

THE SNUGBUS CHRONICLES

By SAXON

WEEK ONE

The Dave Powers Non-Incursion: The august Mr. Powers does not stage an incursion into Snugbus on New Year's Eve. It is felt that perhaps he probably did go to Subguns, only to be offput by the tumbleweeds and creaking shutters on the empty structures there.

The Gunbunny Jamboree: Many gun bunnies are posted in various stages of shaved sideburns, dirty skin, thrusting cleavage and provocative battle stance. One sage observer, name I did not catch in time, gives sage advice on how to identify the real thing: whether they have reload magazines or not.

Life Outlook: 'Pail gives a short dissertation on the effects of aging, centering on 80 as the cutoff for an active life. Much discussion follows. He also goes into the wayback machine to remind us that 20 years prior, folks were acting the fool about Y2K. Several folks agree, but a few, likely still finishing their stores of canned Armageddon beans, remain silent.

Creeps With Guns: Some peckerwood tries to shoot-spree a little church in Texas and is immediately neutralized by one person, as half the others in the church produce weapons. Two folks are unfortunately relieved of their lives, though their souls definitely go in a different direction than the one the shooter's went.

Pictures of Quality: ALTR, having introduced a picture series of depth and variability into Snugbus, continues to refine his trade, with such entries as nubile young ladies in interesting presentations, and amazing car-culture photographs. Thulsa Doom reminds us that a V6 Honda Accord can dominate a surprising amount of the older sheet metal, which is sad, true and kind of funny.

Forgotten Gunz: The relative merits of the 357 sig are discussed, and though all agree to its effectiveness and how it was more or less quickly forgotten, all of us also pretty much immediately forget about it after the conversation is over.

Does This Look Gay On Me: NotPC queries the members about the relative merits of buying an AUG. Destiny suggests that, beyond the gay factor, it is a reasonable choice, likely to the nods of many heads.

Hippie Files: Tom Bowers is thanked by many, though a poster fondly dubbed 'Speck' does joust a little in the post string.

Wha'cher Poison: MF queries what everyone is drinking, followed by a series of posts that are largely disappointing, but a few show that there are still some folks on the board who are under 'Pail's 80 years of age rubric, not medically contraindicated, not stiff-necked prohibitionists, or at least not boring.

Cultural Miss-Appropriation: Marvel hints at a new Transvestite superhero, prompting BIO to ask if its major super-power might be dominating women's sports.

Rollicking Reloads: Thulsa Doom tries to reload some 38-special, but perhaps being distracted by his wife's large cans suspects that he might fire a few squibs, which we hope is not code-speak for his sexual prowess.

Skynet Files: A brief mention of Colorado drone swarms is made, but there doesn't seem to be much information on the interwebs. Perhaps the story will flesh out as time progresses.

It'sQuittin' Time: Tom in VA sneaks out the back door of NASA after 42 years of hard labor and into retirement, likely slipping away with a few rockets and missiles in the trunk.

Orange Man Bad: Iran gets spunky, and President Trump promptly swats their big, bad, mouthy general Qasem Soleimani - also spelled QassemSuleimani or Qassim Soleimani - like a bug, in part because it was a good thing to do, but mostly due to the fact that the creep couldn't settle on one name.

Olde School Subguns: The names Kumari Fullbright and Rachel are mentioned, which is poignant, and an antediluvian affirmation of Rule 3.

Thar be Tiddies: Unbekanntensoldaten posts a gif of a trim, well shaven young lady performing a titty drop. Much conversation follows regarding the need for a NSFW-type warning system. Others chide workplace surfers, who chide back. Doctor BIO immediately writes a prescription for cheeseburgers – STAT! - for the malnourished waif. A side conversation breaks out on the relative merits of shaven and unshaven lady parts. Someone mentions that if they want to see a gorilla they will go to the zoo, though the name is not captured before the post string is deleted in stages, with the large labiaed lady going first, and her orphans going afterwards.

Unka Phil: Filthy Phil reappears, having likely been up to things unspeakable in the interim.

Pppete's Place: Pppete manages to fend off ex Vietnam vets in his place of business while also cleverly disguising a piece of carbon as a steak sitting on a plate covered with pleasure knobs.

Parent's Place: TheDoctor mentions a worry of impending empty nest syndrome, while simultaneously failing to mention using his college age son to bring young, washed and shaven college girls with daddy issues to him for much needed, invasive treatment.

The Nykyfyr revelation: Nykyfyr expresses that he and his wife are having challenges, but have two wonderful kids. Much advice is given. The story continues to unfold, it is hoped for the positive...

WEEK TWO

Thulsa Doomed: Thulsa goes to the 'hood for some eats 'n treats and finds himself ground zero at a shooting. Does good tactical maneuvering, manages not to get shot, not to shoot, not to get involved, and maybe to be able to use this as an opportunity to educate rich-Jewish-childhood wife that, yeah, hoodrats are feared for a reason, and when you are in their world you might very well become part of more of it than you'd like. No mention, however, if the food was good. Because, well, if it was, the risk might have been worth it...

Rikki-Tikki-Tacky: Ricky Gervais intros the 2020 Golden Globes with an apparent confusion regarding the date, evidently thinking it is Thanksgiving given that he serves up a Dreadnought-class roast to all in attendance. Hollywood briefly tries to push back, but then shames itself into quietude as Gervais continues beating on its curled up form. Though fortunes change and time passes, this deed will not, for the better and worse, be forgotten anytime soon by the machine of the left.

For Whom The (Dumb) Bells Toll: An unnamed board regular manages to Ewok-crush his dick head while slinging testosterone-class dumbbells around. He lives, but perhaps at one point wished that he hadn't. No mention of anybody kissing it to make it better, nor of spalling of the weights.

No Lube: Anon in Omaha makes mention of the Younger Dryas impact theory. I resist the temptation to make 10th Grade humor out of it.

Turban Troubles: Speaking of dick heads, Iran's leaders decide to launch a swarm of rockets at a US military installation in response to the killing of one of their, uh, dick head leaders. No casualties were recorded, but it is rumored that a cup of Black Rifle Coffee got knocked over.

Turbine Troubles: A Ukrainian plane crashes outside of Tehran, killing at least 63 Canadians. People struggle to discern if this is in fact a bad thing or a good thing. It is later discovered that the Iranians shot it down, doubtlessly twitchy because Orange Man Bad.

Turlet Troubles: Intaglio relates a story about toilet rim pisser-oners. It draws many views, but ALTR's "CAUTION girl @ pool table filmy bra panties" pulls in many more views.

'Tardlet Troubles: Ppppete waxes philosophical, and poses a question to the audience regarding 'Poors' and their logic. It is generally agreed that Poors Logic is self-defeating, but a force of nature.

Toddler Troubles: Intaglio then relates a story about he and his pre and post pregnant-wife's sex life, perhaps best read with a bottle of Calgon and a box of tissues.

Rolling With Coal: Foal burns coal, coal pregs foal, foal pays toll.

Looking for Cold, Getting Hot: T.C. discovers, in the trenches of automotive work, that enviroweenies have rendered his old coolant tool obsolete with their new coolant can design. Though the new cans resist the old tools, they still allow them to attach, doubling the piss-off.

Men Showing Their Meat: Pppete revives the sous vide question. Among the various discussions, it is heartening to see that plenty of folks still like a good steak, regardless of how it is ultimately prepared.

The Pink Stink: Mongo posts an interesting case study in poor fighting skills. Although the background, protagonists and motivations are not soundly established, the video does show enough slapping, pink-shirted men to make me lose just a little more faith in humanity.

Wee and Glee: Pppete makes post about wee manlets and fractional inches of height. This and the accompanying ideas are good reading in and of themselves, but then Mike D. in Leesburg, Va posts fascinating accompanying material, with one nugget of how his wife addressed his mid-life crisis by telling him, "Whatever makes you happy. Do what ever you want, I just don't want to hear about it." He then goes on to expound that he is not lucky in outside love, adding 'My best friend from college later stated that "You couldn't even get laid when you had a note from your wife.'" This author understands his situation, and feels that I am of the exact same stripe.

Skank and Stank: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher links a post where Gwyneth Paltrow sells a \$75 candle on her 'Goop' online store that she says smells like her vagina, thereby admitting that her vagina does indeed smell. MK ULTRA reminds us that Paltrow is the selfsame individual who also espouses vaginal steaming, revealing to us that, A. Gwyneth Paltrow seems to be unnaturally focused on her own stink valley, and B. Vaginal Steaming doesn't seem to do much for removing vaginal smell.

Big Valley: Jug posts a question about how many acres folks on the board own. Viewing the answers, I am left shamed, and staring at my shoes.

Showtay: ALTR posts a picture of a very trim young lady wearing Daisy Dukes, a midriff shirt and evidently walking a dog in the alps. Although she is well presented, Jim S and Magdump correctly suggest that MILFs might be included in the future hottie pic rotation, though I question how many of those would be found walking a dog in the alps wearing Daisy Dukes and midriff shirts. ALTR encourages the brothers to hep him with that quest.

Men Showing Their Meat: MF makes mention of cramming a huge butt, and thankfully it looked quite moist. Otherwise, he might have single handedly confirmed the Younger Dry Ass Impact Theory. Okay, so I couldn't resist the temptation to make 10th grade humor out of Anon in Omaha's earlier post. According to MF: "I just crammed a huge butt. Ahem, pork butt in the crock pot. Browned it in bacon fat and had the pot prepped with roasted chili, green pepper, onion and bell pepper. Garlic and spices like bay leaves, chili powder, chipotle chili powder, cumin, and oregano and limes." I salivate even editing this.

WEEK 3

DHKSWDK Alert: Brian Ski makes two posts, the first about the retroactive workings of a will, and the second about a television special about Ruby Ridge, making me wonder, Does He Know Something We Don't Know?

The Rise of Jim: Jim S rises to ALTR's request and begins posting MILF's. This in no way decreases the Snugbus Experience, and indeed is felt to be a very good thing.

Man Likes Zesty Pussy: Chrispyny admits to loving cat fight videos, confirming that there is in fact a good use for cats beyond duct taping.

America Vs England: Meghan Markle and one of the pretty boy princes have a falling out. Snugbus savants chortle about the fact that their divorce predictions are right on track.

'Mrs' Japan: Harris, tawdry trip to Japan finished, states that he already misses it, and rues the impending departure for the land of not-tentacle-sex. We eagerly await the stories.

Frozen Fruitcake: Weird dude in Alaska burns his hermit shack down and miraculously lives 20 days in subzero temperatures.

Klos' Many Strippers: Mike Klos valiantly struggles against a Browning stock with the devil's own finish, watching stripper after stripper fail against his undefeatable wood.

Bloomin' Idiot: Michael Bloomberg promises to burn through a billion of his own dollars in order to challenge Trump.

United We...Sit: Jimmy Chonga denotes that a 'silent P' means that you're probably sitting down. Understanding the deeper connotations of this, LongDuck brands him a SITZPINKLER.

The Coonman Prophecies: 'Coonman,' having appeared earlier during the runup to new firearms legislation at the hands of Ralph 'Coonman' Northern, continues his banter.

Spartacussing: Cory Booker, failing as usual, falls out of the race, having been decimated when Trump properly showcased his failures of leadership at the local level.

Tiddyocalypse: The Supreme Court refuses to hear the Free The Nipple case. Heavily betatted Leviathan-class women smelling of patchouli and body sweat across the United States protest.

Oh, She Angry: BCR #1911 gives a magnificent treatise on how to piss a woman off. (Available – dang it no. Somehow got misplaced.)

Flirting With Death: HH relates a chilling story about a bad deep diving experience. (Available)

Word Play: The words Solzhenitsyn, sovereigns, monkeys, dumbasses, retards, cockroach, Godspeed, nincompoop, ahi, mellorine, bodacious, purge, Jagdterrier, Kohlburner, frisking, Pffffffttttt, ,Boingoingoingoing, funbags, piffle and snippets are written.

Wise Men Say: Iron Horse Tamer states, You never see women marching for equality outside a coal mine.

My Precious: Mondo picks up a Tac 13. As of this writing, it is in approval jail, but still just as shexy as it can be.

In The Pen: Mike Klos ponders production of a pen to counter the 'impeachment pens' Nancy Pelosi gave out at the start of the Senate impeachment hearings. Many suggestions are tendered, ultimate decisions yet to be made.

Shifty Men: Brief discussion and historical stories from folks having driven a "three on the tree." Most also agree that manual shifting is a dying art.

Truer Words: Minister of Fairness and Retribution states, "Fear is coming face to face with a goose."

What'cha Drinking: pmf reveals his general top three bourbon choices: "My stand by that I always have a bottle of is Russell's Reserve single barrel. Jefferson's Ocean is a good second. The third varies -- lately I've been into rye whisky, which I guess isn't bourbon per se. Buffalo Trace is a good value. Jim Bean and Wild Turkey suck." Person of interest adds: "Bombay...Patron Silver...El Dorado 15"

WEEK 4

Word Play: The words giddyap, JATO, SCHPORTSBALL, cucks, Miele, Holstein, permethrin, boolet, pussy, sheesh, retarded, fartbox, habbening, purge, 'shrooms, drogag, Sultan, Wuhan, circus, Canucks, Jamaican, Cock-a-doodle-doo, and gesundheit are written.

NNNNG! NNNNG!: A deaf man sues Pornhub for lack of subtitles in some of their videos, proving that, yes, there is at least one person in the universe that actually cares about the dialogue in porn videos. Or, actually, that he is yet another ADA shyster.

Queen Victoria: BCR778 scores a nice crown Vicky for 2,500 bucks. Oil was black, but 778 has it covered with a trip to maomart for a short soak oil change, to be followed by another oil change and potentially many shenanigans.

Deadly Doris: Minister of Fairness and Retribution illustrates the Navy's plan to name a carrier after Doris Miller, in yet another victory for women's rights or something like that.

Subterranean Bandits: Iron Horse Tamer prepares to battle the moles that are vexing his property. Someone suggest snakes, others poisons. Tannerite is correctly mentioned.

Midrange Wizardry: ALTR continues perfecting the image provision system in Snugbus, honing his skills at the newly introduced Milfpast.

Skimmin' Off the Top:Tj posts a link to an entire warehouse of unused, and as yet unsold, hurricane supplies discovered in Puerto Rico. Kudos for the enterprising individuals who managed to hide it, zonk for having waited too long for their nefariousness to be able to benefit them.

White Supremacist Holiday: A bunch of racist white people and Uncle Toms make a mockery of Martin Luther King's birthday by threatening the Virginia capitol. That's how the press made it seem, that is. Among those in attendance were Tom in VA and Ken in VA, obvious racists and probably ex slave owners as well.

Borf Down! BorfDown!: John in Texas posts about his dog, which has had two seizures. Story developing. I wonder if everybody else takes the time to give their pet extra petz every time they hear a story like this. Dogs, one of the most precious resources in the world, and so soon gone.

So That's How They Do It: MMC.LLC posts a video about metal shipping container construction, finally decoding how these things come to infest the world.

PSA: Hell's Mechanic wisely advises us to change out our carry ammo with the move into the new year, citing multiple failures with his carry ammo in testing.

Dat Stank: MF introduces some of us, myself included, to the phenomenon known as a 'milk chicken.' I somewhat rue the fact that I did not know of this in my college days, but am also glad that I didn't learn about it the hard way.

Men Showing Their Meat: Boned By Obamacare relates a story about how he slipped his stink-sausage, "about 3" dia by maybe 6,"" into another guy's room, much to the other guy's dismay. (Available) rq375 then relates a story about giving his BIL a saltwater education by slipping a McD burger into the heater core of his car's heater box, effectively using cow to counter turkey.

Dead Nuts: Joe in Ohio links a planned move to have Mr. Peanut sacrifice himself for his friends after a car crash. We wait to see how it turns out, or what activist sort of blended mascot might emerge instead.

Winning: Blackstone links a move by Trump to remove ITAR for small manufacturers, showing that the Trump Train is still moving smartly along.

Chinervirus Number Ten Thousand: Coronavirus raises its ugly head. Though much ado is made about it, this author feels that it will be a flash in the pan. NOTE: if half the world's population is dead from coronavirus by the end of the year, this author will gladly retract his statement, perhaps from beyond the grave.

Snugbus Education: Pete in NH educates us that: "BR for Brno + EN for Enfield = BREN"

Unsafe At Any Speed: Anon in Ohama posts a picture of a smoldering redhead that redefines NSFW requirements.

Global Warming: The Democrats wind down their last day of saying nanny-nanny boo-boo about Trump, but without actually producing any considerable evidence for impeachment. The hot air produced over three days are expected to elevate atmospheric temperatures over three degrees over the next three years and push icebergs into extinction, in addition to melting the dinosaurs.

Pppete Corner: Pppete links to several of the new PSA 'Poors' series of service weapons.

Some Like It Big: Clem reveals that he has BFR's in both 500 S&W Magnum and 450 Marlin, showing that he is, in fact, the one to hide behind during a zombie pockyclypse.

Boris The (English) Animal: Boris Johnson puts ink on the Brexit agreement. World expected to fall apart in T-minus 10...9...8... by the socialists who wanted to destroy it their way, instead of letting someone else possible do it.

Helo Hell: BCR #1911 reveals that it was the S-64 Skycrane helicopter that actually bombed Hitler and bombed Nagasaki, which explains why the Japanese still live in mortal fear of pregnant dragonflies and why they refer to the S-64 as the 'Ninja with Six Blades' (Muttsu no ha o motsu ninja). He further expounds that the 32 bit operating system is a heritage tribute to the Japanese failure to conquer mainland China, and that the 64-bit operating system is both a tribute and a danegeld to forestay any further uncharitable visits by the whop-whop-whopping death from above. Finally, he illustrates that a lone S-64 dissuaded the attack on the Waco Branch Davidian compound until distracted to the US Capitol on mundane business. (available)

WEEK 5

Word Play: the words goatworthy, shiffliis, SAMSQUATCH, Estupid,dickletsic,rapey, dubious, locusts, metaphor, sterilization, turd, Underwear, Tecate, bitchcoin, quarantine, Volvo, Romanian, Bethesda, shame, Bulgarian, sneaky, assassinated, cheating, lemon, crudely, Mediterranean, dinosaurs, Pontedilegno-Tonale, supercomputer, sushi, Band-Aids, blackface, fiberglass, Edzacury, Denebian Slime Devil, DemPeachment, RimPac, verbatim, Sterno, spygate are written.

Boobology 101: ALTR posts a picture of a woman on the beach with gigantor-class breasts. Pete in NH observes that 'She'd have to dig a hole in the sand in order to lay flat on her belly,' which kicks off an impromptu naming session for said depression. It is as follows:

A tit pit. -- Saxon

A bitch ditch. -- LongDuck

Deep ripples for the nipples. Mike Klos

A wench trench. -- Saxon

A Trollop Dollop -- Wreckless aka Dream Crusher

A breast nest. -- Reader

A nip dip. -- Reader

A nipple dimple. -- Reader

A boob tube. -- Reader

A slut rut -- Rob in TX

A twat slot -- Some d-bag with a phone

An areola hole-a. --LongDuck, to which John in Texas asks, 'Say, isn't that an official clergy title in Iran?'

A chest rest. -- Tj

A bra spa? -- LongDuck

A pair of Boob Buckets. -- Cletus

Boobsucker Alliance: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher announces the arrival of a new great grand boobsucker at 3:34am. Kid looks healthy and fit, and not about to put up with anything.

Bryant Becomes Beef: Kobe Bryant, riding in a helicopter, augers in for his final slam dunk. This does not end well.

Daddy's Lil' Sniper: MF posts pictures of a lil tot under his tutelage putting lead to steel, and looking cute as a button the whole time.

Derpcon 1: Destiny reveals that she witnessed, on a trip to harbor freight, legions of future zombies buying cheap HF tissue paper masks to try to thwart off the Great Plague of 2020.

Dishing On Washing: Danbrew reveals that he tends to wash dishes by hand vs by machine. Varied feedback is given, with the majority supporting this position, with many having been banned from messing around in the dishwasher to begin with. No, that last part was not an allusion to sex.

CanukAmerican: feelgood reveals that after long last, his Canadian womyn has been granted US citizenship. Disgustingly, however, he fails to post pictures of her in various states of undress, a party foul so great that perhaps his own US citizenship should be revoked.

BattlenodeDown!: A US E-11A Battlenode jet crashes in the middle east. The Taliban claims to have shot it down, though US intelligence states that this is not true. During site cleanup, a US soldier flicks a cigarette butt on the ground nearby. The Taliban claims to have shot the cigarette butt down as well.

Truer Words: Pete in NH makes mention that all women are up to something.

The 10k Woman: ALTR posts a picture of a dragster launching, rear tires tortured and folded and wrinkled under the hammer of 10,000 horsepower, looking surprisingly like some women as they age.

Backdoor Beauty: BIO posts a string of nice booty pictures. I am somehow drawn to the pale, wane, liberal looking chick and her pale, pale breasts. Which is, like, two-thirds of them.

Wise Words: Pppete posts, "Wheelie Wheelie Stupid Head Bet You Wish That You Were Dead!"

Too Close For Comfort: Flyatollah denotes a call from a good friend's wife, worried that her husband, who flies E11-A Battlenode type aircraft, worrying if it is her husband who crashed. Though her husband is safe, Fly does express, quite accurately, that somewhere there will be folks mourning.

Winning: Moe posts yet another Trump court victory. AOC complains bitterly about it, making it a double win.

Must See: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher links to a 'choob video of The Antique Vibrator Museum, a surprisingly well presented museum of surprisingly suspicious implements.

Shakin' Jamaican: Sgt Shultz post a link to a story that Jamaica, jealous of China showing off with yet another boutique endtimes virus, busts out a 7.7 Richter earthquake 80 miles off of their shores. They try, but nobody pays much attention, because they're too busy going to Harbor Freight for their endtimes supplies, and also because Orange Man Bad.

Truer Words: Paul Revere lays it down about the impeachment hearings: "They suffer from projection. They assume everyone has dirt in the closet since they do. They figured they would find an excuse to start the impeachment and then find something impeachable during the process. They also have an end goal of trying to gain seats in the House and Senate in the next election in addition to damaging President Trumps chances of winning a 2nd term. The fishing expedition has failed, they have found no impeachable crimes, they are praying through the power of witnesses they can also subpoena ALL the records associated with ALL of President Trumps people in a last-ditch effort to dig through it and find something to at least convince the voters they had a valid reason to attempt the impeachment. They wish to try to reduce the damage to the Democrats that are in close elections in November so they may not lose as many seats in the House and Senate. As much as I would love to see witnesses perjure themselves, I worry about how long it will drag out, and if the REAL low information voters will be convinced if he is being attacked that hard and long, he must be guilty. They watch it on TV shows so it must be true. It also takes valuable time away from our President and Senate where they could be

appointing judges etc. The Republicans get stuck in this impeachment crap for the rest of the year and we lose the Senate, then we have lost the chance to appoint several judges etc. until the next election. The House claims they have an overwhelming case and time is of the essence since they would not allow the House Reps speak more than a minute in closing arguments. The Republicans pointed out a minute is not enough time to speak on such an important matter, but the Democrats ran the procedure and simply majority voted everything no matter how wrong it was. Now that this overwhelming case is in the Senate to be judged, they need to judge it. Rather than dismiss the charges, they need to find our President Not Guilty proving the House was wrong to have attempted this political attack. Then we will proceed with investigating the corruption after the President is found Not Guilty. If the Democrat Son of a Bitches try impeaching him a 2nd time, we need to recall their ass in every state, even if it is a week before elections.”

Mr Lawyer: Pppete has a lawyer come by the store for some sparkling conversation.

BCR Booksamillion: Anon in Omaha suggests a book: The Destiny of the Republic, by Candice Millard, who also happens to be kind of cute. Go ahead, I know you’re going to google it, I’ll wait...

BCR 911: Poster handle Eddie Muldoon puts up a post that sounds vaguely like the tip of the suicide iceberg. Many good folks jump in with great advice, and we all hope things get better for him.

Truer Words: Brian @ SAC drops this: “The issue is that the leftists do not engage their brain, they just spit out the garbage they have been fed and do not use critical thinking skills (assuming they had any) to evaluate this information they are fed. Trump = bad. But they do not evaluate their supposed leaders with the same criteria - Why is it ok for the dims to lie about issues and to act contrary to the best interests of the country, to not follow the constitution in the same way they accuse the President of, and yet that seems to be just fine?”

OoooohYeah!: BIO posts a ‘Tall and Thin’ series that I find quite delectable. They are nude photos of various rears, thankfully not BIO’s nor other board regulars.

WEEK 6

(kinda: there was a board SNAFU where all posts went to 2/2/2020 2 4:18pm, so I built the best I could off of the previous records)

Word Play: The words diversitee, incorrigible, DIVERSITEA, Cartel, Koolaid (sic), Bingo, Gringo, Jackistan, Burka, exonerated, pervert, Molester, root canal, Mooz, urethane, palindrome, kapok, frisking, hemorrhoid, buckskin, glutenous, villain, debunked, TANNERITE, glutenous, buckskin, Pugsley, pistachio and lobstas are written.

Aww, Man: NotPC and Don of a New Day posts a sad story about a family of 5 kids who have lost both parents. My heart, and the hearts of the rest of the board, go out to them. Though the Bible instructs us that we can’t fully understand these things, that, as taught in 1 Corinthians 13:12, “Now we see things

imperfectly, like puzzling reflections in a mirror, but then we will see everything with perfect clarity. All that I know now is partial and incomplete, but then I will know everything completely, just as God now knows me completely," it sure does hurt now.

No Man, No: Minister of Fairness and Retribution drops word that Mittens is specifically uninvited to CPAC. A frustrated Romney laments that he won't be able to wear his sequined magic underwear to a really special event.

Toofy: Nykyfyr's son asks: what dinosaur has 500 teeth? I presume Nancy Pelosi, though it seems as if Trump has knocked out about 490 of them and left the shittiest behind.

Blast From De Past: Flyatollah posts a historic picture of one of the storied Subguns Evil Nazi Moderators, and then posts a picture of a hairless Alaskan skin-Yeti on an Alaskan shore, content in its habitat.

Truer Words: Buyguns states, flatly, "Walnut sucks for tumblers."

Refining The Artform: BIO doubles down on his tall and skinny series with a panty dropping series. There is a larger-part consensus that contestant numba one is the best.

Palindrome Day: 2/2/2020, or 02/02/2020, or 02 02 20 20 comes to pass.

Palindrome Game Day: The Kansas City Chiefs beat the San Francisco 49ers 31-20. The winning coach racks up his 222nd victory, or 222 on 02/02/02 or 222 02 02 20 20, proving, in binary code, that the NFL is actually a tool of Satan and that Colin Kaepernick was actually a prophet.

Cancer: BCR #1911 posts a picture of a gun bunn—wait. Oh crap, that's actually an IDF chick, AND SHE HAS RELOAD MAGAZINES!

Imagine This: Jimmy Chonga posts a NSFW picture of a young lady definitely looking a bit 'nippy' and looking down at the camera. He asks 'imagine this looking down on you,' and I am pretty sure that she would indeed look down on my old ass, unless I had lots of money, which I don't.

Halftime Hussies: The Superbowl halftime show features aging skanks and a lot of old music, replete with what seems like an unending series of vagina thrusting. Or was that the players themselves. Hard to keep up with it all.

Fallen Comrades: "Mad Mike" Hoare, mercenary and general raconteur of the old times, finally goes on his last mission. He leaves behind family and several good books, though likely taking many secrets with him into the grave. Godspeed Mad Mike, you were a fascinating man in fascinating times.

Rushin' Metal: President Trump gives Rush Limbaugh the Congressional Medal of Freedom. The merits of this are debated, but everyone agrees with the fact that it pisses off the leftists and Democrats, oxymoronic as that may be.

Rushin' the Grave: Rush Limbaugh earlier announcing that he has stage 4 lung cancer. We pray for healing and best outcomes. Time will tell.

Scorching Oration: President Trump gives easily the best speech of his career thus far, and also one of the best presidential speeches evah. Democrats are not impressed, and Nancy Pelosi, offended that though she purposely doesn't introduce the president to the podium properly and he subsequently doesn't shake her hand, tears up her copy of the outstanding speech. This writer noting that the old crone needed to divide 4 pages of paper into 2 just to be able to tear them. Of several poignant moments, the sight of a 100 year old Tuskegee Airman saluting the president is quite touching, especially after having received an honorary promotion to Brigadier General.

Cockacaucusmamy: The Democrats boff their own caucus in Ohio via a company with ties to – dum, dumdaaaaahhhhm! – Hillary Clinton.

Wha'cher Poison: LongDuck suggests the Grasshopper:

Ingredients:

1 shot green creme de menthe

1 shot white creme de cacao

2 scoops vanilla ice cream

Fresh mint sprig, for garnish

He adds a proviso to try it before you goof on it.

Rob in TX advises that bars sometimes substitute powdered milk/malt instead of real ice cream, but the prospect of a large chested 23-year-old bartender somewhat mutes the impact of this.

Crystal Clear, Up The Rear: Anon in Omaha links to a website offering crystal dildoes for sale, raising the term 'crystal power' to a whole new level.

Epic Links: Pete in NH links to <http://www.goosebay-workshops.com>, and excellent website for historical reproductions, though a quick scan of the site reveals no crystal dildoes from antiquity.

She Knows People: danbrew helps SitoriTanin win the vote.

Moar Win, Please: The Trumpdozer defeats impeachment. Unsurprising to anyone, Mitt Romney is a bitch. He states that God hizzownself commanded him to vote for impeachment, leading me to ponder if God was also actually calling Mitt Romney a bitch.

Operator!: HH posts a link to perhaps the best CQC video ever recorded. Or maybe it was actually a dance vid: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZBhVFy_nxQ&feature=youtu.be

Spartacus Departing: Kirk Douglas goes to the great movie studio in the sky. The cleft in his chin gets there first.

Home Depot Claps Back: Jimmy Chonga gets flak from the return lady for returning items to the store booster style: no receipt, paid cash, no emailed receipt. No word on if he sold the store credit in the parking lot later.

Squirrely: MPFiveO battles a mooch squirrel at his deer feeder after said heathen creature emptied it in a week. Minister of Fairness And Retribution and Mike Klos suggest ballistic counseling, with Mr. Klos going a step further a suggesting placing the subsequently limp, lifeless creature on a pike nearby as a warning to others.

Buckskin Misappropriation: BIO expresses a desire to get some buckskin clothing large enough to cover his expanded portions, but also links to an article from some university and the Smithsonian stating that white men should not wear said garments given that they feel it's cultural misappropriation. BIO heroically states that he intends to disregard that foolishness and still get the clothing.

Scouting for Trouble: NRA and TSRA relates a story about telling a girl scout outside of a Tom Thumb to 'shut up and take my money.' Cookies, you freaks. He was buying cookies. Get your minds out of the gutter.

Pistachio Power Pump: T.C. relates, after starting to eat pistachios two weeks ago, that his semen production is approximately 3x what it had been before. Jarhead, Certified Member of The M-14 Cult, warily queries as to the methodology of the measurements, while Borderline live from NASCAR City suggests that perhaps this was all a little too much information. There is slim doubt, however, that approximately 93% of the boarf rushed out the next day to buy some pistachios, while the remaining 7 percent already had them on hand.

Spicy!: Hell's Mechanic links to an excellent spice website, where you can buy spices in sizes ranging from standard kitchen spice bottles all the way up to 50+ pounds. Also, a site that isn't poisoned by the political craziness of its owner like Penzeys. The site: <https://www.spicesinc.com/default.aspx>

Counting Change: JOEL asks if anybody else on snugbus collects their change, showing a picture of a half filled 5 gallon water bottle of it. As it turns out, a surprisingly large amount of folks do in fact collect their change.

California Dreamin': Mwilson checks in from Cali, updating us on his status. Word of the day: Kidney stones. All seems cleared at this point, though weakness lingers. Mwilson states that he plans to disembark from the land of rainbows and unicorns in approximately two weeks.

Cringeworthy: ALTR posts a gif video showing a bridge troll using a half ton of makeup to disguise herself as an anime girl, in the grand tradition of Asian uglies dolling themselves up with artful face tuning. T.C. immediately relates a story of him and a bud once picking up two werefatties disguised as thicc girls, who devolved into instant pork pie during a swimming session. Though they were able to extricate themselves from their predicament shortly, the scars still remain.

Okay, Boomer: co in tx gets 'boomered' by a vaping punk outside a Lowe's. Handles himself well.

Grim Reaper Delayed: SIOP relates how statins have continued to save him from a swipe of Azrael's sharp, sharp blade.

Nice Site: buyguns and lead, aided and abetted by TheDoctor, post a link to the Los Angeles Silhouette Club, a website with a lot of very interesting gun related articles.

