

The Last Word™

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People owned the posh crowd at Fountain Square

National TV networks have been taken over by insufferable gasbags. The worse they get, the more likely it is for local affiliates to cover their New Year's events.

When network events were better, local stations were less likely to show them. About 30 years ago, when the event at Cincinnati's Fountain Square was less interesting than New York's Times Square, Channel 12—which was an ABC affiliate back then—considered *New Year's Rockin' Eve* too dangerous to show, so it showed Fountain Square instead. These days, Times Square is a joke, but I don't know of any station that covered Fountain Square's recent New Year's gathering live.

Then again, I didn't stay home to find out for sure. Instead, I went to Fountain Square in person. I didn't see any TV vans though.

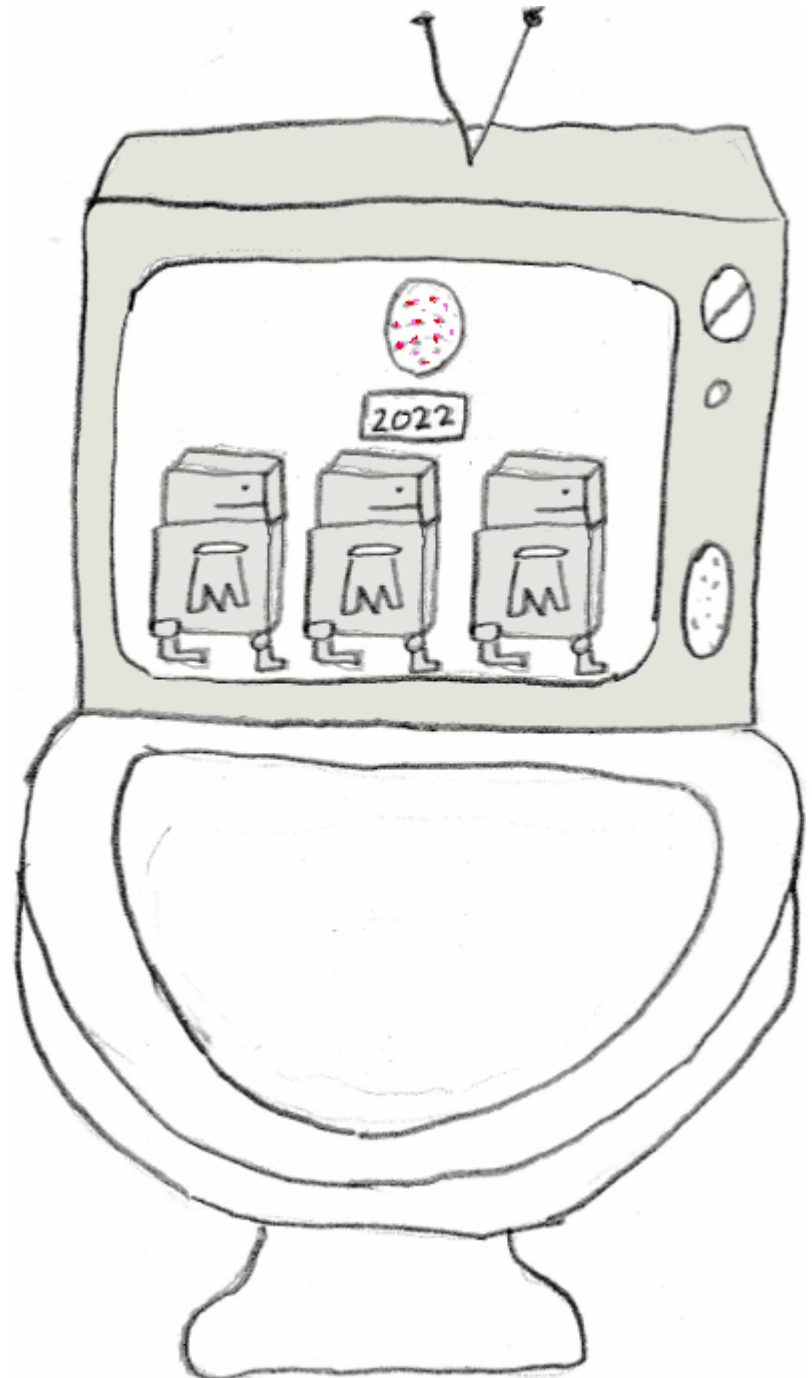
In recent years, Channel 12 has been owned by the right-wing Sinclair Broadcast Group. Sinclair is not an adherent of the "leave us alone" brand of conservatism. On the contrary, its stories show it to be part of the authoritarian right—like Mike DeWine, Tommy Thompson, or the Bush crime family. Sinclair's pandemic coverage shows the company is strongly biased in favor of more and more restrictions—which is what I initially expected from conservative media 2 years ago (before the "progressive" blogosphere accepted all that tainted money to sell out its principles).

