

The Last Word™

Issue #528

October 2018

People keep wasting brand new drones

Give a hoot! Lose a drone!

I have weird friends. Cool, perhaps, but weird. We like being weird. We're weird ones indeed. Day after hilarious day, we frolic in our weirdness. It's cool to be weird.

But, believe it or don't, my friends have even weirder friends—if that's humanly possible. My mature and intelligent business partner said, "I'm weird," but then she proceeded to tell me of a weird man she knows. The man bought a very expensive drone, prompting my bizbud to forecast, "That drone is going in the river."

I bet it's happened by now. After all, the Internet is rife with stories of people spending hundreds—even *thousands*—on a new drone, only to lose it within days.

Admit it. For the past few years, you've had a fantasy about buying a drone and letting it loom over a Tea Party rally before swooping down to knock the colonial-era hats right off their heads. But I can't afford to drain my bank account buying something the Tea Party will just shoot down out of the sky, since they like misusing guns so much. Other folks aren't quite as frugal as me—or they're just idiots. From these stories, I think I can guess which.

I found an article that says a drone expert now has a hobby of listing all the drone crashes that take place only *hours* after people buy a new drone. One person sent out a text blast saying, "RIP to my dad's new luxury drone who after two min of glorious flight now rests at the bottom of the vermillion river." Let that sink in. A *luxury* drone—which must have cost thousands—existed for only *two minutes* before splashing into one of several North American waterways of that name and suffering an untimely demise.

One person says they didn't lose *a* brand new drone. They lost *two* brand new drones—within only 2 days! The second drone was lost when they tried using it to find the first drone.

Another person says his new drone misappeared when he used it to follow some boaters around at a lake. He says he "was almost in tears" when he lost his drone, and his girlfriend cried. These aren't the only peeps who have been overly dramatic about their drone. Someone on an Internet forum about drones said, "The DJI Phantom flyaway is the worst thing that can happen to anyone." No. It isn't. As one person put it, "Your expensive new toy that you worked hard to purchase is ruined," but trust me—despite the use of the magic word—it's not "the worst thing that can happen to anyone."

Yet another person says they lost a \$1,500 drone in the frigid waters of British Columbia. Another says they flew their drone onto the grounds of a prison and the police refuse to return it. Another lost a drone and a phone! Their drone vanished after they fitted it with a brand new iPhone 6 Plus—which cost at least \$300.

On the other hand, some drones are lost not because of the user's incompetence but because it's a defective drone. When someone posted a right-wing rant wrongly blaming the users for a defective product, someone replied, "Eat a bag o' dicks, man." People argued like it's a bubble gum forum or something. One person noted that eBay sold them a faulty drone and refused to give them a refund—which is typical of eBay, which doesn't stand by its sales. Then again, there are some drone users who are clearly incompetent, and it's hilarious to watch them demand the manufacturer ship them a new drone for free.

Lots of costly things, wastage bastage! They're utterly wasted.



My mom got mad because I wrote about class consciousness

This article is about fashion, **Last Word**-style.

This fanzine of freedom has evolved over 25 years from an angry underground current events newsletter

to a bandstand of dumb fun to a mainstay of economic class consciousness. Not Mainstay dog food or Maine State Police, but just a mainstay. In last month's ish, I regaled you with how the motor of my electric bicycle burned up, and how I thought my mom expected me to replace the bike with one that costs 5 times as much. I decried the idea of flaunting wealth, and instead expressed working-class pride.

Guess what? My mom somehow found my article online.

The long and short of it is this: I thought my mom wanted me to buy expensive things I couldn't afford just so I could show off in front of people who make more money than me. But she says that's not the case. Not with bikes—and not with anything else either. In other words, my belief was wrong.

She says she wanted me to get a more expensive bike because it would be for my safety and comfort—not vanity. Safety I can understand. *Absence of discomfort* I can understand. But *comfort* is different from that. If I expected comfort 100% of the time, I'd lay down in bed 100% of the time—like a billionaire. Because of my economic limits, I don't need a bike that makes me feel comfy—just not uncomfy.

My mom also remembers the Myrtle Beach story a bit differently from what I remember. She says she wanted us to eat at a fancy restaurant because she thought it would have good food—not because she wanted us to act rich. (We didn't actually eat there. Had you scared, didn't I?)

