



April 2008

Maybe it's me, but it seems gas prices are getting a tad high.

I'm concerned with the 'dummying' down of America ... I've noticed in public restrooms, directions on how to wash your hands. Is this really a necessity?

Are people that fucking stupid?

I'm waiting for the day I sit in a stall and there are directions on how to wipe my ass.

I caught the end of the original Star Wars the other day ... and something has always troubled me.

Does it bother anyone else that Chewbacca doesn't get a medal?

Skywalker, medal. Solo, medal. Wookie, yeah, um thanks, just go ahead and stand over there ...

Which takes me to another thing that has been spinning around my wacko brain ... I watch a ton of these UFO shows that are on TV and it makes me wonder ...

Is there alien racism?

Are there gay aliens?

Is there alien poverty or hunger?

Do aliens pray to different gods?

Do aliens have wars with aliens on the same planet but from a different part of the planet?

Alien graffiti, alien shoplifting, alien cosmetic surgery, alien drug addiction, alien unemployment?

This is the shit I think about.

I wonder if aliens need written directions on how to wash their fucking hands?

I believe other intelligent life exists in our vast universe, but I wonder if they have the same frailties that humankind has?

I heard that all major electronics manufacturers have all agreed to go away from DVD and start focusing on BluRay Technology.

Just like when the VCR gave way to DVD.

Now I am all for progress, but I'm just not sure I have another conversion in me. I went from album to cassette to CD. Didn't complain. I went from VHS to DVD, and didn't bat an eye ... but I'm just not sure I can go out and make sure I have a copy of Animal House in BluRay.

I have a new strategy, I am going to wait for my son to start buying BluRay discs, receiving them as gifts, building a collection, and then just claim them as my own ... I knew having kids would finally start paying off.

How come every homeless guy has a dog?

I mean, how fucked is that to be a dog and end up with a homeless owner. Let's see, I start my life in a box outside WalMart and my brothers and sisters get taken by kids who have houses with nice fenced in yards and I go to the mofo who has meth-mouth and a cardboard sign?

Why do you need a dog? If you have trouble taking care of yourself, is it really the time for the responsibility of pet ownership?

I'm waiting for Quentin Tarantino to resurrect Molly Ringwald's career.

The Super Bowl is played in February, March Madness ends in April, Baseball starts in March and the World Series is played in November???

Point to this? Not really, just have a feeling that somewhere, Reggie Jackson, Mr. October, is concerned that he will soon be overshadowed by someone nicknamed, Mr. November.

Saw a commercial the other day: Get your mother a Venus or Pink Pearl for Mother's Day!

A vibrator for your mother?

Oh wait, it was a Verizon commercial *phones* sorry.

A big SINacle shout out to Diablo Cody, from stripper to Oscar winning screenwriter (Juno). As a failed screenwriter myself, I have much appreciation for her success.

Now if I could just get Pitman off the pole ...

- Until Next Time - SEM



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