway “was like 1972 threw up on itself.” My bizbud makes a point of saying she and her mom liked Kroger better, but that day, Kroger was out of a product they needed. (Imagine that!) She says that while at Thriftway, she was lollygagging in the dairy aisle near the back of the store and heard what sounded like paper fluttering. She looked down one of the aisles and saw a large, gray rat scampering to and fro—with something in its mouth.

A teenage girl who worked at the store began chasing the rodent with a mop. A crowd gathered. Finally, the rat was cornered near the pharmacy counter. Those who dared to approach saw that the object in the rat’s mouth was the lid of an Urkel-Os box—which featured a photo of Urkel himself.

Investigating the cereal aisle, my bizbud noticed a box of Urkel-Os on the floor, with cereal spilling out. Evidently, the rat had gotten into that box and pulled it off the shelf.

This was probably around the same time rats kept popping up in area residents’ toilets because unregulated construction of subdivisions for the rich drove the rats there.

Urkel-Os got wosted.



Students sent back to 8th grade because school lost their grades

We thought it was bad when Campbell County High School lost the useless “portfolios” that Kentucky makes high school students keep, or all the times when schools forced students to retake a standardized test because the truck containing their completed tests mysteriously crashed. But the latest story is the first I can think of offhand about a school system making students repeat an entire year because the school lost their grades.

In Bessemer, Alabama, 12 students who were about to start high school in recent weeks found out at the last minute that they have to repeat 8th grade instead. Why? Because the school system lost their grades. All of them had been promoted to 9th grade, but now the school can’t find the records showing they passed 8th grade.

Must be that “social promotion” that Bill Clinton grumbled about! Gee, thanks a billion, Bill, for spoiling Democrats’ electoral prospects for years by harping about “social promotion” instead of a crisis like the late ‘90s recession. The Media thoughtcopped America by claiming students were being promoted when they didn’t rightly earn it, but this story again proves the opposite is true.

Meanwhile, the Bessemer school district has a plan to let the students who were held back over the lost grades catch up—by making them attend summer school next year.

And you know what? It looks like the school system is gonna get away with this. Unbelievable.

Un.

Bee.

Leevable.

Hubba Bubba thinks it knows how to party!

At this very moment, you wish you had a big, juicy chaw of bubble gum in your mouth and that you were gnashing it with your serrated chompers into a pliable state to be blown into a huge, elliptical bubble that bursts

and utterly destroys your expensive new reading glasses in public.

Don't worry! Operation KroGum is on the case as always, and there's been a new development! Maybe not much of one—and certainly less than what you have a True Free Speech Now right to expect—but enough to make you take notice.

Recently, I once again go to the friendly neighborhood Kroger-Wogie. I peep the candy aisle in search of a 3 Musketeers bar, which appeared to have become the latest of many foodstuffs to be discontinued locally. I couldn't help noticing Kroger's puny gum selection again—especially regarding bubble busting varieties.

But I saw something interesting on the bottom shelf—surrounded by items that weren't even gum. There were a couple bags of something called Hubba Bubba Bubble Blast. Not bunker blast, but Bubble Blast. These were individually wrapped pieces of beegie. I assume one can bubble with it, though I didn't buy it, so we could not test its bubble kerpowin' capabilities.

I burst out laughing when I noticed the bag was emblazoned with the words, "Great for parties!" Must be an awfully weird party! Yep, whenever we throw a party, we're always sure to stock up on beer, pretzels, fireworks, and...bubble gum. Then again, these bags of Hubba Bubba might be fine for a "group blow", which I guess is a party, of sorts.

In any event, if you need beegie, get it while you can! Whenever Kroger has gum of the bubble kablammoin' kind, they usually don't have it for long.

So the other 49 states were normal?

Just how thoroughly did I lose the zip code lottery?

It's not just that Campbell County from the 1970s to 1990s may well have been the worst school district in America, or that Kentucky lawmakers happened to pick the perfect time to legislate my due process away. The disadvantages continued into college.

