

Proof I Need Stronger Medication

Mister Face meets Mister Crowbar

Volume 4 poundsign 2

Okay readers, as you can tell, this is still the proof. That's a good sign, in that I get to keep my title. I mean the title of this magazine. I guess it's possible to be 'un-knighted'. You know, the Queen really doesn't have a good sense of humor, damn her royal ass.

In other news, I'm getting a job. And by getting a job I mean there's an opportunity for a job that I could conceivably get, assuming that my time doesn't get too out of the way. It probably will, but what can I say? I'm perennially unemployed, chronically unemployable, and consistently broke. And I need fifteen bucks to cover Waste Management's hauling away of a bike that I had not disassembled. It's a long story, please don't ask; just cough it up baby. Unless you don't want to, which is okay too. But at least donate to my 'overdue book' fund.

One final note, the guys at www.notfunny.ca (yes, they're Canadians. And all men) want to feature my Random Thoughts on their site. It'll be a while probably before it gets on there, but hey, a deal is always a good thing. Basically it means that I'll have more people exposed to my work (or lack thereof). It'll be like an Influenza Pandemic of laughter. Now that doesn't mean that I'll start getting pretentious, but I really can't complain. The only real difference is that I'd need to clear things with the Ministry of Let's Not Make Fun of the Canadiens, Eh?

Table of contents.

Random thoughts.

Jinxed.

Up In Smoke.

Accidentally Insured.

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Random thoughts: Hall of Montezuma's revenge.

A leather jacket is cool. A wool coat is cool. Polarfleece coat? Not cool. For every cool person, there's a naked animal.

Is there really a difference between 'gently worn' and 'hardly worn'?

There is an age beyond which Disneyland stops becoming the ideal vacation spot. This is right about the age that you would want to tell Mickey mouse to 'shove it'

I had to resign from my job at Lunds, but I didn't get around to telling them why. I'm pretty sure I won't end up on some multi-colored island prison, but I guess the possibility is always there.

I'd say that I'm so cynical that I can totally believe it's not butter, but like, I don't eat toast. Ever. Toast gives stale bread a second chance.

I think a four-year old was involved in creating 'sprinklin's yogurts.

I guess it's sad that I don't have any real money in my wallet now, but just try to take me on in Monopoly. I dare you.

Does anyone over the age of 20 eat anything described as 'color-changing'?

Next time you see a cigarette ad look at the adjectives they use.

Imagine those same words in a Barbeque ad. It's a good fit, no?

You know what word I hate most? Spook-tacular.

Also, is it just me, or does the new pope look like one of those pumpkins that's been left out for two weeks?

Somewhere out there is the world's greatest flasher. Do if they know that?

When was the last time you saw a rich Socialist?

Chicken soup may have wonderful healing properties, but not on avian flu.

On the instant ice pack in the car's first aid kit, it cautions against using it for heat therapy. Now that's a whole 'nother kind of stupid.

I am a one-man photo op.

I don't buy that argument that AIDS/Ebola/whatever disease came from some guy screwing a monkey. I can't believe that some guy looked at a chimpanzee and thought 'Damn, I want to hit that'

I saw somebody with a little cross around their neck, and it's like, oh okay, they're religious. Then I saw a person with a jump drive, and it's like okay, some people like computers too much. Must be that 'cult of mac' thing.

Because I'm like 80 something percent German, if I grow a certain type of moustache, it's technically a hate crime. It's a real shame how one person can single-handedly ruin a style of facial hair.

Was there ever a clean-shaven dictator? Facial hair must cause genocide.

Because of my namesake, I can never run for president. Not only will it not fit on bumper-stickers or ballots, it's impossible to remember.

'Yeah, I'm voting for Miller um... ah screw it, I'll vote for the fat guy.'

Why exactly are we supposed to save the whales? I mean, I can understand the whole, we're-more-interconnected-than-an-Alabama-family-tree argument, but why only the whales? They're not even that cute.

I recently saw the bumper sticker 'pray for the Revelation'. You know, if I were god, I would totally hate those. "I'll get to it when I get to it, a'ight? Now quitchyerbitchin and wait. My son! you people...."

