

The Last word™

Issue #552

October 2020

Commotion on the ocean

I've been saying since May that we need to move on—and I'm ready! As humans, our instinct is to soldier on instead of letting panic and alarmism win—and not subject ourselves to unethical experiments by anti-science authoritarians and bullies weaponizing a crisis, like the experiment we've been subjected to for the past few months. But I also want to make it clear that—as a left-wing populist—I don't believe in any of the right-wing conspiracy theories about that sorry episode.

As life moves forward, I went on a trip to Ocean City, Maryland! This fact-finding mission lasted from September 12 to 17 and was mighty fine, yep (as the cough drop commercial would say). This east coast adventure yielded some bunker blasts—which earn their own article—and culminated in another visit to Shenandoah National Park in Virginia, which was like an encore of last year's Shenandoah visit.

All sorts of neet poo happened in Ocean City as the salty sea breezes lapped the town. As I sat on the balcony at the motel, the aroma of a certain herb wafted through the air from an unknown source. The following evening was graced with other hotel guests arguing hilariously. I could hear them through the walls, and I heard a small child launch a profane tantrum in which he angrily yelled, "Suck my butt!" It was like the time a kid at Kroger threw a vulgarity-filled skizzum because he got a lousy toy from a vending machine.

The nadir of the trip was Sunday afternoon after we got to that inn. After I had already unpacked, we discovered the lock on the door of the motel room was broken, and we had to get one of their maintenance men to come up and fix it. He said he needed a part that he wouldn't be able to install until Monday. So it appeared I wouldn't be able to go to the beach on Sunday, because I'd have to wait for the door to be fixed. This nearly caused pants to be crapped in outrage. The man soon found the part to fix it, but in the meantime, the door had to be unlocked while he wasn't working on it. I was eager to go to the beach, so I stomped down the street to the sandy shore—forcing us to leave the room unlocked and unattended. Later, I found that someone had broken into the room and dumped out one of the 4 medications I take. But the inn did give us a bigger room at no extra cost.

Monday was a big day! Here I is on the breezy Ocean City boardwalk...



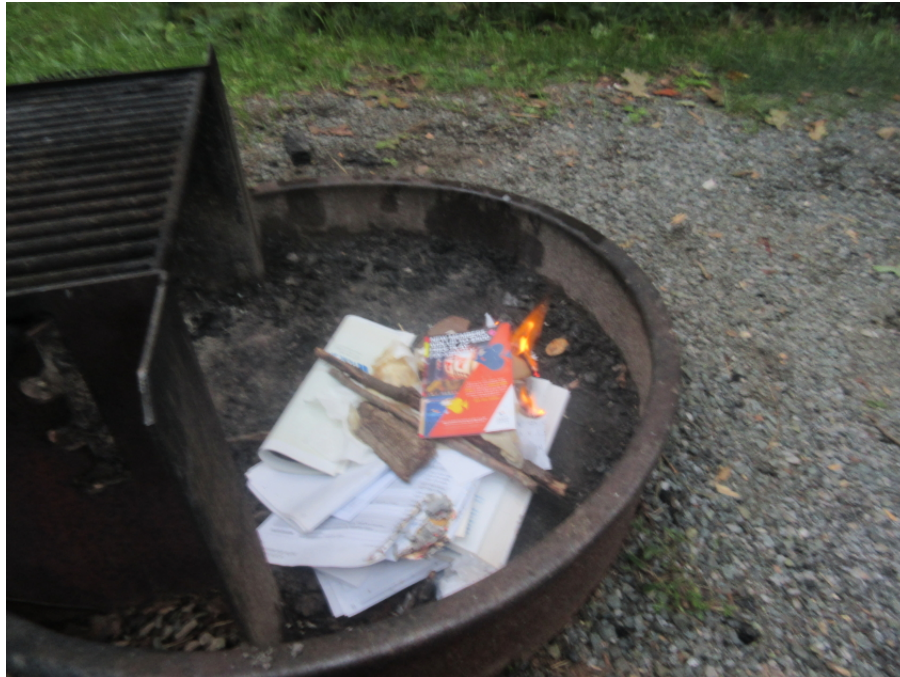
As I sat on a bench on the boardwalk, a woman emerging from a shop smiled widely at me as if to cheer my presence!

I spent most of the rest of the day at the beach. The beach was as crowded as it would be in any other September. An older woman walked across the beach openly carrying a baggie of marijuana. I also noticed a couple brang beer to the beach—in violation of an Allowed Cloud that prohibited alcohol on this “family” beach.

Shenandoah ruled too! We had chicken sandwiches that were so valuable that a huge hunk that fell on the asphalt of a parking lot got eaten (not my idea). Trash had to be deposited in the glass recycling bin because the

garbage cans appeared to be locked. After we got to the campsite, we noticed someone wrote “POOP COW” on a toilet paper dispenser in a restroom.

