

The Last word™

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A person wore a bubble gum t-shirt

Even though May has so far been America's best month in at least the past stupid 15 months, it hasn't had many standout moments—except when somebody wore a bubble gum t-shirt. By that, I don't mean a shirt that someone had stuck bubble gum on—though that would have been funny. Rather, I mean a shirt with the logo of a brand of beegum.

People are disappointed that I didn't get photos, but here's an artist's rendering of the sighting...



Back on May 12, I went to the free Party on the Purple concert. It was held on Riverboat Row under the bridge, because the bridge was closed. This Party on the Purple installment had an '80s theme, and the band performed '80s songs. Hundreds of fans packed together, dancing and smiling their asses off. It wasn't a '70s concert though, so there weren't as many teeth punkers.

And the singer in the band wore a light blue t-shirt with the Bazooka logo! That's gum. You know, that stuff you blow bubs like a boss with.

About 15 or 20 years ago, I saw a young woman at a fast food restaurant wearing a Bazooka t-shirt. It was automatically funny because it was about gum.

Where you can do it all...including get in fights!

Fights! Disorderly teens! Profanity! Man, am I glad to see this!

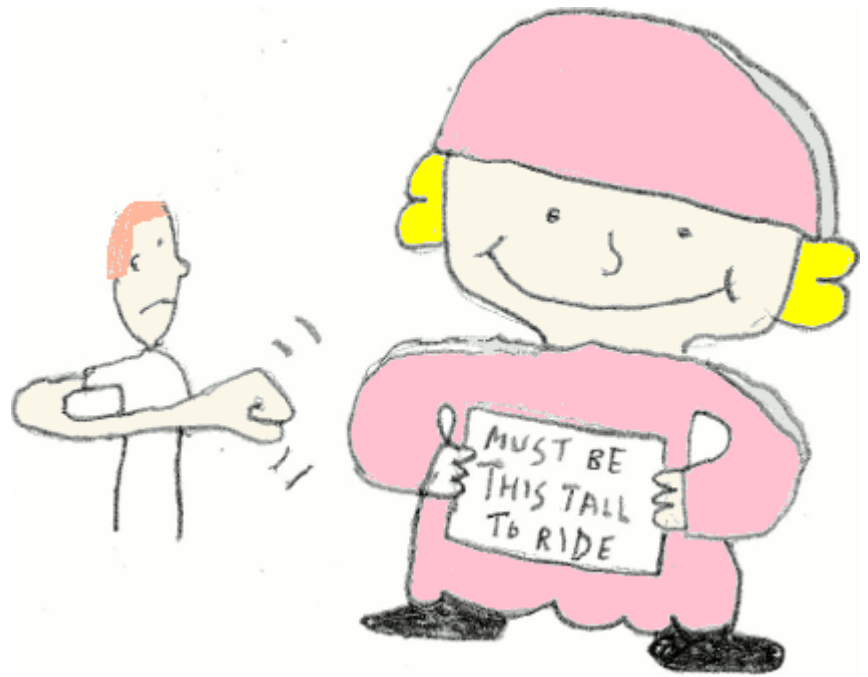
It's great to know that amusement parks are back to being amusing—unlike last year's ruined season.

It was a fine Saturday in May when something happened that Scooby-Dooby-Dooed all over Kings Island's wholesome image. I read it in the *Enquirer*...the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. The park closed a half-hour early because of what the park called "unruly behavior and altercations involving a number of teenagers." (You hear about people being "unruly" all the time, but how come you never hear anybody call people "ruly"? This is like how people are "disgruntled" but never "gruntled.")

There was a series of fights inside the park and on the parking lot. This included a humongous brawl just before 10 PM. It got so bad that the Ohio State Highway Patrol had to be called in.

One Kings Island patron said, "There were a lot of F-bombs."

This is one of few times in recent years I actually wish I'd gone there! Usually I just rely on others to do my dirty work for me and go there and write bad Yelp and Tripadvisor reviews.



Some college students in Oregon peed everywhere

Because this is a day ending in y, it's time to regale you with another college party!

