

The Last Word™

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We spill no wine before its time

We spill no wine before its time—but we spill plenty *after* its time! Something got ru, and you're going to sunbathe in its glory!

On Christmas Day, I goed to an important family gathering. Vittles were devoured, Mike Pompeo was ridiculed, and toilets were mentioned. Best all, some folks partook in a brimming glass of wine!

Red wine and light gray carpeting are an unholy mix. This lesson had to be learned anew. A family member was sitting on the living room floor enjoying some libations. But somehow, someday, someway, the glass slipped in an attempt to place it back on the coffee table.

It felt like every person and object in the room froze—like a videotape on pause. I almost expected the glass to stop in midair and the wine to fly back into the glass, before the glass leaped onto the table like a film rolling backwards. But stop it did not. It only accelerated! The glass full of wine landed on the carpet—and not in an upright position.

This seemed to portend certain destructment of the rug. But wait! There was still hope! We chitchatted about whether wine is an acid or a base, which would determine the best cleaning substance. Should we break out the vinegar? The baking soda? The antifreeze?

Nah, let's face it. The carpet's ruined. There was nothing we could do. The gray carpeting was left with a red stain perhaps 10 inches wide. Plus, there were somehow little drops of red for many feet in the distance.

When I came back for New Year's, I noticed the red stain had become white—making it even more visible. An effort to clean the rug with vinegar had plumb-bob bleached the gray out of it.

The carpet got ru! The carpet got ru! Nerrrrr nerr nerr nerrrrr (late '70s high-pitched keyboard sound)! The carpet got ru! The carpet got ru!



We skipped school

I didn't start a progressive zine so I could encourage people to just follow orders. The narcissistic pod people who lead the modern Democratic Party think we're supposed to be about doing what we're told. They've said so *in those words*. However, blindly following authority is not what we stand for. Critical thinking is important, and sources have to be questioned. I have a problem with authoritarianism, and with good reason.

Sometime in my late high school years, I made teensy-weensy forays into defying authority. Trust me, it was justified, and it's even more obvious now. The school system didn't give a shit about us, because they were selfish and vile. Eventually I became bold enough to act!

The way I remember it, I got off the school bus one morning and found my classmates congregating a few buildings down the street from school. There was a corner grocery where they always bought candy during breaks, and they kept darting in and out of the store. I joined them out on the sidewalk, and some of us got the bright idea that we should skip school that day and just hang out. In fact, it may well have been the majority of the class.

But—as I recall—some of the other students who were there weren't so keen on the idea. They marched into school and told on us. I don't think it was that they enjoyed giving us a hard time, but more like they knew they'd be interrogated if they didn't rat on us. I just don't understand what going to class would have even accomplished. Most of my classmates spent the bulk of each day wadding up Monopoly money, flicking the crumpled paper across the room, playing air guitar, and chewing bubble gum. We hardly learned shit.

So I didn't obey the school's Social Credit System. Waaah. If everyone had buckled—like they would today—we may have ended up with the far-right Patriot Act in the 1990s instead of the 2000s. Not exactly the making of a better America.

I also find it quite hypocritical that we've gone from punishing kids for missing a single day of school—even if school wasn't teaching them a damn thing—to saying they'll be fine if they miss a whole year. Those who supported the former are those who now support the latter. It's a textbook example of what George Orwell called doublethink—believing in two ideas that are completely contradictory.

I'm surprised they didn't give us a Social Credit System coloring book.

Good news, good news, Boss!

Good news, good news, Boss! I found my old *Dukes Of Hazzard* toy cars!

When I was elementary school age, I was big into miniature toy cars and layouts, like Matchbox and Hot Wheels. But perhaps the crown jewel among them was a set of cars from the TV series *The Dukes Of Hazzard* made by Ertl.

Most brands of cars like this were not *exactly* ho scale but were slightly larger. Ho scale is 1:87, but the kind of cars in my collection were usually 1:64. Also, to be clear, the “ho” in “ho scale” actually is pronounced “ho.” People *always* pronounced it that way when I was growing up. Some people today pronounce it like it's a set of initials—“H.O.” But nope. It's “ho.”

I think I outgrew playing with toys like this before age 9, so I put all my cars in 2 cases. During my big toy sort of 2013, I finally took the cases with me. Last year, I planned to look at them for the memories, but that was delayed by pandemic lockdowns, so I just now got around to it. Among my cars is my complete *Dukes Of Hazzard* set, consisting of the General Lee, Daisy's Jeep, Boss Hogg's Cadillac convertible, and Rosco's patrol car...