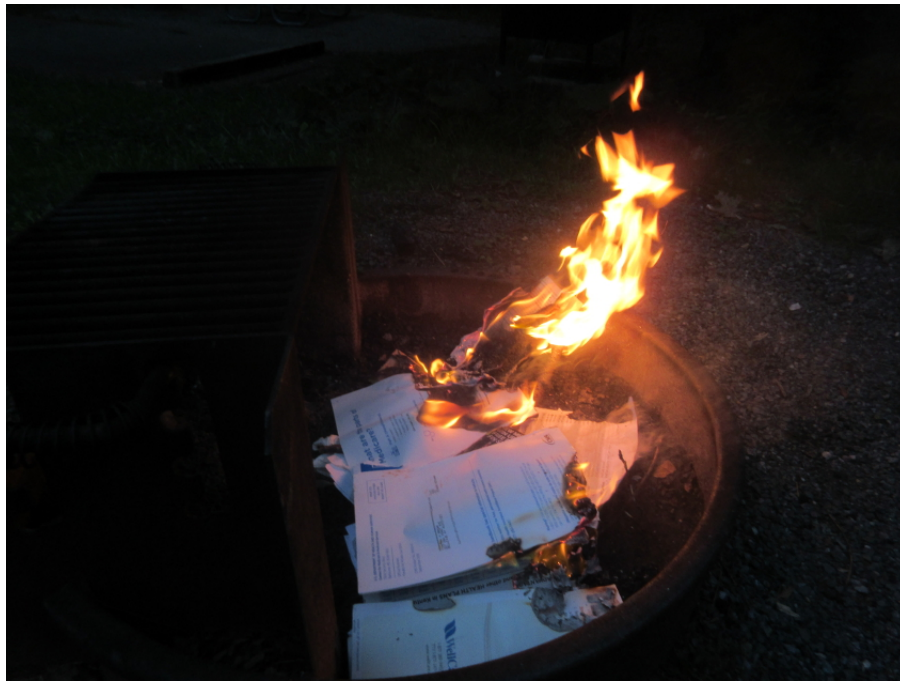
We also had a nice campfire—like last year. We overheard some park staffers talking about how someone burned a belt at one of the fire pits and left only the buckle behind. This inspired us to continue our tradition of conserving wood and using waste paper to safely build fires...



In addition to the brochure full of ads from Ocean City, we piled a sheaf of WellCare junk mail onto the blaze...



Thanks for the free firewood, WellCare. I guess that made the risk of picking up germs from junk mail worth it...



I know Spectrum had some junk mail in there too...



All in all, this mish will go down in history as mischievous, fun, and edgy!

People race to Kentucky Speedway for fireworks!

You probably know about Riverfest. I started calling this annual festival Rip-off-fest when its list of prohibited items became big enough to have its own newspaper column. Almost every year, I blog on The Online Lunchpail about how I smuggle in soft drinks as I watch the fireworks. Enforcement was particularly strict in 2017, as I blogged that authorities harassed a young woman carrying a soda from Frisch's Big Boy. There was only one reply to that entry, and it had nothing to do with Rip-off-fest: "A woman blew a big bubble at Buffalo Wild Wings." However, some of the usual suspects on Facebook actually defended the enforcement.

This year, Riverfest wasn't much of a fest, because society can't get its poop in a group. WEBN announced its fireworks would still take place, but from a secret location. The reason for the secrecy was to keep big crowds from gathering. Channel 12 announced it would show the fireworks, as they smirked and grinned about how much "fun" a "virtual" fireworks show would be.

Who wants to watch a fireworks display on TV? Fireworks can't be truly appreciated if it's not in person.

Channel 12—which, like the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, seems to be the news site of record for coronavirus fearmongering—tried to gaslight us by making us think it would be just as good. I’m sick of the media bumping their gums about how anything “virtual”—no matter what it is—is as good as being there in person. If they truly believe it’s just as good, it’s because they’re full of people who don’t get out much even in normal times.

I was in contact with folks who I thought would have some inside information on where the fireworks would take place, but they could only guess based on what they heard. Part of the news media’s job is to try to get this information and reveal it. I studied mass media in college, and I know it’s a breach of journalistic ethics to keep this information under wraps. Channel 12 certainly knew where the fireworks were.

So the fireworks took place at Kentucky Speedway. Efforts to keep crowds from gathering fell to ruin and rack. A lot of people found out just in time and put out lawn chairs to watch the fireworks in person. Folks lined up along the roads. This means all the trouble to come up with a secret location to stop crowding were completely dashed to smithereens, and they might as well have just gone on with the festival as normal. I feel great for those who got to see it!

Meanwhile, here in Bellevue, life was bipping along! As I listened to an *American Top 40* from 1981, folks all over the neighborhood were setting off fireworks, and the bangs and booms of amateur explosives made a great backdrop to the sounds of Balance and Rick James. While the official fireworks soundtrack was on WEBN, our neighborhood fireworks were accompanied by the *AT40* countdown on WGRR.

Somehow, I’m not expecting a WCLU, Channel Z, or Beaver 96½ fireworks anytime soon.

(After I wrote all the above, authorities predictably began “ordering” the cancellation of trick-or-treating and Halloween parties that were still weeks away. Even more predictably, news outlets laughed and smiled about how everyone can just “enjoy” a “virtual” trick-or-treating instead. Every time an event gets canceled, it’s hard for the media to hide their glee. Let it also sink in how ridiculous a “virtual” trick-or-treating is. Luckily, the sheriff of Los Angeles County, California, quickly announced he would not be ticketing anyone for trick-or-treating. This caused the county to immediately reverse its trick-or-treating ban—so that’s progress.)

A bunch of signs got ruined at NKU (a blast from the past)

Some people thought they were freedom fighters because they pulverized some signs.

When I attended Northern Kentucky University in the ‘90s, I always had a feeling in the back of my mind that I was barreling headlong into academic disaster. I’m not the best at certain subjects—when I read a story, I see just a group of jumbled words—but I was required to take these subjects even though they had nothing to do with my major. Yet some folks think I have such a great mind that they’re shocked I never finished college.