If you graduated high school in northern Kentucky in 1992, odds are your only choice for college was NKU—*only*. We were the only area of the state that didn't have a community college yet—because our local legislators were more interested in right-wing social issues than in securing a college. I knew attending NKU might present some problems, but I was cajoled into tolerating it.

For instance, when I enrolled, I was told that everyone who signs up for a 4-year program at NKU can expect to take 5 years to complete it. I'm not sure why it was like this. It just was. I think this is an outright scam. Think of the economic disadvantage this creates for its graduates. This means grads have to wait an extra year before starting their career—unless you count whatever low-paying service job they had before graduating. (That might not matter much, since low-paying service jobs are about all that exist around here even for college grads.) This means less money in their pockets when they retire (though living long enough to retire isn't a guarantee, especially after Republicans raised the retirement age).

As it turns out, it appears that in any other state back then, I wouldn't have had to wait that long to start college. Fact is, I have a record—of expulsions. If you knew me in the '90s, you probably know about it. If you get expelled from school, it follows you. Forever. When I got expelled from Brossart, I joked that I should just skip the rest of high school and go straight to college. In most states, however, that wouldn't be a joke. Back then—as long as you passed the admissions test—you could do that at some public colleges in 49 states and D.C. Guess which state didn't allow it at any public college that I know of?

In fact, by 2006, about 1 in 50 college students nationwide did not complete high school and had no GED. But these students were graduating college at the same rate as other students.

I'm not sure how many states still permit you to go to college without a high school diploma. It's not as if allowing it was a horrible crisis like income inequality is, but The Media



tends to fabricate fake crises while ignoring real ones—so some states have cracked down. In New York, for example, right-wing Gov. George Pataki tried to bar students from attending college unless they graduated high school—but lawmakers stopped him. California revoked tuition grants from such students.

Plus, when I went to NKU, I was required to take a high school math course there—even though I unambiguously took (and passed) 4 years of math in high school. *Why???* I was singled out for no apparent reason, which would have delayed graduation even more. Plus, after I got an *A* in this class, it didn't even count towards my GPA. I think high schools should have to abide by a warranty that guarantees sufficient credits for college for students who rightly earn them. In this case, however, I don't see how there's any mistaking that I had 4 years of math.

I feel like a fool for going along with this—especially given NKU's history of covering up crimes by student athletes and wasting money moving to Division I and then saying they didn't have the money to keep the over-the-air radio station, which they sold to a right-wing ministry. Some of my experiences at NKU were inexcusable, and the school needs to know this. I have a right to expect better from a public university. Later, when we finally got a community college, I had much better luck there—which proves the problems were with NKU, not me. Yes, I violated the dress code at community college, but I was never threatened with punishment.

I remember also being regularly talked down to by NKU officials as if I was a little kid. They treat students like 5-year-olds. But, boy howdy, did they ever blow up at me when they dragged me into the student radio station that one day!

For a state that boasted so much about excellence in education, our schools sure knew how to make a mess of things—which denied folks the education that they would have probably been able to receive if they lived almost anywhere else in the whole country.

Paste makes waste

What in the Wide, Wide World Of Sports is bubble paste?

As the hilarious 20-year-long online argument about bubble gum was continuing unabated, someone finally decided to abate it. Miracles never cease!

A guy posted a message titled, “Has anyone tried using bubble paste?” Evidently, this is a product that lets you blow goo through a straw to make giant plastic balloons. The Amazon page for one brand says, “Have a bubble blowing party!” You mean a “group blow”? Didn't Hubba Bubba already cover that?

The poster of that message said he heard of people mixing bubble paste in with a wad of gum to blow better bubbles—but he added that “it's very difficult to chew and has a somewhat smell of paint.” He admits bubble paste contains acetone but that it's safe because you're not *swallowing* it—just *chewing* it.

Another feller warned that chewing bubble paste is “hazardous”, for it “is not meant for human consumption.” But the original poster replied with a “bubble blowing article from 1999” about the product's supposed safety.

Further down in this thread, a woman said of bubble paste, “It's not something I'd recommend toying with even for bubble related reasons.”

