

The Last Word™

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Our Annual Back-to-School Issue!

Campbell County still won't shelve its book burning ways

This is a serious article, but it has to do with both censorship and the long-troubled Campbell County Schools, so it belongs in these pages. But it has nothing to do with toilets, *Sesame Street*, Casey Kasem, or ruined eyeglasses, so it's a close call.

As The Online Lunchpail reported, the far-right Campbell County Schools have recently banned 3 books from school libraries: *Lucky* by Alice Sebold, *Tricks* by Ellen Hopkins, and *Out Of Darkness* by Ashley Hope Perez. The district was reportedly reviewing 17 other books—in the hopes of banning them as well.

Why? Because they say so.

The school system hates America.

Are they gonna paddle kids who try to borrow these books? We know firsthand how much the Campbell County Schools enjoy dishing out corporal punishment. Isn't that right, Mr. "Pick a Brick"?

Those who start out burning books always end up burning people.

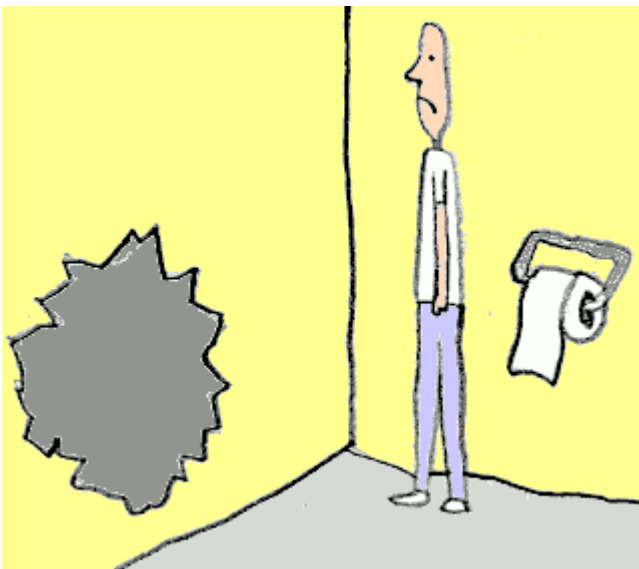
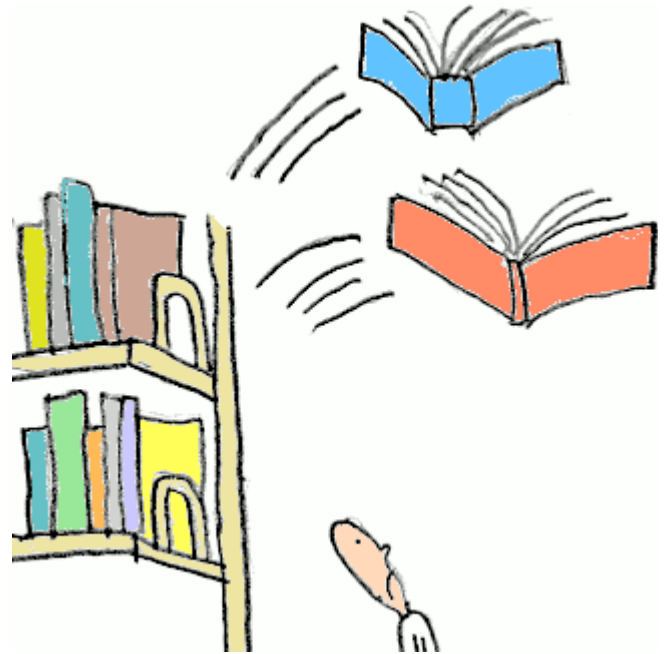
Fighting against the book burnings that plague our schools was a key impetus behind starting this zine. However, unlike censorship, fighting against the COVID fascism in our schools was not one of our original topics, because the COVID tyranny is so idiotic and extreme that we never could have predicted it. The Campbell County Schools have been ear-deep in both censorship and COVID totalitarianism. This debunks the idea that these phenomena have been promoted by different people. If it wasn't the same people behind both, why do we have both? It's not just Kentucky but Ohio too. Does the name Mike DeWine ring a bell? This zine is little more than a one-man band, but it's done more to fight COVID authoritarianism than some organizations that claim their hat is brighter.

This story brings a whole new meaning to the destruction of the Library of Alexandria.

Toilets get blown a mile high in Denver

A new school year will inevitably grace us with a new round of ruined restrooms—maybe even some ploppings! But folks in Denver aren't waiting for school to start.

