

# *The Last Word*<sup>TM</sup>

Issue #573

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## Putting the wind in the Windy City!



The past month's amusements included my visit to the Chicago roadmeet on Saturday, June 25!

I should call this the Supertramp trip, because it necessitates so many Supertramp references. I was forced to take Greyhound, whose slogan ought to be "Take The Long Way Home." Another Supertramp song title – "It's Raining Again" – describes Saturday's weather. But the roadmeet drew 13 people, and it was quite a spectacle!

Central to this fact-finding mission was my series of bus trips that began that Friday and got me back home Monday. Greyhound was an unmitigated disaster the last time I used it, which was for the St. Louis meet back in 2014. On the way home from that amazing meet, my bus left St. Louis hours late and turned around and went back to the station because the heater was broken. A later bus that day went to the wrong city: We were taken to Dayton, Ohio, instead of Cincinnati. I hoped I'd never have to ride Greyhound again, but Megabus no longer serves Cincinnati, so Greyhound once again has an unchallenged monopoly locally.

Greyhound sold me very indirect routes between Cincinnati and my motel in Hammond, Indiana. The trip there was from Cincinnati to Columbus to Indianapolis to Chicago and then backtracking to Hammond. The trip home was from Hammond to Chicago to Louisville to Cincinnati. Many Greyhound routes are actually farmed out to other bus firms they partner with.

There's a certain magic about being at intercity bus stations or airports – despite the serial unpleasantness of air and bus lines. The magic has returned now that we seem to have dug ourselves out of the stupid that defined travel over the past couple years. A few extra funny things happened at the Cincinnati bus station on Friday: A bird got inside the building, and I heard someone hilariously popping bubble gum throughout.

Although Greyhound advertises that buses have plugs to recharge phones, only 2 of the 7 buses on my trip did.

On the bus to Columbus, the driver got mad because somebody was streaming Internet and it was too loud. A traffic jam did of course make the bus late to Columbus, so I was in a big rush at the terminal. At the Columbus station, the smell of cigarette smoke wafted, and a woman who worked there announced to the crowd that smoking carries a \$1,000 fine. Later at this station, I detected the

soothing, airy vapors of marijuana smoke.

After we got on the bus in Columbus, a young woman yelled, “*Fuck!*” After a meaningful pause, she continued, “*Shit!*” She had left the ticket for the next leg of her trip on another bus, which had left. Plus, at the Indianapolis bus terminal, a silent-but-deadly was detected.

Each night at the motel, the toilet kept flushing by itself all night. Also, one evening, as I was walking up the steps, a loud-and-proud bunker blast emerged from the lobby. Plus, my hotel room hadn’t been thoroughly cleaned, as I found a discarded mask on the floor.

The roadmeet originated near the beach at Calumet Park. I got there when it was pouring down rain. I also noticed the toilet had overflowed there.

The Sunday after the meet was perhaps as preposterous as the Friday before it. Between checking out of the motel and catching the bus home, I had hours to walk from Hammond to Illinois and back, go to the park, and devour lunchage. The restroom at Kentucky Fried Chicken had pee everywhere.

When I got to the Greyhound stop at the Shell station, they had a countdown from that week in 2000 airing on satellite radio, which meant I got to hear songs I hadn’t heard in years like “Big Pimpin’ ” and “Maria Maria.” Back at the Chicago bus station, the men’s room had pee-soaked toilet paper all over the floor. I also heard numerous people talking about how their Greyhound route had been canceled completely—for no apparent reason—forcing them to get a hotel. While I was at this terminal, I started feeling unwell, as if I was about to faint. A few years ago, I would have gone to the hospital if I felt that bad, but I had to move on.

The bus from Chicago to Louisville was perhaps the most ridiculous of all. For starters, there was a big wad of bubble gum on the floor of the aisle. When we stopped in Lafayette, Indiana, I used the restroom on the bus. The lock on the door of this lavatory was broken, which almost caused the driver to barge in while I was using it.

After we got back on the road, I had to rush to the beethoom again to throw up. This was my third consecutive intercity mass transit trip in which I either vomited or passed out on the way home. Returning from the Madison, Wisconsin, roadmeet of 2015 on Megabus, I similarly vomited in the bus restroom. Coming back from the human rights conference in Washington, D.C., in 2017, I briefly passed out as one of the required flights landed in New York.

When the bus to Louisville pulled in at the Indianapolis station for another stop, a man got off the bus and said of the driver, “Her attitude was fuckin’ horrible!” He said it loudly enough that she could hear him.

When I used the johndola at the Louisville terminal on Monday morning, I noticed the toilet had overflowed all over one part of the restroom, and another part had urine-soaked toilet paper all over the floor. It was like Calumet Park and the Chicago station rolled into one convenient equipage! Also at the Louisville station, I heard someone release a squeaky air biscuit.

I overheard a man at this station say another man was seen picking paper off the floor and eating it. Later, the first man had a WCLU flashback by loudly singing “Caravan Of Love.” Another man angrily bounded about the terminal because someone had stolen his phone. Maddeningly, a beverage machine at this terminal accepted only credit cards—no cash. They don’t know what “legal tender for all debts” means. Social credit system, here we come!

Almost every route leaving Louisville that morning was absurdly late. Some folks were going to Lexington, but that bus was going to be 3 hours late, so Greyhound had a Uber driver take each passenger all the way to Lexington. The bus to Evansville, Indiana, was going to be hours late too. Sure enough, my bus to Cincinnati was also going to be 3 hours late. This bus had inexplicably been 3 hours behind schedule ever since the route originated in Atlanta. Nobody at the station announced this delay.



I had to learn about it when I checked Greyhound's website. But I got to leave Louisville "only" 2 hours late because one of Greyhound's partner companies had a different bus to Cincinnati that was leaving then, and Greyhound put me on that bus.

We don't call Greyhound the Supertramp Express for nothing! "Take the long way home..."

After I got home, I posted this on Greyhound's Facebook page...

*"Did the bus from Louisville to Cincinnati this morning ever show up, or was that another 12-hour delay instead of just the usual 3-hour delay?"*

Greyhound replied...

*"Thank you for reaching out to us. Please send us a private message with your confirmation number, full name, mailing address, phone number, email address and a brief description of what happened, so we can look into this."*

In other words, Greyhound doesn't even know about its own delay!

