

# The Last Word™

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## Zoo poo



Back on November 15, I went to the Columbus Zoo, and somebody used the magic word.

Not long after I strolled into the zoo, I walked past a frustrated mother dealing with an unruly child of preschool age. The woman was lecturing the toddler about something, and she admonished, "Don't ruin it for yourself."

Ruin! The magic word!

What was at risk of being ruined? A food stand? A sign? I don't think it was a tangible object, but rather the vibe of the zoo outing.

The vibe of many things has been spoiled in the past few years. In the late 2010s, I always looked forward to medical appointments, because they had such a great vibe at the time. I actually considered going to the doctor to be a form of recreation. But now the vibe is in tatters.

Vibe is important, and now it's gone. I have no fewer than 5 medical appointments looming in the coming months, and I'm itching for some vibe. Fears of a ruined vibe will result in cancellation of these visits. Last year, I made good on these warnings. But it's not as if doctor visits these days are great even at their best, because people have now been conditioned to sadly mope about.

Meanwhile, back at the zoo, there were lots of amazing animals to meet, but not everything could compare to somebody uttering the magic word. For example, somebody bubbled, but did not say "gum" afterward. Failing to say "gum" made the episode less hilarious. By contrast, gum was mentioned by healthcare personnel at several of my medical visits of the late 2010s – with no prodding whatsoever. On at least one occasion, *bubble* gum was specified – thereby doubling the laughter!

How much did the animals at the zoo rule? We encountered these beautiful kangaroos to keep the vibe alive...



This majestic leopard was catching a few quality moments in the sun. It was tempting to give this leopard a big hug and say, “Aw, you little woocap!”...



And the spirited bald eagle is making a comeback...



By enjoying the Columbus Zoo, we once again pulled one over on the doo-doo heads and wee-wee faces who menace us all.

## **Don't go chasing waterfalls**

Airbnb can crap its pants. The same has been said of many other corporations over the years, but the invocation to soil oneself particularly applies to Airbnb. The company can let a giant log dangle plumb into its drawers.

I found an interesting story about the destruction of an Airbnb unit in San Francisco on Reddit's Bay Area forum—which also has a thread titled “What would you (realistically) do if you saw bipping?” According to this account, the host of this Airbnb found that a guest overflowed the toilet and flooded her unit, and Airbnb didn't give her enough compensation until she complained on Twitter. The damage to the unit left her \$300,000 in debt.

The host lived in the unit below the one she offered on Airbnb and discovered the flooding when “waterfalls of water” began sluicing down her ceiling. She went upstairs and found the toilet clogged and the valve broken. The toilet had been overflowing continuously for over 15 hours. This alone caused hundreds of thousands of dollars in damages.

She posted a video on Twitter of the water dripping onto a towel. “And remember—it's fecal water,” she wrote. “50% of the building ruined in 15 hours.” The magic word! She said it was baby wipes that clogged the dumper. I know you're disappointed that it wasn't something more exciting like

a bowling pin, a pair of scissors, or a tablecloth.

It turns out though that the city had not authorized the unit for “intermediate-length occupancy.” The owner had also applied for a short-term rental permit, but she was denied. So the unit was actually rented out in violation of city rules. Plus, if the plumbing had been working properly, a toilet clogged by baby wipes would not have flooded the rest of the building. Whose fault was it if the plumbing wasn’t properly maintained?

A commenter observed that San Francisco is actually letting bad owners off easy. The town of South Lake Tahoe, California, reportedly doesn’t allow short-term rentals at all. That’s because nobody likes living near short-term rentals, and short-term rentals also prevent people from finding apartments to actually live in. I wouldn’t expect San Francisco to take much action against illegal Airbnbs, as that city has lately experienced a decline almost unparalleled anywhere else in the world, plunging residents into an environment of unimaginable urban decay, poverty, and deprivation.