The Internet says this set is worth *a lot* of money these days! It also shows that some kits included a pickup truck, van, or extra sheriff car instead of some of the cars in my set. I fully expected to discover my General Lee had been stolen by home invaders or movers, as other things have. I thought that they would have found the cases and seen the General and just taken it, because they probably only ever saw the previews that showed it jumping over things and never watched the show to see that it had other cars.

I understand the controversy about the General Lee today, but I got this set back in 1981.

My car collection also has goodies like these, in addition to vehicles like a booger green amphibious rescue yacht and a helicopter...



These items are fairly typical for my collection. I remember when a neighbor kid got mud all over the white Firebird.

There were also efforts to instill brand loyalty in our young people...



That photo features a Shell oil tanker, a Greyhound bus, and a Wells Fargo armored truck. You might not be able to buy these items today, for fear they might encourage people to visit gas stations, ride buses, or answer bogus collection calls without wearing a mask.

There's also some signs and people...



The first set of signs I had includes the ones with a black base and a white or yellow post. They are indeed ho scale, as I found a photo of the package online, and they were called Ho Scenics. I don't even remember getting or having the signs with an orange base, post, and frame. The people look like they came with that set.

I also had some small city layouts for use with the cars. Something hilarious happened one day when I had one of my layouts spread out on the floor. My dog bopped along, made a cool sound, and spit up on the corner of the layout. The gob of dog saliva glistened in the sunlight. I thought I'd bust a gut laughing!

Before anyone asks, the toys discussed in this article that I still have are not for sale, and I think I've already sold the layouts. So don't even attempt to e-mail me asking how much I'll sell them for.

A person got scoffed at

A patron of a New Jersey liquor store got “scoffed at.” Whatever shall we do?

Whoever said “the customer is always right” isn’t always right. You don’t get to abuse service workers who are doing their job. It’s like the time I was at a Ruby Tuesday in South Dakota where ungrateful customers kept arguing with the waiter because they couldn’t use an entree coupon to pay for soup. As a result, faces were farted in.

For every customer who angrily lashes out at a cashier for reminding them to wear a mask, there’s many more who attack clerks for not wearing one. There’s a website that features a map where folks can mark whether a business enforces mask policies. A commenter says they went to a liquor shop in New Jersey one evening and found cashiers maskless. This person says they asked the clerks to put on masks “and I was scoffed at.”

You were “scoffed at”? Oh no!

That map includes a lot of frenzied, classist complaints against unmasked liquor store clerks. It’s as if the users of that site don’t do anything except buy booze constantly.

It gets worse. Recently, a commenter on another site grumbled about all the unmasked patrons at an Illinois supermarket they shop at. One day, they hit poodirt when they saw a nurse shopping maskless while wearing her name badge from the hospital where she worked. So the commenter called the hospital to try to get her fired. A Reddit user recently said they *called the police* because 2 stockpeople at a supermarket weren’t wearing masks. A bus driver was threatened with violence for not wearing a mask. Workers are also attacked by those who never even visited their workplace: A disputant left a bad review of a restaurant on a review site referring to the manager as a “he”, when in fact the manager was a woman.

A Doordash customer bragged that if their delivery driver showed up without a mask they’d falsely accuse them of stealing their food. Plus, someone went through the trouble of writing a letter to the editor of a newspaper because a Kroger cashier in central Kentucky wasn’t wearing a mask to their liking. A flight attendant was insulted too.

It just goes to show that some people have no appreciation for workers. On a roadtrip I went on recently, an unmasked motel clerk was very helpful and friendly. Internet reviews of that inn have agreed that she has worked very hard to make this establishment as comfy as possible. If commenters on those other sites stayed at this hotel, they’d be bashing her online the very next day.