Truer Words: Hell's Mechanic: "Don't need them... (Encyclopedia Britannica). Fucking wife knows everything."

'Nuff Said: Chicken Noodle: "What do you call a huge flock of bats?" SIOP: "The View?"

Weird But Deadly: Thai ladyboy goes on a shooting spree, kills 20. Authorities later take him down, using what seems like half the rounds in the country.

Keeping Watch: Paul Revere questions about good, reasonably priced watches. Many answers were forthcoming, and I wonder, hmmm, self, maybe you should think about getting back into the watch wearing bidness...

Closer to Doomsday: Jack Crow uses a 3D printing machine to make a critical part needed to complete his doomsday machine. Okay, okay, he was rehabbing the buttons on his Fluke 8060A multimeter, but 'complete his doomsday machine' sounds more intriguing. Waiiiiiit..... What exactly might he be using said multimeter for? Obviously, *he's completing a doomsday machine!*

Frying 'Em Up: BCR #1911 endorses the 'frying pan face' theory: they might look good when they're young, but they don't age well at all. BIO, being a fan of the bumper part of women, might not notice that fact as much.

#metoo: Robert Conrad, jealous at that showoff Kirk Douglas, decides to fly his celestial Corsair off into the never-ending skies.

WEEK 7

Word Play: The words NAZI, fentanyl, Norinco, vinyl, ghetto, CO2, Appalachian, Replicant, mothball, Puch, Ferrari, firmware, insensitive, Midget, beltfed, gaffe, octal, cheerleader, sharkbite, Broom, disinfection, javascript, blowtorch, pliers, Waffle, prostitution, academicians, Japan, Mexico, Arkansas, smuggling, whistleblower, Incinerated, Snake Plissken, Flesh, Spock, morons, sunglasses, steak, guillotine, oink, Homelessville, bozo, Jesus, subterfuge, trowels, Confederate, pogroms, Jazzercise, SEGREGATION, Sikhs, YEEEEESS!, Gorilla (not in reference to 'pail), Snapper (the fish, not the female sex organ), Grouper, Carp, perch, walleye, sashimi, tuna, catfish (by that heathen Anon In Omaha), girth, Jetpack and Gramsci are written.

Mainlining MILF: ALTR posts: 'MILF at the creek (woman in bikini), which gets right on 500 views and is worth every click.

The Coonman Prophecies: Coonman resurfaces, promising domination and domination for the near future.

The Crazies: Some freak runs his van through a GOP voter registration tent. As expected, it turned out to be a rural, gun loving, Jezuz worshipping, Trump voting, woman hating white guy.

The Pokyclypse: The Corona Virus continues to vex many areas of the world. 20 years from now, 'pail will be able to remind us about it, as he is nearing his 80-year-old cutoff for an active lifestyle.

Burn TheMutha Down: While in the process of tearing down a derelict modern building, local authorities discover a derelict relic from the 1700's hidden inside of it. Discussion is made about saving it, but many on the board feel that it is not really worth the effort, though some say that it should be saved.

Tape or No Tape?: Minister of Fairness and Retribution links a post showing how mouse movements on websites are recorded. Dcbryan1 queries, 'So what does drawing figure 8s on boobs mean?,' but the question unfortunately goes unanswered. Kaveman posts a corollary question: 'Anyone else tape their camera?' Several answer in the affirmative.

Moped Mania: Chrispyny ponders buying a Puch moped. Many posters comment positively. Having had both a motor-bike and a moped growing up, I smile distantly to myself, fond memories of misspent youth, and the opportunities that a 35-40 mile an hour moped brought to me.

Joe's Jabs: Some lil SJW looking girl asks Joe Biden a question, after which he immediately refers to her as a lying, dog-faced pony soldier. This does not help his ratings.

Pretty. Expensive. Pretty Expensive: RDG posts a picture of a beautiful Winchester 97 Trench Gun that rolls out the door for \$28,812. Wait, no, that's not it. It sells for \$13,500, almost what CW earns per minute in interest.

Jungle Fever: rjb posts a fascinating video of two African tribes warring for dominance. Oh, wait, it was two inner-city cheerleader squads. My old eyes struggle to see how many of them are pregnant.

They Should Pencil Them In: Yet another Shooting at Walmart.

Broomin' 'em out: Trump cuts 70 obammunists free from the NSC. CNN has to wrack their collective minds in order to find them all jobs there.

Love Boat: Bill Gates is building a big boat. I might have already written this. Can't remember. Not everybody loves the boat. I agree with Thulsa that it doesn't have enough occupiable top space. This later turns out to be untrue. Bill Gates actually builds a boat, but it is powered with the souls of freshly sacrificed virgins. Given that 99% of the girls are lying about their virginity, the boat never powers up.

He's Coming...: Coonman is coming for your silencers. You have been warned.

Uh Huh: ALTR posts: 'test.' Bitter Bastard responds with 'tickle.'

It's all in the name: The Corona Virus gets the nickname Kung Flu.

Star Trick: Anon In Omaha posts a pic of a bootylicious Star Trek red shirt. Anon/OPSEC then relates a story about accidentally, as a kid, of being taken to see "Flesh Gordon" in Taipei Taiwan when someone mistook it as 'Flash Gordon.' He (or she) mentions the famed Penisauruses. (available)

Star Trick II: BIO, not to be outdone, posts a pic of Kirk and Spock gawking at an ancient hair-time playboy magazine.

Wait, what?:Magdump asks, 'What is the bestest snorkel?' Anon Type of Guy posts a picture of a swimming turkey.

Nobody Said There'd Be Maths: T.C. posts this complex math question: "Sent wife to the store to buy Sudafed because I'm sick. Store is 3 minutes away. When I got to the store to pick up something it takes around ten minutes. She's been gone for an hour and 45 minutes. I just called her and she says she's getting ready to leave.

WHAT THE FXCK?

Next time I do it myself and pick up a hooker for an hour. It would still be faster."

Twofer: ALTR posts: "43 y.o. Mom often mistaken as 19y.o. daughter's sister *Link* *Pic*" It gets 468 views, and probably puts the Pistachio Nut Emissions Theorem to the test.

Truer Words: Unknown BCR states: "Communist and a Sodomite represent the democrat party."

We Understand: BIO posts a pick of a naked man running into the back yard with a scoped rifle, having spotted a coyote right before taking a shower. Somehow, it reminds me of the Saxon Family Reunions.

Truer Words: ALTR, regarding Freddie Mercury: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if he liked pussy, he'd still be with us."

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFshooter:

#lumpysexrobotscanbereshapedintheoven

#sexrobotnumbereight

#sexrobotfactoryshowroom

#sexrobotwithrealisticsmokingaction

#silversinglessexrobot

#sexrobotscanbeprincesses

#sexro....oh, forget it...

#sexrobotwithflotationdevice

Even the Dogs: ALTR posts a link: A girl causes Norwegian wolves to start howling, proving that somewhere, someplace, even the wolves are tired of hearing her shit.

GILFbanter: ALTR makes a MilfPost of an older hottie with short, silver hair and a minidress. Dcbryan1 suggests that she is a GMIWNFWYD. (think about it) To this, Jarhead, Certified Member of The M-14 Cult (and for whose long-ass handle I created a hot key) lobs back: T'SBYAAFPGPYFFW-S! (That's Because You Ain'tA Fuckin' Grandpa Yet You Young Fuckin' Whipper-Snapper!) Personally, I, being middle aged, would toss back a 100mg bluie and hurl myself into that with the quickness, though the thin, porcelain chick with the Stargate Wraith hair would be my first choice, were I single, not a Christian, forced to choose between one or the other, and not exhausted from a potential earlier encounter with the Hawaiian mother/daughter bikini combo chicks posted earlier.

Something Fishy: MF queries the board on what the tastiest fish is that requires the least amount of seasoning and work to cook. Many answers follow, making me hungry as heck.

Hmm, Gotta Try That: Anon in Omaha suggests using cut up pieces of ivory soap to catch catfish. Says that he really 'cleans up' doing that. Okay, okay, he didn't say that last part, but it would have been cool as hell if he had. Wreckless aka Dream Crusher states that his luck rubric with catfish catching centers on old hot dogs.

Truer Words: ALTR posts a picture of a fat woman with an enormous caboose and riding in an electric scooter, trying to get both sides of her Dunlop ass (done lopped over the sided of the chair) through a grocery store doorway. To this, feelgood states, "She's on her way to the local gunshow."

WEEK 8

Word Play: The words BEAST, bang, KomitetGozudarstvenyoiBiezoposnosti, dumbassity, Tuco, anachronism, kletterboots, geezers, sandbags, phunny, Evinrude, NASCAR, Brillo, Whhhoooooaaaaa! (in relation to a woman with pizza platter nipples, considered a very, very good thing by the poster), Hog, babe, convictions, cabal, Moser, watermarks, Boisterous, Scandinavian, Aesop, turnip, Mondale, Esprit, TANNERITE (there should never be a weekly Word Play in which Tannerite isn't mentioned at least once), leghold, hookah, Feminazis, tongues, Meeeow!,Cheesegrater, Snaggletooth, berniebro and wussy are written.

Truer Words: ALTR posts a picture of four 'sunbathers' in Lakselv, Norway, in which one sissy guy and three ladies are laid out in the snow with eats and treats. The one on the right is rather butch looking, without much, uh, abreast of her, and Wreckless aka Dream Crusher remarks: "That guy on the right needs a haircut."

Coonman Prophecies: Coonman gloats as he fails on the assault rifle ban, but assures us that he will be back. We do not doubt his words. Never doubt the Coonman. He is inexorable, and he does not fear the Boogaloo.

Truer Words: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher remarks, "I prefer my women without knives." (in reference to a woman with pizza platter nipples and holding a steak knife) To this, Anon Type of Guy replies, "Damn right....Cuts right through duct tape."

Freak Show: The Dems hold yet another debate. It is like watching a slow-motion train wreck, with the train full of retards.

Truer Words: Mike Klos, in reference to Michael Bloomberg: "The stick up his ass has a stick up its ass."

Wisdom of the Ages: ALTR posts the Seven Dangers to Human Virtue:

1. WEALTH without work.
2. PLEASURE without conscience.
3. KNOWLEDGE without character
4. BUSINESS without ethics
5. SCIENCE without humanity
6. RELIGION without sacrifice
7. POLITICS without principle

Mondo immediately chides him for not having posted a tiddy picture. Okay, maybe Mondo didn't actually do that.

No, These Kinda: BCR #1911 posts a picture of an ultra smoldery Latina with a beautiful face and great breasts and nipples, vaguely reminiscent of one of my junior college girlfriends' breasts. I am happy, and so is Thulsa Doom, who shares a weakness for beautiful come-hither Latinas. Somewhere, someplace,

Unbekanntensoldaten gives a skeezy eye at the computer, wondering why BCR #1911's simple NSFW is enough to avoid significant board controversy.

What'cher Cooking? Tj shares a wonderful recipe that he tried in the past:

"I glanced through a recipe book that came with the crock pot and saw there was a way to cook pasta in it. I skipped over the part where it said to put the noodles in for the last 20 min or so before serving. I threw everything in and let it cook for the day. When the time came for eating the pot was full of a reddish paste that tasted like shit. I put some on the dogs food and they even turned up their noses at it. That recipe not recommended."

Libs Playing Lib Games: The leftists and Liberals, doing what they do best, all clamor for AG Barr to resign, in spirit because of disagreement of how Barr is approaching the Roger Stone case, but chiefly because Orange Man Bad, and because historically some lame ass douchebags allowed the Libs and Leftists to actually get them to step down. Thus far, Barr has held like a man, not intending to step down because of them, but fencing a little with Trump over Trump's Tweets regarding ongoing and open Fed cases.

The Revenge of the Unknown Soldier: The skeezy eyeing Unbekanntensoldaten no longer needs to be eying skeezy, because pmf posts an objection to coming back from a long weekend to a plethora of tiddy pics. Much discussion follows, over 50 subsequent posts and 371 views (at time of writing). Some for, some against, some neutral and some of us nudging the bottle of Calgon and box of tissues further back behind the computer monitor and trying to act like nothing's happening.

Whodathunk: The Whateveritisnow Scouts declare bankruptcy, whether monetary, moral or both, we are not sure.

Flatlining: Badnews notes that the old board is tumbleweeds and flapping window shutters, with only one post in the last three days.

The Silence of the Rebels: Rebel Silencers pull a douchebag move and try to sell a bunch of silencers off the books. This does not go well. The question of whether the actual deed or the quality of the silencers is worse is never fully answered, but strongly suggested at the latter.

Celebrate the Gay: Steyr celebrates the 40th anniversary of its AUG rifle. Somewhere, someplace, Destiny probably states again that beyond the gay factor, this is a cool thing.

Wag the Blag: President Trump commutes former Illinois Governor Blagojevich's sentence. Blago immediately converts to Trumpism. The left, of course, soils their diapers. Again.

Eye Bleach, Stat!:IDaman posts a picture of some horrific creature straight from the depths of visual hell, sitting in a car and wearing lace. Though it gets 442 views and more than a few gag reflexes, Jimmy Chonga astutely states, Hey, at least it looks like she shaves.

TST (True Story Time): Madgump posts a heartfelt request for folks to go through and reduce their stuff as they get older, noting that during the post expiration cleanup of his father's estate, he found a picture of his father in his father's prime, standing naked, well-tanned and sporting a huge boner. Cervix Tap,

being ever helpful and maintaining the sanctity of his real handle, reminds us that huge schlongs skip a generation.

Bagging on the Babes: Rob in TX posts a picture that nicely sums up the trend of viewers almost universally panning posted babes on seemingly minor flaws. It grabs 447 views and many nods, though others continue to hold out for better wimmenz.

Florida Man: Tj posts a story about a contractor in Florida discovers jars of tongues stored in the crawl space of a home.

Truer Words: NotPC and Don of a New Day states, of the M1 Garand, "I really should get one of these someday." I agree, even if you already have one.

Getting' Them Clicks: ALTR posts, "CAUTION" mild side boobage and pullds down 421 views. Perverts.

Men Showing Their Meat: Or at least in this case, discussing their meat, as MF asks if anybody else uses a bacon press when cooking swine manna. Some do, some don't, but all seem to like bacon. SIOP informs us: "I eat the cook, then we be makin' the bacon." Andre Ellzey recognizes the brilliance of the statement.

Wise Words: In discussion about Bernie's nascent success in garnering votes, Longduck posts:

"It was only supposed to be the THREAT of socialism. But the cat is out of the bag now with Bernie talking all the cool kids into signing up for the FSA. They're so used to their parents paying for everything in their lives that gov.org just seems like a great substitute when you get to be 35 and too old to get insurance from your parents employer.

The problem for the dems is underestimating how attractive socialism would look to the FSA and new recruits. They have truly let the genie out of the bottle, and ole Bernie is going to get his three wishes.

In truth, this is their only shot at beating Trump - an old hypocrite jew spewing lies and campaign promises far beyond what the system can tolerate. Bernie was only supposed to be a left-wing bookend to set Hitler right in the middle for moderates to feel warm on voting day. Instead, he's eating everyone's lunch, including the Dem smorgasbord of taxpayer largesse.

They can all choke on it."

BIO follows up with:

"The Dems are at the critical point Hitler was at. The radical socialist elements in the NSDAP were successful far beyond anyone's dream. The national socialists were in power, and they wanted full blown socialism. No titled class ie barons, princes, etc. No rich. No traditional military class running the military. They wanted a Volks Army, a people's army. No industrialists, businessmen, etc. Just small clock makers, bakers, etc. In short, it was very close to communism lite, but it was full blown socialism. Hitler came to the realization that the movement was in jeopardy because of the threat to all of the above.

Sohe made a pact with industrialists, bankers, the military class, the rich, the titled, etc., that they would be left along in exchange for directly supporting Hitler over the SA. So they all stood aside and did nothing while Hitler did a violent purge of the radical left. "Night of the Long Knives." A chosen puppet was put in charge of the SA and they were never a threat again. So how does this translate to the Dems? Supposedly, AOC is having her district gerrymandered out from under her, to not only eliminate her direct challenge to Dem leadership, but also to prevent the possibility of an articulate conservative black woman from winning her seat. The Dems pulling the leashes are being threatened by Bernie and his crazed socialist and communist supporters. They know this will drive Democrat businessmen and others to either not vote or to vote for Trump. The Iowa vote did not go as planned, and the DNC scuttled the results by blaming technology, instead of letting Bernie win. Not the first time they stopped Bernie. The left talks a lot about full on socialism but the ones really in control foresee a loss of power should the mob take control. Just like Hitler and the SA."

A Farewell to a Wampus: Jimmy Chongahas to put his ancient kiddly kat down after 18 years. Several folks express condolences, showing that board members, A. Have hearts, and B. Actually like cats, regardless of how much they pretend they don't.

She Blowed Up: MF gets a \$3,500 dollar squib in one of his guns, taking out the barrel. He posts pictures of the carnage to back up his claim. As of this writing, Mike Klos is riding to the rescue.

Braaiins!: T.C. states that he has had the flu for two weeks. Although he does not mention corona virus, he also fails to inform us if he does or does not now have a craving for human brains. Jim S courteously reminds him that he is going to die.

Mystery Solved: It was BCR #1911 who said that only gunbunnies carrying reloads can be considered the real deal. Oh, and by the way, he expounds that he carries 8-9 mags when he goes to the grocery store, and maybe as much as 21 if expecting trouble. No mention if these are 380 caliber, which would qualify him as a world superpower.

A Few Years From Now...: JMB reminds us that in 202 years, the date 2/22/2222 will come to pass. He then expounds further to remind us that at one point during that day it will be 2/22/2222 at 22:22.

WEEK 9

Word Play: The words auger, antivaxxers, Rogue, HERPES, snatch, N95, wizard, dollah, DAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, NASCAR, AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, recant, disembark, Latinos, carnitas, pinner, COMMUNISM, Whasss-a-matta, Gulfport, One-Tire-Fire, DUUUUDE!, Eeeew, Bernadelli, tadpole, Manatees, kneecap, Shingrex, Niederflurhubwagen, Nebelwerfer, Matchbox, Piggies, pandering, Booty, knockoff, Anthropomorphic, Pringles, Borat, incestuous, MedCram, plasticity, rassiss, sahib, SNUGBUTT, Cakalacky and amigo are written.

Weird, and Sad: Mad Mike Hughes dies while trying to reach 5k feet in a steam powered rocket. Though the rocket commendably reaches 5k feet, it does so after shedding its parachute. The rocket reaches apogee and then magnificently augers in like a giant lawn dart, as stable as can be. Tragic, but sure beats rotting away in a hospital bed. Though Mad Mike thought that the earth was flat, in the end, he was.

Chinadeathvirus: the corona virus continues to spread, and to take victims. If the person reading this is a space alien doing archeological discovery on the dead planet we knew as earth, know two things: 1. The Chinese are the ones who killed us. 2. BCR #1911 used to go to the grocery store with up to 21 magazines full of what may or may not have been 380 acp shells. If they were 380's, then none of your puny space armadas could wield the power that he once did. And if you find 380's somehow preserved beneath the soil, just cover them back up and never go to that place again. You tentacle-jiggling, flying-squid hive-mind pussies can't handle that much power.

Balmy Barcelona: ALTR posts: "CAUTION curvy Milf at the beach," and links a pic with a corn-fed gal with gigantop class tiddies. Anon Type of Guy states, 'I loved Barcelona as an early 20's single.' Andre Ellzey agrees, states that he went there about 58 years ago at the age of 10, desiring to see swords. Anon Type of Guy then adds that he spent a week finding 'sword swallows,' and allusion that we all understood, and perhaps envied a little. This might be the timeframe in which the term "Barcelona Big Gulp" was coined.

And Grass is Green: Harvey Weinstein, faking it on a walker ruse, only dodges three of five rape/assault charges. He is as of this time awaiting sentencing.

Coup/Counter-Coup: Minister of Fairness And Retribution links a story about Trump's 'counter coup' starting. Though it is focused on politics, the story reminds me of working with head injuries. From Wikipedia: "In head injury, a coup injury occurs under the site of impact with an object, and a contrecoup injury occurs on the side opposite the area that was hit. Coup and contrecoup injuries are associated with cerebral contusions, a type of traumatic brain injury in which the brain is bruised."

Currying Favor: Trump makes a grand visit to India, where millions of curry hounds greet him warmly, and somewhat stinkily.

Probably? Maybe?: Somewhere, quietly, CW probably just bought *another* car worth more than my house.

+100 CoolPoints: Badnews states that he once drove a 74 Karmann Ghia with a "2332cc Dragoon" motor, which was effectively a big block.

+100 PervPoints: Ted in Tallahassee asks, "Who else here is addicted to Tik Tok?" Ya, okay, #metoo, a little.

Nevaletacrisisgotowaste: The Democrats try to push hard for some drama on the Corona virus. Trump states that Nancy Pelosi is incompetent.

Coronanomics: Stock market dips, like, a bajillion points, due to the worries about the corona virus. I sit smugly, pallets of nickels keeping my innards warm and my smugness well fed.

The Job is His: Anon Type of Guy goes for a job interview. It is partially as follows:

"CFO asked "Tell me something about yourself that you don't want me to know." Without even a breath I answered "Why would I tell you that?" His reply was "Best answer ever.... A circular argument." Invited back for a chat w/owner next week so the smile I said it with must have eased his thoughts."

We Stride Among the Death: Much discussion about gas masks, and 40mm or 60mm filters and adapters.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFshooter:

#sexrobotsdonthitthewall...

#sexrobotsarewestworld...

#sexrobotbeadwork...

#youllsave\$799inthefirstfewdates...

Shexy Lady: Anon in Omaha posts a picture of what I consider a fairly hot looking young lady in a great state of tune, with a nice tan, and ample breasts that are well matched to her stature. T.C., who is reputed in some circles to be the guy that tripped Jesus as He walked down the Villa Della Rosa, states that his wife considers the young hottie to be promising enough to engage in totally not gay oral exploration. I consider that a reasonable thought. LongDuck draws attention to her man hands, and then dubs her Pok-her-hauches.

Whadyaget? LongDuck posts: "What crap did you buy during the AWB days?" Magazines seemed like a big hit. Pppete states, "I was pretty young and broke," to which Wise Ass asks, "Did people say you were pretty?" LongDuck, quick on the uptake, states, "The missing comma says a lot!"

What Were You Thinking?: buyguns and ammo posts about a good price on 9mm ammunition, seemingly losing his mind and posting an actual gun thread on the gun board.

Behind Enemy Lines: Tulsa Doom works a Bernie Sanders rally on a Saturday. He is left warm and happy inside, as indicated by his lovely, encouraging words: "whiney fucking cunt ass," "Go fucking Kill yourself," and "...a giant rock from space is exactly what is needed right now." Though he does not mention a linking of hands, and a singing of Kumbaya My Lord, we're sure he pined for it.

Truer Words: Tirediron: "I came into Wally World to get my weekly allotment of Little Debbie Swiss Rolls...some Chocolate Milk...Coffee...Cheetos...and a few other Healthy Super Foods."

Seriously, No: Guys, I was totally NOT masturbating to the pic of CW's wife on the corvette. It only looked like I was, and no way I had my webcam on in the first place.

Predictable: Panic buying ramps up for the virusocalypse. I, sitting on my pile of seltzer water and muscle building powder, scoff mightily. Not really. I'm actually sick of hearing about this shit.

WEEK 10

Word Play: The words tavern, skunk, saaaaactuaaaaaary, bloody, Teledoc, bugging, calamari, lasagna, ricotta, puking, dealies, chaturbate, Canook, DDT are said.

That's What He Said: T.C. sez, "I should try the penetrating..." hkg3k: "Wife and I just..."

The Happy Traveler: BTLR expresses his fondness for Austin parking logic. Ppette, CW, Mostly Harmless, Wilhelm Scream and a host of others offer nifty suggestions for addressing these situations.

Birthday Boy: IDaman is another day olderer.

Wherezheat?:todd asks where Frank is. Someone dressed like Frank sez, "I still check in... for reasons related to my ongoing divorce I keep a low profile. My wife seems to be intent on throwing as much mud as she can. It's getting to the point where it's nearly comical but I have to take it all very seriously as being a good dad is the most important thing." And then that guy who looks like Frank promptly turns the valve and resubmerges into the deep, deep depths of lurking. Good on ya, maing.

Goodonya!:danbrew (hw) states that he has been ODAT'ing for 10 years now. Many congrats are offered, with others also expressing that they are in the same race. Guys, I am proud of you. Keep up the good work.

Election Elation: Steyer – OUT. Gayboy – OUT. Blocky faced Klobuchar or however the hell you spell it – OUT. Rich Midget – still in. Senile Old Ukranian Huckster – still in. Fake Indian – still in. Crazy Old Commie – still in.

True Story Time: BIO lists off several nice vending machine anecdotes. (available)

Child Wars: Jack Crow recalls an incident of mass insubordination as a child, involving 'milk carton stomping.' Several other posters recount misadventures from their youth. I, being a perfect child, ner-er did anything bad. Ner.

Men Showing Their Meat: MF asks, "is there a rule of thumb on bone exposure for pork ribs?" Much good advice is given. C6 Corvette puts the period on the sentence by stating, "Not to toot my own horn but I'm a former KCBS Judge and head cook for an award winning BBQ team. Anyhow, don't go by the bone sticking out or time (3-2-1 = meeh). Cook in the smoke till you get the color you want and then wrap in foil with apple juice, brown sugar, honey, squeeze butter and rub. Cook meat side down in the foil until the meat just starts to pull apart when you tug on a bone. This should give you the 'bite through' tenderness you want...."

Spreading the Love: Moscow backed Syrians kill 34 Turkish soldiers. Turkey shoots down two Syrian planes and blowed up 100 of their tanks. Seems like a fair trade.

We Feel Your Pain: NRA and TSRA tells a story about brass thieves and other foolishness. The stories unfold greatly, with many others expressing the same kind of experiences.

The New Gold: N95 becomes a frequently bandied term in American Society, and the world.

It's an Imposter!: Runt's college age daughter (no the sumbitch didn't post a pic of her or her hot friends) and roommates get a new tenant: a foreign he-she. And though I think, 'Freak!' I at least acknowledge that she-it has equal eyebrows, whereas the teacher-kidfuckerSplitSpleen linked to in the news this week doesn't. Was that last part grammatically correct? Hell, I ain't sure.

Blowjob: Nashville gets blowed up by a tornadee.

Take Dis Job and Shove It: Jimmy Chonga sez, got to find me another job. To be updated when he done found himself another job.

Killdozer II: feddoc suspiciously asks for a price check on sheet metal "4'X8' 1/2" thick."

Wiped Out: Rolling toilet paper shortages grip the nation, as Americans face the burgeoning COVID-19 apokygeddon bug with fearsome butt-wiping.

Spatial: Minister of Fairness and Retribution links to an article about a 'protein meteorite,' where a meteorite was supposedly found with protein in it. But at first, when he mentioned a protein meteorite, I was thinking he was being naughty.

Oh, Wait: Rich Midget – OUT. Fake Indian – OHAOHAOHAOHAOHAOHA!!, I mean, OUT.

CNNing It: ...Where we cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

'Show me your genitals...' – Minister of Fairness and Retribution

"It sucks being on the genocidal losing side." - Bunker

"327 million people in the U.S. are going to..Sodomy Camp." - Moe, Me. (no, not *me*)

"I have... a stripper..." - NotPC and Don of a New Day

"Mofar...is a rough riding SOB...frog-marched to jail" – Tj, JRHTX, Thulsa Doom

"Cops Find Meth And Baby Squirrel In...the waitress...her hoohaw" – Tj, MF

"I just...Wet dream" – Kilgore 'Big Duke 6', Jack Crow

'Frank...sure fornicated-it up!'–Toad, ALTR

"IDaman...squirted his jizz – JSC in TX, MK ULTRA

"George and Marky Mark did it with a cow...in 1999.." –SOFshooter

Rule 34: Pppete reminds us of Rule 34, where if something exists, there is porn of it. Somewhere, in some twisted alternate universe, there is The Snugbus Files porn, and I don't even want to think about that.

Popular Culture: 'OK Boomer' is mentioned several times, in different places. "OK, Non Player Character" is suggested as a counter, as is throat punching.

Th'tardation: Badnews shows a pic of one of his doctors, in full zikacoronasars gayness garb. He is appropriately curmudgeonly about it.

Wait, What?: HH posts, "I didn't realize I could be raped remotely like that. It .was. er....ok."

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFshooter:

#sexrobotscareforpets...

Virusocalypse: multiple schools and colleges begin shutting down in an effort to stave off World War Z.

Keep It Comin (Down): Russia and the Middle East get in a pissing contest over oil. We see a massive dip in the stock market, and a modest dip in fuel prices.

Lovin' TheLivin': BTLR expounds further on how much he adores Austin, and how great the parking is there.

Max Becomes Min: Max Von Sydow chases the condor of into the sky.

Terlet Troubles: Terlet paper becomes the new 22LR. Where once it was asswipes hoarding things, this time it's things hoarding asswipes.

Cat, Outta Bag: Joe Biden, on a factory tour, makes an enormous mistake in mentioning the previously Top Secret AR-14 rifle.

Snake PlisskenArise!:Tj links an article detailing: National Guard called to assist with one-mile containment zone in New York.

Get The Popcorn: Kaveman posts, "Hey Tj.....link for you here."It's about the virusocalypse. This kicks off a post string well over 40 long, and with 500+ views. Being virusocalysped out, I do not read one of them.

SaddyMcSadface: I get the news that my daddy, a great daddy, has a very aggressive form of cancer. As of this moment, we are awaiting a better call on 'time frame.' Daddy states that he is ready to go when the time comes. Completely calm about it. Don't want to be a downer, and I generally exclude myself from this work, but I felt I needed to share. By the time this year is complete, and you have the time to read this, it is entirely possible that there will be a second entry about this.

Locked In: T.C., evidently locked in hidin' from the CornBirus, posts several movie reviews. The best any of them muster is, 'it was okay.'

Men Showing Their Meat: Hell's Mechanic shows a picture of a nice pork loin that he makes, and then asks, "What's for dinner tonight?" Some answers as follows:

- Chicken Noodle - Day 5 Chili and eggs. (He subsequently shows pictures of two eggs frying in an iron skillet, and I am instantly hungry)
- Brian @ SAC – Trophy wife (no pics, the bastard) has full rack of ribs, and possibly has a full rack herself, while Brian has New York Strip.
- Anon Type of Guy – Shrimp Davila over rice. Sautéed jumbo shrimp with spicy tomato based sauce over rice.
- Person of Interest – Ham steak, red-eye gravy, black eye peas with raw onion and southern cornbread, with jalapeno, buttermilk chaser. Per he: We eat like Kangs.
- Paul Revere - Leftover ground beef. Canned 15 pints and ate the leftover half pint. Mixed it with a little hot cheese, a little salsa and had his favorite Frito's Scoops to go with it.
- Minister of Fairness and Retribution - Peanut butter bacon burger with onion rings. I think, 'rangs for kang.' Asked for the recipe, he responds, "Drive to Mugshots, order the peanut butter burger, add bacon, sub onion rings for fries, get a sweet tea or a beer, up to you."
- MF – NY strip and asparagus. To which, SOFShooter states, "...that'll be a rich, aromatic urine to bottle."

Week In Sum: Corona Virus. Toilet Paper. Paper Towels. Hand Cleaner. Adrenalin Junkies. Panic Mongers. Voluntary Closures. Involuntary Closures. Record Alcohol Sales. Sneezing gets you instant space, anywhere. A somewhat disappointing week for ALTR tidty pictures.

WEEK 11

Word Play: The words chiffon blouses, WUU HUU!!, Orange Godzilla, Beer Barns, Quercetin, bromelain, Caesar, Lemonade, constipation, Zanzibar, Felicitations, Hysteria, Fleshlight, QUARANTINE, Gneisha, locusts, Johnson, Governatrix, orgies, Bartertown, N'awlins, cougars, Marijuana, Magnificent, Shiva Ki Large Spirit Knife, Shebeast, marshmallows, Tequila, Sunbeam, Stinkbugs, sandwich, sphymomanometer, curare, Kwanza, quinine, Zinc, cloroquin, cilantro, hydroxychloroquine, Plaquenil, and Kalahari are written.

The Long Walk: Swan Hunter has a bad experience at the walmart: "There was NO toilet paper and I walked back up front to the service desk and asked if they had anymore anywhere else, the girl gave me a very rude NO with a look of disgust that I would even ask. That was the longest walk back to the bathroom with my pants around my ankles."

