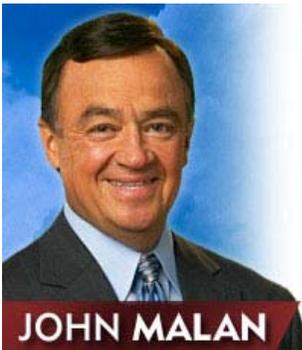


JWR 4.16

FAH-Q

Fuck you, John Malan



One morning he said, "Along the lake you can expect 2 to 4 inches of snow, maybe more." I will ignore the idiocy of the statement "2 to 4 inches of snow, *maybe more*," which is remarkably similar to, "Save up to \$356.65 or more on your car insurance!" I'll ignore it because, guess what? I live and work near the lake and do you know how much snow we got that day? A trace. John Malan is full of bull shit and semen.

Open a window and take a look out there, then get in front of a camera and venture a guess what the day's weather will be like. People have short memories; if you're wrong today, you might be right tomorrow, and that's all people will remember. Oh, you have to be charming, too.

Last winter John Malan was consistently wrong about every single snow storm we had... all but one. The next day he comes on TV and brags about how his

predictions were right on the money. Talk about sucking yourself off... and undeservedly so.

Don't get me started on extended forecasts.

Fuck you, John Malan. And fuck all meteorologists.

Fuck you, GE Capital Finance



So, Sam's Club used to have their own membership card (not a credit card, just a membership card), and then they switched to a Discover Card that has your picture on it to allow entry to their excellent deals on five pounds of nutmeg. So, I lost my wallet for a day, and before I found it, I decided to report all my cards as lost and get new ones sent to me.

I called GE Capital Finance, the issuer of my Sam's Club Discover Card, and told them I lost my card. The woman I spoke to told me that her records indicated I had not used my card. I told her, yes, that's true, but I needed it to get into Sam's Club, didn't I? So send me a-fucking-nother one.

They sent me a new card and I activated it. It's about this time I decide to stop using my original Discover Card and switch to a new Visa card for most of my purchases. But, since Sam's Club doesn't take Visa, I also decide to start using my Sam's Club Discover Card for purchases at Sam's Club. Symmetry.

I get my first statement and find out I was hit with a \$35 over limit fee for \$50 in purchases. What the fuck is all that about? I call them up to see what the problem is. My credit limit was set to \$0. They apologized for the inconvenience, removed the over limit fee and upped my credit limit, but still...

What's the point of a credit limit? It seems to me the likeliest definition of credit limit is a set limit you allow someone (or a business) to borrow. When they pay what they owe (or part of it), it gives them that much more credit to use. The credit limit can be raised or lowered based on promptness of payment, buying history, request, etc.

Where in the world does a \$0 credit limit make sense? Were they hoping I would not use the card? That's doesn't make sense. Were they hoping I would use the card and not question the over limit fees? Probably.

But it's not a credit limit at all because that's not the amount that they will allow you to borrow. If it were, the cashier would have said, "I'm sorry, but your card has been declined," – which is totally within the realms of scientific possibility! At which point, I would have called GE Capital Finance and found out that I had no credit limit, and I would just be writing about the stupidity of a \$0 credit limit, not the fact that I can't believe anybody in the world wonders why there are financial troubles when someone with a \$0 credit limit can still buy shit and receive over limit fees that are 70%

of the statement balance. Does it at all seem like credit card companies don't give a shit if you can pay or not? They just want all the money they can get from you through over limit fees, late fees, and withdrawal fees. That's in addition to the 1 - 3% they charge the vendors you buy from for the privilege of using their card that ensures they'll get it one way or the other

Fuck you, GE Capital Finance, and fuck Edison, too.

Fuck you, Ronald D. Moore



Ron Moore worked on three Star Trek series as a producer and writer. He used to be my favorite person in the world (not true, but I thought he was really talented). A few years ago he took a campy, mostly awful sci-fi show from the late seventies called "Battlestar Galactica" and reinvented it. His called his new show "Battlestar Galactica."

It was awesome until the second half of its last season.

Listen, the show was fairly complicated, so I really can't go into plot details and tell you specifically what happened, why it started sucking, but let me lay this on you: at the end of the third season, Ron and the other executive producer, an ass hat in his own right named David Eick, decided to end the series after four seasons, rather than the originally planned five. Kind of strange, but the reasons they gave had to do with not wanting to drag out the story longer than necessary, which sounds good and intelligent until you watch the last ten episodes of the series.

