

# The Last Word™

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## Unused toys no child's play

It's the time of the year when brand new toys break the most! But what about toys that you *didn't* break, because they were so uninteresting that you never played with them?

When I was a tiny tot, I was absolutely plummy about *Sesame Street*. But one *Sesame Street* plaything that didn't impress me was a small set of embossed imprints of lovable Muppet characters. You were supposed to place them under a sheet of paper and rub a crayon over the sheet—creating an outline of the character on the paper.

Wow.

I think I played with this toy *once*. It was so unimpressive that I never touched it again. It was probably around the same time as the Tumbling Loco, and it couldn't compete with that. I thought the Tumbling Loco was too exciting for words! Watching a video of a Tumbling Loco on YouTube, it's hard to believe that I was ever entertained by it, but apparently I was.

I think you can buy the *Sesame Street* toy on eBay. It's \$99.

I remember one toy I didn't even know how to use, even though I was the age that it was ostensibly designed for. It had Mickey Mouse on it and consisted of an ink stamp that you could place small letters on to make short messages. It just dawned on me that it never would have worked anyway, because the letters were frontwards, and they would have needed to be backwards, unless you wanted your message to be backwards.

One of my classmates in kindergarten had a toy typewriter that he brang in for show-and-tell that I thought was the grooviest invention ever. I never had this toy, but it was something every kid envied. I never actually got to play with it. But recently, I found pictures and videos of it online, and it's hard to see how even a 4-year-old would be interested in it. All it did was scroll through the alphabet and keep showing the same word for each letter. I've watched a few YouTube videos lately showing toy typewriters that apparently were functional for typewriting. That's not what I'm talking about here.

There were a few toys that I didn't have very long before I stopped playing with them, because somehow the pieces kept disappearing.

Somehow, I think any children today who received COVID-themed toys are going to brush these toys aside. I'm sure they'll be writing about it 40 years from now. Toy companies today make COVID-related toys even faster than kids can break them!

## Judge Mills Lane wasn't laughing at this comedian

You may remember Judge Mills Lane—star of the court show *Judge Mills Lane*. Lane was also the referee of the infamous “bite fight”—the 1997 boxing match in which Mike Tyson bit off much of Evander Holyfield's ears. After Lane stopped the match, he told a reporter, “There's a goddamn limit to everything, you know, including bites.”

Of all the Mills Lanes out there, Mills Lane is the Mills Laniest of them all. Peep this 1999 installment of his court show...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dojKDIrAp90>

Here's a synopsis of that clip in case you're afraid Mike Tyson will jump out of your screen and bite your ears off. The case involved a woman suing her adult son, who was a professional comedian. Throughout the first



part of the trial, the goateed defendant kept shoveling food into his mouth. His briefcase contained a bagel, an apple, and other neat to eat treats.

When the judge noticed the defendant eating, the real funniness began. The judge angrily told the defendant to discard the food. So the defendant promptly spit food all over the floor. Then he asked, “Anybody got a mop?”

The judge said to the security crew, “Take the jackass out of here.” The defendant was escorted out of the courtroom—not to return until his testimony was sorely needed. His testimony was laced with some choice words here and there.

Biddle gibzz!

## Its falling in place brings smiles to your face...Something kids can destroy...

I ruined more Slinkys growing up than even the best epidemiologists at the CDC can count—that is, about 3.

I wish I had kept a detailed diary of my entire life—not just a few months in high school when people dumped cigarette butts on the photocopy machine or came to school drunk. As with the demise of my Domino Rally, Magna Doodle, and water pistol I filled with bubble gum mixed with tar, I have to put this story together from memory.

Slinky is essentially a metal spring a few inches wide that could unfurl and descend staircases and do other cool things. I’m pretty sure I wasted 3 Slinkys—or allegedly “caused” them to be wasted—and this story is accurate to the best of my recollection. Slinky was a classic toy—as was Silly Putty, another toy that I seemed to go through quite a bit of. There seemed to be a belief that Silly Putty had a limited lifespan, and it was pretty inexpensive, so if you wanted a new egg full of Silly Putty every couple years, it wasn’t a big deal. But it was assumed that a Slinky—while not particularly costly compared to newfangled electronics like Speak & Spell—was supposed to last forever. This makes a Slinky’s expiry more stinging.