CNNing It: ...Where we cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

"Oh my God...Danbrew...chiffon blouses...smells...moaning...decent shape... "ripple effect" staggering.- Badnews, IDaman, flash, Duane in Nebr., JMB, Dismantler, G/W

Hoochmageddon: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher relates that his brother, who runs a small liquor store in South Jersey (joisey) has had better sales than on Christmas Eve, which is usually the historic high sales day. I also note, in my store venturing, that alcohol sales are way, way, way up.

Grocery Store Reports: Various reports filter back from shopping sprees. Milk, eggs, paper towels/tissues/toilet products cleaned out. Several things on restock, several things rationed.

Restaurant Report: Basically, ghost towns right now. Crazy.

Perspective: MeanGreen relates:

"My teenagers just schooled ME on lessons from this national emergency. We went to Walmart after church this morning and as we entered the parking lot, I was thinking about all the panic buying, and what supplies we should make sure we are stocked up on in case of another National Emergency.

We homeschool our kids, and I devote most of my energies to making sure they are as squared away as possible. So, to see if they've been paying attention, I asked my two older teenagers: "Okay kids what have we learned from this National Emergency and virus panic?"

I was humbled and completely caught off guard by their answer.

They said:

"I think God is allowing this to happen. I think God allowed all of the schools, meetings and extracurricular activities to be cancelled, so that people are not distracted by the busyness they have

allowed in their life and can refocus on God and the things that are really most important in life, like their relationships.”

I sat stunned and decided to save my discussion on stockpiling supplies for another time.”

We Doff Our Caps: This week, we Doff Our (Snugbus) Caps in honor of deleerious, who always posts with a different take on the English language.

Thulsa’s Doom: Thulsa relates a delightful story about how much he loves Polar Herring:

“I remember EXACTLY the first (and only) time I tried those - it was Brunswick, GA, during a hurricane a few years ago (Matthew, maybe?)

I ate one of those for lunch as the weather was starting to go bad. I was operating a satellite truck, doing uplinks for two local stations in Jacksonville FL, and a crew from the weather channel. Busy, busy night.

About 930 pm, that Polar Herring wants out. Now. RIGHT FUCKING NOW.

I musta shit outside 10 times that night... in the middle of a fucking hurricane. Wind howling, trees falling, power out, pouring rain, and I’m behind a bush down by the town dock crapping my guts out over and over all night until morning, in between live shots.

That was enough Polar Herring for me.”

And The Answer Is?: Someone asks, “Are orgies with farm animals exempt?”

Lookie Them Lil Dimples: Minister of Fairness and Retribution asks about the new headstamp dimples, answers to which prove to be a surprisingly complex marking system.

Crap Shoot: various posters continue to contribute on the shopping store situation. Some are stocked as normal. Others are locused out. Everything seems to be normalizing.

Death in the Tall Grass: Subguns, wounded and limping along, seems to have been run over and finally put out of its misery by the Snugbus.

Inverse Economics: In general, any time the stock market is down, gun buying is up. Right now, one is really, really down, while the other is really, really up.

Prayers for Charley: postal posts a prayer request for his friend Charley, who is getting a new heart valve and a bypass. A follow-up report states that Charley did well and is soon taking charge of his Angels again.

MF’r: MF makes an interesting post, leading with the heading: “Tittys and silver.”

Destiny’s Lie: Destiny gets violently thrown out of bed. Lies and says that it was an earthquake. We suspect rough sex.

Not What He Meant: Clem posts, asking about tank blanketing, and I immediately get a brain image of an M1 battle tank draped with those kind of sweater things they put on horses in the winter.

Show Me Your Papers, Please: Letters of Passage, of sorts (travel papers), start filtering out to the nation. Much discussion is had, with the final piece being Mike Klos' travel papers, a picture of which I'm sure he still has...

Wasn't it Always: Playboy goes tits up, which was kind of how it was when it was at its prime. Well, tits up, tits down, tits sideways, tits far apart, unitits, tanned tits, tan-lined tits, pale tits, pink tits, brown tits, fake tits, real tits, tits, tits, tits, tits, tits. Oh, and tits.

Moe Heroes Needed: Moe, in a world seeking to crack slabs with toilet paper, asks if anybody needs help, and offers to help if needed.

WEEKS 12 + 13: ON VACATION IN FLORIDA AMID THE CORONATOCALYPSE. NO WRITING FOR YOU, OTHER THAN...

Jailhouse Pawn: Ppppete and Speck get in a shortchubbygingerjailhousecockcleaner tussle.

Curvies for the Pervies: ALTR posts some truly epic hourglass girls

Anchorman: BIO ripostes with a nice booty series

And...

Hashtaggin': This vacation's hashtags from SOFshooter:

#mymemorysupplement
#sexrobotsstepuptotheplate...

The Drone Continues: Hey, look, I try to be entertaining and capture the zest of the snugbus, but this sumbitch rolls so fast it's hard. And now, yes now, that shtupid coronavirus is blowing up the board, and there's not a lot of humor to be found in in, and I'm too tired from the vacation (ok, maybe not, maybe just lazy) to try to edit humor out of the posts. Thus: tons and tons and tons of corona virus stuff.

WEEK 14

Word Play: the words conduit, Euro-trash, Eureka!, deepstater, RACCISST!!!, rectal, savvy, kegerator, haid, dumbfuckery, intubation, Hoarder, Arctic, Black Sabbath, semiconductor, Geeks, Nerds, Swedes, Pfffft, optimism, stranger buttholes, Methuselah, pandemic (ya-ya), KA-CHING!!!, HYSTERIA, Ames Shovel, Triglycerides, Quetzalcoatl, chinkanese, Scandinavian, Gondwana, greyskull, flowbee, FUBAR, FOOOD FIIIGHT!!, waaaambulances, Garwood, Rage Storm, jonesin', radiopaque, JELLO, flip-flopping, Berdan, Orangeman are spoken.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFshooter:

#sexrobotsugarbaby...
#sexrobotexpressions...

#sexrobotisometrics...

#sexrobotfullrangeofmotion...

Burn, Baby, Burn: feddoc finds a nasty burnded up outlet in his house. This spawns much conversation between poor connections, arc erosion, proper wire wrapping and corrosion.

Cold as Ice: Jimmy Chonga places a post stating that, "Low temp of 83 degrees but my face feels hot ????" and I almost fall out of my chair. Later discerned to be a bad read, and that his temperature is in excellent order. Hell's Mechanic does query if the reading was taken rectally...

Burn, Baby, Burn II: ~3,800 rental cars parked in a dry, dry grass field all go up in flames.

Something Fishy Here: Intaglio prepares for the virotocalypse rush week by bunkering in two cases of Polar Kipper Snacks.

True Story Time: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher posts a nice story: "We had a crazy burned-out hippie/mountain man looking Bum that lived in a small copse behind a strip mall. He relied upon the soccer moms that gave him money and even allowed him into their homes to warm up or take a rare shower. The grocery store in this strip mall complained about him regularly. One time he took a bath in the salad bar. Another time he bought a big jar of mayonnaise and was eating it like a savage at the entrance and frightening the customers. Apparently, the mayo treatment helped with his luxurious beard. Who knew? But on this day, I was called because old Victor took a shopping cart into the woods with him after buying a big oven roaster chicken. I found his camp in the woods and there was Victor grilling that chicken over that shopping cart. It was ingenious. He laid the cart on its side and built a fire inside of it! He even offered to share the chicken with me! I thanked him and just reminded him to return the cart after he was done. Eventually old Vic OD'ed on heroin one winter night of subzero weather. His head was frozen to the parking lot behind a shopping center."

Trimming Up: HH borrows a friend's Dillon RT-1200 and callously breaks it trying to trim 105mm shell casings, or something like that. Developing...

Meme Me: c.chuck in pa suggest a new saying: "Crazier than the Pope's cat."

Thulsa Doomed: Thulsa is temporarily furloughed due to decreased workload from COVID-19. I suggest that he maybe enter into raising large, fish-eating birds given his history with them...

Four Tens: TNKen celebrates his 40th anniversary with his wife, of whom he completely and irresponsibly fails to post a picture.

No MoarPuzzy: Pussy Galore of James Bone, uh *Bond* fame passes gently into that good night. She leaves "Honorably."

Foo Speakin': AOC, dying that the camera isn't focused on her for once, suggests 'Coronavirus Reparations' for minorities. TiredIron muses: "AOC needs to have her bell rung with an Ames Shovel at about 120fps..."

All Choked Up: Boris Johnson, British Prime Minister, gets the WuFlu. Condition worsening at this time.

That Gir' Obsessed: Gwyneth Paltrow, continuing with her vagina fetish, suggests various expensive dildos to use during the quarantine. I google image search one of her suggestions, the Womanizer, and come up with a bunch of pictures that look like Star Trek phasers and warp nacelles. And I think, "Why you naughty little whore."

Thar Be Dragons: Duane in Nebr. Poses a question regarding this history of dragons, prompting drf to post a picture of Nancy Pelosi.

Men Saying Things: MF posts: "40oz in my lap an its freezin my balls."

Seriously: Tom In Va. captures the essence of a certain political family when he posts: "hyphen hyphenhyphen Kennedy."

Mop Chopped: C6 posts a picture of a swell haircut his wife gave him.

Bearded Dragon: Jug asks, "What's a good beard oil?" Answers include, Mayonnaise, 50/50 Hoppes and CLP, pistachios, the natural juice of a woman, Bear grease, 90 weight gear oil and 10/30 motor oil, unless in a hot climate, where it should be replaced by 10w40.

Trog Head Hurt: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher posts a very nice link to a theoretical discussion of CV-19 mechanics. I watch for just a wee bit before Trog Head Hurt and I go back to watching car videos.

Gut Punch: Clem posts: "just a raincoat NSFW," and 407 views later, boardies find that, having been trained by ALTR's and BIO's posting goodness, we were not ready for the huge crazy woman in a see through poncho...and nothing else.

Clint's Wild Ride: Clint Woodcock posts: "Mass Medical Mapractice!" in the header of a post detailing grievances against the US medical system (available), kicking off a good, old-school Subguns days dust up that doesn't really solve anything but pisses off a lot of people. Various mother and body fluid references are made, along with not infrequent suggestions of relative-sex. Just like the good, old-school Subguns days.

Sam Sez: Sam (S Hoggson), in return, posts:

""And now, a word from our founders.

"We have no Government armed with Power capable of contending with human Passions unbridled by...morality and Religion. Avarice, Ambition...Revenge or Gallantry, would break the strongest Cords of our Constitution as a Whale goes through a Net. Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious People. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other" - John Adams, to Massachusetts Militia, 11 October 1798.

Was reading through a purse-fight thread on one board. I think many so-called Patriots have a poor understanding of the founders' vision. US citizenship and the US Constitution do not convey a right to be a complete idiot. Liberty carries responsibility on its back. The founders did not regard responsible treatment of our fellow citizens as discretionary. No, they did not want the federal government

empowered so to become Mommy or Daddy. Adams is saying that when the population needs that from the federal government, it's time for some other form of governance.

There is great need for responsible treatment of our fellow citizens in the midst of a pandemic.

Judging from the behavior of many so-called Patriots, the socialist left has a point. Me, I'd rather the US citizenry would grow up."

Flameout: Crazy Uncle Bernie quietly steps out of the presidential race in a poof of socialism, cheated for the second time by his own party. C.chuck in pa's commie neighbor immediately takes down his Bernie sign. Boarf members suggest that c.chuck be neighborly and place a Trump sign in his neighbor's yard as a sign of good will, to foster better, stronger, neighbor relationship.

Hogtied: 42 A-10's are slated for retirement at Davis-Monthan AFB.

Tripped Up: Linda Tripp, of the Monica Lewinsky/Bill Clinton scandal fame, becomes daid.

Alliteratin': Wreckless aka Dream Crusher: "Soros is Sowing the Seeds of Sedition"

Thpace Invader: Rob in TX links a story: Divorced lesbian A accuses divorced lesbian astronaut B of robbing her bank account...while riding inside the warm, nurturing embrace of the International Space Station. Divorced lesbian A does not fare well.

Moar is...Better?: BIO posts a picture of an 8-barreled WWII Japanese machinegun contraption that somehow mounts 8 Japanese 50 BMG clones in one arrangement, four on top and four on bottom. T.C. cogently asks, 'Hot the hell would you load and feed that?' I agree mentally, and set off in search of the weapon, leading me down a two-hour path of perusing old Japanese weapons. By the time I get to tanegashimas I realize that I've gone too far.

TSTIBT (True Story Time Is Best Time): Wreckless aka Dream Crusher posts:

"So we had this family of missing links, true FSA before their time, living in town. It was an entire extended black family with everyone but the Father (imagine that, right?). The matriarch was Momma Wynn and their rancher was called Fort Wynn because of the frequent battles we would have with the inhabitants. You could tell when their welfare checks would hit their accounts because they go on a massive buying spree of alcohol and drugs. Then the complaints and fights would start and we would get called out for a general melee event. This home had no plumbing at all. Nothing. The shit went directly into their basement which was one giant indoor cesspool. There was also a hole in the center hallway floor that the denizens covered with a carpet. You learned fast not to take the bait and chase Emblem, Buzzy, Craig, or Terrell aka Halfhand after losing a fight with a push mower. They would leap the carpet and hope you would fall in the Pit of Doom. The township knew of the health and building code violation but refused to take action because they would be on the hook for the costs of resettling the vermin.

Well, back to Momma (grandma) Wynn. She looked like she was 80 years old. A wrinkled and wizened prune, I truly felt sorry for her. She was the best of the bunch and was the only person there w/o an obvious mental handicap. She would throw up her arms and ask what could she do...they were family. One nice spring Saturday night the front door was wide open. It really didn't matter as every window in

the home was broken out and covered in plastic. In the middle of the living room floor was a big galvanized tub and old Momma Wynn was taking her bath. It went by seniority and everyone else was standing by waiting for their turn. Her boobs looked like two brown tube socks with lemons stuffed in each toe. Slinkies. Ubangies. It was National Geographic magazine in real life.

Eventually, the family got evicted and the home demolished. Our FOP held a meeting/party at the street to make sure it really happened. The Wynn gang got resettled from a nice suburban white town where they ruled to roost to Pemberton-Browns Mills. They got their ass handed to them. It was hilarious. They thought they were tough until they met a real hood. It was culture shock.”

The Return of the Martins: Willbird makes mention that Purple Martins are back, and I am reminded of my childhood when my father would hoist up purple martin houses. I used to love to stalk around under the purple martin houses so that the alpha males would dive bomb me. They’d make this ‘graaaackling’ noise as they sailed inches over my head.

Missed Opportunity: ALTR posts a picture of a young lady holding up a red bikini top with one hand while trying to cover gigantor class breasts with the other. SOFShooter makes a relevant statement in a following post, but completely fails to hashtag. Disappointing. Very disappointing.

Men Saying Things: Another Terry, AKA The Cornelius Kid states, “Excuse me, while I adjust my BBQ gun.”

The Cowboy Returns: The Snugbus slows, stops and then opens its armored door. The guns atop pivot away at a familiar face. Footsteps sound on the short stairsteps, soles festooned with sand and, redolent with the scent of the wild parts of the world, Pvt. Cowboy, having been off to places unspoken and up to things unsaid, makes his way onto the ‘Bus. Good to have you back. Now warshyer filthy hands and get on that .50 over there.

Desperation Corner: BCR #1911 links an article where Stacey Abrams announces that she’d be honored to be Joe Biden’s running mate. Even though he has white privilege, and he once rammed his fingers up a white house intern’s hooha.

CNNing It: ...Where we cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

One of “YOU” will give it to “ME” ...It’s like a second Christmas in our living room... Needle nose pliers... for your own good... Scared little man... TELL US WHO THE MONSTER IS??!!... That’s a nice shape right there... Pornhub type intubating...With his... Dick’s going flaccid. My dick just cringed and shriveled... (ALTR, MF, Pete in NH, Joe, Jug, Jimmy Chonga, flash, Hell’s Mechanic, jack crow, BIO)

He Goin’ Die: Mike Klos sprays weed killer everywhere, including himself. Asks for suggestions on how to remove the scent from his hands. Answers include drinking lots of water, vinegar, hydrogen peroxide, baking soda, dish soap, stainless steel, rubbing with lettuce, a hot bluing salt bath and posting pics of his wife.

Broken Record: Corona, COVID-19, ‘Rona, WuFlu, Wuhan Flu, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah...

It Was Inevitable: Minister of Fairness and Retribution links an article where Dicks is furloughing most workers. Mondo, now sporting a K350 submarine, states: "Dick's to stop selling...everything." Jack Crow opines, "Dicks going flaccid."

Kinda Cool, Kinda Sad: harris...spores are on the wind, man... posts a link to a 300 car 'barn find.' 300 old performance cars and builds, with two other buildings full as well. I think the cars are beautiful, and this is easily the most interesting barn find I've ever seen, but seeing all these cars just sitting in the dark, unused and unrestored, kind of also makes me sad.

Put on the Flashers: BIO gets a glimpse of itty bitty kiddy tiddies. He wisely continues driving, and does not take photographs.

Killing Me: Anon in Omaha scams up a beautiful old Marlin 336 for \$350 bucks, continuing the Tulsa Doom pawnshop find spree. How come I never find deals like that, lol.

Ohh, She Interested: Boned by Obamacare relates that he often gets 'snuggled' by hot to trot women when he's at car shows. Various discussions emerge about the chick magnet.

Kindred Spirits: Reader posts, "What's a good BB gun for squirrels?" and I think, preach it brother.

Men Saying Things: ALTR: "IF being sarcastic burned calories, I'd be transparent by now."

WEEK 15, Date of 4/12/2020

Word Play: the words: Naw, dunno, screw that, peed a little, Synagogue, Shotspotter, Umarex, FAIL, Viagra, Dr. Pepper, smoked herring, Mariachi, Pescara, lemonade, Incognito, Typhoon, cucumber, Roughneck, HOLY FECAL MATTER!, Rumor, naïve, Hmmmmmmmmm, SECNAV, beatdown, Vindicator, butthole, Apu, MacGyver, Nero, Latreena, Hellacious, Tassel, #learntocode, BZZZZZZZZZZZZZ, are written.

Looking Back...: BIO introduces a 'Looking Back' series which, you guessed it, will have you looking at young lady's backs. Oh, and how nice they are.

Marriage Counseling: Nykyfyr states that his relationship with his wife is growing well, and that they have both made great gains within their marriage...right before asking about butterfly knives.

Easter Baske-wait: Swan Hunter posts a picture of Easter Bassets. Very cute picture, not the least of which is the fact that the dawgs are old, and look like they're wearing rumpled socks.

Moss Loss, Boss: Stirling Moss crosses the line for the final time.

Wait, *Two* Prodigals?: POV pops in briefly to update us that though he has been on the downlow, he has indeed still been stirring the wombs of R3V women of various stripe.

CNNing It: ...Where we cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

--Loaded belly...Ding! Ding! Ding!...I crapped my pants... But after I pissed...Heavy Duty Undies!-- Toad, T.C., Mike Klos, nixon, Pretty Funny

-- MoFaR...partner swapping...Apu!!! -- Badnews

Men Saying Things: "I remember dating a girl 39 years my junior. I was in high school at the time." – Iron Horse Tamer

FUNSFL (Freaking Ultra Not Safe For Life): feddoc posts a picture of a bear attack where a man basically has no face. The man survives, and eventually comes out looking not too bad after what was probably a bajillion dollars of plastic surgery. It gets 693 views, by the way.

Men Saying Things: To the bear gore and subsequent results, Cletus opines: Chicks Dig Scars.

An Apple a...Gay: bcr34 mentions that his wife spent big bucks on an Apple I-5 watch...that she never wears, regrettably forgets to post picture of wife wearing nothing but the watch.

Mathing it Out: T.C.: "When I got out of a dumpster fire relationship where the hot girl was stealing from me and maxed out my credit card and basically stole my car, I totaled up the damages vs. how much we had sex and compared it to the cost of a cheap prostitute. I came out WAY ahead on the deal and felt a whole lot better about the whole thing.

Probably cost me about 10 grand total, and we had sex 2-5 times a day for 2 1/2 years. Only the last two months of the relationship were we not going at it like rabbits.

If you figure \$100 a hooker, even if we only had sex once a day, that would be like \$90,000 worth of sex. I should send her a thank you card."

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFshooter:

#sexrobotsdontwearflair...

That's...ya: Badnews links a story about an AI sexbot helping save a couple of freaks' marriage.

Joe-foo: Joe posts a story about resisting the (wo)man outside a store. This gets over 450 views (with a following post pulling 359 posts at the time of this writing). Opinions vary and discussion is spirited, but I don't quite see anywhere where anybody drops Godwin's Law.

Little Red Riding 'Hood: "What type of rifle is this?" Anon in Omaha asks. The included picture shows a scantily clad Little Red Riding Hood type of character holding a short barrel flintlock. The following suggestions are tendered:

Snatchlock – Me (No, not *me*)

Porcussion – LongDuck

Muffleloader – Joe

Front Stuffer – Wilhelm Scream

Blunderpuss – MF

Dinner Theater: 'pail enjoys a hotdog while watching a homeless woman shit. In a COVID-19 world, we find our entertainment where we can...

Susie Q's Bad Day: In a time honored tradition, an anonymous author posts a counter-point to Joe's original beatdown post. And now, without further delay, I present to you Susie Q's side of it:

"So I'm at work today, and this mullet dude ... Had a hell of a day! First my baby girl fell down and cut her knee really bad. I patched her up as best I could, and she put a brave face on for me. Tore my heart out....I'd love to stay with her, and stay home completely for that matter, but I have to get to the grocery store to keep the bills paid.

Ever since my husband of 12 years died after getting hit by that drunk, life just seems hard. Of course the sitter is late like always. It barely is worth going to work, but my boss promised me the company would pay 100% of my night school if I take on more responsibilities, and "do the jobs the kids can't do." I have to stay with the grocery for 5 years after graduation this Fall, but I have faith it will be worth it. I prayed on the way to work, to have the strength to make it another day. "Just one more day," is what I've said for the last forever, or so it seems. The store has me in a tough spot.....I must work to feed my baby. I can't quit for anything better, I can't afford the night school on my own. So I'm stuck doing the worst tasks they dump on me.

For the last month, I've had the BS job of, "Line duty." I hate it and it's wrong. I can't blame my boss though. Some shit head County dropout came round and pretty much threatened to close the store if we didn't comply. That dude was a real ass. Maybe he's doing his job....but it's still wrong. He knew my boss couldn't resist....he has 4 babies to feed. Hell....one of 'em is special needs.

Anyway, I'm doing what I was told to do and trying my best. Was on my feet for 10 hours straight. I got hurt in the accident that killed my husband, and it tore my leg up bad. I had tears in my eyes from the pain, since I got to work this morning.

Almost got through the day, and sure as shit, this crazy dude with a mullet starts to freak out! His nice girlfriend or wife looked so embarrassed as her man stomped around throwing his hand in the air like them Nitzis or whatever they were called. I don't know history that well....but I think he called me something bad from my grand daddy's time. He was jabbering so much....I couldn't even understand him.

He was running around in circles talking like I'm keeping him from freedoms or something. He acted like I caused this whole virus. Worse, in his delusion, he was running up to old people and spitting in their face just like he did to me. Old Harry the Veteran with one leg was so scared, he just shook his head in agreement. I don't blame Old Harry....this guy was off his meds!

After it all died down and the guy went in, I sat on the curb and cried. I couldn't help it. Old Harry came over and we prayed. We didn't pray for ourselves or even for our loved ones. We prayed for that man. We prayed that whatever pain or confusion he was feeling, that God would take it away for him and bring him happiness. I could use God's help too, but I think he needed it more.

Old Harry and I picked each other up. He laughed and said, "Don't worry Honey, we'll hobble through this together." I think Harry is right....we'll get through it. Maybe we'll have to hobble and stumble a little just like Harry.....but we'll get through.

Susie Q. --- We feel for you Susie, it's been a tough day. Now go to bed, ya freaking Nazi!

Snugbus Widgecraft: Longduck chants the ancient call of Cthulhurjb, summoning that ancient, Trumpestuous creature:

"Snugbus rider 'rjb', I slap my knee and summon thee!
Double, double-post some trouble;
Tempers burn and purse-fights bubble.
Blood of a chinee snake,
In the forums boil and bake;
Eye of JOOMG and toe of TROG,
Canned fish and tongue of LAWDOG,
Bower's fork and donuts sing,
3 Rules and RED-leader X-wing,
For a post of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-boarff purse-fight bubble.

Double, double-post some trouble;
Fistulae burn and purse-fights bubble.
Cool it with chinee bat blood,
Only then, this boarff might flush!"

Fast Cash: Aryck the Fur-man places an East German Makarov up for sale at 8:12am. It sells by 8:45am. Badnews confirms that the holster that comes with it once carried the gun that killed Hitler, as confirmed to him by Hitler himself.

Girl On Fire: Wreckless states that his daughter seems to have come out well from her surgery, but adds that time will tell if there was any deeper damage that must be contended with.

Ballin' It: MF educates the board that Lucille Ball was a coal burner, preferring green wood over the more seasoned kind.

Tribe in the Hizzy: Liz Warren, lead member and ambassador of the Slapaho tribe, offers to be Creepy Uncle Joe's running mate.

Lil' Blue Pill: T.C. posts a question about exchanging the little blue pill for another hardening agent. Much discussion follows, including a thematic element of older men, younger gals, discussion not always in agreement.

Flo'duh Man: A pair of gynecologists, who also happen to be husband and wife, illegally remove a Trump flag from private property while their young child repeatedly warns them that they will get arrested. They in fact get arrested.

Truer Words: Anon in Omaha links a picture of a lever action rifle, stating that it is 'a really fun rifle.'

Truer Words: Jug mentions that cabin fever seems to be taking hold. In fact, it is. Interesting to see how different folks respond to the continued stress.

Death of a...Wait: Brien Dennehy passes away. Prior to doing so, Dennehy mentions that most folks thought that he'd died 10 years before.

Men Saying things: Mr. Raszak sez,

"Do your boobs hang high? Do your boobs hang low?
Can you tie them in a knot
Can you tie them in a bow
Can you swing them over your shoulder
Can you swing them to and fro
Do you boobs hang high?
Do your boobs hang low?"

Truer Words: BCR #1: "Don't ever sucker punch a cop....." This, coupled with a video of someone doing just that, and the cop subsequently letting a barky-nomnoms out to chew on said perp.

Here We Go Again: Someone posts a link to yet another college professor with a theory about the Covid-19 situation.

Truer Words: Minster of Fairness and Retribution, regarding big women: "No matter where you grab 'em, it feels like titties."

Geezerville: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher moves into another year of olderness.

Geezerville, Part Deux: Navygunner, not to be outdone, quickly does the same.

Missed Opportunity: Sgt Shultz asks for advice on cordless power equipment. I am disappointed that, though many great suggestions are made, not one person makes a lewd suggestion.

WEEK 16, WEEK OF 4/19/2020

Word Play: The words big red butt, saucy, chopper, LOONEY, snowflake, libturd, breasteses, cleavage, Gamo, duuuuude, chinkanese, deniabilitea, Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, thermowell, Kumgang, hawt, Nork, Colorbus, quadrivalent, stoopidcommiecunttool, Chrimmus, snitches, provocateurs, terra-forming, STRATA, ASSLESS, regex, LIBERAL JABBERWOCKY, DEATHHHHHHH, fucktardery, CMOS, giraffe, ninja, Authoritarianism, Hilo, Automag, prophylaxis, menthol, fallacy, and Millennium Falcon are written.

Man Don't Play: TheDoctor informs us that he regularly carries 46 rounds of 10mm, making me wonder if he is somehow regulated by the SALT II treaty.

Old Pony: The Mustang celebrates its 56th birthday.

Nacho Ho: ALTR posts a picture of a sexy, gypsy looking woman retrieving nachos out of an oven. Tom Liemohn notes that while her oven is filthy, he would be more than happy to let her heat his meat.

What He Said: BIO, in regard to the nutcase Michigan governor's quarantine maneuvering:
"Krazykuntkan't kibbitz korrekctly, konstantly keeps kommandingkunfusingKovidkwarentinekontrols."

Left Behind, Continued: BIO covers the full trio: Redhead, brunette and blonde butt pictures.

Sudafed Up: T.C. gets his steam up over the ridiculous laws surrounding Sudafed. Someone mentions smurfs.

Chonga's Café: Jimmy Chonga links to a video where some dude eats 90 year old vac-packed dehydrated soup. Dude states that 'it isn't half bad.' Dude does not die.

Blaze It!: The date of 4/20 arrives, thrilling potheads all over the country.

When Men Weren't Men: Hell's Mechanic links to a story where Brian Stelter discusses crawling into bed and crying. Dear God.

D'oh Canada: Some creep shoots up Canada. Early reports indicate that he possibly ate 90-year-old soup just prior to losing his shit.

Bait 'N Switch: Nykyfyr posts a picture of what he claims are 38/357 rusty dies, asking what he can do with them, but he doesn't fool me. I immediately identify them as blown spark plugs from a 5.4 Ford Triton engine. I don't reveal my knowledge, however, knowing lesser board members would absolutely insist that I was wrong. Sometimes ya just gotta be humble in all yer knowledge.

Slippery Slope: Oil hits rock bottom. I note that distantly as I pump up for pretty much the same price as always.

KEFtronics: KEF makes a heatsink out of a bigass bullet. It obviously has a lot of, uh, clocking power.

Your Government In Action: To discourage social undistancing, officials in Cali fill in a local skate park with 17 tons of sand, promptly drawing dirtbikers like flies.

Swedish Science: Somewhere, a Swedish epidemiologist says that lockdowns are wrong. We wonder how big her tits are.

Uh...Okay: Germany cancels Oktoberfest...In the middle of April. Hey, it's only about a billion dollars in sales.

Still, Man: IDaman offers a Happy Birthday to Still Man, early reports that Still Man is the one responsible for spreading the Covid-19 virus notwithstanding.

KEFtronics: KEF gins up some 458 SOCOM boolets using recycled 308 brass, simultaneously earning a Guinness World Record for thickest jacket on a bullet ever recorded.

It's All In A Name: Destiny gets accused of "Kerstompling" by her neighbors. Though it takes me a while, a deep search near the end of the interwebz reveals that Kerstompling, in the language of the ancient, Mighty Men of Old, means something like, "armed, grumpy ol' heifer."

Waiiit For It: Kim Jong Un becomes Kim Jong III, and might just be on his way to Kim Jong Daid.

He Dizzy: Reader states that he got 'dizzy as f*ck' playing around with 99% alcohol. Denies that he drinks. But admitted that he inhales.

T.C.'s Dream: T.C. posts, "One of those "At the time you're dreaming, you think it's real" vivid dreams. I was lying on my back on the floor because my back was hurting, then I felt kind of ill and had a reflux type burning in my lower throat. It was getting really bad and I got up and could barely stand I was so dizzy. I made it to the bathroom and promptly puked up a bunch of blood into the sink along with this thing about 2" long that looked like a hydra with many buds on it. The thing starts crawling out of the sink as I'm screaming for my wife. I can barely stand up and this little monster is getting away. Thing pops onto the floor and starts crawling up into the bathtub. Wife gets into the bathroom just in time to see this horrific thing crawl into the tub drain and disappear, leaving a trail of blood from the sink, across the floor into the tub.

I collapse to the floor, wife sits on the toilet rubbing my back and we are discussing WTF just happened. Talking about taking me to the hospital. Wife screams and the fxcking thing has crawled back out of the tub and is making it's way back to me.

Then I woke up on my back with reflux.

Sitting here with a heavy book waiting to smash the little shxt when I cough it up.

Weird." – No word if *he* had eaten 90-year-old soup.

Truer Words: Minister of Fairness and Retribution: "I am not gonna let facts get in the way of my digs on cat people."

Oh Lawd: HH discusses the finer nuances of his anal fissure. It is noted that moar people tune into his discussion about his prison wallet than they do about his machine guns.

It Was Professional, Right: Nixon details a story supposedly about getting a blood vessel rupture once. But his words are suspicious. "Went to my Dr..." "Five other docs present..." ...They all kept fingering me..." "WOW" "What a relief!!" Of this, we will leave it to your judgement.

Old Tyme Comedy Returns: The Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps is ordered to destroy American naval vessels as needed. I'm thinking that somehow, they won't feel that any destructions are needed.

Astute, You Are: Wise readers will note that I've curtailed a lot of attention to the Coronatocalypse. Yep. Sick of it, and all of the catch phrases associated with it. I will post any truly interesting things, but most

of it is just fearmongering and doomsday romancing at this point. So, less about the Panda Plague moving forward, unless it morphs into something really bad.

Superhuman: Fl-mike admits that he once pulled a Ski Nautique with a monster V8 with a \$200 dollar clapped out Pinto with a soupy I4 and leaking master cylinder.

