

The Last Word™

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Sunny day...Sweepin' the censorship away...



I want to talk to you about something serious, so wipe that smirk off your face.

America is now experiencing the most severe censorship that it has seen in the nation's entire history. Just as bad, the official definition of censorship seems to be the precise opposite of what the word actually means.

It breaks my heart that children's books and TV shows that positively influenced my generation have been deemed unsuitable for today's children or made unavailable altogether. While these book burnings take place, taxpayers are being forced to fund mind-rot rubbish and misinformation that is marketed to very young children now.

It isn't only children's media. In June, I wrote on The Online Lunchpail that arts agencies fund art museums, performance halls, and artistic works on the basis of whether their events, policies, or content uphold the official narrative on subjects like war or COVID-19. Independent musicians and writers have been denied arts grants, but major Broadway theater productions have received tens of millions of dollars in compensation for refusing to reopen as normal after the pandemic.

The treatment of *Sesame Street* is one of the most obvious examples of children's media being censored. Many of the show's earlier skits are no longer shown at all. At the same time, many of its recent products have been taken over by the official COVID narrative—which is *completely* wrong for children. They might as well publish a book titled *Grover Gets The Electric Cattle Prod*. I am absolutely

gobsmacked that some of the show's COVID-themed material is even published at all. Nothing even *remotely* like this was put out in my day. Before 2020, this was *unthinkable*. Then again, if you had told me 3 years ago that the Democrats would soon start demanding that proms be conducted using Zoom and that low-wage workers deliver groceries to well-paid incels who won't leave their homes, I would have laughed in your face. If you had said the Republicans would demand these things, I would have believed you, but not if you said the Democrats would demand them.

When I was a tiny tot, I adored *Sesame Street*. I lived it, I breathed it, I ate it. We all love everything the show did during its first half-century – most of which is no longer broadcast. But we wouldn't let the COVID antiscience put out by *Sesame Street* in the past 2 years anywhere near a child. You wouldn't let a known child abuser near your kids, and it's the same with a media franchise that over the past 2 years has openly encouraged child abuse inspired by COVID quackery. Children's exposure to *Sesame Street* should be limited to its earlier material – despite the fact that many older *Sesame Street* segments are now inexplicably labeled as unsuitable for kids.

Establishment media cares primarily about money, control, and antiscience. They do not respond to children's needs. To stop the censorship of older materials, I think it may be time for some legislation to dangle the threat of cutting off public funds to organizations that practice such book burning. TV shows and books in my day instilled the qualities people must have in a civilized society. Censoring these works is a barbaric assault on society's very values.

Plus, with TV and radio, there is an FCC mandate to operate stations in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity." The FCC continues to raid pirate stations that harm nobody, so I'm sure the FCC can encourage licensed stations to broadcast some amount of good children's programming.

Although kids' shows that aroused no controversy at all 45 years ago can't be shown today, there are COVID-themed children's books that are now sold everywhere that have no redeeming value whatsoever. *Zero*.

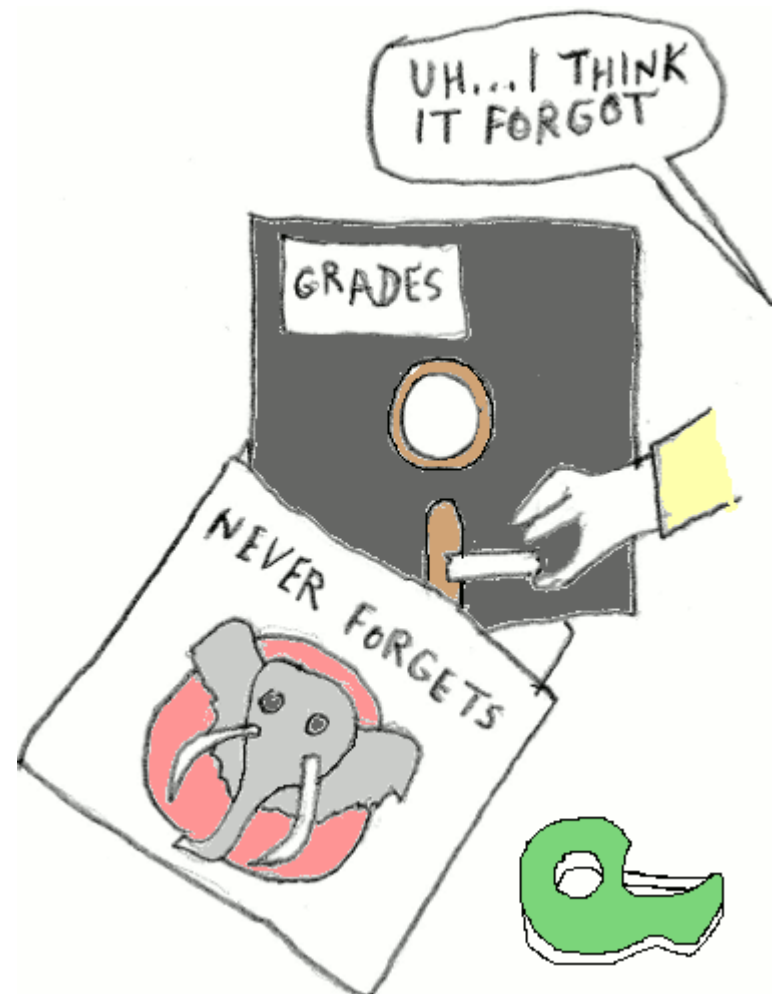
I'm afraid there might not be enough of society left to save. Big Tech censorship is out of control – at the hands of technocratic stumblebums like Twitter CEO Parag Agrawal, who openly bashed the First Amendment – and books are being yanked off library shelves with the most gusto I've seen in decades. (Some of the most extreme censorship of books in schools lately has taken place in states like California where political "leaders" deny that it's going on.) A recent survey showed that journalists – who are supposed to be champions of a free press – are less likely than the general public to say news media should cover both sides of an issue. But it's pretty bad when not even Big Bird is safe from being muzzled by the censors.

