

Don't Bogart Mikey's Hoochie

Mikey was a four-year old with a rep. Luckily his reputation wasn't like *"don't eye Mikey's girlfriend, he's got a rep for going all apeshit and beating up anyone who gives his lady the eye. Like there was this one dude. Mikey was rumored to have beaten him so badly with a coat stand the guy lost all bladder control. Dude pisses himself now anytime anyplace, all for Bogarting Mikey's hoochie. Yeah. Mikey is a bad assed motherfucker."*

Like I say Mikey was four-years old. At that age reps don't get much more bad assed than "that's the kid who will slurp up any puddle he sees on the sidewalk. Don't even try to stop him. Dude's insatiable."

Mikey's stonemold rep was not liking anything. In the words of his two brothers "He hates everything". All that changed when Mikey's mother bought Life cereal. Word on the street was Life cereal was "good for you". This was 1972. The miracles of Olestra, Aspartame, and balloon angioplasty were decades out. Things that were "good for you" tasted like Grandma's socks.

Mikey and his brothers, for reasons not explained, were forced to fend for themselves at breakfast time. The only thing they could find was Life cereal. And as I say, it was reputed to be "good for you". Being of the curious age, Mikey's brothers poured a bowl and added milk.

Still hung up on this "good for you" thing and not seeing obvious signs that Life cereal was coated in a thick layer of choco-puff-mello they hesitated. They decided someone had to try it. Someone had to be the first to charge into German machine gun fire on Omaha beach. Someone had to try the cereal. Yet "I'm not going to try it" the two older brothers each affirmed.

If they weren't going to try it, well, who was? The boys cast their eyes towards little

Mikey strapped down in his highchair. They exclaimed

"Let's get Mikey. He won't eat it. He hates everything!"

A more perfect canary in a coal mine could not be found.

The boys placed the cereal in front of the harshest judge of, well, of everything. I mean this is the kid who thought *The Aristocats* was a shameless star vehicle for Scatman Crothers. Mikey condemned CBS's *The Amazing Chan and the Chan Clan* as a stereotype-laden, Nixon-backed ploy to shore up American support for expanding the war beyond the borders of Vietnam.



But the unexpected happened. Mikey liked it.

Seeing that the little gobbler couldn't shovel the stuff fast enough into his pie hole, the brothers shouted "He likes it! Hey, Mikey!"

There was then a quick cut to the product shot and some voice over crap about how 10 cents of carbs packaged in a \$2 box is nutritious and delicious and not a rip off sold to the American family by an unholy alliance between the mega-agricorporations and the advertising world. Shit, no. The end.



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La Petite Lesson en Franglais

Lesson Numerux 14

Asking for Directions on a Montreal Street



By
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La Intro

Hello my friends (*Bonjour mez amis*)! This is a small French lesson (*ca c'est une petite lesson en francais*). In this lesson (*dans cette lesson*) you will learn conversational French (*vous will prendre la knowledge de sortie a la bouche la langage francais de quelle volume*) you can use if you find yourself lost on one of Montreal's busy streets (*vos can use si votre recherche yourself confusez bein turned around sur la rue bustling*) and you need help from a Montreal native to find your way (*dit a la étranger est mauvais, n'est pas écoutez vos mere?*).

Good, let's begin (*Bein, let's allez*).

La Lesson

English: Do you speak English?

French: Parlez-vous la dit la langage de la anglais de la God himself la english oui of course?

English: I do not speak French very well.

French: Pardonez moi pour l'stating dit facts c'évident mais, this will come as no great surprise, je n'est pas le parlez la franclophone bein sure well at all.

English: What time is it?

French: Combien pour un indice clue?

English: Where am I?

French: Je pense mos pieds est dans un province en l'Canada mais everything tells me je chez ici dans un society distinct un nation spécial un ilse d'francais dans un continent English steamroller turbulent something-might-have-been-guaranteed-constitutionally personnes de striving preserve l'culture franclophone independent but you guys elected Mulrone super structure roll the dice. Oui n'est pas?

English: Will you be less rude to me?

French: Pardonez moi, parce que je n'est pas mon mains dans la reigns de powers federal et seulement-je un slob de travail factory l'Oshawa, n'est pas dumpez dans mon tete roundhead votre frustrations de limp political control sur vos destiny francais langage soon mort Nintendo.

English: Where is an ATM machine?

French: Je n'est pas ici dans la belle province Quebec pour ream you dans la mode Plains of Abraham style. Je suis ici seulement de capacity tourist portage de spendez prop-up-your-economy avec mon dollars l'argent Canadian ha ha not worth a plugged dime en l'Etats R Us d'Eh so je n'est pas allez en Florida-Mickey expensive mais voyageur a bit dans la tour Canada coast to coast god are we really this boring a people?

English: Have you read all the Harry Potter books?

French: Hein, en down a la tacks brass, dans la jour d'end, lets dit un poisson un poisson, un rose ouch est un rose ouch par un any autre nom de plume, la écritez crayon est sur la wall pink floyd, la roi emperor est sans la chemise naked bein sur in plain sight Roger Penrose, tu et moi though divided by language deux solitudes I read the Coles notes, we are est vrai truly powerless de avoidez la mass global consumerism serfs de la media popular spoon mangez. Let's do that Étoile-Starbucks storefront plate glass Seattle style right now.

English: Is this part of town dangerous?

French: Je fear en ca la eve de le St. Jean Baptiste day molatov, mon habit de dit l'anglais seulement est makes me l'object d'assaut coup de smash mouth from la bein ol' boys joul. I feel safer in Detroit on Devil's Night.

English: I say again, could you be just a little less rude to me?

French: Aussi again, je ask demandez vos d'refrain au menace mon visage avec la knife butterfly papillon.

English: Is there a part of town where I will seem more fashionably dressed?

French: C'est obvious je suis un hostie anglais l'ontario tight ass par mon dress sloppy flannel et tshirt chemise brewski Budweisoeur wazzup. Who let the dogs out? Est un enclave anglais en Montreal mais n'est pas say Westmount not sure they would treat me any better there.

English: These cab drivers pretend they don't speak english. Could you ask one to take me to my hotel?

French: La maniac d'auto pedestrian 20 points chauffer n'est pas spirit moi a la l'hotel four étoile paid well to kiss my ass safehouse mais seulement convey moi a la bar Super Sexe ou la pallor rub rub hand release. What's up with that?

English: I'm going to have to ask you to stop blowing smoke in my face and flicking your ashes on my new pants.

French: Je commencent suspectez ca attemptez de reproachment dit ask vous pour l'help aide est un petite mistake you're ears are turning purple with rage feu cage match. Je pense wonder qui how je suis extrait mon out of c'est parlez avec l'dignity et mon wallet.

English: Thank you for your help and only spitting at my feet.

French: Merci pour tons sans d'aide threats et seulement stripping moi de mon l'argent Canadian larger bills et leaving moi avec mes carte credit Visa maxed out et ID license driver crackerjack.

Fin!