I’m pretty sure my first Slinky was a prize I won in elementary school. It didn’t last the school day. I kept wrapping it around the railings of the spinner on the playground, and somehow I got the Slinky tangled with itself.

Sometime later, I got another Slinky. I didn’t have it for very long before some scoundrel bent it. This was not actually my doing, but somehow I was accused of “causing” somebody to ruin the Slinky. Someone later got the brilliant idea to try to straighten out the Slinky by placing a book on top of it, but it’s hard to see how this could have helped. It was hopeless.

Sometime after that, I got yet another Slinky! This one didn’t last much longer than the first one did. If I remember correctly, it got taken out with the trash by mistake. I never got blamed for this, because nobody else seemed to notice it was gone.

One website says today’s Slinkys cannot climb or descend steps, because they have fewer coils than the old Slinkys—87 versus 98. But a Slinky isn’t a Slinky if it can’t traverse stairs. This site also says you fix a bent Slinky by heating it in an oven.

In my day, lots of toys got ru. I remember one toy I had when I was even younger that included a small stop sign made of plastic, and the post for it broke the first time I used it.

Ru is forever...Ru is forever...With you.

## Bubble gum sales popping!

Bubble gum sales are surging! Soaring! Skyrocketing! Like it or not, there’s No End In Sight For The Foreseeable Future™!

Over the past 18 to 24 months, I’ve noticed an increase in public bubbling, and the latest statistic shows I wasn’t kidding. A convenience store trade publication says sales of bubble gum at American convenience outlets ballooned by a smashing 7.7% in a yearlong period that ended this past August. One popular brand saw its sales grow by an incredible 30%. This was despite the fact that gum sales overall—which includes not just bubble busting varieties—cratered by 13.8%.

The article header said the growth in bubble gum sales was despite mask mandates—which would seem to make it hard to blow bubbles—but the article itself said it was *because of* mask mandates. The piece suggests that minty gum that doesn’t bubble became less popular because masks solved the need to freshen breath. Thus, people instead opted for the “fun and enjoyment” of bubbling. I initially doubted that masks had anything to do



with this bubble gum boom, because so many people just ignore diaper mandates. But I think it could be another sign of the economic class split. Working-class shoppers are more skeptical of media talking points like the incessant mask campaign, and the working class also has lots of bubbling knowhow. More financially secure customers often scoff at bubbling, so they are less likely to buy gum designed for blowing bubbles. They are also more conforming to media hype.

Convenience stores also seem to be less masky than supermarkets. Remember, the statistics cited above are from convenience stores. Mask skeptics—who are more likely to be of an economic level that includes more avid bubblers—are more likely to visit convenience outlets largely so they can enjoy barefaced shopping. Plus, some supermarket chains tend to shy away from working-class neighborhoods, leaving only convenience stores and small corner grocers (if anything).

How's that for a realistic class-based analysis?

Let's face it. The rich don't think like you and I do. I'm not saying that to be funny. Nah, actually I am. But it's also true. The laptop class is always shoveling bonbons into their mouth instead of brushing up on bubbling. Yet their disconnect from reality is also evident in matters that have nothing to do with bubble gum busting. They write media pieces that act as if most people still listen to "experts" who lied to them about economics or medicine. A perfect example is "news" articles that ask "experts" if it's "safe" to visit family for the holidays. No real person cares what they say after being lied to so much over the past 2 years. If your liberty is dependent on these elites, you don't truly have liberty.

Mask on your face, you big disgrace, spreading your fear all over the place. We will, we will mock you!

## Bad museums! Bad restaurants! Game day bucket go boom!

People used to send me a lot of stories like this, but it wasn't until about 5 years ago that I was able to process most of them. That's also when I started searching for more stories like this myself.

It isn't just amusement parks that get hilariously bad reviews, and I've had to find reviews for other amenities lately because large amusement parks have self-destructed so much that people haven't been visiting. For instance, a so-called "museum" has been getting gobs of bad reviews. It's actually a tourist trap. Reviewers say they were thrown out for no good reason almost as soon as they showed up. The "museum" wouldn't refund them, but they finally got a refund by contesting the payment with their credit card company.

Other reviewers say they bought tickets in advance, but when they arrived, they found the place was closed for a VIP event.