The receipt for that leg of my trip says, "Not good for travel." Then what do they think I used it for? Rolling a joint?

Leave the driving to...well, someone else.

## When yuppies attack

Here's a sign that society—except at *really* evil institutions like schools or other places run by abusive narcissists—is just about back to normal. Instead of the marauding gentry complaining about people leaving their homes at all, they're now back to attacking bicyclists who have less money than them.

This happened in late May, but since our June ish was already pub, it has to be lumped in with the June stupid. I was bicycling home from Taste of Cincinnati—or as I call it, Baste of Cincinnati—and was bipping from the floodwall trail down to Riverboat Row in Newport.

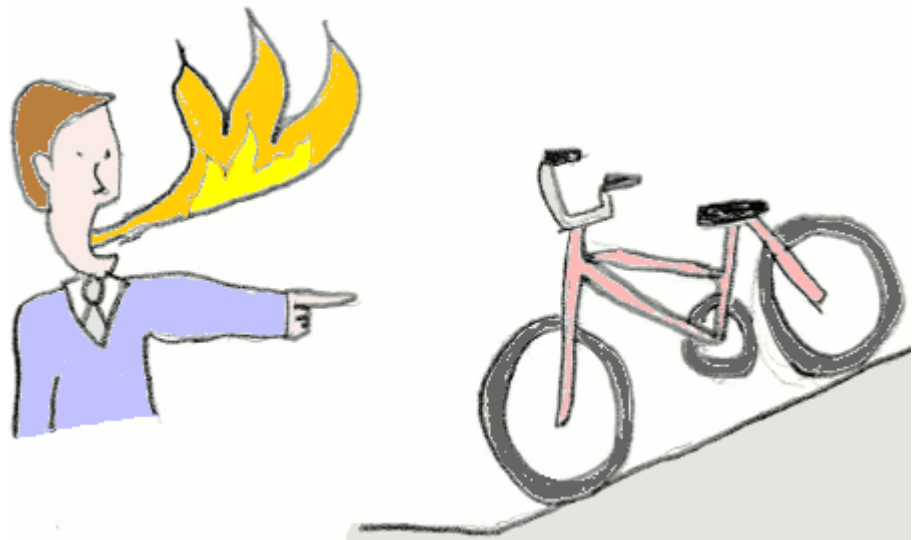
Just before the sidewalk along Riverboat Row has the curb cut that eases down to the roadway, I zipped past some yuppie-looking guy. Odds are that he lived in the luxury high-rise condos that had been built there. I didn't think anything of it, because traveling through luxury developments is a known hazard of going from one modest neighborhood to another.

But when I passed the man, he unexpectedly declared, "Do you know the rules at all?!" After a meaningless pause, he continued, "You ride on the sidewalk, you don't tell people when you're coming!"

Do *you* know the rules, brainiac? It's like he had never been outside his swanky condo before in his life. For one thing, my behavior was no different from that of almost all other bicycle commuters in the area. For another, there was effectively no roadway, as the floodwall path is a standalone trail with no road at all, and this confrontation occurred before the sidewalk that I merged onto has the curb cut that slopes onto the road. Did he expect me to drive a hulking SUV on the levee trail? I wasn't using the roadway, because I was just emerging from a path that has no road. Furthermore, the roadways have been made so dangerous by poor design or the reckless driving of irresponsible maniacs that one must assume that cyclists will occasionally use sidewalks.

Expecting a sidewalk free of cyclists was like if I had expected the luxury condos to be suddenly replaced by something cool like a park or a toilet museum.

The man was very clearly trying to start a fight.





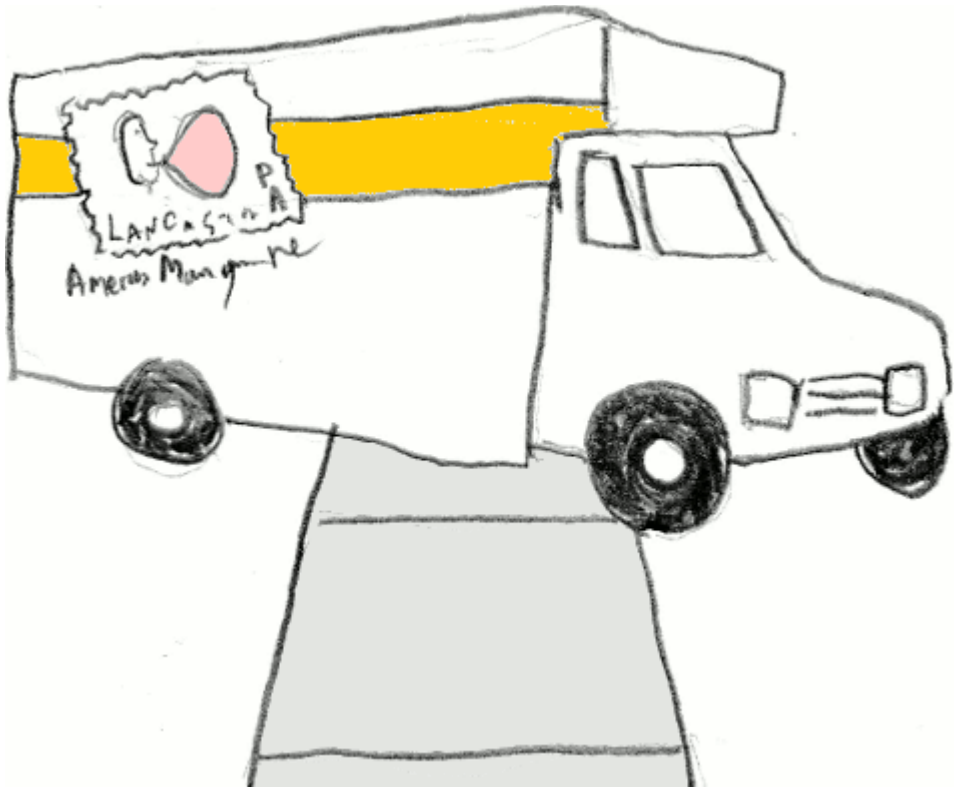
I sped along until I was out of reach of physical violence from him. Then—at the top of my lungs—I yelled, “**FUCK YOU, PAL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**”

I’m also flabbergasted at the hypocrisy. I’m gasted of the flabber variety! You can bet your bizcream that a generation ago, this man’s antecedents supported and endorsed the unliberal spirit that heightened the economic deprivation and discrimination that still force people to bike surprisingly long distances instead of using means of travel that save time. During the authoritarian Tea Party craze of a decade ago, this man was probably the sort of person who complained about bike lanes being added to existing roads. So it was the fault of his ideological allies that I was forced to bike on the sidewalk.