More needs to be done to safeguard maskless workers from violence and bullying. The abuse against the nurse and the Doordash driver seem particularly inexcusable, as they involved such shameless efforts to have them fired. Will anything be done to protect workers? Don’t count on it. The past year should have been a time for labor unions to shine—and some unions did live up to their promises by opposing excessively long closures of industries and schools. But some unions are corrupt and have proven themselves to be nothing more than controlled opposition, even continuing to endorse job-killing lockdowns. If I was a clerk who was being threatened by irrational bomb throwers, one of the first things I’d try to do is get help from the union. But there’s some unions that workers clearly can’t depend on. Even before the pandemic, complaints were arising that one of these unions failed to provide promised benefits, forged workers’ names on newsletters, and failed to defend workers who were falsely accused of workplace violations by their employer. The union’s practices were likened to those of the Trump regime, and the union was also accused of racist employment policies and trying to keep its own employees from unionizing. It was even suggested that union officials were being paid off by a large company where this union is present. Plus, a leader of this union was sued for sexual harassment.

I had a “UNION YES” sticker on the Peace Bike for so long that it rotted clear through, and I attended numerous union rallies in the last decade. We’ve trusted unions more than we’ve trusted just about any other organizations, so it’s a shame to see such backstabbing. I never in my life dreamed there would be widespread corruption in unions. It’s like when libraries illegally blocked my website—even though libraries are supposed to be free speech champions.

If customers with a sense of entitlement don’t like being “scoffed at”, they shouldn’t harass cashiers. Then maybe there will be less scoffage.



Grasping at straws for this gum story!

Everyone tells me this zine doesn't discuss bubble gum enough. I agree!

The pastime of bubbling has seen many innovations over the years. I recall a family trip some years back in which one such development was put to use. I'm not sure, but I believe it was our 1997 vacation to Chicago—also known as the Par-King trip. The scene in question took place at a restaurant. I think it was a Hooters. It was not a Denny's, because that was where we blew soda bubbles instead to protest the Par-King, and it was not the place where we asked the server where the restroom was and she said, "It's where you pee!" If it wasn't Chicago, it was probably our 1998 trip to Pensacola.

The kiddos had gotten bubble gum somehow. I know I'm making it sound like it was some sort of contraband, but remember, this was only a few years after Singapore outlawed the zesty viand. Anybip, one of the tiny tots was chomping beegie and placed the wad on the end of a straw. By blowing into the straw, bubbling occurred.

The next plan was to put the end of the straw with the gum on it into a glass of soda and blow a bubble into it. But this devious plot was foiled when we got skeeped at.

Sadly, you never see people doing this in restaurants. I hope to someday stroll to my seat at a restaurant and walk past a patron doing this at their table, as it is so hilarious. It would be much like the time I saw a Leslie Nielsen look-alike. Alas, straw bubbling is a rare sight indeed.

"Hotel California" checks out of school jukebox

My elementary school proved many times that it could check out of reality any time it liked and it would always leave.

Back around the time I was in 3rd grade, a building at my school had a small game room

that featured a jukebox. I don't remember many of the records it had other than "Strawberry Letter 23" by the Brothers Johnson. One day, my teacher got the class together for a little roundtable discussion about how to deal with friends and siblings who did wrong. A girl in my class started talking about her brother, who also attended this school.

She said her sib somehow broke into the jukebox and stole a record of "Hotel California" by the Eagles. She kept talking about what a great song it was and how nobody else was ever going to hear it again because the only copy of it that existed anywhere in the world got stolen.

I don't know what became of the record after it was pilfered. The teacher didn't seem too worried about making sure the disc was returned to its rightful place. But I wonder if anyone tried listening to "Hotel California" on the jukebox after it was stolen. The entire game room was probably cleared by the roar that results when a needle lands on a turntable with no record!

One other time, the boy who stole the record inexplicably changed into a diving suit at the end of the school day. He had everything except the scuba mask and snorkel. What was he going to do? Play in the toilet?



Got a printout, picture of...

I'm a guy who usually cries when perfectly good paper is wasted. I bawl like a newborn. But if the scenario is funny, I burst out laughing instead! I strike a balance between conserving paper (I'm an avid environmentalist and recycler) and having a healthy sense of humor.

Some of my most oft-repeated stories have to do with the wastage of paper. There's the oaptag lecture, the pink construction paper incident, and even the Scribble Pad being ruined by a number being scrawled on each sheet. But I've been looking at a saved copy of my old blog and found some uproar that took place back in 2006.

Fifteen years ago, I took a computer class at Gateway Community & Technical College. The fact that I never got expelled from Gateway is a smoking gun that proves NKU was wrong when it expelled me after pawing through my permanent record. Anyway, an entry from January 30, 2006, said there was a "mini-oaptag" that day. The classroom had a communal printer that was hooked up to all the computers at once. We had a test that day that involved using the printer to print out something. When I printed out my document, I discovered that someone had used the printer to print the entire intro screens of the Def Leppard and Hulk Hogan fan websites.