Computer programming misadventures

I do a lot of work with computers, and have done mostly that in recent weeks. But all my real programming has been in some form of BASIC. I am not literate at all in Fortran, Pascal, or C++. I can't learn those.

In the past few years, I've used FreeBASIC to complete projects that I had worked on for over 30 years. But I also have a long, proud history with Atari BASIC.

Some of my first programming misadventures were at school when I was in 4th grade – mainly because the school didn't have a computer. A Thomas More College student

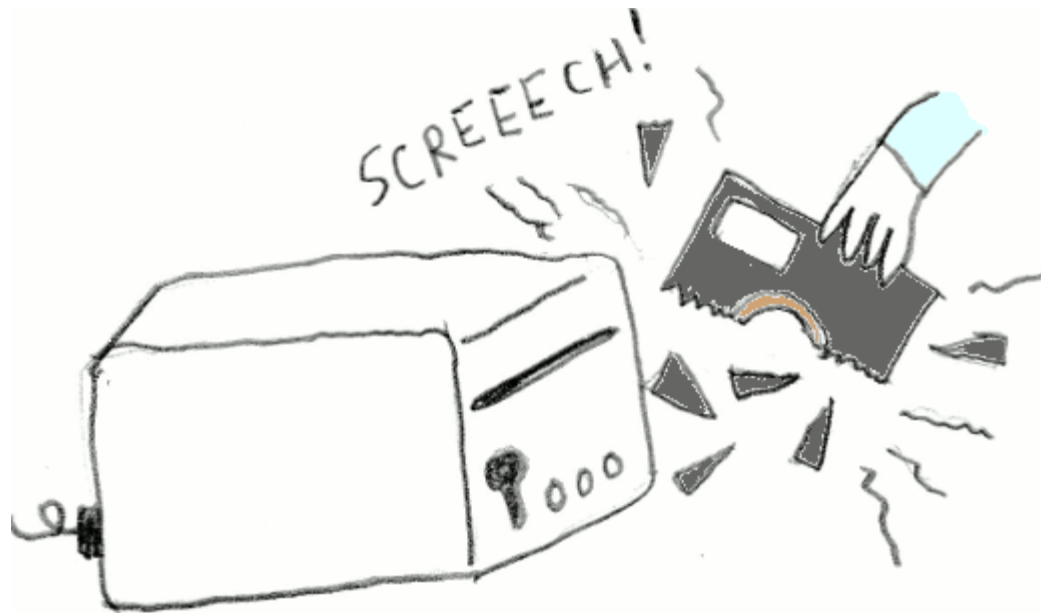


showed up periodically as a programming tutor, but since there was no computer, we mostly just drew flowcharts and read from old books. I got so bored that I started acting up during each lesson, but she still kept showing up.

We bought an Atari 800 for home while I was in 4th grade, so when I transferred to Highland Heights Elementary for 5th grade, I was truly pumped about the fact that our classroom would have a computer. But we didn't use the computer at school for programming. We mostly played games like Oregon Trail. One day, something moderately funny happened. A student noticed that one of the computer games had what was labeled as a data disk. "What's the data disk?" he asked the teacher. "It's not for you," the instructor replied.

In 6th grade at Cline Middle School, many of us moved on to not just goofing off and inquiring about taboo data disks but actually ruining computers. The Apple computers in the gifted class bore most of the burden. Tape got stuck all over the shiny part of a floppy disk – destructing it. The tape was stuck between the sleeve and the disk, leaving a rude surprise for the teacher when he took the disk out. I somehow trashed a computer so thoroughly that it said "KERNEL OK" – which meant it *wasn't* OK! The teacher tried to shrug it off, but I knew deep down he was furious! Another thing we frequently did was turn the computers on and off really fast so they would go completely bonkers. It was like when everyone kept pressing the "module select" button on the Speak & Spell so it would make a funny sound. Eventually it broke the switch.

A few years later, a man who worked at a school's computer lab posted on a computer bulletin board system about what went on at his school. There was a disk that didn't work, so a teacher asked him to inspect it. It turned out that someone had written "Hi!" on the shiny part.



A class I was in later had a computer game where you'd guess simple words. Somebody broke into the word bank and added *fuck*. The teacher also lectured the class because kids kept removing disks from the disk drive while it was spinning. He said that when that happens, "you break a disk." This ruined the classroom's Where in the World Is Carmen Sandiego? disk.

When I was a high school junior, somebody infamously used scissors to cut the cord for the mouse for the computer. A social worker at the school who found the wasted mouse got a disappointed look on his face and lamented, "This tells us about the computer."

But perhaps my biggest programming misadventure was others' shunning of BASIC. I majored in radio/TV in college at roughly the same time the radio industry was being gutted by the lifting of ownership caps. Similarly, I was interested in BASIC at the precise time that the software business started decreeing that BASIC was no longer acceptable in the industry and laughing at those who still used it. BASIC resources—especially Atari BASIC—plummeted then. This was despite the fact that BASIC was relatively easy but could do a lot. Any time I said I wanted to grow up to be a professional BASIC programmer, I was always met with the same reply: There was no longer a "market" for BASIC programmers, so I should just shut up,



accept it, and think of a “realistic” career instead.