Naturally, Reddit’s Bay Area board is full of bombastic blowhards supporting San Francisco’s totalitarian response to homelessness. They’re usually the same hall monitors who cheered COVID lockdowns. They’ve dug in lately as the city hosted the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation conference—a gathering of global greed merchants. To impress foreign dictators like Xi Jinping who came to town for APEC, the city swept the homeless out of sight and destroyed their personal items. Xi’s pal Gavin Newsom said the quiet part out loud, declaring, “I know folks say, ‘Oh, they’re just cleaning up this place ‘cause all these fancy leaders are coming into town.’ Uh, that’s true because it’s true.”

APEC-induced fascism wasn’t limited to the city’s shabby treatment of the homeless. During the event, the city was transformed into a security state in which pedestrians and motorists merely going about their lives were stopped, interrogated, and searched at checkpoints throughout town. It was likened to airport security, but it was actually much stricter. People had to tell inspectors where they were going and present an ID just to walk down the street. They were also searched by police dogs. Barriers were placed near the conference to prevent protests that might have hurt Xi’s feelings. Xi got a hero’s welcome from city officials—who admire him.

Basic rights are trampled all over the world. But San Francisco during APEC had few rivals in that regard. Make no mistake, it had *some* competition—but not much.

## So now I come to you...With broken arms...

If a foreign power did something like this, it would be deemed an act of war—and rightly so. But since it was instead committed by a school system that was known to be among the shittiest of the shitty, it was considered art.

Among the many gnawing practices of the Campbell County Schools was its claim that its responsibility ended where the district wanted it to end. When I attended Donald E. Cline Middle School, I once got in big trouble (probably paddled) for some minor violation of school rules I committed after I got off the school bus on the way home from school. School officials puffed up and blustered that they were responsible for me until I arrived home, so the school could punish me for anything I did up until then.

But when I was in 7<sup>th</sup> grade, the school suddenly started singing a different tune. It was a damp Tuesday in November—in fact, it was the day of our county elections—and the #1 record in the land was “Miami Vice Theme” by Jan Hammer. That was the day I was chased down the street by a classmate after I got off the school bus on the way home and slipped and broke my arm. Needless to say, my parents were quite angry about this. After I got home from the hospital, the next order of





business was to try to figure out how to sue the school.

My folks were absolutely serious about suing. In the meantime, they underlined all the rules in the student handbook that were broken by the student who chased me and called the school to confront them about why he hadn't been punished for it. The school denied responsibility for the assailant, because the injury had occurred after we were both off the bus. This completely contradicted the school's earlier claim that it could punish me for minor offenses that took place before I got home.

It was as if the school suddenly decided to cut a page out of the student handbook, crudely type a new rule onto the page in a different typeface from the rest of the text, tape the page back into the book, claim that was the rule all along, and expect everyone to believe it. School officials were pretty dumb, but that would have been stupid even by their standards.

It soon became obvious the school was going to shirk responsibility and get away with it, which is probably why we never sued. The school only had about 3 computers, and not enough space or teachers to relieve overcrowding, but the district spent its money on the best attorneys instead of fixing the many problems it had.

On an increasing basis, crime pays. For example, we know firsthand that home invasions have been *de facto* legalized. Plus, not only does the media openly encourage physically abusing children, but the Department of Homeland Stupidity investigates anyone who dares to oppose it. And our schools have long been a living example of outrageously bad behavior going unpunished, even as they severely penalize minor violations. It's failed broken windows policing in action.

The classmate who chased me down the street could be the subject of a lengthy article himself. We had gone to school together since 5<sup>th</sup> grade at Highland Heights Elementary, which was around the same time he set a couch on fire in the woods. In 5<sup>th</sup> grade, he stole one of my textbooks to replace the one he lost. I think the teacher became suspicious when this student apparently found his book right when mine went missing—especially because his desk was right next to mine. The student was caught when he had the book open on his desk and the teacher saw it had my name written inside the cover.

This famous incident should really be explored further. I'd love to know how my classmate lost his book in the first place. How could he lose something like that? He probably never used the book to study, so why would it ever leave his desk? It sounds like he was irresponsible to a ridiculous degree.