Channel 12 did run a story about the Fountain Square event hours before it took place. The main point of the story was how to stay "safe" from COVID.

A year after vaccinations were rolled out, people were still afraid of COVID? Actually, *people* weren't. *The media* was—and the media doesn't exactly fit the definition of *people*.

The station reported that the event would include "socially distanced games", and masks were recommended—even though it was outdoors. In this crazy world called reality, however, nobody cared about social distancing at this gathering. Plus, few masks were seen. Granted, the event was not particularly exciting—except when you compare it to the usual state of affairs. It didn't have a huge crowd—until right about midnight. Then it was packed like a King Oscar can! It was so crowded that I couldn't move an inch!

Historical negationism has also loomed large in press reports lately. Channel 12 reported that—unlike this year—those who attended last year's Fountain Square event had to register for ice skating. That's simply not true—because there was no approved event last year, as DeWine's thought police forced it to be canceled. The piece is referencing a New Year's party that simply did not take place. There was no registration for ice skating, because there was no event, period. I had planned on going to Fountain Square last year despite the lack of an official



party, but instead I partied with family—which itself was a no-no, because *everything* was. Channel 12 wasn't alone in its negationism. The national media has repeatedly claimed that the usual Times Square celebration took place last year, though it did not.

For a long time, my assumption about New Year's on Fountain Square was always that the most festive thing to occur there might be people sitting around chewing bubble gum and listening to a Michael Jackson record. Sure enough, that's *exactly* what people did at the recent event. But it looks like that's more than what went on at Times Square. Snap Map showed *some* excitement on Times Square, but not much. It probably wasn't anywhere near a TV camera, because I was told later that the networks kept cooing about how obedient everyone was. Someone said beforehand that Central Park was the place to be—not Times Square.

Another year of media fail—courtesy of the same media that gave us “Greed is good” and catatonically defended airlines for overbooking flights.

Check your privilege, media. And grow up!

In Big Sky Country, the sky's the limit with ruining toilets!

The people of Montana are lucky that their state was the first in the nation to allow in-person school to return amid the pandemic. (Schools there were allowed to return on May 7, 2020, while school in our area is only sporadic 2 years later.) That means they got a running start in returning to ploppings!

Because of the way schools have conducted themselves over the past 2 years, I am out of sympathy for schools. Now, when students plop stuff, all I can do is laugh. Guffaw I did when I learned that a high school in Billings was the site of some plop-o-rific times a few months ago. A TV station ran a photo of what appeared to be a soap dispenser resting upright in a urinal. (Notice also that *urinal* is an anagram of *ruinal*.) “We're just like breaking everything and it all adds up,” a student said. “And so, it's just like a lot of money that we're pretty much wasting.”

Good. That's money that schools won't have to squander on masks nobody wears.

A sink and mirror were stolen from restrooms too.

In response to this story, a school resource officer in Colorado said students were smearing red ink all over the toilet at his school.

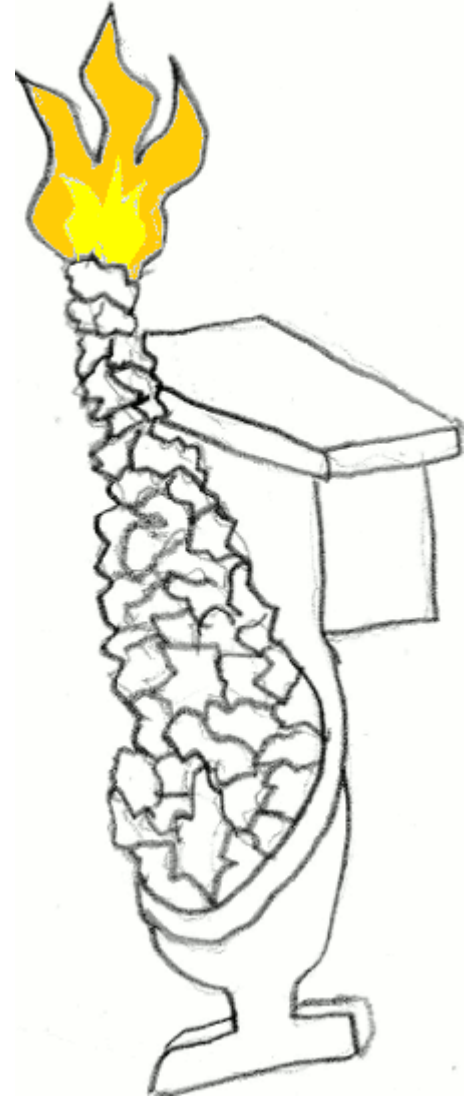
Back in Montana, the fun has continued! A high school in Great Falls has now reported a rash of toilets being wasted. This caused the school to close the afflicted restrooms and ask parents to volunteer to inspect them. News photos show caution tape all over the bathroom and a stall door that's thoroughly demolished.