There was no longer any encouragement to use BASIC as anything other than a toy. After I was expelled from Cline and was forced to start attending St. Joe’s, I was so broken by the schools’ abuse that I began to mostly just spit out nonsense syllables and poo-poo jokes, so what better idea for a BASIC program than the Toilets Are Fun game?

Toilets Are Fun was a BASIC program I wrote that didn’t do anything except show a big toilet on the screen and the words “TOILETS ARE FUN” using Atari graphics characters. Yellow and brown were the only colors used. I put my heart and soul into this game. Before I wrote it, I drew up the graphics on a sheet of graph paper.

This was a decline from the days of Decline. Decline was a game I started writing earlier in which you would stampede through Cline Middle School and wreak havoc. It was actually a playable *game*, not just a funny picture. Unfortunately, I was never able to finish it.

America went from Decline to Toilets Are Fun. It was evolution in reverse!



We weren’t allowed using the restroom at school

This article is not about Brossart. During my freshman year there, I was often afraid to use the restrooms at school, because I had heard that seniors “initiated” freshmen by dunking their heads in the toilet. When I was a sophomore, I had a few months where I was afraid to use the lav because I was worried about being accused of clogging toilets with books, scissors, locks, and other ploppables. But other than that, this piece is not about Brossart.

When I was a junior and senior, I mostly attended a class that the Covington schools had at 1st District for students for whom other schools didn’t work out. When I was a senior, I spent part of the day at Holmes attending regular class and the rest of it at the “secret” class at 1st District.

At this “secret” class, they wouldn’t let us use the bathroom. Not once did we get a straight answer as to why. Kids in regular elementary school at 1st District were allowed to use the restroom by themselves, but we were in high school and we weren’t allowed.

Here’s how going to the bathroom worked at this school: If we needed to use the beethoom, we had to wait until another teacher decided to take his class, which didn’t happen very often. We were taken to the restroom all at once. The teacher hovered over us while we were at the urinals and sinks.

If we were lucky, we might get 2 restroom visits a day. Sometimes we got none. This caused students to openly threaten to pee their pants. People would egg each other on to wet or soil themselves, but as far as I can remember, nobody ever followed through.

Sometimes if we were taken out of class for meetings with school officials, we’d miss our johndola break. If we missed it, we missed it. The response: “Too bad.”

Having to hold it in all day was torture, and no complaints were allowed. One afternoon, I kept having to writhe around because I had to go so badly, and then they got mad because I wouldn’t sit still. I had to ride the school bus home in this condition, and the trip was about an hour. The good news is that the right-wing commentary by the bus driver and monitor in the early ‘90s wasn’t as right-wing as the actions of schools today (and it didn’t have the deceitful wokewashing).

So why weren’t we allowed to use the restroom by ourselves? Somebody actually asked a social worker at the school why. He sputtered and said it was in case somebody stopped up the toilet. This was not a straight answer, as this did not justify the school’s actions. Despite not being able to use the donicker in peace, a student once clogged the toilet with a Bert and Ernie flashlight he shoplifted from a toy store on a field trip. (We also had a field trip where we were all thrown out of another store because a student had previously been caught shoplifting there 7 times.) This proved the school’s rule

was ineffective in preventing ploppings—though I’m sure the school’s excuse was that we weren’t being watched enough. They were like the “lock down harder” thought police.

At some point, it became clear when I got to 1st District each morning that there was a good chance I wouldn’t be allowed to use the bathroom again until I got home around 3:30 PM.

And that’s why a paint can got peed in.

People farted at Brossart and stunk up the place

When people ripped bunker blasts at Bishop Brossart High School, it was usually a loud-and-proud. But I remember a couple times when someone cracked a silent-but-deadly. If an LAP is the court jester of air biscuits, then an SBD is the king!

I remember a couple of particularly raunchy trouser sneezes when I was a sophomore. One day, in biology class, I detected what to this day may be the most pungent rock snake I’ve ever encountered. It could have peeled the paint off the walls. It was good and stinky. This was the kind of bunkeroo that could have melted the paraffin in the dissecting trays. I’m pretty sure the source of it was a student sitting right in front of me, because he kept turning around and snickering.

A different SBD was detected one time during art and music appreciation class. One day, we had this class in a hallway in the gym building where a TV had been set up to watch an *American Bandstand* special. As the tape was rolling, a loominsky wafted. Stunk up the whole hallway, it did. A student loudly lamented the stench and pointed fingers at possible culprits, but no suspects were charged. Nobody could hear the TV because of him. Best all, the teacher was standing right there—so I’m sure he could smell it. He scowled as the pooteroony hovered.

Needless to say, it was pretty damn funny!

Fast-forward to college. When I went to NKU, we were required to take classes that had absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with our major. I envy locals who got to commute across the state line each day for college, because Kentucky’s education system was in such shambles. Think how hard we had to work to get into NKU only to not even be able to focus on our major. Plus, each student was told when they first enrolled that it

almost always takes 5 years to complete a 4-year degree—putting them at a financial disadvantage into retirement. Anybip, there was one class I had to take that had something to do with “human wellness.” I wasn’t interested in it at all, and it had nothing to do with my major of radio/TV.

It was held in a rather large classroom, where people leaned back and bubbled. It was also during the semester in which I was pretty much forced to completely give up on all my classes halfway in. It was useful for something though: The professor told a funny story about how she caught a student cheating. The professor gave back the graded papers from a test, and a student said an answer had been mistakenly marked wrong. But this student didn’t know that the professor had photocopied all the finished tests before handing them back. So she immediately saw that this student had erased his wrong answer and replaced it with the right answer after getting his paper back. That was the end of that student’s academic career!

