

Apps, Ops, Oopses

Written by Alex Baer

Tuesday, 09 February 2016 14:59 - Last Updated Tuesday, 09 February 2016 22:05

Today, we'll take a rest break from the Sham- (I mean) *CAM*paign Trail of Shame, Pain, and Champagne, where psychotic breaks from traditional Reality are the unexceptional rule.

It's difficult to believe, all right -- here we are, standing around, and we're NOT talking about the latest app to put everything Candidate Braindroll says on your Facebook's speed-dial-Insta-Twitter-Text-Mail-Fax-Forwarding option!

So, it's Trump and Bernie in New Hampshire. *Sure thing.* □ *How's the family?* □ *Looks like snow...*

Meanwhile: Take a look around, remember this moment, take a pic with your phone, and grab a bite of delicious, hot, fresh-baked French Toast Sticks from one of the other gadgets on your MetroDataDream 300 (TM) utility belt -- the one with your choice of bacon or sausage, ejected like a coin changer from the device, which also doubles as a blueprint scanner, alarm clock, Belgian-waffle-maker, and is a portable, multi-track, music-video recording studio and personal life raft and Armageddon bunker.

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Speaking of utility belts, does anyone know why everyone is trying, I guess, to be Batman, Batwoman, BatPerson, and/or just plain Bats?

For years now, everywhere I go, people are all dressed in black, sporting black sunglasses, driving all-black cars, with all blacked-out windows, beneath black-and-blue skies.

- *Is this an attempt at way-coolness, or just a prickly path of intimidation and push-back, a way of blocking out views into your vehicle, of carving out a piece of privacy for yourself in this increasingly public and un-private world?*

- *Is this a cult thing, or is it all about maintaining a New Mexico standard for non-melting dashboards, even in the shimmering, blistering heat of a North Dakota winter?*

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Perhaps blackened-out windows are just one way to ensure and guarantee car wrecks, and, thereby, guaranteeing free, periodic replacement vehicles after pileups, with the new ones partially subsidized by those of us who are able to actually see through all our vehicle windows, especially at night, or during driving-unfriendly, driving rainstorms?

No matter. *Onward.* □ *Back to Un-Politics.*

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So, to repeat somewhat: Here we are, refusing to examine the operational flow of Perfectly Chowder-headed Notions and Totally Horrid Ideas in the Mass Republican Lemming March and Evident Psychosis Parade of Quixotic Candidates for the Worst Job in the World -- the one with one of the Better Perk-Allure Quotients.

It's a good question, possibly: Why would we abandon so many opportunities for up-to-date fulfillment and enlightenment, via the news, and, therefore, avoid lightening our terrifying loads of obsession to microscopically-focused network *blabbery*, simply to absorb important, broad-scale logic and facts regarding our next national --
and world
-- leader?

Well, heck. Here, in the World Nobody Invented Yet We All Somehow Have Anyway, apps always give way to ops -- photo ops, ops plans, black ops. Probably, somewhere, there are even *Ops* ops, which might be, well -- *I dunno* -- ops plans for Medical Operations, perhaps, to be performed by the Republican charitable group [sorry for the oxymoron there] called Doctors Without Consciences or Hippocratic Oaths, now on station in war-torn [enter name of One Percenter estate or Armed Takeover Group Site here].

Well, we must calm ourselves in this tricky interim period, now that we're down to a desperate, vapor-thin nine month timeframe margin now -- which is, holy cats, only a month and a quarter in dog months, and, like, 28 or 32 hours in fruit fly time! *Even less in Sparkly Thing Land!*

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I know, I know -- it's a pivotal, and yet, traumatic time, with Ben "Got Anything I Can Cut Up Around Here, Like Common Sense?" Carson sliding away, and Rand "Was I Really Here?" Paul down the tubes, Mike "I Feel I Can, I Feel I Can" Huckabee off in the spin-out ditch, and all the other wannabes piled up in assorted heaps of Perrys, Walkers, Jindals, Grahams, Patakis, and Santorums, all struggling to break loose with vast Containment Buildings and Cooling Towers of *Nuclear Crazy* in their ready reserves...

Tragic, *they probably all feel*, not being able to stay in the race longer, scoop up more money, name recognition, and more Secret Service Stardust, with their Little Champ 5000 Campaign Loot-Scoopers.

[place commercial here]

...that's right! □ The first Campaign Treasure-Scrubber for Deep Dark Anonymous Money!

[There's a model for Foreign or Domestic, owing to the up-sizing of foreign currency bills the size of beach towels, in relation to our standard-size BingoBux].

The Treasure-Scrubber lifts, sifts, separates, stacks, and bales hundred-dollar bills, or other large-format, bathmat-sized currency, while creating convincing, IRS- and FEC-approved donation receipts, randomly using names from any phonebook in our nation or any other!

Plus, if I'm not mistaken, and you act in the next 10 minutes, you can get a free Adjustable Intern Selector, and, on top of that, a free Slush Fund Exchanger, to help provide maximum campaigning flexibility for business and pleasure, the time-honored GOP way!

And now, back to Crystal Reeder with more *Trauma 2016* election coverage!

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OK, commercial's over. We can get on with business again, now that the money-go-round cash maw has been stuffed and sated, for a couple of minutes, anyway...