Parks in Denver have been hit by a wave of bathroom banditry. Toilets at one park have been blown up at least 4 times lately. The parks



department provided several photos to news outlets of the destruction at various city parks. In one photo, the doorknob had been blown off the door to the restroom. In another, a urinal had been utterly demolished, and it looked hilarious. It was like a stop sign getting pied. In another, a toilet was missing completely – except for the back of it that was still attached to the wall.

A park official said people were doing this “for their enjoyment, which is weird.”

The parks department said 10 portable restrooms had been completely “lost” to these capers. One portable outhouse was sawed in half. A photo showed a port-a-poooper that looked like it had been run over by a bus.

Whoever did that must have been a mile high!

Unmasking our plan to fight COVID tyranny

Question everything. And I mean *everything!*

What policy initiative is the media currently most focused on permanently implementing? Here’s a hint: It rhymes with *tasks*.

COVID is not something we can deny. But the pandemic was a bonanza for narcissistic bullies. These malevolent scoundrels rise to power not only in our schools – which are an obvious target for them – but also other institutions we must deal with. One example is healthcare. This includes legitimate medical fields as well as quackery like psychiatric “hospitals.” This article traces the evolution of these belligerents and tries to come up with a plan for fighting them in the future.

Since the pandemic began, I have never supported stay-at-home orders or mask mandates, and I still don’t. That’s because this zine is not a right-wing prohibitionist outlet like the once-great Daily Kos has become. I might have backed much briefer, milder measures early in the crisis, but now we know that even these failed, and the buck stops here. Yet COVID disastrists have never shown any regret or shame over their policies and continue to dig in – never owning up to mistakes.

When I was 16, I was coerced into signing a contract I didn’t understand. Kids under 18 are supposed to be able to void contracts whenever they want, but I was not allowed to. The establishment that forced me to sign it was a right-wing bastion. Its top officials banned all music videos, Dungeons & Dragons, hard rock, *American Gladiators*, bubble gum, and *The Simpsons*. They made the PMRC look like a bunch of anarchists in comparison. They opened all my mail and read it. There are also multiple reports that employees there molested teens. Plus, I have letters proving that this institution committed insurance fraud.

For years, I blasted the living shit out of this establishment in these pages. The language I used was justifiable indeed. Play stupid games, win stupid prizes. Its officials acted in such bad faith that they forfeited the privilege of being treated with civil language. What’s worse is that the reason I ended up having to deal with them was that I was being punished for being a victim of several schools for years before. I was being retaliated against because I finally started fighting back. It went all the way up to local Republican officials. The organization I dealt with also gloated right to my face that they had judges on their side who would just punish me even harder if I tried voiding the contract.

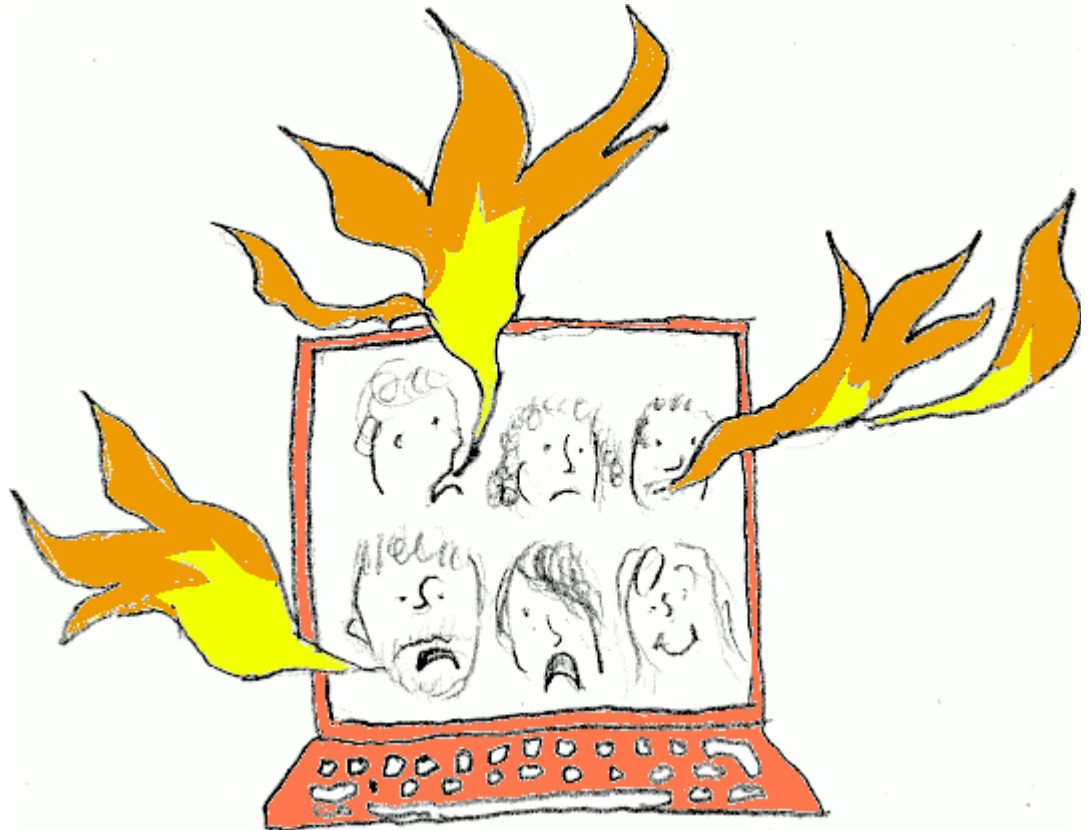
There are several individuals who held prime posts at that venue who I’ve kept an eye on ever since. This became easier when some of them got Facebook accounts. The evolution of their Facebook presence stinks of class warfare waged by the privileged. It’s like they’re robots who can only process media talking points.