This class was also useful for something else. One day, I detected the uproarious stench of an SBD. It was the kind that could ignite concrete. I glanced around to see if anyone was reacting to it. A



few people bore tight-lipped expressions as if they were trying to avoid breathing the soiled air—but they said nothing. However, there was a young man who did have a very guilty look on his face.

Now you know the stories of some of the stinkiest farts I ever detected in a school setting!

When I sued the school

Evidently, there's been a rumor going around for years that I "sued the school." This rumor doesn't really specify what school. Most of those who believe it actually seem somewhat sympathetic to the idea of me suing schools.

According to this legend, I "sued the school" and won a huge sum of money, but as part of the settlement, I am forbidden from ever mentioning it. The rumor also says that if the school continues to harass me, they've broken the deal and I'm allowed to mention it after all. One thing is for sure: If that was the deal, they have broken it, as I was still getting harassing messages only a few years ago.

If I was barred from mentioning a settlement, how would people know about it? Once in a while—and I mean a *great* while—some of our local schools get sued, and articles about the case don't name the plaintiff, so people just assume. But the plaintiffs almost always lose, because schools are so powerful.

I found out how powerful they are when I actually tried to "sue the school." I already knew they were powerful, but this showed just how powerful. When I was in my early twenties, I launched a serious effort to make schools pay before the statute of limitations ran out. I called the local bar association hotline so they could refer me to an attorney who would take my case. Then I called the office of the lawyer they referred me to. I spoke with his assistant for a while, and she said there was no way in hell this was a winnable case. As a certain school bully who grew up to become a bank robber would say: "Sorry! Channel 9!"

Sometime later, I saw a small newspaper article about somebody suing one of the same school systems I had tried to sue. The lawyer representing the school was the same one the bar hotline had referred me to! I had been referred to the same attorney who represented a party I wanted to sue! I don't have anything personally against the lawyer, because if the school hired him, he has to do his job of defending the school. Even the worst serial murderers—who are almost as bad as the people who ran the schools—are entitled to a lawyer. This lawyer doesn't appear to be any more unethical than those who have cashed in by filing frivolous suits lately because schools still aren't authoritarian enough. Plus, if there's one thing schools are good at—perhaps the *only* thing they're good at—it's lawyering up, so this lawyer must have been damn good.

This experience underscored that schools are so powerful that even attorneys that are supposed to represent us actually represent the schools. It seemed impossible to get justice. It was a fusion of powers of all 3 branches of government plus private parties.

Ever since then, schools in the area have rarely been sued. It's been noted that the number of lawsuits against American schools has plummeted precipitously since the 1970s. Schools have buffaloed the public into tolerating their bullshit. Surprisingly, when a school in the area was deservedly sued about 10 years ago, the plaintiff's attorney was one who was usually known for his conservative politics. Unfortunately, the plaintiff lost (despite having what appeared to be an ironclad case), and the school system proceeded to ruin the plaintiff's life.

Lately, there's been a little bit of eeping about how I don't attack Republicans as much as I used to, and assail the Democrats more. I'm punching from the left, man. If the Democrats had provided a place from which I could fight society's burgeoning totalitarianism, I would have stuck with them. Instead, a more conservative figure emerged as a defender of civil liberties, while those who are ostensibly more liberal now think being the "voice of reason" means building your whole identity around being a smug bootlicker.

After I tried "suing the school", I attempted taking my story to the local media, but of course they swept it under the rug.

The grand conspiracy among schools, politicians, the media, big corporations, and others



marches on.

A person got expelled for beering in class

When someone gets expelled from school, you think of the people at **The Last Word**. Warm, caring, down-home folks.

True to form, we have another batch of rapid-fire expulsion stories. So beedle, eedle, and eed!

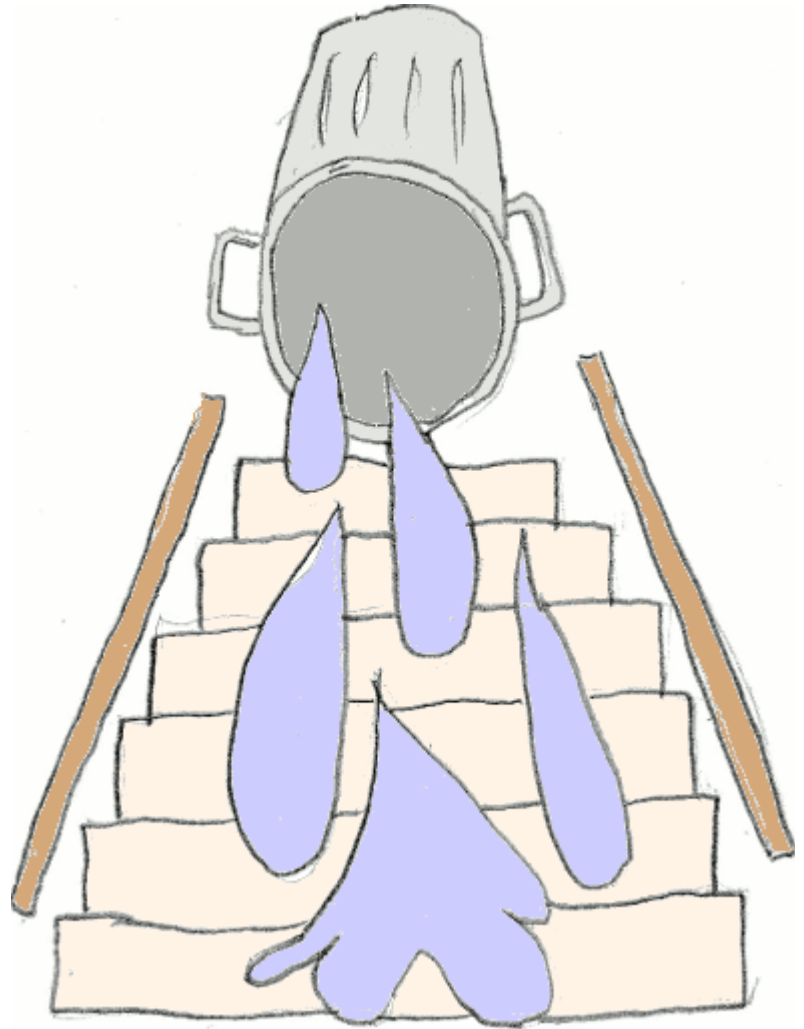
A commenter on the public Internet said a high school senior who was either student body or class president was expelled only a month before graduation because she brang marijuana brownies to the school musical. Another commenter said their dad was expelled from school when he was 15 because he filled garbage cans with water, placed them at the top of a stairway, and tipped them over when students started walking up the steps between classes—which “washed everybody down the stairs.” At one school, a student somehow got admin access to the school’s e-mail system and added crude sexual remarks to the morning announcements. After this student was expelled, the school still didn’t fix the security flaw in its e-mail system, so this student canceled the headmaster’s car insurance and forwarded to students a private note from the dean about getting drunk, eating tacos, and getting a piercing in a private area.