Hundreds of students at the University of Oregon crammed together for a nice big get-together recently. I don't think it was a "group blow", but it was quite a scene!

Many students urinated in the front yard of a house. A photo of the incident blasted across social media.

The university whined that it was "disappointed" about the party. But the school conceded there was nothing it could do, as the party wasn't on school property or at a school-sponsored event.

The media's big complaint of course was that none of the students wore masks. **In May 2021**. Indeedly-doodledly, Oregon had just placed that county in the "extreme risk" tier for COVID-19—even though vaccines had been pumping out for months. Guess what? Nobody cares anymore. I can tell you in round numbers how many people I know who still give a damn about these risk tiers. Here's a hint: It's *literally* a round number. It's like the color-coded terror alert system everyone except the media ignored.

Risk tiers must be enjoying a financial windfall, because they've been allowed to live rent-free in the media's warped brains.

I think we need to have a system of tiers showing the risk of fascism in each county. It would be a bit like when LeftMaps had maps that used shades of red to show areas with the worst Tea Party hazards.

A person spit gum on the floor at a library

Recently, somebody walked up to me on the street and said, "You're gonna write about *Sesame Street*."

I replied, "No I'm not. I'm gonna write about gum."

They responded, "Alright then, you can write about toilets."

Me: "Nope. Gum."

Them: "OK, so you can write about Brossart."

Me: "Sorry! Gum it is!"

Them: "Alright, final offer. You can write about crooked teeth being cool."

Me: "No, I'm gonna write about gum being cool." And that I shall do.

(That conversation did not actually take place in real life. But it would be funny if it did.)

There are few more comical places to masticate beegee than a library. Just weeks ago, a young man did just that, and he posted the hilarity on YouTube...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nTrAxLm5A3I>

Here's a rundown of that clip in case you're afraid a Hi-C book will fly out of your screen and gobble you up. A surfer dude went to the beach, worked out at a gym, bothered some bikers at a restaurant, and bought a camera filter at Best Buy. Six minutes into the video, the real funniness begins. He whipped out a package of gum and said that it's "complete shit" that "tastes like ass." He said, "This is what my grandma would be eating with her dentures."

Our cooltagonist went into the library chomping a huge wad of this odoriferous gum. He walked up to other patrons and mumbled to them as he chewed the gum. One annoyed man said, "I don't want to talk to you with your mouth full, man."

The hero of this video slurped and burped his gum loudly. Then he spit the gum across the room into the librarian's cubicle. The gum landed on the floor, and he prepared to pick it up and chew it some more. When the librarian failed to appear, the young man sauntered behind the desk and began checking out patrons' books himself. The librarian finally showed up and made him leave the cubicle.

Then the star of this clip climbed up onto the coffee counter and laid down on it as he ordered a cup of wawa.

But he didn't bubble.

The gum on the floor was nothing compared to the mess made in this uproarious video...

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

That clip is from a few months ago. Two minutes into the video, a young man strolled into a library. He plopped down at a table where an older man was sitting and began eating a head of lettuce. He drank salad dressing straight from the bottle to chase it down. The older man warned him that no food was permitted in the libe.

A librarian bipped along and said, "We actually allow no food or drink in the library," and declared the edibles "unfortunately" had to go. But the cooltagonist extracted a 2-liter bottle of 7 Up from his backpack and tried drinking the whole thing directly from the bottle. Here's the best part. He proceeded to spit 7 Up all over the floor. It wasn't a projectile spitting. He simply opened his mouth and let gravity do the rest.

A library floor got 7 Upped!



Too shy

Nothing like an '80s song title to headline a memory of a hilarious '90s prank!

You may remember a commercial for Rally's fast food restaurants that went something like this: A family drives up to the intercom at a drive-thru lane of a fast food place and places their order. After each item, the teenage male with helmet hair working at the counter does a little dance and exclaims, "Cha-ching!" Then he says the cost of the meal is some ridiculously high amount. He briefly snickers about it.

Then the bespectacled dad in the car gets an angry look on his face and scowls, "We're a little shy!"