I just *knew* this thread was going to evolve into an uproarious shouting match. It was fairly cordial so far, but civility usually doesn't last long on these message forums. That's what makes them so damn funny!

Alas, a moderator stepped in before I could enjoy too many laughs. He declared...

“This thread is about to be locked. No further discussion on this topic. We, the moderators of this forum, do not condone and DO NOT SUPPORT the use of this paste as it is unfit for human consumption. Please refrain from discussing this on the boards again.”

Aw!

Facebook breaks shit and lies about it

Right-wing social networking site Facebook is not the most trustworthy outfit around.

It's bad enough that they allow hate groups, revoke dissidents' accounts, and favor right-wing fake news. But you also can't count on Facepoo to fix broken features. Off and on for a year, my notifications have been



periodically breaking—causing me to miss important updates and local events promoted in Facebook groups. I’ve complained to Facebook using their “Report a Problem” form and have received only stock replies. That’s because they don’t even bother to read users’ complaints.

For years, you could set up your Twitter account so your Twitter messages automatically crosspost to Facebook. But a few weeks ago, Facebook disabled this feature. Facebook says it’s because of the scandal in which 87 million Facebookers had their data hacked because of Facebook’s own stupidity.

I was skeptical that this was the reason, but I didn’t worry too much that this feature was shut off. If I was on my home computer, I could just manually repost my Twitter posts on Facebook. And if I was out and about on my smartphone—and needed to say something important like, “Tresler Comet sells goodgum”—I could text Twitter and Facebook at once instead of just Twitter. Right???

Voopvoopavoop wrong! It turns out Facebook also disabled texting directly to your timeline—which has nothing to do with Twitter.

I used the “Report a Problem” form to report that this feature wasn’t working—and predictably got only stock responses. It’s not just my account, for others have reported the same thing. Facebook lies about texting being shut off: Its help center still says this is an active feature.

I didn’t want to have to do it, because Facepalm is so untrustworthy, but I then set up my Facebook account so my Facebook posts crosspost to Twitter—instead of the other way around. I could post to Facebook from a browser or smartphone app instead of texting. *This* works! This also proves Facepoo was full of roo gas when they said they shut off crossposting from Twitter because of the hacking. If that was the case, why do they still let you crosspost from Facebook to Twitter?

Nope, the real reason they disabled that feature—and shut off texting—was so you have to go on Facebook each time you crosspost your messages. This generates more revenue for Facebook. And of course they lied about the reason, because who’s gonna stop them from lying? At the same time Facebook cut off Twitter and texting, they also cut off some lesser known social networking platforms—which is further proof that they’re trying to lock in users.

At least now I have a workaround—except that I can no longer schedule posts in advance like I could when I texted. Facebook used to allow scheduling posts, but they inexplicably got rid of this feature years ago.

End-stage capitalism makes big corporations do weird things.

Did gum get wasted in my house?

What?! Gum got wosted in *my* house?! I should think not!