How was the loss of his book ultimately remedied after he was caught stealing my book to replace it? Did he have to pay for the book he lost? Did the school try to withhold his report card if he didn't? Cline Middle School tried withholding my 6<sup>th</sup> grade report card after falsely accusing me of damaging books—and essentially committed highway robbery to collect the fines—so Highland Heights Elementary likely also withheld report cards. Yet this is explicitly illegal in many states.

Maybe he didn't actually lose the book but destroyed it completely, and claimed it was lost so he could make it miraculously reappear by stealing mine. Maybe he actually sold it, but who would buy it?

If my name was written in pencil in my book that he stole, why didn't he just erase it? If it was written in pen, how did he expect to never get caught?

When we went to Cline, there was also an incident in which we got off the school bus at the end of the day and this student threw my bookbag full of books onto U.S. 27 and a truck ran over it. So he was adept at ruining books.

This classmate was confined to public schools, but private schools were—predictably—usually even worse. For example, Brossart was every bit as bad as you might think. One afternoon when I got off the bus, a group of about 3 schoolmates chased me into traffic. It just so happened that several of my family members were eating at McDonald's right when this occurred, and they saw the whole thing. So did a few kids from school who were also in the restaurant and recognized the assailants. The attackers denied involvement even after being caught red-handed. Unfortunately, to the surprise of absolutely nobody, the school refused to punish them.

But the kid stealing my book in 5<sup>th</sup> grade to replace one he lost was a bit like a crime that once



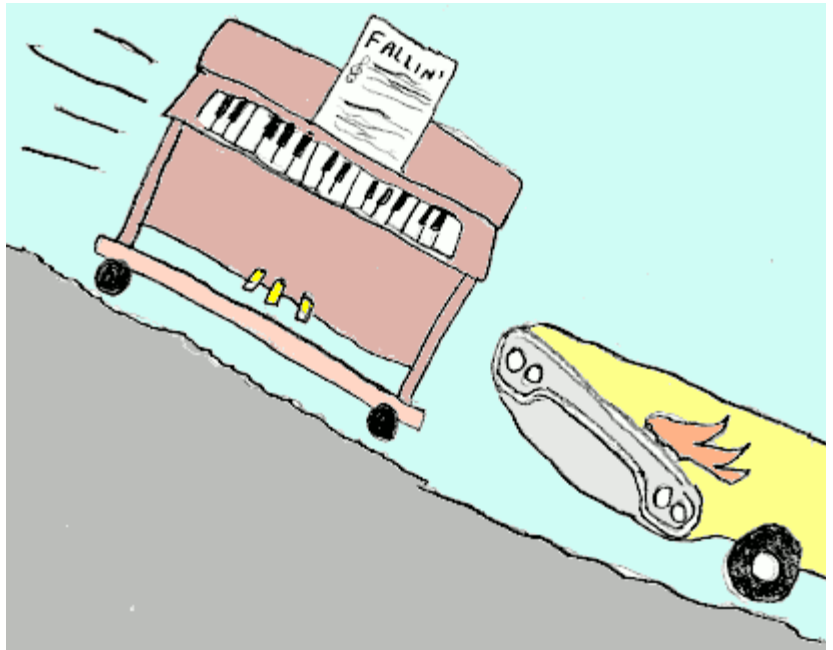
occurred in New Orleans: A burglar stole somebody's New Orleans Saints season tickets and got caught when he stupidly used the tickets and was found by the tickets' rightful owner sitting in his seat. It didn't help that the burglar was dumb enough to also wear jewelry that he stole from the victim to the game.

## Chrysler Plymouth...Gettin' ru...

Lots of expensive things have gotten ru, but the little vignettes about the decimation of irreplaceable heirlooms and work equipment that filled the public Internet in those heady days of 2019 aren't as easy to find now in this era of extreme censorship. Yet there's still a few.