Society has ground rules. See that flat plane your chair is resting on? That’s the ground. See all those things you’re not allowed to do? Those are rules. Hence, ground rules! Allowed Clouds, if you will.

One of them is that you can’t smoke inside most public buildings. You can bubble. But you can’t smoke. No way, no how! NKU first prohibited all indoor smoking while I was a student there. I’m no fan of smoking—tobacco at least—but this rule didn’t sit well with everyone. The *Northerner* ran a photo of a student playing pool in the game room while puffing away on a cig, and the caption said he was trying to “harass” school officials charged with enforcing the rules.

Anybip, after smoking was banned, the university adorned the hallways with many “NO SMOKING” signs. These signs were printed on standard letter-sized paper—often yellow—and looked like they were made using the software that schools always made banners with in the early ‘90s. They depicted a cigarette with a circle and slash through it.

But somebody kept using cigarettes to burn a hole through the signs—right where the tip of the cigarette on the sign was. I saw numerous signs that had been defaced like this—with a burn stain sweeping upward from the ciggie tip, indicating that the sign had in fact caught ablaze. There were even mentions of this vandalism in the police reports in the *Northerner*.

Whoever did it is probably now an investment banker who is almost 50 and laments that everyone forgot about the time they burned all those signs with cigarettes. Everyone forgot except me, that is. I’m like Pepperidge Farm, and I remember. After these signs were burned, the school started laminating them.

It wasn’t only students—like the one in the game room—who defied the smoking ban. One day I went into a restroom and noticed a campus policeman was in there smoking.

NKU was also known for its infamous traffic light campaign that resulted in more defaced signs. One semester, mysterious signs appeared all over the walls that showed only a traffic light. Only the green lens was

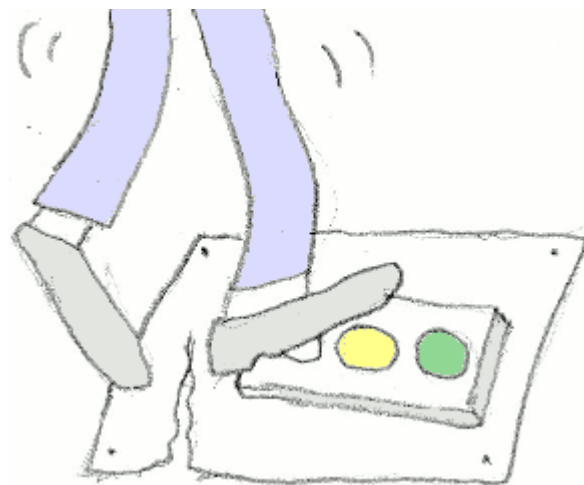


filled in, and it was made of a separate piece of paper pasted on the sign. The signs had no text. These signs were *all over*. Nobody knew what they were for. Later, the yellow lens was also filled in on all these signs.

These signs covered up signs that promoted various events and services. But many of them simply fell off the wall, and when they covered the floor, people intentionally shredded them by walking on them—in that dance that looked like the moonwalk. I'm pretty sure I burned a bunch of the wasted signs at one of my bonfires.

After these wordless signs mystified the NKU community for months, they were replaced with new traffic light signs that were printed in red on slick paper and had only the red lens filled in. It was accompanied by some message about alcohol that sounded accusatory and condescending. That didn't go over very well among the student body, so more signs got moonwalked upon. And think of how much precious paper was used.

NKU in the mid-'90s was a sea of burned and shredded paper!



Tamperin' with Tampa!

I'm not a fan of this fart-like culture of snitching that has taken over America's college campuses lately. It's unethical, selfish, dystopian, and ghoulish. So something had to be done. I feel guilty for appearing to take a flippant attitude towards things lately, but trust me, *we've got to fight back!* I don't care how uncivil my methods appear—as long as the intentions and results are good. You don't want the world to be turned into one big Brossart.

The University of Tampa has a form on its website that you can use to rat out students who dare to attend off-campus parties. To combat this Orwellian trend towards petty snitching, I decided to fill it out funny.

In the field that asks for the location of the incident, I said it was a restroom at a Publix supermarket. In the field that asks for details, I wrote...

"I went into the bathroom and there were 500 college kids all crammed in there who were all wearing Max Headroom masks and spanking each other with a flyswatter and singing Michael Bolton songs.

"It sucked balls."

The University of Illinois at Chicago has a similar snitch line. So I sent them this...

"I went to Osco Drug, and a kid in a UIUC cap got within 6 feet of the cardboard statue of the M&M man and hugged it."

Never mind that UIUC is a completely different school! (UIUC is the one that issued a lockdown everyone ignored.)

In the field where it asks if I addressed the offender, I wrote...

"I told the kid that if he didn't stop hugging the M&M man, I was gonna open up a can of whoop ass."

Don't laugh. What I'm doing is serious work. If I can save the academic life of thousands of students by exposing how ridiculous their school is being, that's great, and it's a victory. It's called *doing the right thing!* Each student has an average of over 50 more years of life ahead of them, so I instinctively don't even think twice about doing what's right for their generation. It's sad that school officials have tried to deprive students of their education by selfishly weaponizing a crisis. Similar crises in recent years did not provoke such an extreme reaction by schools. I'm not in denial about the events of recent months, but I've learned to assess the risk. We can't keep everything closed forever.

Now I'm a little worried that school officials might actually think those comments I made on their snitch forms are for real incidents. These ghouls might be dumb enough to believe it. The past few months have reinforced the idea that those who are more educated aren't always smarter.

