



**It's Time to Take Out the Trash!**

February 2009

### A Bounty of Bullshit!

It seems like lately I have been catching a lot of "Dog the Bounty Hunter" on A&E. There seems to be a marathon every other day. In fact my wife and I rang in the New Year with a "Dog" marathon because she had the flu which prevented us from attending our scheduled party. I would say over the last couple of years I have probably seen at least 75 episodes and after each one I think to myself.....Now there's a half hour of my life I will never get back. To date the count is 2250 minutes or 37.5 hours of my life. That is just shy of a full work week. Yet with all that time wasted I have yet to see one fugitive put up any kind of fight or remotely live up to the "dangerous" tag that Dog and his white trash brood label them and reinforce repeatedly as they hunt him or her down. In fact some of them will simply just turn themselves in. If you have never seen the show.....don't start, but for those of you are curious in nature here is a synopsis of what you are missing.

Duane "Dog" Chapman is a bounty hunter from Hawaii. He has a long blonde mullet, ultra tan skin that resembles beef jerky, and he dresses like a gay American Indian biker. His wife Beth is a sturdy gal with bleached blonde hair, 55 DDD tits and dresses like a stripper on a Wednesday 11:00 a.m. shift. Leland his son, is probably the most normal looking with an array of tats and a long pony tail. Dog's brother Youngblood, looks like every third guy at a Lynyrd Skynyrd concert. He is a tall, lanky dude with a long gray ponytail and is often seen wearing a fanny pack. Let's not forget Baby Lyssa (Another of today's fucked up spellings that my wife loves so much) who is dog's youngest of something like 15 kids, who pretty much witnesses everything from afar, except for the occasional undercover surveillance, where they dress her up in a baseball cap, glasses, and an atrocious red wig.

The group starts every session in the office by giving you a rundown of the suspect including a mug shot and a summary of their criminal resume. They will then disclose the bond amount, which for some reason is always \$10,000. They then call the bond co-signer who promptly tells them they don't know where they are. Now if the co-signer is a parent of the suspect, they seem to always be the one hiding the suspect in their own home. Note to self, if the parent is the co-signer you might want to save a bunch of time and check their place first. They then pack themselves in two Yukon Denali's and head out. Along the way numerous unidentified informants tell them by phone where to look or the droves of native islanders who apparently hang out in apartment parking lots all day lead them right to the suspects hide-out. Most are found hiding under the bed or in a closet by Leland (Dog's son) or Youngblood (Dog's brother). For the record I have never seen Dog take one single person down. He has even left a room he was in by himself that one of the others re-checked and found the person. After they are restrained in comes Dog to yell "I got you mother fucker", then promptly reminds them that's what happens when you mess with him, because he always wins!

Once in the car Dog then compliments the suspect on how difficult they were to find and then tells them he was a criminal once but the lord showed him a better way. He tells them they can change too and this is no kind of life for them to lead. He then offers them a cigarette and shares some final words of wisdom. After they enter the jail, Dog then assembles the family in the parking lot and they hold hands and thank God for keeping them safe during the dangerous hunt and for the well being of the 85lb female ice (Hawaiian Meth) freak they just brought to justice. That's it in a nutshell.

So I started thinking.....Hell, I can do that! I can dress like somebody dared me to do it. I can hire some muscle to do all the dirty work, while I keep a safe distance and talk a good game. So if any executives from a deep cable channel are looking for a new hit show you know where to find me. From this day forward I shall be known as "Hog" the morbidly obese Bounty Hunter! Now there's an idea that belongs in the trash...

Hog the Bounty Hunter!



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