There was a pile consisting of about 5 sheets of paper that someone had used to print hi-res photos and the intricate Def Leppard logo from those sites. And it was thick, expensive paper too—sort of like oaptag. Best all, I think it was a laser printer—back in the days when laser printers used very expensive ink and were costly to maintain. The items they printed out had absolutely nothing to do with school. It was just a big waste of precious paper. Someone used the school's laser printer to goof off and didn't even keep the printouts, instead tossing them aside!

The professor's reaction wasn't quite as renowned as my 5th grade teacher's speech about the wosted oaptag—in which students were threatened with heavy fines for drawing pictures of Mr. T, He-Man, and G.I. Joe on this costly posterboard. But the professor did say something like, "Some of you have been using the computers in here for stuff that has nothing to do with this class." She had to have been referring to the Hulk Hogan and Def Leppard printouts. I may have used one of the computers to answer a post on The People's Forum about a restaurant cook allowing his nose to run onto the potato pancakes, but I didn't print it out.

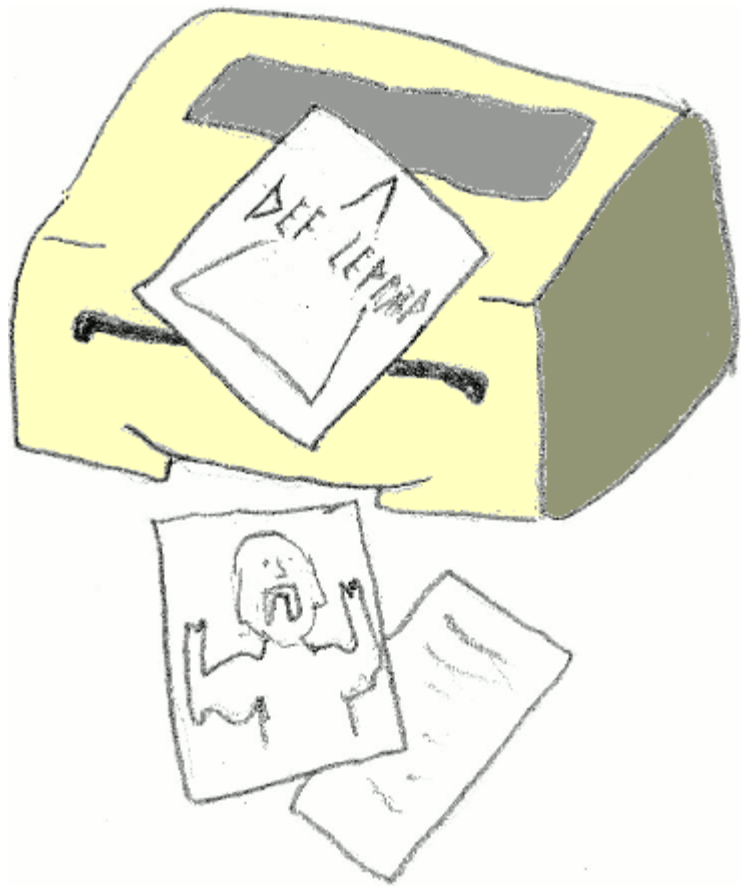
Look. Let me be clear. Here's the deal. As hilarious as it is that the professor scolded the class, I hope from the bottom of my heart that the paper didn't completely go to waste. I hope the blank side was used for scrap and that it was recycled after being used. When I went to NKU, I noticed the yellow recycle barrels were often full of whole packs of paper that hadn't been used at all—so I rescued much of it. Brossart was even more wasteful, which is why I hoarded paper in typing class. Hopefully, Gateway waited until after the paper was used before consigning it to the recycle bin.

College students keep getting busted for stupid shit

There comes a point when controlling a pandemic is completely out of the hands of the people, and you can no longer assign any ethical or legal blame to the public just for going about their lives. After 14 months, the government is supposed to have a plan. They had all this time to prepare. What have they been doing all this time? Pooing?

After colleges started punishing students for attending off-campus parties, nobody should be surprised that everyone disrespects the rest of the rules too. The narcissistic Pinocchios who run our colleges said the rules would be gone by this semester—maybe even during the last semester. They lied. These elitists stood there and lied right to our faces. In fact, these ghouls are doubling down.