Some kid spit gum on the floor and tried to chew it again

There's a scientific consensus that this fanzine of freedom doesn't discuss bubble gum nearly enough.

Well, that's about to change!

You may recall that Oktoberfest in Covington last year went down in history because a young woman was chewing gum and it fell out of her mouth and onto the sidewalk while she was talking. It was likened to Kate McKinnon's Stride commercial where she said, "Discard!" You may also remember that I once saw a youngster spit bubble gum onto a gravel lot and then try to chew it with rocks embedded in it.

These aren't the only people who have played the gum spitting game! I remember one day—many, many years ago—I was in a big crowd in a small room at some sort of public building. I don't even remember exactly when or where. There was a little girl who was about 8 or 9 who was there with her dad. And the girl was chewing bubble gum, because that's what cool people usually do.

As she was playing on the floor, she opened her mouth and let the wad of pink beegie fall squarely onto the ground. Then she picked the gum off the filthy floor and prepared to put it back in her mouth.

But her pa saw what had occurred and made her deposit the gum in the nearest waste receptacle.

At a Christmas party in 1988, I saw a child who was about 2 pick a potato chip off the dirty floor of the reception hall and eat it. I know it was 1988 because the radio there was briefly tuned to WCVG's all-Elvis format. And yes, WCVG had that format in 1988-89—not 1987-88. I'm tired of having to correct the Wikipedia entry about this constantly—especially because the wrong date actually ended up being repeated in a book that used Wikipedia as a source.

World of wastage

This is yet another reason why—as the opposite of *Hoarders*—there should be a TV show called *Wasters*.

National Geographic World was a monthly magazine for kids that debuted in 1975. It is not to be confused with an unrelated right-wing magazine of the '90s called *World*. *National Geographic World* was replaced by *National Geographic Kids* in 2002, which has a more childish name and look that puts off older kids.

My brother had a subscription to *National Geographic World*. He probably had every ish from its 1975 debut into the early '80s. Many were in pristine condition. The covers of some of them got somewhat crumpled, but they were still usable.

These magazines included mazes, and I remember stories about backpacking, optical illusions, Grizzly Adams, a Canadian splash park, and bubble gum. Sometimes the magazine came with a poster, and I remember one featuring the cast of *The Muppet Show*. The magazine carried no ads.

Well, guess what recently happened to all those *World* magazines? They got wasted.

I have been informed that all these beautiful periodicals have been consigned to the recycle bin—ruining them. All those magazines, wastage bastage!

Many *National Geographic World* articles would still be relevant for today's young people. Some stories celebrated the great outdoors, social activities with friends, scientific concepts, and many other things kids still need 40 years later. Just imagine today's kids being out at the park right now playing with their pals after they read about its benefits in *World!* But now they can't read about it, because those magazines got wasted.

And for what? Heaven only knows! Why spend hard-earned dough on a magazine subscription if you're just going to throw away the magazines?

I'm sure *World* didn't have an infinite press run, so we can't just buy new copies of old issues to replace those that were recently ruined.

But the next time you buy construction paper or a *Toxic Crusaders* wall calendar, rest assured it may be made from those discarded *World* magazines!

Tonight he climbed the wall...and found a 6-foot hole in it!

Hot damn, stuff gets ru! For about the past year, an evergreen of this zine has been rapid-fire accounts of valuables being destroyed in some of the stupidest ways you can shake a stick at. All these stories were gleaned from the public Internet. This month, it continues, and the usual invitation to ponder how many memories were dashed with each ruined item applies.



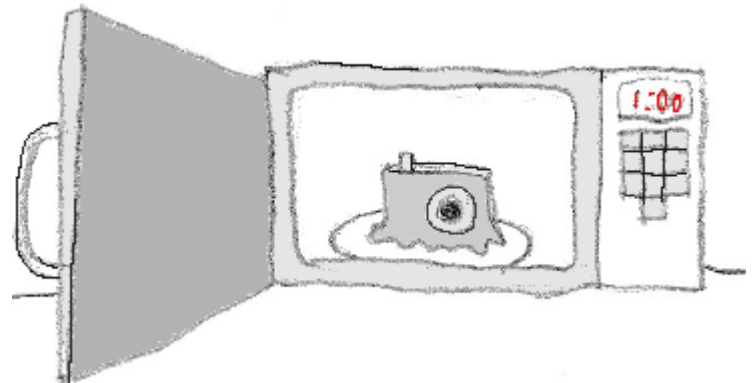
One person said they went on a family trip to Venice and visited a glass blower who took them to a back room where some of the biggest and most extravagant works were sold. One of them was a huge red cabinet that had gold melted into the glass. It had to have been worth hundreds of thousands. You've been reading this zine for this long, so you know what happens next. The commenter grabbed the handle of the cabinet and yanked on it. This caused the cabinet to develop a hairline crack that ran from the bottom all the way to the top. The family left the island before anyone else noticed.

Another commenter said they wrecked a roller coaster at Disney World by playing with the button that stops the coaster for emergencies. The coaster screeched to a halt and was out of order for hours. Another broke a Ming dynasty vase at a museum "in front of everyone." Another shorted out a \$400 computer at school in 5th grade by touching the copper coil with a paper clip. Another said that when they were about 14, they borrowed their dad's tools and didn't put the tailgate back up on his pickup truck when returning the tools. This caused \$2,000 worth of tools to be lost somewhere on the highway. Another said that when they were 6, they broke a key off a \$10,000 piano at an exhibition. Still another said that when they were about 10, they were playing with their siblings and cousins and found their grandmother's pearl necklace. They tugged it too hard and the pearls went flying. So they destroyed the evidence by flushing all the pearls down the toilet.