The Myrtle Beach trip took place when I was going on 9, and a 9-year-old boy has simpler needs than a 45-year-old man. At 9, I did things because I felt like it—not because of class consciousness, which was too advanced of a concept for me back then. I discovered class consciousness around age 12. Since then, I usually haven't had to choose between doing things because I feel like it and doing things because of class consciousness—because they're usually the same. I wish I had a choice regarding late '80s fashion.

My mom now *insists* that she never required that I display expensive new fashions I didn't like, but in my teen years, I perceived things to be otherwise. "Accepted" fashions at the time were hideous. This was the era of flowered surfer shorts, polos with the collar turned up, bright suspenders, and the goofy garb sported by the guy who sang part of a Huey Lewis song at Super Bowl XX. I don't think I wore anything *that* humiliating, but it was damn close. I remember several times, my mom got me new clothes, told me to try it on, and then cooed about how "sharp" it looked—even though I thought it looked stupid. A perfect example of this is in high school when I had to wear those idiotic "Off Duty" pants, which I'd rather poop in than wear. I might as well have been Judson Spence in the video where he wore an Uncle Al hat. I wore these pants maybe twice before I decided I could stomach the embarrassment no longer.

Of course, I attended Bishop Brossart, where the dress code wouldn't let us wear anything that *didn't* look silly. (For a school that had so little discipline, the school sure adored its precious dress code.) If I couldn't go to school without being humiliated, the solution isn't to buy clothes that were even more humiliating. The solution is to find a real school instead.

Were the above events parental efforts to impress the rich? I had thought they were—but now it appears I was wrong. Big time wrong. Regardless, these efforts were met with only limited success outside of school or school functions. So I'm lucky I get to write about these events and not only things that were far worse. Thanks, Mom and Dad.

Brossart is a depressing topic, and the tone of this zine is much angrier when discussing it. You built that, Brossart. But my success at evading having elitist standards imposed on me elsewhere is a subject that brings me endless joy.

Think. Do. Be.

A Kentucky Derby poster got ru

Suspicion against materialism doesn't mean one must completely eschew nice things—unless they're things that end up getting ruined anyway.

I remember a radio commercial that aired on the old WLAP-FM around Kentucky Derby time in 1990 in which a male singer intoned, "Kentuckeeeee Derbeeee Festival!" I've never been able to find it on YouTube, possibly because it's hidden among Mikkos Cassadine clips and fake news complaining about "squatters" taking over some billionaire's property. Once when I was a teenager—in the late '80s or early '90s—a family member brang home a beautiful Kentucky Derby poster and gave it to me. I think they got it from someone at work.



This poster was a gorgeous, colorful scene of horses galloping along at Churchill Downs. As a Kentuckian, I'd planned to hang it on my wall—as soon as I could muster the energy. And that was the catch. I had no energy. This was either in the Brossart era, when I spent all my vigor fighting the attacks there, or when I attended the class for “bad” kids later, when I was *still* spending it fighting Brossart. *That's* how bad Brossart was.

I set the poster aside until I could hang it up. But in the meantime, someone piled bins and boxes atop it. When I finally found the poster again, it was crumpled and torn beyond recognition.

The poster was wasted.

Worst of all, it was before we had a paper recycling program. So the poster couldn't be reborn as, say, an Urkel-Os box.

So don't hoard nice things if you can't enjoy them. I can't count the number of things I've stockpiled that I've never been able to enjoy or admire because of where all my energy goes. Things have gotten accidentally lost or ruined by family members—or intentionally broken or stolen by intruders—because I didn't have the vim to give them the care they needed.



Gum back to me...I'm beggin' you please...

Janet Jackson gave an interview in which she just wanted to talk about bubble gum the whole time.

This fanzine of freedom isn't big on celebrity gossip. Some famous people are interesting—like Willie Nelson or Richard Pryor—but most aren't really all that exciting. But entertainment celebs become a lot more entertaining when they opt to discuss bubble gum nonstop.

Janet Jackson did exactly that in a 1986 interview with *Smash Hits*, a now-defunct British magazine.

At first, she talked about things that were somewhat interesting—by celebrity standards—but the real hilarity started when she started taking about beegee. She said a record company executive forbade her from chomping this zesty goo because of the fear that it would make her jaw muscles swell. The singer then said...