The gentry possesses a deep love of foreign dictatorships like mainland China, and they’re always talking about how dictatorships are our friends and good trade partners and how we should copy their public policies. But Chinese cities are *full* of bicyclists. This man would *loooooove* that!

The luxury development—like several others around here—is also exempt from property taxes for decades. So the wealthy assailant is getting free Toy Money at the expense of working-class people like you and me. He doesn’t pay taxes like we do. He contributes nothing. Gentrificationists say projects like this expand the tax base, but they don’t, because they’re exempt from taxes. They just live off of us.

A few days after this shameful episode, I saw a U-Haul truck parked on the sidewalk on Fairfield Avenue—obstructing all pedestrian and other movement. It was parked diagonally to inflict maximum blockage. Nobody was loading or unloading anything. The truck was just sitting there looking stupid. Yet nobody dared to challenge it. The same goes for a few weeks later when I kept bumping into huge advertising signs that had been placed out in the middle of the sidewalk. When the raiding aristocracy completely hogs sidewalks like this, it’s considered art, not lawbreaking.



## **A punk show got ru**

It’s been a long time since I’ve been to a punk rock concert, but I’ve been regaled with a story of a show in Chicago that went awry in a big way!

Recently, a punk band came to the Windy City. You’d think a punk group would play at a punk bar. Instead, they appeared at some really snooty club that usually draws yuppies and propellerheads instead of punk fans.

The band’s fans loved the show—but only the part before they got thrown out. It didn’t take long before fans began moshing and climbing onto the stage and diving from it. Although the band had encouraged stage diving, the club instantly ejected any fan who dove from the stage. The manager would make a whistling sound and point to the door with his thumb.

After the group played a few songs, the manager jumped onstage and told the crowd, “This show is over.”

A woman in the audience yelled, “No it isn’t!”

The manager yelled back, “*Shut the fuck up!*”

Then someone threw an inflatable octopus up on the stage, and the manager angrily kicked it

into the crowd. The crowd began chanting over and over, "Shame!" A beer can mysteriously flew onto the stage.

There was later an exchange on the public Internet about the ruined concert. A spokesperson for the nightclub repeatedly said, "We are not a punk club." But the band's fans kept pointing out that the club was punk enough to make money from hosting a punk show.

The club was also accused of stealing a customer's leather jacket, though apparently the jacket was later found in the toilet.

It's almost like a poopysm.

Who says punk is dead? Ronald Reagan.

## Assault with a deadly weapon

*"History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right." – George Orwell in his novel 1984*

Schools are usually among the first places to adopt bad ideas—and among the last to abandon them.

I guess saying this makes me both a "left-wing extremist" and a "right-wing extremist"—depending on what ideology the incels and propellerheads claim to follow. Frankly, I don't give a shit what they think, because they've been consistently wrong about everything. Their politics is like if Rudy Giuliani fucked a coloring book.

According to our schools, an idea is good because it is. An idea is bad because it is. It's always because they say so.

Corporal punishment in schools was always one of these things where people would say, "Oh, they don't do that anymore," but it kept happening. Many school officials *enjoyed* dishing out corporal punishment—and politicians and the legal establishment did of course connive to protect them. Today, people are inclined to think schools no longer pressure parents to give their kids Ritalin—but they do. The fact that schools keep doing things that everyone else deemed obsolete a long time ago is proof that garbage never fades away and just keeps catching on fire and belching poisonous smoke forever.

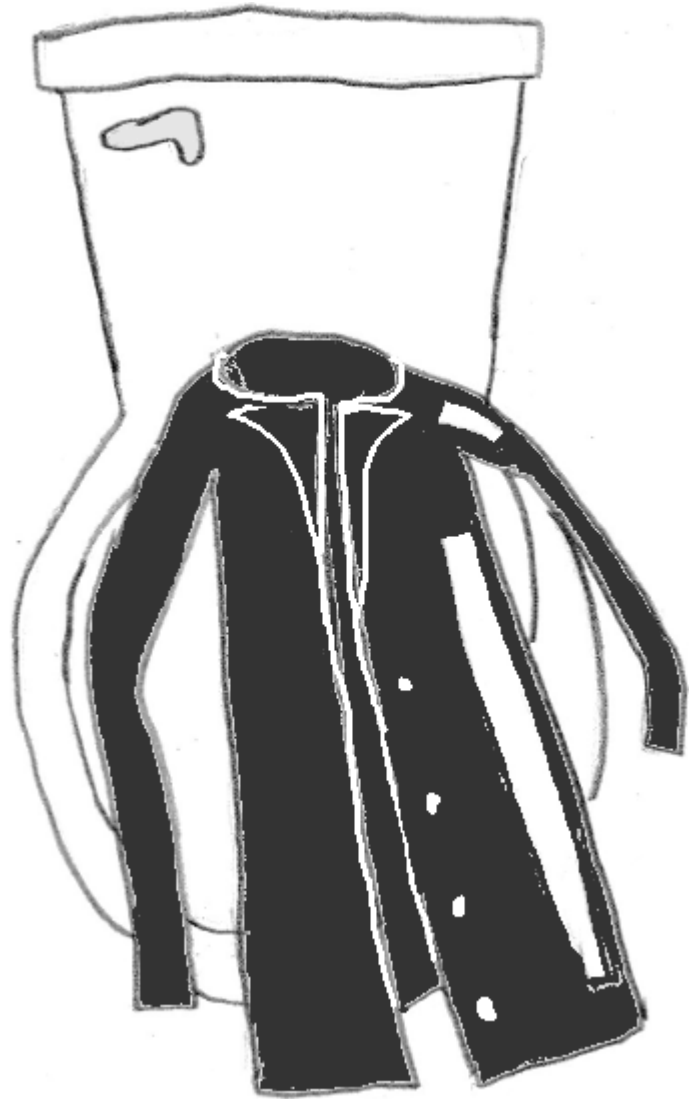
Something stupid happened once when I was in school. (Imagine that!) I don't remember what year this was or which teachers were involved, but it was as idiotic as one might expect. One day, kids kept misbehaving. In fact, it was the norm since the first day of school. So the teacher whipped out a big ol' paddle! The paddle was dark brown and made of wood.