One person said Grandma put Grandpa's ashes in an expensive, fragile vase and placed it on the mantel above the fireplace. One day, Grandma asked the commenter to string up Christmas decorations above the vase. I don't even need to tell you how that ended. Another commenter vomited down inside an MRI machine. Another rode a Segway through a museum and crashed into a solid oak table—demolishing it. Another said their Babe Ruth autographed baseball was wasted when their little brother gave it to the dog. Another decimated a brand new \$2,600 TV by playing ball in the living room. Another spilled a Starbucks latte on a \$3,000 gaming laptop. Another was "tripping on mushrooms" at a party and smashed a \$25,000 Fabergé egg by spiking it like a football.

Another commenter said they worked with a forklift back when color laser copiers cost \$1 million. They dropped such a copier 30 feet from their forklift. Another said that when they tried to fix a friend's computer, they ended up erasing an entire hard drive full of decades of precious family photos—because they didn't know what "format" means. Another said he attended an all-boys private high school, and a group of students dressed up as bunnies on Halloween. These students marched into the classroom of a very mild-mannered teacher who collected fragile statuettes from Asia and kept them on his desk. One student grabbed a statuette and started playing around with it and dropped it—shattering it utterly. Then the usually calm teacher exploded in a stream of obscenities! Another commenter said that when they were growing up, they used a hatchet to bust open about 700 bags of corn seed in a shed on the family farm. Good corn seed cost about \$100 per bag—so the farm likely went bankrupt all because the kid played with a hatchet! Still another derailed a train at an amusement park by putting coins and gravel on the track. They knew they had to get out of there when they saw a crane coming along to fix it!

Wait! There's more! Another commenter said they ruined their mom's camera by trying to use it to make a video of the inside of the microwave oven while the platter was turning. Yes, the microwave had to be *on* for the platter to spin. Another said they and their cousins pulled the fire alarm at a fancy wedding reception. The sprinklers went off, which destroyed the bride's wedding dress that cost thousands, all the DJ equipment, and all the wedding gifts. Another used to have a job moving furniture and dropped Alan Jackson's expensive recording equipment down a staircase—and put a 6-foot-wide hole in a wall of the singer's home. Another person destroyed their brand new Honda only 10 minutes after they received it as a graduation present.



Another person said they served in the military and had a training exercise that involved implanting numerous \$20,000 sensors in the ground that had a 6-inch-tall antenna. Just after the sensors were implanted, a local civilian rode a lawn mower over them, ruining many of them. Another said they had a friend who shattered a \$1,150 glass vase at another friend's house by playing with a balance board. Another ran over \$5,000 of paintball equipment with a car, which "ruined all of it." Another said that when they were a baby, they shit down inside a laser printer. Another said that when they were 14, their brother brang home a very expensive and illegal bottle of absinthe from his honeymoon with his new bride. The newlyweds had also invested in a \$2,500 big-screen TV. Not long after, the commenter got hold of the absinthe, got drunk with a friend, and destroyed the brand new TV by spilling the absinthe down inside it. Another had a friend who smashed a \$600 chandelier by playing golf inside the house. Another tore down the neighbor's fence to use it for wood to build a treehouse.

One commenter said that when they were 6, some teenagers ran over their snowman in a Jeep—so the commenter got even! The commenter built a new snowman with cinder blocks buried inside. When the teens ran it over, one of the cinder blocks smashed the windshield of the Jeep. Then they had the nerve to try to make the commenter pay for it. Another commenter destroyed a TV with a yo-yo. Another leaned up against a washing machine at Sears and the door caved in. Another had a friend who dropped pretzels all over the floor in high school. The commenter shoved the pretzels into a sewer drain in the ground—which caused the classroom to flood. City workers had to come out to fix the drain. Another respondent tripped over a fancy new violin bow belonging to a middle school friend and broke it in half. Another said that when they were about 5, they found some glass bells at Walmart valued at about \$100 each and threw about 10 or 15 of them on the floor one by one. Another tore up an irreplaceable newspaper from 1900 that reported on the Philippine-American War.



We're not done yet! Another person said that when they were growing up they walked backwards at Target and knocked over 3 whole shelves of Thermoses—breaking them. Another commenter once trampled a CD autographed by the band Queen. Another bragged that when they were a teenager they threw a tantrum and hurled a cellphone through the windshield of their dad's brand new Hummer. A bride-to-be said she tore a \$16,000 wedding dress in the dressing room of a shop. Another commenter broke a priceless custom mouthpiece owned by saxophone legend Gerry Mulligan.

Mulligan Stew it is not.

People unmasked!

Are news outlets going to run a story *every single time* they see someone not wearing a mask? Come on, this pandemic started last December!

One of America's top newspapers ran a recent photo of students walking across campus at the University of Notre Dame. In the caption, the paper couldn't help noting that the students were "unmasked."

Why is this news?

I wouldn't be surprised if our libraries are forced to modify the microfilm of old newspapers by changing the captions of photos to note when people are "unmasked."

Fun with the English language!

Back in the '90s, this zine would often run a list of entries in what we called the New Language—words and phrases we made up or propagated. And there were lots of 'em. It was called the New Language because that's what my high school principal derisively called it—and this language has grown since then with terms like *bunker blast*, *bubbunk*, *ru*, *if poo*, *bizbud*, and *Snuffleupagus moment*.