An online commenter said they pulverized a small mirror at work used for optics testing by smudging it with their finger and trying to clean it with a rough cloth that scratched the whole thing. The mirror cost \$4,000.

A commenter smashed their expensive iPod by taking it to the gym and dropping a heavy barbell on it. Another said they destroyed a 1970s Plymouth Satellite by trying to trace a picture of a flame on it. It



turned out the paint job on this car wasn't dry, and it ended up with a 13-year-old's bad finger tracing of a flame in the paint. Another commenter threw a tantrum and snapped a \$600 smartphone in two.

Another respondent said a friend tripped in an Italian monastery and smashed a 16<sup>th</sup> century stained glass window. Luckily, "the monks were super-chill."

One commenter said they worked at a power plant, and a ceramic plate got knocked into a turbine by drunken workers—causing \$3 million in damages. Another dropped and broke a \$250,000 box of semiconductor wafers at work. Another worked as a mover and destroyed a piano by placing it on a dolly that rolled down a hill. Another said their parents were temporarily storing a friend's grand piano, and the commenter flipped a coin near it and it chipped one of the irreplaceable ivory keys. The piano's owner was furious. Another commenter said that when they were in middle school, they visited a friend's house and kept sitting down on a box while horsing around. It turned out the box contained a custom-made chandelier. Oops!

One commenter said they ruined their teacher's titanium golf club worth hundreds of dollars. Another spoiled an expensive carpet by spilling red wine. Another "tore up" their mom's gold bracelet when they were 15. Another poured beer into a guitar and ruined a TV with a magnet. Another said they knew someone who worked at a boat fair and plowed a forklift into a \$5 million boat. Another got the brilliant idea to build their own water-cooled computer—and spilled water down inside the power supply, frying \$1,500 worth of components.

Another said their mom threw away a priceless sapphire ring by mistakenly wrapping it in old tissues. Another said their grandmother used copies of a rare Beatles album—the one with the butcher sleeve—as dustpans. This record is now worth \$20,000 per copy. Another stole a now-rare Wedge Antilles piece from a Lego set from kindergarten and threw it in a lake. Another said a woman they worked with threw away her husband's entire collection of Magic: The Gathering cards. Another person threw away a Dr. Seuss autograph. Another lost a diamond earring down the sink.

A commenter said their friend's uncle had a trunk full of rare comic books that included the first 50 issues of Spider-Man and other goodies. But one day, his mother decided to throw away all of his "magazines and crap", which included these rare comics.

Another had an autograph sent to them by *Garfield* creator Jim Davis, but they "let it get trampled and wrinkled" in their room. It got to be in such bad condition that it was thrown out.

Another said their mom threw away a perfectly good copy of Michael Jackson's *Thriller* album all because she "didn't want it anymore." Another threw away almost an entire set of gold dinnerware and crystal wine glasses that belonged to their grandmother. Still another intentionally threw a \$300 wristwatch into the ocean.

One person said their pet rabbit chewed through the cord for their Super Nintendo, but instead of just replacing the cord, their dad threw the whole thing away. Another accidentally threw away their \$500 clarinet by putting it in a box that got taken out with the trash. Another said their grandfather had the first comic book that featured Superman, which is now worth *millions*. But Grandpa's mom didn't approve of it, so she threw it away in a move.

Another commenter mentioned having a friend who accidentally flushed her diamond engagement ring down the toilet. Another said they put numerous valuable items in storage when they moved, but lost them all when the storage company went out of business and the items were somehow confiscated to pay the company's debt. Another said they accidentally threw away their brand new, very expensive iPod when they were 14—after begging their parents for months to buy it.

One feller said that when he was 4, he grabbed an antique teacup off the shelf that had been handed down for generations and began playing with it like it was a toy. It slipped out of his hand and shattered.

*Watch Your Language* it is not.