The most distinctive feature of the paddle—in addition to having holes drilled in it—was that it was emblazoned with the initials D.W.

A student saw the initials and said something like, "Does D.W. stand for 'deadly weapon'?" It would be believable if it did. I just saw a new article about how schools continue to paddle students (when the school is open at all), and a photo of a paddle used at a Mississippi school bore the words "Mr. Feel Bad."

I can't remember if the D.W. was carved into the wood—which would have left a backwards D.W. on students' buttocks—or if it was just painted or handwritten. But the teacher said it did not actually stand for "deadly weapon" but was instead the initials of a person, possibly another teacher who the paddle was borrowed from.

One other time, someone—perhaps on a computer bulletin board system—asked where



teachers buy their paddles. It was an interesting question. I don't remember Kmart, Rink's, or King Kwik having a paddle aisle. Somebody replied that some local instructors made their own paddles, but others bought their paddles from a professor at NKU who made them.

You read that right. A major American public university in my lifetime allowed a professor to sell paddles out of his office. Our universities are supposed to be the home of the captains of intellectualism, but instead they were aiding and abetting teachers who not only paddled kids but also also received special legal protection for it. How can we trust them on anything? Hell no, our colleges aren't liberal! By our traditional definition, they're as right-wing authoritarian as Mitt Romney!

This is like the time another university sold football helmets to a jail to use as part of a torture device.

A report by Human Rights Watch says, "Paddles are not commonly available from school supply companies for purchase." But these days, you can order a wide assortment of paddles from several major online retailers.

You might think that as the '80s gave way to the '90s, schools would have improved, but instead they dug in.

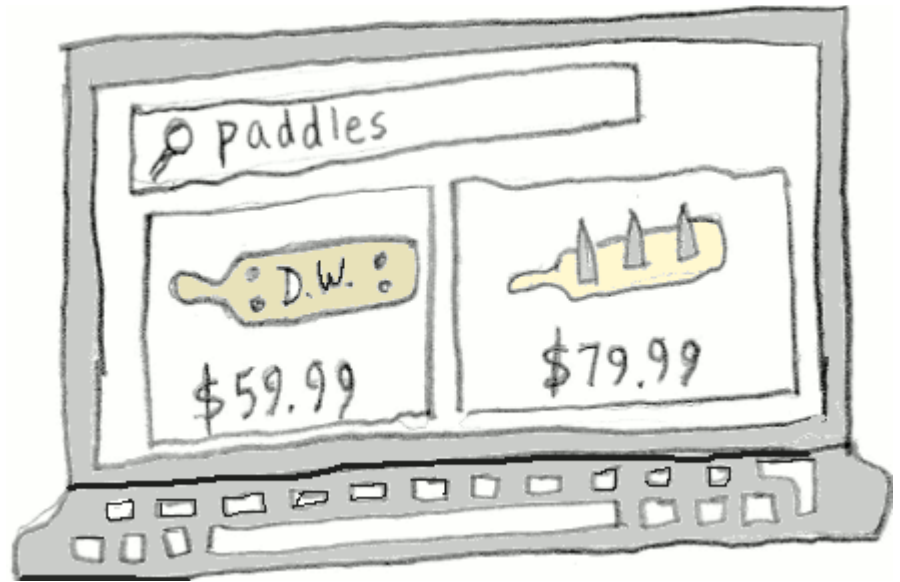
Criticism of it was even less tolerated than before. I witnessed a few particularly ghastly ambushes in my upper high school years. One day, teachers kept goading a particular student who was a few years younger than me. This lasted most of the school day. Finally, the student lost his cool. I don't remember exactly what he did, but it was something like shoving a book onto the floor. It was nothing spectacular or unusual. Following this, several teachers grabbed him with all their might and dragged him out of the room. I never saw him again.

In another incident, I was standing in the hallway and could see right into a classroom. I didn't see or hear anything unusual going on. But suddenly the teacher snuck up behind a student who was walking around the room, grabbed him around his waist, and violently wrestled him to the floor.

The response from our rulers to these ongoing abuses remains as thoughtless as ever, as they fire off missives doubling down on their evil. These tyrants have declared war against our health and safety—indeed, against America. Defending abuse is a second skin to them. It forms their whole identity. It isn't only politicians and school officials who are in on this conspiracy but also unethical lawyers who have cashed in: They make big bucks defending bad schools, and when families sue schools and end up losing because of a biased court system, these legal eagles cash in even more by getting the court to force these families to pay schools' legal costs. Lately, school systems have resorted to gloating about how they beat back challenges from all those scary people out there, and how they made them pay their legal fees. What we need to do is make it illegal for schools to make opposing plaintiffs pay their legal costs. We also need to make it illegal for lawyers to collect fees when they sue the few remaining schools that actually get things right. If this gravy train is cut off, most of these frivolous suits will stop. Gravy, gravy, gravy it up!

Schools wallow that they don't get enough money from those who dare to challenge their abuse, but when it's time to deliver services, they bail. Schools closed for as much as 2 years over the COVID-19 pandemic. The schools didn't suffer from kids being forced to take Zoom classes, but the kids did. On the other hand, why would some students even want to be in school in person, considering how abusive our schools are?

The selfish media politburo would gaslight us into thinking most people are on the side of schools digging in, but I don't personally know *anyone* who is up in arms against most schools returning to pre-pandemic business and abolishing abuse that took place under the guise of the pandemic. A loud handful that favors doubling down because of the pandemic gets all the headlines, but they're overwhelmingly outnumbered in the real world. It's mostly corporate and political bosses



and their friends who have supported doubling down—not students, parents, or the working class. Other than a few politicians, most of those who have waged war on America are not actually elected. Families know better how to educate their children than self-serving elites do.