Th'hell's Wrong With Y'all: In the middle of the world killer virus, Cr n MD says some crazy stuff like "Best way to sell ammo?" Who sells ammo? YOU CAN'T CRACK THE SLAB IF YOU SELL YOUR AMMO! (to the emphasis of, "How can you have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?")

Baller: JCinOK gets tested for coronatocalypse. He posts picture of him wearing a cowboy hat, 'authoritah' sunglasses, smoking through a surgical mask, holding some hooch, wearing a shirt saying, "I shaved my balls for this?" and sporting both a needle-stick cotton ball 'n tape and also a nifty belt/holster/gun combo, though we have to take some points away for the gun, given that it's onna them damn number-gun Glocks and not a proper barbecue gun as the situation seemed to dictate.

Truer Words: Pete: "Pawnbrokers don't get stimulus checks. They get everyone else's stimulus checks."

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotcoloringkit...

#sexrobotbornondate...

#sexrobotoperatingtemperature...

Coupla things about Hashtagin': I think a few got past me. This board moves so fast at times, and my schedule is so busy, that things either scroll off the bottom, or break up down low. I swear that there were moar of these this week, but I wasn't able to do a nightly, and instead had to do a couple of clearinghouse efforts. Also, I find that I have to be very careful in the administering of this section. I must resist overtly complementing the hashtags in order to roundabout provoke more of them. There cannot be an observer effect put into motion here, because the hashtags must be organic and they must be artesian, not mass produced to the whims of crass, unsophisticated book writers like me. This here is a quality joint, where only the best hashtags and tidly pictures are allowed.

WEEK 17, WEEK OF 4/26/2020

Word Play: The words Pedo, Warwick, enteropathy, nipples, covidiocy, HAHAHA, AAAUUUUUGGGGGHHH!!!..., lemoncello, Hatari, kennel dogs, chupacabra, REDRUMREDRUMREDRUM!!!!!!!, Vietnam, pshaw, Brisbane, cherubs, fracas, Multnomah, voodoo, Wakanda, brazillionare, Halide and R3V are written.

Boned's Rules: Boned by Obamacare states, "One of my top rules of driving...Never, EVER, get behind , or alongside, somebody driving a Buick. They have to be the slowest, worst drivers on the road. The driver is usually quite old, they often don't know exactly where their car ends and the world begins, and I suspect their sensory input of what is around them is often impaired. If someone reading this drives a Buick, evaluate your driving skills."

Others chime in:

Any vehicle driven by an Asian woman – Tj

Minivans with that INRI fish thing – JWB

Young girls in small cars – ALTR (To which postal adds: Young girls in ANY CAR!)

Any Saturn or Prius. Any driver wearing a hat. – kaveman

Red pickup trucks – NRA and TSRA

Cigarettes Are Bad, M'kay?: Jimmy Chonga educates us: "Why is it so damn hard for black people to stop smoking? Because of the Nigatine." (We now take a break from our regularly scheduled book writing to veer the Snugbus off of the main drag and onto Offense Avenue, where some may hop on, some may hop off and some just don't care)

Truer Words: Joe in Ohio: "Ticks are nasty, vile, hardy, and they are now active. If you go out into the wild, screw the face masks. Wear insect repellent. That is real protection from a real enemy."

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotwraps...

#sexrobotsarepatient...

#ohthankheavenforlittlesexrobots...

#sexrobotinflationkit...

Just Sayin': Does it strike anybody as strange that immediately around the time that KEF and Jack Crow started tinkering with electronic things that Kim Jong Whateverthehellhisnameis just disappeared?

Men Saying Things: Duane in Nebr.: "General Knowledge? When the leaves on a Burr Oak tree become the size of a squirrel's ear, what will it be time to look for according to native American legend?" The answer: Morel mushrooms.

Dude's Okay: Tulsa Doom gets a welfare check... No, not that kind of welfare check, a welfare check to see if he's okay. Seems the company that told him not to contact them during the work time out had been trying to contact him, in violation of their own supposed rules.

Simply Exhausted: HH gets TP for his bunghole. Well, that and a nice, big surgery. Says it went well. Or at least as well as having bunghole surgery can be called 'well.'

Light Speed: Daaaang this boarf moves fast. I know that I'm missing stuff, given that yet again I'm playing Saturday night catch-up, but what's a man supposed to do? Dropped some Sildinidick on the bride awhile ago, and so ya'll going to have to take what you can get. Yes, I warshed my hands.

Memory Lane: Wreckless AKA Dream Crusher posts an old Subguns video from 2013. Neat stuff, including Lootie, Israeli chicks and assorted people with gunz, all to the tune of Bikini Girls with Machine Guns from The Cramps.

Truer Words: BIO drops this: "Liberals have done a 180 on free speech. Back in the 1960's and early 1970's liberals would say that the bounds of free speech are measured not by what speech is popular, but by what speech is unpopular.

Today liberals say free speech only applies to what liberals approve of, all else is hate speech and should be banned.

The irony is conservatives today champion freedom and rights vastly more than liberals do.

Liberals are really fond of saying the Dem and GOP "switched sides" over civil rights, but for free speech that is exactly correct."

T'aint True: co in tx posts some silliness about how Hitler killed himself on a certain day, said day being April 30th. In fact, Hitler actually flew to the moon in a specially modified u-boat and there established a moon base full of Nazis. We expect him to start dropping space rocks any day now.

She Kinky: Truenorth posts a picture of a kinky-ass AK wearing a lot of leather, even down to the folding buttstock. Somehow, it reminds me of when the Germans made lampshades out of Jews.

Men Saying Things: "She looks like a Milk-Dud with a tiny face drawn on it." – Tulsa Doom

Happy Birfday: IDaman wishes KEF a happy birthday, causing KEF to stop using his newly invented mind control device for a few hours, allowing Kim Jong Uno to come out of hiding for a little while.

Happy Birfday: Joe in Ohio wishes GlokkNine a happy birfday. In must have been the big 4-0, because err'body has heard of the mighty foutay.

Fanny May I: BIO posts Friday Fanny 1, 2 and 3. As usual, he puts up some quality stuff.

True Story Time: Duane in Nebr lays this down: "was struck by a kamakazi at 4am. His ship ran out of smoke. I just read it had 481 aboard and 171 were killed, injured or missing. Dang, that is over 1/3 of its crew. My dad was uninjured from the attack. They show a YouTube vid of an actual attack in April and what they went through. I have a piece of the Jap plane my father brought back and a spark plug from it that was made in the U.S."

Truer Words: Brian Ski asks, "What do you think about the Beretta 81s on the market?" To this, kaveman replies, "Best buy in a quality gun in a useless caliber."

WEEK 18, WEEK OF 5/3/2020

Word Play: The words lotsa, Malinois, ten fingered, Haha, Village Idiot, Booshes, taxidermist, crème, OPERATOR ZERO, steampunk, plague doctor, Beelzebub, derukugiwautareru, Burka, ChinkFlu, Dr. Zhivago, Flowers For Algernon (dang, we gettin' all classical literature up in hur), hegemon, snitch, Costco, Delorian, Maroon, Chaplain are written.

Truer Words: No One Cares drops this: ""No one is bound to obey an unconstitutional law and no courts are bound to enforce it."

"An unconstitutional act is not a law; it confers no rights; it imposes no duties; it affords no protection; it creates no office; it is in legal contemplation as inoperative as though it had never been passed."

U.S. Supreme Court
Norton v. Shelby County, 118 U.S. 425 (1886)"

It's Coming: We wait patiently for a new boy band, "Six Feet Apart," to emerge.

The Snugbus Conundrum: We largely eschew shportsball, we largely eschew Hollywood, we don't claim to attend closely to the MSM, but Snugbus regulars insist on posting regular updates on the deaths of whointhehellmotorskickle riders and scroungy, raggedy-voiced musicians of dubious self-hygiene commitment, perhaps proving that they do indeed have their icons, but are perhaps iconoclastic in their choices.

For Example: There is brief discussion of Ruth Ginsburg, long known to be a folk hero to most of the folks on Snugbus.

Reality Check: Okay, so maybe she isn't, but I made you sit up in your chair.

She Daid Now: No, not Ruth Ginsburg, ya hopeful bastards. (Editor's Note: near the end of this work, she indeed daid) Some country singer chick named Cady Groves. Her brother Cody states that she died of unspecified natural causes, which, for a 30-year-old entertainer, probably meant choking on her own vomit during a drug-fueled suicide run into the afterlife.

The Amish Militia: Joe in Ohio links a story about the gov going after the Amish. At first, I was thinking of the movie Southern Comfort, and then I thought: nah, the government would just shoot the black horses and win. And then some alphabet agency fop/dandy would eventually write a tell-all cry-on-your-shoulder bio named, "To Shoot The Black Horse."

What's Next: CW links a picture indicating that now that the coronatocalypse is over, it's time to release the Murder Hornets. This is especially poignant to me, given that a hornet flew into my open the window on Saturday and immediately entered mortal combat with me. Though I was the victor, he did get his strikes in.

The Butthole Files: feddoc queries HH about his condition following Lateral Internal Sphincterotomy. HH responds, part of which includes: We really don't give the lil' asshole the respect it truly deserves!!!!." For a few seconds, I think he is talking about our new GVP.

Monkey And Chunky: Heed the Oracle posts a suggestion of Hillary and Michelle as a winning combo. This produces considerable discussion, not all of it to English Tea standards. Among the words used are dolt, childish, gullible, your mother, idiot, sumbitch. I think of folks hunched over keyboards, furiously writing, until I realize that I am in fact right now hunched over my keyboard, furiously writing.

Truer Words: Mike Klos posts an update indicating that his buddy's mom, who had the worldkillerbirus, is now fine. Jimmy Chonga responds: "Post pics to determine if she is fine." I appreciate the double entendre.

Still Going: Day 103 where Mario Cuomo still has yet to STFU.

The Great Conundrum: Tj posts a question in regards to all the Russian spam the Snugbus has been running over: Make registration a necessity for posting privileges in order to snuff some spam? The responses vary, and somewhere, somehow, Frank clucks his tongue.

Texas Style: A woman in Texas is arrested for opening her hair salon during the covidocalypse. The dry down is that she is released and makes hundreds of thousands of dollars, not a bad week all in all.

Men Saying Things: Joel posts: I need help finding a plug. He is talking about boat repair. Tj promptly responds: Butt or ear?

I Coulda Tol' Him: Somebody gets the bright idea to try some gate crashing at the China Lake weapons facility. He daid now.

Rebellion Movement: 'pail shops at Costco and ain't wearing that damn mask.

Makes Sense: Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' posts a link to an article indicating that the COVID-19 bug has been found in semen. This prompts Dwayne to say, A flue shot has been found!

Enemy Mine: Mike Klos struggles with shitbirds walking into his backyard to fish out of his private lake. This post pulls over 560 views, and the words landmines, fence, geese, cherry bomb, punji stake pits, dog, Spanish bayonet plants, gun fire, mace, sprinklers, pellet gun and water cannon are all suggested as possible fixes. But nowhere, not one time, was Tannerite mentioned...

Who Will Be First: Quick, get on Snugbus and enter the word "ABRACADABRA!!!!" This will signify to the board, no, the *world*, that you are the first person to get this far. For icing on the cake, you can chuckle low and evilly as others chime in with pithy answers, their dim little minds not knowing what you know, never having reached the heights nor the depths that you have thus far. Stand tall. This is your moment. You have arrived.

Conundrum: HH posts: Full Metal Jacket v. Platoon – why you like better? And I think, is this like 45acp vs 9mm? In general, FMJ seems to get the nod, due to Gunny being in it.

Like, Forever: Jimmy Chonga posts: "Shelf life of those dried mashed potatoes?" The consensus is, like, basically forever.

Blast From The Past: NRA and TSRA mentions the similarity between Tara Reide (the one that got Biden's fingers unceremoniously rammed up her joy box) and Laura Branigan, the deceased singer. Harry Mrs. Potato Head states of Branigan: Man, she could out-eyebrow Brooke Shields.

Fascinating: ALTR posts a picture of a WW1 Herrenrad Victoria bicycle fitted with spring wheel tires.

Shut Down: ALTR and his wife unit try to go to Costco to shop, without masks. The door Nazi shuts them down, but they are able to eventually make it in, and shop.

Serves Him Right: Fauci gets the coronatocalypse bug. There is much speculation on how he got it.

Men Saying Things: Anon Type of Guy: "Awesome never takes a rest here."

WEEK 19, WEEK OF 5/10/2020

Word Play: The words Portlandia, Finland, Barrett, antifa (wow, ain't seen that one in a bit), goonies, casino, wasp, Vespa, Ghoul, Genital Herpes, trillion, geniuses, Castlemaine, goat-stomp, bitchez, alcoa, skid marks, Karen, Kalsarikänni, Instagram, scorpions, armslist, Branch Davidian are written.

You Can't Say That: Minister of Fairness and Retribution links an article: AP bans the use of the word 'mistress,' flat out basically telling everybody that Kamal Harris will be Biden's running mate. Tony Bruno (not affiliated to snugbus), retorts: How about side piece, kept woman, concubine, shack job, goomah, homewrecker or Lisa Page for short?

Timely, Appropriate: Tj kicks off his mask shaming campaign, immediately bringing the guns to bear on ALTR and his obvious privilege in wearing a mask 'to be courteous to checkout clerks at stores.'

Race Warz: Black kid gets in a kerfluffle with two skeeter looking white guys and promptly KTFTD. Though this story is developing, the thought that he was out jogging in work boots does not seem plausible. I think: Well, now that the coronatocalypse is winding down, it's time for the news to cook up something else...and here it is. In the end, I think that we can all agree that 'he wuz a gootbaway.'

Gonna Need A Bigger Gun: ALTR links a story about how Georgia is getting overrun with 4-foot lizards. The lizard pictured has his tongue hanging out and a glib look on his face, leading me to believe that the little dinosaurs eat marijuana.

Cowards Unite!:Tj links an article detailing that Sgt. Brian Miller, the coward cop of Stoneman-Douglas, has successfully fought for his old job back, including back pay.

I Lover Her But Hate Her: Longduck posts a gun question: "Name (a gun) you wanted to like, but hated." The answers are wide ranging, and entertaining.

Waffles at The Waffle: popo get unfriendly with rebellious types outside a Fresno Waffle shop, per an article linked by Pete ZaHut. The diners are in defiance of shutdown orders. Xanthus reminds us that taking your mother to Waffle House on Mother's Day is tantamount to a felony anyhow.

Greenhouse Gasses: Some chap using the nom de plume of 'Thanks In Advance' states that a moving neighbor left him 4 20lb bags of dried pinto beans. He or she is asking for recipes, but down deep I really just think that it's just bragging.

Gentle Reminder: Here, approximately 25,283 words into Snugbus 2020, I wish to remind folks that this is intended to be a fun romp through a year of the 'bus and to be diligent about not taking anything too seriously, unless you are of a bent that you *need* to get offended about things, in which case I will tell you that you're ugly and your mother dresses you funny.

Life Nazi: Jerry Stiller dies of 'natural causes,' which in Hollywood parlance means that he probably choked to death on his own vomit after a night of drug-fueled debauchery.

Men Showing Their Meat: MF poses a question about beer brats: grill before or after boiling. Advice comes back varied, but almost universally, 'don't boil, simmer.'

Same-Same: Badnews remarks that Subguns.com is down yet again. This author feels a pang of loss, having to admit to himself that he was not aware that Subguns.com had actually come back up again.

Kinda Short: Huh. This week seemed kind of small, but there's a reason. I tend to pursue fun things instead of the more serious things, and time tends to be somewhat abbreviated. There was a lot of information this week, but much of it topical and in the more serious realms. Coronavirus, which I'm not really going to cover anymore. Tired of it. Lot of political stuff. Newp. I want you all to laugh and/or smile around Christmas, not glom over whatever idiotic Democrats happened to be doing. And though there were a lot more things, just nothing really jumped out at me beyond what I put here, given that I was kind of in Triage mode. But it's all good.

WEEK 20, WEEK OF 5/17/2020

Word Play: The words cyclotron, Vladimir, Kuwaiti, JOKER, Angelo Zoli, boondoggle, Dictum (dang near killed 'em), parasite, Cocobolo, softball, shampoo, souse vide, prophylactic, Beotch, serfs, peons, peasants (three terms describing the Saxon Family heraldry), shithouse, 'big, bloody vagina,' 'crack pipe,' Niggaz,

Winnah, Winnah, Chicken Dinnah!: Blackbelt logs the 100,000th post on the 'bus, winning... Well, heck. We don't know exactly what he won, but he did tell us that he broke a large-sized peppermint stick off in a woman's hoo-hoo once upon a time, and sharted out a stink-pickle in the shower once, during a one-night stand. That's gotta count for something.

TST is BT: feddoc drops a small True Story Time: "We had a guy who rode it in doing a bit over 650KIAS. SEALs lasing the target for him said his last words were 'OH FUCK'.

When we downloaded ECAMS (the FA-18 black box) it was easy to see max throttle and max aft stick deflection. He missed the mountain top by 60 feet. Right motor was almost 3/4 mile from point of impact.

Hornet seats are 0/0 capable.

As a side note the Flight Surgeon working the body with me told me an interesting story about one of his ejections. He used to be an A4 pilot, post-Vietnam. I was giving him a tour of the the TOPGUN building. The walls of that building are lined with airplane pics. Anyway, he stops me and points to one and says: 'That airplane is at the bottom of the ocean.' As it turned out, he had ejected, woke up under water, felt a lot of back pain and got rescued. He spent a year in the hospital. When he got out, he went to med school."

Betterer or Worsen: Mike D. in Leesburg, Va asks the board if sex gets better with age. The answers are all over the place, but Iron Horse Tamer drops this nice tidbit: "I find older women fall in a few categories. Recently divorced, they are out to prove to themselves that they weren't the problem.

Making up for lost time, and all sorts of bad judgement.

When women are around 40, biology tells them that this is their last chance to reproduce their genetics, so hot to trot, not necessarily with their husband.

And when older women are alone, broke, no retirement, no hope of ever quitting work, they get pretty damn frisky. Men are like a game of musical chairs, and they are terrified, as they lose their looks, and the male herd thins because we die earlier, they will be left without.”

The Londuck Dictum: In case anybody here has failed in their understanding, the Londuck Dictum is as follows: “Briefly, it's a referential off take of Rule#2, whereby I spell out that Trusting the Man can be disastrous for someone who IS The Man, such as if a police officer admits to his leadership that he's been banging chicks in his patrol car after he pulls them over. Being The Man does not exclude him from Rule#2 violations. (IOW, even The Man has to be careful regarding The Man – author's addition) Think of it like Einstein's theory of Relativity. The Man is relative, so you shouldn't trust him.”

Unniceness: Raymond gets yelled at by a white chick in Seattle. He doesn't seem to give a shit.

Gun Bunnies Are Cancer: ALTR posts a pic of a couple well-built ladies on the shooting range, the one closest to the camera definitely bootylicious. BCR #1911 quickly identifies that they have no reload magazines on them. Oh, but that booty...

Thas' More Like It: Texas announces that they are reopening massage parlors. Definitely a happy ending there. Or three.

Men Showing Their Meat: Willbird has a tryst with a naughty little London Broil: “Rubbed with Lea and Perrins, added a sprig of thyme to the bag and some coarse grind black pepper, and vac sealed, left in fridge overnight. Picked 150F, yep a little high. 8 hours right from fridge into water. Dropped bag in ice water, let it chill. Poured au jus into saucepan, fried meat in butter for a decent bark, put butter in au jus (however the fuck your Spell that) boiled wife's slices in that to banish the “this is raw” Stuff. Still had some tooth to it but not tough. Might try 9 hours next time. Nice flavor from the thyme.”

Welcome Home: Dum-Dum-Dum...Dadumdum-daaa-dum-dah! (tune of another one bites the dust, ya Cro-Magnons) The 'bus slows, air brakes blow and dust rises as the doors open. From the great never-beyond a form emerges from long journeys in untold regions, with stories untold, and Marmarti steps onto the 'bus, kicks the sand off his shoes on a live, fused 105 shell rolling around on the floor, and finds a seat, but not before lobbing a grenade out the door to deter pursuers.

I Like: Hell's Mechanic unknowingly, or maybe knowingly, suggests a perfect bumper sticker for the snugbus: “This is the bus to oblivion, hitch a ride!”

Oh, *That* Kind: JOEL inquires buying a Laptop. Not one person makes a strip club joke, though a few might think of it.

Three For The Show: in one week, we lose one F-22 and two F35A's. Obviously, Jack Crow and KEF are dicking around with their strange electronics again.

I Knewed It Was Coming: Bruised vaginas carrying issues over from the Old Board are put on notice by Tj. The standard post delete/moderated time out box are introduced into the 'bus' OBD-II terminal. One lovely quote is item number two in the post text: "2. We are not running a day care center here. This is a place for adults not for children in old fat bodies." No mention of The Bailiff being summoned to whack pee-pee's if needed, but that option wasn't specifically ruled out, either.

Wreckless Infatuation: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher shares a TST: "I get a call for a rabid rodent at a home in the rural part of town during the day shift. I talk to the attractive woman still in her housecoat and she says the critter is under her porch. I ask her if she has a shovel and she asks me why? I tell her I'm going to whack the sick muskrat in the head, pick his carcass up with the shovel, and dump him in her trash can. I'm thinking she's not going to deal well with it but instead, she gets very excited and asks if she can watch. I tell her it could get messy and I swear I saw her squirm in a sexual aroused way. I crawl under the porch with a flashlight and flat shovel and she squats down to watch...nice beaver btw. I proceed to brain that rabid rodent and I swear she got off. Short of lighting up a cigarette you could tell she was done and really enjoyed the show. It made my day interesting."

We'll Find Out: Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' makes a prognostication: "...you heard it here first, almost a month ago: Rice is the weak link. She has been made the patsy for Hussein multiple times during both administrations, Bengazi etc., and wrote those notes to herself as insurance against just this situation. Durham leans on her just a little and she'll fold up like a house of cards. She is both the nexus and the weak link. You want the swamp, squeeze Rice...she can give it all to you."

Victoria's Secretive: Anon in Omaha states that Victoria's Secret's doom was in part due to their wokeness. States, unfortunately, that they had a transgender chick working as one of their models. I secretly hope that it's not one I've ever jacked off to.

T's and J's: Tj goes into a TJ's and gives them heck over masks. In a world of quivering coronacowards, he stand resolute, unswaying.

Brutal: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher links a story where a black nursing assistant films himself beating on what is obviously a very, very demented old nursing home patient. Hopefully, Bubba's prison dick will sooth his anger.

5-OH!: three cops are busted for sneaking into a closed public park repeatedly for business not related to police work. It is revealed that two of them are sexing it up. When pictures come out, the female is a nice Mary Ann quality red head that looks sporty. On seeing her picture, T.C. states:

"I would bang her in the park.
I would bang her after dark.
Let her slobber on my knob,
Even if it cost my job.
Pull her pants down, bend her over,
On an anthill, in the clover.

No place would I not do that,
On the park bench, where I sat.
I'd cum bareback in her ass,
I don't care, I have no class.
Maybe pull out, on a dare,
Shoot my nut into her hair.
When I was done I wouldn't gloat,
Just wipe my member on her coat.
Go back for seconds, thirds and fourths,
film the whole damn thing, of course!"

The Growing Menace: There has been a marked increase in the number of folks who post impassioned responses to articles they've read...without ever posting a link to said article so that we know that the hell they are talking about. Please, stop that crap right now. It's the decent thing to do, in addition to wearing an N95 mask until you die.

What He Said: Miss Universe New Zealand finalist takes her life. She lives a hard life, and ends it hard. Online and in the news, there is much gushing, but BCR #1911 puts the whole situation into a nice perspective when he posts, "Typical Story. Grew up poor. Fat. By 16, she was a 'big' girl. Bullied. Left home to live with boyfriend at 15. No doubt older guy, and with no reservations about schtupping an underage girl. Joined a gym, lost the weight. Got a break from Pizza Hut getting noticed enough to be a contestant for Miss Universe.

But the damage was done. No mention of parents, let alone a father. In fact, no mention of parents anywhere. Tats, ear destruction, multiple piercings, emphasis predominantly on looks. In fact, her only redeeming feature was her looks - and she was told that constantly. Inside, she was hollow. Shaky at best. Felt like the world was on her shoulders according to her. Hit the wall is right. And no-one cared enough to see it coming. She "passed away" is the postulation by those trying to commemorate her. No. She killed herself. But just keep acting like you really cared. One of the comments says she's 'dancing with the angels.' Sure she is."

Operation Bigbird: After having a staring contest with what is essentially described as a pterodactyl, Tulsa Doom initiates Operation Bigbird. We wait gleefully to see the outcome. 5/22/2020 at 5:46pm is the kickoff.

The New Band: MF, noting Joe Biden's #youaintblack moment, calls forth a new band, a member of which is likely ol' boom-boom Biden himself: N.W.A. - Niggaz With Alzheimer's.

Hashtaggin' It: LongDuck issues a hashtag in response to a BIO post: #SEXBOTSARENERVOUS. This brings out the Grand Master hizzownself, SOFShooter, who posts: #sexrobotsfortrump.

Babymaker: Jimmy Chonga gets his gurl preppers. States that he only wanted one with her, now has another on the way. Most all of us congratulate him, but many are also disappointed, given that he didn't post one pic of that gal he porked.

Men Showing Their Meat: Reader posts a nice pic of a brisket smoked with oak for 11 hours. It looks sumptuous. Asked if it is, he replies: "Very tender, juicy cap, full of flavor and aroma...Like a 17 year old's pussy.

WEEK 21, WEEK OF 5/24/2020

Word Play: the words guillotine, Looterman, IMRON, caterpillars, Vancouver, Rickenbackers, mandrel, MagnaFlow, Zoookmmmm, Roku, Kevlar, OVERCOUNT, Canucks, pillaging, albinos, melting pot, TechnoViking, pizza, Pocahontas, Bwahahahahahaha!, unicorn, Jewtube, Apache, morons, rioters, Bufo Americanis, HylaVersacolors, Turtles, lesbian, exculpatory, Bardot, Zulu, panties, Julesbia, Watchmen, Soylent Green, Gollum, village idiot, submarines, Norinco, Libtardia, Wheaties, dafuq, butt plug, counterfeit, wave bridge rectifier, steam donkey and Innumeracy are written.

Stranger Things: Hitler's Mississippi alligator dies in Moscow. Yes, that's correct. An American alligator once owned by a German died in Russia. Obviously, collusion.

Continued Attack: Tj, toxic masculine of the masses, continues to press the attack on masks, and the foolishness surrounding them.

Kinda Pretty, KindaDaid: A Japanese wrestling chick named Hana Kimura offs herself. The claim is cyber-bullying, but that is doubtful. There were other issues. On a side note, what a waste of good meat.

Weather Forecast: This last week's forecast is cloudy, with scattered Julias.

Men Saying Things: Bladen: "Bring out the holiday Guillotine."

What'chaEatin': Intaglio: "Breakfast today. Homemade buttermilk biscuits with real buttermilk and White Lily flour. Used real butter (no salt) and fresh baking powder and soda. They raised up perfectly and were tender and delicious. Made some gravy with fresh spicy pork sausage and all-purpose flour. Poured it over the split hot biscuits and used a generous amount of black pepper on top. Ate three of those round smothered sumbitches with fresh ground hot coffee. Now all I need is a BJ to finish the start of a perfect day."

CR n MD then offers the following recipe:

"Easy Buttermilk drop biscuit recipe: Super simple, and you'll have biscuits in less than 30 minutes. Secret of the gravy is you're basically making a roux, and use lots! of fresh black pepper (makes 12)

2 cups AP flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. sugar 1 tsp. salt
1 cup buttermilk, chilled
8 TBSP. butter, melted

2 TBSP. butter, melted to brush on (optional)

1. Adjust oven rack to middle position and heat oven to 475°F. Line rimmed baking sheet with parchment paper and set aside.
2. Whisk flour, baking powder, baking soda, sugar, and salt together in large bowl. Stir buttermilk and melted butter together in 2-cup liquid measuring cup until butter forms clumps.
3. Add buttermilk mixture to flour mixture and stir with rubber spatula until just incorporated. Do not over mix. Using a greased ¼-cup dry measuring cup, drop level scoops of batter 1½" apart on prepared sheet. Bake until tops are golden brown, rotating sheet halfway through baking, generally about 14 minutes total baking time.
4. Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter and brush on biscuit tops, as they are hot from the oven. Transfer biscuits to wire rack and let cool for 5 minutes before serving."

Nobody Said: Joelcramer asks a question about his well, involving math. I very quickly move along.

Happy Birfday: IDaman, who seems encyclopedic with birfdays, wishes Jason Hinckle a happy birfday.

Gangsta Milk: BIO posts an old Al Capone statement on milk: ""You gotta have a product that everybody needs every day. We don't have it in booze. Except for the lushes, most people only buy a couple of fifths of gin or Scotch when they're having a party. The workingman laps up half a dozen bottles of beer on Saturday night, and that's it for the week. But with milk! Every family every day wants it on the table. The people on Lake Shore Drive want thick cream in their coffee. The big families out back of the yards have to buy a couple of gallons of freshmilk every day for the kids.... Do you guys know there's a bigger markup in fresh milk than there is in alcohol? Honest to God, we've been in the wrong racket right along."

'Bout Right: Tj posts an article where Alyssa Milano is slammed regarding covid mask hypocrisy. I read "Left Wing Actress Alyssa Milano Slammed..." and immediately think, 'of course, the little whore.'

Inevitability: Ted in Tallahassee inquires about what to expect when having a knee replacement. I very, very carefully avoid telling him that, statistically, 100% of the people who get a knee or knees replaced die within 150 years.

Annie Oakley: A cute female gate guard at the navy base in Corpus Christi Texas is shot point blank in her chest by an Akbar, who is intent on going into the base and blazing a lot of people. Her vest takes the pistol round, even though it knocks her on the ground, and she immediately pulls he pistol and magdumps the guy straight into Virginville.

'Pail's 'Lectric Toy: 'Pail tries a ride in a Leaf, states that the overall experience was good. I believe that this is an interesting time in history. We are at both the pinnacle of ICE technology, with crazy powerful cars everywhere, and yet, we are at the likely zenith of the ICE era too. After Civil War II, I expect most everybody to drive electric cars, and old gas burners will be held by only the richest robot reconstructionists.

Saw That Coming: New Zealand bans guns. New Zealand experiences a 10-year high in gun crime.

Tank Turn: Badnews links an article showing the Rivian electric truck doing a 'tank turn,' where the wheels on one side turn one way while the wheels on the other side turn the other, effectively allowing the truck to turn around in its own length. Pretty cool, pretty cool.

Neighbors Beware: Mike Klos posts: "Looking for a flamethrower," and I think, oh heck, what did the neighbors do this time?

There's Gold In Them Thar Thrills: kaveman shows drone footage of the Klamath River he took with his new toy... This editor would like to note that a stinkbug just flew in his face out of the thin blue sky, or finished basement air. Almost got my mouth, the little bastard. I have my dog tracking him now, even as I type. Anyhoo, kaveman also likes to search for gold, has his own wash plant and everything, and he shows a very cool picture of what kind of looks to me like golden rice. That is just as neat as all get-out.

Riotin' Time: Have I covered this yet? Cop takes a knee and err'body gets all upsetted. Oh, wait, there's the fact that he was kneeling on some black dude's neck for 7.5 minutes and the black dude daid. I apologize if I've already covered this – I'm writing The Snugbus Chronicles raw, with very little editing – and I apologize in advance for not really covering it any further, given that I wanted 'lighthearted' as the overriding theme of the work.

Oh Daym: Twitter takes it upon itself to start fact checking Trump. This is bad for them in several ways: first, their fact checkers screw up, and need fact checkers themselves. It does not help that the fact checkers are smouldering liberals. Second, this provokes Trump to line up an EO eliminating the historic protections behind which the increasingly discriminatory left hid while continuing their attacks against free speech. Next, there will soon enough probably be a tidal wave of lawsuits, following which I will soon enough get damn tired of Grabem, Bendem and Scrooem law commercials on TV about it.

Nobody Said: BTLR makes a post about '6/10ths of a pound of brisket' and the post string immediately turns into math. I think of the brisket however, and how the end of my diet is only three days away. Oh, wait! What's that, dear? Oh yes, how careless of me. Only three days until my 'lifestyle change' is over.

Like A Boss: 103-year-old woman beats Coronavirus, cribs an ice-cold Bud to celebrate.

Painting The Numbers: Toad, in response to a question by Joshua Norton, reminds us that Lacquer-Stik is the go-to for quick color fills of gun stampings.

Men Showing Their Meat: Toad finds and cooks an 11-year-old...steak. He lives, and states that it was actually quite nice.