But this language also has interesting grammar—which gives us words like *toiletymost*. The English language has words like *uppermost*, and that forms the basis of *toiletymost*, which means the most toilet of a series. It's used in sentences like "November is the toiletymost month of the year."

Literature was one of my worst subjects in school, but I've always tended to focus on the little details of the English language. Why does the dictionary give a different pronunciation for some words from what is actually used in real life? For example, the *e* in *egg* is different. I don't think that's just a Midwestern accent, because I think I've only heard it pronounced one way. Also, dictionaries pronounce *decorative* in a way I've never heard.

In 7th grade, we learned the difference between *lay* and *lie*, and that the past participle of *lie* is *lain*. What??? The whole class scratched their heads over that one, and even the teacher admitted nobody used *lain*. Another word people rarely use is *whom*, even when it's officially encouraged.

Why are there so few words that end in *j* or *v*? Why is *a* after *w* often pronounced like a short *o*, except in words like *wasted*, thus giving rise to the new word *wosted*, which is pronounced as *wosted* would be if the *a* had a short *o* sound?

How come *poo* is often called *poop*, but *pee* is never called *peep*? Since *journey* rhymes with *Ernie*, why isn't the band *Journey* called *Jernie*? Why isn't *Ernie* of *Sesame Street* called *Ourney*?

I used to think *misled* was the past tense of *misle* until the *Kool & the Gang* song was released.

An interesting language English is.

People keep drinking beer at school

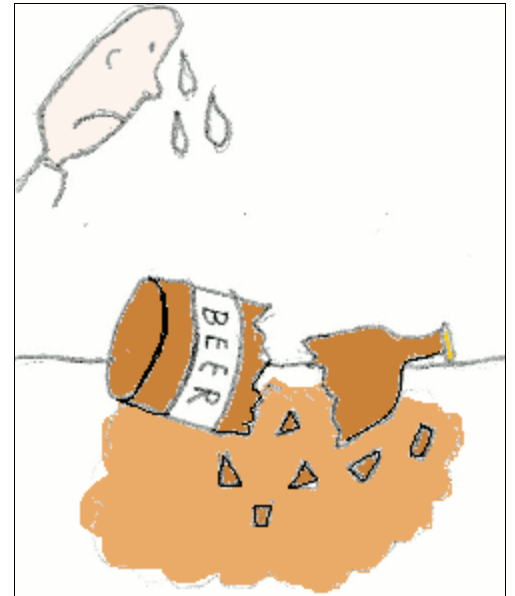
College students far and wide are partying on, but if you can't be there in person, viewing their escapades on Snap Map may be the next best thing!

A couple weeks ago, I found a photo on Snap Map from the University of North Dakota showing how beer can go wastage bastage if you're not careful. The photo appeared to be of a glass beer bottle that a student had just dropped on a concrete walkway on campus—in broad daylight. At least I *think* it was beer. It's hard to say for sure because the bottle was shattered beyond reclamation. The beer had created a nice puddle of—you guessed it!—beer. The photo was accompanied by a caption: “Nooooo.”

That photo means a person brang beer to school.

Is it Brossart or something?

Snap Map has revealed some wild times lately at many other schools too, including New York University. However, NYU did suspend a senior who had a full scholarship because he dared to attend an off-campus party—even though he was taking all his classes online and had no plan to even be on campus. At Purdue University, students used a huge sculpture as a skateboarding ramp. Another Snap Map photo disclosed a Bud Light can on the steps at the University of Kansas—another telltale sign that someone beered at school.



A person complains because college students weren't social distancing

Gee whiz, give it up!

I was browsing the public Internet on Labor Day, and I found a student complaining about their peers at the University of Rhode Island violating social distancing Allowed Clouds. The post was titled “People are already breaking social distancing.”

What??? *Already*??? Couldn't be, since it had only been 6 months of “2 more weeks.”

The self-indulgent post groaned that students were “crowding in large groups outside without masks” on campus every evening. I think “without masks” is the most ridiculous part, but I would feel guilty for thinking it's funny, because there's nothing comical about the underlying crisis. Police refused to crack down on the joy-filled students (because probably no laws were broken).

Somebody called the cops??? When I went to NKU, I had an early evening shift on WRFN, the student radio station. What if I met up with some friends on the knoll with the box sculpture after my shift? This was back when meningitis ravaged colleges, but I have a hard time imagining police back then breaking us up. It's possible, but only because NKU liked to bust people (while tolerating Helmethead's thuggery). But even at NKU, it would have been very, very unlikely back then.

The commenter went on to demand suspension or expulsion of the revelers.

Someone replied, “‘No gatherings’ is not going to be followed by >80% of students.” Gee, ya think? The complainant responded that they believe the state of Rhode Island still limits gatherings to 30 or 50 people—but they're not sure because “I haven't left my house in months.”

Well, it shows.

Does that person even know what a *school* is? And why do they expect folks to put so much effort into the things they care about only to act like it's still March and not use it? Plus, are students supposed to spend all that tuition money only to see their school become a prison? For students in public primary or high schools, are their parents supposed to pay taxes only to see those schools become prisons?

A similar story occurred at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where a student bragged that they reported a party that “violated distancing.” But they said police also declined to crack down on that. There's also this gem of a run-on sentence: “There is a pandemic spring break should be cancelled nationwide.” Spring break was 6 months away, genius.

A person bunkerooed at a picnic area

A fact-finding mission usually means some hilarious bunkerooing—is there any bunkerooing that isn't hilarious?—and my Ocean City trek was no exception!