Cue the schools calling us “dirtbag leftists” and “right-wing Trump supporters” at the same time.

## If the shoe fits, wear it, except at the airport

Our schools have a long and embarrassing history of totalitarianism and elitism. Their authoritarianism is seen not only during school where you’d expect it but also in the way schools control students’ lives outside of school.

Schools love sending kids to shrinks. If schools don’t get the answers they want from a competent therapist, they dig in and send students to an incompetent one. This is all part of the grand conspiracy. One of the low points of this evil campaign was a psychiatrist I saw a few times when I was about 13.

I only saw this quack about 2 or 3 times, but my parents idolized him so much that when he appeared on a local radio talk show, they recorded it off the air. They thought he was brilliant. Just a few years ago, the Dollars for Docs website revealed that he was receiving goodies from drug companies. This wasn’t long after several local public school districts promoted appearances by him.

A recent online search discloses that this shrink tends to humiliate himself in public. Somebody recently reviewed his practice and noted that he showed up at the airport and was not wearing any shoes. He was such a terrible doctor that this reviewer claimed to have filed a formal complaint with Kentucky’s medical board.

Another reviewer said the doc prescribed so many drugs to their daughter that she became addicted. This review said of the doc, “He is a quack!”

If a doctor in any field of medicine utters anything that challenges the official narrative and has the science to back it up, so-called news outlets will spend an untold amount of energy trying to see if they have a disciplinary record. Yet this smug clown gets bad reviews in plain sight, and he stays in business for decades with no media scrutiny at all.

## Another person bubbled with a mask on (in 2022?!)



The debate is over. Like the rest of lockdown culture, masks didn’t work, so there’s that. I risk being censored just by pointing this out, but I stand by this claim, and I am fully prepared to present the science to back it up. I go by science, not feelings. Plus, in a democracy, debate of public policies must be permitted.

The failure of masks didn’t stop schools from enacting mask mandates. When I was in school, nobody would have complied, because people didn’t unquestioningly believe ridiculous ideas back then. Come to think of it, when I filmed my documentary up at NKU that humiliated the university, none of the approximately 3 students I saw on campus complied. Even a video on YouTube from NKU from way back in *October 2020* showed a group of students completely barefaced in an indoor study



area, though I'm sure the school dug in on enforcement later, as schools like to double down after being proven wrong. Regardless, my upcoming report on the failure of lockdowns still lurks, and our schools are going to catch an earful.

If schools and other agencies don't like being humiliated by my report, they should have thought of this before they shit in their hat. Play stupid games, win stupid prizes.

But it appears that precisely one person in recent months has complied. Judging by the crashing enrollment numbers at colleges nationwide, he also appears to be one of roughly 5 people still enrolled in college anywhere in the whole country.

A young man who appears to be a college student has a Twitter account. Just a few months ago, he put out a Twitter message declaring that he "instinctually blew a bubble in class with my mask on and now my mask has gum on the inside of it." Although my spellcheck doesn't recognize it, *instinctually* apparently is a word, for bubbling is an instinct.

I've seen numerous people instinctually bubbling at Kroger and at festivals lately with a mask off, thus proving it is still physically possible.

## People really win gum on MTV!

Because you exist, you want to see more articles about bubble gum.

Remember when contests used to give away what they called a year's supply of a particular product? How do they know how much of a product you'll use in a year?

I remember back in the mid-'80s, MTV had a contest in which one of the prizes was a year's supply of Bubble Yum. I was watching MTV one day, and J.J. Jackson was talking about the contest. He said something like, "You can blow a really big bubble with all of that!"

Other outlets have given away similar quantities of beegum. I was recently alerted to a website where people talked about receiving a year's supply of a product as a prize. One person said that when they were growing up, they won a year's supply of Hubba Bubba bubble gum in a contest by a Canadian TV channel. But the gum only lasted about 2 months because they chomped so much of it. This prize package also included an inflatable gym bag and chair, "which the cat ruined." (The magic word!) This commenter said they would throw the packs of gum in the air like how people in movies do with money.

Another commenter said their mom won a year's supply of Orbit gum—so she could bubble. However, Orbit is one of the most unpopular brands of gee. Not quite as much as Freedent, but it's close. In fact, Orbit was designed to be an inferior brand. It was introduced during World War II because Wrigley's had a hard time finding ingredients for its more popular brands.

It's not just gum. One commenter said their mom won a year's supply of pantyhose. This commenter used all the pantyhose playing cops and robbers, as they wore the pantyhose over their head.

I remember a contest that awarded a year's supply of guitar strings.

You can blow a really big bubble with all of that!

## Pee on a doorknob! Lighter fluid in lockers! Game day bucket go boom!

If ruining spectacles is the bestacles, then making a spectacle of yourself is making the bestacle of yourself. That's why I'm regaling you with yet another set of rapid-fire expulsion stories!

A commenter on the public Internet wrote of a classmate who "never did any work" or "made any effort to do anything." At Brossart, that would have made him a hero. But some schools have considerably less patience for such sloth. This student kept yammering on his cellphone while





teachers were giving lessons. One day, there was a public speaking assignment that students had to read in front of the class. All this student did was just jot down a 45-second speech on a paper plate. But he was finally expelled because he kept talking on his phone, got kicked out of class, got lectured by the teacher, and stomped off in the middle of this lecture to buy some marijuana.

At another school, a student was expelled because he wrote a big essay about the dean of discipline's tyranny and taped it on all the doors, lockers, and bulletin boards. But this expulsion was reduced to a mere detention because of complaints, and the dean was demoted. At one school, an 8<sup>th</sup> grader was expelled after he was caught on camera peeing on a doorknob on the day of the parent-teacher conferences or a similar event. A high school sophomore at one school shoved toilet paper, lighter fluid, and poop into the slots of lockers. Then she wrote a bomb threat and delivered it to the office, claiming that someone else had written it and that she had just found it on the ground. She was expelled for that, as she was dumb enough to write the threat in her own handwriting. Also at this school, two students were expelled for having sex in the foyer right next to the office.