Someone on the public Internet posted that their college is phasing in the move-in process all the way into February. And nobody is following the rules. In just a couple days, at least 3 students were caught with marijuana, and at least 6 were nabbed for visiting others' dorms before the result of their required COVID-19 test even came



back. We know this because the school sends out an e-mail every time someone is sent home for breaking the rules—in a hopeless attempt to make an example of them.

The college is also raising a stink because most students keep roaming the hallways without wearing a mask. They expect college students to wear a mask? It's nice to know Channel 12 has taken over our colleges. Can you imagine students back in the '90s when I was in college dancing down the hall in a mask? It would just get caught in their Jane Child. I biked through several campuses this past fall, and maskage was less common there than at your average gas station food mart. Social interaction can't be accomplished in a faceless society. And besides that, come on, man! It's a school, not a crowded store or bus! Have we forgotten what the word *school* means?

If our campuses seriously expect 100% compliance with guidelines that weren't even in place until a few months ago, everyone might as well have just enrolled at Bob Jones University instead. If I was in college today, I'm sure I'd be among the rule breakers, considering violators seem to compose a vast majority of students.

Someone replied to that post saying everyone ought to just start snitching on each other.

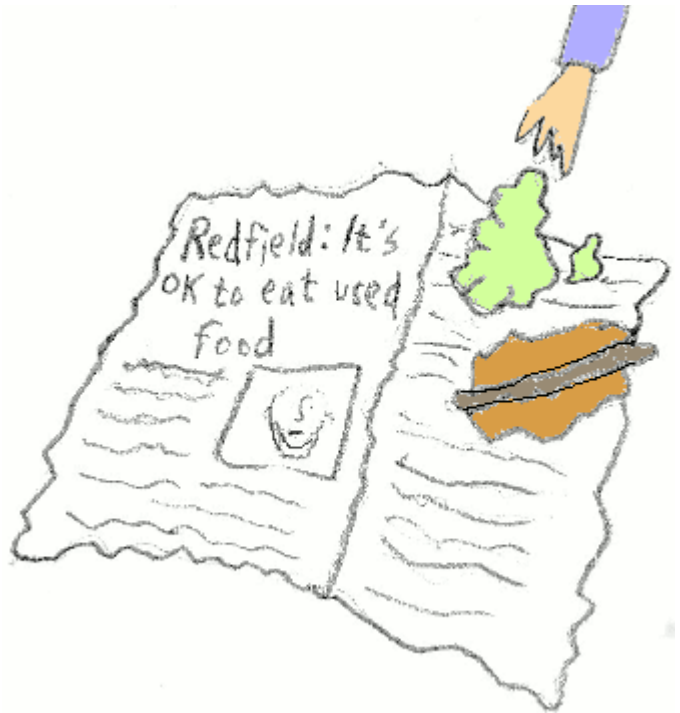
There has never been another crisis where government leaders treated the public like shit and blamed them for everything that went wrong. The aim of their actions is not to uplift the people in the face of adversity, but to demoralize them. If morale was this bad during World War II, we'd all be speaking German now. The desire to demoralize is why public officials kept threatening us with gloomy statements like, "If things don't shape up, no Christmas!" During the Great Depression and World War II, President Franklin D. Roosevelt broadcast his famous fireside chats, in which he explained things in a manner that assured the public. But now, all we ever hear is incoherent slogans like "Stay the fuck home!" and "Staying apart keeps us together." The latter motto is like one of the contradictory sayings in George Orwell's *1984* like "Slavery is freedom."

Brosston?

As useful as Snap Map is for finding raves locally and unearthing college hijinks elsewhere, you can also find other cool sights. Boston seems to be one of the most exciting cities lately for making a public scene.

I was looking at Snap Map last week and found a rather amusing incident on what appeared to be a commuter train in Boston. I'm sure you've heard my story of the time some kid in high school picked a used wad of beige bubble gum off the floor of a TANK bus and chewed it. Well, a man on a Massachusetts choo-choo channeled Brossart by doing something similar. As the train sped through Titledown, the man found some discarded food resting on a crumpled newspaper on the floor of the train. It looked like food that somebody had already chewed up and spit out. He promptly grabbed the unidentifiable food and proceeded to feast on it—in full view of other passengers.

The episode was uploaded to Snap Map for the whole wide world to ogle (beep).