“One time I blew a huge bubble and it burst and it got in my hair and in my eyelashes and I was so mad. I couldn't get it out and I was just washing my face all night long and I was scrubbing so hard I was turning red all around my eyes and they said to use peanut butter to get it out. I guess because peanut butter is so oily it comes right out. So if you ever get bubble gum stuck in your hair, use peanut butter.”

Sounds like a great story for *American Top 40*!

That's the end? Nope, it's just the beginning! She went on to describe how she fed bubble gum to her pet llama—but not her pet giraffe. I get an image in my mind of a llama chewing bubble gum and opening its mouth as wide as it could go, much like my dog when he found bubble gum...



Several logical conclusions may be deduced from this interview. Number one: Janet Jackson knows of the existence of bubble gum. Two: She has been within 50 miles of it. Three: She masticated it regularly. Four: She is eminently capable of bubbling.

Bless the bees and Big Bird...

What is a Snuffleupagus moment? That's when you can prove something is real after everyone else

doubted you for years.

YouTube has given me plenty of Snuffleupagus moments. The best are probably a much-ridiculed Big Boy commercial and an educational show in which some kid walked around a city in Quebec and kept asking people, “Do you speak English?” Everybody thought I was making up both of these things—until YouTube proved me right.

My bizbud has a Snuffleupagus moment now too—though it’s actually a Big Bird moment, for it involves Snuffy’s avian pal. For years, my bizbud has insisted—*insisted*, I tell you—that a music video seen on MTV in 1983 featured Big Bird falling from the ceiling onto the band. My comrade has occasionally commented on my blog about it since *at least* 2008, and she says that back in 1983, the video transitioned her from watching *Sesame Street* to MTV instead.

Guess what? It’s real. The video has been found. Finally. I posted on a road transport forum that we were looking for it, and someone found it.

YouTube was a pretty small deal in 2008, so you probably couldn’t find the video then. The only copy I can find was posted in 2011. Here’s a hint: The song made *Billboard’s* top 40.

If you guessed “It Must Be Love” by Madness, you’d be right!

In the video, Big Bird tumbles onto the band in the exact manner my comrade described. The lead singer tries to catch Big Bird in his arms, but he gets knocked over. You can tell it’s not one of the Big Bird puppets that *Sesame Street* actually used, because it lacks little touches like the purple rings around his legs. But it’s clearly Big Bird. The description for the video even confirms it’s Big Bird...



My jaw hit the floor when I found this.

How in the Wide, Wide World Of Sports did I miss this back in 1983? I’m pretty sure WCLU played the song a little—right around the time I last visited the eye doctor, when I was 10—but Q-102 wouldn’t touch it. I only saw the video *once*. Big Bird is only visible for a couple seconds. I may have missed that scene because I had to let my dog outside or sweep up potato chips someone else dropped on the floor. There’s no way in hell I would have forgotten that scene if I’d seen it back then, because this was back when my afternoon cartoons kept getting preempted and I’d threaten, “I’ll go back to *Sesame Street*!”

This isn’t Big Bird’s only link to a music video of that era. The clip for “Catch Me I’m Falling” by Real Life starts with a ridiculous sequence in which a profile view of one of the band members resembles Big Bird...



I didn't need to "go back to *Sesame Street*", because MTV took care of that for me.

Silly rabbit! Obsolete TV's are for kids!

Remember this one? "It's a TV!"

The Sony Watchman was a tiny, pocket-sized TV that was available from 1982 to 2000—but I don't remember anyone who had one. I guess I'm supposed to pout forever because I "didn't get to have" something that some rich kid somewhere may have had.

The main thing I remember about this device is that it was the prize in a giveaway by General Mills cereals—as this 1983 commercial shows...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XEYJd-BFkJA>

I recall this ad featuring the Trix rabbit on a Watchman screen and one of the kids excitedly yelling, "It's a TV!" But of course the offer was "void in Wisconsin", like all cereal offers seemed to be. I remember a family member talking about how they felt sorry for those poor people in the Badger State who weren't allowed to win cereal prizes. Just a few years ago, someone posted on the Internet that this "void in Wisconsin" business was still going on, and someone replied that it's because "there are laws that prevent companies from doing cool things."