A student at one school was expelled for printing counterfeit \$20 bills and using them in the vending machine. At yet another school, a student was caught masturbating in the library twice. At another, a high school freshman was expelled for using his home computer to hack into the school's grading system. He grew up to work for Apple—which infuriated the principal so much that he tried to burn down the former student's house.

A student was expelled for hurling a water balloon at a classmate during class. A student was kicked out for throwing himself in front of a moving school bus so he could sue the school for the resulting injuries. Another stole over \$3,000 worth of cafeteria food over 2 years. A 1<sup>st</sup> grader was expelled for whipping out his penis for show-and-tell. One student was expelled for praising the Golden Gate Bridge. A 4<sup>th</sup> grader was suspended for accidentally squeaking their desk across the floor during a rendition of "God Save The Queen" and refusing to apologize to a picture of the Queen of England.

A very wealthy suburban school district kept trying to protect its image by forcing students out for being disabled, pregnant, or just "difficult." A student who became pregnant was kicked out for being a "poor standard of influence." I did a little bit of research on this district, and it ain't good. The district had tried covering up a prostitution ring that was being operated out of a middle school. Later, the district actually filed a lawsuit against a state regulation that said students couldn't be required to wear masks. (A bipartisan group of lawmakers later approved a statute to codify this regulation.) The district itself was sued for defying the state rule by requiring masks. One of the principals in this district was somebody who was politically very well-connected. (Bipartisanship protected students from mask mandates, but bipartisanship can work *against* people too.) This principal kept making up rules on the spot, and teachers who disagreed with her were fired. She fired so many teachers that she forgot who she fired. This principal allegedly encouraged students to cheat so the school could receive more funding. Finally, the principal was asked to retire because a student who had been declared an unperson by the school simply showed up and started attending class again. The school was forced to give credits for the student's time away, because not graduating would have embarrassed the school.

In the late '90s, Coca-Cola had a nationwide promotion where students were supposed to go out on the football field and spell "Coke." Believe it or not, students missed class time for that. But one student was expelled because he wore a Pepsi shirt that day.

A student was expelled from a school for aiming a pellet gun at a lollipop. At another school, a 2<sup>nd</sup> grader stuck a paper clip in an electrical socket, causing it to explode, knocking a desk over. Another student was expelled for getting in 4 fights in one day. A group of 8<sup>th</sup> graders was expelled



only a month before graduation because they found beer at school, got drunk, and stole an exit sign. A student was kicked out of school for “gang activity” for fighting back against a bully. A high school freshman was expelled for vomiting in a teacher’s coffee cup. At another school, a student placed a photo of a teacher in all the urinals. Two students were expelled instantly for using a school laptop to send porn to all the students and teachers at every school in the district. After a bee flew into a classroom at one school, a pupil was expelled for delivering a judo kick to the bee when it landed on a window. The entire wall – which was made of glass – shattered. There was a rumor at one school that a kid got expelled for shoving a banana into the tailpipe of a teacher’s car. At one school, a student smoked marijuana out of a crayon wrapper. A 2<sup>nd</sup> grader was expelled because their parents refused to drug them for ADHD.

A student was expelled for microwaving a pencil, and another was kicked out for trying to sharpen a pen in an electric pencil sharpener. A high schooler destroyed their school’s grand piano. A 6<sup>th</sup> grader was expelled for stealing an item from a gift shop on a field trip. A student was expelled for kicking and shattering a vending machine because his chips got stuck. A high school student was suspended after he ran into a classroom to hide from a teacher who was chasing him and then poured a bottle of his own urine in a radiator in the classroom—thereby stinking it up.

Another high school student was expelled when police found a pound of marijuana in his car while they were searching for trays that had been stolen from McDonald’s. There had been a competition among students to see who could steal the most trays. An 8<sup>th</sup> grader was expelled because a “random” locker search yielded a few caffeine pills. The student also faced criminal charges for drug trafficking, though there was no evidence whatsoever that the student was selling the pills. A student at another school was expelled a week before graduation for driving his ATV through the school building. Students got expelled for breaking into a classroom, shitting in an electric kettle, and dropping it on the gym teacher’s car. Another got expelled from a Catholic school for shitting all over the chapel. A student at a Christian school was expelled because she wrote sexually explicit answers on a test. A student at another school was expelled for throwing feces on the ceiling in the hallway. At yet another school, a pupil was kicked out for throwing bean and cheese burritos all over the principal’s car. A student at one school was dumb enough to paint his own name all over the school. Another was barred from every public school in the entire state for 2 years because he fired a toy gun at a bus stop.

At another school, a student defecated in a schoolmate’s shoe, flushed it down the toilet, and played kickball in the restroom. At a Catholic high school, a group of seniors were expelled a week before graduation for being caught with marijuana. At another school, a high school senior was almost expelled over a situation involving a hall pass. Apparently, he hid the hall pass. The school called the police—over a missing hall pass, of all things! The student turned it into a scavenger hunt in which he set up drop boxes with clues for the next location. When he was questioned about it, he kept answering in riddles.

At still another school, a student defecated inside a schoolmate’s lacrosse glove. An 8<sup>th</sup> grader at a Catholic school was expelled only a month before graduation because he found his dad’s medical marijuana stash, brang it to school, and rolled a joint in science class while they were watching *Bill Nye The Science Guy*. A university student was expelled for shoplifting from the bookstore of another university during band camp. A student was kicked out of school for using shit to write “hell” on a restroom mirror—except he misspelled it, even though this was high school. At a middle school, a student smeared shit all over the lavatory walls and then tried to set the feces on fire to “make the bathroom explode.” At another middle school, a student broke into a locker and peed on a schoolmate’s laptop.

A student got expelled because he taped over the school’s copy of *The Outsiders* with footage of



himself masturbating. Another got his arm stuck in a soda machine while trying to steal a beverage. A student at a boarding school got drunk, rolled down a hill on a suitcase with wheels, and almost crashed into the vice-principal. A senior at a high school drove his dirt bike into the school, zoomed up the staircase, and ruined the carpet. A 16-year-old bragged a paring knife to school to cut his lunch and was expelled from every school in the state.

(As for the stories about students being expelled from every school in the state, it is not known what state these incidents occurred in. A comment on one website says Maryland passed a law that says that if you're expelled from school, you can't enroll anywhere else in Maryland. As a result, according to this comment, many expelled students started attending school in neighboring states or Washington, D.C.)