One of the first things I found on their accounts was a group for former employees of this organization. The group was filled almost entirely with backslapping boasts about their shabby treatment of those who were abused. Another of the first things I found was that these individuals had a deep love of right-wing Facebook pages. Among their “likes” were Ronald Reagan, the “Being Conservative” page, a page called “The Christian Conservative”, various right-wing cable TV channels,



and other suspect pages—including one whose tagline is “Stop the liberal agenda.” Even into 2020, these goblins gave positive reviews to discredited organizations that had recently been involved in widely known right-wing scandals.

But it was in 2020 that their interests seemed to change. Facebook used to sort each user’s favorite pages chronologically by when they “liked” them. This showed that the ghouls in question had suddenly begun “liking” public figures and opinion sites that were ostensibly liberal. I also noticed they had begun praising each other for being “progressive.” Sorry, but you don’t get a progressive card after you banned *Dungeons & Dragons* and *The Simpsons*, deceived me, lied to my parents, stole things, and connived with the local Republican machine.



It’s grotesque how there could be such a realignment that people like that can appear to outliberal everyone else.

This trend is also visible in their bounteous contributions to political campaigns, which shifted from staunchly Republican to leaning Democratic.

That’s what the Democrats have become. You might point to Boptrout or all the congresscritters who attended a coronation ceremony for Sun Myung Moon and say that’s what the Democrats always were, but those were bipartisan scandals, and Republicans used to have many more scandals than the Democrats did. I don’t think anyone 30 years ago was registering as a Democrat so they could support Moon or the Boptrouters.

How does COVID fit into all of this? Looking at some of their Facebook timelines, we can see that the criminals who abused us were big on the “stay at home” campaign well after everyone else had stopped caring about it. Kentucky abandoned its hard lockdown in May 2020, yet these narcissistic ogres were still screeching that everyone should stay on house arrest. Naturally, they wouldn’t practice what they preached, as they posted photos of themselves out and about—smiling their asses off.

Their cheering of totalitarian COVID measures prolonged these policies. These irrational bullies are a very small percentage of the public, but they have big megaphones. These folks are not “in the past” as long as they continue to exercise such singular influence on public policies that we’re all required to obey. This also illustrates the class divide. COVID maximalism is almost perfectly correlated with privileged status.

My worry is that it’s not a question of *if* the COVID fascism of 2020-21 will return, but *when*. The media clearly wants it back right away, and they want to make it permanent. Yet the hard lockdowns of early 2020 are now a nonstarter with the general public. I remember how deceitful the media was then, and I have zero intent of staying home if lockdowns return. But the media has a bigger priority: the permanent return of mask mandates. They’re clamoring for it daily. I’ve never seen such obsessive activism by the media on any other issue. Instead of news reporting, much of the media now engages in advocacy and propaganda. They refuse to accept that a vast majority of people rightly have no desire to wear masks in perpetuity.

Lockdowns were so extreme that in 2020 it was too easy to forget just how fundamentally nonsensical mask mandates are. It's not the government's job to tell people what to wear. But governments had tried. The Taliban has essentially had a mask mandate since 1996, so COVID catastrophists aren't in great company. The media's catatonic push for school uniforms that lasted for years before COVID was very similar to their mask campaign: They used the excuse that it was for safety, even though safety benefits were found to be nonexistent. They never proved that either masks or uniforms improved safety, yet they acted like these nonexistent benefits automatically outweighed fundamental civil liberties. As with school uniforms, the regimen of mask wearing was designed not for safety, but as a test of compliance.