Evidently, Wisconsin does have a consumer protection law regulating sweepstakes that involve 3 elements: prize, chance, and consideration. The prize in this case was the Watchman. Chance means the winner is chosen by luck, not skill. This means a bubble gum blowing contest would be perfectly legal, as that involves skill. Consideration means a commercial advantage to the promoter, such as requiring purchase of a product. However, the commersh for the Watchman giveaway says no purchase was necessary. Wisconsin law also says that winners of illegal sweepstakes may have to forfeit their prizes. And *forfeit* is a funny word. Some foreign countries have similar laws, but companies get around them by requiring entrants to answer a very easy math problem that even a 6-year-old can do—thus making it a game of skill, not chance.

The commersh also blares, "Millions will enter!" They knew this because??? I don't know anyone who entered, do you?

The ad ends with the kids all gathered around in a tent, apparently watching porn on the new Watchman.

The Watchman still used a black-and-white screen as late as the '90s, and I don't know if reception was very good. Regardless, if you won a Sony Watchman in the General Mills sweepstakes, it's now obsolete—and useless. That's because of the TV industry's forced switchover to digital—still one of the dumbest changes in the history of American broadcasting. So your little TV that Lucky the Leprechaun or Count Chocula gave you because they're such nice guys is now a worthless chunk of metal.

Also, the word *sweepstakes* is both singular and plural. The plural is not *sweepstakeses*. And the singular is not *sweepstake*. Sorry, Wikipedia!



A person got mad and then got humiliated

In recent years, Springfield, Massachusetts, has had one of the most right-wing school systems of any major city in America.

Massachusetts quite rightly has a state statute that specifically prohibits public schools from requiring students to wear uniforms. The *Tinker v. Des Moines* ruling affirms that mandatory public school uniforms are unconstitutional. But the fascist prison state that is the Springfield Public Schools defies both of these—and punishes students who appear out of uniform. Springfield's policy was cheered on by a local right-wing activist some years back.

Because of this, back in 2014, I gave Springfield Public Schools a bad review on Facebook. Now—4 years later—some archconservative crackpot has finally responded with this idiotic reply...

"I really admire that you are passionate about what you're saying but unless you are/were a student while the policy was in place I don't want to hear your non-factual opinion. I have been a student and I have graduated and the uniform policy as annoying as it is, was very beneficial. Sorry. At least have the right facts."

I replied...

“I will post opinions here because that’s what this page is for. It’s a review page, not a research paper, genius.”

Gotcha!

This ranks up there with the time some right-winger on the Internet argued that descrambling TV signals that use our *public* airwaves was illegal. That moron said to me, “Theft of services. End of discussion.” I replied, “Theft of your minuscule brain. End of discussion.”

Also, I bet the brainiac who claims to have attended Springfield Public Schools never went there when it required uniforms, because if he did, he’d almost certainly oppose the policy.

A person stole gum from SuperX and almost got caught because they bubbled

A woman—not my bizbud, but a different woman—e-mailed me a funny story from her youth. This story is automatically funny because it involves bubble gum.

You know this zine appeals to middle-aged people if it mentions SuperX—a now-defunct Midwestern drugstore chain. To paint an image in your mind of these stories, forget the scene of a modern teenager using surfer slang and texting away, and replace it with that of someone you might see in one of those old after-school specials, like a Maureen Teefy type. Anybip, the correspondent for this story was a teenager once—and her parents strictly prohibited her from chewing gum, because it might rot her pearlies.

Because she was not allowed to chew gum, she chewed gum. Back then, people had spirit. These days, when people are told what to do, they comply unquestioningly. But I’m old enough to remember freedom.

One day, the star of this story slid over to her friendly commune SuperX. She needed some beegie. But since her family shopped there a lot, she was afraid to let the cashier see her buying this piquant confection, because the cashier might mention it later. So the cooltagonist in this story came up with a plan: Stealstealsteal! In the store’s small candy aisle, she found a display case with individually wrapped pieces of pink Bazooka. Bazooka was a very popular brand of gee, and best all, it’s a bubble bustin’ brand.

So she grabbed handfuls of Bazooka and shoveled them into the pockets of her sweater and even into her socks. One of my self-published books relates a story of a neighbor kid shoplifting candy from Walgreens. It was kind of like that. The woman who e-mailed me about stealing gum from SuperX says she now thinks the cashier knew she stole the gum but just didn’t give a shit because she was ready to retire anyway.