On the way to Ocean City, we stopped at a rest area near Athens, Ohio, for a picnic lunch. I brang a sub sandwich. After I downed my vittles, a man walking from his car to a picnic shelter let loose with a loud-and-proud bunker blast!

I hope it peeled the emulsions off the Mike DeWhine portrait.

When I was on the crowded beach in Ocean City on Monday, a woman sitting nearby also cracked an LAP air biscuit.

But wait, there's more! It's not sold in any store! On Wednesday morning at the Shenandoah campsite, just as I was waking up, I heard a 2-note toot wafting in from another campsite. Then I heard a similar loominsky that sounded like it was coming from another direction—as if it was a duet.

They're ownin' the posh crowd...

Somebody sure got the mischief rating up!

To be fair, both sides of the mask issue haven't always been behaving in an exemplary manner. But there's a difference between puffing up with meaningless bravado (which both sides do) and constructively going about life.

Those doing the latter are owning the posh crowd. When someone asked Mexican President Andrés Manuel López Obrador why he doesn't encourage masks to fight coronavirus, he said it was to “own the posh crowd.” I think that's part of simply working, playing, and pooing like it's normal times.

When I stopped at a rest area in Ohio on the way to Ocean City (not the same one where a backdoor breeze was ripped), nobody wore a mask inside the building. A sign on the door even mandated masks—but that requirement wasn't quite followed, obviously. Best all, the stall had pee everywhere.

At a restaurant in Martinsburg, West Virginia, customers walking about the place showed similar unmaskage. Even some employees let their mask fall to the forces of gravity. Even our motel clerk in that town sported no mask anywhere in sight!

At an Exxon station in a Baltimore suburb, it was the same story among workers there. And at a restaurant in Easton, Maryland, a man darted across the dining area maskless. He was even chewin' bubble gum! He didn't bubble. But he was chewin' bubble gum!

At our hotel in Ocean City, I briefly tried using the very shallow and cold swimming pool. A sign on the door to the pool area required masks for anyone not actually in the pool. The sign apologized because it was a public order, not something the hotel came up with. But guess what? Nobody there masked either! The following morning, the social distancing tape on the floor of the breakfast room got moonwalked upon.

And did you know that Ocean City's action-packed boardwalk may be the only *outdoor* public property in the whole country that ostensibly mandates masks?



I *guarantee* you that people didn't follow this anti-face rule. About two-thirds of folks on the boardwalk were unmasked—even those who appeared to be on carriage cycle tours. Even employees of indoor shops we walked past were maskless! Police patrolled the area, but I didn't see them stopping anyone. I know you just love obeying rules, so you're probably shocked! The boardwalk is also where a woman leaving a shop kept glancing back at me and smiling admiringly! If she was wearing a mask, how would I know she was smiling? See what I mean about social interaction? Is the boardwalk supposed to be solitary confinement or something?

In other words, most people don't wear masks on the boardwalk.

The way home wasn't any more masky. A major store in Front Royal, Virginia, had a mask bouncer—but some customers there were maskless. There were also a couple of customers who brang dogs inside the store.

When we stopped at a restaurant in Clarksburg, West Virginia, I thought I'd actually go through a whole meal where everyone else masked up. That's because some restaurants have been so thoroughly ruined by months-long restrictions that the eatery was almost empty, and two-thirds of 0 is 0. But a waiter was seen unmasked.

Later, another rest area in Ohio was mask-free.

Do people expect me to track down all the barefaced folks I saw on my Ocean City trip and report them?

There are people out there who are *fuming* because I didn't! They want to forever preserve every slice of lockdown culture that lives on. They see the world through a ghoulish haze. To them, social distancing isn't something we just practice for a month to buy time for an exit strategy, but a permanent way of life. They view every activity as something that can just be done on Zoom from now until the end of time. Lockdown culture has become quite literally a cult.

I don't have much faith when people say this is only temporary. It hasn't been very temporary so far.

Meanwhile, a vacationer gave another Maryland town a bad review on a website because everyone else ignored mask and social distancing rules outdoors. Uh, that's because it's outdoors, where those rules don't apply. Folks replied saying they were glad nobody worried about these rules, because they were looking for a vacation spot that wasn't enveloped by fear.

A person smoked a blunt during online school

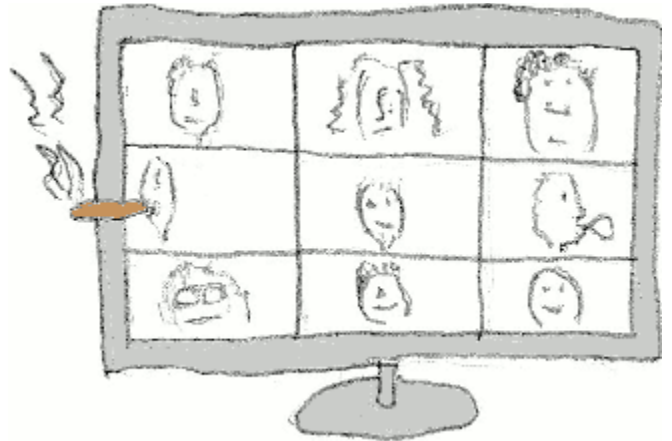
Well, peeps, this is what remote school is like in our primary and high schools.

A young person on the public Internet who attends online school said it's quite an experience. They said students keep arguing and threatening each other during Zoom classes. Another student smoked a blunt. Somebody also sent the link for the Zoom session to people who were not in that class, so they showed up and caused a big scene.

An elementary school teacher in Florida told a school board meeting that parents have been seen half-naked or smoking marijuana in Zoom sessions visible to the whole class.

