

The Last Word™

Issue #579

January 2023

Petitioner thinks he's auditing the auditors

America is fast becoming a police state. (Now it has.) If we don't fight back, we will someday wake up in an America we don't recognize. (We have.) Next thing you know, we're going to have anti-smiling laws! (We do.)

This is another serious article, so if you've turned that frown upside-down, you might want to turn it upright again. Serious pieces usually

belong on The Online Lunchpail, but **The Last Word** has a lot invested in fighting censorship, so this article goes in this fanzine of freedom. Our previous ish talked about audit videos—also called “First Amendment audits”—which are videos where people test whether various agencies respect our rights. Now we've discovered that some lifeless penisface is circulating a petition to try to get YouTube to demonetize audit videos—i.e., remove the ability of auditors to earn money from their clips. The good news is that his petition is well over a year old but still hasn't reached its goal.

I might not agree with every auditor on every issue, but their basic premise of auditing to safeguard our rights is sound.

It's kind of ironic. These audits protect free speech—and other rights—yet someone is trying to violate their free speech, which illustrates why audits are needed. The petition laughably claims that allowing auditors to monetize their own work somehow erodes the First Amendment.

One signatory of this petition said that auditors should be sentenced to a chain gang. Another pearl clutcher accused both auditors and antifa folks of aiming to “tear at the fabric of society.”

Big Tech censorship didn't just begin when people were silenced for opposing COVID lockdowns. My Google AdSense account was yanked back in 2010 for wrongthink. Anyone who denied that it was pulled just because they didn't like my views looked mighty stupid when COVID disagreements blew the scandal of Big Tech censorship wide open. In fact, I faced online censorship even long before I was kicked off AdSense. Whatever the weather, it's undeniable that major websites have censored people just for their opinions on COVID measures. This has occurred in plain sight, and is unambiguous. So it's unfortunately not surprising that someone would try to censor audit clips, even though a vast majority of them have nothing to do with COVID.

I found the petition when I stumbled upon the YouTube channel of someone claiming to expose auditors. But the videos I've seen on this channel so far only confirm that the auditors are right. I'll give an angry deputy credit though because he made a funny by saying an auditor must have attended “Kellogg's Law School.” But the owner of this channel is as ignorant of the law as anyone, as she incorrectly says a law that allows people to film government officials at work doesn't apply to filming a private guard hired by a government agency.



If there's anything YouTube should crack down on, it's that channel, as it appears to be an attempt to harass auditors. It also uses slurs against the developmentally disabled. Plus, who has time to make this channel, and who has resources to make it such a slick operation? In other words, some outside source must be funding it. Is it the CIA, a hostile foreign regime, or some superPAC? But I would take no joy in getting videos removed from YouTube even if I know they're wrong. If I must err, I should err on the side of letting the poo-poo plop where it may instead of demanding removal. Incidentally, YouTube has reportedly deleted audit videos before, so I'm not the one who is too trigger-happy with censoring. The organized effort to get audit videos removed might actually be racketeering.

After I found that channel, I found *another* channel that assails auditors just as smugly. One of the auditors they attacked is a veteran with lung cancer.

An age of totalitarian decline is upon us. Corporations, schools, the media, and other institutions are singularly dedicated to a mix of economic fascism, societal juche, warmongering abroad, and bottomless contempt for liberal democracy. As part of this poisonous goo, colleges teach hatred of the Bill of Rights. We don't mean that they hate the type of self-righteous interpretations of the Bill of Rights that we've all come across, but rather the document's *actual language*. There is no major political guild remaining in America that has not been recently invested in the humiliation and suffering of others. Our rulers are fascist catastrophists who hate America.

Since the spring of 2020, we've advanced from just strongly questioning the "new normal" to openly cheering all who defy it. But lockdown culture is only one part of the program of totalitarianism that has gripped society. Censorship of other topics is another. The idiotic petition against auditors embodies such censorship.

