



January 2009

You know with these 80 degree, January days ... I think maybe Global Warming is getting a bad rap.

Of course if it's 130 in June ... I might change my thoughts on it.

Speaking of freaky weather, whenever there is a 'touch' of snow, people go out and attempt to make snowmen. And as you drive thru the neighborhood, they never look like Frosty ... they look more like Frosty's little brother who's mom smoked and drank throughout her pregnancy.

You know, the little, half-assed mud ball, ice men with twigs for arms ... looking like a snowman with a severe case of Down Syndrome.

Michael Irvin, the Hall of Fame, Dallas Cowboys receiver was driving thru Dallas late the other night and came to a stoplight ... two men get out and put a gun in his face to rob him ... one of the guys is a huge Cowboy fan and recognizes him.

They casually talk with him about the team, like they bumped into him at Applebee's, and then let him go...

So I'm thinking, they would have just shot my ass ... unless one of the carjackers happened to be a fan of talentless hacks who write crappy online columns.

Then I might be ok ...

I was watching the Titans play the Steelers and they have a cornerback named Courtland Finnegan, and I was looking and looking and damn ... he's white!

A white NFL corner? There hasn't been a white NFL corner since Jason Sehorn.

Then my son told me, 'nope ... black ... really light skin.'

I wasn't sure about that, then I looked it up ... he made the Pro Bowl this year, so there is NO WAAAAAY he is white!

Anyway, there are white NFL receivers, but still no white NFL corners ...

I mean hell, we have a black president now, could we please get one whiteboy who can cover a go route?

Speaking of President Obama ... when he speaks, does anyone else get Cyrus flashbacks from The Warriors?

And not how it ends up for Cyrus but just his voice and the way people respond to him ... I swear when Obama is speaking I half expect him to raise both hands and yell ...

"Can you count suuckas? I say the future is ours ... if you can count."

The San Jose Sharks set the NHL record for best 30 game start with a 25-3-2 record.

I am no hockey fan, but 25-3-2 is amazing in any sport, especially when you are competing at the highest level.

I could arm wrestle my 7 year old daughter 30 times and not go 25-3-2.

OK ... I have said it once and I will say it again ... SOCIETY IS CRUMBLING ...

Proof: I was watching TV and this commercial comes on for a new workout routine for women.

Flirty Girl Fitness ... again ... Flirty Girl Fitness ... just want to make sure you are paying attention ...

Anyway ... this is a workout that features grinding, chair dancing and using a pole.

A pole.

It's basically a stripper workout. Bringing lap and pole dancing to the living room.

Flirty Girl Fitness.

What the fuck?

You know how you see commercials for Truck Driving School and junior colleges ... well now there is a trade school for strippers ... home stripper training!

And the best part: Ask our operators how to get a Flirty Girl Fitness Pole for your home for only a dollar more! ... Fitness Pole? ... IT'S A FUCKING STRIPPER POLE FOR YOUR LIVING ROOM!!!

I am not making this shit up ... I wish I was ...

It might as well be like the Cabbage Patch Dolls ... you order Flirty Girl Fitness and they assign you a stripper name ...

Jasmine, Brandy, Destiny, Jade ... Satin ...

Or basically any name from Bret Michaels Rock of Love ...

I mean, as the father of a little girl, my number one job in raising her, is to keep her off the pole. That's it. I will have done a decent job as long as my little girl isn't somehow justifying being a 'dancer' later on in life ...

But that job just got a little tougher with the new 'fitness' craze sweeping the nation ...

I am so worried about this country.

Back to Bret Michaels ... has anyone used reality television to carve a better gig for himself than Bret Michaels?

VH1 basically sends him like 20 slutty girls who live in a house and drink and fight for the chance to sleep with him.

And each week he gets to say who stays and who just isn't good enough ...

(so imagine what they bust out on him to make the cut)

Wow. How is this even legal?

Plus he gets to expose a whole new generation to his music ... between reality TV and Guitar Hero, musicians of old have so many different avenues to reach a new audience.

God bless you Bret ... I was jealous of you in the 80's and damn if you still haven't got it dialed here in the new millennium.

I heard on the radio ... 'Governor Schwarzenegger signed a bill' ... wouldn't that be autographed a bill?

I was flipping channels and it was on a commercial and before coming back to the show it had the warning 'Not Suitable For All Viewers' ... it was: That '70s Show ... THAT '70s SHOW!

A warning?!?! That fucking Janet Jackson ... god damn!

On DirecTV guide, channel 116 ... Emmitt Smith vs Ninja Cheerleader. I am not kidding.

My first thought was, damn Emmitt, first Dancing With the Stars and now porn???

But it was just some long infomercial.

Have we run out of programming or do we just have too many channels?

Of course I watched it ...

On the radio I heard an ad for a golf course promoting itself as the only Northern California Golf Course designed by John Daly.

Huh ... so is there a blackjack table, cocktail waitress and strippers at every tee box?

Ashtrays and bookies at the turn?

Maybe I will take up golf ...

Ever seen the commercial for the lip balm called Herpecin L?

Herpecin?

Couldn't they think of a better name?

It's right next to the creme called Gonorrhea Gone over by the Syphilis Swabs.

From Pitman, Black Guy in a 'White' Guy Jersey ... a black man in Sacramento rocking an old Sonics Detlef Schrempf jersey.

From my buddy Mike ... who spots a motorcycle in a handicapped spot, and upon closer inspection, it actually has handicapped plates! ... on a motorcycle. What the fuck?

Is it the most extreme case of irony that Tipper Gore who led the PMRC in the 80's to censor all music, movies, television etc with those fucked up 'warning' stickers which actually draw teenagers like moths to a flame ... Is it extreme irony that her husband Al Gore invented the Internet where young people can see the nastiest fucking things humankind can imagine right at their innocent little fingertips?

Ironic.

- Until Next Time - SEM

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