... and so, fellow Americans, we will work through this difficult time together, and help one another through news and information which has very little to do with politics: *Cute! Little! Animals!*

Yes, there are other animals in the Earthly Bestiary than Politicus Absurdus, Campaignus Ridiculus, Speechus Maximus, and Runnus Amokus. Here are a few headlining samples:

- A sea lion was found asleep in San Diego restaurant;
- A 600-pound pig became an accidental polling-place crasher in Pelham, New Hampshire;
- A mouse-catching cat, Felix, living at the Huddersfield train station in England, was promoted to management for good works, and given a reflective vest, name badge, her own cat door in ticket barriers, and many Facebook fans;
- A goat in India was arrested for trespassing (as was its owner) after jumping a fence and grazing in a judge's garden, and not for the first time -- both are now free on bail;
- 18 elephants will be flown from Africa to America in a Boeing 747 and sent to 3 zoos;
- In a Glasgow animal rescue shelter, a dog-sized rabbit, named Atlas, is seeking a home;
- Lemur sunbathes in meditative poses at British zoo, is named *Dalai Lemur*.
- ...and, a 3-clawed lobster was caught in Herring Cove, off Nova Scotia. They named him Baba.

(Lost opportunity, there -- could've named him *Trey*, or *Tres*, *Claude*.)

Rounding things out, we also have tales in stock, for immediate delivery, of an albino turtle found on an Australian beach... a study which shows wolves howl in dialect... two new discoveries of giant-mouthed, plankton-eating fish... and, a 23-year-old Florida man being arrested for throwing a 3-and-a-half-foot-long alligator into a Wendy's drive-through window.

- **True thing.** *Please place this item into the True Thing Kevlar-Lined Satchel, along with all the other crazy True Things you've heard which have happened in Florida -- Land Without Effective Medications or Societal Behavior-Braking. ☐ Thank you!*

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We've also learned this week that some bears in Helsinki are coming out of hibernation early, owing to the mild winter... that robot cats can be creepy, or not... and that a hedgehog was trapped in a potato chip wrapper for a number of hours before being rescued by two members of the Pickles Hedgehog Rescue in Cheddar, England. The rescued hedgehog has been named *Crispian*.

While we're in the neighborhood, of both potatoes and England, a radio listener there says he eats 40 bags of potato chips a week to help bolster the sagging market in crisps there... while, perhaps on the same mission, a "Mr. Crisp" potato-ship sandwich shop has opened in Keighley, England, following the lead of a shop in Belfast.

Finally, Andrew Taylor of England says he's lost 28 pounds on the all-potato diet, and vows to stay with it for a full year. He adds he's sleeping better than ever and his concentration is "off the scale." Yes, he is seeing a doctor to keep tabs on his health, but there's no word on who may be keeping tabs on the doctor.

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Back to animals again for a moment, and a bit further back, to yesterday's head-scratcher about people spending loads of money for football games and parties:

A California theme park has offered an alternative take on the Super Bowl, employing its 7-year-old, two-toed sloth, Chewy, to mug for the Sloth Bowl on YouTube.

- **True thing.** *Please place this item into the True Thing Kevlar-Lined Satchel, along with all the other crazy True Things you've heard which have happened in California -- Land Without Effective Medications or Societal Behavior-Braking. Thank you!*

And, speaking of Captain Crazypants, passengers -- *as we re-enter political airspace, you should remain seated and strait-jacketed, please*

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-- I am still thinking about the amount of money spent on things-Super Bowl... money which might be spent on other things.

I mean, *five million dollars for a 30-second commercial?* ☐ *Hello?*

Or, how about *more than 52-hundred bucks for one seat at the game?*

Yes, well -- it's the sliding-scale notion of economics: If you don't own the scale, then every move is a slide for your life. Like the edible gold showing up on pizzas, cakes, ice cream, and now, probably, on diamond-encrusted, sterling silver crab cakes.

But, if you think *that's nuts*, how about the guy -- Justin Kerrigan -- who spent \$21,000 on four Super Bowl tickets, and figures his trip to the game and back will cost him about \$30,000 in all?

Oops -- Small Detail: He hasn't told his wife.

Oops, again -- Big surprise: He was interviewed on TV, at the airport, and told the reporter, in apparent deadpan seriousness, that he would appreciate it if the reporter *not* tell his wife.

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen -- get ready to party, because.... *I think we just found our next Republican Presidential Candidate!*

It's Justin... *Justin Time!*

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Resources:

RoboCat: <http://www.bbc.com/future/story/20160129-are-these-robot-cats-cute-or-creepy-watch-this-and-decide>

Dumbo Air:

<http://metro.co.uk/2016/02/08/18-wild-elephants-to-be-captured-and-flown-to-a-zoo-in-boeing-747-5668645/>

Feeling chipper again:

<http://metro.co.uk/2012/11/01/hedgehog-crispian-saved-from-crisp-packet-in-dramatic-3-5-hour-six-man-rescue-in-weston-super-mare-somerset-611807/>

Tix trix:

<http://metro.co.uk/2016/02/08/denver-broncos-fan-spends-21000-on-superbowl-tickets-and-doesnt-tell-his-wife-5669151/>

Bonus: P. J. O'Rourke is a Republican, but he's still funny in a good way, sometimes. Here is a link to his top-of-mind summary of the 2016 campaign so far, which is sure to offend almost everyone: <http://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-35521558>