It all starts here! Identity theft, that is!

This is another serious article, but since it has to do with yet another failure of an educational institution, it belongs in these pages.

Cincinnati State left its students wide open to identity theft a couple months back when somebody accessed its network without authorization. This data breach exposed Social Security numbers, street addresses, and other personal info.

A college still has students?

If higher education had put as much effort into securing their networks as they do into their burgeoning disastrism, this probably would not have happened.

Meanwhile, the closing of schools in general—even at the primary and high school level—has marred society not just in the ways you might expect. Think of the school administrators and other high-ranking officials who I've met and have exposed for their bullying. Where do they go when their schools close? They go out in society and start working for other agencies and corporations.

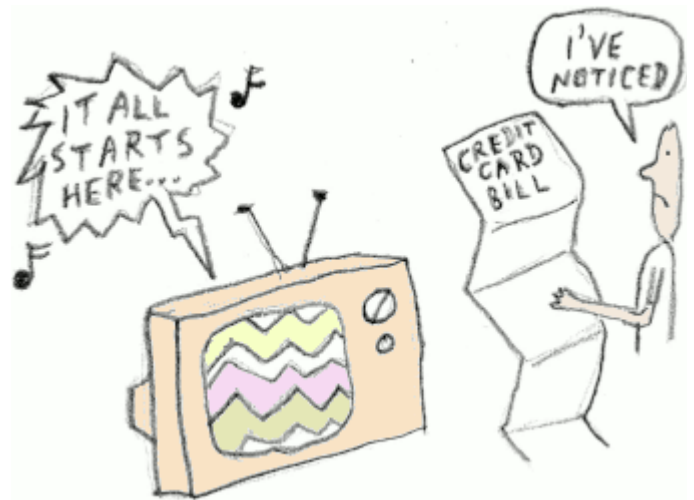
Instead of disappearing into our prison-like schools, these scolding commissars now infiltrate the outside world. Schools' bullying culture is invading all of society. It's like living in Highland Heights in 1987.

You can fight city hall...and the water district too!

Bellevue, Kentucky! It's where this buzzy, scoopy zine has been published since 1997!

Bellevue recently seemed to be a land the law forgot. Unlike Homer Simpson, I don't mean that in a good way. The city still hasn't busted whoever was responsible for the 2019 vehicular assault or the home invasions of a decade earlier. (Don't worry, I'm going to hound the city until these cases are solved.) The wrongthink patrol in the "Bellevue Alliance" group on Facebook argues that if we want to be protected by laws, we should simply up and move to a rich neighborhood.

Sure, the city sometimes screwed up and got things right. But they're actually getting off pretty



easy in this article, because I was loaded for bear before I went to the December city council meeting where I let the water district have it!

In mid-November, Bellevue became saddled with a new crisis. Like other crises, this one seemed like it may have been ultimately rooted in the city's gentrification fetish, but I also feared they might have been writing off a block altogether. Early one morning, the whole neighborhood was again roused out of bed by a jackhammer. But this wasn't just another lawless day in the Belv. This was followed by a huge metal plate being placed on the street by the Northern Kentucky Water District that remained for 5 weeks.

The problem was that it's a very busy street, and the plate wasn't installed properly. So it made constant noise from cars driving over it. It was so loud that it shook entire buildings and may have damaged their foundations. It sounded like a truck crashing into a stack of metal garbage cans like in the old cop shows every 5 seconds. All day, all night. It was left like this over Thanksgiving, so everyone had to listen to this racket during their Thanksgiving dinner.

The water district thought that made them Big Real Manny Men.

No city would have allowed this in a rich neighborhood. Not a chance. Indeedity-doodledy, it violated Bellevue's noise ordinance. But I know from experience that Bellevue does not enforce its noise law – at least not when gratuitous noise like this disrupts a working-class neighborhood.

