

Warning: *Page 2* of this .pdf features an *image of breasts*.
Yeah, breasts.

Real breasts.

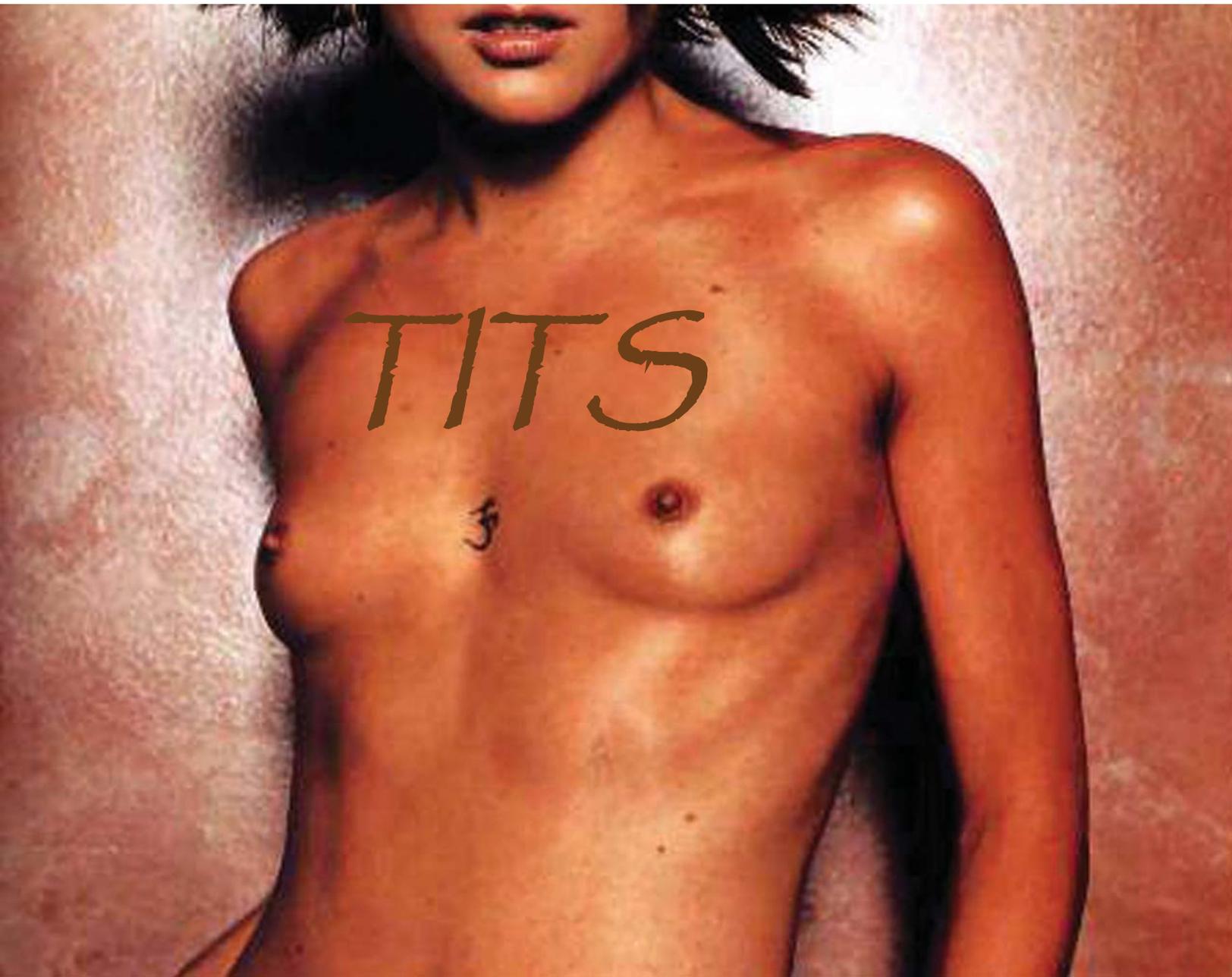
I've debated how to handle this: censoring the image, removing it all together, not warning you at all. But I want to keep it and since there could be some objection to a picture of not one, but two tits, and since some of you have kids who might be in the room, and since some of you might be at work looking at this, I felt it the responsible thing to warn you.