They rushed the ending. They left several large unanswered questions even though for a full year they were promising to answer all your questions, that you would know the truth. The ending was prosaic and lame. I sat seething for the last hour of the two hour finale, which was all dénouement. Never mind the Matrix-ey influenced this-has-all-happened-before-and-will-happen-again plot, because it actually worked most of the time. Forget about the use of "All Along the Watchtower" throughout the series which, while kind of cool, made no sense. Here's why the series ended so poorly: Ron Moore is a piece of shit and must have been too distracted with creating his new series, a prequel series to "BSG," to actually focus on "BSG" at the end.

Fuck you, Ronald D. Moore, and fuck your George Lucas beard. So say we all.

Fuck you, West Elm

I've been slowly furnishing my house since I first bought it, upgrading from either old, hand-me-down, or in a couple cases, found furniture. My tastes run more

toward modern. I could write more about that, but it's not what this is about. Chiasso, CB2, Eurway, and West Elm are stores I've purchased from. They are usually reasonably priced and I like the quality of what I've bought. Look for an authentic Noguchi sofa and you'll see what I mean about price.

I can put up with snootiness. I went to Chicago last year to visit the Chiasso and CB2 stores and while in CB2 I overheard part of a conversation between one of the store employees and a patron where the patron was basically trashing Asian furniture because... well, I didn't hear the reason because I was walking, and it doesn't matter what he said because he was clearly a pompous turd bucket.

In the West Elm catalogs they have three or four inserts spread throughout the magazine with a picture of what I have to assume is a West Elm customer and a quote from them that usually has to do with their style of décor. They are typically pretentious, and always pointless. But one really got my ire.



"Staying in is the new going out. At home you can create your own fabulous scene, invite your friends over and dance on the furniture if you want — all without getting a bill at the end of the night."
— Barclay, Prepster

I mean, look at this guy. Does he smell his own farts, or what? First of all, he has that Douche Hair. You'll hear about my feelings on that next. The intentional scruffy beard that has the clean, telltale borders of trimming and the goatee area that has a day or two of extra growth makes me sick with the excessive effort that goes into it. This is the kind of guy it would feel very satisfying to punch in the face.

And how many shirts do you need? I count three. That chubby fucker must smell awful. Two popped collars? White *and* green golf shirts under a plaid outer shirt? Very fancy.

His name is Barclay and he is a self-described prepster. Now I've been wondering that that means. You might think it's a hybrid of "Preppy" and "Hipster," but I happen to know it actually means "asshole that spends too much time in front of a mirror but still looks like shit; has an attitude to match." From the Latin. If you see this guy, push him down a flight of stairs.

West Elm put this specimen in their magazine with full knowledge of how much he would piss me off. I now boycott West Elm.

Fuck you, West Elm, and fuck your prepster customer base.

Fuck you, Douche Hair

So, this is probably a little late in the game, but... am I the only one who really hates these greasy haircuts guys have taken to wearing that look like... well, they look

gay? I know there are those commercials that say, "Don't say gay when you mean stupid." Well, I mean gay as in homosexual *and* stupid. What's the word for that? You know what this hairstyle says about you? It says, "Maybe I have a penis... maybe."



You know who looks good in that style haircut? Shannyn Sossamon. Probably a couple other girls, but that's it.

So, fuck you,
Douche Hair.



Fuck you, Green Movement



Apparently going green is a big deal thing these days. Whatever, I'm cool with it. I can take all the dumb ideas that go along with it, too. *CFLs that have mercury in them?* Sure, not a big deal. *Everybody's logo turns green?* Okay, I guess. *Plug stuff into power strips and turn off the power strip when they're not in use?* No, I won't be doing that. *Channel surfing wastes electricity?* Huh?...

I'm not supposed to channel surf? Kiss my dick.

What am I doing for mother Earth, you ask? Here's how I conserve: I kicked by brother out. I use less water, fewer lights are on, and fewer TVs are on. Hey, Planet Earth, you're welcome.

But check this out: with all the energy savings measures being implemented, WE Energies has decided to raise rates because now we're all using less electricity and gas.

Fuck you, Green Movement. You're not helping anybody.

Fuck you, PBS



What could I possibly have against PBS? I don't watch PBS often. Occasionally I'll stumble across something on there that catches my eye, like a documentary about awesome hot dog joints across the country. This was years before the Travel Channel did its own hot dog show.