Car Versus Simp: John in Texas relates this story: "Long ago I lived in an apartment complex and there was this one young boy who would chase cars. He'd run after them as they went through the complex touching them, grabbing bumpers or antennas, just whatever part he could get his hands on. I had to slow down several times and occasionally stop and get out of the car to run him off because I didn't know if he had a hold of the car or not as he disappeared behind the trunk in the rear-view mirror. I didn't want to accelerate and have him go too fast and scrape up on the asphalt - I know how that worked out from my own experiences. One day, upon leaving the complex, I was in a particularly annoyed state over something else and I was late, too. Driving out, I saw him run out between the cars and almost right up to my bumper. I sped up slightly and then slowed so he could catch up. Just before

he disappeared behind the trunk in the rear-view mirror I slammed on my brakes. I heard a moderately loud thump on the trunk lid and just watched in the rear-view mirror. I soon saw the poor kid holding his face and crying to beat hell while walking back towards where he previously came out between cars. I assume he was going home.... Since that day, I never again saw the kid chasing cars. A smart kid learns from their mistakes.”

WEEK 22, WEEK OF 5/31/202

Word Play: the words Fido, Pakis, Doxing, Soros, Anarchists, javascript, La Revolucion, Robocall, Judge Dredd, Pflugerville, Coeur d"Alene, ocmoron, Amish, Danegeld, and accelerationism are written.

Why I Carry: Badnews expounds on why he carries a gun and patrol rifle in his car. The board collectively sez, Testify!

Run Whut You Brung: Lance asks: “What’s your melee weapon of choice?” Answers: pmf prefers M11/NINE with a macjack. Dances with Sharks favors the MP5N and K with Betamags, and then gets fancy with 1928A1 with L drums. Greedily, he continues on with AR pistols in 5.56 and 300 BO w/Magpul D-60’s, and I think, fuck, who is this guy, Durga? JMB takes it native with a cactus, to appropriate applause. Hell’s Mechanic goes old school cool with the barbwire wrapped bat, Lucille. Dcbryan1 chooses the Roman Gladius, citing its vast, proven performance as a killer. Dismantler goes elegant with a Swiss Halberd, the Leathermen of arms. Jarhead, Certified Member of the M-14 Cult surprisingly does not choose the M-14 but a cane knife/brush hook instead. Chicken Noodle adds the Fiskars brush axe in response. Rq375 goes subtle with the 105mm beehive round. Not PC plants it with the claymore antipersonnel mine system. KEF chooses an M10/45 with a silencer, undoubtedly loaded with some of his homemade boolets. OPSEC and counter Intel goes with his real Samurai sword (good choice, lound-eye). Brian Boru resurrects from the grave and likes a stout shillelagh – and no, that’s not a euphemism – and knows how to use it. To this, T.C. suggests that it is not necessary given that everyone committed suicide listening to the bagpipes. Bingo digs a Dillon M134 and 20k of ammo. Joe Biden puts down his dementia pills, pulls his fingers out of a white house intern, and goes with the expected duba-barrel shotgun. Later, seemingly forgetting his previous statement, he defaults to his chronic halitosis. Thulsa Doom goes with a 44: x 1.5” fire hardened oak dowel. I think that it sounds kinda Home Depot, but maybe he’s had a bad experience with hickory in the past. Blackstone mentions embellishing said oak dowel with sharpened railroad spikes. “.” suggests several forms of edged weapon, such as the Filipino Kries and barong. LongDuck hits the rough with a GranforsBruks small forest axe, a classic shape for classic work. Blackstone states that the Estwing camper axe is also good in comparison. B52 RADAR NAV shines brilliantly with a B61 set to 5kt. Lurkr rolls with a flamethrower. Hell’s Mechanic suggests to that, “Nothing sends a message like a flamethrower!” Unknown BCR opines that distance is the best tool. Suliemani slices it with a calvary sword. Duane in Nebr says American 180, possibly suppressed. Harris...from the beginning selects FN-FAL. Now of course, not all of these are specifically melee weapons, and some might be considered somewhat hard to apply in the given scenario, but you gotta appreciate the diversity of thought.

Subject Du Jour: riots, riots, riots, riots and riots.

News Flash: Sean Hannity can drop you with one strike to the neck. That is all.

What *Did* YaBrung?: Reader asks, "Anyone carry a pocket pistol? Which one? Lessee what they done said: Mondo carries a Seecamp .32 with covert carry clip. Paul Revere trots a Ruger LCP II. T.C. goes Keltec p32 and Beretta 950. Rob in Tx runs a Grock 43. Jug runs Keltec p32, while Diesel and BCR778 run P3AT's. Critical Bill has a Sig P238. Wreckless aka Dream Crusher has a Sig P365, as does Anon in Omaha. Inattentive Driver has a Sig P938. Kahr CM-9 or Ruger LCP for Tom In VA. Smith 340 PD for Runt. Another Terry has several, as does Minister of Fairness and Retribution. Kilgore Big Duke 6 runs an NAA 22LR minirevolver...registered as an AOW.

Of Course: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher links a story where firearm background checks were the third highest on record in May 2020. Sellin' them gunz!

Fantastic Newz: Jim S reports that the doctors gave his wife a new drug that stops the cancer from being able to hide itself from her immune system, which promptly begins to kick its ass. He posts some scan images, and I dutifully note that the bottom right picture seems to show some awesome sideboob. Just sayin'.

Slab Crackin': Pvt. Cowboy asks about how much slab crackin' ammo everybody has, and I am amazed at how many house fires and boating accidents have occurred to the Snugbus denizens. HH throws off concern for the world and shows a small mountain of his play ammo. The other three warehouses were not shown.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

...#sexrobot3in1oil...

Abbreviated week here. Soooo much riot stuff. Blarg, boring. Also, I was involuntarily switched to per diem versus my salaried position of 10 years. I was pissed off at first, but my salary just jumped 40%. My boss said that the uppers were shocked, and wanted to see if I wanted to go back to salary. I told her to tell them no way. The released the Kraken, and the Kraken loves him some cabbage.

WEEK 23, WEEK OF 6/07/2020

Word Play: the words Decolonize, SCHPORTSCAR, Erotic Asphyxiation, MANIACAL!,Portlandia, POWER, nutballery, and Sturmabteilung are written.

Needs Moar Cowbell: Intaglio posts a link titled 'tasty Walmart snack' showing a slightly evolved manatee grazing in a Walmart parking lot. Xanthus informs us that Herman Melville called, wanting his white whale back.

Truer Words: BIO links an article where the Texas Ranger statue is removed in Texas. LongDuck adroitly notes that those who never learned history are doomed to repeat it. Ya, ya, shitbirds, it's not original, but well placed, timely and dead accurate.

Rebel Moves: Tj orchestrates a small-scale invasion at his local Crate & Barrel. He and his wife find salad bowls as a war trophy and proudly leave, the shopping hoards doubtlessly endlessly grateful to them.

Interesting Development: In an ever-increasing anti-cop environment from city leaders, and threats to disband police departments, a lot of folks in law enforcement are rethinking their careers. The entire riot response team quits from the riot control part as protest against the treatment of two of their own regarding their handling a serial agitator. In Minnesota, 24 police officers quit outright. Although city leaders talk tough, this has to concern them, given the tremendous potential for erupting violence and lawlessness in the poor black neighborhoods.

Bad Weekend: Brian Ski builds on the 'crazy sister saga.' Just...Daym.

Treasure Huntin': Finn's Treasure is found. I think.

Men Showing Their Meat: Mike Klos buys a Jaccard meat tenderizer. Damn them negroes are getting uppity...

Ya, Okay: Tom Arnold calls on liberals toe get their parents' guns and confront 'Trump's misfit tools.' Collectively, the boarf sez, "Ya, okay. You do that."

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#SexRobots4NAMBLA?

Trend Of The Week: Disband the po-leese. Uh-huh. Okay.

Don't Like The Sauce: Nykyfyr links an article: Someone vandalizes a George Floyd mural. The same folks who generally occupy their days vandalizing landmarks somehow takes offense.

Men Saying Things: Hank in FL relays a quote from the Netflix series Spaceforce: "(She) lays down faster than a hooker on Quaaludes."

Truer Words: Sam lays it down regarding the people wanting to dismantle the police with: "Non-productive lives spent outside the world of experience, and its economic engines. That describes nearly the entire college/university social "science" faculty and student bodies. A non-productive life cannot bestow a working understanding of human nature. Failure to understand human nature makes one a useful idiot. Wishes are confused with possibilities, absent critical thinking skills. A voting majority of useful idiots place themselves, and the rest, in grave danger. "A Republic, if you can keep it""

Sexual Arousal: someone anonymously asks, 'What age does sexual desire start to wane?' He mentions seeing a lot of nice-looking women in bikinis but wasn't overtly interested.

Answers as follows:

SIOP: Sounds to me like you've gone gay.

SOFShooter: ...the minute they say "I do..."

Cz52 Owner: (has several nice tidbits, but I liked) "A good woman is like a pre-64

Winchester 30-30. Not the sexiest, but is dependable and puts food on the table!"

Bunker: Next year, tomorrow, later...

Rick: does give him credit for at least noticing the women in bikinis

4n0n: posts a test. Showing a picture of Gilligan flanked by MaryAnn and Ginger, he asks: Do you prefer A) left, B) middle or C) right???

BIO: concurs with SOFShooter, but given them 30 minutes grace.

rjb: below SOFShooter's post, rjb waxes philosophical about the female side of marriage vows: "I might, I could, I do till the money's gone... I'm cold, I'm hungry, buy me new shoes. Women don't do simple contracts. There is nothing on paper. But there is the longest List of unspoken addendums. And to them it is equal to biblical law. Here try the fruit she said. You've not understood the many depths there are to that. First, women talking you into that bite of the apple. She owns the contract she put her signature in blood on it. Then got Adam to join up. Start reading the scripture in new competitive ways. And ask yourself, If I sign this will I lose my football team? Huh, yeah."

Duane in Nebr.: fesses to getting caught looking at a hawt waitress.

Andre Ellzey: "I'm 68 and it doesn't take much to arouse me! URG!!! (the last part of which I take he is, in fact, aroused)

Jim S: denotes the wisdom of the ages when he posts: "At a certain age you will discover the fishing is a lot less stressful

then keeping some tail happy. Then you will have arrived. Completely natural."

Jimmy Chonga: "I'm 45 and I look at ladies the law does not want me to look at, all the way to ones in their 60's. I never have had boner issues." Although I do not post, I kind of share his vibe. One of my challenge areas is that for whatever reason, I have always had good charisma with the ladies. I don't know why. And today, working a Sunday, I hit it off with two caregivers, one nurse practitioner up in Faber Virginia and one daughter in Lynchburg. Now, I keep it professional, but you can see the spark, and you realize, daym, I could fuck her if I made a move. But we don't make a move. Christian. Married. Unprofessional. Ya, all that, but the second one had fantastic tits, in a simple t-shirt. At first, she was covering them, but later in the session with dad she was talking openly with her shoulders back, letting me try not to look at those perfectly shaped melons.

Hell's Mechanic: "After around 60 it doesn't rule you. The pussy loses a lot of power around 60. It's not that you don't care, it just doesn't consume you. It's nice actually, allows you to make better decisions and assess women much better. Besides the ones is the basement aren't going anywhere anytime soon, so no rush.

Di'int Happen: ALTR posts a nice picture of a skinny French girl on the beach, replete with side boob...And no SOFShooterhashtagin.' This makes me saddy face.

Soon To Be Single: BCR #1911 notes that Kelly Clarkson is getting a divorce. He includes a 'then/now' picture as part of it. Looking at the 'now' picture, I ponder in which harbor the actual divorce hearing will occur...

Men Showing Their Meat: ALTR posts, "Fit'n to do some nice grillin..." The picture is quite substantial – yes, ALTR has considerable meat – but the knife comprised of a twisted railroad spike handle and Damascus blade shown on his table attracts plenty of attention itself.

WEEK 24, WEEK OF 6/14/2020

Word Play: the words Warlord, prostrate, snowflakes, Bwaahhhaaaaa..... Haaahhhaahhaa, flatface, buckshot shampoo, bourbon, PROSTATE, SKYROCKETING, jive, WINNAH!!!, Dirtbag, imprecise, PeePee Dance, kneeling cucks, GOODY, GOODY!!!, battle rattle and Sybian are written.

CNNing It: ...Where we cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

Grovel. Submit. Prostrate Yourself. ...will need to satisfy... He's done his share of turds. No he really can't get in there. Save...my ass. Peeing on the floor. (Aryck, Wreckless aka Dream Crusher, Blackstone, BCR #1911, T.C., ALTR)

Same'ol-Same'ol: Moar black children just turning they lives around, you know, gootbaways, are blasted by police. A Wendy's is burned down, which is debatable between being a good thing or a bad thing.

Ready To Rumble: HH gets hisownself a shooted-proof vest. Also mentions that he's trained with a Glock fho-tay.

Truer Words: BCR #1911 busts this out: "We have reached the ultimate stage of absurdity where people are held responsible for things that happened before they were born, while other people are not held responsible for what they are doing today. Americans will see through this and will be tired of it come November. "

Kinda Cool: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher links a story where targeted killings in Syria have actually been conducted using Hellfire R9X blade-wielding 'Ninja Bombs.' Nice way to send them out in style. Look for a Damascus-bladed fancy one in the future.

Uh, Okay Then...: Joe Biden says that cops should be trained to shoot people in the legs... Story linked by Paul Revere, and ol Joe seems to not understand BLE vascularization. Enormous blood conduits down there, easily lethal.

BIO's Booties: Bio posts a grouping of pictures featuring scantily clad babes. Nice choices, though BIO seems to like 'em a bit fuller than I do. Not that any sane man would kick any one of them out of bed, though half of us might not survive the night with any of them.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotgyrobalancer... got erased, forgot name...
#sexrobot..., to which LongDuck chimes, #SexRobotsAreLeftHanded. The sickness spreads...
Holy crap! Now there's:
#SexRobotsRun110or220v by LongDuck
#3phaselove by Hell's Mechanic
#ReversePolaritySexBot by BIO.
#PublicSexRobotsUnrapeable by LongDuck

This place be blowing up with hashtagin'. SOFShooter creates a meme-trend!

TheysDyin': Boy Scouts America add a mandatory diversity and inclusion merit badge, and mandatory white guilt training. As if their coffin didn't already have enough nails in it.

Case Preppin': JSC in Tx educates us on how he prepares cases for reloading:

"- I decap and swage primer pockets (if necessary) dirty brass

- Tumble in stainless pins with Dawn and Lemi Shine
- Bake in oven at 225 for an hour
- Hornady One Shot Case Lube & resize
- Ultrasonic clean in Dawn & Lemi Shine to remove lube and a lot of carbon also disappears
- Rinse with a drop or two of Finish Dishwasher Rinse Agent to cut down on water spots
- Bake again
- Trim, Prime, Charge, Load

I don't miss vibratory cleaners, but do not like having to dry the brass. The results are beautiful."

Dropping Like Flies: Aunt Jemima and Uncle Ben are both hung from the tree of political correctness.

Near Death Experience: Nic tells a story to which we can all relate:

"I was renovating the crawl space under the new-to-me house built in 1975 two years ago by installing plastic liner made of 12 or 20 mil plastic. Previous owners had done a lot of work in crawl space including installing fiberglass insulation between the joists to the bottom of the first floor. I noticed a dark brown stain that appeared to be dried-up liquid on the nice clean white plastic liner that I'd installed a few days prior. It was in a spot that had about 30" of clearance between plastic liner on top of dirt floor and bottom of floor joists, so I was on my back poking around in the insulation above said dry dark stain..... Important to note that this was prior to me installing lighting, so I was wearing a headlamp.

I was very, very happy that my wife and kids were out running errands so no one actually heard the 6-second-long scream that could only have come from a prepubescent 7 year-old little girl gripped by complete terror that came from somewhere as a fucking bat tumbled out of insulation, with barely enough time to spread its wings to full extension in the light beam shining up from my forehead as it bounced off my face.

I kind of wish I had a recording of that scream (although no one else would ever get to hear it.....)"

Blue Flu: Many, many police officers start calling in sick due to what they perceive as injustice dealt out to fellow officers. Earlier, Atlanta PD with 581 outstanding 911 calls. It's nice to see this blowback. On another note, gun sales at all-time high.

Oldie But Goodie: The Goat On The Roof Story is reposted after all these Years.

WEEK 25, WEEK OF 6/21/2020

And Now: HAPPY FATHER'S DAY!!!!

Word Play: the words propaganda, National Proletariat Radio (NPR), Truck Nutz, Moscow on the Colorado, fogger, nappy, feebs, seasonally dehydrated breasts, feeeeeeeelings, Limey, Pavlovian,

Poltergeist, Angry women full of penis envy, Mocha pickaninnies, mugged into reality and J. Edgar Hoover are written.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotslearnteasingsoftware...
#sexrobotdoublesasscreendoor...
#sexrobotdryerasemarkers...
#Sexrobot2000, added by Joe in Ohio
#sexrobotmotorboater...

Congratulations: BIO gets a neighbor girl pregnant. Wait, BIO's going to be a granddaddy.

Men Showing Their Meat: Reader opens up the week with some scrumptious looking grilled lamb chops. I am actually a sucker for lamb, though it is expensive. Reader also lays down some Greek style okra in tomato sauce. The word 'okra' instantly makes me think of Jerry Clower.

TSTIBT: BCR #1911 breaks out the maths in his young hooning days:

"I like to refer to my days of abandon with alcohol as 'my drinking career'. There are many stories, but this was one that was teetering at the brink of my newfound sobriety.

I lived on the west side of Dallas, but my drinking forays had me in west Fort Worth and Fort Worth proper. I also bounced and did security in a few clubs there and in Dallas and those stories are a number. Regardless, alcohol played large in most of what I did, and driving was one of those things.

Coming back from Fort Worth, typically somewhere between 2:00-3:00 AM, my route was Loop 820 tucking south and then eastward toward I-20 to Dallas. As you pass the Mansfield exit you bear east toward the exit to I-20. I'd noticed Arlington PD or Texas DPS would sit in the median just past the Bowman Springs Bridge on I-20 waiting for drunk drivers. They were part of the DUI task force - and they were quite prolific when it came to making arrests. I would crawl by them sitting in their new police interceptor Mustangs in my weathered 1974 Thunderbird hoping not to draw their attention as my BAC was probably somewhere around 3.0. Among other things a blood draw could confirm.

One night, I had an idea.

Blow past them.

At a high rate of speed and game it.

I did the math in my head and figured there was no way I could get caught. I had a 460 CID police interceptor engine under the hood, special ordered by the cop who originally owned the car. It wasn't quick, but it was fast. The new Mustangs the cops had were claimed to hit 155 mph. Quarter mile was under 15 seconds as equipped and at a speed around 100 mph. Now, that additional 55 mph to top end was going to take twice that to achieve. Then there was saddling up in the median to engage. I figure a full minute for them to hit top speed behind me. And those Mustangs had a death wobble - or so it was

reported. Most officers never realized speeds anywhere near top end - and 135 mph was about the most they'd dare in reality. In truth, at 140+, the Thunderbird front end would float like a boat, especially if there was any wind or hills and dips in the road. I never took it over 145 mph. I think I was getting about 14 Hwy/10 City with normal driving. OPEC offices had my picture on the walls.

I hit the curve to the I-20 and gassed on it. By the time I straightened out eastbound and down I was holding it at 140 mph as I approached the stationed cruiser. Their tool at the time was radar - and their primary justification for a stop was excess speed or erratic driving. I strove for both.

I WAS going to get their attention. Especially in a 55 mph zone (at the time). 85 mph over posted is going to interest them.

The officer did a double or triple take at his radar, I'm sure, probably thinking he was picking up a low flying aircraft out a local airport.

And then I flew by.

I'd see them in their dome light scrambling to saddle up, then pulling out of the median onto the concrete. See the rear end dip as they'd floorboard it. They knew the person they were pursuing was either a criminal or dangerous. Or both. Their pursuit was intent, to say the least.

Good job there, chief, but the math's are a bitch.

At 60 mph it's a mile a minute. At 120 mph, it's two. At 140 mph - it's an exercise in futility.

By the time he'd hit 100 mph, I was mile ahead, out of sight and still pulling away at a good clip.

By the time he'd hit 155 mph - if he even could, I was easily 2 miles out front - and even if he held it there, it was going to take him a long time to even see my taillights. If ever. Maybe by the time I hit Mesquite. Or Longview.

Well, unless he had units out front or a helicopter in the air, or I cracked it up - I was gone.

I was exiting at Carrier Parkway - well, Corn Valley/Fish Creek Road back then, about 8 miles ahead - and I'd covered 2 of those already. Within just a few minutes - I was exiting the freeway, making a left under the bridge and lollygagging my way to the toll bridge over Mountain Creek Lake to Spur 408.

Only once did I come up on a standard cruiser going eastbound that was obviously in on the pursuit. He was doing about 90 mph and popped his lights on as I got within about ¼ mile and I went past him briskly. He gassed it, but he suddenly backed off when he hit about 120 mph. I'll never know why.

And I didn't just do it once. I did it a few dozen times. I'd skip a handful of weekends and just idle through under the radar (pun intended). You know they put out cars waiting for me after I'd done it a few times. They wanted that white car. But I played the odds they didn't have the manpower - and my player was likely going to be a single Mustang with no maths.

5.0 versus 7.5.

It was one of those nights where I woke up the following morning, not remembering how I got home. I looked outside and my car was parked in the driveway with precision. I went outside, doing a walk-around looking for damage - and looking for blood, clothing or hair in the grill. Nothing. But it was obvious I'd driven home. Over the next few hours, bits and pieces of driving home flashed in my head. I remembered the pursuit, me laughing maniacally at the idiot cop behind me thinking he had a chance.

Then it dawned on me.

The idiot was me.

I could have killed someone - and never would have known.

I'd blacked out. That realization was frightening. It froze me. I had a problem.

Sat on the couch alone, placed my face in my hands and asked God to give me relief from my desire to drink.

I wasn't alone on that couch anymore.

Now Jesus, who was sitting next to me on all those rides was a bit more disappointed - especially at my refusal to let him take the wheel. But he saw fit to forgive me. He's kind of magnanimous like that."

MF comes back with a doozy himself, sticking the ending:

"I shot past a highway patrol one morning in Nevada, definitely saw him run into his cruiser to give chase. I was on the ass end of 9 hour drive overnight from orange county back to reno and the cop was right outside of Carson City, probably just after dawn. Anyways, I turned into a warehouse cluster just as I was out of his line of sight. Parked the rental car and was outside stretching while my other 3 buddies were inside sleeping still. Trooper sees me and pulls in the lot, followed by 2 other cruisers and a k9 unit. I just acted surprised to see them there and told him I did not see him while driving past seconds before. They tried to throw out a bunch of words like evading, escaping, felony this and felony that. I told them I just pulled over to stretch and switch drivers, no big deal.

Of course they wanted to search the vehicle, I said "go ahead", cop stuck his face near the open door and almost gagged from the smell of 4 dudes farts, breath and sweat. The dog didn't even want to go near it. All the cops were super pissed off at this point and directed me to pop the trunk thinking they would hit contraband gold. Trunk pops and besides a couple guitars in the back of the trunk, its filled with collector barbie dolls still in the boxes. Cops give us the most disgusted looks and tell us to GTFO. No ticket, no nothin. Just pure disgust."

Almost There: NRA and TSRA is nearing completion of his 9mm pet loads. It is up to almost 380 power levels at this time, or is it, almost up to the speed of light at this time?

New Clothesline: Hell's Mechanic's wife buys another tread mill. Good will, the salvation army and others eagerly await their potential donation.

Rush To Purchase: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher posts a story about an LAPD police officer finding a tampon in his Starbucks Frappuccino. To this, Dances With Sharks comments, "Keep it to yourself, now everybody'll want one."

Of Course: Sgt Shultz asks if he has to fly with a mask. I think, "Of course, all superheroes do."

Sagging at the Springs: HH lists his OFAST loadout, and I think...lowrider.

I Need Counseling: BCR #1911 posts a modern day picture of Shania Twain, who is sagging worse than HH's lowrider. Instant bone killer for me. Absolute pan face/flat face, though thar do be tiddies. LongDuck somewhat concurs, saying that he'd 7/10 bang her while singing her entire catalog. Nic states that the \$400M net worth can't hurt, to which LongDuck, playing the LongGame, concurs.

I Like 'Em Natural: ALTR posts a very naturalistic picture of a lake in a craggy wilderness, with a back picture of a lovely young lady. She has a red scratch on her back, and you can see where the sports bra was, and I think that that's kind of cool. Much more so than the airbrushed perfection of some pictures.

Racism Grows: Fused finally admits the truth: His boots are racist.

Historic Metal: Duane in Nebr. lets us know that his son is selling a bitchin' old mustang. I kind of think to myself, maybe CW can snatch it up.

Fixed 'em: Tj announces that he got his Infidel all fixed up again. I thought that he *was* an infidel.

OPSEC...not: Ken in VA's girlfriend tells the neighborhood gossip that Ken has a lot of guns and teaches people how to shoot. Thulsa Doom suggest a punishment: anal.

Men Showing Their Meat: Chrispyny shows his Father's Day Dinner, including steak, shrimp and lobster. Much meat showing, indeed.

Muh Mask: Carl near Fargo uses the old "I can't hear you with your mask on" ruse at Harbor Freight, to avoid being grilled for all of his personal information.

CNNing It: ...Where we cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

Yeah, I grabbed...a big set of balls...I like snakes...up their ass...full of penis envy...dogs mouth...ass chewing... (Toad, Jim S, JMB, Chrispyny, SIOP, Anon in Omaha, danbrew(hw), Wreckless aka Dream Crusher)

Men Showing Their Meat: C6 busts out some raunchy pics of ribs. he "Smoked with hickory and apple wood with a BRITU rub. Foiled with butter, brown sugar, honey habanero glaze and some cherry apple glaze. Finished with Blues Hog regular and Tennessee red."

Hazy Days: The African sandstorm reaches Cape Coral and makes for weird skies, in a picture by Wreckless aka Dream Crusher. Either that, or he's been playing with sorcery again.

Thulsa's Breakdown: Thulsa Doom, amid the protest petri dish, mets out what he has learned on our unprepared, feeble little minds, and brings forth a shining, wonderous light of understanding:

"There are two separate and somewhat distinct types of protesters I'm seeing in DC everyday, and four distinct types of people who show up at the protest locations.

Protesters:

Group 1 - white people, slight female majority, average age seems to be 20's. A few outliers in their 40's-50's, but most of the group are in their 20's. This group accounts for probably 70% of the typical protest mob. They are also the most likely to be up in cop's faces screaming at them. This is the white guilt crowd, the ones holding the signs that say "white silence = white violence". They are trying to establish their street cred with black people, having not really known many black people growing up, because their parents raised them in white suburbs. I have not met/spoken to a single one who grew up in a mixed or black neighborhood. Words cannot convey how much I hate this group of people. They are largely responsible for taking what could have been a moment of national unity in immediate wake of the Floyd video, and turning it into a wedge issue with their idiotic rioting and ANTIFA violence. I will never forgive them for destroying such an opportunity. But I also recognize that their leadership HAD to seize that chance, because allowing the country to be united is antithetical to them. But make no mistake - this group - white women and some white men in their 20's - they ARE the enemy. That is who we will be facing, and y'all better harden your hearts for what's coming, if you're going to be able to do what will be necessary.

Group 2 - black people, greater female majority, average age 30's. Skews slightly older than the white protesters, but outliers are younger. Haven't seen a single black protester over age 50 the whole month. This group accounts for about 30% of the crowd. Females far more likely than males to be vocal protest leaders or organizers, although some males in leadership roles on occasion. But the people doing the damage, the vandalism, they aren't this group. I've actually seen black women yelling at white protesters to stop tearing things up. I feel bad for this group, because their movement has been hijacked by white hipsters and ANTIFA. Also worth noting, most of this group are NOT really down with socialism/marxism like the BLM founders and leaders are. But BLM leadership and ANTIFA are united by a common desire for communism, so now the two movements are intertwined. That's good for them, because it plays on white guilt. You can't oppose ANTIFA now because you're also opposing BLM.

I see very, very few Latinos or Hispanics, and of the rare ones I have seen, they are clearly long-time (2nd or 3rd generation) "Americanized" Latinos. There are 0.0% recently-arrived Mexicans or other Central Americans in the protest crowds. None. Nada. Zip. This is interesting to me, but not surprising, because I see very few blacks in immigration protests. Clearly there is no cross-pollination of sympathy between the two groups.

ZERO Asians. None. Not. One.

ZERO Middle Easterners or Indians. CAIR put up a BLM banner on their building. But that's it. Literally the ONLY thing an Islamic affiliated group has done. And Indians? Zero.

Types of people who show up to the protest area:

Protesters. "Casual" protesters, most likely to be black and 30's-40's, and "Pro" protesters, mostly white and in their 20's. The ANTIFA crowd is part of this group.

Spectators/Tourists. Majority black, 40's or older. Show up, buy a t-shirt from the numerous vendors on the sidewalk, stay on the periphery, take some pics, gone in 20 minutes. I've seen this literally hundreds of times. (I'm a big people-watcher, and have nothing else to do). There are some younger whites who also do this, the goal being to get a selfie of them with the crowd behind them with their fist in the air, for their Instagram page of course, showing their friends how down with the struggle they are.

Media. Photographers and videographers of all kinds. Local, Network, Foreign Press. I'm in this group. We do a lot of watching and observing, and very little talking. Because the white protesters seem to like to engage/scream at white photogs/cameramen, because we're 1) not demonstrating WITH them, and 2) providing viewers - including police - of a visual record of the bad actors and people doing the damage. And they know this, so we're the enemy. I've seen pics of me and other cameramen on twitter asking "do you know this person? Help me expose and find them!" Crazy shit.

Cops/Undercovers/Intel types. The uniformed cops holding the lines ... wow, these guys have amazing restraint. Not that they have much choice in the matter, but still. Then there's the under cover types that circulate within the crowd, gathering intel. I've spotted one of those so far, and have no idea who she works for. But her fieldcraft sucks, because if I can spot her with zero training, then anyone else paying attention can, too. I'm not even certain she might not be an ANTIFA upper management type out evaluating tactics and watching their own foot soldiers. The useful idiots in the crowd won't know who she is, because she doesn't meet the street level actors, but rather interacts through intermediaries. But whoever she is, I see her daily almost.

I shoulda quit this business for good last fall, going out on a positive note, having just spent the last three years in a small documentary unit doing things that really helped people deserving of help, and making amazing television in the process. Stuff I felt good about, knowing that what I did was literally making some people's lives better. Now, that's all over with because of corona, and now I exist solely to watch and record assholes tearing down statues. Fuck me. My timetable for getting out of here is now down to 24 months, from 6 years. I hope we can have a moving truck in front of the house when we get back from our younger boy's HS graduation.

Anyways, that's my notes from the field. Glean from them what you will."

Editor's Note: This week was bursting with very high quality TST's. Though I've included a few of them here, rest assured that there were sooo many good ones, even involving raccoons shooting brain purees out of their ears, chickens massacres, holes shot into roofs, and other assorted awesomeness. I had to down-edit to keep this work from getting out of control, size-wise, but rest assured, True Story Time is not only alive and well, but it is absolutely still the best time.

WEEK...uh, wait. WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED?????

Word Play: The words facetious, bogus, autobarks, mannequin thingy, Nahhh, retarded, fat literal Satanist, carbuncle, WEIRD ELBOW, shitbird, Transhispanic queer in a sheer shirt, KARMA and Croatia are written.

Truer Words: Jimmy Chonga asks, "How do they figure PSI in Concrete?" Joe adroitly answers, "If it cracked, you have enough ammo."

...Okay, waydaminnit. I was pretty busy this week, but either I was gone a lot more than I thought, or I didn't save or something, because the above is all that I had when I opened the file. The entire lower board is set at 6/30/2020 or higher, so I'll post everything else in the week of 6/28/2020. I also think that the boarf breaks up down low. It must have been aliens, or Jeff Bezos

WEEK 26, WEEK OF 6/28/2020 (Let's just run with 'week 26')

Word Play: Hoffa, worm sign, hornworm, cesspool, fatties, Déjà vu, Boers, Kirkham Cobra, Zodiac Killer, Bimbo, Moozlim, omelet, jaywalking, Deathrace 2000, deadman's switch, SODAK, FLOTUS NIPPIN!, ALIENS...!!!!, laser comb, Africanners, fuckbaggery and !@#\$\$\$ WINDOWS UPDATES! are written.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotexerciseregimen...

#sexrobotextendedlifebatteryback...

Pot, Kettle: New England Journal of Medicine (NEJM) says that masks are worthless. I have often found NEJM to be worthless.

