



June 2009

Okay, so I have narrowed my new career down to three things ... prop comic, party planner for dogs or Arena Football League punter ... I had contemplated starting a cult ... but it seemed like a lot of work especially since I fucking hate people, which might hinder the recruitment process.

The world is my oyster ...

Here are two more examples that society is indeed crumbling around us ...

Radio ads for AshleyMadison.com ... for those of you who don't know, a website for married people who would like to find another married person to have an affair with.

Their tag line: "Life is short, have an affair"

Seriously ... radio ads ... I was going to join, but I have a feeling my wife wouldn't give a shit.

Second ... on the E! Channel ... a game show called Fake or Real? ... they show pictures of people and the contestants try to guess whether or not the person has had plastic surgery.

Really? Is this where we are at?

No wonder other countries hate us.

I was watching those Dateline, To Catch A Predator shows ... they had a bunch on in a row ... you know where they set up those creepy guys that are meeting 14 year old girls online and they show up and there is a camera crew and cops ...

So they have the 'predator' walk into the house and then Chris Hansen from NBC walks into the room to kind of confront them ... and if you have seen it, well Chris Hansen isn't the most imposing guy.

So I was thinking, maybe we can amp this up a notch ... let's do the same scenario but replace Hansen with Brock Lesnar or Kimbo Slice or one of these UFC monsters to walk down the hall and pretend to be the girls daddy ...

You want to talk about sending a message ... these guys pissing themselves and crying like they're the little girl would be epic television.

Maybe I should call someone at the Spike channel ...

Along those lines ... I was at my daughter's school (2nd grade) for some carnival thing and I saw a girl that I used to go to school with and she asked me "oh, do you have a kid that goes to school here?"

And I just looked at her and said ... "It would be a little creepy if I didn't"

She let out an uneasy laugh ...

I was hanging out with my buddy who happens to be gay and he offers me some 'delicious salted nuts' ... and it's unnerving even though he has a can of Planters in his hand.

Of course I had some is that weird?

David Carradine was found dead in Bangkok (there is a punch line there but I wont touch it) apparently of autoerotic asphyxiation. For those of you unaware of autoerotic asphyxiation, it's where you masturbate while simultaneously choking yourself ... it supposedly heightens the orgasm or some shit like that.

Some people think that is also how Michael Hutchence of INXS died ... but anyway ... the point of this is autoerotic asphyxiation ... look, I am all about physical pleasure ... with or without a partner ... but hanging yourself while you masturbate ... well my horror would be that my mother would be the person to discover me.

You know hanging there with my pants around my ankles ... a bunch of Victoria's Secret catalogs spread out underneath me ... me hanging there strangled to death by my Cub Scouts belt ...

Shit ... that picture alone is enough to keep my from getting too frisky with myself ...

Okay ... rest well Kung Fu ... moving on ...

I saw an ad for the movie *My Bloody Valentine* ... the tag line was 'The best 3D horror film ever made'

Hmmm ... is there a lot of 3D horror movies?

So I watched LeBron James hit a miracle 3 pointer with under a second to play as the Cavaliers beat the Magic in their NBA playoff game. Which reminded me of Michael Jordan's famous shot over Craig Ehlo to beat the Cavs back in the day. And one thing about that shot on Ehlo ... why was Craig Ehlo guarding Michael Jordan with the game on the line?

Why do you have a white boy guarding the best player of all time with your season hanging in the balance? It has always bothered me.

And then I caught the replay of the LeBron James miracle shot ... and who is guarding him ...

Hedo Turkoglu.

A fucking white boy ...

I have come to the conclusion that I will win the lottery before the Sacramento Kings will win it.

I have a punk rock buddy and the other day I saw him and he was wearing a thrift shop McDonald's work shirt ... and I was thinking ... a shirt like that is cool if you choose to wear it, not so cool if you HAVE to wear it.

I overheard someone saying that they had been in college for 8 years ... and I was thinking man ... you are either a slacker or a doctor.

You know what really chaps me? Cigarette butts. Why do motherfuckers think it's okay to just toss this shit around? Why is this not considered litter?

You go into a parking lot and it is littered with cigarette butts ... why is this okay? You wouldn't think to throw bottles, cans, boxes, whatever ... trash ... just out into the street but these jackasses think nothing of just throwing them wherever they stand.

Litter, and what's worse ... litter that's ON FIRE!

Look ... you want to smoke, you want to reek like ass, you want to live a short life and die a painful death ... go ahead ... but in the meantime ... throw it in a fucking can.

Two infomercial bits ...

The Lee Majors Rechargeable Bionic Hearing Aid.

I'm am not sure I need to say anymore ... but I will ... yes the Six Million Dollar Man ... Bionic Hearing Aid. Good lord ... and with Lindsay Wagner hocking those Sleep Number beds ...

A tough time for the Bionic Duo.

And this one, The Mr.T Flavor Wave Oven. I shit you not ... Mr.T sans the gold ... out there selling some fucked up Ronco Oven Dealio ... with his name on it.

Everyone thinks they are George Foreman now ... and it's just painful to watch ... him reading off this terrible script with some stiff white lady partner ... oh where have you gone Clubber Lang?

Next thing we're gonna see Fred 'Rerun' Berry selling Smoothie Blenders ... wait, he's dead?

How 'bout Bernie Mac? ... damn ... anyone have Cedric the Entertainer's number? We need to move some product ...

And the funniest thing about infomercials is that they take whatever meager, day to day task, like chopping vegetables, answering the phone, or trying to sleep and make it look like it is the most difficult, painful thing you would ever be asked to do.

If you believed the actors in these commercials, chopping up some carrots is right up there with splitting the atom.

I am going to finish with this ... some 80's stuff ... we all remember the leg warmers and big hair ... classic 80's things ... but two things that don't get as much run ...

Whatever happened to the 'keyboard guitar' that all the bad 80's bands rocked?

And want to talk about the lame things that people thought were cool in the 80's ... those fucking stupid 'invisible' dog leashes they used to sell at like Great America. People would walk around with their 'invisible' dog ... wow that was funny, right up there with those BIG sunglasses. And people actually paid money for that shit.

People who wouldn't bother getting off the couch to walk their real dog ... are traipsing around the amusement park with their invisible dog on a leash ... oh, what a wonderful decade.

Okay, so I talked about some bad 80's but now I shall leave you with some good 80's ...

I caught the classic 80's film 'Just One of the Guys' and it was on regular cable so it cheated me out of one of the greatest unexpected tittie shots of the decade ... Joyce Hyser posing as a male student, then opening up her tux at the prom to show the guy she likes that **he** is really a **she**.

And just a beautiful pair of god given breasts ...

So I thought ... here are my Top 3, Unexpected 80's Movie, Tittie Shots: (reverse order)

3. Jamie Lee Curtis, *Trading Places*: Remember, Dan Akroyd catches her undressing in the mirror and he / we get an eyeful. What a pleasant surprise. And now Jamie Lee is selling some old lady yogurt looking like my mother.

2. Joyce Hyser, *Just One of the Guys*: see above

and the winner is ...

1. Phoebe Cates: *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*: Oh Phoebe where have you gone Phoebe. You still haunt our dreams with the Cars playing in the background and us (well Judge Reinhold) on our knees in the bathroom.

Good stuff ... and that is your SINacle 80's flashback for the month ...

I gotta go ... my invisible dog has to go take an invisible shit ...

- Until Next Time - SEM



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