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Issue #11

# The Ink Waster

## EXTRA FUNNY EDITION

### SHOUT-OUTS

A small group of people has refused to read the Ink Waster unless I put a shout-out section in it. Of course, all of their names, at least all the ones I can remember, will go in the shout-out list, plus maybe a few that weren't in this group but I thought they were anyway. If your name isn't in here, you weren't in the group, and you'd probably go on my shout-out list if I wasn't too lazy to type all of your names. Although I'm not really sure if I'm prepared to write it...here goes:

Madison (Mad Rottweiler)  
Strickland

Reid (I need a nickname)  
Nelson

Electra (How do you spell  
your last name?) Chuilli

Will (Spike, Propellerhead,  
Teatime, Spikepropeller,  
Spikehead, Spiketea,  
Spiketime, Propellerspike,  
Propellerteatime, Propellertea,  
Teaspikes, Teapropeller,  
Teahead) White

Blake (Rabbit!) Buss

Toby (Mr. Speedy) Kerger

If you still won't read the Ink Waster, may the nicknames I've given brand you for life. Thank you for your attention.

*How was your vacation?*

*No really, how was it? Let me guess. Exactly 1 week ago, at 4:38 PM, you were in Venice, Italy, eating tiramisu gelato while staring at the nearby landmarks. Or maybe you were on a beach in Florida, under a rented umbrella, eating some greasy fries from a cheap snack counter. (If you were...I had no idea! I swear!). No, I'm going to tell you where I was at that very moment. I was in an eight-year-old Volvo 850 on the way to New York writing these very words on my black-and-white screen PalmPilot with a wireless collapsible keyboard while snacking on Almonds Tangerine Sours. Mmmm! Musthavejunkfood...musthavejunkfood...never mind. And all because I wanted to have an Ink Waster ready by the end of vacation. But enough with my complaining. I'm starting to sound like somebody's grandmother. Let's move on to the funny stuff! Please, take 15 minutes to read the entire thing, cause it's actually pretty darn hilarious material. And on an unrelated note, great job to all Honk! cast and crew. And on another unrelated note, your shout-out list is to da left. Hey, if you don't like shout-outs, don't read them. I'm only trying to please.*

*Commercial Advertising Space*

**Be sure to get your hands on this new cereal featuring Pokemon and Yu-Gi-Oh characters. Put Pokemon and Yu-Gi-Oh together and what do you get? **Pokie-Ohs!** This cereal features your favorite trading card characters holding up little plastic, non-edible signs that say "O!" And if you're lucky, you could find a little dorky lizard guy in your cereal and win an awesome party where you can trade cards with any of your favorite characters (they've got ones that would take a whole 20 MINUTES to find in stores), go swimming in the ultra-deep Pokie-Pool where there are no lifeguards to pester you about perfectly safe activities like diving in the shallow end or pushing other swimmers' heads underwater - "Kids, don't try this at home. Try it in the Pokie-Pool!", and even eat dinner at the acclaimed Pokie Café! (Disclaimer: Received Zagat ratings of 4 out of 30 for food, 7 for decor, and 0 for service. We haven't hired any waiters or waitresses yet.) The grand prize winner even can choose from one of these fabulous prizes:**

- 1. An iPod with a battery that doesn't work and a "Love, Elliot" laser inscription on the back!**
  - 2. A piece of a shirt Justin Timberlake wiped his armpit with!**
  - 3. A lifetime supply of already-chewed Raisin Bran!**
- (Pokie-Ohs are part of this complete breakfast.)**

*Dude, where you at?*

*"Where you at?" Argh! This is one of those "cool" phrases that you're supposed to say to be "cool". Unfortunately, it's very easy to make a typing*

accident with it - you know, when a slip of the finger changes the right word into something that's a legitimate word, not caught by the spellchecker, but causes people to erupt in gales of laughter when they read it on paper.

"Where you at?" doesn't sound quite so convincing when, on paper, it actually says "there you at?" or "Where you ate?" or even "Were you eaten?" Let me demonstrate: "Where you ate?"

"I ate at Burger King!"

"No, no, you idiot! There you at?"

"No, if I was there, I'd be standing next to you! What are you, crazy?"

"Stop joking, you dumb-o! Let me say it to you one more time: Were you eaten?"