## Social Security: gutted by Reagan, lost under Biden

Why do we have two major political parties? They're both the same thing. It's not like how we had both Q-102 and WCLU, which competed in broadly the same format but were clearly distinguishable by their music selection. (One thing WCLU had going for it was when "High Time" by Styx was listed on its survey sheet as "High Times.") The Democrats and the Republicans these days are *exactly the same!* They've devolved into one big right-wing authoritarian goo.

Did you know that Social Security was recently slashed and hardly anyone said shit about it? But that was just the consummation of a decades-long far right effort. Forty years ago, the Reagan regime made a unilateral decision to raise the retirement age—starting with workers who were then in their twenties. Now these workers are over 60, and the changes are starting to take effect—and the Biden administration hasn't done a goddamn thing to stop it.

The original decision is on Rappin' Ronnie, but it being carried out is on the one and only Joe Biden and his handlers. Most Americans were actually unaware that the retirement age was going to be raised until not that long ago, because no party is brazen enough to brag about their role in it.

Forty years of hindsight makes it clear that the Reagan White House was an overflowing toilet, and not just regarding Social Security. Remember, Reagan was a supporter of South Africa's apartheid government of the era. He praised Francisco Franco too. The Reagan years were a disaster in more ways than you can shake an electric cattle prod at.

But it is under Biden that America has finally lost Social Security. It's been complete silence and inaction.

We should be expanding Social Security and lowering the retirement age—not cutting it and raising the retirement age. But if you say this, you will be met with one of several responses. You might be called a "right-wing Trump supporter", even though cutting Social Security is a far right stance. You might be held up as evidence of the "horseshoe theory." Or—my favorite—you might be assailed as a "class reductionist."

The era of "we can't afford it" should be over. If the government has money to throw at disastrous overseas wars, it has money for Social Security. No excuses. I paid into Social Security from my paycheck, and I am entitled to what I paid for.





Shitlibs who gloss over the Social Security cuts occurring now are as bad as the Trump regime was when it tried to cut disability benefits by reviewing cases more frequently. That was the proposal that *USA Today* infamously praised. Modern Democrats and *USA Today* have more in common with Donald Trump and Ronald Reagan than they admit.

How does it feel to be a Trumpist rag, *USA Today*? If the jackboot fits, wear it.

What if we filled skate parks with sand again and made everyone wear masks over their butts? *USA Today* probably thinks that will save Social Security.

The '20s aren't exactly roaring. Stagflation, martial law, a national dress code, and chronic underemployment are not hallmarks of a booming society. Yet the media is now laughably denying that there's any inflation at all. Anyone who recently graduated high school or college is entering a world of no prospects.

And Social Security is always at the top of the chopping block. *Always*. The media constantly gaslights us by calling Social Security the "third rail" that nobody wants to touch. Like much of what the media says, that's a lie. It's always the *first* thing they touch. Reagan touched it, Trump touched it, and Biden touched it again.

We need solutions, not whining and bombast. The media still gripes about the same things they've been complaining about for years and years—and never offers solutions. Expanding Social Security and lowering the retirement age are solutions we can all get behind.

## A person retooled their gum

You may know about the "retoolings" at Brossart. The school would occasionally use a whole school day taking us to some church in Kenton County for some activities there. That was where people farted loudly, tried to flush a Mello Yello can down the toilet, farted loudly, placed pennies on a railroad track to try to derail trains, and farted loudly. The "retoolings" were very much a niche activity. They had very limited appeal. It was like if a zine like this ran for 30 years and *every single article* was about a very narrow topic, such as *Sesame Street* segments in which David had big sideburns.

Something funny happened at one of the "retoolings." I don't think I heard them called "retoolings" until I was a sophomore, but I think this incident was when I was a freshman. A group of us was out on the grass throwing a ball around. This was a rare, brief break from the ridiculousness that filled the rest of the day. People were chewin' bubble gum! One of my classmates thought it would be hilarious if he deposited his gum on the grass by opening his mouth and just letting gravity do the rest. He didn't face downward. He just pushed the gum out of his mouth with his tongue. It was like the movie where the kid spit food onto his plate in a hotel restaurant. It wasn't a projectile spitting. He just let it fall.