After this commersh was released, one of my favorite pranks when I was college age was that every time we went through a restaurant drive-thru and they gave us the price of our order, I would groan in a funny voice, "We're a little shy!" Just to see if they got the joke!

My family apparently didn't get the joke. If they were in the car with me, they'd try to silence me. They'd warn, "They heard that!" Yep, that was the whole point! It's called a joke. Cool people get jokes.

Nanu nanu!

You may recall my story about how my mom got me Playmobil toys when I was too old for them. Playmobil wasn't introduced in the U.S. until 1982. If you know me, you can do the math, and you can calculate that I was too old for Playmobil in 1982.

I thought of something else sort of like that. There was a time when I was growing up when my mom thought I was absolutely *obsessed* with *Mork & Mindy*. I have no idea why. I hardly ever watched a single episode of it. I mentioned the show even less than I saw it. But my mom kept getting me a bunch of *Mork & Mindy* stuff.

One evening, she brought home a big stack of *Mork & Mindy* trading cards. She either bought them at a yard sale or flea market or won them as a prize. Sure, the cards were funny, as they featured jokes from the sitcom. But I wasn't so invested in *Mork & Mindy* that I considered getting these cards to be the Holy Grail.

I don't think these cards came with bubble gum, as I don't remember bubbling while laughing at the jokes. But it's possible they originally came with gum and that the beegee was promptly chomped by whoever sold us the cards.

I don't know how many other sitcoms of that era had trading cards. I get an image in my mind of a group of kids fighting over who gets the card with Schneider of *One Day At A Time* with the pack of cigarettes under his shirt sleeve to complete their collection.

I feel deprived because I never had a *Busting Loose* backpack.

I didn't "get to do" a lot of things

Congratulations, media! You just destroyed an entire school year! Happy now that you deprived millions of young people of a whole year of education?

I'm sensitive to this because of my own experiences. I didn't have a normal high school life. There's a lot of things I didn't "get to do." I put that phrase in quotes because some of them were things I didn't care about anyway or chose not to do. Sometimes a family member would lament that I didn't "get to do" something, but I could live without some of these things.

Yet the fact that today's young people don't get to do these things feels like a punch in the gut. And it was entirely avoidable.

I never once went to a high school dance. Not once. The whole idea just bored me. In my later high school years, a group of us planned on visiting Florence Mall together, but the school decreed we weren't allowed to—even though it wasn't during school time or for a school function.

I never had a senior portrait. I don't know why, but no studio or school officials ever approached me about getting one.

I didn't attend my high school graduation ceremony. It wasn't mandatory, and I was absolutely exhausted by then. I'm not upset that I didn't attend, but the circumstances leading up to it feel like a dagger through the heart.

I don't have a copy of my high school diploma. I threw away my main copy, and my wallet-sized copy was lost when someone at NKU pickpocketed my billfold. I can't get another copy. I don't think high schools have records of graduates from that long ago. If I want a high school diploma now, I'll have to get a GED.

I never played a sport or joined a club in high school—except when I was a freshman when they required me to join the computer team just for one contest. My schools didn't have a teeth punker club, unfortunately.

I don't know if this was a normal thing, but I didn't visit a college campus while deciding on college. I didn't go on any class trips other than regular field trips, small class picnics, and Brossart's ridiculous "retoolings." I didn't go to any school sporting events except when I went with family to other schools' games.

Many other cool people recount similar stories. But coolsters in my day may be different from coolsters today. Many of today's students value some of the things I missed. And these things have been denied to them. For no good reason. It's all because of the fearmongering of our clickbait media and the selfishness of our government officials.

Today's youths don't have school mementos they can be proud of or memories they can look back upon with fondness. That's gone.

Much of what appears in this zine these days is designed to be humorous, because The Online Lunchpail has generally picked up more serious items. Even in this article, I make one or two comical observations to help illustrate a serious matter. And serious this is. There is also a disproportionate influence of the media bubble that thinks that everybody automatically engages in the aforementioned activities but also that everybody listens to our overlords' decrees that they must miss out on these same activities. It's doublethink. The media has a reclusive culture that thinks everybody has the same activities yet gives a damn about authorities that arbitrarily and selfishly spoil these special milestones.