Some inventions like seat belts give us real safety improvements. But not this.

The mandatory mask crusade is far worse than what people used to fear as a worst-case scenario. Years ago, someone hypothesized about a joke campaign for state legislature that might be taken seriously. Among this gag candidate's ideas would be a statewide dress code in public schools. Yet what we've seen since the pandemic began has gone far beyond that. Plus, the mask orders we saw were not laws passed by legislators but were unilateral orders by governors or even unelected bureaucrats. Think about this: The unelected TSA imposed a *nationwide* dress code for bus and air passengers—even at airports and on local bus systems, which belong to local jurisdictions, not the federal government.



In 2020, I needed time to hone an effective response to mask mania. At some point, it became clear that few if any commercial businesses that I patronized were enforcing mask orders, because workers there knew how idiotic it was. Plus, businesses I used catered to a mainstream customer base, not elites who honor forced maskage. Now I've had time to respond to mask mania, so if the orders come back, these mandates will be fought even harder than before.

If there's one thing I hate, it's a bully. When dealing with bullies, I don't play games. Quite frankly, people across the political spectrum have had it with the COVID industrial complex. COVID maximalists are narcissists and bullies. Classist bullies are in charge of many of our institutions today. And they hate this country.

Bullies are a small, loud minority in society, so if mask orders return, I expect it to be like in grade school when a teacher warned, "Stay away from so-and-so. He's a brat." I expect mask adherence to be low enough that I can almost always avoid places where it's actually enforced. Masks sure aren't coming with me on vacation. The National Park Service still hasn't lifted its mandate in counties with high COVID levels on the CDC's arbitrary map that is full of weeks-old backlogged data —making it unique among such agencies around the world. I guess their gift shops don't need my business, because I don't go on vacation to be waterboarded. Luckily, the parks' outdoor areas are safe from this ukase — assuming there's no government shutdown to close them.

Medical facilities are one of the biggest trouble spots, thanks to the takeover by professional narcissists that has also afflicted schools. If I have to cancel needed medical appointments and risk my life, I will. I don't have the energy to put up with media-fueled hostility and cockiness. Mask mania is so at odds with human goals that I don't care about the costs of missing appointments. This is like the semester at NKU when I had to stop showing up halfway through and ended up flunking. When bullies are allowed to run rampant in any venue, *stay the hell away!*

In school, it starts with a spoiled brat in 6th grade chasing you, and ends with a highly paid official at your university launching an angry tirade and destroying your career you worked so hard for. In society, it starts with a few articles about masks, and ends with an impenetrable police state plus the obligatory blacklisting.

There's no way in hell I'm complying without a fight. I refuse to live in a society controlled by totalitarian monsters. If I'm forced to comply, the offending venue *will* be hearing about it. I have leverage over some of these places. I haven't even touched on some of their scandals, because that's

leverage that I have to discourage them from foisting their mask fetish on everyone else. In addition, offenders will be reported to relevant human rights agencies.

When our society is on the line, I will not shut up. My patience is spent. Those who continue to keep us in pandemic mode have nefarious intentions.

Ready, Ames, fire!

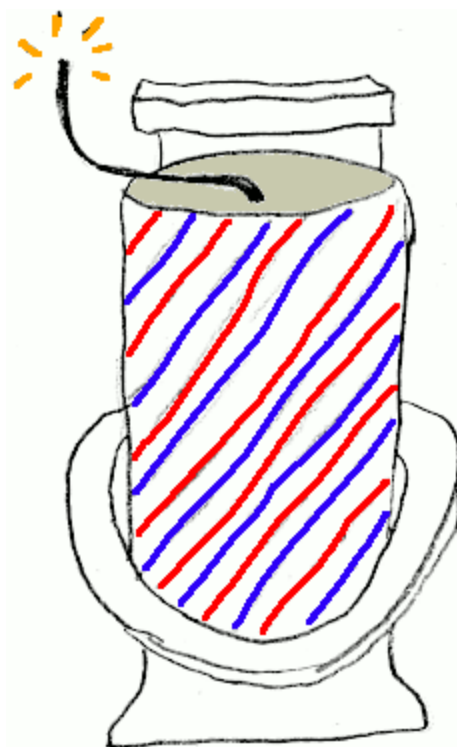
America can be a toiletly place, but you might think college towns aren't so lucky. You might assume college cities are run by well-heeled academics who would never tolerate toilets being destroyed in their community.

But an incident in Ames, Iowa, in June shows that toiletly towns are everywhere. That's when somebody used fireworks to blow up a toilet in a city park. It appears as if powerful fireworks were placed under the bowl and set off – which sent porcelain shards all over.