I'm pretty sure the good reviews that this tourist trap gets are actually fake.

Now think of the worst restaurant you know of. The one everyone makes fun of all the time. Well, someone found one in Italy that's even worse! According to the reviewer's website...

- This restaurant had no menu, so the reviewer and her crew couldn't choose what food they got.

- Every item in the "meal" was so small it seemed like it needed an electron microscope just to see it. (I've noticed this lately at some local fast food restaurants, one of which I'm avoiding now after hearing the food there had tapeworms.)

- One of the items was a mysterious orange foam served in a plaster model of the chef's mouth. There were no spoons or forks to eat it with.

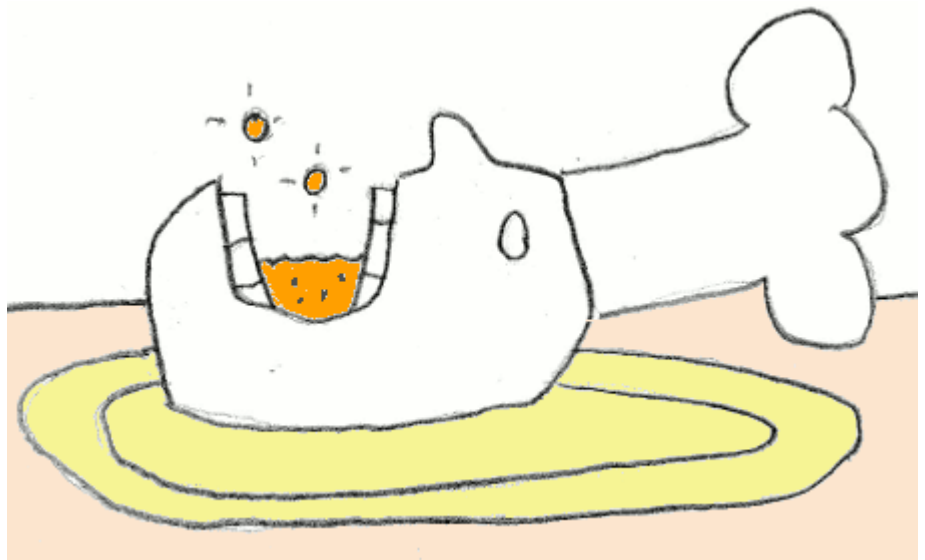
- When the reviewer's husband informed servers that he was allergic to apricots, guess what they served him?

- One of the main meal items was an orange, but when the reviewer tried to eat it, she got skeeped at and the orange was taken away,

- Dessert was just a little spoonful of booger green ice cream.

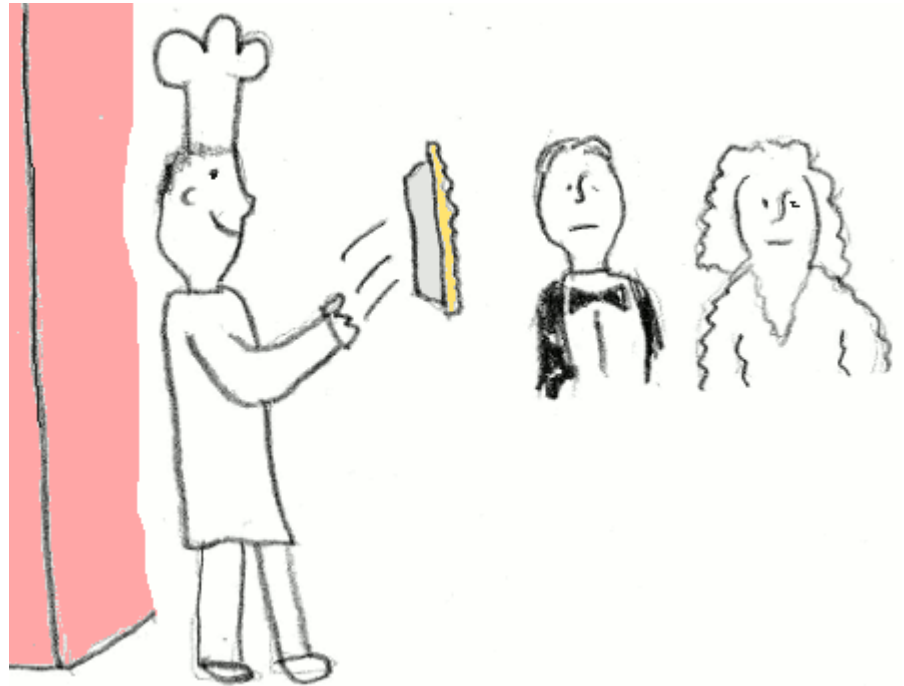
- When a member of the reviewer's group stood up to go outside, they were scolded to sit back down.

