



February 2009

Lance Armstrong comes out of retirement and is racing in Sacramento.

His bike gets stolen. Hey, welcome to Sacramento Lance!

You would think that a seven-time winner of the Tour de France would have a better padlock for his bike than my 15 year old son.

There seems to be a 'muffin top' epidemic in this country.

Why in God's name do these girls feel the need to wear low rise pants that are waaay too tight with tiny little shirts that show their stomachs? Why?

This is not doing anyone any good ... it's NOT okay.

I have had a few girls give me their opinions ... 1) that is just how clothes are made these days so it's impossible to find things that fit correctly. 2) girls used to be able to wear that look but just haven't realized that they have gained 30 pounds and shouldn't be wearing that anymore ... and no one around them is telling them. 3) that it's cool because they are comfortable in their own skin and are proud of their bodies.

Well ... let me retort ... 1) whatever 2) I blame the people around them for NOT saying something ... Christ, someone please step up and tell these girls IT IS NOT OK. You wouldn't let them walk around with spinach in their teeth, well don't let them walk around with that cheese hanging over their belt 3) number 3 makes me long for the 80's:

Remember in the 80's girls were totally uncomfortable with their bodies ... that was great. Normal. Neurotic. They would cover themselves. Wear clothes THAT FIT. Hell, the 1980's was the decade where bulimia and anorexia was as common with teenagers as acne and bad haircuts. Now girls dress in clothes they have no business wearing and we all suffer for it.

Hey, hey, hey ... you know who you are ... cover that shit.

Moving on ...

I heard Dick Cheney hurt his back while moving out of the White House.

What the fuck could Dick Cheney possibly be lifting? Are we to believe that the Vice President was packing up boxes, marking them 'kitchen' and lugging them out to the U-Haul?

Good Lord ... could this regime be over fast enough?

Clumsy and incompetent to the bitter end.

I saw this homeless guy in Sacramento with a sign that read "Why Lie, I Need A Beer"

Of course I gave him money.

Playboy sends out subscription cards and the magazine is only \$1 an issue. (12 months, 12 bucks)

I always renew it because I almost feel like they are challenging my 'manhood'.

Like, if I don't renew, they will all be sitting around the mansion thinking 'Boy, what a pussy at SINacle.com ... what, don't you like naked chicks? It's only a dollar you queer.'

So, I enjoy Playboy every month.

One question: Kobe or LeBron?

So, I am behind this SUV in traffic and I am staring at this huge sticker it has in the back window ...

What the fuck is this?



What are these Pandas doing?

Aren't cell phone cameras great! Like this one time, after I won 8 Olympic gold medals for swimming, I was at a party with my buddies and they were smoking pot ... well I took a rip off the bong as it came around and my friend took a picture of me.

It was so funny! I am sure nothing bad will happen ... I was with my friends ... what could happen?

A while back, I was driving down I-80 and I see this guy up ahead hanging his arm out of his window ... and it looks like he has a full sleeve of tattoos. So as I get up closer I take a look at his ink ...

It's not tattooed ... just a hairy motherfucker.

From the awesome porn film names department:

Areola 51 (Showtime)

Whatever happened to Kerry Kittles?

So, watching this years Super Bowl, I will say it once again, the best reality show on television:

Sports.

But I am watching the halftime show ... Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band. I am sitting there watching Steve Van Zandt ... Little Steven ... and thinking ... wow, you are in one of the greatest bands in rock history, playing the Super Bowl, AND you were also one of the stars of one of the greatest shows in Television history, The Sopranos.

Nice work.

Reminds me of Deion Sanders ... say what you want about PrimeTime, but he played in the Super Bowl, the World Series and also hosted Saturday Night Live.

Think about that? If you accomplished ONE of those things, that would be a huge life experience.

Reminds me of my own life ... well, except for all those awesome accomplishments ...

Quick, did you see it ... Tracy McGrady just turned into Penny Hardaway.

Didn't even bother being Grant Hill for a while just morphed right into Penny.

I am so stoked ... I was flipping through my DirecTV guide and realize I have the NHL channel.

It's Oscar time and both Robert Downey Jr and Heath Ledger are nominated.

Which got me thinking ... here are two immensely talented actors. If 3 years ago you had to bet on

which one would be dead of an overdose ... who would you have taken?

It's an interesting thing who cashes out and who doesn't.

Heath Ledger, from news reports (depending on which one you read), was found with 6 different prescription medications in his body. (anti-anxiety, Xanax, Ambien, anti-depressants, Vicodin, cough medicine w/opiates) and also alcohol. Sounds like a bad mix ... but something he had probably done other times and just woken up.

I, myself have taken bad bad combinations of 'scripts with alcohol ... even fallen asleep on the toilet ... in a fucking gross Elvis Presley kind of way ... yet still woke up in the morning.

Robert Downey Jr., from what we read, has put shit in his body that would kill a fucking rhinoceros, yet he will be there Oscar night and Heath Ledger's daughter watches without her daddy.

It's a scary fucking thing ... prescriptions ... alcohol ...

We live in a medicated world. And because they come from a doctor, somehow it seems justified and safe.

I have a picture of Heath Ledger carrying his daughter on my fridge at home. So everyday, I look at that and realize that my little girl still has her father.

By luck ... pure fucking luck.

For all the similarities between Robert Downey Jr. and Heath Ledger ... young, good looking, troubled, talented ... there is one big difference ...

Luck.

And the winner is ...

- Until Next Time - SEM



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