Naturally, the media blamed the incident on fireworks laws being too lax. A local TV station urged viewers to call police on anyone using fireworks – even if there were no toilets anywhere in sight.

We all remember the bully in grade school who snitched when you cut a drawing of a kid's face out of a textbook and glued it over the smiling Elmer on the glue bottle. Now people like that grow up to be journalists who – instead of exposing real scandals and crusading for real reform – encourage viewers to snitch.

(One of the hoarded folders on my computer has a small article about elitist efforts to ban fireworks nationwide, often by the same professional organizations that spread COVID totalitarianism later. A Free Republic user praised the ban in their state.)



The People's CDC was around in 1947?

The misnamed People's CDC aren't the first folks to be so wimpy that they die because of the mere presence of bubble gum.

Back in 1947, the AP reported that the FDA warned of health dangers posed by the versatile goo. Florida officials said they were told that many people had "suffered ill effects from the chewing and blowing of various brands of bubble gum."

The article said that "two deaths in North Carolina were thought to have been caused by bubble gum."

Florida's health department warned of "skin injury as a result of bubbles popping in the face."

The Gum Fighter's dermatologist must have had a nice mansion!

No mixed signals from Old Stopsignface

Who was Old Stopsignface?

I've been asked this question many times. It's obvious why the Getty Grouch is called the Getty Grouch. It's because he was a grouch, and he worked at a Getty gas station. But who was Old Stopsignface, and where did this name come from?

One weekend when I was 16, we went to Charleston, West Virginia. Fast food was big biz back then, and one morning, we opted to stop at McDonald's to gulp down some vittles. Among the items we attempted to order was a milkshake.

When the clerk was ringing up our order, an elderly woman who also worked behind the counter suddenly stopped her when she got to the milkshake. The old woman declared that we could not buy a shake, because she didn't want to turn on the milkshake machine.

Heaven forbid that *customers* of McDonald's actually order something that was on the menu!

The aged woman immediately became known as Old Stopsignface. That's because she had big

hair that formed an octagonal shape. It was as if she had gotten a hairdo to mimic Ronald McDonald but then slept on it funny.

And her name is *Old* Stopsignface, not *Ol'* Stopsignface. Several times in chat rooms, people have referred to her as *Ol'* Stopsignface. But it's actually *Old* Stopsignface, because she was *old*.

Our road trips also brang us lots of positive interactions with workers at restaurants, gas stations, and motels, and some of them received nicknames reflecting positive characteristics. When I went out west in October 2020, a hotel clerk in Sterling, Colorado, was very helpful. She smiled widely as she juggled important phone calls and skipped back and forth to and from the front desk. That's what customer service is all about. Contrast that with the shrill "service" exposed by First Amendment audit videos.

Sometimes I wonder what Old Stopsignface is up to now.

Teacher's claim put under microscope

One website estimates that there are only about 50,000 electron microscopes in the entire world. That works out to only one for every 160,000 people.

But—according to legend—Brossart had one of those 50,000.

With only one scope for every 160,000 peeps, I might expect NKU or UC to have one. But instead, the microscope went to a perennially troubled, much-ridiculed Catholic high school with only 200 students.

At least that's what my sophomore biology teacher claimed. And I believe him.

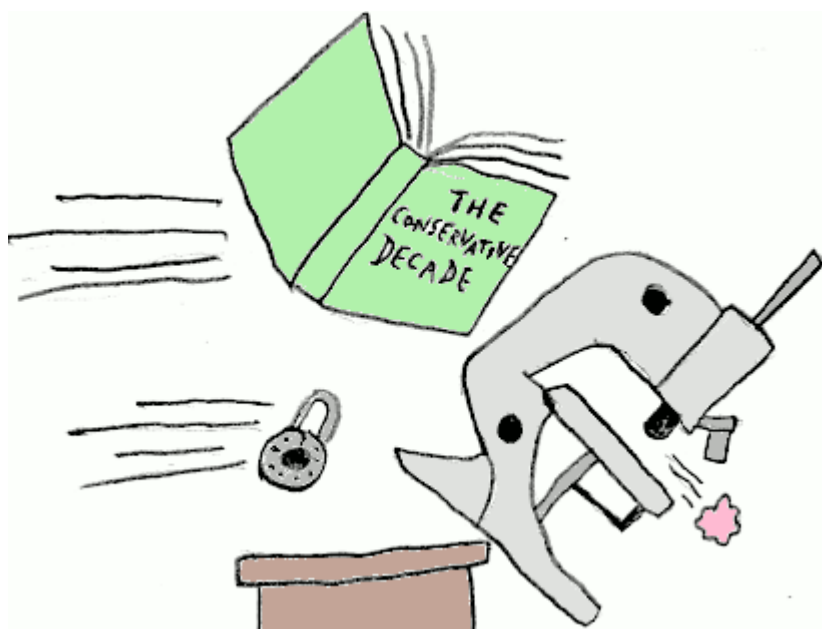
Among my earliest memories from that miserable class is using this class to work on homework for other classes. This class was so bad that it was one of the first I gave up on in that infamously bad year. But one day, my ears perked up when the teacher talked about how the school was one of few places around with an electron microscope. He said he kept it in his personal office. I don't know what he used it for.