The water district hadn't bothered to fully fasten the plate. If it was attached properly, it wouldn't have made nearly as much noise. Every time a car went over it, it bent, loosened, and shifted the plate—making it not just louder but more dangerous. There is a legal requirement for panels to be fixed snugly to the pavement, but this rule was defied.

Most cities require plates to be removed after a very short time. (In Atlanta, it's 5 days, but the city had to pay out hundreds of thousands of dollars to motorists whose cars were destroyed by the plates because the city wouldn't enforce this rule.) Most cities require a sign to be posted listing the agency responsible for the project, plus a phone number. Most cities require plates to feature a *legible* tracking number (not faint scribbles). Bellevue seems to have none of these rules, so utilities may leave the neighborhood a pile of rubble for as long as they dare. Many cities also have a phone number or website form specifically for construction complaints, but we don't. Nonetheless, I complained to the city using the form for general issues on its website. The city didn't get back to me on the complaint I submitted using this form.

This meant more had to be done to combat the twerpish bullies at the water district. At the time, I feared that the city wasn't doing its job, so I felt I had to do it for them. I noticed the water district had placed 2 orange traffic cones on the sidewalk next to the plate. So I put one of the cones on the corner of the plate so cars would avoid it.

You don't know how good that felt!

This was 100% effective – until somebody inexplicably decided to throw the cone off to the side. Every time someone tampered with the cone, I moved it back. This process had to be repeated over and over, because somebody kept toying with the cone. One day, I found the cone laying along the street several houses away. On 3 separate occasions, I happened to be looking out my window and witnessed vehicles intentionally plowing into the cone.

It's like when the dog scoots across the carpet and leaves a big trail of shit.

When I brang this up in "Bellevue Alliance", I was immediately attacked by neo-Nazis who run rampant in that group. This should be a badge of honor. They also made insensitive posts assailing someone who posted about an unrelated personal tragedy.

Later, I remembered I had an orange construction vest that I bought for the 2014 St. Louis roadmeet stashed away. So I dug out this vest and began wearing it each time I moved the cone back to its proper place so nobody would bother me.

Wait! There's more! There were a couple of times after that when I saw a truck from the water district or one of its contractors parked on the plate just so I couldn't restore the cone. They weren't doing any work, and didn't remove the plate. They put more time and effort into sending a truck out to park there than cleaning up their mess.



I considered filling the cone with concrete so it would be harder to move and would demolish any car that deliberately hit it. A Facebook comment said there was some town somewhere where people kept painting penises on potholes so the city would fix them, so doing this with the plate was another possibility.

To reiterate, the cone was necessary for people to see the plate and avoid driving on it. In addition to the noise, driving on the plate could have easily ruined an innocent motorist's car, and it could have even caused an accident, especially if it was slick from rain or ice.

Also, while this was going on, the water pressure in the neighborhood was so bad that I

bet it couldn't even knock a booger off your finger (which is always a good water pressure test).

The "Bellevue Alliance" mob couldn't read between the lines when I posted a message asking if the hardware store sold crowbars, so things boiled over on December 14 when I knew I had to dig in some more. I was done playing games, and I decided that if I had to come down harder, I will. It may have helped that another local resident appears to have called the water district to complain, but I had lost all faith in the district by then. Anystink, December 14 was when I made this video showing the noise created by the plate...

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NAHfW-yme_4

Even better, that evening was when Bellevue had its monthly city council meeting. This was the first one I was able to attend since before the meetings were canceled by lockdowns, and I expected the council to be full of reactionary ranters. Instead, I was surprised by their coherence and calmness. I was able to speak during the audience participation portion, and man, did the water district get an earful! After the meeting adjourned, an elected official told me personally that the water district's irresponsible behavior is an ongoing problem. The district will often dig a hole in a street to install a new pipe before realizing the kind of pipe they need isn't available. The hole will then languish for months before the pipe can be installed.

Apparently, an appointed city official contacted the water district later. The water district ended up looking worse than ever.

