

*The Last Word*TM

Issue #592

February 2024

A person wosted Bubble Tape on Fountain Square

January was ridiculous even before it began!

I went to the New Year's "bash" on Fountain Square to ring in 2024. I put "bash" in quotes because the event was a mockery of the very word. It beat the media fascism on Times Square though.

It was bitter cold, and the wind was biting. Celebrity look-alikes like Billy Joel, K.C., and Lisa Loeb peopled the crowd—not unlike the Ron Howard look-alike 2 years ago. Of course, 2 years ago was the first public New Year's event locally after the "We hate America" crowd canceled everything the previous year.

Anybip, back to the recent event. I was standing at the small set of steps on the west side of Fountain Square. Suddenly, I heard the sound of something hitting the pavement. I looked to the east and saw a youngster, approximately age 10, pawing through the shattered remains of a pink Bubble Tape canister that rested in ruins on the ground. The gum that was in the container was thoroughly wastage bastage.

As the "Don't Waste Your Money" guy would say, he *wasted bubble gum*!

The inquisitive imp didn't say anything, and he walked away with his fam, leaving the pile of wosted bubble gum and plastic shards behind on the ground. You can see about 3 small hunks of the ruined beegee at center...



The gum was probably so stale that it shattered when it hit the ground. The Bubble Tape format lends itself to going stale easily.

The mere existence of bubble gum is of course hilarious, so laughs were had by many. A few minutes later, a person kicked the rolled-up core of the wasted gee down the steps...



The rough night for the coiled bubble gum continued. Here we see people trampling it like the media's Nikki Haley/Gavin Newsom "dream ticket" trampling our constitutional rights...



Even with Cabinet appointments like Cherelle Parker and Bill Kristol, a potential President Haley can't trample our rights as much as that gum was trampled!

Our overlords proved how much they hate humanity by canceling the 2021 "bash." Ever since, their fascism has guided the media's choices as to what to televise. These unseemly boors are now hiding behind every corner waiting to attack yet again! I just wish some of that Bubble Tape could dry up in their throats and blow a bubble with itself.

Charlie Brown's teacher visits Fountain Square (a blast from the past)

The past 4 years have been the stupidest in history.

I was patient. I was good. I tried to keep my hands on the table. And we were met with constant confrontation. Nothing to boost morale. For 4 years. We live in an era of hall monitors. Narcissists finally have the importance that they never had before outside their 6th grade corridors or certain positions at work where they could only abuse the unluckiest among us.

The abuses of the past 4 years haven't taken place in a vacuum. They're part of a broader coup by authoritarian oligarchs that goes back much earlier. Yet anyone who fell asleep in 2019 and just woke up today to view some of what went on would be astonished. When things get as idiotic as they did, you can count on us to comment on it. If you had told us in 2019 that so many so-called adults would act like such babies, we never would have believed you. One of the low points of this sorry chapter in history was around the start of 2021. It should now be safe to heap death-defying, Pepsifying ridicule upon all those responsible.

That was the year it was decreed that there would be no real New Year's celebration on Fountain Square. Instead, Channel 9 smirked and grinned about a "faux countdown" that was to take place early on New Year's Eve night...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nDN-wFjHHKM>

The news anchor knew the absurdity that was coming, and that's why he was laughing at :07. When they cut to the reporter on Fountain Square, you could barely understand a word she said, because she was wearing a mask. She sounded like Charlie Brown's teacher! One of few things you can hear is when she said you needed a reservation. Only "small, ticketed groups" were allowed on Fountain Square "at staggered times."

The whole thing was engineered so people could get home in time before Mike DeWine's 10 PM curfew.

First of all, how can a public space like Fountain Square be limited to just small groups?

Secondly, the free world didn't have a curfew, so why was Ohio any different? Las Vegas at least had *something* resembling normal behavior. Sydney was perhaps even better, judging by YouTube footage from one of its beaches. Despite all the fascism that took place in Australia in that era—which was largely caused by politicians like Victoria Premier Daniel Andrews who openly supported the Chinese Communist Party—Sydney seemed to be bopping along like normal.