Fast-forward a few days to when our cooltagonist brang a couple pieces of her stolen Bazooka to school. Her high school had a rule against chewing gum, but offenders usually just received a brief lecture at most. There was no detailed schedule of fines like Brossart had. So, as she sat on a bench in the hall after lunch, she gnashed a slab. Predictably, she bubbled. A huge sphere of gum expanded from her piehole. As the bubble was growing, a stern teacher strolled by.

Instead of merely asking her to discard the beegie, the instructor gave a strict speech about how the school didn’t allow gum because students used it to plug up sinks. Because of this incident, this teacher later gathered an entire class of students to lecture them about how “we do not allow bubble gum on school property.” In other words, this was a Big Fucking Deal (as Joe Biden would say).

Worst of all, this was right before parent-teacher conferences. Uh-oh.

Our cooltagonist’s big fear was that her parents would find out from the teacher that she chewed gum at school. Then her parents would go pawing through her bedroom until they found her secret Bazooka stash. Then she’d have to explain where she got all that gum—especially if it was covered with fuzzes from inside her socks.

But it was not to be. Evidently, her parents never found out about this capital crime. I wish I was so lucky about things like this. I always hear stories about people doing stuff like this and never getting caught, but when I



was that age, I couldn't get away with *anything*. Everyone kept a special eye on me. There's not a chance in a jабillion I could have shoplifted candy and gotten away with it. In addition, I got blamed for stuff I *didn't* do.

Why did SuperX have a display case full of items that were physically very small in an aisle where the clerk couldn't see it? Placing it in an unguarded aisle was just begging for someone to steal it.

Cool! I just took up a whole page telling a story someone sent me that could have been summed up in 3 sentences!

Everybody wins when your debtors stiff the phone company too!

Unlike the 1%, who have everything handed to them without having to work for it, I suffered a financial crisis several years ago—but I recovered some of that loss. But those who owe me must still pay the piper—and I've learned some little tidbits that might not put me ahead but they sure put my debtors behind.

Pretty nifty when you think about it!

I've got people. They've got faces. So they know where to look to dig up dirt on my debtors. Best all, it's not just *them* who are being penalized, but *corporations* too.

We've discovered that my debtors appear to owe at least as much to firms like the phone company. Think of what this is doing to my debtors' credit score. Make no mistake, this will dash their credit score to shards. What will happen if they try to buy a house, get a credit card, or even rent an apartment?

I don't want money or property to be taken from their children, but I have no objection whatsoever to taking it from their adults.

Credit scores are nothing short of a title of nobility. Ought to be illegal—and actually would be if we had a government that obeyed the Constitution. But it's fun to watch the banking industry's greed backfire in the faces of someone who owes me big bucks.

It gets better. Not only is my debtors' credit score thoroughly demolished, but the major corporations they owe money to aren't getting money from them either. I just consider it payback against these large businesses for overcharging everyone else. I'd be more sympathetic to a small business or individual—not a major corporation. These big companies referred these debts to debt collectors, but collectors don't buy the entire debt, so the creditors still lose money. If the collectors somehow get a hold of my phone number and address and try to force me to tell them where the debtors live, I wouldn't tell them—even if I knew. I don't work with debt collectors. Period.

This is a win-win for me, and I'm gonna be a gloatgoat about it. My debtors have their credit ruined, and greedy corporations—the same ones I've battled for decades—lose money too. That includes the debt collector, which purchased a debt they'll never be able to collect. All these parties deserve each other. Oh what a value! Guitar solo...Waddap waddap!

I hope my debtors have a Wells Fargo account, because Wells Fargo deserves customers like them.

Oh, and I'm still owed the rest of that money, by the way.

Operation KroGum gets in the back-to-school spirit!

I've been informed of something funny about the bubble gum selection at Kroger. Not ha-ha funny but weird funny. Alright, I admit, it's ha-ha funny too.

I believe this was at a Kroger store on the Ohio side of the river, because if it was in Kentucky, their back-to-school specials would have probably been way back in July. (As you know, Kentucky likes keeping you in a school cell as much as possible.) According to this report, Kroger was selling *biiiiig* tubs of Dubble Bubble—in the back-to-school department, of all places!

I assume these are like the buckets of beegie that I threatened to buy for my bizbud in case she needed a tooth pulled and couldn't chomp it ever again for the rest of her life. I planned to glue the bucket to her entertainment center so it taunted her every time she watched TV. These tubs of gee are graced with a drawing of a kid bubbling, and I wanted to turn the bubble into a speech balloon that brags, "Everybody's having fun blowing big bubbles—except you!"

