



July 2009

I swear if one more person talks to me about the weather or says 'hot enough for ya?' I am going to fucking lose it.

I like it hot. Hotter the better ... *because for me ...*

It's good practice for Hell.

I went into the deli section of a local supermarket to order a sandwich ... the guy behind the counter had a hair net on his beard. Huh.

An interesting look. A beard net.

He kind of had that look like a dog has when it has to wear that big cone around his head.

Just bummed about what life is dealing him at this moment ... that 'dude, please come stab me in the heart with this butcher knife and put me out of my misery' look.

You want to know the difference between the have's and the have not's. The rich and the poor. The famous and the ordinary.

These two things:

NFL Wide Receiver Donte Stallworth is drunk, gets in his car and hits and kills a pedestrian trying to cross the street.

Kills an innocent person and pleads guilty to vehicular manslaughter. Because he can write a big fat 'I'm so sorry' check to the victims family ... he is sentenced to 30 days in jail.

30 DAYS IN JAIL ... HE FUCKING KILLED SOMEONE WHILE DRIVING UNDER THE INFLUENCE.

Plus, Johnnie Cochran is dead, so I am even more baffled.

OK ... got that. Alright ... so a few months back Lance Armstrong comes to Sacramento for a race and his bike gets stolen.

They find the guy who stole it. (he had actually tried to return the bike) But they find him.

He gets 3 years in jail.

3 FUCKING YEARS IN JAIL! He stole a bike!

Wrong fucking bike though.

By the way ... Donte Stallworth served only 24 of his 30 days ... good behavior I guess.

So you are rich and famous ... you can just run people over with your car and do a couple weeks in jail ... you steal a rich, famous guys bike ... well lock that motherfucker up and throw away the key.

Good thing Alcatraz isn't still open.

Hey what are you in for? Rape? Murder? Bank robbery?

No, I stole a Schwinn.

Society is truly crumbling people.

Speaking of Lance Armstrong he was here in town for the local Father's Day Bike Race and I happened to be standing right by him when he won.

There he was basking in victory, kisses his baby girl ... and I pat him on the back. (Twice)

I was then escorted away in handcuffs ...

Shit I will probably get 2 years just for touching him ...

Seriously though ... what a treat to see the best in the world, at his best, right in your hometown.

Moving on ...

6/25/2009 ... a dark day for Popular Culture. Michael Jackson and Farrah Fawcett die in the same day. I was going to do a whole SINacle just on the loss, but I decided against it. But I didn't want to go the whole column without at least mentioning it ...

I will always have a crush on you Farrah ...

If that wasn't bad enough ... while I am still reeling from the loss of those two Pop Culture icons ... Billy Mays dies.

Billy fucking Mays ... Hi, Billy Mays for Oxyclean ... Hi, Billy Mays for Kaboom ... Hi, Billy Mays for Mighty Putty ...

It was always my dream to hear ... Hi, Billy Mays for SINacle.com ...

We'll miss you big guy ... god damn, now we are just left with the Sham Wow guy ...

My 7 year old daughter has her first 'celebrity crush' ... not Johnny Depp. Not Leonardo DiCaprio. Not the Jonas Brothers.

Nope.

The Verizon Wireless Guy.

My daughter has a crush on the Verizon Wireless guy.

Can you hear me now? ... Good.

I watched Paul Blart: Mall Cop ... they were going to give it the title 'Doofus Die Hard', but I guess it didn't test well.

I was watching the NFL Network and they played an old NFL Quarterback Challenge and the highlighted participants were Randall Cunningham, Jack Plummer and Vinny Testaverde. Also participating were Chris Chandler and Jeff Blake.

Boy, what a dark time for the NFL.

I wish Kirstie Alley would just stop already. Stop the 'hey, look I am thin again routine' ... we see all the magazines with her new body and she is on TV and everyone is fooled ... well I'm not ...

I know the Kirstie Alley is fat again pics are just a basket of onion rings away ...

And speaking of ...

What's with this country and the fat people? Yes the obesity rate in this country is out of control. We get that. But whatever ... go supersize yourself to death ... it was okay ... it was done behind closed doors ... or at least under the privacy of the Golden Arches. And we seemed to have it contained in the South, but now every time I turn the channel I get a celebration of the morbidly obese.

First we get The Biggest Loser ... nice, okay people are there getting healthy, it's inspirational. Then we get Celebrity Fit Club where we have to see Screech in his boxer briefs.

But now, two new shows ... 'Dance Your Ass Off' (Oxygen Channel) ... big, huge, sweaty people stuffed into spandex trying to perform these elaborate dance routines and hopefully lose some weight in the process.

Train wreck. A cross between 'The Biggest Loser' and 'So You Think You Can Dance'. And of course there are 3 judges and surprise, one of the judges has an accent!

GeezusFuck ... would someone please just come up with ONE original idea.

Next ... 'More to Love' ... a 'Bachelor' type show for our 'full figured women' ... I wish I was kidding, but I am not.

Do we really need to see this on TV?

I am going to start a show like this on HBO called 'Cushin for the Pushin' where guys compete to just slice off a nice big piece of ass cake with a side of butt pie.

And instead of roses at the end the girl will give the remaining contestants a box of Eskimo Pies.

WHAT THE FUCK!!!!!!!

Maybe I will get Meat Loaf to host it ... with Carnie Wilson as a sideline reporter.

This country, and society is just about to fly right off it's hinges.

And you know what, I am going to be embarrassed. Just fucking mortified when our society implodes and the next generation of intelligent life is here and they start digging and start unearthing things about this period of the human race.

I mean we dig up beautiful artifacts from ancient Egypt, things left behind by the Mayans ... you know what the next wave of life is going to find ...

Plastic fucking shoes, DVD's of Temptation Island, Paris Hilton perfume, US Magazine, Red Bull cans, and Rock Band guitars with tiny little skeleton hands still attached.

This is our legacy ... and I am embarrassed.

Hopefully all traces of SINacle.com will be lost to the apocalypse ...

- Until Next Time - SEM





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