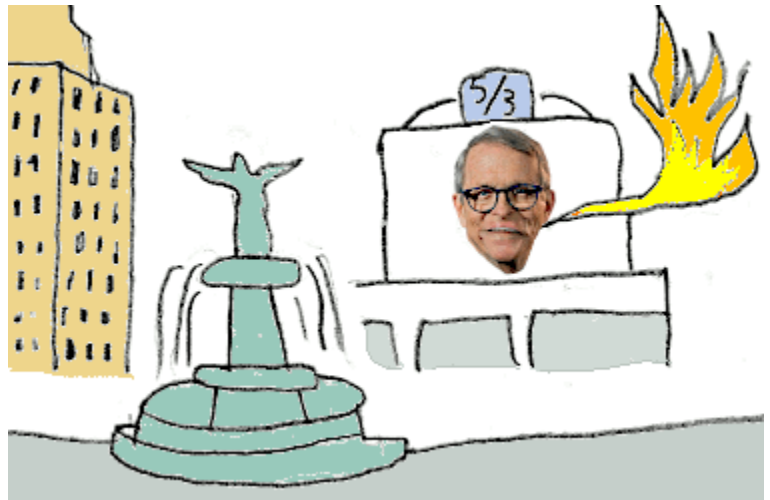
National media in America opted to broadcast the mind-blowing idiocy in New York and Los Angeles instead of the relative peopleness of Las Vegas. In any event, look at what was denied to Cincinnati, even though it was permitted in Las Vegas and Sydney. No fun was allowed here.

At the end of the Channel 9 report, the reporter said that anyone who came to Fountain Square would need to wear a mask. Surely, you jest. This ranks up there with the Ocean City boardwalk where a woman smiled. I have yet to figure out how authorities planned to expel people from outdoor public spaces for not wearing masks. A store can kick someone out. A public conveyance can't. By being in a public space, you're already outside of any defined venue.

I tried getting hold of some friends about going to Fountain Square for midnight when the actual new year took place. That would have been hours after Channel 9's "faux countdown." I had no intention of obeying DeWine's long-running curfew, as I had already broken it before. Many counties wouldn't even enforce it. But my original plans fell through, and I went to a small family event instead.

What about the following year? New York was one of only a few places that truly fashed things up to ring in 2022. New York has become pretty adept at fashing things up. Naturally, every outlet broadcast from there that year.

It would have been better if they had broadcast from Kroger or a dentist office, or shown my variety show full of people spilling stuff.



Proud as an akbab!

'Tis the season for acting like an akbab.

This time of year, we don't want to do anything except hibernate and lay face-down in bed. Like

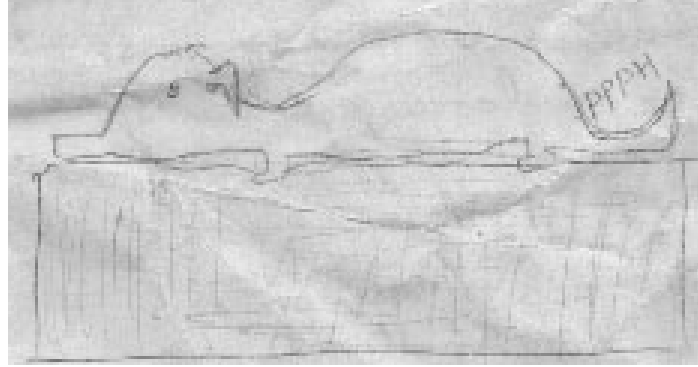
an akbab.

An akbab is an animal I came up with when I was about 5. It looked like an anteater, and didn't do anything except lay down on its stomach 100% of the time on a big, flat rock. It didn't need to forage for food, because food came to it.

And it would fart. Constantly.

This animal lived in caves and forests, and stunk up any space it occupied. Akbabs were also generally solitary creatures, and they typically lived past the age of 100.

Here's a drawing of an akbab I made when I was about 13...



Akbabs are truly free. They don't have to be bogged down in the workforce. They can just rest around the clock. They don't work. They don't play. They don't even attend great recreational events like the 2021 Cavalcade of Customs, where a YouTube video shows that some woman bubbled. Akbabs just sit there and chillax. Best all, they're always fartin' up a storm!

In a world of akbabs, be a bigger akbab.

More Facebook fascism

It was a red flag when a recent version of Google Chrome made it impossible for writers on Substack to post a title for entries. This was likely deliberate, and it indicated that government collusion with Big Tech to censor content was continuing without any limits even in the face of *Missouri v. Biden*.

Chrome at least mended its ways after numerous complaints. But Facebook is still just getting started. Its long history of censorship so far is only the beginning.

Substack is known for its reluctance to censor content, and Team Lockdown can't stand this. But they can't claim to be upset because Substack allows hate speech, because Substack *prohibits* hate speech. Its terms of service declares, "Substack cannot be used to publish content or fund initiatives that incite violence based on protected classes. Offending behavior includes credible threats of physical harm to people based on their race, ethnicity, national origin, religion, sex, gender identity, sexual orientation, age, disability or medical condition." Other than that, Substack—if it errs at all—seems to err on the side of less policing of content.

This is a relatively simple and sensible standard. Inciting violence on the basis of race or any protected status is not the same as a scholarly analysis of the failures of COVID lockdowns.

I don't think I've ever seen any Nazi propaganda on Substack. Then again, I don't look for it like Team Lockdown does. Team Lockdown is into that shit. I'm not.

Now Facebook has decided to fash things up a bit. Facebook has made it so that if you click on a Substack link, you can only read the first part of the entry. You can't scroll down. Your browser is frozen on the first part.