At one school, a student was expelled for bringing a can opener to school to open a can of Chef Boyardee they had brought to avoid the cafeteria lunches. A student was kicked out of school for trying to glue a bully's Gatorade bottle shut with super glue. This ended up gluing the bully's mouth shut. The expelled student reportedly went on to do very well in life. At yet another school, a student was expelled for drawing over 1,000 pictures of penises—each on a separate sheet of paper—and strewing them all over the hallway.

*In The News* it is not.



## Quack, quack!

If a medical practice prescribed leeches to cure a canker sore—and then prescribed even more leeches after the *New England Journal of Medicine* reported that leeches don't work—you'd write off this clinic as a bunch of quacks. In fact, you'd run for your life.

Why should it be any different for providers that dig in on other bad ideas?

I regularly visit several different practices. After I got suspicious and spent a few months investigating them, I've now come to the conclusion that some are run by quacks. I have fairly high regard for most of the individual doctors and nurses who I've seen. But most of them don't last very long there anymore. The greater point is that the leaders of these practices are mired ear-deep in quackery. Some of these institutions have doubled down on their ideas despite burgeoning proof that they don't work.

For that reason, I plan to stop visiting these providers. Sadly, some of them have a monopoly in this area in certain fields of medicine—so it might be a long time before I can find new doctors in these fields. But—as much as I trust some of the individual physicians—I do not trust the clinics themselves. I cannot keep putting my life in the hands of providers that are so inclined to bad decisions.

It's not conspiracy websites where I'm getting my information. I've found several fairly credible articles that say one of our local healthcare giants that operates some of the practices I visit accepted millions of dollars from a multilevel marketing company that hawks essential oils, dubiously implying these products cure cancer. The deal even included naming rights for a new cancer center.

Some of the articles about this also say that very famous hospitals in other parts of the country have also sold out to multilevel marketing firms or other purveyors of antiscience. So it would be hard to trust them now too.

At the new cancer center around here, you supposedly can't actually buy essential oils. You just have to take what they give you. This means patients must seek a consultant to buy more, which leads them to be recruited to sell these oils as part of the pyramid scheme.



It's bad enough when pyramid schemes try to sell stupid vacation packages or household goods. But preying on cancer patients is a whole new level of unethical.

I found those articles in a search on Brave. Either the articles don't appear on Google, or they're buried under the pop-up media's typical congratulatory crap.

Furthermore, most medical providers in the Cincinnati area are part of a larger local association that is responsible for some of the recent decline. There might be only a handful that are not part of this monopoly. Some of the providers that I use are acting on their own to outstupid even the association they are a part of.

If I sincerely thought these providers' ideas worked, I'd keep going there. But I know they don't work. Almost everyone has figured it out except them. If they can't see what's obvious, should I trust them with my life? It doesn't help that they've been getting more and more bad reviews, some of which accused the practices of illegal, bigoted, unsanitary, uncaring, or life-threatening acts. One reviewer said one of their locations falsely accused her of showing up just so she could obtain drugs. Another reviewer said this establishment was intentionally misdiagnosing patients as having COVID-19 because the federal government gives bonuses to healthcare providers when patients receive this diagnosis. I have heard that hospitals all over America have been doing the same thing, and it's inexcusable. Not only does it harm the patient, but the media and politicians are happy to use the higher case numbers to justify more lockdowns.

Since foisting personal morals on the public seems to have made a comeback over the past couple years, I should also mention that this practice has been deeply involved in this even in ways that don't directly affect me. This itself is unethical. If you deny patients healthcare based solely on personal morals—not because of broader ethics or medical reasons—and this care isn't available elsewhere in the region, maybe you shouldn't be running a healthcare facility.

In past years, I had very positive experiences with some of the establishments that I now plan to abandon. In the 2010s, I had an absolute blast almost every time I went to the doctor. Medical visits usually aren't considered recreation, but in the 2010s, I preferred them over most amusement parks. But no more.

It's not too late for me to change my mind and stick with these providers—but only if they mend their ways *soon*. The allegations are serious enough that they have a lot of work to do. If they clean up their act, I'll assume the practice was taken over by better leadership. But time is running out. I shouldn't feel guilty about canceling an appointment only a week before it's scheduled—for I wouldn't have to do so if the place would do its job right.

I cannot allow myself to be bullied by medical facilities' incompetent leadership.

## Congress talked about people bubbling

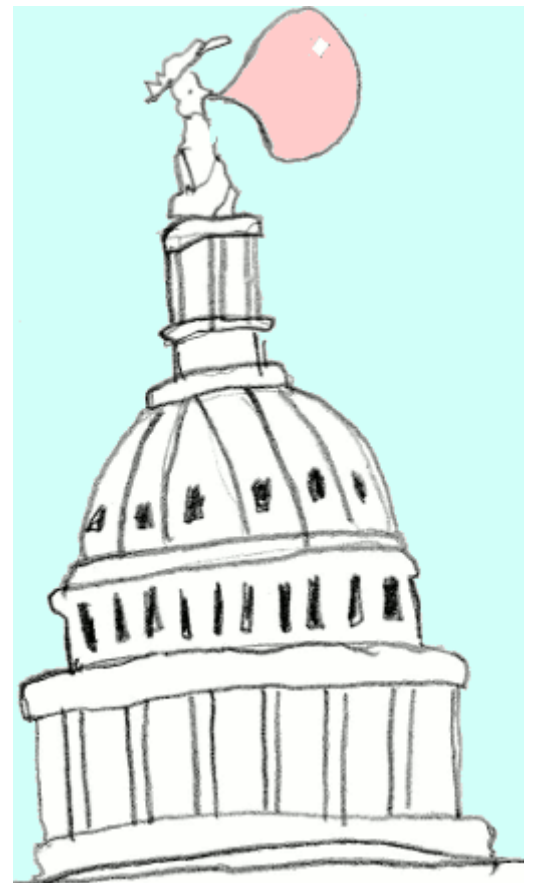
It's hard to believe Congress—yes, the U.S. Congress—once devoted a hearing to the topic of people blowing bubbles with bubble gum.