Nice Humor: HH says, "OK, let's have a gun post..." I snuff through my nose. On Snugbus? Seriously...

'Shroomin': Chicken Noodle posts nice pictures of his chanterelle mushroom haul.

It's The Only Way: Destiny asks, "How can we stop new tech from tracking us?" I think, 'die.'

Good on 'em!: Idaho becomes a constitutional carry state.

His First Time: Tj gets Karened at Whole Foods.

They Dranking: Just A Guy asks, "What's the real downside of drinking a bunch?" This triggers an extended conversation string, quite contentious at times, but it quite informative.

Captured Captagon: The Eye-talians make a drug bust of 84,000,000 Captagon tablets, 14 tons of them with double crescent symbols on them (ISIS made). That's a lot of stuff right there.

Job Well Done: Mrs near Fargo paints a wonderful flag and statement on the side of a building. Carl near Fargo takes pictures, but misses a perfect upskirt opportunity. But we still love him.

Men Saying Things: LongDuck: "Cheeze can freeze. Freeze canned cheeze. Freeze cheeze can."

It Takes A While: Tj posts a picture, asking "Oka, so what got me?" Many of the posters suggest insect bites. I ponder fossilization.

Snugbus Dating Service: Brian Ski says, "I am looking to plant a hedge row," and my naughty little mind immediately thinks, 'escort service.'

No Justice, We're Pieces: A coupla midnight protesters get TKO'ed by a black man in a white car. Though the man is black, his car is white, which in the end is racist enough.

Snugbus Cookin': Intaglio drops his buttermilk biscuit recipe:

"I finally found the buttermilk biscuit recipe that's dang near perfect:

Preheat Oven to 450F^o

2 cups White Lily Unbleached Flour (by far the best flour to use for biscuit making)
1 Tablespoon Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 Cup Buttermilk*
85 grams cold real butter (6 tbsp)

Add all the dry ingredients to a bowl and mix well. Cut the butter into small blocks and add to dry mix. Using a fork, mash the butter into the dry mix well.

Now add all the buttermilk (or buttermilk substitute) and mix well. The dough may be a bit wet. Scrape the dough of the bowl onto a floured surface. Use a spatula, the nice one your wife likes. Mash the dough roughly flat and fold it in half no more than six time. (Just fold it over, then mash it semi flat, then fold it again, alternating fold directions.) On the last fold roughly smash it about 1.5" thick. Using a round biscuit cutter, (or whatever you have) cut out the biscuits and place them touching in a deep pie pan or other deep pan. Don't use a cookie sheet. You need to have a deep pan that is taller than the biscuits and the biscuits need to be touching in the pan). Toss in the last scrap of dough if you have any by rough forming a biscuit by hand.

Place the pan in the 450F oven. DO NOT OPEN THE DOOR FOR AT LEAST 10 MINUTES! Bake for 12-13 mins. Remove when brown.

Allow to cool for 90 seconds and eat.

Optional: In the last 90 seconds of baking you can brush on melted butter, but I rarely do that.

Enjoy.

I eat mine with Steens Sugarcane Syrup.

<https://www.steenssyrup.com/>

*If you don't have buttermilk, add one tablespoon white vinegar to 1 cup whole milk and let set for 5 minutes. Then use as directed.

By the way, 2" slices of a 75MM shell makes dandy biscuit cutters. Ask me how I know.

P.S. I mix the dry ingredients 10lbs at a time and keep it in sealable 2 quart mason jars. When I am ready to make biscuits I just follow the recipe starting with adding the cold butter. When I am alone I often cut the above recipe in half and it makes two nice round 3.5" biscuits which is about perfect for one straight normal dude for breakfast with coffee.

Please note:

If you drink tea with these biscuits you are fucking dead to me.

If you make substitutions in the recipe (like adding margarine) you are on your own with your shit results."

WEEK 27, WEEK OF 7/5/2020

Word Play: Darwin, Mountaineers, Mad skillz, HANDMADE, Jocko, pancakes, MOLDOVA SUCKS, Sage, Lamb of God, LSD, cadaver, nothingburger, BITCH!, PEEL the Mask, Kazakh, hookahs, totem pole and power whore are written.

Hot To Trot: Phoenix temperatures expected to reach 117 this weekend.

Gun Play: BIO takes his S&W (must die) stainless 647 joker gun lookin' gun out for a test drive. Likes it. Huge ass gun for only six rounds. The holes in the front of the cylinder are comical. I appreciate his interest in out of the ordinary machines.

'Bout Right: One of the runded over chicks dies. This prompts fubog to say, "died doing what she loved." This prompts rq375 to say "Getting plowed by a black guy?"

The Washington Report: Thulsa attends the DC Mall Independence Day events. His synopsis:

"I've seen Independence Day fireworks in DC probably 15 times in the last 30 years. Usually because I'm working the event. If I'm off, I get out of town. But if I'm working, I draw this straw. Never fails.

Observations, in no particular order:

Aircraft flyover was INCREDIBLE..... VC25, four C47's, four P51's, B17, B29, F4U, two B25's, A26, a dozen UH1's, six UH60's, two V22's, three AH64's, two AH1's, S365, two CH47's, MH53, three F15's, two F16's, two F18's, two A10's, KC46, B52, B1b, B2, three F22's, four F35's and both the Thunderbirds and the Blue Angels. Best aircraft flyover I've ever seen in terms of sheer diversity of aircraft, and quantity.

Best fireworks presentation I've ever seen in DC. Normally, all the shells are fired from the reflecting pool / WWII Memorial area. Makes for a pretty show IF you're viewing it from the Lincoln Memorial. But that's about it. This year, they launched them from 3 different locations- Constitution Gardens, The Polo Grounds near the MLK Memorial, and ringed around the Washington Monument. It was absolutely spectacular, especially at the Washington Monument. Anything else in the future that doesn't duplicate this set up will be lame in comparison. This is the new benchmark.

Small crowds. The cunt mayor and cuck police Chief were all over the news the last few days telling people not to go to the Mall for fireworks. Said there'd be riots, CORONA everywhere, no police response available, and the subway would stop running at 9pm, before the show even started. Then they closed all roads in the city within 3/4 mile of the Mall, and posted no parking signs for another 5 blocks in every direction outside that. They did literally everything they could to keep people from coming downtown to see the fireworks, all because Orange Man Bad.

(The subway system didn't cooperate though, and stayed open later. I think the Metro COO hates the mayor, and decided this was his chance for some payback. Good for him)

Saw over a dozen random Hispanic guys throughout the course of the evening who were wearing Trump gear. They ain't scared of leftists, lolz!

Zero security checkpoints or perimeter for the Mall area. NONE. In years past, since 2001, going to this event meant standing in line at various checkpoints to get inside a secure perimeter, after passing through airport style security. No bags, no "weapons" of any kind like a multitool or pocket knife, no coolers, no backpacks, no chairs, no beverages except water in unopened bottles, no anything. This year? Nothing. Just show up and enjoy the event. Result? Nothing happened. No violence, no injuries, no crime, no terrorism. Just people enjoying themselves in the groups they came in with. Gave proof that all the security kabuki theatre the last 20 years has been worthless and unneeded.

Protesters numbering about 200 marched through the Mall area near the monument where people had come to watch the event. They did it maybe 4 times. People were polite at first, but on their third pass at about 8pm, LOTS of people in groups on the lawn area started yelling at them to fuck off. It's kinda funny watching a black guy in his 40's with his four mostly grown daughters with him all yelling "get the fuckoutta here!" at a bunch of white 20-somethings chanting "no justice no peace". That was awesome. By the last time the protesters came through the area, I saw a water bottles being thrown at them. Too bad they weren't Molotov's instead. Or M26's.

There will never be another display of historic and modern aircraft like that again. Or fireworks. Not if Trump loses. Glad I saw it. It was worth seeing. A real shame more people didn't get to. The mayor and police chief should be garroted in their sleep for trying to prevent the event from happening. Absolutely disgusting."

Men Showing Their Meat: Chrispyny pops up a picture of mouth-watering spareribs on an electric smoker. Being on a vegetarian diet right now, I just about die.

Per Chrispyny:

“My version of spare ribs: Not spare ribs trimmed to St. Louis style, but it’s what they had at the store. They day after a holiday are usually slim pickins at the supermarket and the local butcher, which is typically open today, was closed.

Been on the electric smoker since 12:30. I boil mine first. Some say it retains moisture in the meat, others claim sacrilege, but it works for me. I boil em for 20-30 min first. Then my electric smoker holds the same temp every time, all the time..I’ll take some Stubbs smokin chips, sometimes soak them in water, other times keep em dry, wrap them in foil, and put them on the element. If i want a warmer smoke, I put the kettle in the sun, cooler, in the shade.

These have been on for 3 hours or so. Our numberone preferred bbq sauce is Stubbs original. Occasionally I’ll use Stubbs Sticky Sweet for certain bbq’s and cuts and type of meat, but generally, Stubbs is our go to. It’s tomato based rather than corn syrup based. Still has sweetness to it, and again if we want more sweetness, I’ll switch to the sticky sweet.

I’m no pitmaster, but with a little care, and patience while the food smokes slow all day, the end results are always excellent.”

C6 exclaims: “Nooooooooo. One does not EVER boil ribs or soak chips. That said, if you and your family likes them, have at it. That is really all that matters.”

He then goes on to edumacate all of us heathens with BBQ Ribs 101:

“Here's the text for a class I put on for friends.

BBQ University
Ribs 101 Syllabus

Welcome to the 1st BBQ University class. Many of my friends enjoy cooking ribs and though I’m not an expert I’ve got it pretty well figured out (chicken is another thing). As I often get cooking questions and it would be cool to get more people teams out at the RC, I figured it would be cool to put this on. There is no right way to cook, this is just what I’ve learned from my decades of trials and sometimes errors. Even if you are a regular cooker, I hope you learn something and I’m certain that you will have fun.

Read the BRITU recipe and cooking link that I’m going to attach. We’ll be following it pretty close.

<https://virtualweberbullet.com/best-ribs-in-the-universe-by-mike-scrutchfield.html>

What to bring:

1. Spare ribs. You can pick them up at Martins, Walmart, Kroger or wherever they are on sale (they are all pretty much the same). Try to find some that are not enhanced (injected was salt water to make them weigh more). I typically cook 3 slabs as they fit well on my 22” WSM. Note the BRITU recipe calls for baby backs, don’t get them as spares are cheaper and have more meat. Your spares should be in cryovac and you will (learn to) trim them into Saint Louis style (basically spares with the tips cut off).
2. Cutting boards, spatulas, paper towels, knives
3. Rubber gloves
4. Your BRITU rub (you prepared it in advance right?) and BBQ sauce, shaker for the rub. A ¼ batch is plenty for 3 slabs.
5. Your smoker, you want to practice on what you have. I’ll have electricity for those that need it.

6. Tent for shade. Way to hold it down so it doesn't blow away. Some guys use straps or para cord and buckets of water or cinder blocks.
7. Heavy duty foil, the wide kind.
8. Squeeze butter / Parkay
9. Honey, the little bear squeeze bottles are fine
10. Brown sugar
11. Lawn chairs
12. Snacks, drinks
13. Plastic bags for your finished ribs and such.
14. Smoke wood (don't soak it), some peel off the bark (I don't)
15. Charcoal, I use Kingsford and try to catch the 2 packs on sale.
16. Totes full of your crap. Go through the cooking steps in your mind and think of what you are going to need and stick it in a tote.

Trimming

We'll be trimming the racks into saint louis style ribs and separating the tips. You can cook the tips at the same time as your ribs or save the for later. You will also be peeling the membrane off the back of the slab. You'll toss the little ribs on the end; don't worry they are boney and suck. The money ribs are in the middle anyhow.

Smoker management

We are shooting for 225 degrees; a little higher lower isn't a big deal. The idea is to go low and slow which breaks down the collagen and connective tissue and makes the meat tender. You want a light blue smoke coming out, it should not look like a house fire. It took me a loooong time to figure that out. Excessive smoke makes your ribs turn out DAF (dark as Xuck) and sometimes bitter. The top vent should be open 100% and the bottom vents are used to control the temp on WSM. Use a charcoal chimney about ¼ full, DO NOT use lighter fluid. Once the chimney is going, dump it on the unlit stuff in your smoker, add your wood (2-3 baseball sized chunks) and bring the smoker up to temp. You'll need to fill your water pan if you are running a WSM as it acts as a heat sync.

Rub

While you are waiting for the smoker to come up to temp you can rub your ribs (it's also fun to rub butts, but that's a different class). Lay them out flat and sprinkle rub on them, both sides. Some guys use mustard as a base for the rub (I don't), some guys actually rub the rub on (I don't). You want a dusting, not too much or too little. Let the slabs sit for a bit with the rub on it.

Cooking

Once the cooker is up to temp put the ribs on, meat side up and let them cook. Some guys get excited about the 3-2-1 method. Don't! Cook the ribs till they get the color you want (light mahogany) remembering that they will darken in the foil. Go by the color not the time. Some guys spritz with apple juice (I don't) but it lowers your smoker temp every time you open the lid. You can rotate the ribs to get them all to cook even. Once you get the color you want, pull the ribs and wrap them in foil with some more rub, butter, honey and brown sugar (really). Double wrap them in heavy duty foil and put them back on the smoker meat side down. Basically, you are boiling the ribs in rib juice, sweets and butter (mummm). When the end of the rib bones are poking out about ¼" you should tug on them to see how

done they are. You want some hot gloves as you will burn yourself. The bone should feel like it's about to just break free.

Sauce / glazing

When the ribs are done, remove them from the foil. There is a bunch of hot rib juice in the foil. Be careful it will burn the crap out of you and stain the heck out of your shoes and shorts (ask me how I know this). I use a couple of big spatulas to handle the ribs as they are fragile and will break in half. Sauce them and put them back on the smoker to set the Sauce.

Turn in ready

Pull the ribs again with big spatulas and put them on a cutting board meat side down. Trim the ribs into one bone sections. The end pieces will be darker and hopefully not DAF. It is not uncommon for the different slabs to get done at different times and they will also taste different (really). Sample your racks and figure out your best 6 (or more) to turn it. Sauce them including the sides, sprinkle ground up rub and place in your box. Or eat if you aren't doing a comp. If the ribs get done early, leave them in the foil, wrap them in a towel and put them in an empty cooler. They will stay hot until turn in.

Box building

If you are doing a comp, read on. You will be given a Styrofoam clamshell to turn in your best product. You will be judged on taste, tenderness and appearance in that order. The scores are weighted so don't turn in some good-looking pooppy tasting, tough ribs (ask me how I know). You don't have to use garnish, but most do. I use leaf lettuce and wrap it tightly in plastic wrap and slice it into little ½" thick pucks that I line the bottom of the box. Remember to get all of the plastic out of the box.

Clean up

You'll have a bunch of hot liquid and ash to deal with. Hopefully you have some leather gloves. Most comps have a place to get rid of the ash and hot liquid. You'll also have a bunch of sticky knives, spatulas and cutting boards. I've found it's best to have a tote to put all the sticky crap in and clean it up once I get home (usually the next day).

The end

I'm sure I've forgot some stuff, but this is a start. Remember it is to have fun and make good food for yourself / family. If you want to do a comp that is great too, but good food it is the whole point."

Joe posts how he makes cheater ribs: "Dry rub, 24 hours. Bake in an oven 6 hours @ 200-degrees. To the grill for finishing, wet mop and mesquite chips for smoke. Good eats. My gal made homemade tater and macaroni salad and baked beans for sides."

Runnin' Rapper: Kanye West sez he's running for president. Yep, he sure did.

One of the Greats: Ennio Morricone checks out. Ennio, we'll miss you, but oh, the legacy!

Truer Words: T.C.: (in response to MF stating that a certain gal, reading 'Diary of a Manhaten Call Girl,' won't fuck for free anymore) "They never do. You always pay for it somehow."

'Pail Blows a Rod: 'pail blowds up the engine on his Traxxis. Con rod. A true survivor, he has a new engine in it almost immediately. And shame on any of you who misread the tagline.

Truer Words: rjb states: "So Israel placed a huge fuel order to the tune of 990 million gallons. Wow someone's going to be taking a beating soon."

Bountiful: Chrispynypulls down a major haul of raspberries, and immediately makes everything raspberry, making me drool at the picture he posts.

Men Showing Their Meat: Snooter asks, "Can I cook a steak in a toaster?" This, I think, is a better philosophical question than anything you'd get in college.

Men Showing their Meat: Willbird drops a simple recipe for chicken thighs (which, the sages agree, is the best part of the chicken):

"Pre heat oven to 425
Boneless skinless chicken thighs
3T Avocado oil
3T balsamic Vinegar
2T spicy brown mustard (recipe calls for Dijon but I do not have that shit)
2t granulated garlic
2t coarse black butcher pepper
2t red pepper flakes
2t brown sugar (I use the Splenda shit).

Mix the meat so it is coated with the above mixture, I toss it in a glass baking dish and cover with foil and bake at 425 for 30 minutes, make sure IT is above 165F. Let sit covered until fairly cool.

I chop it up and make sandwiches or chunk it up and just eat it. The red pepper flakes were a recent addition. MIGHT work with Chicken Breasts but I really prefer the flavor profile of the thighs, and I have given up on the idea that fat is deadly within reason. Could maybe mix boneless thighs and breasts 50:50 if you insisted...the fat should render out of the thighs and stop the breasts from drying out maybe."

Another One Returns: The Snugbus screeches to a halt while the roof mounted 40mm opens up, enormous muzzle flashes illuminating a lone figure atop a dusty ridgeline, fighting impossible odds but seeming to enjoy it. The rest of the guns come on line and for a while there is nothing outside but hell, and then quiet, complete quiet. Then the doors suddenly open and a figure strides aboard, tired, dead tired, but confident, and knowing that he has found his way back home. The Snugbus's resident Ching-Ching Boom expert, Pointman870, has returned, leaving a parched land cleansed of enemies behind him.

WEEK 28, WEEK OF 7/12/2020

Word Play: the words Cousteau, SARCO, shipwreck, Bahamian, Hagia Sophia, Zika, Thibodaux, Naughty, Jadotville, deevorced, Phosgene, Mammogram and cartwheel are written.

Thar Be Treasure Here, Matey!: C6 posts a question about Bahamian Shipwreck Salvage. States that 'some friends' found a wreck on the bottom of the ocean in the Bahamas, that seems to have been undiscovered. There is perhaps the possibility in the future that 'some friends' will purchase C6 a C8...

Doggie Down!:Chrispyny's drug-eating dog goes to the vet on an emergent basis. Developing...

She Barnin: the USS Bonhomme Richard is on fire.

Choices, Choices: Reader asks, "Which AR-15 to buy?" Answers are varied, but the Colt 6920 seems to take the win.

Richy Rich: During this week, Sulemani finds a penny, and it's a nice one.

Now What: Bitter Bastard heroically uses a shop vac to suck up an entire wasp nest of mad stingers. And then ponders what to do next. Tannerite is mentioned.

Uh, okay: The Washington Redskins decide to change their name. Nobody on the board really cares.

Snugbus Navy: Mike Klos gets entered into a cardboard boat race. Decides to go with a pontoon type of setup. Someone suggest a replica slaver. Developing.

Doggie Up!:Chrispyny's crackhead dog returns home, no worse the wear.

Blives Matter: danbrew (hw) posts picture of his sweet looking black girlfriend. Well, his dog, but she is a cutie.

Still Barnin': The USS Bonhomme Richard is still burnin.

Thuper: TNKen thinks outside the box and starts playing around with 38 super. In a world where 9mm is unobtainium, he easily purchases 2k rounds. That man, obviously, is a survivor.

Sizzurp: Iron Horse Tamer introduces the board to Proof Syrups, asking, "Like Old Fashioneds?" Although a lot of you might have known what they were, I was fascinated.

I Feel Your Pain: 'pail mourns the shuttering of Scale Auto magazine. After having my heart ripped out after Precision Shooting magazine shut down in 2012, I know exactly how he feels. I remember that it shut down right near the middle of the moly-bullet and cryo-gun crazes.

Recurring Theme: '.' states that he'd go full caveman on Criss Cuomo if they ever got into a fight, including dick biting if it came to that. A few days later, I'm reading "House to House," by Staff Sergeant David Bellavia, about the second fight for Fallujah. In one part, Bellavia enters a trap house and single handedly kills everyone in there but one person who never engaged him. At one point, Bellavia kills a man in hand-to-hand combat, but not before the guy bites the shit out of his dick. At that moment I

remember ‘.’s’ words and think, valid battle strategy. That house fight got Bellavia a CMO, and so I’d say that it’s def a good technique.

Yup: danbrew (hw) asks, “How do civil wars happen?” Fish answers, “Well, first the CIA comes in...”

Hashtagin’: LongDuck Drops #SexRobotChargeStations. SOFShooter approves of this.

Eastbound and Down: MF passes his CDL permit tests.

The Rescue Team: BCR #1911 relates a great tale:

“I’ve actually had the pleasure of working with several handicapped people. The most memorable was ‘Kat’, an older woman confined to a wheelchair. She could walk only with great difficulty and had many physical afflictions. We worked in an area where, if the fire alarm went off, prompt evacuation could be life or death (explosion hazard). And when it went off, people scrambled like fighter pilots for the exits.

And the company exercised a lot of drills.

Shortly after I began working there, the alarm sounded. It was assholes and elbows. A work floor of 200+ would egress the second floor in less than 60 seconds and you’d hear the stairwell doors close for the final time - probably less than 45 seconds. People do not like the prospect of being ripped apart by fireballs filled with shrapnel and atomized to death. I was new, and a bit cavalier, but I took about a minute to close out my work and grab my go bag. I stood up to leave - and saw Kat on the next row, struggling to get from her work chair to her wheelchair, trying to hold on to her purse and her go bag. I quickly realized she and I were the only ones left on the floor. As I neared, I asked her, “Do they always leave you like this?” She was startled as she looked up at me, thinking she was alone. Tears began to well in her eyes.

“Yes.”

I looked her straight in the eyes and told her:

“Not anymore they don’t.”

I wheeled her to the stairwell - the elevators are never recommended in an emergency - and were automatically disabled whenever the alarm to evacuate was triggered. I had to get her out of her wheelchair and to the stairwell railing. Then hold her down each step for two flights of stairs to the first floor. Each step took 10-15 seconds. Carrying her was not an option without doing physical harm to her because of her conditions. Then, I had to sprint up the stairs, get her wheelchair, carry it down the same two flights of stairs, get her back into it, wheel her out through the lobby through two sets of security doors, then several hundred feet to the rally area. Where everyone else was milling about, waiting to hear if there was an actual emergency - or if it was a drill. I had to fight REAL hard to not say what was on my mind, especially to the males in my department. But the looks on their faces told me nothing I might say could cause more damage than what they knew was running through every female in that parking lots mind at that moment they saw us coming out of the building minutes after the alarm was sounded and the “All Accounted For” had been announced. The silence was deafening.

She told me afterward that she had always had to make it on her own, but never made it past the bottom of the stairs, because without her wheelchair, she could go no further. She would sit there until the all clear was sounded, or Emergency Teams entered the building, who would find her. I told her from now on, whenever the alarm sounded, I would be coming to her, from wherever on the facility I might be. She would not be on her own ever again in an emergency. That I would make my way through hell and hell fire to get to her. We exchanged cell numbers. I did not say anything to the floor heroes. Instead, I went and procured an old-style fire helmet, far too small for my head, painted it a beautiful fire engine red and placed it atop my cub compartment. I shrugged off any inquiries as to its presence or purpose. The next alarm, I retrieved Kat and we headed out. She looked at me funny, but we egressed the building without saying a word between us. As we cleared the security doors, her in her wheelchair, and me in my spiffy red helmet, riding high on my head like a mushroom looking like a regular Forrest Gump...

The crowd went wild.

Applause ensued. The guys thought it was the funniest shit they had seen for a while - and the gals - well, I don't claim to know exactly what they think. But I suspect it was something good. Afterward, the guys all wanted to try on the helmet. Because guys are stupid that way. I told them no. They could only wear it if they were on the 'rescue team'. Of course, they wanted to know what that was. So I explained it to them. The number one rule of the rescue team was that whoever got to Kat first to help get her out got to wear the fire helmet. The females had all come by my desk to tell me that it was a wonderful thing I did, making sure Kat got out of the building safely. And make no mistake - every guy on the floor witnessed the parade at my workstation.

From that day on, I was there every time with Kat as she evacuated the building. But I never got to wear the helmet again in the 2 1/2 years I worked there."

WEEK 29, WEEK OF 7/19/2020

Word Play: The words Dr. Evil, shitbag, extrapolating, sportzball, Phobos, Starf*cks, ATE THEM, Certiorari, mask nazis, ass-less chaps, apartheid, HAHahaha!, Joshua Tree, strange fetish, BWAHAHAHAHAAHh, quasi, Ex-lax, beau coup, and Saltcedar are written

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotliftandseparate...

#sexrobotchiapet...

#helpmysexrobotwontfitincloset... To which, LongDucks adds, #WillAlcoholRemoveSharpie?

#SEXROBOTSBESTGIIII – Nice entry by Badnews. No! Not that kind of entry...

Victory, Again: Thulsa Doom continues to scarf up wheelguns while the world salivates for plastic fantastics. He does not seem to care that he's dog whistling the weaker gun-cravers on the board.

Fauci's Fail: Fauci tries to throw a baseball at the nationals. It goes about as well as his covid response has.

Won't End Well: Antifa states a plan to go to Sturgis. Must. Pop. Popcorn.

Kerching!: Nicholas Sandmann settles his Washington Post lawsuit. Immediately announces plans to retire, though he hasn't started working yet.

Buyin' Frenzy: Gun sales continue to explode.

Fleetwood Flatlined: Peter Green won't be down for...anything.

Hol' Th' Pah-rim-a-tah!: NFAC puts on they black clothes and gets they black gunz and does they black clothes 'n gunz parade, and someone promptly AD's a bullet into several other of their own people. I mean, they own people. BTLR succinctly sums it up by posting: "What a fucking joke. In the live video of the same event I saw one guy use his M4 as a "cane" to ease himself down to the ground. Finger on the trigger, muzzle in the ground. Everyone sweeping their muzzles on everyone in their vicinity every fifteen seconds, fingers on their triggers."

WEEK 30, WEEK OF 7/26/2020

Word Play: the words crusted scabies, scorpion, Dangerous Bob, Boogaloo, manlift, Trebuchet, TANNERITE!!!, Hourly sponge bath, Melonite, Fat Nadler, ATLANTA!, Victoria's Secret, hot Andalusian girls, Chinkaneese, BAWAHAAAAHAHA, sticky bomb, and OhzzNozz are written.

Today I Learned: Someone mentions a MG42 with a fortress belt. I'd never heard of this before. A 250 round belt for a MG42. Pretty dang awesome.

Happy Birfday: Rev. Joel turns another older year, wherever he is.

Hashtagin': This week's hashtags from SOFShooter:

#sexrobotswillaskfordirections...

Skipping Stones: Mike Klos, cardboard boat captain and chief raconteur, throws a skipping stone for 15 skips, 33.3% more betterer than the next closest contestant.

Duck Dodgers: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher's duck saga continues. One duck loses half a foot to a snapping turtle, snapping turtle loses everything to Wreckless.

Fighting The Good Fight: Mike Klos continues his Mask Wars with various retailers.

Nice: Intaglio's neighbor puts up a nice sign, part of which says: "THERE ARE FOUR LIGHTS!" The neighborhood Karens do not approve.

PSA: Savvy readers will note short sections for the last couple of weeks. That's because, after the covid, antifa and technical stuff, there's not much meat left to put here. I swears, baws, I'm being diligent.

The Sadness: Carl near Fargo has to put down his Great Dane.

That'll Do 'Er: Cities ponder using unarmed civilians to handle traffic stops. I ponder getting moar popcorn.

Summed Up: dcbryan1 nicely sums up the knucklehead girl that died trying to retrieve her phone off of a busy highway in the middle of the night: "26 yo, 55 BMI, 75 IQ, dayed on I55."

Happy Birfday: In a blast from the past, IDaman wishes Hog Leg Jack, JOOMG, J. A. Sagerian a happy birfday.

Godfather Down: The Covid gets Herman Cain, Godfather's Pizza's founder.

Larry Poppins: There is much conjecture about Umbrella Man, that dark clad figure who supposedly started the ryotserr'where.

WEEK 31, WEEK OF 8/01/2020

Word Play: the words permaban, LynardSkynard, Grocks triggers suck balls, HomeBoy, Honky, Lizard Queen, naked sex worker, ROWR! BLAM BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM, Standard Kampfschwimmer maneuver, euphemism, DuPont Teflon Non-Stick Dry-Film Lube Aerosol Spray, highbrow, sideburns, Fatface, Beetlejuice, It's FLORIDA!,CASTLE DOCTRINE, Daewoo, consternation, AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA(breathe)HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA((breathe)HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, Jadotville, Mehhhhh, NAGASAKI goes BOOM are written.

It'll Be Gold Plated: CW is getting new knee on Tuesday. It'll be a pretty one, I'm sure.

Dia-beet-GXXXX: Wilford Brimley says diabeetus for the last time.

Mortal Combat: Carl near Fargo posts a video of a Great Dane barely surviving as it is repeatedly attacked by a hell-kitten.

Scammed: T.C. gets skimmed, and his account gets wiped out. Many stories follow, all of them making my blood boil.

Truer Words: Tj reposts the following:

"I never cared if you were "gay" or whatever acronym you chose to call yourself, until you started shoving it down my throat. (I admit a poor choice of words here)

I never cared what color you were, if you were a good human, until you started blaming me for your problems.

I never cared about your political affiliation until you started to condemn me for mine.

I never cared where you were from in this great Republic until you began condemning people based on where they were born and the history that makes them who they are.

I have never cared if you were well off or poor because I've been both. Until you started calling me names for working hard and bettering myself.

I've never cared if your beliefs are different than mine. Until you said my beliefs are wrong.

I've never cared if you don't like guns until you tried to take my guns away.

Now. I care. I've given all the tolerance I have to give. This is no longer my problem. It's your problem.

You can still fix it. It's not too late. But it will be. Soon.

I'm a very patient person at times. But I'm out of patience. There are literally Millions of people just like me that are sick of your Anti American crap!

We have had enough! America is the greatest country on earth and if you don't like America then you can leave. We are done caring about your misguided feelings.

You don't have the right to enjoy American freedoms if you are trying to take that right way from other Americans."

Relativity: Tulsa Doom asks: "I there anything better than the cessation of dental pain?" Though answers vary, cessation of dental pain pretty much takes the trophy.

#Hashtag Confederation: Where SOFShooter and allies post hashtags:

#sexrobotuserconfigurable... by SOFShooter

#sexrobotpatchnotes, (readme.tts) by LongDuck

#BasementBitch – Tulsa Doom

#reallivesexrobot... – SOFShooter

Men Saying Things: Rob in TX reminds us that, "There's nothing like a cold shot to the nuts after taking a shower," in reference to jock itch sprays.

Men Saying Things: BCR #1911 says to MF, "There's a stabbing in your future. But there are dividends."

Big Bada-Boom!: A pile of 2,750 tons of ammonium nitrate goes big bada-boom in Lebanon. Maybe. Jacque Ass sagely notes that this might have just been a 380 fired into the ground...

The Good, The Bad, The Ugly, The Dead: Clint Eastwood saunters off into the big gunfight in the sky at 89.

Ballers: A storm knocks out da power, but Vet 66 and Toad, being the prepared rascals that they are, are positively rolling in the electrons.

Buffalo Bonz: ‘.’ drops some very interesting info about buffalo bones:

“Started during WWI, all about bone meal, which was used for Phosphates to manufacture HE. English cleaned out western Canada during the war just miles long trains of Buffalo bone for war. Same reason why the English went after certain islands. Bird shit deposited over millennia. Big reason the North won? Well the South lacked large cities. Up North, there were metric tons of shit collected daily that was fermented, stewed and extracted for nitrate salts. South, really not that much. They had sulfur and charcoal, but nitrates were in meager supply and they had to rely on imports of French, Spanish and English powder that made it past the Union blockades. Ever tried to extract that shit from chicken runs? I have done it and it is serious effort my friend. Same with extracting Iron from bog dirt. Western Canada, in museums you will see old photos of endless box cars heaped full of buffalo bone during the great war, that all went to lower Ontario where it was ground, extracted and processed into HE then shipped to the UK. Crazy shit huh?

Dad recalls his boy scout troop collecting bone in the late 30s in North Dakota, used to be everywhere. Today it's damn hard to find isn't it? Skulls just don't rot away brother. They were mostly picked clean by kiddos for FDR's war effort. History is much about supply chains, my brother.”