After that, it was over. The plate tumbled upward, leaving the musty goo towering atop their pointy noggins. But seriously now. Only a few days after the meeting, the water district truck was seen lifting the plate off the street. The plate was never seen or heard again. Also, the cone couldn't have been in very good condition after 3 vehicles purposely ran it over.

It looks like my speech at the city council meeting may have brought an end to Plategate once and for all! It at least contributed to ending it, though complaints by others may have also been a factor. The city *did* do its job—once I had a rare chance to take my grievance to the city. Going through official channels to solve a problem isn't something we get to do every day. I learned early in life that if I need something done, I usually have to do it myself. I once attended a very small elementary school that was a whole county away, and most of my school pals didn't live in my town, so I learned I didn't always have access to collective action.

This gnawing nuisance will go down in history like the pile driver many years ago, the Manhattan Harbour construction trucks squeaking their brakes in the middle of the night, and the truck that barreled through the alley every evening and kept knocking over a wall. Naturally, as soon as the plate was safely stowed away, the friendly neighborhood leaf blower reappeared after a 5-week absence so we could still get our fill of noise pollution.

But sometimes you *can* fight city hall—and win! And you should fight the water district even harder.



Up proctoscope

We've already established that Nashville is fivish, Boston pops, and Nantucket looms.

When I was a sophomore at Brossart, it was a watershed 2 years. You may know that this was when I handed in a book report about the Nashville music industry that consisted of only 3 words: "Nashville is fivish." But I believe it was shortly thereafter that I did a few other things like this which were just as hilarious.

For religion class, we had to write reports on articles from religious magazines. The report was supposed to be longer than the article. Usually, when I searched at the school library for the magazine I needed, it was nowhere to be found—probably because people

kept using the magazines to clog the toilets. (But I think it was NKU—not Brossart—where I went into a stall and noticed a magazine with a photo of a clown on the cover bobbing up and down in the toilet.) Where was I supposed to find the magazine? I didn't know anyone who subscribed to it except the school. The articles I did find were incomprehensible, and it looked like the content didn't really have much relevance to anything going on in life anyhow. One of the articles was actually intended for parents of young children, and even in that context it didn't make any sense.

I heard that students would hand in reports that threw in petty insults against the dour priest who taught that grueling class, but they still got a good grade on it—which proves that the clergyman didn't read the reports. But something happened with one of my reports that *guaranteed* a failing grade.

Our Atari 800 had a word processor and letter quality printer. It was intended for serious schoolwork—not frivolous letters to the *Campbell County Recorder* about the America's Cup preempting *Whew!* When I was assigned one of those reports for religion class, I actually typed up a somewhat presentable product on the word processor. The problems began when I tried printing it out. When I tried to print out the report, nothing but gibberish appeared on the page. It was all random letters, numbers, and symbols.

So guess what? I handed it in that way.

That was the end of that printer. It was only 3 years old, and already it was ready for the toilet. We couldn't find another letter quality printer to replace it, so instead we bought a used dot matrix printer from a man who had placed a classified ad. I remember going over to Cincinnati to pick it up and seeing all his ABBA albums piled up everywhere.

December 2, 1988

"HOW TO STOP YOUR KIDS FROM FARTING IN CHURCH"