My bizbud has a sense of humor, so it's all in good fun. (Plus, I've had many teeth pulled.) But our schools *don't* have a sense of humor—so Kroger selling bubble gum as a back-to-school item is *also* in good fun! Most schools *hate* it when you chew gum. I've attended a few where folks got away with bubbling in plain sight, but those are the exception, not the rule.



Only a person with no funny bone wouldn't think it's a laugh-out-loud riot that Kroger sold bubble gum as a school supply!

Unfriendly skies have defenders

Even someone as impoverished as me has traveled by commercial airliner *once* in 45 years—but I'm never doing it again, because of Delta's many mistakes (like 3 of my 4 flights on that trip having major delays) and the misery of airsickness.

What's with our society's fetish lately for defending everything airlines do? It used to be that airlines—like big banks, insurers, and utility companies—were *always* a fair target for criticism. But once we hit the mid-'90s, it seems that everyone's head flew up their ass, and no criticism of large corporations was tolerated. It's not because I got Internet and was exposed to views from outside a 5-block area of Highland Heights. The views of people even outside the Internet changed for the worse.

Worse, it's a pack mentality. They're not even civilized about it.

You'll see this in the many videos on YouTube where a passenger is removed from a commercial flight—and everyone else applauds. Once in a great while, an airline will fuck up and actually eject somebody who deserves it—but usually, it's just someone who gives a lengthy speech about the airline's incompetence as the plane is idling on the tarmac for 3 hours. The person didn't attack the flight attendants or anything. All they did was criticize the airline's obvious failure to do what they paid it to do.

If I was on a plane with a passenger giving an address like that, I'd cheer them on. It's free speech. Instead, everyone claps when the person is escorted off the plane. I think it's because the other passengers aren't civilized enough to react in a constructive way. I'm guessing that's because we have a culture that teaches people to be irrational bullies.

This catatonic defense of airlines is found in YouTube comments too. A family posted a video about being denied their seats on an Alaska Airlines flight because the airline deliberately overbooked it, and someone actually *defended* the airline, saying the family got to the airport late. Uh, they arrived an hour early, you idiot. They're not the ones who chose to overbook the flight. A comment on another video said Southwest Airlines should sue a couple who hounded the airline until it gave them a refund for bumping them from an overbooked flight. Seriously, they said that.

When I made a comment criticizing Southwest's overbooking, someone replied...

“the airline overbooks its seats to keep the fares down you nitwit. So when you're looking to save money on your next flight you need to keep that in mind.”

What next flight?

Southwest was also featured in *Airline*, a 2000s actuality show on cable TV. I'm surprised Southwest allowed itself to be featured, because every episode put the airline's incompetence on full display.

But it's never the airline's fault, is it?

All that after Congress gave the airline racket a \$15 billion taxpayer-funded bailout it didn't need.

Domino's delivers another commercial with magic word

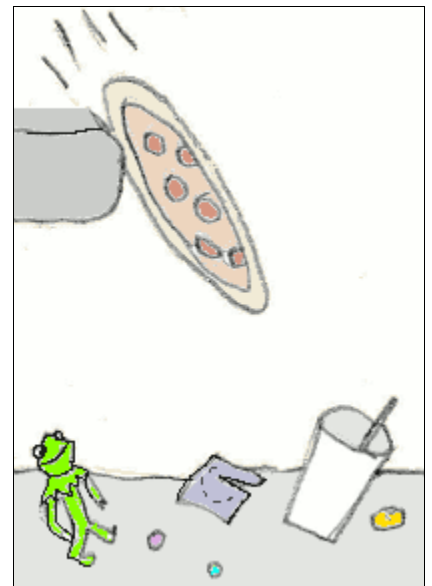
Domino's Pizza seems to be obsessed with the word *ruin* lately. Who can blame them? After all, *ruin* is a funny word.

A few months back, I regaled you with their TV commercial that offered “carryout insurance” to replace your pizza in case it got “ruined” on the way home. Now they have a new ad in which an actor drives over a pothole, causing his pizza to tumble off the front passenger seat of his car. The voiceover man says that although delivery drivers can handle bad roads, “those roads shouldn't ruin your pizza when you carry out.”