The wrath of con

This article is about bubble gum, so put on your laughing ears!

Our January 2020 issue talked about a poorly designed GeoCities website of the late '90s run by someone using the handle Mr. Stupid. The site claimed to list all the times Mr. Stupid or his girlfriend blew a bubble with bubble gum, along with all the times he saw strangers bubbling in public places. But some folks expected a little too much from the site.

They got mad because there were no pictures. In the days before anyone had a digital camera, they thought someone was going to go through the trouble of taking a photo every time he or someone else bubbled, bringing the film to a store to be developed, and waiting weeks in the hopes that the store didn't lose or ruin the photos (a shockingly common occurrence). And how would complete strangers react to being photographed?

And why did the site's viewers actually *get angry* because the webmaster didn't photograph a bub? Pictures are an important website element, but I don't think anger is really the right emotion for the lack of photos.

About a year or two after Mr. Stupid's stupid site went offline, someone mentioned it on another site. This

feller said Mr. Stupid was “a con man” because he never posted photos. How was he “a con man”? He didn’t actually commit fraud. He didn’t charge money for access to photos that never got posted. The commenter just expected something for free that wasn’t exactly a life-and-death matter anyway. It’s like when someone on a message forum about radio and TV suggested suing CBS because ridiculously long football games delayed *60 Minutes* every week. As shabby as the networks are, it’s not as if viewers paid anything to watch *60 Minutes* in its proper time slot. However, I do agree that NFL brass should be made to attend a poo eat, but for numerous other reasons.

I’m sure a real con man would have come up with a better scam than promising bubble gum photos and not posting them. A really effective con artist would have done something like how MoveOn placed donors on autopay without their permission and used supporters’ money to circulate petitions to advance policies that defied its founding principles.

If you were sitting around waiting for a webmaster to post photos of himself and his girlfriend blowing bubbles, and making angry Internet posts when he didn’t, you had *waaaaay* too much time on your hands! I know that era wasn’t exactly an economic success story, so there were lots of bored people around, but they couldn’t have been *that* bored!

Diarrhea, ppph ppph!

“Sittin’ on the pot...And you give it all you got...Diarrhea, ppph ppph...Diarrhea, ppph ppph!”

If you don’t know about the diarrhea song, you haven’t been living! I first heard this tune in 1st grade when a schoolmate began singing it at lunch and the teacher came along and skeeped at him. This student’s brother was the kid who broke off part of a pee-soaked urinal cake and shoved it up his nose in class, prompting an aging nun to declare, “That is absolutely poisonous!”

So the diarrhea song has been around a long time. I thought for sure Wikipedia used to have an entry on it, but maybe someone deleted it because it didn’t endorse martial law or something. (Is martial law right-wing authoritarian or left-wing authoritarian? I don’t know anymore, since fake wokesters accused Women’s March and Black Lives Matter attendees of being Trump supporters.) A commenter on a website said they first heard the diarrhea song in 1955 and that it may have originated among World War II soldiers. My generation thinks it *invented* diarrhea, but this shows diarrhea was around long before my time!

Here’s some other rhyming couplets in the diarrhea songbook we’ve heard over the years...

- *Sittin’ on the toilet...And you think you might destroy it!*
- *You think it’s just a load...But you just broke the commode!*
- *You think it’s just a poop...But it’s really more like soup!*
- *You think it’s just a fart...But it’s a work of art!*
- *You start to do a dance...And there’s something in your pants!*
- *You think it’s really funny...But it’s really warm and runny!*
- *You think it’s really gross...But it’s really good on toast!*
- *Sittin’ in the tub...And the water turns to mud!*
- *Slidin’ into first...And you feel something burst!*
- *Slidin’ into home...And your pants are full of foam!*
- *Runnin’ down the court...And there’s something in your shorts!*
 - *You just ate too much eggs...Now it’s running down your legs!*
 - *Sittin’ on the sink...When something starts to stink!*
 - *There’s something on your shirt...And it ain’t just plain old dirt!*
 - *Something starts to ooze...And it’s running down your shoes!*
 - *There’s something really brown...On your wedding gown!*
 - *Climbin’ in the stirrup...And out comes chocolate syrup!*