But at least the kid in that movie didn't put the ejected food back in his mouth. The "retooling" incident was different in that the student promptly picked his wad of gum out of the grass and resumed chomping it. That's right, folks. Somebody in high school picked bubble gum off the filthy ground and chewed it.

I get the feeling he might have been an idiot.

I also remember at one of the last "retoolings" I went to, some kid kept acting up, and a priest who was in from out of town for the event got angry.

## Super Bowl got sidelined in Idaho town (a blast from the past)

Let's take a trip back to the rock 'n' roll year 1979!

In January of that year, football fans chomped at the bit for Super Bowl XIII—predicted to be the first truly competitive Super Bowl ever. The previous 12 bowls were thought to be mismatches, but by 1979, the Super Bowl was becoming the spectacle that we're now familiar with. Nobody wanted to miss it.

But folks in Lewiston, Idaho, were faced with an amazing streak of bad luck.

Lewiston was the site of a bad blizzard that weekend. We're used to power outages, and it seems like the power here is off more than it's on. But in Lewiston in 1979, the local electric utility



seemed to be prepared.

Yet it was no match for this snowstorm. The snow, ice, and wind didn't stop. The power went out on the morning of Super Bowl Sunday. That alone might not have been a big problem, because the utility then switched over to its backup power supply.

Then—just as the game was beginning—things got ug. That's when the backup power went out too—*right in the middle of the coin toss!* ***The power went out right at the beginning of the Super Bowl!!!!***

Fortunately, the backup had its own backup: a propane-powered generator. Unfortunately, it turned out that the generator had a broken valve, so it didn't work. The quickest way to restore power would have been to lug a 100-pound propane tank through the blinding snowstorm—and that was sure to take hours.

People. Were. Furious.

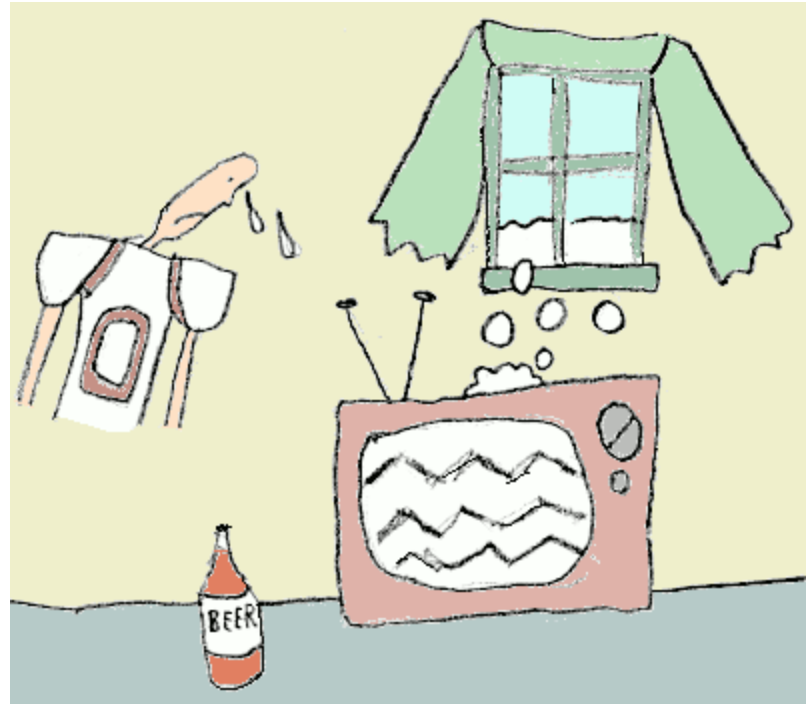
It gets weirder. If you had a battery-operated radio, you could still *listen* to the Super Bowl, as it was broadcast by a radio station in Pullman, Washington, where the power was still on. But there was a problem with that too. The station was authorized by the FCC as a daytimer and was required to sign off at sunset each evening. This meant the station had to go off the air with only 3 minutes left in the game. So listeners had to miss the Super Bowl's exciting conclusion.