I like to watch "This Old House" and "Ask This Old House," because I'm actually fifty and I whittle on my porch. So, the only two shows I watch on PBS, which is supposedly commercial free, are each preceded and followed by a combined seven minutes of commercials. Okay, I don't have issue with that. I also don't have issue with the product placement within the shows, whether it is tools used, windows installed, siding put up, or whatever.

My issue is that I can't watch a full project that spans several episodes because they do these fund raisers that preempt the shows that I actually want to watch. It would be one thing if someone who donated money did not have their broadcast interrupted, but even they have to endure the enticement of tote bags as a gift for a \$50 donation for hours on end in lieu of watching what they want to watch.

PBS, your time has gone. Get the fuck off the airwaves. It's time for you to stop begging for money for your shitty programs and to go the way of the Dumont Network, UPN and the WB.

Fuck you, PBS, and to hell with your crappy donation-contingent gifts.

Fuck you, U.S. Cellular



When I decided to get a cell phone, I ordered it online. US Cellular replied to my application with their thanks, but told me that I needed to put down a \$50 deposit on my phone (in addition to the \$90 I was paying for it [before a \$50 refund]) because of my credit report. I immediately shot back an email to them asking specifically what on my credit report made them feel a deposit was required from me. The email response I got told me that they did not actually see the credit report, so I guess they went off a report on the report from a different department.

I was incredibly pissed. I waited a while to respond because I was torn between ponying up the \$50 (which I would get back eventually) and telling them to fuck off. Then I got another email that apologized for the confusion, but they were basing their requirement for a deposit from me off the wrong credit report, and my order had been processed and approved.

Does it sound to anyone else like US Cellular just asks everyone for a deposit up front and if it's questioned too much they say, "Oops. Sorry. We fucked up"?

Anyways, for the first four months I had my cell phone, I got calls mainly from prisons and collection agencies. When a call comes from a prison inmate, you don't have the option to block calls from them anymore, which sucks.

One particularly annoying series of calls came from a company called Omni Credit Services. If you're ever bored, check out the discussions on the web from people who are so annoyed with OCS that they bitch online. They're entertaining and/or infuriating. OCS would call me weekly, sometimes a couple times a week. If I answered I would get a prerecorded message stating they had urgently been trying to contact me for several months about a business matter and that I should call their number, but they never identified who they were.

This went on for quite some time and I ignored it until I got annoyed enough to call them back. I called them from my work phone (which comes up on caller IDs as the main company number or unavailable) and I asked to speak to someone from group 2 (I was told to do this by the messages they left). The unpleasant lady who answered transferred me to another unpleasant woman who asked if she could help. I told her I got a call to call them and was told to speak to someone from group 2. She told me she would transfer me to group 2. Then an unpleasant man answered and asked if he could help me. I asked him if he was in group 2, and he said yes, then he asked me to wait a moment. I was on hold for about two minutes. He came back, apologized for the delay and asked me what the phone number was they called me on. I asked him where I was calling and he said Omni Credit Services. Then I asked him what that was, what they did (knowing full well in advance). He told me he was trying to help me but needed the number they called me on first. I told him I wasn't going to give him any information until he told me what the call was regarding. He told me if I wasn't going to cooperate, he was going to terminate the call. I was cool with that.

A couple weeks passed and I was still obviously being left messages, so I called again, this time from my cell phone, and had a brief conversation with someone who asked if I was or if I knew the person they were trying to reach. I said no. He told me he'd remove the number from their system.

I don't blame the collection agency. I blame US Cellular. Thanks for giving me the number of a woman who was clearly a piece of shit probably no more than a couple weeks after she dropped it.

Fuck you, US Cellular, and fuck the one bar I get in the front of my house.

Fuck you, Loud-Ass Infomercial Spokesmen



That's Billy Mays on the left and Vince Shlomi on the right. Billy's dead now. Vince beat up a hooker. Are these the guys you want to buy cheap, terrible products from? If you're like millions of Americans, the answer is yes.



But why are they so loud? I have a volume control on my television. It can go up if I can't hear you. It can go down, too, but I like to leave it at a certain level and not worry about it. That system worked fine until these two fucking dolts came along and thought that a box with moving pictures wasn't enough of an attention grabber. They came up with the ingenious plot to speak loudly, most likely to scare you into ordering whatever minor time saver they were hawking.