Jinxed.

I recently returned to my elementary school. It was one of those weird feelings of nostalgia, except I really hated my elementary school. I guess 'repressed memory flashbacks' would better describe the feeling.

My elementary school did have one redeeming quality however: I saw firsthand the evolution of Jinx, from the really simple to the really long, rapidly spoken phrase it is now. At least that's what they're doing now. But I was there to see it happen.

Jinx: here's where it all began. Basically, if two people say the same thing, one can say 'jinx' and the other person is not allowed to speak until the jinxed person's name is spoken. It's heavily dependant on not questioning the magic of jinx. If someone comes up to me and says that I can't talk, my first thought is isn't 'oh no what am I going to do now?' it's 'up yours, idiot.' This quickly became...

Personal Jinx: now, as with all great playground games played by people to whom puberty is a dirty word, the element of control came into effect. Personal Jinx allowed the jinxer complete power over the jinxed in that only the jinxer could say the jinxed's name, and thereby release them from the spell. The potential for abuse was rampant, but usually the jinxer got bored of it rather quickly. This did shift again, to...

Lersonal Jinx: the ill-fated cousin of personal Jinx, Lersonal (which isn't a word) Jinx had the same rules over who could un-jinx the jinxed person. However, the jinxed person's name had to be said twice, doubling the punishment to the jinxed. This was again replaced, by...

King Jinx: poor, poor, Lersonal jinx didn't stand too much of a chance against 'the king'. King Jinx was Lersonal jinx times ten, or twenty, or fifty or something. Some large number. I think now it's somewhere between a billion and infinity plus two. Having to say the person's name an obscene number of times would insure their silence.

Punch Jinx: I'm not sure where this one fits in, but the ability to inflict pain was always a plus. Basically, the jinxed was punched until they were unjinxed. This lasted for a while until the jinxer was sent to the corner to think about what they'd done.

The current iteration of Jinx: Now, the jinxer has to say 'jinx, personal jinx, king jinx' (which supposedly multiplied the effects of jinx) and then count to ten really, really quickly. This counting usually sounds like Bananarama-Amana-nambla-ten. After completing this count, the other person is considered jinxed for somewhere between until the end of the school day to college. However, the jinxed could escape this by saying a word before the ten-count ended. It was quickly determined that 'a' was a word, so actually jinxing somebody became impossible, unless you were picking on the slow kid who ate paste and killed the class' fish. I think the current way to inflict psychological torture involves that large second grader whose older brother clearly has ties to the 30th street Kings Gang (represent) saying 'shut up or I'll kill you, meatsack'

Thank God things have changed. The olden days sucked.

Up in Smoke

I don't smoke, but I am slowly considering it for reasons other than 'irritate little sister' or 'become pseudo-badass with lung cancer' I want to stick it to the man, even though as a middle-class male whitey, I am the man. I guess I want to stick it to the other man.... You know, being the majority makes it hard to stick it to anything. Damn myself.

I am in favor of smokers' rights. I know, this makes me something of a rebel, but unlike dead guy James Dean, I got myself a cause. And airbags. I am beginning to think that maybe we're approaching this 'anti-smoking' thing in just the way we don't want to. Right now, a pack of cigarettes costs more than a gallon of gas, a big Mac, or That Nice Ukrainian man's pirated Ritalin.

Here's why I think we're going at this the wrong way. Which is worse for you: Cigarette addiction or Fast food addiction? If you answered the second, let me just say Hello mister Phillip Morris CEO. What's crackin'? If you weren't sure, make up your damn mind. Honestly. It's just two options. Not rocket surgery. Mad props to those of you who said they're the about the same. Both can kill you at about the same rate of death.

And now to deal with the upset people who chose option one. Boo-hoo. Secondhand smoke? Remember, the question asked about which was worse for you, not which was worse. Don't give me any of that 'secondhand smoke kills loved ones' shit: that's just sour grapes. Now to make everyone happy.

