



## October 2009

The Oakland Raiders are so bad that their best hit all year was the head coach on an assistant coach.

I know this guy who uses a Walkman. A Sony Walkman. No ipod, no, not even a Diskman ... a Walkman. I mean with cassette tapes! Where the fuck do you even get cassettes anymore?

At first I thought it was weird. Then ... a cheap piece of crap or vintage retro cool? Well, if you knew the guy, you would go with cheap piece of crap.

Walkman ... big ol' headphones ... listening to Night Ranger ...

I should make him a mixed tape.

I watch a lot of cartoons. Anyone who knows me knows this. From Scooby Doo to Family Guy ... one of my favorite channels is Boomerang which plays all the classics from when I was growing up. I am a TV Baby ... basically raised by Hanna-Barbera and John Hughes (we talked about that in August)

But I have to talk about the worst cartoon of all time. Well, of those that were semi-popular ... The Pink Panther. It's horrible. I don't know what it is, but I never liked it as a kid and when it comes on now, even the theme music sends me lunging for the remote.

I don't know if it's cuz he doesn't talk or the music or the animation or what, but I wish they would destroy all existing copies. Maybe it is a 'not talking' thing cuz that's why I was never into Tom & Jerry. Although I would happily sit thru a Tom & Jerry marathon before I would watch one Pink Panther short.

Pink Panther to me is basically the Three's Company of the cartoon world. You know a show that was popular in it's time, but catch it today and it is absolutely unwatchable.

Go try and watch a Three's Company today ... it's just bad.

But, The Pink Panther ... which brings me to the awful, overrated, over-appreciated, over-everthing series of Pink Panther movies.

Hated em.

Everyone talks about Peter Sellers and how brilliant he was and these movies were. Fuck off.

Just crap.

My buddy had just started dating this girl who was in a 'movie club' and these fucknut group of yuppie dicks picked a movie to watch and then sat around and drank fucking coffee and discussed it.

And of course they ask him to come ... what movie are they going to be watching and discussing:

The Pink Panther ... one of those fucking Sellers movies ...

So, he doesn't want to go and he asks me to go with him ... I find out the movie and there is no fucking way I am going to go ... back in my drinking, fighting, smart ass days (so glad I grew out of that) and I remember saying to him and his chick and some of the 'movie' friends:

'I will come if we can watch a cool movie like Smokey and the Bandit.'

I was never invited again.

I think my buddy ended up going to one.

It's amazing the things you will do when you are trying to get laid.

I am convinced that we watched this shit because it was on. That's it.

It was on.

We had 3 channels and what the fuck were we gonna do ... read?

So we watched whatever the networks force fed us.

I mean, how else can you explain Hee Haw?

And we fucking watched it!

Now we have 600 channels so there is no way I am going to watch a bunch of backwards ass dipshits playing banjos ... especially when I can watch Bret Michaels play STD roulette.

600 channels ... and I still can't find a BJ & the Bear rerun anywhere.

Anyway ... I digress ... the point ... Pink Panther ... movies, cartoons ... blows.

And speaking of cartoons ... Marge Simpson in the new Playboy.

Nipples. Marge Simpson's nipples.

I am not sure what to think.

Along with my cartoon watching ... I catch a lot of grief for my diet. Which is basically Diet Pepsi and cereal. And not that hearty, healthy granola cereal ... I am talking chocolate, sugar and marshmallow cereal. Basically anything with a cartoon character as a mascot ...

a captain, a rabbit, a frog, a tiger, an elf or a leprechaun ... I'm eating it.

In fact in my cabinet right now ... Cocoa Krispies, Fruity Pebbles, Trix (2 boxes), Honey Smacks, Cocoa Puffs.

So apparently my mom sat me down in front of a TV on Saturday mornings and my life was heavily influenced by the programming and the commercials.

But the point of this was that I know it's crap. It's shit ... but what cracks me up is the packaging on food like this where they try to eke out some sort of 'nutritional' relevance in their product.

So I made some notes ... I kind of came up with this because Red Vines have always been a 'Fat Free Snack' (awesome, so good for you ... no fat!)

But here is a list of nutritional facts that are prominently displayed on the front of some cereal boxes:

Honeycomb: Nutritious Sweetened Corn and Oat Cereal

Cinnamon Toast Crunch: Calcium and Vitamin D

Waffle Crisp: 10 essential Vitamins and Minerals

Cocoa Puffs, Lucky Charms and Reeces' Puffs: Calcium and Vitamin D

Apple Jacks: Now Provides Fiber

and my favorite:

Cocoa Krispies: 25% Daily Value of Antioxidants and Nutrients, along with Vitamin A, B, C & E

Wow ... it's almost like taking a multi-vitamin and washing it down with a V8!

Moving on ...

Brown QB Derek Anderson completes 2 of 17 passes in a game ... a game the Browns WON.

As a Cowboy fan I was thinking this:

Is Tony Romo the NFL equivalent of Chris Webber?

Great thru the regular season, puts up great numbers, you'd rather have him on your team than not, get's a ton of hype, dates famous chicks ... but when it comes to playoffs or big games ... they tank.

Think about that ... Romo = Webber?

Not to pick on one person ... but hell whatever ... the same girl mentioned above (the movie club girl) used to follow the band Cracker around the country. Like the Grateful Dead. A Crack Head if you will.

But how weird is that ... Cracker?

Followed them around the United States ... on her own dime.

Apparently Cracker's music is very life changing ... I guess I never got it.

Hell, maybe that's what that guy is listening to on his Walkman ... Cracker tapes.

And my buddy dated this chick ... the Movie Club/Cracker Girl ...

God damn people do and put up with wacko shit when they are trying to get laid.

Here is an odd thing ... watching the Cowboys play the Falcons ... wide receiver Mike Jenkins covered by cornerback Mike Jenkins ...

I caught a rerun of Celebrity Rehab (because Hee Haw wasn't on) and this girl in rehab had on glitter eye makeup.

Glitter Eye Makeup?!?! ... in rehab? ... really?

And I will leave you with one of my pet peeves ...

People who give you 'compass directions' when they are trying to tell you how to get somewhere.

You know this guy ...

'Okay, you're going to go South on Main St. then West on First Avenue, then you are going to want to go Northeast on ...'

I always think ... hey, pretend I forgot my compass ... can you just tell me when to turn fucking right?

**- Until Next Time - SEM**

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