The article "How To Stop Your Kids From Farting In Church" is about the reduction of flatulence during religious services. We had to do a report on this article for this stupid class. Fi out of fi! Boist! Up, up with periscopes, you meet 'em wherever you gfs5Tpp!ifkgL872??ru@if38+ siS6% \$F7eSK-8dDLLDh(@dlP DjFjkFK49CZZlt956%#?drr<rk ow59 dSJKS042{(;f sll49djaoa;o sfooi-@ui4030jksjKLS ep[e2-@(*WWs*kdkdI8:K;9017do'w'd-kdkrwKJSK jisK0j deprwpir SLSk 49djaoa;o sfooi-@ui4030jksjKLS ep[e2-@(*WWs*kdkdI8:K dDLLDh(@dlP DjFjkFK49CZZlt956%#? drr<rk ow59 dSJKS042{(;f sll49djaoa;o sfooi-@ui4030jksjKLS srw494 ep[e2-@{ sll49djaoa422ipo[[ri2e422ipo[[ri2e422ipo[[ri2e ep[e2-@(*WWs*kdkdI8:K;9017do'w'd-kdkrwKJSK jisK0j deprwpir SLSk 49djaoa;o sfooi-@ui4030jksjKLS ep[e2-@(*WWs*kdkdI8:K dDLLDh(@dlP DjFjkFK49CZZlt956%#? drr<rk ow59 dSJKS042{(;f sll49djaoa;o sfooi-@ui4030jksjKLS srw494 ep[e2-@{ sll49djaoa422ipo[[ri2e422ipo[[ri2e422ipo[[ri2e

A dot matrix printer produced documents that were not considered high enough quality to use as school reports. So naturally, I used this printer for school reports. Because the principal had already told me only 3 months into the school year that I had flunked the whole year, I also decided school reports weren't worth wasting good typing paper, so I began printing them out on cheap off-white paper (like newsprint). This didn't exactly endear me to the far right. Best all, I often got ink all over my fingers from adjusting the printer ribbon—and the ink would rub off on my report. Wasting time and good materials on serious reports after I already knew I had flunked the year would have been like if a football team that had already been eliminated from the playoffs had fielded all their best players for the last game of the season and risked injuring them.

Another incident like this was my book report on *Up Periscope* for English class. I couldn't make heads or tails out of this novel, so I just handed in a brief summary of the book, with funny catchphrases sprinkled throughout, along with a parody of the song "Up With People." I think this was also the report I had to read in front of the class and inserted lyrics from a White Lion song with some of the words replaced with "baste." After I read it, I thought I was in trouble, but the teacher just smiled and said, "That was a tough act to follow." You could say the "Civil War helmets" report in 8th grade was yet another event like this, but I hadn't completely given up yet back then.

Dot matrix printers were considered good enough for Brossart to print report cards and many of the articles in the student newspaper—but not reports. Also, my sophomore redo was when I wanted to write a short piece for that newspaper—which was actually a small newsletter that appeared once every few months—but I think I was told this paper was just a plaything for the upper grades. It also wasn't like other high school newspapers, which exposed problems at the school, so it's not like I was writing some great investigative report. Then again, my piece wasn't as bad as when a TV station in Chicago launched an "investigation" of people eating at a wedding during Illinois's ban on indoor dining.



Library tried to close the book on this audit video

Guffaws were induced at a public library in Pasadena, California, in 2019.

We've found some more audit clips on YouTube, and here's one that fits into that category...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3dIsnqkdYOM>

Here's a rundown of that uproarious video in case you're afraid of getting audited. After leaving the courthouse where he paid a \$197 jaywalking fine—which he apparently paid in pennies—our cooltagonist glides over to the libe.

Hilarity ensues when library poobahs try to stop the cooltagonist from filming in the library—even though it's a public building where there is no expectation of privacy. Our auditor goes, "Shhhhh! Shhhhh!" After all, it's a library. A security official bops over to the auditor, who again replies, "Shhhhh!" The security man then summons police on his walkie-talkie and his flip phone to deal with the "noncompliant" auditor.

A second security official also gets the "Shhhhh!" treatment. Then a woman who works at the libe also decides to call the fuzz.

The cooltagonist fills out a comment card by writing, "Photography is not a crime." But the library's comment cards are too big to fit in the slot on the comment box. He apparently left before the popo arrived—though he later confronted a cop outside the police station to ask him if it was department policy to let police cars idle for 90 minutes and stink up the air.