Here's why people should be allowed to smoke wherever, whenever they want. I think people should be able to smoke in bars, in church, in the ER, on the moon, whaddeva. One of the fundamental truths out there is that throughout the course of human events, lots of people are assholes. (I've expanded the definition of asshole to include a-holes, jerk-offs, and ninety-mile-per-hour pricks) Some of these assholes smoke, some do not. But basically, these assholes are self interested, and don't care as much for others as they do for the WNBA. Or Tsunami relief. Yeah, you do remember that tsunami that killed like hundreds of thousands of people, right?

Basically, those assholes who do smoke and are sort of, in a rather roundabout way kinda killing you, are going to smoke so long as it's cheap to do so. In the event that it becomes too expensive, or when you've gotta sign waivers to buy anything even vaguely smoke-able, they're gonna switch to cheaper means of irritating others. Now, smoking (in my mind at least) is not too bad on the irritation index. It's on par with mosquitoes, junk mail and people named Ashton. But take that away, and the collective thinking power of about 1 million assholes kicks in. what we have here is the perfect storm of assholery. And it won't be pretty. Imagine a combination of cell phone ringtones, making all those smacking and slurping sounds while eating, and laughing really loudly at things that aren't funny. Now roll it up into one most (im)perfect action. I'm not sure what sort of nature this act will be, but it'll be a giant wave of annoying.

Because you do remember that tsunami, right? I thought so.

Accidentally Insured.

It's official Ladies, Gentleman and all you other schlubs: I'm legally driving on my own. And by 'on my own' I mean 'with my friends, some of whom may or may not be sitting in the back of the van'. But as far as my parents know, it's on my own. And they're more worried than I am.

I don't think I'm a bad driver. The mere fact that I'm able to concentrate on driving with up to six other people in the van is worthy of the Nobel Prize of teenagerdom. Or at least my own car. Not that I don't appreciate having my parent's cars, but I have to treat them with respect. I want a car that I can spill a big gulp in, and not be able to tell. I want a car that I don't have to lock, because nobody actually listens to AM radio. I want a car the size of an Amtrac Train, with about the same reliability. And I don't want to spend more than 300 bucks. Any help would be appreciated, to my parent's eternal chagrin.

Apparently, they don't want me to have my own car, because I'm under the Age Of Responsibility, which to them is somewhere between 27 and 44. Below this age, and anyone with a set of keys and more than a Dixie cup full of gas is a menace to society. By getting my own car, in their mind, I'd be signing myself up for one metric ton of speeding tickets and parking violations. And then I'd probably run over the President's dog or something.

I'll be honest, and by that I mean about as honest as I can get without being not funny. I did hit another car. Once. But it wasn't all that bad of a hit, more like mini-accident. It did was no damage to the other car, (those Volvo's are like indestructible. It's scary) and poked two tiny holes in the bumper of the Matrix. That's like a quarter's worth of damage. Or the cost of a bumper sticker. That's the worst amount of damage I've done. You could do more harm by stealing a hubcap.

I must say that I've also improved significantly in my useless and quasi-illegal driving skills. I haven't yet achieved the level of being able to change shoes while driving, knee-steer or put on make-up (um, yeah... let's forget that last one), but I can take switchbacks at speed. And I'm working at 1-handed steering. Incidentally, your standard cornering is about 270 degrees on the wheel, which is doable without hurting your wrist too much. Not that I practise this sort of thing. Forget that I said that I did earlier.

I find it amusing that, in terms of things that you can get ticketed for, I'm slightly below my parents. I don't forget to signal my turns, nor do I speed as much. Because if I did, my insurance rates would increase by a factor of somewhere between two and one kajillion. And then my parents would strangle me. And then take away my computer privileges.

I'm willing to admit that I'm not perfect. I'm also bad at some parts of driving too. I can't parallel park too well. Or regular park. Or pull into the garage. But so long as the car is moving, I'm good. But be careful on the braking, as I fully maintain that the pads need to be replaced. Actually, I think that I'm more likely to be killed by the brakes than my ineptitude.

But I gotta be careful: if I do get killed, my parents will kill me.