These days, an electron microscope costs a *minimum* of \$70,000, but you can bet your bizcream it cost a bundle back then too. I was surprised that the school would spend so much on a microscope, considering the school only had about 3 computers and most of the library books were ripped to shreds or had boogers wiped in them.

Naturally, we weren't allowed anywhere near this fragile, expensive scope. The teacher told us, "I'm the only one who plays with that little toy. Because if you break it, I'm gonna take every nickel in your piggy bank."

And I guarantee—*guaran-damn-tee!*—that if some of the kids in that class got within 50 feet of that microscope, it would be reduced to smithereens within seconds.

Why the hell did Brossart even need an electron microscope? Was the school trying to create some new virus? Were they trying to look for DNA in discarded wads of bubble gum so they could fine the right person?



Brossart is ridiculous. To this day, it remains one of the most ridiculous establishments in the world. Horrifying place.

Also, starting the new school year way back on *August 9* illustrates the school's doublethink: The school accepted state orders that closed schools in the middle of the school year when they should have been open as normal, yet it started the school year weeks before it should have started. Seasons are science's way of saying what's intended and what isn't. The school is fighting nature.

May all of Brossart's TV sets become Mountain Dewified.

Laundry pooper gets washed away

I just found yet another folder on my computer that I had stashed away 15 years ago because there were always new items that would outstupid it. But the only items in the folder were articles about one of Duke Energy's many scandals and another of Brossart's idiotic handbooks.

And some pee and poo stories.

Key among these narratives is one that emerged from Madison, Wisconsin. Residents of an apartment building kept finding feces in their laundry in the basement laundry room. They had to throw away a comforter and other items because they were soiled. They also discovered shit in their shoes and boots that they left in the hallway.

But a stop to this poopery finally came when a 19-year-old man was charged with several crimes in connection with the incidents. He apparently was caught when a resident of the building saw feces in the washing machine and chased him away. An article said he was "facing misdemeanor charges for ruining the items." The magic word! The police report said the owner of one of the soiled pairs of shoes "had not given anyone permission to defecate in her shoes and she was disturbed."

A judge ordered the suspect to defecate only in toilets.

This story was found in a different folder from one I had stockpiled in which the filename for several stories included the words "oscar grouch goodman", a reference to the classist Las Vegas mayor at the time.

At last, schools have to suffer like the rest of us

Twitter rests nearly in ruins. Since Elon Musk bought Twitter, censorship there hasn't been nearly as bad—but the platform's functionality has spiraled down the dumper.

In July, Twitter—or X, as Musk likes to call it—gutted the ability to embed your timeline on websites. Folks can still see your timeline if they have a Twitter account—but zillions of people do not. I've tried several workarounds provided by other websites, but strangely enough, each one breaks after a few weeks. Twitter blocking access by unregistered viewers was apparently prompted by Google abusing the site and was supposed to be only temporary, but there's no word on if it will ever be fixed.

You know what's hilarious about all this? School districts are heavy users of this feature. This means schools are being blocked more than anyone else. Twitter breaking its embedded timelines means a lot of people are now spared from the propaganda and general garbage that schools put out.

This has to anger schools to no end. After all, most things do.

Meanwhile, people have complained to Twitter about this feature being broken. Twitter hasn't even replied. But Twitter is not alone in its unresponsiveness. Notifications on Facebook have been broken for 5 years, and Facebook still hasn't fixed it or replied to any of my requests for help. We know what a joke Microsoft Community is, and Microsoft hasn't stopped prefiltering e-mail for Outlook users in 10 years—which is causing me to miss credit card bills. That's in addition to Microsoft refusing to do anything about the spam that's being pouring into inboxes during this decade. Microsoft has ignored users' complaints about that. Google wouldn't respond to support requests about AdSense and other features.

I've made support requests to other online platforms when they acted stupid, and their answer was about a completely different issue. Many big companies only offer support through an online chat, but when you have a support query, you only get automated replies that have absolutely nothing to do



with your question.