One student kept making up stories about being a world-class surfer and kendo master. A classmate called him out and told him he could prove he was a kendo master by bringing in his sword. So he brang in a costume sword he got at a comic book convention. This resulted in police being called and chasing him all over town. He threw the sword in a trash can, and when cops found it, he said he had purchased it as a birthday present for his dad. He was then expelled.

A college freshman was expelled for less than a gram of weed in a dorm. The weed was discovered when a residential assistant illegally entered the dorm. A student at one school hacked the school’s computers and lost everybody’s grades and the school’s financial records. But he wasn’t expelled until he lit sparklers in class. A high school student broke into their school and stole a projector. This student was only caught because friends bragged about it at a gas station and a state trooper overheard them. A pupil was almost kicked out of a charter high school the day before graduation for burning a notebook holder in the parking lot.

A high schooler was expelled for beating up a schoolmate who had sexually harassed numerous female students. An entire 8th grade class received an in-school suspension because someone kept throwing pieces of a banana at the ceiling fan. A 7th grader was expelled for making a copy of the school’s master key and breaking into the computer admin’s office and printing out all the teachers’ e-mail passwords. One commenter claimed to have been expelled 8 times for offenses including drug possession and credit card fraud. After they graduated high school, the state refused to honor their diploma.

Apparently, a high school junior who served as a teacher’s aide allowed students appearing in a class play to skip class. This caused these students to be suspended, forcing the school to refund \$25,000 worth of tickets to the play it had already sold. The cast of the play then stole the sets from school, performed the play away from school, and earned \$7,000. The student who led this caper was



asked not to return.

A high schooler who “did really stupid things” and had missed over 100 days of his freshman year was expelled because he kept setting garbage cans on fire. A student was expelled and arrested for getting high and running around the school wearing only his underpants. A group of about 7 or 8 high school kids was expelled because they hacked into school computers to change their grades. It started when they were freshmen and continued until they were seniors.

A high school senior simply walked out of school because he kept getting harassed. Schoolmates made up a story that he had gone home to get a shotgun, and he was expelled and institutionalized because of this made-up story. A student was expelled because he got caught masturbating to a photo of a girl he found on the floor. He was caught when the gym teacher walked into the restroom while he was pulling his joystick at the sink.

At yet another school, someone was expelled for shoving a spool of soldering wire into an electrical outlet during roll call. A grad student at a veterinary school was found to be stealing ketamine. When confronted about it, he tore up the dean’s office and threw the dean’s laptop against the wall. He was expelled and arrested. A student at another school stole a car, drove it to school, stole beer from a gas station, and drank the beer in class. A student got expelled from a Christian school when a condom fell out of his pocket. A student was kicked out of middle school for stealing his dad’s stash of marijuana and cocaine, hiding it in his locker, and boasting about it. Another student wrote “nipple” as the answer to all the questions on his exams.

One commenter said a child at their school who was 8 or 9 kept crawling around on the floor and knocking over desks, but apparently he was never expelled. He didn’t limit his mischief to school. He kept running into stores and screaming at the cashier, “The police are coming!” At one school, students witnessed a huge piece of shit mysteriously falling from the sky and landing on a window. The log then slid down the glass. The teacher ran to the upstairs restroom and found a student with his ass hanging out the window. At another school, a student was suspended for cracking a loud fart during a moment of silence for a teacher who had died. A 6th grader at one school was expelled for shitting in the restroom sink and smearing it all over the mirror. A kid at another school was placed on “permanent exclusion” because he broke a shelf holding over 20 mugs in cooking class. All the mugs crashed to the floor and shattered.

One student said that when their class was on an 8th grade trip to Boston, a 7th grader back at school shit in the hallway and on a toilet seat. He then smeared it all over the mirrors, walls, and even the ceiling. He shoved shit in the air vent—stinking up the whole school. Students called the incident the “poopening.” School administrators concluded that the entire 8th grade class must have been in on it, even though none of them were even in town when it took place. The whole 8th grade class was punished severely. The real culprit was finally caught 2 months later and expelled.