But, if I may, I suggest you take a look at page 2. It not only features a new JWR logo which I worked... well, not hard on, but I did create it myself, it also features a very nice lady torso that just happens to have boobs on it. Whatever, you know?

You've been warned, bitches... Eeeeenjoy.

John's Worldly Ramblings

4.9



I approach this subject pretty uneasily. It's not because I'm embarrassed by tits or anything like that. It's more of a fear that everything exists in a precarious balance and it's understood that things go unsaid because you don't want to disturb the balance. But if I gotta rock the boat to get my point across, then put on your life vests. Mash them titties down!

Let me start off by saying, I love tits. I think they're great. I'd marry a breast if I could. And if I was Mormon, I'd marry both. I wouldn't even make the tit sign a prenuptial agreement, that's how much I love 'em, how much I *trust* 'em.

But I also have a problem with tits.

"What problem could you possibly have with breasts? Would you like to tell me?" you ask.

Yeah, I will tell you. The problem is that they're everywhere, and I don't just mean on half the population. I mean this whole Girls Gone Wild bullshit is ruining tits for everyone.

There are girls out there who think anytime you get a group of more than twenty people together, they have to lift their shirts up and shake their tits back and forth so the fucking morons with camera phones can take low resolution pictures and share it with other fucking morons who act like they've never seen tits before. God!

I can't go to a concert anymore without, at some point, the girls up on somebody's shoulders succumbing to the chants of "Show your tits!" and... they show their tits. Right, then that one guy's gotta try to reach up and grab himself a handful and start all new kinds of shit. I went to a Sevendust concert a while back that was sponsored by Cutty's Whiskey and they had a half dozen Cutty's girls there. At one intermission between bands, the Cutty girls get on stage and come out two at a time. It started lame enough where they just came to center stage and posed for a few seconds, then the next group did the same. Well, the second round brought more action. The first two girls started kissing each other and the rest flashed their titty-balls.

Yeah, of course I looked. I told you, I love tits. You put tits in front of me and I will look, I have to look. But the problem is that tits don't mean what they used to. The titty market is over-saturated. I can't even go to Harbor Fest to see the Gin Blossoms without tit flashing going on. Yes, the Gin Blossoms. There are no standards for flashing. There's no rule that says what an acceptable venue is for flashing or just what kind of tits are acceptable for flashing. And I think there should be because I don't want to go to see Ice Age 3: The Final Meltdown (cue Europe's "Final Countdown") and experience three girls in the front turn toward the crowd and shake their lovely, lovely tits around. Or worse yet, their flippity, floppity titty-balls all over the place. There's a place for that to take place and it's called a titty bar.

Like I said, I have a lot of reservations about telling you this. I'm breaking an unwritten law here by complaining about girls flashing their tits. It's unwritten because you're not supposed to talk about it, we know it by instinct. We see tits and our eyes get huge and our mouth shuts automatically. And the reason I'm not supposed to say anything is because of the possibility, no matter how remote or unlikely, that the tit well is going to dry up. By saying all this, there is the chance that tomorrow things will change and girls will keep their shirts covering their luscious breasts everywhere.

As silly as it sounds, I half-expect Girls Gone Wild to go bankrupt the day after you read this and somehow all the topless bars will be boarded up and will look like a scene from some western, tumbleweeds blowing across the vacant street in the arid desert wind.

I'm not out to shut down tits at all. I fucking told you, I dig tits! All I'm saying is there are times and places for tits and the Bon Jovi concert is not one of them.

In your house, on the intro-net, in licensed topless establishments, getting flashed on the road, under water, and in church are all acceptable places for titty viewing.

And you know what else is cool? Cleavage is cool. Cleavage is great, sometimes even better than totally naked tits. And, like, when a chick leans forward and you get the look at unintentional cleavage, that's great, too. Tits are like pizza, even if they're bad, they're still pretty damn good.

Everything in moderation, including tits.

Fotze,

John

Favorite song today:

"Stream of Consciousness" ~ Dream Theater