It seems to have increased throughout the school year. A student observed, “The peeing on the toilet paper didn't start until recently.”

If urinating on toilet paper just recently came to that school, they're a little bit behind. I remember the time in 5th grade when somebody put toilet paper all over the toilet seat and peed all over it. I couldn't control my laughter when I got back to the classroom, and the teacher threatened to “get out my ‘board of education’ ” to use against the offenders.

It isn't just schools. A park in Jacksonville, Texas, has seen some amusement lately too in both the men's and women's restrooms. Somebody burned one of the toilets and pulled a sink off the wall of a restroom. News footage showed the toilet after it had been blackened by flames. The park director said the lavatories will be closed for (you guessed it!) “the foreseeable future.” I'm surprised he didn't also say “we need to be proactive” out of “an abundance of caution.”

That's cool.



A person ate all the cherries at Kroger

Kroger must be pretty damn hilarious, because you soil your pants in laughter every time it gets mentioned.

A week or two ago, I went to the friendly neighborhood Kroger-Wogie, and something funny happened. One time a few years ago, I talked about a woman cramming cookies into her mouth at Kroger, and now there's

another episode like this! While I was lollygagging in the deli aisle, I glanced over at the produce section and saw an elderly woman grabbing cherries out of their plastic baggies and shoveling them into her mouth.

I couldn't see what she was doing with the stems. It appeared as if she was either throwing them on the floor, stashing them away in her coat pocket, placing them back in the bags after she gnawed the cherries off of them, or eating them.

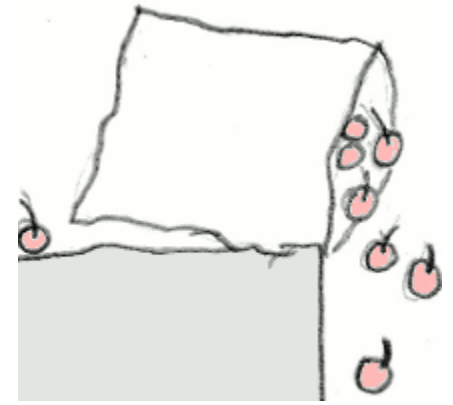
As she was chewing on one of the cherries—as she appeared to be trying to blow a bubble with it—she yelled to a woman something like, “You gotta taste ‘em before you buy ‘em!” She may have had a point there, considering how Kroger muckety-mucks send stale food to that location. A man with a small child began snickering at this spectacle.

Then the old woman flagged down a man who worked at the store and began loudly arguing with him about something in a print ad.

Later, I sauntered over to the produce section to survey the wreckage. It appeared as if every bag of cherries had been opened. Each bag was sitting there completely unsealed and exposed to the elements. They were wasted.

A couple days after that, I went back to Kroger. The woman in front of me in the checkout lane ran out the front door, supposedly to get more money. She had already paid for most of her order, which was still sitting there, but needed a few more cents. But instead of coming back with the money, she drove away—leaving her purchases behind. The cashier declared, “She just wasted \$20!”

She didn't cut her cost at Kroger!



A person bubbled and drooled on the floor at a mall

There's some woman who keeps posting videos of herself blowing bubbles with bubble gum on YouTube. Imagine that! Someone bubbles on YouTube!

She bubbles at the mall, the supermarket, a college parking lot, you name it! She mentioned that she is somewhere in New England.

The bad news is that she acts weird. The good news is that she acts *really* weird!

Here's one of her recent hilarious displays of public bubbling she posted...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uy6xBXrxop8>

Here's a rundown of that clip in case you're afraid a dollar bill with Bob Barker on it might fly out of your computer screen and give you a paper cut. Spectrum—our overpriced Internet monopoly—is so primitive that it often blurs the first few seconds of YouTube videos, so it's hard to tell exactly what's going on at first. But we soon see that the woman is standing around in a shopping mall, chomping some pink gee and blowing some bodacious bubs. She may be in a video game arcade or some other shop.