This is another situation where we have to assume the government is colluding with Big Tech to censor COVID "misinformation."

If government collusion and other impropriety seem unlikely, think of it this way. If you were the government, and you wanted to stifle dissent, how would you do it? You might enlist corporate partners like the social media Goliaths who menace us all. Or you might not. Or you might but only if poo. But you probably would. Instead of showing any introspection about the failures of their policies,

our rulers seek to silence those who use facts and data to show how badly these policies failed. In the past 4 years, our dictators have learned absolutely nothing—except that they can keep digging in and get away with it. They now have a worldwide stage for their belligerence that they could once only dream of.

One of few things as strident as their censorship is their racism. YouTube has been deleting videos that promoted a hypertension treatment used by Africans for centuries. YouTube called the videos “medical misinformation.” That’s an awfully racist thing for YouTube to say. Unfortunately, fighting against racism like this isn’t really the focus of advocacy groups today, because there’s so much corporate influence now. Since even before COVID, groups that were previously known as great civil rights and labor advocates accepted money from corporations to push for corporate mergers—which was at odds with the groups’ original goals. Some of these groups also came out against net neutrality, an issue that has become more relevant than ever in the face of Big Tech censorship.

There used to be people out there advocating for social justice. But now everything has become one huge corporation that is deceptively packaged. Some of these groups today are as likely to crusade for censoring books as an overzealous prosecutor in 1998. We live in a post-justice era in which big corporations and unelected elites stage-manage public policies.

Almost all that has gone wrong in life can be traced back over 40 years to the spoiled, selfish attitudes of a few. May they be made to swim in a toilet full of sargassum.

Stories of ruined atlases are all over the map

If you allow a road atlas to get torn up, you’re walkin’ on the fightin’ side of me.

I stockpile old road atlases, which I try to keep in pristine condition. Some years back, a feller posted on the public Internet that he tore pages from a road atlas to use as covers for his school textbooks. I was shocked. Shocked and appalled!

But you can’t save every road atlas. Part of the problem is the “Rand McNally curse.” Map experts have found the entirety of their evenings spoiled by the fact that Rand McNally road atlases often prematurely fall to rack and ruin. An online commenter said in 2021 that he couldn’t wait to buy the 2022 edition, because his 2021 copy was already ripped to shreds. The 2021 atlas was consigned to the recycle bin as soon as the 2022 version was in hand.

I have very few atlases from the late 1970s and early 1980s, because that was around the time they kept getting torn up so badly that we had to replace them each year. I remember one incident in particular that just gums my gizzard.

Back then, I was really getting into road atlases. Our winters are long, and it rains a lot here. So I devised my famous U.S. 1 game, in which I moved little pieces of paper along U.S. 1 in the atlas, starting in Maine. Each car was equipped with a toilet that emptied onto the road. They were just pieces of paper—not real cars or real toilets.

The stupidity arrived one day when I opened up the atlas to Wyoming. I received the greatest shock of my life. It appeared as if someone had taken a wad of Scotch tape, stuck it to the page, and pulled it off—peeling off the print. They appeared to have done so over and over. It was the same thing people did with school books all the time.

Whodunit? Whytheydunit? They had to have done it on purpose. Nobody is enough of an idiot to have done it on accident.

This is like when we put together a round Statue of Liberty jigsaw puzzle and a kid rocked on his hands and knees on it. It was also like another incident around that time when I found trash piled in my bed. I assumed a family member was sorting their



junk and carelessly stacked some of it on my bed. This was negligent disregard for my surroundings.

The road atlas mystery has never been solved. No suspects have ever been indicted. I can just picture someone with a big strand of Scotch tape, sitting on the floor with the atlas spread out in front of them, sporting a stupid smirk as they dangle the Scotch tape onto the page.

I remember a similar incident involving a prized Holiday Inn directory—back when Holiday Inns were about \$17 a night. There was a brief period later when there were so many items around the house getting mysteriously ruined that a fable emerged about “housebrats.” These “housebrats” were a family who secretly lived inside a closet and emerged any time we left. According to this legend, they would destroy various household items, letting us find the destruction later. Judging by the episode with the Holiday Inn directory, it sounds like the “housebrats” had already moved in by the late ’70s.

Nothing gets moldy...Like TV Guide!

I accidentally stumbled upon a post on the public Internet from a person who had a huge *TV Guide* collection that got reduced to shambles. And the magic word got used.

After describing the details of some of the magazine’s regional editions, this commenter said they once had a “massive collection” of *TV Guide*, “but most of them got ruined due to poor storage.” Ruined! Hear that, everyone? They were ru!

The magazines were stored in a garage in the South Carolina heat and humidity, and “they absorbed moisture and got moldy.” Only a few could be saved.