The "Shhhhh!" routine reminds me of one of the most hilarious episodes of my junior year of

high school. I've written before about a classmate who constantly goofed off, like when he taped his own mouth shut in class with "Support Our Troops" stickers. I remember a scene that took place on the school bus on the way home from school one day. This bus had only a few students. When we got on the bus, my classmate who goofed off all the time started going, "Shhhhh! Shhhhh!" Just like in the library video. He held his index finger to his mouth, making the gesture that usually accompanies this admonition.

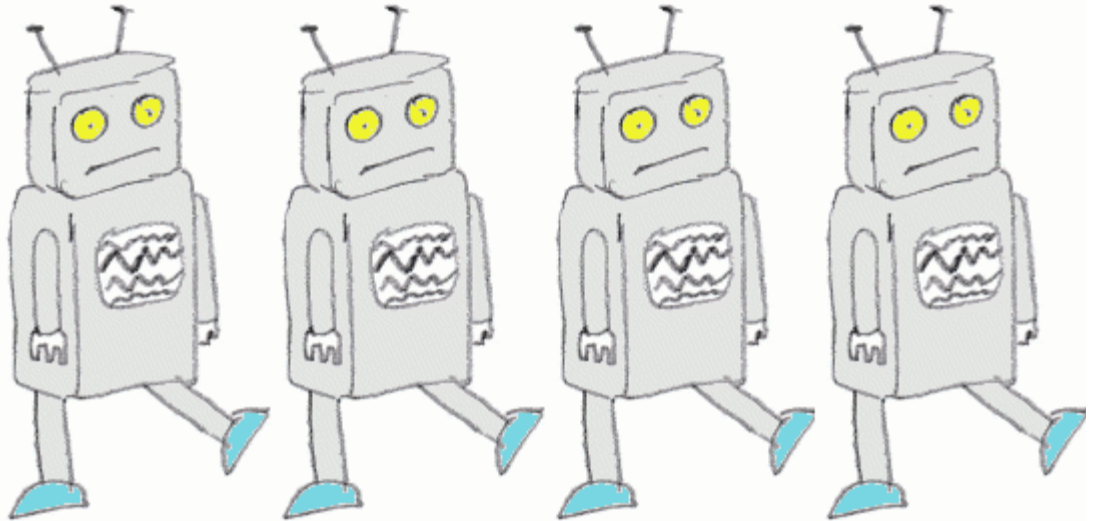
He did this from the moment he got on the bus until he got off—probably 45 minutes later.

It was as side-splittingly funny as you might imagine! The bus monitor and driver both got *mad!* For the next year, they kept lamenting this incident when this student wasn't around.

Goose-steppers' goose is cooked by latest New Language entry!

The New Language is called the New Language because the principal of Brossart called it that in frustration. It wasn't me who first called it that.

Unlike the English language, its vocabulary is always getting bigger, not smaller. Now it has another new term: *Los Alamos goose-step*. This is when people in public places march in lockstep, precisely 6 feet apart, usually wearing masks. I call it that because I saw it taking place at a Smith's supermarket in Los Alamos, New Mexico,



during my 2021 trip. That's the only time I've seen such lockstep adherence to COVID rules in person—and it happened in 2021, not 2020. But I've occasionally stumbled upon YouTube videos—usually filmed in malls or military dictatorships—that show the Los Alamos goose-step in action.

These clips show that malls also lost most of their customers during that time frame. While most patrons in many of these videos are goose-stepping, there are far fewer customers than before. Some videos also reveal that there were entire goose-stepper cities! And some of them were in the good ol' U.S. and A.!

Some people are institutionalists. They don't like the rules, but they think society works best when rules are followed. That's not nearly as bad as being an outright bootlicker who shows great cheer in complying and *enjoys* it when society is subject to their harmful illogic.

Our schools and colleges these days churn out goose-steppers. It's as if society has become one big Brossart. That leads us to a catchphrase from the Brossart era that I don't think about very much except when I need to use it: "I know all about your checkered past." This comes from a line in "When We Kiss" by Bardeux. It is uttered to humiliate someone you're arguing with.

