



January 2008

I saw on the news that the Associated Press already has an obituary prepared for Britney Spears. I guess it's not unusual for the AP to have obits ready for celebs, but as a rule, they aren't prepared til the celeb turns 70 years old. At some point this whole thing stops being funny ...

I was getting gas at Chevron the other day and they have a fine collection of Chanel and BeBe products. Hats, bags, the works ... who would've thunk it, but you know Valentine's Day is right around the corner and some Beer Nuts and a Chanel bag might be a nice gift for the little woman ...

I don't watch the show, but Prison Break on Fox is starting it's Third Season. Do they just keep getting caught? And at what point do they just throw them into 24 Hour Lockdown. But I guess that wouldn't make such a good network show ... but one hell of an HBO Show!

You know you watch a lot of TV when the guy who played Mr. Whipple from the old Charmin toilet papers ads dies and you feel sad about it.

I hope Rodney Allen Rippey is feeling ok.

I was telling my buddy about this great article I read in Playboy about Artie Lange from the Howard Stern Show.

Then I realized, I have now passed that spot in life, where I am *reading* Playboy.

Insert your own joke here _____.

Somewhere I went from being the young, cool Elvis, to the fat, bloated, pill popping, Vegas Elvis.

I hope there is a special place in Hell reserved for these suicide bombers, who think they are getting some special, first class ticket to Heaven or some special afterlife.

I really, really hope the first person they see is Hitler and it gets worse from there.

I caught Fast Times at Ridgemont High the other day and was thinking that whoever cast that movie did one hell of a job. Three future Oscar winners are in it ... Sean Penn, Forest Whitaker and Nicolas Cage.

Now if we could just get Phoebe Cates some juicy role ... hey, it could happen, the kid who played Kelly Leak in the old Bad News Bears movies was up for Best Supporting this year.

Also caught some of White Men Can't Jump and I'm telling you, I would rather be stranded on a deserted island with Fran Drescher than spend one hour alone with Rosie Perez.

My buddy gets into it with his wife ... a day or two later I ask him if he had patched things up, or gotten her anything ... yep, he says ... 'I'm getting her lower expectations.' Ahhhh marriage.

So I have the TV on Starz or Encore the other day and this movie comes on: The Defender, starring Dolph Lundgren and Jerry Springer.

And I think ... boy I am glad I pay the extra 70 bucks a month to make sure I have every movie channel possible. The Defender makes it all worth it.

Speaking of Dolph Lundgren, maybe they could take all the 80's action stars and have some sort of

Pay Per View event. You know Lundgren vs Jean-Claude Van Damme. Steven Seagal vs Chuck Norris. Maybe throw Mickey Rourke, Mr. T and some other chumps on the undercard ... and if the money is right, a Stallone vs Schwarzenegger Main Event. Okay, maybe not that Main Event, but the rest of it is gold!

Okay gotta run, but I have a lot more coming ... a bunch on the Super Bowl, some on Celebrity Rehab and a bunch of other stuff ...

And one last thing to Bill Belichick and the New England Patriots ... 18-1 just isn't that sexy.

- Until Next Time - SEM



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