- This "meal" was \$170 per person—plus another \$100 or so if you wanted wine (which apparently was just vinegar).



- It took 4½ hours.
- The following day, an employee sent creepy Instagram messages to a member of this party.

I searched for bad reviews of bakeries but couldn't find much. All I could find was articles about a new phenomenon called the "cake smash." All this means is that you buy an expensive cake for a baby's first birthday party just so you can film the baby wasting the entire cake by dropping it on the floor. It's wasteful and not funny. It would be different if a "cake smash" was instead people smashing cakes and pies in each other's faces, which is pretty damn hilarious. Some years back, I read about a bakery in Chicago that would throw unsold pies at random people walking down the street at the end of each day. This practice stopped when they pied a couple who were on their way to their wedding. After all, the legal eagles at Wikipedia warn, "Non-consensual pieing is a punishable offence in criminal law, and depending on jurisdiction is a battery but may also constitute an assault. Non-consensual pieing may also be actionable as a civil wrong (tort) giving in the victim of the pieing the right to recover damages in a lawsuit from the tortfeasor."



A supposedly serious news website has an article listing some wedding cake disasters that have taken place. One person said they went to an elaborate wedding with a very expensive, beautiful, specially designed cake. The baker tripped on the rug while carrying the cake into the venue—

causing the cake to land upside-down on the carpet. So the wedding ended up using cakes from Costco instead. Another wedding had a 10-tier cake that collapsed onto the bride. Another wedding was supposed to have a 3-layer cake that cost \$400, but it fell over in the vendor's car en route to the wedding. I once went to a wedding where I almost accidentally swallowed one of the small plastic birds on the cake. I couldn't see the bird because it blended in with the icing.

You won't keep the law with a broken word, so what are you gonna do? Tell me, mirror, mirror, mirror on the wall. Fear is never boring. Beggars can't be choosers, but I've had my share of backing nothing but losers.

## @#%&! More tragedy strikes comic book world!

It seems like everyone had a family member who falsely accused them of shitting on the floor, breaking their records they never listened to, or tearing the covers off their books they never read. You knew you were innocent—and the accuser could never explain why you would have done it—but you could never prove you didn't do it. But sometimes there's no doubt whatsoever who destroyed something.

Recently, somebody posted on the public Internet an article titled "Tragedy Strikes as Marvel Comics Are Lost and Ruined." (The magic word!) A few months ago, Marvel announced it was finding a new distributor for newly released comics. After the new distributor took over, it was discovered that one of its biggest shipments went missing. It disappeared into thin air!

And that ain't all! Some retailers received shipments full of ruined comics. At minimum, comic books were folded in half. Other times, comics were shredded completely.

Another website featured photos of boxes full of comics ripped open and exposed to the elements. Evidently, one of these shipments also contained an Occupy-style mask that was crushed by the comic books.

This distributor isn't the only offender against the comic book gods. A few years ago, someone posted that the Postal Service folded a rare *Conan The Barbarian* comic they bought off eBay. They said the mail carrier "had to put effort into damaging the package" and expressed worry "about future comics getting damaged by a delinquent carrier." I got an image in my mind of Judge Paul Trevor lecturing a mailman in his courtroom.

On another website, someone posted that the Postal Service ruined their comic book and "I'm on the verge of tears." Somebody replied saying they once received comic books that were taped to the inside of the box by the seller using packing tape. Needless to say, they were ru. Another respondent said poor shipping "ruined a bunch of good books." (The magic word again!)

On yet another site, a seller said the Postal Service demolished a whole package of comic books they shipped out by opening it up and pawing through it. It's nice to know we have a KGB.

## Another gum to burst COVID's bubble

Around the time most of the first unconstitutional COVID lockdowns in the United States ended, researchers at the University of Central Florida announced they were working on a chewing gum to halt the spread of the novel coronavirus. We said that if this gum was approved, people should bring a few cases of it to their favorite beach and fight COVID by blowing some mean bubs!