At about 1:55, a whole new avenue in the world of beegie busting opens. That's when we notice that the woman is drooling all over the floor of the mall as she bubbles. This occurs in full view of other shoppers, and she gives a thumbs-up to celebrate her achievement. It's like the time when I was a high school junior when I was waiting outside for the bus after school when one of my classmates snorted and a big column of mucus dangled out of his nose and below his waist. The student smiled with pride at his accomplishment. It's also like the time in 8th grade when a girl spit potato chips all over the floor.

Notice that the woman in this video actually has someone along with her to film the ridiculous spectacle instead of recording it by herself.

That ain't all! At about 5:08, you can hear someone in the background making a hawking sound as if they're about to spit inside the mall.

At the end of the video, the woman points out that she somehow got bubble gum on her eyeglasses—ruining them.

In another video, she tries blowing a bubble inside a balloon, but all she accomplishes is filling the balloon with the uninflated wad of gum. We see the gum rolling around inside the inflated balloon...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gHA8GpUwUVc>

That's bubble gum.

Hatchet job on Shell toilet

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

In December, something toiletly happened in Boardman, Ohio. A customer at a Shell gas station told police that they heard the sound of something shattering coming from the men's restroom. Just after that, a man emerged from the bathroom.

Cops found that the man had smashed the toilet with a hatchet. Parts of the tinkletorium were scattered everywhere. He said he decimated this toilet because he wanted to talk to the police about the FBI. He was then charged with possession of criminal tools, carrying a concealed weapon, and vandalism.

Toilets. Eat fresh!

More restaurant thrills and spills!

Last May, I wrote about how we had just visited a local restaurant, and a waiter wosted a whole basket of rolls and cinnamon butter by dropping them all over the floor. He just shook his head with an embarrassed smile on his face.

Back during the pandemic, rules in most states were mighty extreme—almost as extreme as they are now. According to a post on the public Internet, restaurants in Nevada—when they were open at all—were permitted to seat only 4 or 6 people per table. Large family groups circumvented this decree by getting more than one table. Folks darted back and forth among tables. Sometimes, adults would sit at one table, and children would sit at another. Often, the tables weren't anywhere near each other.

And that's when the real fun began. According to that post, kids kept running back and forth between tables. Lo and behold, an unsupervised child plowed right into a waitress—causing her to drop an entire tray full of beverages, thereby ruining them.

When I said "America is fast becoming a police state", I didn't predict all the physical comedy.



Fi out of fi ain't bad

There's no mistaking that over the past 2 years, America's colleges and universities have hoisted high the ensign of fascism. But I had learned the hard way years earlier that Northern Kentucky University had a head start on this.

Despite all the elitist tyranny at NKU that I saw when I went there, I managed to enjoy a stint at WRFN, the carrier-current radio station that was piped about the campus. That means I spun 45's and gabbed between each record. Fans sometimes even gathered in the studio as they picked out requests and chewed bubble gum.

The first record I ever played on WRFN was "Divine Thing" by the Soup Dragons. Naturally, I called them the "Poop Dragons."

All of this was also when jokes about "basting" were being unleashed. I was at WRFN when "I'd Do Anything For Love" by Meat Loaf was a hit. We were obligated to play it at certain intervals because of its popularity. One day, just before playing it, I introduced it with a big speech. I said something like: "Ever been so into someone that you just want to baste right in front of them? Ever want to hide in a trash can like Oscar the Grouch so you can baste when they walk past without them noticing? Well, Meat Loaf would do anything for love—but he won't do that!"

"I Can't Dance" by Genesis contained the line, "Young punk spillin' beer on my shoes." One day, after I played this ever-popular tune, I said, "Young punk spillin' baste on my shoes."

One time, when I was introducing a song by the Outfield, I said, “Here’s the Outfield—playin’ basteball!” A Beastie Boys song became “Fight For Your Right To Baste.”

WRFN had a prerecorded liner that we sometimes aired between records that said, “The only station that keeps the lights on in the bathroom.” A few times when this liner was broadcast, I turned on the mic and said, “So you can baste!”

It wasn’t just “baste” jokes. “Too Young To Fall In Love” by Mötley Crüe became “Too Young To Have Hemorrhoids.” “Goodbye To You” by Scandal became “Goodbye To Glue.”

Some more tightly formatted stations used music scheduling software, but for a few shows, I used a similar system that I invented. I had a scientific calculator that had a random number generator, and I used that to select some of the music. (This might have been the same calculator that a neighbor kid ruined by spraying with a hose.) This wheel of misfortune was like how people today put their MP3’s on shuffle. Not long before, I had a similar method at home, where I’d “do 10”—which meant I’d listen to a pile of 10 records chosen randomly.

Sometimes I did special days called “the dictator’s brain is missing” days.