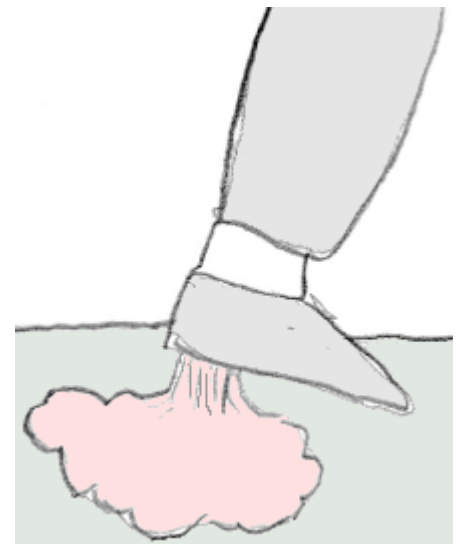
Thinkabout it is not.

A person got gum on the floor at a gym

Some people bubble only in the privacy of home. They may even consider gumming at all to be an activity that you sneak behind a barn. Others partake in bubble gum busting in public—for the whole wide world to see!

Bubbling is more hilarious in public than in private. But what’s even funnier is when somebody gets gum on the floor—ruining it all up!

It wouldn’t necessarily be a big news story if someone blows a bub in public. But when gum gets on things, it’s quite an event. I just found a recent video on YouTube titled “DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM: BLOWING BUBBLES WHILE WORKING OUT AT THE GYM: IN A PUBLIC PLACE!” I wouldn’t have paid attention if not for those 4 words at the end. It’s not that important that it’s in public, but putting it in the title tells us that something extra ridiculous is going to happen...



Here's a synopsis of that video in case you're afraid a Snuffy the Talking Fire Engine filmstrip might pop out of your screen, unspool, and strangle you. At the beginning of the clip, a woman stuffs 3 gumballs of various bold colors into her mouth. She calls it an "experiment." Then we see her in a car, where she bubbles a mean bub. She strolls across a parking lot, where she continues to blow humongous bubs.

The real funniness takes place as she exercises inside a gym. She bubbles all the while, as the camera drifts past a green sign with instructions for the gym equipment in some variant of Times New Normal (which is my name for that grating sans serif font that's all over everything lately). Finally, at 2:23, she starts blowing a bubble bigger than her head as she exercises on the machine! Most cool people would let it bust everywhere. But instead, the woman removes the bub from her mouth while it's still inflated. She then blows on it—sending pieces of it all over the floor!

She got bubble gum all over the floor at the gym!!!

Nobody seems to notice all this beegee busting—until she steps outdoors and a man seems to comment admiringly on her bubbling capabilities. The woman continues to bubble outside, but the wind has something to say about it.

Many people posted positive comments about the video, including one calling it "a fun treat." Another commenter kept begging for a video featuring public bubbling at stores like Walmart and Target. Another said, "Big bubbles in public settings are so cool." But I didn't see any comments about how pieces of a busted bub landed all over the floor of the gym—to be stepped on later. This is like the video a few months ago where a woman bubbled at a mall and drooled all over the floor.

The woman in the gym video also has a "Bible reading channel."

TV time!

So the lockdowns cost you your job, most of the libraries and museums have been closed for over 2 years, and you're afraid of getting beaten up for taking a walk in the park without a hazmat suit. So what can you do? Watch TV!

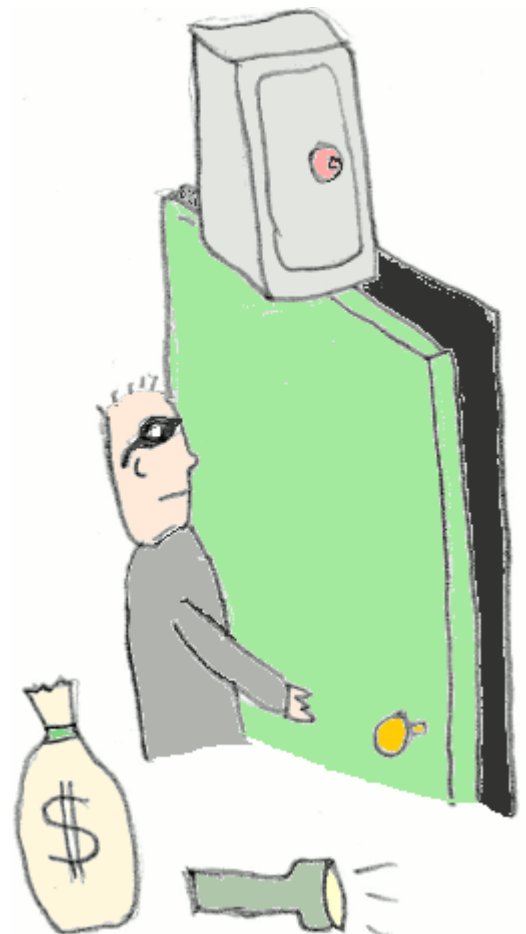
What are some of the best episodes of popular TV series? I've seen a few over the years. I caught some of these episodes when they first aired, but some first aired before I was born and I only saw them in reruns or when they appeared on the public Internet. This is a list of my favorite episodes of several series. Hopefully I won't spoil the plot, but read 'em and peep...

All In The Family—**"Edith Gets A Mink"**, Feb. 12, 1972—Edith gets a mink cape that gets ruined when spaghetti sauce is spilled on it, and the Jeffersons' dry cleaning business destructs it even more. This culminates in an uproarious argument between Archie and Edith's cousin-in-law.

The Andy Griffith Show—**"Opie And The Spoiled Kid"**, Feb. 18, 1963—A new kid moves into Mayberry and carelessly plows through town with a brand new, very expensive bicycle. He throws a king-size temper tantrum when Andy has to impound the hulking velocipede.

Big John, Little John—**"The Missing John"**, Nov. 20, 1976—I don't remember a thing about this Saturday morning show that I watched as a youngster—except one hilarious scene. The class sets up a bucket of flour so it falls on the principal when she enters the room. I only mention this show because, decades later, I planned to use this same trick on a burglar. But instead of flour, I planned to use a big metal safe.