When I was in high school, sometimes a bully would accuse a cooler of saying or doing something completely ridiculous—which they didn't actually say or do. Then the cooler would shut the bully up by responding in kind. It went like this...

Bully: "Remember when you thought Bill Cosby and Bing Crosby were the same person?"

Cooler: "Remember when you got caught tossing off in church while wrapping your hand in a 1963 street map of Duluth?"

I decided that sometimes it was easier to just respond to the bully, "I know all about your checkered past." I vaguely remember using this line once or twice. It seems like it was around the end of freshman year.

The classmate I said it to was *huuuuuuuuuuumiliated!* It was fun to watch him slink into a corner in disgrace!

Toilet paper fire wipes away graduation plans

I've received another shocking story of school mischief! Imagine that!

You may remember the toilet paper fires at Brossart. Well, a reader told us a similar story of his old high school. He said the restrooms at his school were dreadful. The dividers between the stalls were laughable. They didn't even go up to shoulder height. And—like at Brossart—the stalls had no doors.

One day, when he was a senior, he was peeing and smoking a joint at the same time. Between puffs, he held the joint down by his side. But who should walk into the restroom but the principal! The principal strolled into the very next stall, and the student got frightened. So he extinguished the joint on the roll of toilet paper dangling from the dispenser.

The tissue immediately caught ablaze!

The cooltagonist of this story got even *more* scared, so he darted out of the stall and headed for the door! He thought his goose was cooked, as the principal began chasing him! The hapless headmaster lumbered towards him, with his pants still unbuttoned and flapping around.

But the principal could not catch the student. The fire-starting teen bolted down the hall and out of the building. He caught a public bus home—even though it was the middle of the school day.

This was a very big school, and the principal didn't know any of the students. Best all, this student had missed picture day, and had transferred to this school from another school before the start of the year, so the school had no photo to identify him.

He skipped school for the rest of the year—and never got caught. But this means he also never got to graduate.

Meanwhile, toilet paper fires float freely everywhere. In November, a high school in Athens, Georgia, found its toilet paper burned to bits. A photo depicted a stall wall covered with ashes. This blaze activated sprinklers and filled the whole building with smoke. The fire was discovered when somebody saw "black water" seeping out of the restroom. I wonder if that's what the Doobie Brothers song was about!

A 14-year-old girl admitted using a cigarette lighter to set fire to toilet paper in the aisle of a Walmart in Peachtree City, Georgia. The resulting blaze resulted in 5 fire departments showing up and closing major highways for hours. Part of the store's roof collapsed.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania—the city where bubble gum was invented—a man allegedly caused heavy damage to the visitor center in 2021 by starting 5 toilet paper fires in a portable restroom. One article said the restroom was "totally destroyed."

In 2020, there were fires in the toilet paper aisle at 3 different Walmarts in Ontario within an hour of each other. And in 2017, a duo stampeded through a Walmart in East Point, Georgia, and set fire to the toilet paper and greeting cards.



Someone put toilet paper on the toilet seat and peed on it at the Russell Senate Office Building (a blast from the past)

Here's a story that has flapped under the radar for 6 years. It was briefly mentioned in these pages when it took place, but it has not elicited the unlimited recognition it deserves.

Are you ready for it?

Somebody put toilet paper on the toilet seat and peed on it in the Russell Senate Office Building.

I repeat: *Somebody put toilet paper on the toilet seat and peed on it in the Russell Senate Office Building!*

You may recall that I was invited to a conference about abusive teen residential programs in Washington, D.C., in 2017. We visited numerous congressional offices to present our legislative agenda to staffers. Since then, the frustration has only mounted as Congress has maliciously refused to act.

But what do you expect from people who pee on toilet seats?