Last I heard anything about WRFN was a few years ago when I read that it had been reduced to just a computer in a room downstairs. Its vast record collection probably went in the toilet.

A poopy situation in Oregon

Things have sure been toilety lately!

Parks in Scappoose, Oregon, have been bitten by the bee of restroom ruinment! The city manager said she is aware of “occasions where feces have been smeared inside city restrooms” and that “the toilet paper was unraveled all over the floor.”

She went on to declare, “In instances where human waste has been smeared all over the interior of the restroom at Chief Concomly Park, yes, I would say it’s a health issue.”

The nearby town of Rainier was hit too. The public works director there said that “sometimes they’ll leave feces outside the bathrooms. It’s disgusting.”

Feces is poo.

When the gum hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that’s a roast

Some years ago, somebody on the unambiguously public Internet spoke of a “group blow”—an event in which they planned to get a bunch of people together online just so they could blow bubbles with bubble gum.

Now there’s something else like that which is just as hilarious: a “bubble gum roast.”

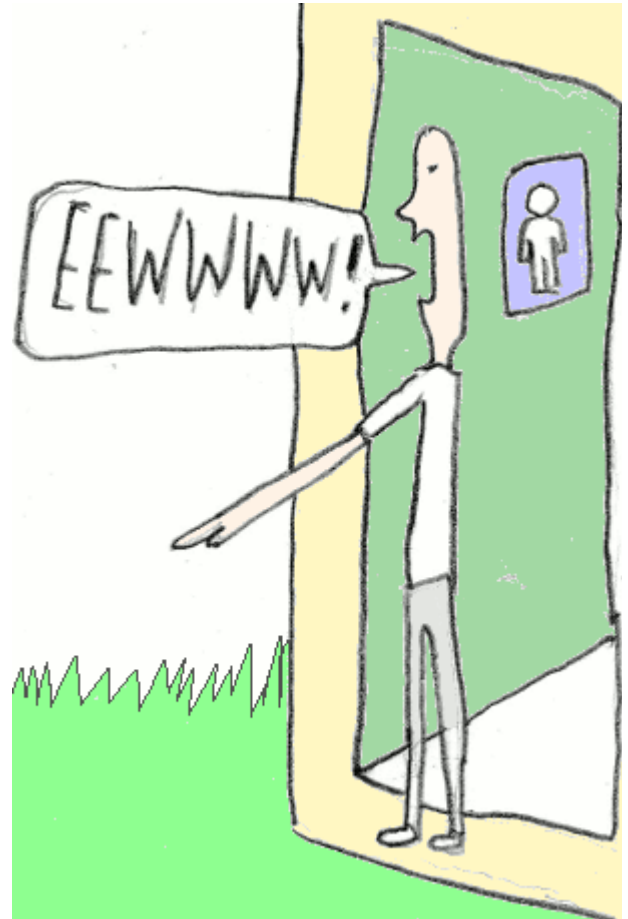
Patrons of the many bubble gum websites floating around out there have been comparing bubbling to a roast—an event where people are subjected to lighthearted jokes.

It’s sort of like a roast of famous people, such as *The Dean Martin Celebrity Roast*, a televised gathering where all the big stars poked fun at each other. The list of roasters and roastees read like a who’s who of the celebrity world. In addition to ol’ Dean himself, it included Don Rickles, Lucille Ball, Muhammad Ali, Casey Kasem, and even Ronald Reagan. A “bubble gum roast” is also a bit like online forums that invite people to roast each other. A problem with these sites is that someone could say the wrong thing and hurt somebody’s feelings. But most of the content on these sites is pretty harmless. As Homer Simpson would say: “I get jokes.”

How is bubbling like a roast, dare you ask? Online beegee experts have described it like so: It’s because people get together and blow huge bubbles that burst and stick to their face—which is so obnoxious that everyone laughs. Folks spend all day busting big bubs, because it’s funny despite being harmless.

Maturity at work!

Last year, a blogger recounted doing this on a bus just because the other passengers thought it was so funny and edgy.



I could post links to at least 4 uproarious message boards and blogs that have been active just within the past few months that are dedicated exclusively to bubble gum. But cool people should already know how to find them, because coolsters think the mere existence of bubble gum is hilarious enough that they already look for them. Babies don't get to enjoy the privilege of having me give them links to sites they won't look for.

Some people *enjoy* being roasted. A woman once told me that she intentionally behaved erratically in high school because she would rather be roasted over something she could stop doing than bullied over something she had no control over. I guess a "bubble gum roast" is similar. If you don't like being roasted for bubbling, you could opt not to bubble.

But why not bubble?

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(Fair use parody, so tough toilets)