Naturally, the power in Lewiston was restored just a few minutes after the game ended. Lewistonians missed the Super Bowl, the whole Super Bowl, and nothing but the Super Bowl.

Someone on the public Internet said something similar happened in Canada during the 1990 FIFA World Cup final—only this incident was far dumber. British Columbia had been rocked by a series of blunders in provincial government, including cuts to public services that affected even utilities. Because of this, the electric provider in much of the province decided it would purposely shut off power if the temperature reached 80° F, even though that's not much of a heatwave. (It's interesting that a Canadian business was using Fahrenheit.) It got up to 80 right when the game started, so the power was intentionally cut off and nobody could watch the World Cup. The utility refused to restore power until after the game when the temperature dropped.

Part of one of the most developed nations in the world was being governed like a third world country. Actually it still is, thanks to Bonnie Henry's incompetence, but that's a whole other story.

The situation in the rest of Canada though was better than it was in the United States, where the World Cup was on TNT (the cable channel, not Tantrum 95.7). TNT inserted commercials right in the middle of the game (not during breaks). The score of a World Cup quarterfinal game was 1-0, but TNT missed showing the only goal scored in the game because a commercial was on. It wasn't just commercials. In a semifinal game, TNT missed a goal just to show a picture of the trophy.



## Thanksgiving naysayers are real turkeys

You may have seen the famous old painting of a large family gathered around a dinner table at Thanksgiving—all smiling their asses off—as the grandmother places the turkey on the table. This oil painting is Norman Rockwell's *Freedom From Want*, first published in 1943.

But some people have decided they want to play games. Well, if you want to play games, then let's play games.

If there's one thing I absolutely despise, it's a bully. Narcissistic bullies have moved on to some new topics in the past few years as different ideas have come into vogue. Key among them is their



COVID catastrophism. And since now it's easier to hide behind a computer screen, that's where their "best" work is broadcast.

I can understand being worried about COVID in early 2020. But not now. I've been more worried about society being driven to a halt by a self-anointed "expert" class that rules us but isn't half as smart as they think they are. The pandemic wasn't a new experience for me, because I was already forced to tolerate slobs who thought catching viruses and spitting their germy glop everywhere was a form of art.

I know a bully when I see one, and anyone who shames people over a Thanksgiving gathering in 2023 under the guise of COVID is a bully. End of story. Recently—as part of their propaganda effort—someone modified Rockwell's painting by replacing the turkey with a giant, round, blue COVID virus and posted it on Twitter. They were viciously attacking people who attended Thanksgiving gatherings by saying they were spreading COVID. Not in 2020 (when everybody I know was already observing Thanksgiving as normal, even though it meant ignoring governors' fiat). **In 2023!**

I'm not going to let this slide. As I always say, *ignore* is the root of *ignorance*. Bullies do not get a pass. Since they wanted to pick a fight, I will rub their noses in the fact that they must live a pretty sad existence to not be able to move on from this. Imagine COVID disastrism being your *entire life*. That's why they've finally begun to add other issues lately, such as their support for right-wing militarism abroad, false accusations of bigotry that are actually projections of their own hate-driven prejudices, and denying inflation. Some of these are issues they harped on years ago, but they've repackaged them. It still says a lot about what sorry bastewastes they are.

Whoever it was who began using the modified painting to accompany their loathsome disinformation is a hateful piece of shit. This is like the time someone made a Memorial Day post—in 2021, not 2020—accusing everyone of killing war vets by not staying home.

Another person who sounds like a big bully is some nobody named Jeremy Faust. He actually wrote an article recently titled "How To Not Kill Grandma This Thanksgiving And Holiday Season." Again, in 2023—not 2020. He boasted that it was an update of an article he wrote last year called "How To Not Kill Grandma (Or Anyone, Including Yourself) This Thanksgiving." He spouts a bunch of garbledygoop to try to claim that children spread viruses to the elderly in large numbers last year. "Do we really want to be a part of this?" he asks.