Heaven knows there's some kids out there who don't lap it up, and thankfully some schools are having events that are going on practically like normal. Can you imagine a high school senior in 1992 logging on to the Internet with their 1200 baud *WarGames* dialer each night to see what news outlets gave them permission to



attend prom or graduation? “Welp, *U.S. News & World Report* says I might get my Jane Child caught in the tassel of my graduation cap, so I better stay home. Aw, shucks!” That’s assuming they even had a phone, which some of my senior classmates didn’t. In any event, there’s no way in hell there’s not a lot of kids out there today who are truly fed up with the totalitarian crap that’s going on now.

I know some have demanded and received something better than the garbage that’s been offered to them over the past year. But think how many millions of young people have had a whole year of school spoiled by this nonsense. For some, it was their senior year of high school, no less. I repeat, their *senior year of high school*—ruined. The media should face very severe legal action for its selfish war against our youth. Our young people worked too hard to have the media take away what they’ve earned.

Hotel reviewer lodges pandemic hypocrisy

This zine scores me lots of points from the working poor who read it the most, but there’s a precious few people who are willing to occasionally finance it. That means I have to deliver quality. Many of my stories are gleaned from hilariously bad reviews of tourist amenities like amusement parks and hotels. With tourism discouraged or limited for a year, the stream of reviews dries up, and I lose my livelihood.

I have a good mind to sue the media.

But I’ve found a review online that reeks fart-like of pandemic hypocrisy. This critique is of a Florida hotel from a few months ago. It reads in part...

“We sere [sic] shocked and felt uncomfortable that during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, not a single hotel staff member wore a mask at any time during our visit. During a global pandemic, the hotel’s priority should be to keep guests safe, and this property showed a total hygiene fail: no masks, no indication of extra cleaning/sanitation protocols, no contactless check-in, nothing.”

Uh, if being at the height of the pandemic was such a big worry, why were you going on vacation?

I’m not someone who tells people they can’t travel during the pandemic. I went on roadtrips right around the same time as that review and felt safe from COVID-19, *especially* in cities with fewer masks. But if you think the pandemic is that bad, you shouldn’t go on vacation and then groan about what you see. Either it’s safe to travel or it isn’t.

We still find funny hotel reviews from the before times though. Someone posted a bad review of a hotel in Romania back in 2018 that talked about toilets. This review called the inn “the most stupid place to come” because “you’ll have to stay with your poop exactly under you because the toilet is small as a bucket.”

Operation FryBoog?

Fry’s is a supermarket chain in Arizona that has long been owned by Kroger. As Operation KroGum has kept tabs on the availability of bubble gum at your friendly neighborhood Krogie-Wogie, perhaps there should also be an Operation FryBoog to document the expulsion of mucus at Fry’s.

A woman posted on the public Internet about an uproarious incident a couple months ago at Fry’s. She bubbled—but not the gum kind. Rather, her husband made her laugh, and she blew a snot bubble as big as a tennis ball out of her nose.

A grown woman blew a booger bubble in public!



Gravity! The big ‘G’! G-R-A-V-I-T-Y!

People thought they could defy gravity!

I remember one time in grade school—probably 1st grade—an older student at my school apparently thought he could fly! We were all on the playground at recess, and he was swinging on the swing. The swing soared through the air, and he opted to dive off the swing when it was at its zenith.

He crashed to the concrete pavement and hurt his little noggin! What the hell did he think was going to happen? Did he think he was Superman?