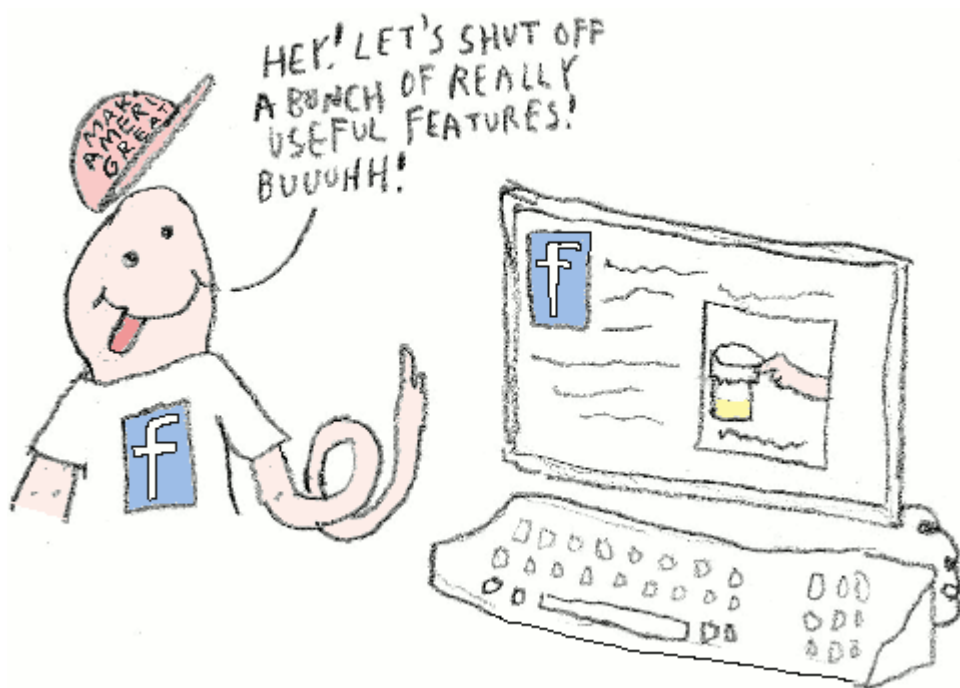
In my youth, a family member frequently buyed gum. To chew? To chew! Rarely was it goodgum, and rarely was it of the bubble kaboomin’ variety—so I declined to ingest it.

One day, my family member couldn’t find their precious gum that they had just purchased. They declared that they must have thrown the whole pack in the garbage by mistake. Either that or the supermarket didn’t give it to them and gave it to another customer at the checkout lane instead.

How is it possible to just throw out something as valuable as gum? I know this was when grocery stores still used paper bags—now they only have plastic bags (usually with holes in them)—but when you unpack your groceries, you should always look through every crevice on the inside of the bag so nothing gets thrown away.

I never followed up on the Case of the Missing Gum to see if it was ever found.

In college—perhaps during my acclaimed outside agitation campaign—I was afraid there might be a repeat of this frustrating mystery. A group of us were gathered at an outdoor seating area, when a young woman said she needed gum. None of us had been discussing gum, so that declaration came out of nowhere. But she couldn’t find the stick of gee she intended to chomp. “What did I do with it?” she asked.



She looked everywhere. “Maybe I swallowed it,” she concluded.
Finally, she found it. She had been sitting on it. When she found it, she crammed it into her mouth.
You just laughed because I talked about gum, which I don’t do nearly enough.

AdSense finally settles class action suit, but...

Remember when Google’s AdSense yanked the account of my current events blog The Online Lunchpail because of the blog’s left-leaning politics? Remember when they illegally refused to pay me my earnings from it, which violated the terms of service I initially agreed to? Pepperidge Farm remembers.

Not long after that, a class action lawsuit was filed against Google by publishers who had their accounts pulled just before they were supposed to be paid. It should have been an open-and-shut case, but the case was botched and it was dismissed. But the plaintiff was able to file an amended complaint—charging Google with breach of contract, bad faith, unjust enrichment, and unjust compensation.

Now Google has settled the case for a total of \$11 million. But I can’t recover my losses, because there’s a catch: In order to collect, a publisher must have lost their account between May 20, 2010, and May 7, 2018. My account was revoked on April 13, 2010—just weeks before that timeframe. If not for that, I’d qualify. There’s no ambiguity about it.

I don’t know who chose the arbitrary cutoff date—or why they chose it. AdSense was refusing to pay revenues since before that date. My account being terminated wasn’t ancient history back when the suit was filed. The suit took years.

It may have helped Google that the George W. Bush thugocracy passed a law in 2005 to weaken class-action suits by having federal courts take them away from state courts. If not for this law, the suit may have been heard by a state that is more friendly to consumers than the federal courts are. This law was yet another move by the Republican Right that was fueled entirely by malice. When he signed the legislation, dictator Bush declared asbestos lawsuits were his next target, as he deemed asbestos suits “frivolous.”

I’ve supported a legislative remedy all along for AdSense’s theft—in addition to a lawsuit—because the judicial branch can only do so much.