- *Swimmin' in the ocean...And you feel a big explosion!*
- *Swimmin' in the river...And you feel something quiver!*
- *Swimmin' in the pool...And something just ain't cool!*
- *You think it's just the bunks...But there's something in your trunks!*
- *You think it's just a pooin'...But you find your pants are ruined!*
- *You think it's just a poot...But there's something on your suit!*
- *Something starts to bubble...And you know there will be trouble!*
- *You better stop at Boron...Or you're really just a moron!*
- *You better stop at Shell...Or things are gonna smell!*
- *You need more than just a leaf...If you want to save your briefs!*
- *You better check your Hanes...To make sure they don't have stains!*
- *Goin' down the slide...And you feel something glide!*
- *Climbin' up a ladder...And you feel something splatter!*
- *Just got back from Frisch's...And you feel something vicious!*
- *Layin' there in bed...And something sloshes 'round your head!*
- *Sittin' on the shitter...And you mention it on Twitter!*
- *You think you're pretty cautious...But it's ruined your galoshes!*

Yay, diarrhea, ppph ppph...Diarrhea, ppph ppph!

'A' list

Why is it that the English language has over 40 different sounds but only 26 letters? We need to invent new letters!

The problem is highlighted by the expression “Aaaaah!” In print, it’s unclear what sound the letter *a* makes. It can be like the *a* in the word *fart*, which suitably enough is the same sound as the sigh of relief that follows passing gas. Or it can be like the *a* in *hat*, which is that hilariously annoying sound made after taking a big swig of a refreshing beverage—like in the old iced tea commercials.

We need new letters just for all these sounds that don’t have their own letter. I propose we start with the infinity symbol: ∞. I propose this because it resembles a Dallas/Fort Worth—which is when a person blows two bubbles with bubble gum side by side. Because it’s unwieldy to call this letter *infinity* or *Dallas/Fort Worth*, I suggest a shorter name like *gleef*.

In high school, whenever I’d go out in the hall for a few sips of water at the drinking fountain, I went “Aaaaah!” (or maybe it’s “∞∞∞∞∞∞∞∞!”, for it was like the *a* in *hat*) really loud. Imagine sitting in a quiet classroom when all of a sudden you hear a loud sigh of refreshment wafting in from the hallway and disturbing the silence! Sometimes I did it more than once!

One time during freshman study hall, a student asked to use the restroom or get a drink of water. While he was in the hallway, he kept making fake fart sounds with his hand up to his mouth. He was in the hall for quite a while, and every so often, another blast would pierce the quiet of the classroom. When he came back to class, the teacher yelled at him, and it was as hilarious as you might imagine!

City employees got a piece of the pie!

Here’s something I’m sure you’ve wondered every day: How many times have people had pies smashed in their face while wearing a coronavirus mask?

In Enid, Oklahoma, it seems to be a regular occurrence...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FNKdqZsZ26A>

Here’s a synopsis of that video in case you’re worried it will pie you in your finery. That clip was posted this past October, so it was months after most people had given up on masks and social distancing. The video features a fundraiser for the United Way in which city employees raised money by throwing cream pies in each other’s faces. Most of it looked like a good, satisfying, hilarious pie toss from any normal year. Most peeps in the vid sported No Ma5k5 Anywhere In Sight™, and the desserts were lobbed from a distance of less than 6 feet.

Among those to receive a pie facial included folks from the parks and recreation division and the fire department. One unfortunate gent was even knocked over by a pie with a mind of its own!

But a small percentage of participants sported masks throughout. This means a city worker was pied while wearing a mask. That, in turn, means a mask got ru.



If you ever walk down the street in Enid, Oklahoma, you might just be blindsided by masked pie bandits!

Stand or fall

A TV stand got ru, and you're gonna say, "A TV stand got ru!"