Also, Facebook supposedly allows you to embed your timeline on your site, but this feature doesn't work—at all. In addition, Outlook not only prefilters legitimate e-mails but sends some other such e-mails to your junk folder—which includes replies from Twitter users to your posts about Twitter's broken embed feature. This is while Outlook lets spam sail right through.

Much like how COVID maximalism afflicts not just bizarre small colleges but also entire states and countries, unresponsiveness to support questions afflicts big websites like Twitter, Microsoft, Facebook, and Google, and not just small, little-known sites.

When teachers chew bubble gum

As you know, the very existence of bubble gum is uproarious. Like punk rock and Occupy Wall Street, bubble gum is something that just had to happen. If it hadn't been invented, I would have made sure it got invented. I have ways of making things happen.

But recently it dawned on me just how rarely my teachers chewed bubble gum. In fact, I've heard my teachers use the f-word more than I've seen them chew bubble gum.

My teachers chomping beegie while conducting class was almost unheard of. But my 1st grade teacher did exactly that once. There was one day when she was clearly chewing bubble gum in class. But she didn't bubble. Also, it was strictly prohibited for students to chew gum in class.

When I was a high school junior, there were several classroom aides who not only gummed but also blew bubs. But they were not the main teachers leading the class. You could tell that the school leadership had pretty much given up on education by then. Students and adults alike often just goofed off the whole day. At the time, students were allowed to chomp beegie in class but an aide said the teacher was planning on "stopping it" because of incidents like the time someone threw their gum on the floor and the teacher asked, "Who threw gum on the floor?"

So that's it. My 1st grade teacher gummed, and a few aides when I was a high school junior bubbled. None of the other adults at school gummed in class. I'm sure a few others partook just after class was dismissed and everyone was unwinding, but that doesn't count.

Why would I remember any of this? I remember records skipping on the radio when I was 11. I remember seeing part of a railroad crossing sign fall off when I was about 4. People remember Charlie Brown ruining his kite and losing at baseball. When people roast themselves by bubbling, everyone remembers. All of these things elicit in your head a foghorn sound, the *Price Is Right* losing horns, or the fanfare that played when the baker on *Sesame Street* fell down the steps—which makes them memorable.

College wanted soap dispenser pooper to come clean

Here's more late 2000s nostalgia from the same folder as the Wisconsin laundry pooping episode.

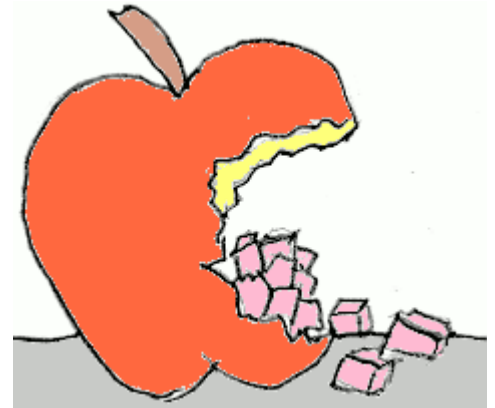
Let's slog over to Frederick Community College in Maryland. For weeks, men's restrooms there were the site of some unchecked ridiculousness.

Toilet paper was stolen! Toilets were clogged! Poop got smeared on walls! A floor got peed on! Someone even filled a soap dispenser with feces!

A spokesman for the college lamented, "It's childish, it's reckless, it's criminal." In the immortal words of Jackie Chiles: It's outrageous! Egregious! Preposterous!

Graffiti on the wall warned that toilet paper would continue to be pilfered until the school lifted its smoking ban.

This string of events created a media sensation! The school offered a reward to catch the culprit, but it's unknown if the case was ever cracked.



Poopy pool postmortem

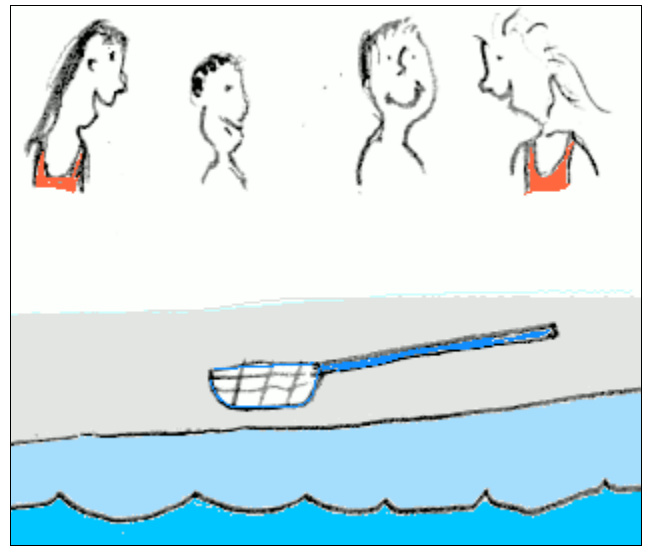
Nobody on the road. Nobody on the beach. I feel it in the air. The summer's out of reach.