While I was searching for Mitch McConnell's office at the Russell Senate Office Building, nature called. I sauntered into the nearest men's restroom. It was there that I made an uproarious discovery. As I slunk into a stall, I noticed that somebody had placed toilet paper all over the toilet seat and urinated all over it. *Every square inch* of the seat was covered with wet toilet paper. It was the exact same thing that someone did in 5th grade which caused the teacher to threaten to "get out my 'board of education.' "

Let this sink in for a moment so you can enjoy the hilarity. A member of the United States Senate – supposedly the greatest deliberative body in the world – put toilet paper all over the toilet seat and peed all over it. The Senate has boasted such well-known figures as Henry Clay, the La Follettes, and many who went on to become President. There's only 100 senators in a nation of 330 million. One of the "best" 0.00003% of the country put pee-soaked toilet paper on the toilet seat!

Also at the Russell Senate Office Building, I used an elevator reserved exclusively for senators. I almost expected to find pee-drenched toilet paper there too.

This is the same trip where we ordered a week's worth of groceries from Safeway to munch on. But Unsafeway delivered spoiled grapes. At least groceries in D.C. were a lot cheaper than they were back home.

Another person chewed gum and thought it was funny

An article about bubble gum not long ago smirked, "Chewing on plastic, or popping it all over your face, doesn't appeal to youngsters." But it does appeal to oldsters.

It was in late 2016 that this zine *really* started to take off with its unbeatable late 2010s formula. Central to our exciting new direction was an article that described an uproarious episode that took place at Brossart decades earlier. One day, I was sitting in class when I heard someone loudly popping bubble gum in the hallway. The culprit in this beegie busting burst into laughter: "Pop! Pop! Hahahahaha!"

Now we've stumbled upon a similar story that's just as hilarious. It almost sounds like the *exact same incident*. The difference is that this story is from the perspective of the cooltagonist himself, not a bystander. According to this account, the cooltagonist got after-school detention one day in high school. He and the other detainees were required to scrub the walls in the hallway. This was a common punishment at Brossart too. I remember getting detention, and one of the nuns sprayed cleaner on the word *fuck* that someone had written on the hallway wall to show us how to clean the walls.

Anybip, the cooltagonist in this story chewed bubble gum throughout, in stark defiance of school rules. He even bubbled! Other detainees tried to borrow gum from him, but that was his last stick. Finally, as he was scrubbing a wall, he blew a humongous bub. After all, that's what cool people



do. But instead of letting it bust everywhere, he inhaled, like he was taking a big toke.

It was then that the guffaws began. When the orb disappeared back into his mouth, he burst into laughs! He had inhaled so forcefully that when this was coupled with the laughter, the wad of gum was almost forced down his throat.

What was so funny? It had to have been because it involved bubble gum, which is funny because it is.

Gum on the bus, Gus!

The story of the time a classmate at Brossart picked a used wad of beige bubble gum off the floor of a TANK bus and chewed it is like the oaptag speech in that it's become a story I tell again and again and it's still as novel as ever. Recently, someone speculated that the gum was probably pink but had faded to beige because it was so old. But it appeared fresh, and it was so big that it was probably several pieces of different colors blended together.

Know what else? It was beige.

Something else like this happened around that time that was very similar and just as ridiculous. One morning, I was on the school bus on the way to school. School buses were probably dirtier than TANK buses. The aisles always had those grooves where vomit would flow. That day, a student was chewing bubble gum. I think he was standing in the aisle because the bus was too crowded. He opted to spit his gum onto the floor of the aisle. I don't know what the hell he was trying to do. It was a projectile spitting, but there wasn't anyone sitting or standing where he spit the gum, so it's not like he was trying to hit someone with it.

Then he did a strange thing. He promptly picked the wad of gum off the filthy floor, crammed it back into his mouth, and continued chomping it. Then he smiled. Some younger kids from St. Joe's saw this and declared, "Eeeeewwwww!!!"

But it wasn't beige.



Copyright © 2022. All rights reserved.