That First Stitch: HH drops a TST on us, about the fact that the first stitches he ever threw were up in a Medicaid birther's hooah. His job finished, he took time to stare at his work “like it was a jacked up Mona Lisa artwork or some.”

Where'd Sh'go?: Jack Crow's wife departs on a covert adventure, but forgets to clue him in. Developing...

Men Saying Things: Mike Klos, regarding *that* bomb: “Happy super fun bright very hot light in the sky day.”

He Daid: Man dies in guacamole explosion...

He Liveded: CW survives his knee replacement surgery, and is now trying to learn how to control the bionics.

WEEK 32, WEEK OF 8/08/2020

Word Play: the words AMAZING!, flyover country, mouth pregnant, ampere damper, chicken blood, closed caption porn, agitprop, sandbagging, Wankels and Prisoner's Dilemma are written.

Truer Words: At the announcement of Kamala Harris as Biden's running mate, Unknown BCR dubs the team “Joe and da ho.”

Dead Easy Money: Minister of Fairness and Retribution links an article where the feds have paid almost \$460,000 in social security to one woman thus far...who has been dead since 1971.

Spend Mah Money: BCR 556 embarks on some firearms related purchases, using board feedback to guide his choices. It is fascinating to read the responses and note the collective experience among the board members.

Truer Words: ALTR posts a picture of a gal with huge breasts. Donald in NH raises the eternal question: "When is too much TOO MUCH?" To which T.C. answers, "When you get crushed to death."

Phoenix Rising: Tj notes that it is 112 degrees in his OA right now. His dog even postpones his doggy dump until the cooler time comes.

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobotusbchargeportnavel... – SOFShooter

Styling Bug: HH dolls up his bland, technical radiology office with some sweet, sweet Pulp Fiction swag.

Enemy in the Wire: Boned by Obamacare continues his Nextdoor swashbuckling, artfully turning the Karens on each other and then stepping back to eat his popcorn.

WEEK 33, WEEK OF 8/16/2020

Word Play: the words commiefornia, Kalifornia, HAHAHAAAAHA hahaha!,sandbagging, transvestite donkey-witch, whore-ific, Pfffftttt...., maverick, Venezuela, nutflux, death spiral, WINNING!, CNN,MSNBC,ABC,CBS,PBS,TBS,FBI,OU812,ATF,IRS,DNC,and RNC are written.

Ghost Story: NRA and TSRA drops this ghostly scene:

"Living alone lets you hear and feel all the weird occurrences living in a house with a bad foundation, old wiring and plumbing. I spent decades in maintenance so I can have an idea what is really happening instead of relying on superstition and the occult. Not that there hasn't been some amazing coincidences in my life.

Last week Thursday, I had another hour before bedtime but I was too tired to start another project. Exhausted. My buddy gave me Netflix on his family plan so I don't worry about boycotting because of obama. It's free so I think that's a win. I was watching Wynonna Earp for the second time and catching all the fun quips the RV3 is saying so it's really enjoyable. The bad guy was defeated, the good guys won and I was starting to fall asleep. Then it happened

I heard my first name clearer than the tv somewhere in my living room. I looked around to find out where the voice came from and had no idea. It sounded like my sister's voice and wondered if she was

in some sort of trouble. She lives hundred of miles away but we have this weird connection when we want to call each other on the phone.

So did I have any other electrical devices around. My ringtone doesn't call my name on the phone. The computer is in the other room but no connection to my name.

That left the tv. I noticed since I wasn't watching regular tv, I could run the scene back to the spot I heard my name.

It did it again. It called out my name. The second issue was it only on my recording of Wynonna Earp. I had to wait until yesterday to ask the guy who gave me Netflix but he's very uncooperative in favors I ask. Luckily, I was vague enough and I intrigued him enough he tried it immediately.

He heard it too.

I also checked the casting on Wynonna Earp to see if anyone had my name on the full casting, the sound editing, sound mixing or crew members.

No listing of any crew member has my first name. Maybe it was the guy who delivers the coffee and he forgot the cream and sugar and someone blurted out his name during the recording."

Truer Words: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher posts about an American woman, found tortured after setting off to visit her Mexican boyfriend. To this, Longduck posts: "Burn the habaneros, pay the dineros."

Divine Justice: Anon Type of Guy posts an article where the Chiraq Teacher's Union tried to send \$600 dollars of pizza to rioters, only to have it delivered to the police.

Keep on Keeping On File: Jack Crow, newly of no wife, kinda, starts his new job. He demonstrates strong perseverance in the face of many recent obstacles. Good on 'em.

Meet Popeye: feddoc posts a nice picture of a coyote with a 45 caliber tuneup. Its eyes are bugged, making it look, to me, a lot like Skratoff of the Ice Age movie series.

Trump's Fault: BCR1484 posts an article where a small drone flies close to Air Force One. Obviously, it's Trump's fault.

Men Saying Things: LongDuck, about Moochelle Obama: "She will to be the first black, transvestite, mooze demon pushing socialism."

The Proper Priorities: feddoc relates this story: "About 25 years ago the company I worked for (USN) had a family day out on the range. We were a top tier graduate type of command...TOPGUN, Top Dome (command/control) and Strike U (bomber dudes). Big Navy used to send air wings to us to train for 6-8 weeks prior to deployment.

Anyway, the 2-star decided to let the families see what we did for a living. There was a bombing run on a target about 3 miles away by the Hornet guys, then a strafing run by the Tomcat guys. After that was over you could float between 1. Pull the lanyard on a 105 a couple times (target was about 3 miles away??). 2. There was an obstacle course of sorts set up so that you could ride around with some SEALs

and use BFA equipped M-16s to fire at random guys (SEALs) who would fire back using BFA equipped M-16s. 3. There were also two stations set up to fire twin 50s at a target.

After it was over, I had driven my truck to the event, I asked the range officer if I could pick up a bit of brass. He said ok. So, I backed my truck up and started two fisting all the ammo cans and all the brass I could scoop up. About an hour or so later the range officer drove by and said 'hey, I wanna go home'. I ended up with about half a truck bed of brass.”

Just Being Mean: Mike Klos rudely sends away a customer who had only called to see how a project was coming on.

Or, rather: “I hate to do shit like this but the guy would not leave me alone. I do work for this local shop and they send people my way from time to time but this time they gave the motherfucker my personal cell phone number, and we had a talk about that. I told them the next time they give out my number that I'll give out yours. So this is a Russian guy that sounds like the FPS dude and is broken English. He brings me a cheap ass century dragunov for gunkoting. Fine, I tell him it's a bigger than normal job and it's going to be a while since it needs to go through the big cleaning tanks because of it's size and I don't light those tanks very often and that it's going to be probably 3-4 weeks. OK, I'm in no hurry to get it done, just do a good job he tells me. So with that the motherfucker is within days calling me 3-4 times a week, on Saturday, on Sunday night etc.. Wanting to know when can I come pick it up. This has been going on for the past 3 weeks not only on my telephone but the store number just as many times and today I told him that I'm putting it back together and you can come get it tomorrow. I don't know WTF is wrong with some people.”

Callin' the Grim Reaper: T.C. goes dancin' in the rain with an umbrella and almost gets lighteninged. His wife, on the other hand, didn't see anything at all. Which is why men always get frustrated with women when we tell them of incipient danger, only to be rebuffed by their distracted unbelief.

Klos, Continued: Mike Klos follows up with the Russian dude: “My Russian guy was just here. I guess that he thought he was going to pick up a completed job and acted surprised that it wasn't done. You know....something tells me that this guy is used to bitching and complaining until he gets what he wants and I remember when he brought it in he didn't like the way the safety and the take down levers made the scratch on the receiver and I told him that they all do that, it's normal and he wanted me to fix it so it wouldn't do that anymore. Then he tried to get me to take less money, then he offered less money if I took cash...All red flags I should have seen and I never should have taken it in.”

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobothunterkiller – SOShooter

#sexrobotearlyeighties... – SOFShooter

#sexrobotshootsballsoffire... Unsure, no attribution noted on editing. Whoever, epic.

Truer Words: BIO posts the following acronym: BIDEN – Biggest Idiot Democrats Ever Nominated

Got That Right: Paul Revere posts a link where the Kentucky Derby will be run with no fans in the stand this year, prompting Jacques Ass to question, "How shall the ladies show off their silly hats?"

Spend MahMonay: BCR 556 comes in for more money spending suggestions. This time, a "small/ short can for 9mm carbine , 3 lugged HK type attachment. Another for 9mm pistol, 1/2 x 28 and Euro 13.5 x 1 LH. Also suggest correlating pistol, preferably no booster." I'm beginning to think, 'lotto winner.'

WEEK 34, WEEK OF 8/23/2020

Word Play: the words ALL MOTOR, ARRGHH, bloodeagle, polonium milkshakes, The Church of P80, Nits make lice, skateBOARF, BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA..breath..HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, Bawhahaha, keyboard kommando, DemoKKKrats, gurbirgrewal, Aaacckkk!, baby momma, Bar O' Truth, Michelle Obama's genitalia and

Men Saying Things: Todd posts a picture of some kind of tripod. It has a large pass-through diameter for whatever it clamps onto. He questions: "Any idea on what the bipod is for?" JMB sagely answers, "Your pecker?"

Exhausting: Nykyfyr states that his colonoscopy went pretty well. Thanks God he doesn't include pictures or videos.

Nobody Said...: Tim D asks a question about pump capacitors. Then everybody breaks out the math and I scamper away.

Again...: KEF makes up some 147 grain 9mm. And then posts, "Here's a high school algebra exercise." I scamper away again.

17 and Gunning: A 17-year-old kid, The Kenosha Kid, gets attacked by an antifa mob. But the kid has an AR, and dispatches two of them, and blows off a chunk of another's right arm, leaving him crying like a bitch on the side of the road. Police him, issue a deluge of charges in what looks like a clear-cut case of duty to retreat and no way out. Developing.

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobotredleader... - SOFShooter

#SexRobotPlayHerPiano... - LongDuck

#retrosexrobot1930sberlin... - SOFShooter

#sexrobotaarghtherebeawhale... - SOFShooter

Change is Coming, Came, Went: NBA players refuse to play, stating that “Change is coming.” Then someone explains math to them, math related to their paychecks, and Change goes right back out the window.

A Thousand Years: Destiny has her birthday.

Black Panther Down: one of the stars of The Black Panther dies of colon cancer. Young, at only 43.

WEEK 35, WEEK OF 8/30/2020

BAH! Bad week. Much work. No entries.

But a quick search reveals...

#sexrobotsemaphore... – SOFShooter

#Regretthatlletsomanyothersslip... - Moi (but not ‘me’)

WEEK 36, WEEK OF 9/06/2020

Word Play: the words Bizarro, posers, pluuuuuuck, LOLOLOLOL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, CONTROLAVIRUS, flabbergasting, Duuhhh, Moldavian, doppelganger, ‘Liiiii-tulwii-yeers ,tii-yers , pliii-yers,’ schwimmwagen, WE'RE NOT WORTHY! And Rosbonjachetz are written.

Truer Words:

Hoosier Daddy states, “Mental Illness is now fashionable!”

Tj asks: “Guess who Joe’s health policy advisor is?” JMB answers: “Josef Mengele?”

Well Okay Then: Tj links an article, “Handcuffed man drowns after breaking free from cop during arrest.”

Buh-Bye: Entire Rochester PD command staff blinds city with ass.

Exactly: “Mac 2.0 asks, “Any way to get rid of an eye stye faster?” Moe offers, “TANNERITE!”

Sign of the Times: Ken in VA posts a link to GB where 9mm HST is going for \$2 a round.

Big Pimpin’: Iron Horse Tamer gets a Desert Eagle.

Oh HaylNaw: In the wake of Hurricane Laura, enormous clouds of mosquitoes are killing cattle and horses. Nope. Uh-uh. Nada. Newp. Nay.

Carrying the Banner: BIO posts several pics of very attractive young ladies, with all the padding in the right places. SOFShooter misses a perfect opportunity for an epic hashtag.

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobotperambulation... - SOFShooter

#sexrobotstealthtechnology...nobody can see her... – SOFShooter.

Well, Kinda: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher asks, "Ever see a \$5k glock?" and adds a link. But without linking, I think, "Ya, a Glock sitting on a \$4,750 dollar pile of money..."

Holy Cow: JW links an incredible True Story Time:

"There is one crazy primary care physician here that has a certifiably crazy wife. I have seen crazy before, but she is OFF THE CHARTS. Of course she has a gyn issue one day and lands in my office, mostly for non-sense "chronic pelvic pain" that has been going on for 20 years, and she just wants my opinion. Well, nothing has changed in 20 years, so... What has been done before?"

She asks me if I can review her latest CT scan. She was in the ER the night before and had a CT of the abdomen/pelvis. No findings. WITH CONTRAST, no findings. That is when I notice she has a lot of imaging resulted and linked on the computer.

How much imaging?

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ONE (as in 141) previous CT scans going back until 2007. Head. Chest. Pelvis. Abdomen. Leg. Foot. Neck. Every single part of her body scanned over and over again. On top of this, there are at least 40 MRI's and another 100 ultrasounds.

I turn to the crazy patient and ask why she has been scanned so much. Because she insists on it. So every time she hits the door, be it the ER, office or just sitting at home with her hubby, she gets a scan. At will. Whenever. She. Feels. Like. It.

She asks me to order a pelvic ultrasound. I tell her NO, it is not needed. She reminds me that her husband is the president of the medical staff. Tell her I do not care if he is the president of ACOG, she does not need one. She leaves. Husband texts me like an hour later with "hey, do you mind if I order my wife her ultrasound." Knock yourself out dude. Ordered. Read as normal. Patient sees me a week later to review the ultrasound her hubby ordered. YEP! Normal. Have a great day.

I head to the radiologist at our hospital and inquire about this nonsense, especially since she is WAY OVER the radiation dose she should ever get in her lifetime. He shrugs his shoulders, tells me he has done all he can, but people are still ordering scans left, right and center. Tells me to follow him into the CT room. There is a nice new GE Lytespeed scanner and a laminated sign taped to the side of it. What does it read: IS TO NEVER BE PLACED INTO THIS MACHINE WITHOUT CALLING THE RADIOLOGIST FIRST. The nice way of saying, no scanning this patient, because the radiologist has been cancelling the scans. Not kidding. That is what was done to stop all of her scans being done at this hospital. So what did the patient do, well that is easy, she went one zip code over and had the scans done there. He gets on the computer and pulls up the radiology system from the other hospital and there are another 200+ scans there, about 150 being CT scans.

Doing some quick math, that woman spends about 20 hours a month for the past 10 years in a CT scanner.

And the best part, the crazy wife/patient has three daughters and guess what they are doing? The exact same thing. Scan, after scan, after scan..."

WEEK 37, WEEK OF 9/13/2020

Word Play: the words BOOM, The Lesbians Are Migrating, denuded, asspennies, Kung Flu, Siberia, Bwahahahaha, piton, hive mind, werewolf, Pffffffttt., bizarro, Pssssssssssssssssssycho, BWA ahahahahahaha!, cryptofags and indissoluble union are written.

HugeNewz: RBG, daid. Someone rightfully declares a 48-hour Julia Free grace period.

Naughty BIO: BIO drops a TST:

"The Ron Jeremy post below reminded me about a little fun I had back in the day.

Laserdiscs were the new rage between VHS and what eventually became the DVD. They had better resolution and better audio than CD's. And, they could be freeze framed plus be stopped precisely.

Had "Dune" on Laserdisc. A friend wanted to watch it, so I dubbed it over to VHS.

The scene where Paul rides the sandworm for the first time shows Paul planting a thumper, enticing a giant sandworm to the surface.

I spliced in footage from a Laserdisc titled "Bad Girls", where Ron Jerney tit fooks Anna Ventura. Just a quick splice lasting maybe two seconds which went from the worm breaching a sand dune to a close up of Ron's "telephone pole" breaching Anna's boobs. Then back to "Dune", where Stilgar says, "Usel has called a big one. Again, it is the legend."

Got a call about it. He thought it was hilarious.

However, his wife was mega pissed off and verbally lit into him something awful. She declared me persona non grata for while."

Return Volley: JW comes back with a doozy of a TST himself:

"I was covin and Ob/Gyn practice in Huntingdon, PA years ago. Just before Christmas, one of the local welfare queens comes in with her 5 kids in tow, all from different baby daddies (which is the norm BTW). She is pregnant again, act shocked, and it is a quick visit. Since it takes me about 5 seconds to listen for fetal heart tones and there is nothing else to talk about, I ask her what she is doing for the holidays. I ask mostly because I am always interested in what the local welfare sucking white trash are doing, because it is entertaining. There is dead silence to my question for a few seconds, but the 9 year old with her in the room steps up to the plate to answer.

Christmas this year is going to be GREAT, the kids exclaims! Why? Because Santa is bringing his mommy a new tattoo ink gun with all the different colors of ink! Mind you the mom is covered in home made, black ink jail house tattoos and she is a good 200 pounds overweight. The mom looks at me and says

they kids are SO EXCITED, because she bought an electric tattoo set of Amazon and she can start doing her own tattoos from now on for that "professional" look.

Right after she says this, the 9 year old kid tells me he can't wait for mommy to give him his first tattoo!!! For Xmas!!! I look at the mom and say to her, "tell me that he is kidding, right?" Well... He really wants a tattoo like his mommy and wants his mommy to draw one on him with the new tattoo set from Amazon. For Xmas!!!

Mind you, the now pregnant fat welfare queen mommy is HEPATITIS C positive, for prior IV drug use. Being the doctor I am, warn her that she can spread Hep C very quickly using a tattoo gun, and there is specific decontamination protocols to prevent that. Fat prego welfare queen tells me that I am a doctor and know nothing about the tattoo industry. Basically tells me, fuck off, you do not know what you are talking about and stay in your lane. Fine. Enjoy your holiday.

A few weeks after New Years I cross paths with this retard on the Ob floor and she is there with no kids. Inquire how her holiday went and I get a dead angry stare back. Seems she made good on her holiday promise and tattooed a few of her kids and they got Hep C. State took the kids after.

Another true PA white trash story from the heart of PA mountain country. Hammer hardened mountain white trash, the worst to deal with and zero responsible parenting skills." Writer's Note: "Hammer hardened mountain white trash" was a wonderful turn of phrase.

Oval Lappin': Pete in NH posts a cool pick of an old race car he had, with a custom spray painted anarchy symbol on the side.

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobotnewLovelyLassmodel... - SOFShooter

Men Showing Their Meat: Snooter drops 7 hours on 13 pounds, apple wood, hand rub, came out perfect. Toad comes on with briskets and pork shoulders aging for an upcoming bachelor party.

Not Good: T.C.'s MIL goes to the hospital with Necrotising fasciitis. We hope all goes well for her. I am very busy with work right now, so please forgive me if I miss other posts about this, and we all hope she gets better.

Mongo's Mammaries: Tired of all the serious crap going on, Mongo posts a series of lovely booby pictures.

Truer Words: James asks, "Why do they refer to SC justices like famous killers?" To this, Dan in WI answers, "Because they're killing our freedom?"

WEEK 38, WEEK OF 9/20/2020

Word Play:

Oh Daym: T.C. updates about MIL situation: "She shows up with necrotizing fasciitis and is septic, they cut a bunch of filets out of her upper thigh, and put her on IV antibiotics. So she's there maybe 2 days and they try to discharge her and take her off the antibiotics. Wife says no. She's staying another night. So today they try to discharge her and she's feeling dizzy and sick, they do a blood test and she's septic again. I'm guessing 3rd world doctors and nurses strike again, but it's only a guess.

This is the same hospital that ignored the chart, and gave the wife's grandmother penicillin which she was deathly allergic to, her legs turned black, and they ended up cutting off both her legs.

Nice to see they are keeping the tradition alive."

WEEK 39, WEEK OF 9/27/2020

VACATION

WEEK 40, WEEK OF 10/04/2020

VACATION, KINDA. LET'S SEE IF I CAN SCROUNGE ANYTHING UP HERE...

Word Play: the words impossible, spygate, snakedude, Operation Vittles, Mr Taggert, cryptozoology, Hahahaha!!!, pubic hairs, prohibition, Kristallnacht Zwei, fuggard, WOPPR ARMS-V3, ahahahahahahahahahah MUH SIDES!!!, WHOA DAYUM, redonkulous, YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!, hildabeast, VAMPIRES, man calves, dipshitz, ME! ME! ME! ME! ME!, WHAT ABOUT BILLY BOY??????, assholish, schportsball, and chin diaper are written.

Hashtag Confederacy:

#gingersgivemewood - Badnews

Barrel Wenches: BIO drops several pictures of Barrel Wenches, attractive and scantily clad women posing atop/amid/about/beside or at least near barrels. Anon in Omaha counters with "Ginger with a nice bum."

The Question Answers Itself: THV asks, "Dafuq's wrong with my crappy Poulan Pro saw...?" To which I asks myself, 'other than the fact that it's a piece of shit Poulan chainsaw?'

These Changing Times: There used to be five 'foods' that I didn't like but wished I actually did: beer, wine, coffee (black), oysters and yogurt. I really did want to like them, but couldn't. Until the beginning of this week, when I discovered that my tastes had changed and now Greek yogurt is quite good to me. These ways we change over time...strange.

Toyotechtree: Badnews posts a Toyota Technical Tree, which shows the full line of Toyota truck technical, raging from lighter machineguns to big ass rockets.

Truer Words: MF states, "you stir shit – it stinks."

Can't See Clearly Now: Johnny Nash daid. So is Johnny Cash.

He *Almost* Daid: Another suicider makes a run on Wreckless aka Dream Crusher

The War Eternal: Moar discussion about sugar in cornbread. Opinions definitely vary, but then someone mentions ham hocks and I get hungry!

Wha'd I Miss: I see mention of HH's curse, but didn't see the parent post. Hmmm, what could it be?

Prayers Requested: 4n0n, for his grandma. Well responded.

TST: Pete in NH drops this:

"Years ago we went through a series of teenagers as peon shop/homestead help under the mistaken impression that youthful energy would be a useful thing. I hadn't really planned for their overall incompetence and inability to learn. I tried a few different teens, but they didn't work out. Then I tried adults/retirees, but found them to be difficult to teach because they already thought they knew everything. What worked out best for me was a mid 20's shopwench, but that is another story.

So anyway, years ago we had run a strand of hot wire around the goat fencing in an attempt to keep a particular buck goat in the pen. He was an especially athletic goat who could climb fences and get himself in trouble.

Teenager shop help Chester and I ran the hot wire along the top of the fence and hooked it up to the charger. I had my back to Chester and was picking up tools because teenagers cannot be trusted to pick up tools and invariably leave at least one on every work site. Behind me, I heard a grunt followed by a ridiculous giggle.

I turned around to see Chester standing there with an idiot grin on his face with one hand wrapped firmly around the hot wire.

It isn't a continuous charge of electricity that goes through the wire, it pulses every few seconds. Chester wanted to see what it felt like, so he had just grabbed the fence. Every few seconds he'd get belted with the charge, make a grimace and let out a loud grunt when it hit him, and then giggle like a crazy person when it stopped between pulses.

Chester was, well, an "interesting" employee. Today he is a lawyer."

Truer Words: Minister of Fairness and Retribution mentions that gas stations can be the tits for fried chicken. Lawd, yes. I have discovered that myself. It all depends on who is behind the counter.

Good Riddance: Happy Dead Che Day!

Good Ride-ance: Happy International Lesbian Day!

Truer Words: Badnews links a post: "And knowing is half the battle. The other half is extreme violence."

Philosophical Question of the Day: My daughter asks: "Dad, if they ever invented a pill that if you take it you would never have to have a bowel movement ever again, that the bowel movements would just kind of magically disappear, would you take it?" I answer, "No." "Why," she questions. I pause my video of performance boats pounding their way through Haulover Inlet, ponder for a second and answer: "Because I like to shit." She accepts this answer, and moves off into the other room to talk with her sister.

Some Will Get It: ...Space Vampires.

Got Me: I get Rick Rolled on snugbus. Rick Astley is like Cambodian landmines. Been around for a while, but can still get you.

Holy...!: a preacher is caught having a threesome with two dominatrices on the altar of his church. That wasn't holy water he was sprinkling...

Did You Know? People who live on the small little island of Bimini are known as Biminities.

WEEK 41, WEEK OF 10/11/2020

Word Play: the words dick and balls, Egads!, severed heads, cockroaches, Neonicotinoids, massive dem voter fraud, disinfect her clam, Icy Balls, DRUMPF!, Toklat Grizz, Adrenochrome, Totenkopf, Appalachian hillbilly, American Sicherheitsdienst, and Snoooooooooooooooooow! are written.

Sitting Bullish: Buyguns request feedback on Metamucil, informing us that his sit-down routine is about as fun as listening to the Democrats during a SCOTUS confirmation.

Yep: Poles try to defuse a 5,000 pound bomb. It explodes. I think, yup.

Yes, or No? Maybe Yes, Maybe No: a discussion breaks out over whether or not chili should contain beans, and yes, someone also links this discussion to cornbread and sugar. Some say that putting beans in chili renders Bean Soup, to which BIO initially counters with, "Riddle me this... Why do they call them "chili beans"?" and then follows with, "VIO's chili is so thick you could mortar bricks with it." Must ask for that recipe...

Hashtag Confederation:

#SexRobotPelvicWeld - LongDuck

Truer Words: "Gas station sushi is more trustworthy than the FBI." – BIO

First Gun, First Car: feddoc asks, what was your first gun, and your first car? The responses are heavy, and fascinating.

Yup: JW posts that the Democrats tend to know abortion more than anything else. Also then goes on to say that all of us, if exposed to what he sees on a daily basis, would basically go blind. Prompted by this, Hell's Mechanic relates the following TST:

"It was bad enough that the stripper I briefly "dated" used to pull little rubber animals out of her and toss them in the crowd. She forgot a little green frog. I looked after I felt something odd with my hand and a green leg was hanging out.

For years after, I fought the urge to look before getting down to business with any woman I was seeing. They don't understand if you tell them you want to check for frogs before fucking them."

Awwww: BlueStateJoe drops this TST:

"In the early '70s, when I was about six years old and living with my Jewish grandparents in Brooklyn, my grandpa had a mutt named Lucky, who lived with us but roamed the streets during the day, hanging outside the pizzeria, chasing cars, killing squirrels and fathering half the puppies in the neighborhood. My grandfather was president of the local synagogue, so every morning he would walk there with Lucky, who would wait outside during morning prayers and accompany him back home. One day, Grandpa (75 and still working as an electrician) had a stroke on the job. He was hospitalized for three weeks and never returned home.

Shortly thereafter, we had a visit from the rabbi. It seems that Lucky would show up at the synagogue every morning and wait until all the men came out, then leave.

Dogs are special."

Shi--, Uh, Sitting Pretty: Buyguns informs us that his Metamucil is working.

Not Sure: Deleerious posts:

"She kept pleading. Eat me ,eat me ,eat me !!!!So he did.

Down to the last toenail!!

Thaz a lil too erotic. Even fer me!!!!

Look it up tj."

This provokes Tj to ask, WTH is the matter with you? Are you just lazy?"

Which gets the following response from Deleerious:

“Farkin A I am that ,thazwy I run a boring mill 12 hrs a day. 6 days a week!!!!
Cuzl'mlazeeeeeeeee!!!!
Hahahahahahahahah!!!
That and I post in between cuts.
Oh and also run my rental props
Oh and i
Run another side biz.
Cause l'mlazeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!
And I sure don't need no stinking likeeeeezzz”

...And I think, dang that's some good stuff he's taking right there...

Dat Phone: Ppppeete announces his new phone: iPhone 11 Pro Max 256gb Master Race

Trend Noticed: Pete Jefferson reenters posting. ' ' angles in for him in post strings. Didn't see that coming, LOL.

Disappointed: Jim S mentions a corn and rubber fire in Nebraska, and I mistakenly think he's going to drop a Nebraska sexual escapade on us.

Envy: Chrispyny posts a pic of posts a show and tell of pre-lock S&W wheel guns. This provokes many others to post them too, making my heart yearn for some hot wheelgun action, but unlike Thulsa Doom, I'm not a deal wizard at the stores.

Sad: Critical Bill loses his lady. Board response is very loving, and extensive.

WEEK 42, WEEK OF 10/18/2020...Hell, if that's even right.

Word Play: the words smashmouth, satanic looting operation, jetpack, sex doll filled with helium, Mephistopheles, Floppies, RUSSIANS!!!, nothingburger, Karaoke, Psychotropic Narcotics, sopaipilla, churros, TeleToobin, Biteme, WHAT DID YOU SAY? and yellow dog journalism are written.

Eggciting: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher's adopted ducks finally shed their lazy ass ways and start laying eggs.

Hoochmeister: Thulsa Doom brews some Devil Water on his stove.

Truer Words: HH states, “Face shield people are interesting specimens of humanity.”

Baller: kaveman states, “I've owned over two thousand guns in my life.” Hell ya!

Ummm: Jeffrey Toobin, Harvard graduate and CNN legal analyst, plays with his dick in a Zoom call with his peeps...and has the camera running.

Doing Well: Mwilson checks in, states that he is doing well. In Florida now, seeking Florida Man.

Doctor, Doctor, Gimme the News: JW relates this story: "Black guy comes in some evening and and is overtly septic, temperature 104 degrees and can nearly breathe. You can smell him from the elevator shaft and has a huge puss filled scrotum (ball sac). Assume it is a trauma of some sort with subsequent infection. Partially correct. Seems Tyrell slapped around his woman a few weeks prior and she got ticked, waited for him to fall asleep, then rolled up on him in bed while he was passed out with a 22 LR pistol. She squeezes off a few shots while he is sleeping. One hits him just inside his knee and the 22 LR slug travels up his thigh and lodges in his nut sac. He rolls over and goes back to sleep. Wakes up the following morning a little sore and hung over, but goes along with his life. A week or two passes and the infection sets in with his ball sac and he comes in the trauma unit. Ball sac is the size of a basketball and reeks. Urologist comes in and takes him to the OR, and cuts his sac and balls off and drains about 2 liters of puss out onto the floor. All meat and no potatoes after that procedure."

Poet's Corner: Jacque Ass drops this little number, with apologies to Lizzy Borden: "Jeffrey Toobin didn't use an axe; he grabbed his dick and gave it forty wacks.

When the online viewers were shocked at what he had done, he gave himself another forty-one.

-- A Jacque Ass original --"

Uh Huh: The Left proposes a 'truth and reconciliation commission' to be put in place should Biden wins. Soon to be followed by, "Your papers please."

Heatin' Up: Hunter Biden's computer starts revealing tons of really interesting facts, that the major news outlets will never allow to come to light...

Did He Mean: Joe writes: "Why you should be preparing for war after the election: Ranging your neighborhood property. Having proper open areas to display the heads of Antifa dead, Lord of the flies a thousand-fold. Once this starts there's no going back, no cease fires, no peace treats and no quarter for them. Total analation of the enemy is the only solution." Did he mean annihilation, or...

October Surprise: Thulsa Doom makes note that it is October 22nd – 10/22 – and requests pictures of people's 10/22's. Many responses, and interesting variations.

Gross: The August 2020 Playboy Playmate is put up by Boned by Obamacare, and she's a whopper.

He's Bringing Booty Back: Naw, not BIO. This time, it's Anon in Ohama with a plethora of bumped babes.

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobotcandrive4speed... – SOFShooter (while everyone else slacks, SOFShooter delivers)

Train's a Comin': The infernally and perpetually rigged poles hosted by the major networks show the Trump Train rapidly gaining on Biden's fake lead.

Biden n' Harris: AKA...

Traitor Joe and the Ho – Unknown BCR

The Nut and The Slut – MWWilson

Getting' Betta: A former ally comes out against the Bidens regarding Chiner. Said former ally will likely soon, very soon, get very depressed and commit suicide by shooting himself in a variety of impossible ways.

Getodachoppa: Peeete laser engraves a rocking picture on an AR receiver with his laser.

Biden Beatdown: Last presidential debate. Trump chills. Biden ills. Not that it will change anybody's mind.

Comin' Along: The Wall continues to grow, at 7 miles a week.

The End Is Near: The first Asian Giant Hornet nest is discovered in the US, in WA. Nice knowing you, folks.

Hmmm...: Jug asks: "Best way to take out tanks & armored vehicles?" And I wonder what he's up to...

Historical Takedown: BIO gets a 60-day suspension for a picture meme he had posted two years prior. Serves the racist, Nazi-loving homophobe right. Postscript: two days later, they let him back on, proving that Facebook is a place where racist, Nazi-loving homophobes like to congregate, supported by The System.

Yup: The words Biden and pervert are used in the same sentence.