Hear that, everyone? *Ruin!*

The commersh says that if your pizza is pulverized when you drive over a pothole, Domino's will personally patch the pothole.

You know, it might not be a problem if people would just close the lid of the box before taking the pizza home. Most pizza boxes have tabs that let you close it tightly. I know most people like to pile garbage on the floor of their car. That's why everybody's car floor is covered with used Wet Ones, half-eaten cough drops, shredded magazines from 2002, and bubble gum wrappers. But it wouldn't matter as



long as you secure the box lid.

The fine print in the commersh reads, “Domino’s is donating funds in select municipalities to improve road conditions, but is not responsible for coordinating or conducting repairs.” I bet some corrupt public officials were rubbing their hands together in excitement when Domino’s started this program. You can bet your bell bottoms there’s some politicians who raided those funds lickety-split.

Bumbling burglar busts bubble gum machine

Look! An idiot!

Only a moron could botch the theft of a gumball machine too badly. But it happened recently in Sacramento, California.

A video caught a bumbling intruder breaking into an animal shelter to steal the bubble gum dispenser. He crawls through a doggie door and approaches the machine. As he grabs the gumball machine, the lid falls off of it. This causes him to angrily kick the door.

Then he tries using the gumball machine as a battering ram to break the door. But the machine is too wide to break the glass pane. All the gumballs then tumble out of the machine—thereby wasting them. Because all that gum was wasted, a lot of people didn’t get to bubble who otherwise would have.

The burglar was unable to pull the machine through the door, and he slipped on all the gumballs. So he used a different door and went on to throw the machine over a barbed wire fence.

Meanwhile, he failed to notice a donation box full of money that was right next to the gumball machine.



Lots of fruity marshmallow shit...

Here’s a cereal commersh that elicited gobs of giggles when it aired back in 1987 because of what appear to be the words to the advertising jingle.

I don’t remember the ad. I don’t even remember the cereal. The product was Fruity Marshmallow Krispies—which seems to be a spin-off of Rice Krispies, replete with Snap, Crackle, and Pop. Though I never saw the ad, I was recently informed of its existence...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pli8jAgohGk>

Listen to the first part of that ad again.

The lyrics of the commercial jingle are unambiguous: “Lots of fruity marshmallow shit.” I listened to it over and over, and there’s no mistaking it. In other versions of the ad, the vocals were rerecorded as, “Lots of fruity marshmallow *shapes*.”

The melody of the jingle was used for other products too, notably in an ad in the ‘90s that showed people—and a dog—dancing around a kitchen to it. Around that time, there was a neighbor kid who kept humming that melody during the mischief he perpetrated, such as throwing fragile toys in the air and hitting them with a baseball bat.

Kroger logo attacks TV viewers

As Operation KroZesta gets under way, Kroger has managed to grace us with an example of advertising genius.

Of course, I’m talking about their slogan, “Kro for it!” Just kidding! Bet you forgot about that one, didn’t you?

Nope, what I’m talking about here is the supermarket chain’s TV commercials over the past couple months that feature an almost imperceptible little bippus that you’d probably miss if you’re not paying close attention.

Watch the end of their ads closely. You may notice that the blue, oval Kroger logo briefly lurches towards the viewer—for a split second. It takes a quick eye to consciously notice it—and that’s part of the effectiveness of the commersh.

The Kroger logo seems to come to life. It’s like a person belching in your face, or acting like they’re going to punch you and then pulling their fist away. It’s like when people would ask me to pass the salt, and the salt shaker would dance the lambada as I passed it to them.

Why is this so effective? Animating the familiar Kroger logo like this makes it appear as if Kroger is not a corporation but a person—and that Kroger would be personally offended if you didn’t shop there. It appears to be telling the viewer, “Remember me? I’m Kroger. You’ve purchased many groceries from me over the years. Please keep doing it.” The Kroger logo lunging towards the viewer is like a form of subliminal advertising.

But Kroger is not a person. It’s not even one of the cool kids. It is a corporation.

TV has the advantage of being able to make inanimate objects come to life like that. **The Last Word** doesn’t have that advantage in its present format. We did back when we posted this zine in HTML format—which enabled us to include an animation of George W. Bush in which he was moving his hand like he was playing with himself—but I don’t think PDF files can do that.

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