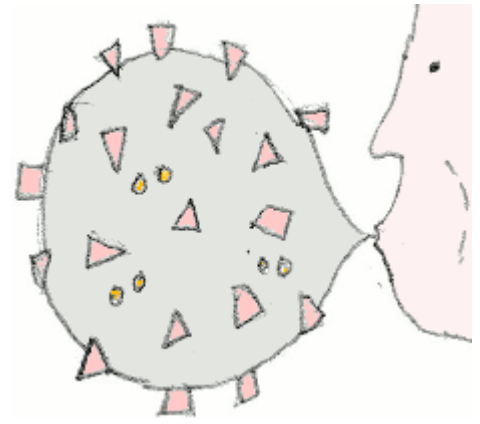
But now scientists at the University of Pennsylvania have also gotten in on the quest for a COVID-busting beegee!

Noting that "SARS-CoV-2 replicates in the salivary glands", one of the researchers said, "This gum offers an opportunity to neutralize the virus in the saliva, giving us a simple way to possibly cut down on a source of disease transmission."

Even a Reddit forum that's been awash in COVID fear and hopelessness expressed some interest in this gee. One commenter recounted how they used to get the knee of their pants mired in gum that people stuck under desks or tables at school: "Basically ruined every pair of school trousers that I didn't somehow manage to destroy myself." Ruined! Hear that? It's the magic word!

Another commenter said, "As long as we can blow bubbles and it comes in various flavors."

I bet you can bubble with it! If this gum becomes a reality, we ought to all march down to Kroger and puff out the biggest bubbles you've ever seen in your life!



## An antique artwork got ru

People ruin stuff at yard sales. I don't mean just the sellers who run these sales where they sell broken items, like the person who mentioned on an online forum that they planned to sell a TV for \$25 even though the picture went out. I mean people who waste things at others' sales.

According to a story I found, a feller destructed an antique artwork at a yard sale when he was growing up. The work consisted of felt cutouts of fruits and vegetables attached to a canvas. He walked up to it and tore off one of the cutouts—possibly a carrot or a banana. The elderly man who ran the sale was sitting a few feet behind him. He apparently could see that the youngster was looking at the artwork, but he couldn't see that he was ruining it. So he simply uttered those words that are pretty common at sales: "It's an antique."

I wonder if it's mentioned in the Wikipedia entry on lost artworks. Within a few months of each other, a Paris art gallery managed to waste two irreplaceable glass or resin works by not securing them to the wall tightly enough, which caused them to fall and shatter. A few years ago, there was a conspiracy theory circulating that accused Hillary Clinton of stealing a priceless painting—apparently from the landing strip of an airport while the painting was being transported. I don't know what the source of this theory was, because there's a lot of right-wing conspiracy websites out there—like InfoWars and the *New York Times*.

One time at a yard sale, I overheard a woman talking about how her toddler broke a glass globe. This reminds me of the time I was at a store in Cleveland that sold maps and globes, and apparently a small child scratched up a globe. I didn't see it taking place, but I heard the parents talking about it, saying something like: "Did you see what he did to that globe over there?"

## Checking out with this library story

As an odd and end to cap off this ish, we're finding more details of libraries that frown upon people eating, drinking, and beering.

We had a story some months back about libraries' rules on food and beverages. We're always finding hunks of discarded food laying around at libraries, so these rules aren't always effective. It's better than finding a piece of poo-poo, but still.

Anybip, California State University San Marcos has some of its library rules posted on its website. This libe does not allow solid food, but it does permit beverages in containers with lids. The reason for that is: "Crumbs, stains, and other garbage clutter your study spaces, ruin books and computers, as well as attract pests and rodents."

Did I hear the magic word again? Did I??? Why yes, I did!

This library must have had some incident in which some slob spilled food all over a book, wasting it.

Either that or they slopped food all over a computer, which reduced it to shambles.

When I went to NKU, books at the Steely Dan Library got wasted, but it usually wasn't by food. There was one time when I used a book there and put it back on the shelf when I was done, but months later, I needed the book again, and when I looked it up in the card catalog on the computer, it said something like, "Assumed lost." Indeed, the volume was nowhere in sight.

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