There are certain people who you'd think would never even *mention* bubble gum, let alone the bubbleability of this zesty goo. Lawyers, doctors, and clergy are right on the periphery of this class of people. But *politicians* are a whole other animal indeed.

They might mention—or even chomp—gum, but you'd think they'd never specify if it was of the bubble busting variety. You'd expect them to call it *chewing* gum, not *bubble* gum. References to bubbling would seem beneath the dignity of our elected officials.

Let's go back to 1987. *Beverly Hills Cop II* was a box office blockbuster, and the nation was enthralled by the stock market crash. And Congress held hearings on the Reagan regime's plan to force federal employees to take a drug test.

Remember, back then, we had real Democrats. All the





Democrats do today is try to rehabilitate George W. Bush's shattered reputation and screech about everyone not behaving. But in 1987, they led the charge against Reagan's dictatorial ways.

One congressperson who helped lead this effort against right-wing tyranny was Rep. Gerry Sikorski, a Democrat from Minnesota. He held a congressional hearing designed to uncover the evils of Reagan's drug test requirement. But the hearing quickly evolved into a discussion about bubbling, as Sikorski asked...

*"Is the administration playing the teacher and the federal workforce of the 4<sup>th</sup> grade class, with the teacher making everyone put chewing gum on their noses because one student blew a bubble in class?"*

Sikorski didn't touch on the prospect of people subsequently blowing a bubble with their nose.

## Things fall apart

Why do some books fall apart so easily?

School textbooks always got gobs of help in this regard from students constantly throwing them and sticking bubble gum in them. But what about books that were actually useful?

When I was very young, we had a book at home that was like a dictionary for small children. It had simple words arranged in alphabetical order, and each one had a color drawing with it. It contained no profanity. But I don't remember it ever having a cover. The cover had fallen off. I think even the pages at the beginning and the end started falling away little by little.

I had forgotten what the tome was called, but thanks to the miracle of the public Internet, I was able to find that it was titled *The New Golden Dictionary*. It was published in 1972, which means we must have had it no more than 4 years before the cover came off. I have books that are 30 years old and still in great condition, but this book didn't last 4 years before the cover was gone.

I used to enjoy most of the pages that remained, and I also recall a part at the end with very small print that no small child could possibly comprehend. A few of the pages appear online now, and because I'm older than 4 now, I find it considerably beneath my reading level.

Evidently, a CD-ROM version of this dictionary was released just a few years ago.

The \$98.26 question is: Why did the cover fall off of our copy so easily? I don't ever remember throwing it. I once threw a *Graphic Street Guide Of Northern Kentucky* in self-defense during a sibling squabble—and those staples were sharp—but this useful volume was bound well enough that there was little threat of the cover falling off. But there was also the time the *Atari BASIC Reference Manual* flew across the room and the pages went flying everywhere.

In high school, there was a big shelf full of dictionaries. The few that still had part of a cover had a dark green cover. We used to play catch with these dictionaries by throwing them across the room, and people also stuck "Support Our Troops" stickers on the pages. Stickers ruined the pages even more than they already were.

One book that seems to fall apart easily is *Rand McNally Road Atlas*. Online commenters call it the "Rand McNally curse." There was a time when we bought new editions of this volume only a year or two apart—not because so many new roads were being built, but because it kept falling apart. This atlas seemed to self-destruct in many different ways. The cover would fall off, pee stains would mysteriously appear on the pages, or it would appear as if someone stuck tape on the pages and pulled it off. A year ago, an online commenter said he went shopping for a new atlas because his 2021 edition was falling apart—in 2021. The atlas was already in such bad shape halfway through the year that it went straight into the recycle bin.

However, the "Rand McNally curse" doesn't seem to afflict editions from the 1960s that have the vinyl covers that smell nice. Those have held up almost like new.

A commenter on another online venue once said he tore the pages out of a perfectly good copy of this atlas to make covers for his school textbooks—as if it was worth ruining a good road atlas to protect some stupid textbooks.

In a classroom I once peopled, I was assigned to read a novel. The teacher just grabbed a random book off the shelf for me to read. It was called *Things Fall Apart*. The book was in such bad condition that it was held together with a rubber band. I started reading the book and couldn't figure

out what was going on, so I never made it past the first few pages. However, this novel is actually considered a milestone, and is highly acclaimed throughout the world. The problem I had was literature was not exactly my best subject.

When the teacher noticed I hadn't read the book, he commented on its condition. "Things fall apart," he said of *Things Fall Apart*.

One time when I borrowed a book from the library at Brossart, the tome was already in such bad shape that the librarian—an elderly nun—gave me a rubber band to place around it. She said she often used rubber bands to place around books "to keep them from getting too ruined." The magic word! This was the same librarian who found a booger wiped in a book and thought someone "pasted" the pages together.

Things fall apart.

## More Toy Money for gentrification

Make no mistake: 2019 is back! (And why do people always say "make no mistake"? Does not saying it mean people are told to make a mistake?)

When I say 2019 is back, I mean that the ills of gentrification are back to sneering down at us. The Manhattan Harbour boondoggle in Dayton, Kentucky, is again the culprit. A recent Facebook post says over 100 cars belonging to residents of this luxury development have out-of-state plates. In other words, they belong to people who moved to Dayton from out of state, priced out existing Dayton residents, and still have not bothered to register their cars in Kentucky. The vast majority are said to be high-priced cars. It is estimated that Dayton's lack of enforcement has already cost the city \$120,000.

Yet Dayton residents of average means said the city wasted no time ticketing them the day after the 30-day time limit ended when they moved to Dayton from out of state.

The hypocrisy stinks so badly you can smell it through the construction noise. While wealthy newcomers are allowed to go without registering their cars, Manhattan Harbour has begun requiring a decal to park on the development's streets, claiming it's private property. Cars have even been towed. However, the streets are not private. They were not only built with public funds, but the development receives significant tax breaks. LINK-GIS confirms the roadway is public.

Bellevue isn't innocent either at engaging in selective enforcement. Somebody replied that a friend's car was ticketed for not having a city sticker while they were taking care of family who lived in Bellevue.

If zillionaires want to start living in this area, they need to pay taxes and registration fees like we do. It's not fair for working-class residents of our cities to have to pay taxes while the rich become deadbeats who live off of us.