Some sessions are recorded so teachers can use them for another class, and the recordings pick up stuff like this. It's like the time when I was in school and a teacher recorded herself giving a spelling test and it picked up her scolding a student for misbehaving.

I'm still wondering if remote ploppings are a possibility.



Young Democrats fun!

This story is more political, so it should be on The Online Lunchpail, unless this is before 2013, in which case it should be here, but this is after 2013, so it should be on the 'Pail, except I don't enjoy writing there as much as I do here, so it should be here.

In college, I was a member of the Northern Kentucky Young Democrats. This was before the Democratic leadership had as many abusive, sadistic, selfish little snots and backstabbers as it does today—who are the reason I'm no longer a Democrat. The Democratic leadership today is as bad as the Republicans—and just as predatory. Establishment Democrats today are a death cult. I make no apologies for saying so.

A madcap incident occurred back in 1993 that should humiliate the party far and wide. One of the candidates in a Democratic primary for a local elected office came to speak at one of our Young Democrats meetings. Young Democrats regulars of course showed up that evening, along with 2 or 3 teenagers who we had never seen before who claimed to be interested in the party.

The teens instantly bombarded the candidate with nasty questions and comments. They hounded him about allegedly getting busted for drunken driving decades earlier. One of the Young Democrats leaders angrily told the teens to cool it, as she pointed her pen or pencil in their direction. The teenagers got louder and louder as they kept talking over the candidate. Finally, one of them claimed to be feeling sick, so they all suddenly left.

It turned out they were supporters of the candidate's intraparty rival. Later, some of the regulars gave me a copy of this rival candidate's campaign flyer they had defaced and started referring to him with "Gestapo" before his name. Having an actual Gestapo member in the Democratic Party might be normal today, but it was a novelty in 1993. Well, sort of. I can name a select few who were already Gestapo' it up. They know who they are. We're not overreacting about Republicans like Mike DeWine being fascists, but look at what some of the Democrats have done. These civic vandals are just as bad, and I refuse to have any part of it any longer. I'm not going to listen to a Unified Command.

I wonder what became of the teens in this story. I bet they became either Tea Party diehards or DLC propellerheads.

Bubble gum got stuck on a teacher's desk

One day when I was in 5th grade, somebody thought to themselves, “Gee, 37 years from now, there’s going to be a zine that needs to run a story about bubble gum. I think I’ll provide some material by throwing bubble gum on the floor at school.”

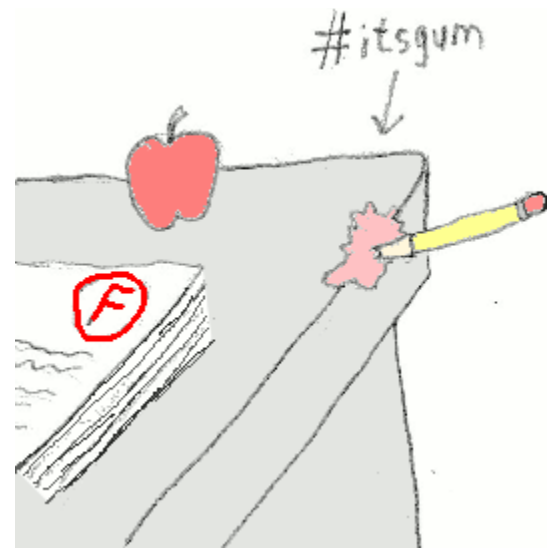
On Mondays in 5th grade, I was consigned to a gifted class. Like I’ve said, the whole purpose was to work on “products” to impress visiting parents. I don’t know how it could be done today under distance learning, because I’d have to be in two Zoom sessions at once to collect all the work I also had to do from my regular classes. Anybip, one day I was walking through the “alcove” of the classroom (when I mentioned the “alcove” in college, everyone called it the “alpove”), and I found a biiiiig wad of chewed beege resting on the carpet. It wasn’t ground into the rug like gum often becomes. It was still fresh.

So I used a pen or pencil to pick it up off the floor. I scraped the gum off onto the teacher’s desk. I didn’t place the gum where she was likely to stack papers or an apple. I put it along the edge of the desk facing the class.

The teacher wasn’t looking when I performed this ghastly deed. But a few minutes later, she bopped along and said to me, “Get this bubble gum off of my desk!”

You could tell she was faking anger and holding in laughter. After all, bubble gum is funny shit. What’s more is that it wasn’t actually her desk, as the desk belonged to the school district. But how did she know I had stuck the beege on the desk? Was there a tiny camera embedded in the wad?

Best all, the teacher mentioned bubble gum.



I humiliated Channel 9

Channel 9 has put up a video on YouTube titled “Spring Travel Limbo: When can we safely travel again?”

They posted that a week *after* I went to Ocean City! Channel 9 expected people to wait until next spring to travel? It’s like how the government says people will be able to go to the movies a year after a vaccine is introduced—even though folks have already gone to the movies.

Brings a whole new meaning to a grade school bully’s battle cry: “Sorry, Channel 9!”

Gum haircut puts school in sticky situation

Bubble gum busting isn’t just an American activity.

A school in Shaoxing, China, is under fire because a teacher cut bubble gum out of a 10-year-old girl’s hair. It’s unclear how the beege got there, but the girl’s family claimed that removing the gum will destroy their family business. They didn’t say how.

The family has demanded the equivalent of thousands of dollars in compensation—and has also asked that the school reattach the cut hair with Scotch tape.

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