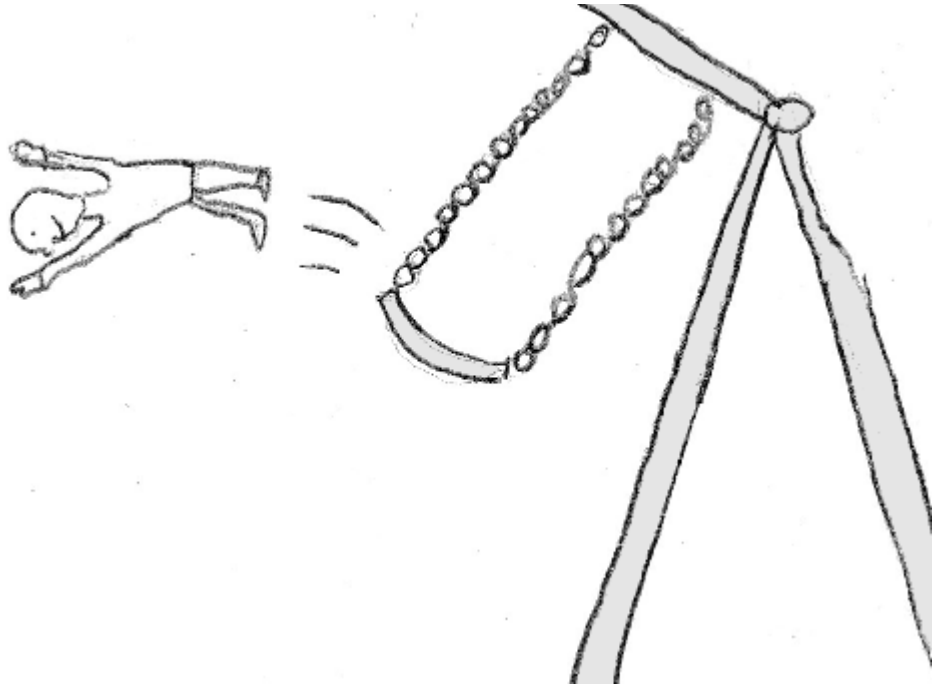
I just hate when that happens!

One day, a student there was playing ball by himself on the parking lot. I witnessed him hit the ball into a

window of the building, shattering it. Did he think the ball was just going to harmlessly float in midair until he commanded it to gently fall back down?

I once saw a person throw a small drinking glass onto a hard floor, apparently thinking the glass would stop just before it hit the ground and stay suspended in the air. In 5th grade, a student thought a John Denver album that belonged to the teacher wouldn't fall out of the jacket if it was turned upside-down. Disaster was narrowly averted when the instructor warned with a smile, "Don't let Johnny fall out and hit his head!"

Then of course there's the time a teacher thought water would stay in a bucket if you placed a piece of cardboard on it and turned it upside-down, or the time yard sale customers placed a box full of mugs on the sloped hood of their car parked on a paved driveway and expected it to end well.



Cool! The media is back to griping about “squatters”!

Remember those intoxicating days just before the pandemic when most of our top stories were about gentrification land grabs, speculators neglecting their real estate holdings, and the elitist media calling everyone “squatters”? Pepperidge Farm remembers. It's hard to believe we actually miss that now.

But you know things are back to normal when pants are getting pooped like this again. A right-wing TV station in Seattle is complaining that “squatters” conquered a multimillion-dollar mansion in a nearby suburb and wasted it.

What actually happened though is that a handful of people took the home by adverse possession. Its owner lived overseas, and it appears as if the owner had effectively abandoned it. If a building just sits there vacant for a long period of time with no residential, commercial, or other ongoing use, I'd call it abandoned. Police allege the “squatters” used the house for criminal activity. Well, if they committed criminal activity, taking over the house wasn't one of these criminal activities, as that may have been the only legal thing they did. The alleged criminals at least dotted their *i*'s and crossed their *t*'s on real estate law.

Our overlords seem more worried about the “squatting” than about any actual lawbreaking.

Two “squatters” were arrested for burglary, but a few days later, they returned to the house.

The TV station naturally tried equating this situation with a person going on vacation and coming home to find strangers living at their place. This event actually appears to be nothing like that.

The Seattle area is enduring ballooning housing costs and the state of Washington suffers from as much government ineptitude and tyranny as about 47 other states, yet government officials' criminal malfeasance is of course swept under the rug. The state is one of some 4 dozen tinpot dictatorships filling the country because the media decrees that's what the cool kids do these days.