And the alternative is? What are we supposed to do? Lock ourselves at home forever? Even for the young, there's always a chance there might not be another Thanksgiving. Tomorrow isn't guaranteed for anyone. Besides, each year since 2020, COVID town criers have claimed "there's always next year", even though they always go on to try to shut down society the next year too.

I'm nearing retirement, because I have severe health problems that are not expected to improve. If they do, I probably won't be able to readjust to the full-time employment I once had. When you get to a certain age, you're at the point of no return. I've worked hard in life and have taken pride in jobs well done, but everyone has limits. I also take it seriously when something like COVID is used as an excuse to curb-stomp civil liberties or change behavioral norms. Long before COVID, I fought against school uniforms—a close ancestor of mask mandates. These policies are strikingly similar—and the reasoning for them is equally flimsy. Both were predicated on safetyism, but neither have been effective at accomplishing their stated purpose. School uniforms were laughably said to fight gang activity, but have failed at this aim. Masks—the national dress code that is often imposed by decree—were said to fight COVID, but they too have failed.

I fight mask mandates because I remember being subjected to school dress codes that were useless and wondering why most other schools—except in military dictatorships—weren't as strict as the schools I was forced to attend. I also have real medical issues that would be worsened by masks. My freedom and health take priority over rules that don't make us safer and were enacted by bullies. That's also why mask mandates that continue to pop up have caused me to cancel doctor appointments.



I didn't always fight mask mandates this hard, but I knew more had to be done to combat them when it became clear they were intended to last in perpetuity. "Experts" who have proven their unfitness for their duties don't get to impose new norms on society. Fair warning: I will be on this topic until my dying day, because I refuse to let a government-imposed national dress code go unanswered. I've been accused of rabblousing on this issue just for its own sake, but that's far from true.

We base our stances regarding every subject on science and facts. Facts are more important than politics. Indeed, facts *guide* our politics. This zine has always lived by that credo. We can't accept statements that are demonstrably false even if they come from what were previously considered reliable sources. I value facts because the earlier harassment campaign against me was started entirely on somebody's lie.

I'm not going to let a November to remember give way to a December to dismember.

## Comic book shop isn't so comical

You want to see reviews of comic book shops really bad, so I've found some reviews of a comic book shop that's really bad.

There's this really snotty comic shop in Toronto that everyone makes fun of. They sound like what the Par-King would be like if it sold comics. It's bad enough that the store is "run by total nerds who still require masks", which is a very fair criticism in 2023. It's bad enough that it reportedly does not honor exemptions that it is legally required to accept. But it gets bad reviews for other reasons too.

One review calls the owner "an absolute prick", and other reviews back this up. A reviewer accused the shop of damaging his comic books when he decided not to sell them to the shop. When the store gave back his books, 6 of them were missing. Another said a store employee followed him around the store and created "racist vibes."

Another reviewer was a tenant of an apartment upstairs from this shop and said the shop had an air conditioning company drilling and making other loud noise at 2 AM—which violated noise ordinances.

Another said the store's basement level is not wheelchair accessible—which torpedoed the shop's claims that it respects the disabled.

People drove from miles around to visit this store and were sorely disappointed to discover what a poop pile it is.

To be unfair, this isn't the only bad comic shop out there. Someone on the public Internet said there was a shop in New Jersey where the clerk dripped a greasy cheesesteak all over the comics. A Reddit commenter said he visited a shop in Florida where the owner said, "I hate guys like you who comes here and go through my shit." A different customer of this store posted on Yelp saying something similar happened to him, and the owner falsely claimed to have "lost" some comics the customer planned to buy. Another store was found to be full of snakes. A shop in Ohio had a leaky roof and placed the bucket to collect the water atop boxes of comics—thereby ruining them. A shop near Philadelphia smelled so strongly of cat urine that customers gagged.

It sounds like Oscar the Grouch's newsstand.