Talking gum invades Kroger

“hi, i’m gum!”

Funnier words were never uttered—not even by a talking pack of gum.

Recently, I once again visited the local Kroger. Yes, the supermarket chain with a chronic gum shortage. As I was leaving the store, I noticed something uproarious on the front of our shopping cart.

Did you know Mentos—the brand of mint known more for its ‘90s commercials than for the product itself—makes a gum? I saw someone—with no teeth or dentures—chomping some once. Now *that’s* talent! But they didn’t bubble, for Mentos gum is not specifically labeled as a bubble bustin’ brand.

Anyway, when I went to Kroger recently, I saw that the front of the cart had a small advertising sign for this brand of gee. It featured a pack of Mentos gum with a speech balloon saying, “hi, i’m gum!”—in all lowercase.

bye, you’re gum!

Schools and false advertising

Should schools be held liable for false advertising?

I receive automatic e-mail alerts of news items regarding certain subjects, and my account was going bonkers a few weeks ago all because of one school district: Iberia Parish, Louisiana. Bear in mind this is a *public* school system. (In Louisiana, a *parish* is equivalent to a county—not a part of a church.) But they sure don’t act very public.

The articles were about the school system’s requirement that each student attend an orientation with their parents before the start of the school year. The Masters of the Universe who run this school system make families who do not show up pay a heavy fine. Plus, students are required to wear school uniforms to the orientation—as well as to school on regular school days.



I checked the school district’s website, and the photos there that were supposedly of students showed them smiling and prospering—without uniforms anywhere in sight. They were probably stock photos—not actual pictures from Iberia Parish. I think the school district is practicing false advertising by making it appear that uniforms are not mandatory.

Doesn’t this school district know what *public* means? In my day, if a *public* school required uniforms, the school wouldn’t even still be standing at the end of the first day of the school year.

Speaking of which, Iberia Parish started school ridiculously early—almost July—another problem that has plagued America’s schools since their spectacular downfall some 20 years ago. Summer vacation serves a purpose. Most schoolchildren cannot endure the unrelenting strain and pressure of school for as long as some seem to think. I’ve had jobs and work assignments that took a real physical and mental toll. But none were anywhere near as hard as high school was.

I know Iberia Parish isn’t alone in having a school system that is mired in outdated gimmicks like uniforms and an absurdly long school year. These gimmicks are hardest on students from low-income families—despite right-wing editorials to the contrary. But why does this school district deceive the public by posting bright, cheery photos that make no mention of its onerous—and illegal—uniform requirement?

Dictionary toss teaches sub every word in the book

I was a junior in high school once. Had a blast (because it wasn’t at Brossart)!

One day, we had a substitute teacher named Mr. Hooffoff. That wasn’t his real name—or even close—but one of my classmates kept calling him that for no apparent reason. Mr. Hooffoff was a young guy with a pretentious tone.

The day kept getting funnier as it wore on. This might have been the same day someone unfurled a condom (unused) and threw it on the floor in class, but I’m not sure.

Anybip, somebody—I can’t remember if it was me or someone else—decided it would be a swell idea to hurl a dictionary across the room. The classroom had a whole shelf full of dictionaries that were already falling apart—and fell to further ruin when students kept sticking “SUPPORT OUR TROOPS” stickers on random pages. So one of these dictionaries got thrown. It was reminiscent of the time in 8th grade English class at St. Joe’s when we played catch with the school’s copy of *Guinness Book Of World Records* until the pages flew all over the room.

The dictionary sailed through the air with unparalleled dispatch. It wasn’t actually thrown at any person or fragile object. The target may have been the garbage can next to the teacher’s desk. The book had to have flown a good 30 feet. Best all, the pages flew everywhere.

Although the incredible flying dictionary got nowhere near him, Mr. Hooffoff put his arm up over his face and ducked.

Later, I described the hilarious incident to a student from another class, and he said, “Taught him every word in the book. Get it?”

Get it? Dictionaries are books that contain every word!

Comedyyy!