"Yeah, I went to Burger King to get a soda, but they thought I was a Whopper, so they put me in a bag and gave me to some fat guy. Man, you belong in an asylum."

And the list goes on and on. Anyway, I never really understood the phrase "Where you at?" It makes you wonder why people enjoy twisting around sentences. My guess is that there was some contest a while back that was giving \$10,000 to anyone who could come up with a way to make the sentence "Where are you?" exactly one letter shorter. Groovy, baby! Far out! Someday, they'll probably put that guy in a cryogenic freezer so they can revive him 50 years later: "What were you doing in that freezer, man?" "Oh, just chillin'."

#### Dear Nick and Friends

That's right, kids! Now it's not just Nick the Pirate doing his column, it's Nick and Friends! Coming soon to a...oh, wait a minute. Nick doesn't have any friends. Must be his personality. Darn it, this won't work. Oh well, we'll have to use the original Nick column. Let's go, then:

dear nick,

i am completelie confused by the simpleest thingies i mean i can switch on a litebulb but when it cums to things likes tellyphones and tellyvisions im hopeless i dont even no how too use a seetbelt but i can reed and wryt reedly well so my questun is how can i lurn how too use thees thingies?

-ideoot - dont no whair i liv

Dear "ideoot",

Idiot. Idiot. I-D-I-O-T. Say it after me: I-D-I-O-T. That's how you spell "idiot." That being said, I noticed that you don't know where you live. Let me give you a little hint: mental hospital. Got that? Okay. Getting to the point, I don't really know where you could learn to use your "tellyphone", "tellyvison", and "seetbelt." There should be a manual for your telephone and television, but I'm not sure that you can really "reed" or "wryt" very well, so maybe that wouldn't work. Just try pressing some buttons. Worst case scenario, you might set the TV menu language to Chinese or set the answering machine recording from "You have reached the Smith household. Please leave your name, number, and a message." to "Duh, whut dus this butun doo?" Just don't try that trick on a hotel TV, or you might accidentally order a \$20 movie. The person who's paying

For the room won't be too thrilled about that. As for seatbelts, you're on your own there. All I can tell you is to take the metal thing and push it into the hole with the red button next to it. Just don't push the red button until the car is stopped. Oh yeah, and make sure it isn't upside down.

In conclusion, I hope that my time is never again wasted by a person possessing your massive amount of stupidity.

Man, he'd better not know what that means.

### making Fun of Modern Ads

here's some advertisements I'm gonna make fun of.

Get in the zone - AutoZone!

"What do I have to do to get "in the zone" - buy the new Britney Spears CD?"

Propel Fitness water - It's not "how active are you", it's "how active is your water."

"Oh no! My water is lazy - it just sits around in a fridge all day!" "Oh yeah? My water was used by Coldplay during a performance - and then the lead singer threw the bottle into the crowd at the end of the song! Now that's active!"

And of course, Bob's Discount Furniture. Is it any coincidence that The Price is Right and Bob's both use the same "Come on down?" You could easily confuse someone on The Price is Right. "John Smith, come on down!" "No thanks! If I had wanted "discount" furniture, I would have stolen it from your warehouses."

### Little Funny story...

A long while back, some telemarketer called our house, selling some useless thing. She said, "Hello, is Mr. Per-pet-TOO-a there?" Since my last name is actually pronounced Per-PET-choo-a, somebody pronouncing it wrong is a dead giveaway that there's a telemarketer at the other end. I'm feeling witty, so I tell this person, in a bad accent, "You are the weakest link. Goodbye!" and I hang up, laughing. The telemarketer calls back and replies something that's very rude and I probably shouldn't repeat here, but it was pretty gross. I don't think I gave her time to trace my number so she could harass us for the rest of our lives, because she never called back after that. I just hope it wasn't a distant relative. I didn't actually hear her selling anything.

### Logging out...

No time for a long rambling last paragraph here. But please, take the Ink Waster Survey to your left, and then give this back to me so I can review your feedback. Thank you very much for reading. Hasta la vista.

Oh yeah, and if you were in Florida or Venice on Monday, please tell me. If I have ESP, I want to know about it

Byron Perpetua

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Ink Waster Survey

A screenshot of a web browser window titled "Ink Waster Survey". The window has three small circles in the top-left corner. Below the title bar, there is a text input field containing "I think the Ink Waster is...". Below the input field, there are two radio button options: "Good stuff" and "Complete garbage".