What do they sell: super-absorbent shammy cloths? I have sponges, towels, a wet-dry vac, and even paper towels. I don't need a shammy. A kitchen tool used to chop food? That's a fucking knife! Lots of kitchens have several knives, I've seen them.

I think these guys have enough of our money to buy coke and hookers with. Stop supporting them.

Fuck you, Loud-Ass Infomercial Spokesmen.

Fuck you, Nickelback



You probably can't see, but the shirts they are wearing say "No More Landmines" in that awesome Von Dutch font. What a nice sentiment. I agree, with the exception of one landmine on a stage that Nickelback is about to take. Look, Chad's pointing to his shirt as if the four of them wearing the same thing wasn't enough to garner our attention.

My biggest problem with Nickelback is that they actually fooled me into liking one of their CDs for a time. I had "Silver Side Up" and thought it was pretty good, until Nickelback kept releasing new songs off a new album that sounded surprising like the songs from "Silver Side Up."

Eight years after "Silver Side Up," every one of their songs that's been on the radio sounds the same to me. It's gotten to the point where I turn off the radio when they come on. I certainly understand that a band tends to have its own sound, and you can debate how much leeway there is before a band loses their signature sound, but it is possible to copyright infringe upon yourself?

Worse than the repetitive music are the god-awful lyrics. Here are the first four lines from "Photograph":

*Look at this photograph
Every time I do it makes me laugh
How did our eyes get so red?
And what the hell is on Joey's head?*

It goes on from there. Aside from the music being lackluster and unoriginal, the lyrics are sappy and sentimental to the point where Lifetime original movies say, "Slow your roll." Do you like that song? You're an idiot. That is the absolute worst song ever. Ever. **EVER!**

Plus, Chad Kroeger can suck his own dick. Google it.
Fuck you, Nickelback. Talentless hacks.

Fuck you, Pandas



How cute, right? Look, his paws are up in the air like he's saying, "What? I didn't do anything. Why can't you leave me alone?"

By the way, you might be thinking this is a little too similar to the site www.fupenguin.com, but I had the idea to say "fuck you" to pandas long before I heard about that site. You can't copyright the phrase "Fuck you, whatever" anyway.

I feel pandas should be allowed to become extinct. Here's why.

Though belonging to the order Carnivora, the panda has a diet which is 99% bamboo. However, pandas still have the digestive system of a carnivore and do not have the ability to digest cellulose efficiently, and thus derive little energy and little protein from consumption of bamboo.

To sum up, pandas are actually meat eaters, but they choose to eat bamboo almost exclusively even though they can't fully digest it. That would be like you eating nothing but red licorice.

Because pandas consume a diet low in nutrition, it is important that they keep their digestive tract full. The limited energy input imposed on them by their diet has affected the panda's behavior. Pandas tend to limit their social interactions and avoid steeply sloping terrain in order to limit their energy expenditures.

Again, to sum up, because pandas only eat bamboo which is not sufficiently nutritious, they have to eat it all the time and, even so, they don't have the energy to walk up a fucking hill. Ridiculous.

The panda's stupid black and white color scheme isn't good for anything. Other animals camouflage themselves, whereas Pandas must subscribe to the Peter Griffin theorem of stealth illustrated when he was walking through the jungle in a clown suit because "they're going to be looking for army guys." The whole wearing something to make you stand out so you don't get shot doesn't even work all the time for hunters. I don't know why pandas think their shit is made of fucking gold.

Panda reproduction is a joke. Pandas lose their interest in mating once in captivity, which is quite odd since the interest to mate while in captivity seems to grow in humans. (How else do you explain all those movies about women behind bars and activities like "bridging" in men's prisons?)

The panda's lack of mating has led some scientists to try extreme methods such as showing pandas videos of mating pandas and giving male pandas Viagra. Yeah, panda porn.

Even in the wild, the reproduction of pandas is laughable. The current reproductive rate is considered one young every two years even though female pandas usually give birth to two cubs. Since the babies are so small and need constant care, in part due to milk that is not very nutritious because of a bamboo diet, the mother panda has to choose one of the pandas to take care of, the other dies.

So, while every other animal can pretty much have offspring at least annually, many several times a year, pandas only have offspring biannually. In addition, while many species have litters of two or more babies (and can take care of all of them), pandas usually have two but can only take care of one.

Pandas are on their way out because they're too lazy to take care of themselves. They're stupid, case closed. Oh, and fuck 'em.

John