Looping back to some high school memories

We were treated like kindergartners in high school.

Let me tell you about what school was like when I was a junior and senior. It was weird! Most of the school day for me took place at 1st District Elementary in Covington. The progenitors of this program ukased that we weren’t allowed using the restroom by ourselves. This was despite the fact that we were in high school, and the regular elementary students got to use the bathroom by themselves. The reasoning for this was to keep us from clogging the toilets. But the toilets got clogged anyway. Someone put a rock in the toilet, and it stayed there for days, maybe weeks. That’s not to mention the Bert and Ernie flashlight. There was also one time when someone overflowed the toilet so spectacularly that it leaked down to the rooms below.

Here’s how using the restroom worked. We’d wait hours—sometimes all day—for a teacher to take us to the lav. When we were in the stalls, the teacher would linger in the restroom just outside the stalls. When we were at the sinks, he would hover over us.

We were treated like 5-year-olds, when even actual 5-year-olds weren’t.

Wait! There’s more! Among the most legendary events in those years were when the teachers took us on walking tours of downtown Cincinnati. These outings went awry as you’d expect. Several of them went particularly badly for school administrators. I remember one of these tours—it may have been the same tour as the “Hey, look at this dummy!” incident—in which a student kept acting up the whole time. So one of the social worker types—an upper-middle-aged woman—grabbed him by a beltloop of his pants. Throughout the rest of the outing, she escorted him about downtown Cincinnati with her finger in the beltloop. How humiliating!

During senior year, I had math at Holmes High School each morning and then took a school bus to 1st District. Sometime in the spring, I began setting aside one day a week—I believe it was Wednesdays—as my mischief day. This meant I acted up the whole time at 1st District. So administrators threw up their hands and said I no longer had to show up there on Wednesdays. Instead, I took a TANK bus home from Holmes. This meant I had to transfer at Dixie Terminal.

And, boy howdy, did I mischief up that place good! I don’t remember exactly what I did though.

At least the Eliminati seemed to be tied up somewhere else that day.

Yipes!



But one NFL game may have come closer than any other to being forfeited. Let me tell you, it was right on the edge! This game is now widely known as Bottlegate. It was a 2001 game in which the Cleveland Browns hosted the Jacksonville Jaguars. Jacksonville was leading 15-10 with 48 seconds

remaining, but Cleveland had the ball. Referees decided to review a play that had taken place 2 plays earlier. That play was overturned, and the ball was given back to the Jaguars. The problem with this was that officials aren't supposed to go back and overturn a play after another play has taken place.

Fans were so angry that they threw beer bottles onto the field. Some of the bottles were still full of beer. Some spectators also began throwing the stadium's trash cans onto the field. Someone even threw a small radio or CD player. Fans also began chanting, "Bullshit!" This chant was broadcast on network TV – much to the FCC's chagrin.

Finally—in response to the flying bottles and trash—one of the refs waved his arms and declared, "That's the end of the game!"

Might this be...*a forfeit*? It was damn close to being one! But it appears that this would not count as an actual forfeit. It would simply be a game that just ended a few seconds early. In any event, the NFL commissioner intervened and ordered the game to be resumed. Many players refused to return to the field. Jacksonville ended up maintaining the lead.

Some of the offending fans were banned from Browns home games for 4 years.

Major sports leagues are run by such babies that they used Bottlegate as an excuse to punish their entire fan base by ending beer sales during the later parts of games.

Bottlegate is mentioned on a webpage listing many sporting events decimated by unruly fans. This list also includes an NBA game in which a spectator wearing a referee uniform blew a whistle during the game.

This is also a bit like a story I remember about a circus where attendees began throwing trash down onto the stage. But a circus can't be forfeited.

I left a brass disc in San Francisco... (a poopysm)

In 2016, the city of San Francisco wosted a hefty amount of taxpayer dough on an endeavor that immediately fell to rack and ruin.

Officials wanted to figure out where the geographic center of the city was so they could install a monument there. But why? The main reason was so people would know how far they were from this point. But why would anyone need to know that? This remains unclear. The installation was not to mark a milestone for the central business district but rather a point that had no significance whatsoever other than being at the geographic center of the city limits.

The city's brain trust couldn't even agree on whether to count some islands that were within city limits when determining the geographic center. If they counted the Farallon Islands, which are closed to the public, the marker would be in the Pacific Ocean.

They eventually determined that the city's center was on a random sidewalk that wasn't really near anything of interest. The city spent \$35,000 on a tripod-mounted device to figure this out. Once they found this point, they marked it by pasting a brass disc on the sidewalk. Then—using blue paint—they crudely wrote on the ground, "Geographic Center of City."

Then they had to admit they were actually off by 30 feet.

City surveyors then said they expected this marker—which they had spent so much taxpayer money on—to be stolen after 6 weeks. They were wrong. It lasted only a day before someone stole it.