The Brady Bunch—**"The Not-So-Rose-Colored Glasses"**, Dec. 24, 1971—Jan refuses to wear her glasses, causing her to crash her bike into a portrait of the kids that Mike planned to give to Carol as an anniversary gift. Needless to say, the photo was ru. This



touched off a scramble to have a new photo taken without the adults finding out. This is also the episode where Alice bubbled.

CHiPs – circa 1980 – I don't remember what episode this was, or even whether it was one of the best overall, but it featured a hang gliding scene that had the all-time best use of *Electric Company* music in any show other than *The Electric Company*.

Cops – Jan. 6, 1996 – Ride along with real-life police! With the rise of the hang-'em-high prison state at the time, this show was often absolutely maddening. But it had enjoyable moments too. One of the most hilarious was in Buffalo where a man called the cops because two men kept throwing records at his car.

The Dukes Of Hazzard – "A Little Game Of Pool", Dec. 3, 1982 – This series had some fine material, and I wanted to pick an episode that had Bo and Luke instead of replacement cousins Coy and Vance. But there was one Coy and Vance episode that I couldn't resist. In this installment, Boss Hogg makes a bet with Uncle Jesse in the form of a game of pool. Boss then invites himself to the Dukes' farm and promptly tears the felt on their pool table so Uncle Jesse can't practice.



General Hospital – Sep. 18, 1981 – Remember when they tried to turn this long-running daytime soap opera into a sci-fi? Soaps are usually intended for adults, but when I was in 3rd grade, I kept hoping I'd get home from school in time to catch some of *General Hospital*. That's because this was during an exciting storyline in which supervillain Mikkos Cassadine had a machine that could freeze any city in the world. The most memorable scene is when Luke Spencer fights Mikkos and shoves him into a giant freezer. We see the unforgettable sight of Mikkos trying to escape the freezer as he freezes to death – though it was rumored that the show would bring him back from the dead 25 years later.

Guinness World Records Primetime – July 26, 2001 – Don't try this at home! This episode featured a Kentucky woman who set a hilarious record: She set the world record for the biggest bubble with bubble gum blown with one's nose.

Home Improvement – "Dollars And Sense", Nov. 17, 1993 – The boys use a savings bond from their grandmother to buy a model racing car that was autographed by Rick Mears. It's very, very rare – and very, very expensive. And it's irreplaceable. So you can see where this is going.

Judge Judy – circa 2000 – One of my all-time favorite cases on this long-running court show featured a woman suing a man because he didn't hold the door open at a bowling alley, which apparently caused the woman to get injured. This case is notable because the defendant called the plaintiff an "old hag" in court and soon got thrown out of the courtroom.

Roseanne – "Inherit The Wind", Sep. 12, 1989 – If you don't know which *Roseanne* episode is my favorite, you haven't been reading my work for very long. The greatest installment of this series is of course the one in which Becky loudly passed gas in front of a student council meeting. But the bunker blast itself did not appear on the show.

Saturday Night Live – Feb. 19, 1983 – Notable for the opening monologue by guest host Howard Hesseman. A big picture of Ronald Reagan was placed on the stage, and Hesseman invited viewers to moon the President.

Seinfeld – "The Couch", Oct. 27, 1994 – The episode where Elaine spills red wine all over the Maestro's poster is a classic, but a different episode is a shoo-in as the greatest. In "The Couch", a restaurant owner named Poppie shows up at Jerry's apartment and plops down on his brand new sofa. When Poppie starts to leave, Jerry discovers a fresh urine stain on the couch. After investigating the puddle, Jerry declares, "Poppie peed on my sofa!" He spits water everywhere.

Silver Spoons – "Twelve Angry Kids", Jan. 15, 1983 – This is the one where the bully Ox shows up in his boxers and the rest of the cast laughs at him because he shit his pants.

The Simpsons – "Homer's Enemy", May 4, 1997 – The power plant hires a new employee named Frank Grimes, who has had it very rough in life and works very hard at everything. Frank is constantly frustrated by Homer's lazy, slovenly, careless behavior. Frank's resulting tantrum ends in disaster. There are also many other great *Simpsons* episodes, such as "Three Men And A Comic Book"

from 1991, in which an effort to buy a rare comic book concludes in a side-splitting spectacle.

Three's Company—“Opening Night”, Nov. 16, 1982—During the grand opening of Jack’s restaurant, Larry’s relatives show up and smash all the plates—costing Jack dearly.

What’s Happening!!—“Black And White Blues”, Dec. 22, 1977—Rerun, Dwayne, and Raj don’t want to watch a college football game on an old black-and-white TV, so they secretly borrow a brand new color set that was supposed to be given away as a prize in a church raffle. When they’re bringing the new set in, they accidentally drop it.

So go ahead! Lean back, relax, and enjoy some laughs with your favorite TV characters!

Some card collectors weren’t playing with a full deck

Because this is a day ending in *y*, you need more stories about irreplaceable Magic: The Gathering and Pokémon cards getting roodledy-doodledy. So read ‘em and bubble!

Frolicking in the splendor of the public Internet, I found a comment from someone saying they put some valuable cards in their shirt pocket after buying them. Later, they were found in the wash. Another person said an ex burned a whole deck. Another spilled water all over a friend’s valuable card. Another traded in an entire set for a bicycle—and then the bike got stolen. Another lost a \$70 card when their mom threw it away. Another accidentally threw away perhaps \$10,000 worth of cards while relocating.