Summer is over, and there were only a few times this season in which I went to the public swimming pool in Cincinnati to beat the heat, as it poured down rain most of the summer. Predictably, someone apparently shit in the pool on one of the days I went.

I visited this pool a few times back in 2019, and the same thing happened. I estimate that someone has shit in the pool roughly 30% of the times I've gone there—forcing it to be closed for 45 minutes each time to decontaminate it.

This year's poopage wasn't (ahem) solidly confirmed, but—to be on the safe side—the worst was assumed. A manager or lifeguard used a net to fish something out of the pool. He then placed the net on a part of the deck that separated sections of the pool. From a distance, it did not appear to be anything of a loggy nature. But the lifeguards all gathered around it and laughed. They kept staring at it as if it would do something interesting. It was like the time someone threw gum on the floor in high school and everyone gathered around it.

Somehow, I don't think that's how *Gather 'Round* got its name. Come on, everybody! Gather 'round!



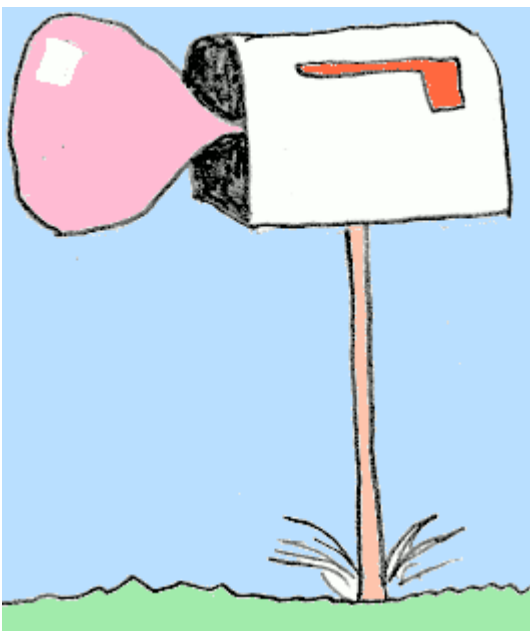
CNN gathers dust

CNN—one of the channels of record for the COVID industrial complex—is back to inducing panic even as COVID prevalence is the lowest in 3½ years.

Nobody but nobody worries about COVID anymore—yet CNN says a plain old mask is no longer enough, and everyone should wear an N95. CNN said even children should wear N95's everywhere they go, even though N95's are not approved for children. CNN even posted on its Twitter feed that "it's time to dust off those N95 masks."

But someone made a hilarious reply to CNN's elitist propoganda: "How about you dust off your mom, CNN?"

I think it's time for the FCC to dust off the fairness doctrine.



People got gum in the mail

A few months ago—for the first time—the WHO's International Agency for Research on Cancer said it was planning on listing aspartame as "possibly carcinogenic to humans." It was a long battle. This ubiquitous artificial sweetener had been known by researchers for decades to cause cancer. Its carcinogenic properties were rarely ever mentioned by the media. Plus, aspartame was made by Searle, a company connected to Donald Rumsfeld.

Back in 1984, aspartame was a new thing. And people bubbled a lot more back then. So—to promote their ridiculous product—Searle mailed aspartame-laden gumballs to 5 million American households. I don't think we were among the 5 million, as I don't remember getting this beegie in the mail. But it's possible we did and just threw it out because we didn't want it.

In addition, a TV commercial appeared during this campaign that showed people chomping on these gumballs.

But they didn't bubble.

A website says each mailing included 5 pieces of beegee. Apparently, the gumballs were in a plastic wrapper pasted to the outside of each envelope, so mail carriers and neighbors could see this special delivery. Many folks said the gumballs were of such poor quality that they broke or melted in the mail.

There is no word on the bubble busting powers of this beegee.

The only time I'll eat something that goes through the mail is if it's a well-sealed individual delivery. I won't eat anything that's a bulk delivery exposed on the outside of the envelope. Think of the assortment of materials that go through the mail. Many of them are poisonous, or they contaminate other items with bad smells and tastes. I remember several campaigns in which food items—including a small Swiss Miss packet—were actually bundled in toxic material. Those went straight to our bonfire, because that was the safest way to dispose of them.

As the guy on Channel 9 would say: They *wasted food!*

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