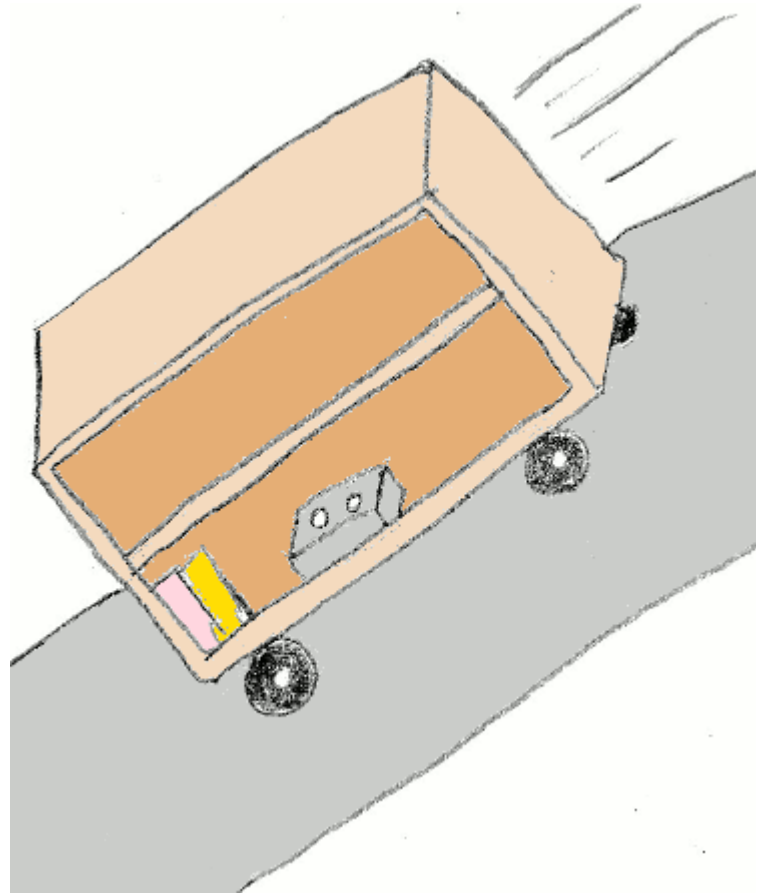
Some years back, a man informed me that he destroyed a TV stand in the most destroyey way possible. He said it was a quiet morning in Cincinnati. It may have been during one of the city's martial law periods, as martial law is always one of the first actions that officials take whenever there's a crisis. Anyhow, if you're familiar with Cincinnati streets, you may be aware of how Sycamore Street reaches its end in Mount Auburn. It has a sharp bend and then simply ends at a 5-way intersection. At the curve, it's a straight downhill shot for a good quarter-mile all the way down to Liberty Street. At Liberty, Sycamore has a slight bend and flattens out.

The man had an old TV stand with wheels. He lugged it over to the sharp curve near the top of Sycamore. When he got there, he just let it rip!

The stand zoomed down the street! It coasted down the deserted roadway for many blocks. It's unclear what it was expected to do when it got to Liberty. The stand probably wouldn't know to navigate that small curve, but roadways are often banked a little bit to make it easier.

Little did it matter. A car sped up Liberty and crashed right into the rolling TV stand as it crossed the street. The car kept going, and the pieces of the stand were widely scattered.

A TV stand got wasted! If it had a TV on it, it would have been even better!



At the corner of ruined and wasted

In the rough days before digital cameras, I always thought the photo processing department at our local Kmart was the king of photo ruining. "King Of Wishful Thinking" by Go West should have included a special version on its flip side titled "King Of Photo Ruining" that was dedicated to Kmart. But someone on the public Internet said their local Walgreens drugstore was just as bad.

Surprisingly, this post appeared in 2014—years after digital cameras became the norm. The commenter said Walgreens lost an entire roll of their film from a family vacation to South Carolina. They said they dropped off 3 rolls of 35 mm film—and Walgreens gave only 2 of them back. In addition, a roll that was supposed to have 24 pictures came back with only 5: "the other 19 are god knows where."

The commenter seemed willing to accept small monetary compensation from Walgreens. But the lost memories are priceless. Others tried to pass off stores losing photos as a known risk and suggested folks build their own darkroom. One person said they had good luck with getting photos developed at stores: "nothing ever got ruined." The magic word! Another respondent said Walgreens inexplicably developed their photos in sepia.

Another said they visited the National Zoo right after President Nixon got giant panda bears from China to appear there. This commenter said they got a great shot of one of the bears urinating. But Hurricane Agnes hit soon after and flooded the lab where they had sent their photos.

On another website, someone said a photo shop in London lost photos they took using an underwater disposable camera on a beach trip to Egypt and Jordan. When they didn't get the photos back within a few days, the store investigated for weeks and sent the customer a mealymouthed letter saying they couldn't find the photos. The pictures were lost for good.

I would think stores losing our pictures wouldn't be a known risk we just have to accept. But I became more aware after the time a family member got home from a store where they had taken their photos and matter-of-factly said the store ruined many of them by leaving them under a leaky ceiling.