A commenter admitted using rare cards for target practice. Another said a friend accidentally placed a stack of cards on a wet countertop. The most valuable happened to be on the bottom of the deck where it touched the wet surface: “Damn thing was ruined.” The magic word! Another left a card at a party and someone used it as a coaster for a drink. Another left their cards in a motel room and didn’t retrieve them before the maid threw them away. Another’s collection worth \$2,000 was eaten by their dog—and another card was eaten by a person. Another tried to sell a rare card to a shop, but the shop owner accidentally dropped the card in his coffee.

Another had \$3,000 worth of cards stolen, but apparently, the thief was caught selling them to a shop about 6 months later. Another mistakenly threw away gobs of cards when trying to fit luggage onto a flight. Another found their cards spoiled by cat pee. Mountain Dew was another notorious threat to cards. Another was riding a bike while lugging around beer in a backpack with their cards and lost both: “Long story short, I fell, the bottles broke and my portfolio was ruined.” The magic word was also used by somebody talking about a bottle of bleach mysteriously spilling onto 20 cards, and by somebody who left a whole deck in the rain on a camping trip who said “all the cards were ruined and stuck together.” Another person rolled a computer chair over a card, and another used a card to scrape hunks of food off their teeth.

One commenter apparently lost their entire collection when their parents’ house was foreclosed on. Another lost almost an entire set when laundry detergent spilled in their car. Another brang their cards to a playground to show them off to their friends—and then the sprinklers came on.

A Pokémon card collector sent a rare \$45,000 card to a company to be graded, and it was demolished in the mail on the way there. The package was destroyed, and the card was apparently stolen.

Just like on TV, stuff got ru.

‘F’ for effort

When nothing you do is ever considered good enough, it wears on you after the first 49 years. So I’m going to write what is perhaps the most low-effort article ever to appear in these pages.

When I was 13, most of what I did wasn’t good enough for school, and I had to work myself almost to tears just to get a passing grade. Spoiled brats at school—the same ones who kept harassing me—were allowed to pass without even cracking a book because their families had a lot of money and clout, while I was punished. I pretty much gave up when I was 15 or 16, which is how we ended up with such gems as the “Nashville is fivish” book report and “Basteolea” references in a written assignment for art class. By then, I knew I’d flunk, so there was no point in wasting any effort.

But at home, nothing had to be done for a grade. If something wasn't good enough, it usually didn't matter, because I wasn't being graded on it. At worst, I might have to redo some chore, but home chores were easier than tough schoolwork anyway. There was no mandate for intelligent conversation, so I put minimal effort into every utterance.

This piece mimics these low-effort efforts of a 13-year-old. Are you ready? Here we go...

See that on TV? That's McGruff the Crime Dog! But McGruff isn't really a dog. He's a woo! They ought to call him McGruff the Crime Woo!

But McGruff the Crime Woo isn't really a woo. He's a woocap! They should really call him McGruff the Crime Woocap!

And you know Alex the Dog from the Stroh's commercial? He's a woocap toocap, my little poocap!

But Spuds MacKenzie? He's not really a woocap. Did you know that? He's actually a feather duster! This morning, Spuds MacKenzie walked up to me and said, "You know what? I have a secret. I'm not really a woocap. Everyone thinks I'm a woocap, but really I'm not. I'm actually a feather duster. I'm just disguised as a woocap for all those Bud Light commercials. Arf-arf!"

Now it's time to let the woocaps in! The woocaps, the woos! The woocaps, the woos! The woocaps, the woos! They had to go wee-wee before they go mighty-night!

Hear that on the radio? That's Howard Jones! He's scary, and he bites! That song is about farts: "No One Is To Blame"!

I feel like farting. It would be funny if I farted. Good farts brew like good beer. Ever rip a big, juicy fart? They're funny. I think maybe later I'll fart. Bip! Oogle-beep!

Now they're playing the Fixx! You're gonna be Fixxed to the wall if you don't stop bothering me! It sounds like their record is ruined. It was a woo until it got ruined. Now it's a wee.

I'm gonna have some celery with peanut butter. Ra-oop, peanut butter! Ra-oop, peanut butter! Ra-oop, peanut butter! (Dances wildly around the room, shoving a jar of peanut butter towards people's faces.)

A person chewed gum off the wall in Bubblegum Alley

Which coast honors bubble gum busting more? The east coast or the west coast? The Atlantic or the Pacific? Bubbling isn't just for us landlocked Midwesterners.

You might think the east coast has better bubblers, because you think of many folks there as being a tough, no-nonsense type. But the west coast has the biggest gum walls. And it isn't only gum walls. A video posted on YouTube in August 2020 shows a couple having a "bubble gum challenge" in which they bubble on what looks like a California beach. The young man practically deconstructs his sunglasses in the process.

But back to the gum walls. You may know that one of the greatest is Bubblegum Alley in San Luis Obispo, California. The reason you may know this is that I've told you before. I think I told you this once back in the '80s. But I also said back in the '80s that I refuse to attend Brossart, and nobody paid any heed when I said that, so why would anyone remember anything else I said? Anybip, peep this video...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MbivWRZUt-g>

What's going on in that clip? In that recent video, an older man talks about how he's in San Luis Obispo and he's off to see the alley! Then we see him chomping a big wad of beegum as he saunters into Bubblegum Alley. He sticks his gum on the wall, and it appears as if people had used gum to stick their COVID vaccination cards to the wall. (I noticed this same technique a while back in somebody's footage of Seattle's Gum Wall.) He interviews some vacationers from England about the wall.

The real funniness began at about 2:15. There we see the man pulling a dirty wad of chewed gum off the wall and chewing it! He beams widely as he masticates the zesty goo!

But he didn't bubble.