



The Soap Box (vol.25) September 2003

I was saddened when Gregory Peck died. I loved him as Atticus Finch in To Kill A Mockingbird. One of the few things that I ever really got anything out of in High School, and he seemed like a real gentleman.

I don't know how many of you have children, but I read my baby girl these books about this Rotweiler named Carl who baby sits this baby. The parents actually leave the kid to be watched by this Rotweiler . . . when my son was young I used to read the same books to him, but now 9 years later . . . they're kind of freaking me out.

I can't believe the NBA Finals are still going on . . . shit, I just saw an NFL Preview magazine on the newsstand and it's only Game 5 of the NBA Finals, and to be honest I couldn't even tell you who was still playing . . . Spurs I think, versus, Philly? Shit, I don't know, some team from the East.

Remember this kid's name Leon Powe. He's from Oakland, not quite in Lebron's class, but a McDonald's All-American who is staying home and going to Cal. I have co-worker's that go to the same church as he does and tell me what a great kid he is. Let's hope he makes it.

They rerun those Three's Company episodes on Nick At Night and I swear that's the worst show ever made. Let me rephrase, we all know that Mama's Family is the worst show ever, but Three's Company has got to be the worst show that people actually thought was funny.

You know I was reading over my Soap Boxes over the last few months and not one mention of the war with Iraq. That's when I realized that those fucking anti-depressants the doctor has me on have really been working . . . and the Soap Box has really been suffering . . .

Well, shit, by the time I got back to this we already kicked Saddams Ass.

Until next time . . .

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