WEEK 43, WEEK OF 10/25/2020

Word Play: the words Foot Massage, Eloi, Bambi sleeping, Yeehah!, Abe Frohman, Et tu?, "MEOW", cheesy karate movie, diatribe, Combat Python, Ghettopotomuses, Poverty Pimps, Pffffttt and AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! Are written.

Double Oh-No: The original James Bond, is finally dealt with by the Undefeatable Villain: Death himself. Personally, I was quite fond of Rodger Moore, having come of age with his movies, and also thought that George Lazenby was a great melding of Sean Connery's grit with Rodger Moore's polish.

Ummm: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher drops this line: "Looter Calls Philly Police to Report Looting After Fellow Looters Steal His Loot." That about sums it all up.

Uh-huh: The a-rabs are at it again in France.

My Captain!:Chrispyny does a lovely rehab on an old aluminum boat. Really beautiful outcome.

Who Is Screwing Who?: Cuomo is busy screwing the cops, but it appears that the cops are busy screwing his daughter.

Yes, But No: harris...dirty white boy posts a picture of Carmen Electra at 48. Pretty banging picture, but that woman has had about 30 miles of various and assorted cocks in her. Pass.

Sums it Up: harris...dirty white boy sez this of actors: "They're actors, nothing more than that. I like their acting/production work and that's about the extent of it. I'd rather have a beer with the guys who hang off the back of the trash trucks around here."

Sums it Up II: Badnews sez, "You can't fix crazy...but you can die trying."

Happy Birthday: Q. Arrius gets another day closer to seeing Sean Connery again.

Rats!: Toad mentions that Biden has nasty beady rat eyes and I can't unsee it after that.

Speaking of...: Joe posts a picture of the standard weapon of the French military forces. It is a crude white flag.

Understatement: ALTR posts a pic with the tag: "Those might be implants." Inside, a pic of a total R3 with breasts so stuffed with implants that they come straight off the chest wall and look ready to explode. And I think, 'there was a time when I'd have pretended to be a liberal democrat in order to blow a load up into her.' Hey, yaain'tgotta marry it...

Ammo shortage ove...continues: Iron Horse Tamer uses his storied flexibility to spy 800 rounds of 7.62x39 at a local Academy store. He promptly snatches up every last round, making us proud of him.

Well Trained and Trained Well: Thulsa Doom drops this nugget:

"So things got spicy last night here in DC. But the Walmart survived, thanks to MPD being good tactical planners, and the protesters being like a cat chasing a laser pointer.

At 7pm, the protest march reached the intersection of Georgia Ave and Peabody street, as planned, which was to be the "skirmish line".

Except police weren't there. So there was no one to confront at that location.

The police formed their line one block to the north, in front of the police station itself, and another line across Georgia Ave at Quackenbos St.

This forced the mob to travel an additional 100 yards from their initial point, where they planned to be, in order to get close enough to the cops to throw things at them.

Once the mob arrived at the police line, they started attacking the fence barrier and throwing stuff. The police responded with just enough pepper spray to piss off the mob, but not drive them away. Instead, it drew them further in as they got angrier at the cops and started throwing more bottles.

Meanwhile, while the idiots were drawn in and focusing their rage on the line of cops at the station, another line of cops appeared on Georgia Ave from the south, and quickly charged north, past the Walmart and up to Peabody st, which was originally supposed to be the rear of the protester's line. The cops moved north and toward the group, setting up another line to the south of the mob, which was now completely encircled, by police to their north, east and south, with a block of buildings to their west. No escape.

While this happened, the Walmart had people on standby to board up the windows and doors. As soon as the police line passed them, they were out putting pre-cut plywood in place to secure the building. The police kept the protesters in the box they ran into for two hours while the Walmart boarded up. When the Walmart was secured, the line of police to the protester's south then quickly pulled out and vanished, leaving Georgia Ave to the south of the mob open again.

Then out come the flashbangs, tear gas and OC spray from the police to the mob's north and east. Lot of it.

So the mob then starts sprinting southward on now-empty Georgia Ave, to escape the can of whoopass being poured on them from the cops to the north. The cops are in pursuit, and chased them right past the boarded up Walmart, spraying OC and lobbing flashbangs like they were Mardi Gras beads. They pushed the rapidly-attributing mob about 10 blocks south, where the last of them dispersed. Very solid, well executed plan by police. Simple too. Only had to rely on the stupidity of the mob to wander right into the trap the cops set, and being idiots, they did so obligingly.

I was wrong about the local BLMANTIFA getting someone in leadership who finally understood tactical planning. They don't. They're still just a stupid, uncoordinated mob. Maybe the intent and plan WAS there, but they had no way to control their idiot masses, who are like trying to herd cats.

It was fascinating to watch as it unfolded. I could tell immediately what the police were up to as soon as I saw they weren't at the pre-announced protest location, but 150 yards away. They were drawing them in instead, to a box. And no one in the mob saw it coming. Idiots.

Also, yet again, that reoccurring observation that someone/small team with comm, at a distance, could put a serious hurting on a mob like this, and then just vanish afterwards in the chaos, like a fart in the wind.”

Post 9/11: von R drops this nugget: “Two F-16’s on a J-3 Cub post 9/11. The airspace had been shut down for about two weeks after 9/11, and the FAA had announced the reopening a couple of times, but canceled each time. On a subsequent day, they had announced that it would reopen at noon, and a grandfather and his grandson headed to a nearby grass strip to go up in the grandfather's J-3. Everything went fine until they had two F-16s trying to keep pace with a 75 mph airplane with no radio. I heard the F-16s low over my house, and I mean low. The sky had been dead quiet for the preceding two weeks, which normally would have been filled with airliners on approach to DFW. I ran outside to see what was happening, first thinking we were under attack again, then I saw the Cub cruising along at maybe 500 feet, with an F-16 alongside, gear and flaps down, nose pitched high, trying to avoid a stall. Circling above was his wingman. I lost sight of them behind the trees and came inside, wondering what I'd just witnessed. When the local news came on that afternoon they told the story of what happened. The Cub landed back at the grass strip, and I'm sure the grandson had quite a story to tell his friends.”

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobotalpinecorps... – SOFShooter

#sexrobotrealisticskinblemish...–SOFShooter

#SexRobotBulletTramp – LongDuck, with Trump by a Landslide

Sums it Up II: Badnews sez, “You can’t fix crazy...but you can die trying.”

He Gots It: Ppppeeete gets RRRooona.

Geesh: Hunter Biden uploaded himself to Pornhub. Such a scumbag. Tj ominously notes that one of the pictures displays both two women and a dog.

Cart-Tell: MF welds him up some welding cart. Looks good.

Intaglio’s Prediction: Intaglio drops this: “President Trump wins a historic Second Term.” We hope you’re right, sir.

WEEK 42, WEEK OF 10/25/2020 (repeat date, but I ain’t sleuthing it)

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobottalkingpullstring... – SOFShooter

Sad Day: Well, I boffed this week. It just got away from me. We had to put down our 15-year-old Good Boi, and he was an amazing dog that will be missed greatly. I find myself out of place this week. The evening rhythms aren't there. I used to work on my paperwork, and then work on the Snugbus Chronicles, all the while that Spike was by my feet. An old dog, but still able to bark at strangers or mooch a snack. And then, over the course of two weeks, the hearing went away and the eyes went dim and, most telling, he began to turn his head from his food and then finally his snacks. We debated on what to do for a few days, and then he told us the answer. I let him out one night, that last night, and went on my rounds. That was our routine. Both go out into the back yard to pee, and then I'd go do my rounds while he did his. We'd meet back in the middle for a good pet, and then mosey on back into the house. But he wasn't in the middle when I went back. I found him quietly nestled on a small slope in our back yard, completely at peace. Just lying there and enjoying what was in fact a gorgeous night. It is a beautiful, poignant memory, and I will never forget it. Just a perfect last night to spend with him, and a perfect place, at least for that moment. And I knew. So I went and knelt down beside him and cried in the dark. I knew what we'd have to do, and you know it's right but it feels so wrong, like being a traitor to your buddy. He eventually looked back at me and managed a weak tail wag. I pet him very softly, because it seemed to hurt him, and said, "You ready to go back inside buddy? I know it hurts to walk, just this one last time." And he struggled and paused and struggled and managed to come up into standing and we slowly walked back to the house.

He roused well enough the next morning, and I loaded him into the car for my wife. I could not go with her – work is crushing right now – and so she was going to have to take him there herself. She called me on the phone later. They did a curbside pickup, really wonderful people, and Spike was able to walk into the building with them. He did not look back. There were no regrets, he was ready. I got the call. I had to pull over to the side of the road, and my wife cried in her car and I cried in mine. We elected not to be there for the procedure. I just could not stand to see my dog die. I told myself that I was a sissy for that, but I just absolutely could not bring myself to it. It was just unbearable to me, an impossibility. Today, the day after, my wife and I were out doing shopping. She seemed antsy for a moment, and then burst into tears. I thought it was probably about him, but asked anyway. She said that she had started worrying about getting back home so that she could take care of the dog and then remembered that he'd never need to be taken care of again. Sitting here now, working on the Snugbus Chronicles, I find myself occasionally looking over my shoulder to check on him, only to be startled that he's not there, and the realization that he's gone punches me in the gut again. I had to pause my writing when scribing this all down. I broke down in tears, causing my wife to come running downstairs to rescue me, only to break down in tears beside me. Dogs: they'll bring you a million smiles, rip your heart out just once and then leave you with fond, bittersweet memories of great times, days gone by and missed pets.

Postscript: My youngest daughter told me of a dream she had yesterday, the day after: She dreamed that she was walking in a neighborhood like the one we live in, but not our neighborhood. Stated that as she was walking, she saw Spike walking down the road in her direction. He waited until he knew he had her attention and then turned around and started walking, checking over his back from time to time to see if she was following. He finally arrived at a house and went down the driveway. My daughter arrived at the driveway, but did not follow him. Said that it felt like it wasn't her property. Just couldn't go down

that driveway. Like whoever lived at that house now owned him. And Spike went down to the end of the driveway where there were other dogs. She said that she felt kind of sad, because he wasn't her dog anymore, but he was quite happy in the company of the other dogs, just enjoying himself in the sun alongside them. Take from this what you will, but I thought that it was beautiful.

WEEK 43, WEEK OF 11/01/2020 ***ELECTION WEEK***

Word Play: the words strafing, mystical, Huzzah, hahaahaaaaaaa!!!, whacked out white suburban women, Smack, boo, blow, meth, mushrooms, sock puppet, ROBOTS, Ammiright, Eeewwwwwwwwwww, data wizard, blunderbuss, jeebus, Hahahahahahahahahahaha....whew....hahahahaha...., Quisling and THUNDERDOME are written.

Okay, no: Now, this week was pretty much consumed by election stuff. The Biden pull ahead, which pretty much nobody in America believes, and so on. Given the intent of The Snugbus Chronicles is to bring smiles and happiness, I will just say that the elections are an ongoing entity right now, and that come what may, God is in heaven and is fully in charge. Let's move on to the next week and have some more fun.

WEEK 44, WEEK OF 11/08/2020 ***ELECTION WEEK(S)***

(Peggy! Git me somora dem boxes of ballots!)

Word Play: the words ARREST, HELL JUST FROZE OVER, FOAD, Shaddup, Bull Pucky, Whoopityfriggindo, REPARATIONS, Minnicrotum, Piss Bucket, Unobtanium, MichinegunJubblics, dart titties, Quisling, Grey Man!!!, bifurcate, sour salt, THAT'S A MANNNNN BABY!!!!!! And LBGTQEIEIO are written.

Men Showing Their Meat: (been waiting for another installment). Nykyfyr, who is doing better with his wife, asks: "Venison sausage/kielbasa recipes?" JSC in TX links to www.meatsandsausages.com, Minister of Fairness and Retribution links a picture of the rare and quite reclusive Saustrich, CML posts an epic picture of a deer he cleaned and trimmed, and then vac wrapped. Truenorth discusses how back home in Beausajour Manitoba they made Kubasa, something that '.' also remembers. Sadly, Kubasa manufacture among their respective families seems to have fallen away. But '.' does denote that he gathered recipes from all sides of his family, with recipes from Norway, Germany and the Ukraine.

Truer Words: Iron Horse Tamer: "Today's rant about sellers on GB: If you are selling a gun that's been fired, it's "used", not "like NIB test-fired". Your mom isn't just "test-fired" either.

If you are selling a common current-mfg semi-auto like a Shield, Ruger, S&W etc, no need to put it on a 15-day auction with a \$700 starting bid. It's not the Shroud of Turin, or priceless Rembrandt. It's a garden-variety commodity."

Pariah: Yet again, the name Todd Bailey is mentioned. Yet again, there is derision.

United Colors of ALTR: ALTR posts a mild NSFW picture of a young lady named Linda Gilbert, a young and attractive lady with about a bajillion tattoos on her body. The general consensus is, RV3, but several among us would 'hit it.'

Mags That Bite: Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' posts a PSA about Brownells 30 round mags and how to Dremel your way to smooth feeding. In the picture he posts, if you look closely, there are about 30 bricks of gold piled up, and what looks like three wrapped kilos of white powder. You will probably never see this picture again, and if asked, he will likely only post a sanitized picture of a couple of magazines, but you can trust me on this. I would nevaeva lie to you.

Long Song: postal relates: "On a night very much like tonight, Cold, windy and lots of snow in the air. Worked with a friend who lost his uncle (crewman Holl) when she went down.

My Daughter and I were up hunting deer 19 years ago and saw the lighting ceremony at the Split Rock lighthouse (passed by the Fitz a day earlier) north of Two Harbors and the purser rings the ships bell 29 times during a rollcall of the dead. Then the lighthouse lamp fires up and it is impressive. I Found myself crying, looked at my daughter who also was in tears.....as was everyone else.

They light up that light every year for a couple hours as was done tonight. (It was live on Facebook, that pos site!)

I saw that boat come into Duluth harbor a few times as a kid and her sister ship still is in service (I believe, the Canadian Hunter?)

John "

It Builds Upon Itself: Iron Horse Tamer almost gets in trouble with management, posting: "I was close to getting trespassed atthe local big box sporting goods store.

They finally got in 3 brands of .380, some .357, two brands of .45 ACP, some 44 mag, and a few other things I wanted.

They have a 200 round minimum per caliber.

I was on my third trip through, when the dept mgr came by, and was eyeballing my cart, and giving me the stink-eye. Meanwhile, I was chatting with a hunter who desperately needed some .308 which they didn't have, which I happened to have in my car. I grabbed him a basket, tossed in quite a bit of merch, and told him to carry it out, and I'd take care of him.

By the time we get downstairs to the register, the manager has already called down, and there were three gals at the register. The newly checker and two management types. They explained that they had gotten a call upstairs about somebody with too much 280. I told them that's a hunting caliber, and started setting my goods on the counter in groups of four. Fortunately, they could not discern between caliber and bullet weight, so they reluctantly accepted my explanation that these were all different. Ended up hauling \$2k worth of ammo out of there. Gave my helper a box of .308 hunting ammo for his help."

LongDuck, not taking the programming, takes issue with some of the aspects of the story, stating, "Your story has a giant chasm in the middle." To this, some wise guy posts: "So do I," and signs it Kamala Harris.

Got That Right!: Jug posts: "To all the Veterans here... Thank you for your service and God bless."

TST: T.C. busts out this epic True Story Time: "Wife was off today, gets called into work. For some weird reason she pulls the adhesive cover off a sanitary napkin and sets it on the bathroom stool sticky side up before getting in the shower. The cat jumps up on the stool and sits on it and the sanitary napkin gets stuck to the cat's ass. So the cat starts bouncing off the walls in the bathroom, breaks the toilet seat hinge and the toilet seat flies onto the floor, jumps on the counter and knocks the wife's phone across the room and it lands in the litter box, bounces off the wall again and a brand new roll of toilet paper flies off the roll and also lands in the litter box. Then the cat runs into the bedroom and knocks down a bunch of shxt off the dresser, jumps onto the bed and projectile vomits all over the bedspread and sheets.

I finally catch the cat, remove the offending sanitary napkin from his ass and he calms right the fckdown but the two rooms are destroyed.

This is on par with the time several years ago when the wife left a plastic grocery bag out in the bathroom and the cat got tangled up in the handles and it "chased" the cat around the house. That time the living room also got destroyed.

Having a hard time wrapping my head around the fact that the cat hit the toilet hard enough to bust the toilet seat off the toilet without knocking itself out. Women.

Addendum: "Cat was more upset than I thought. I just found a turd on top of the dresser in the bedroom. Either it happened when the cat was flying around the house and I didn't notice, or the cat came back and did a revenge drop. "

Covid Capers: Mrs. Near Fargo gets the Covids. Carl near Fargo states that she feels a little run down, but nothing beyond that, thank heavens.

ODAT!:IDaman wishes Willbird Happy ODAT.

Willbird Posts Back: "I am free, I am free, thank GOD I am free...today anyway :-).

11-12-1991 ODAT :-).

11-10-1991 I had my last drink. Had been at a party and acted the ass, got into my car and drove around wide open throttle, 78 Buick regal, not a super fast car but still deadly had I hit anybody. Had two DUI one of which I had not been sentenced for yet. Had nearly gotten fired at work due to going out at lunch and getting drunk and not planning on going back when I was one of the only two people there. As part of my shape up or ship out probation I had agreed to "go to AA", never said I would quit drinking. I have said before that Alcoholics and drug addicts are lairs and I stick with that universal truth.

So that last drinking day was it somehow, not sure why. I had been going to meetings for I dunno about a month, thought I could still smoke dope, I was an alcoholic maybe, the weed led me right back to the booze. Walked into the bar on 11-12-1991 and gave the bartender some cash, owed him for the car I was driving, had a soft cover Big Book under my arm because I was walking to an open Big Book study.

Went to that meeting, then went to my shop and did a few bong. Realized that I CHOSE to do that...it felt really different. That was my last use of drugs or alcohol.

A few days later I was just pondering why I deserved it, one of those lying awake in bed before sleep times, probably jazzed on lots of coffee. On a whim I asked the void "why me, why do I deserve this?". That one time, the only time ever in my life the void answered back. I was shown a replay of a time when as a broken man that a friend had trusted when considering suicide that I had asked the void to help me be the person that was truly needed in that circumstance, I was a worthless drunk.

So when queried the void reminded me of that humble prayer not for myself but to help another, and it was clear that my sobriety stemmed from that. Now the void really only gave me the information I NEEDED, or perhaps what I asked. It never said "I am GOD, I am Jesus, I am Buddha" no details. So that leaves me hanging on those things. I was left with a feeling that what was needed was revealed, and I have faith that if/when I need to know more it too will be revealed.

Now and then I get a nudge, if you listen you will hear and feel them, I know that in a situation I should take an action of some kind, and I trust those and act upon them.

The disease is cunning, baffling, powerful, and above all PATIENT. Now and then it tries to tell me "hey it would be OK now after all this time"....and I say "bullSHIT" and finish my day :-).

Anybody and I mean ANYBODY can stay clean and sober a day. Try it. Some days might be a REAL bitch :-), but honestly not many so far :-).

The DUI thing ended up 10 days in jail and 50 suspended, the work thing settled and I worked there 4.5 years drinking and stayed 4.5 after getting clean and sober.

I started with "My name is Bill and I am an addict and an alcoholic" and that rolled out pretty easy. One night I changed it up and said "My name is Bill and I am an Alcoholic and a Drug addict" and I could barely choke it out that way, decided to STICK with that. Decided to do 90 meetings in 90 days and made at least one a day for that 90 with no drivers license.

Bottom line before getting sober I lied about EVERYTHING, mostly from fear, and it became a habit.

Total honesty was required to remain sober and bosses that did not like many things about me would stick up for me when it came to honesty, that does not always mean running and VOLUNTEERING info, I often do when it concerns my own actions related to work, but when it comes to others it means telling the truth if asked, and encouraging them to do the same and explaining why I think it usually works out best. Seen way more folks get fired for lying than folks get fired for fucking up.

Bill" ---Bill, hope it was okay to post this. It was beautiful, and perhaps very potentially helpful to others. ---Snugbus Chronical Editor

Get Woke, Go Broke: in a continuation of the theme, Fox News seems to flip progressive, and takes an absolute drubbing in the ratings, as they should, th' turncoat bastards.

Aww Yeah!: Johnny Roastbeef posts a picture of his wife's sweet, sweet ass.

Cup 'o Greatness: Remi puts together some cool coffee mugs, and several of the SBCR's snatch them up, fo' a price.

Oops, He Did It Again: Thulsa Doom, stating, "Single Action Saturday! Let's see your SA wheelguns!," rolls out a picture of a big ol' 44 mag super Blackhawk. CML rolls out a picture of a Keith #5 Blackhawk hybrid. CML – "Started out as a 7.5" Bisley 44 mag. I rough fit a Power Custom Keith #5 grip frame to it, quit when I got it close and sent it to Mike Klos to finish. Trimmed to 5.5" I think it is. Beautifully finished. I wish I had a better pic of it. Blueing is gorgeous. Grips were some special wood, I can't even remember the type, that I didn't do a very nice job finishing either. Very comfortable and a pleasure to shoot though. I wouldn't dream of putting Houges on it! :) #5 Grip frame is the shit." Bob pops up a picture of a second-generation Colt single action in 45LC, with real ivory one piece grips worth probably more than the gun itself. BIO posts up a coupla sexy Schofields. Darrell/Ohio posts up an incredible 1873-made Colt SAA. Tom in Va. posts up first and Freedom Arms 454 Casull, and then a 44 special Colt he bought from Bob Mundun's widow.

Baller: kaveman lets us know where he's been: "Almost afraid to post after having been off the board for a couple of days. Just drove home from Kali, 2300 miles in 34hrs, door-to-door non-stop. Sounds crazy but I find that it's the best way,.....have made six of the last ten runs non-stop. Other than 10 fuel stops and one sit-down salad in Fernley, NV(I like to keep healthy), it was just a nice drive. Drove non-stop on the way out two weeks ago too and the most memorable part of it all was the night sky. Beautiful weather. Driving out the first night I had the gorgeous full moon coming up behind me at sunset and it lead the way west all through Nebraska and Wyoming. Coming back I left the cabin in CA just before dawn and drove into a crescent moonrise with Venus in conjunction. Super cool. Saw the same moonrise 24hrs later coming east through North Platte, NE(pic if I load it from my phone). Doesn't look like too much in the pic but you could see great detail on the dark side of the moon from the huge light reflection bouncing back up from Earth's daylight side. Quite a sight.

But I feel like I'm in an info vacuum. Did listen to some podcasts along the way,.....lots of Dan Bongino and Bill Whittle,.....so I know what's going on wrt election news. Looking forward to reading the boarf all day to get y'all's slant on it. I'm sticking with my prediction of a Biden concession Friday, Nov20 at 5PM EDT."

WEEK (IMPEACH) 45, WEEK OF 11/08/2020 ***ELECTION WEEK(SS)***

(Peggy! Keep callin' him president elect!)

Word Play: the words Barracuda, DING DINGDING... WINNER WINNER!, ChinaSports, SKEEVY FISHMONGER!, ancient Chinese philosopher, OBEY the television, Lazee-Cat Recliner, Vaseline, Charlatan, Globalist wet dream, Kracken, WOLVERINES!!!, Load Of Crap Award, R3COH, prison wallet, GENE THERAPY, Fayette Nam, Fartknocker and RAWWWHIDE! are written.

Kids These Days: Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' links an article where the medical students at the University of Pittsburgh prove that they are the specialist snowflakes by reciting two oaths at graduation. One is the standard Hippocratic Oath. The other is a piece of woke garbage. But they are in fact the specialist snowflakes, though as JW judiciously points out, most will never work in real trench medicine.

Truer Words: Badnews: "Gun Bunnies cause cancer....Terminal, stage 4 cancer..."

I Can See That: JMB asks, "What's the best winter tires for a 2011 Ford Escape?" danbrew (hw) answers: "South Carolina."

Telescope Down: the Aricebo telescope is being demolished after years of decline. Said differently, now our alien overlords can move among us unseen.

Good Info: HH posts this nice link on 9mm reloading:

<https://www.tapatalk.com/groups/czechpistols82792/handloading-tips-for-9mm-t11027.html>

And Water is Wet: Paul Revere rides in a link to a story where tech companies collude with one another. And the clear sky is blue. Of course, this identifies Paul Revere as a h8 filled neonazi misogynistic xenophobe.

Beautiful n' Spicy: Tulsa Doom drops a picture of the last picked peppers of the growing season. They are lovely.

Guns Up!: Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' goes an shoots up some perfectly innocent dirt, but his Malasian 7.62 ammo gives him some beef. Damned Malasians. Damned hive mind Malasians.

Trash Compact Her: Boned by Obamacare does an amazon search for 'trash compactor,' and gets associated hits for rubber pussies. He posts a link to the board, and suddenly there seems to be a run on them. Cheaper Than Dirt soon to get in on the action.

Masks, Masks, Masks: Joe starts a post with 'Masks, cracks me up,' which kicks off a big post string that side scrolls off screen. Lots of interesting perspectives, many of them humorous.

DFWM: Remi outputs some Don't F With Me mugs in yellow, white and black. They are nice mugs, though the shotgun looks kind of backwards to me. But the glasses? Man, they are spot on. Spot on.

Straight Piped: joelcramer@aol.com has his catalytic converter stolen.

Silo King: dcbryan1 buys some property with a silo on it, asks for advice on what to do with it. Many creative suggestions come back, including loading an ICBM inside, making a deer stand, making a shooting tower, installing a 4 story stripper pole, installing a 4-story fire pole and playing fireman, and tearing it down altogether.

Hashtag Confederation:

#sexrobotmeaslelikevirus... – SOFShooter

#sexrobotfantasyjoanofarcmodel... – SOFShooter

Our resident Hashtag Paladin continues his solitary overwatch of the wilderness...

A Single Old Guy: gunfighter14e2 links this reminder to how epic some folks can be:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Samuel_Whittemore

Here's Hopin': Moe leaves a round of M855 under his pillow at night, hoping for results from the Mag Fairy.

Who Has Gas? Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' has gas...cans. He advises that you go here for some good ones:

<https://deutscheoptik.com/set-of-four-20-liter-jerry-can.html>

They ain't cheap, so neckbeards begone.

Retirin' Time: Wm. Murray checks the retirement box, and we wish him well.

Editor's PSA: one of the challenging things about the snugbus chronicles is that I, in an effort to keep the reading light and 'fun,' must often pass up on great, but more serious content that is posted. So just a note: Wreckless aka Dream Crusher, Jacque Ass. and BIO just participated in a post string starting with tag from Wreckless of 'Get ready for the cratered economy.' Really good stuff guys. President Elect Joe Biden might not approve, but other snugbussers can look away from their beltfeeds and tip a hat to you.

Gun Tyme: Nick posts up a pic of his new HK P9S in .45, while Mostly Harmless wants to sell an Stg58. Robert E yeets a Norinco Model 84s at a gun show, pulling down a nice 98%+++ sweetness. Joshua Norton and Kevin Scott seem posed to trade a S&W 19-4 and a Skorpion 32acp.

Covid Conundrum: Carl near Fargo's wife gets the covidtocalypse bug.

Pope'n: After a strange Instagram happenstance, it appears that the Pope likes him some Brazilian schoolgirl booty pics.

Lazerman: Pppeeette releases a new laser engraving video. I find it fascinating.

Signs of the Times: Boned by Obamacare drops this nugget:

"Truth be told, a LOT of people look better with diapers, and they know it, as it hides large portion of their ugly mug, so they want everyone to wear the diaper, so they don't stand out.

Related:

Was at a Sedona restaurant for lunch, oh, a month ago, and we walked in , no diapers, got seated, and was people watching.

There was a table not too far away, everyone had their diapers on until the minute the food was served, then the took them off to eat, two of the people had tan necks and tan face from nose up, and a 4" x 7" white patch of skin where the diaper covered. I thought it was hilarious.

You KNOW they wear the diaper 24/7, including in their car, alone; being in Sedona, you also knew they were gonna be Biden voters. “

Truer Words: BIO, in reference to Whoopi Goldberg: “Uglier than a box of anuses.”

Green, but Gold: JMB posts a link to the Mecum auction where Steve McQueen’s ‘Bullitt’ mustang sells for 3.4 million.

Truer Words: ‘.’ states: “Wimmins tend to really burn though shit paper.”

Chuckie Cheesy: Jacque Ass. drops this reminders of Chuck Norris’ awesomeness:

“Chuck Norris never calls the wrong number. You just answer the wrong phone.
If you flip over China it says made by Chuck Norris
Chuck Norris makes onions cry.
Chuck Norris can delete the Recycling Bin.
Bill Gates lives in constant fear that Chuck Norris' PC will crash.
Ghosts are actually caused by Chuck Norris killing people faster than Death can process them.
Chuck Norris can build a snowman out of rain.
Chuck Norris can strangle you with a cordless phone.
Chuck Norris can drown a fish.
Chuck Norris can play the violin with a piano
Chuck Norris tried to lose weight. But Chuck Norris NEVER loses
Waldo was hiding from Chuck Norris.
How many pushups can Chuck Norris Do? All of them
Death once had a near-Chuck Norris experience.
According to Einstein's theory of relativity, Chuck Norris can actually roundhouse kick you yesterday.
If at first you don't succeed, you're not Chuck Norris.
Chuck Norris won the Tour de France, on a stationary bike
Chuck Norris ordered a Big Mac at Burger King and got one.
Superman wears Chuck Norris pajamas.
Chuck Norris counted to infinity. Twice.
Chuck Norris can slam a revolving door.
Chuck Norris can get a blackjack with one card
If Chuck Norris wants your opinion, Chuck Norris will give it to you!
Chuck Norris killed 50 people by throwing a grenade.....then it exploded
Chuck Norris went skydiving and his parachute failed to open, so he took it back the next day for a refund.
Steel wool comes from sheep raised on Chuck's farm.
When Chuck Norris enters the courtroom the Judge says "All Rise!"
Chuck Norris has a bear skin rug. The bear is not dead .It's just afraid to move.

Last time Chuck got pulled over, the cop got away with a warning.
Chuck Norris joined the mile high club while in a subway in New York.
Chuck Norris knows Victoria's secret.
Chuck Norris can kill 2 stones with one bird
Chuck Norris can sit at the corner of a round table
Chuck Norris jokes are funny until you realize they are all true.
Chuck Norris can cut through a hot knife with...butter.
Chuck Norris plays basketball with a medicine ball.
When the boogeyman goes to sleep he looks under his bed to make
sure Chuck Norris isn't not hiding there.
Chuck Norris doesn't churn butter. He just roundhouse kicks
the cows and the butter comes out.
Chuck Norris has never done a push up. He only pushes the earth down!
Chuck Norris is so tough he can do a wheelie on a unicycle.
Chuck Norris has a night light. Not because he's afraid of the
dark, but because the dark is afraid of Chuck Norris.
Bigfoot owns a grainy video of Chuck Norris.
Chuck Norris's fists and feet serve as judge and jury.
Chuck Norris never needs to use an elevator, he is always on top,
Chuck Norris doesn't read books. He stares them down until he gets the information he wants.
The reason Mars has no life - Chuck Norris went there
If Chuck Norris is so bad, then why doesn't he kick down my
door and smash my face into my keybouebdiejfbhdjcbdi28
Chuck Norris can punch you in the back of the face.
Chuck Norris was bitten by a cobra. After 5 agonizing hours, the cobra died.
Chuck Norris can divide by zero.
Did you know Chuck Norris had a role in Star Wars?
He was the force.
When Chuck Norris drinks vodka... vodka passes out
Chuck Norris does not flush the toilet, he scares the shit out of it.
Time waits for no man. Unless that man is Chuck Norris.
If Chuck Norris were a Spartan in the movie 300, the movie would be called 1.
Chuck Norris is the reason why we look both ways before crossing the street.
Chuck Norris can parallel park a locomotive
Chuck Norris once strangled a man.....with a cordless phone.
Chuck Norris' tears cure cancer. Too bad he has never cried.
When Chuck goes in the water, the shark cages are for protecting the sharks.
Chuck Norris can squeeze water from a rock
When Chuck orders a pepperoni pizza at McDonald's, he gets one.
If you carefully examine your health insurance policy, you will
see that there is no coverage for "Chuck Norris related incidents".
Jesus could walk on water, Chuck Norris can swim through land.

Before he met Chuck Norris, the Headless Horseman was known as "The Horseman."

If a tree falls in the forest and doesn't make a sound, Chuck Norris heard it.

When Chuck Norris divides by zero on a calculator, he gets an answer.

When Chuck Norris was born he drove his mom home from the hospital.

Chuck Norris decides if we will get six more weeks of Winter.

There used to be a street named after Chuck Norris, but it was changed because nobody crosses Chuck Norris and lives.

Death once had a near Chuck Norris experience

The only time Chuck Norris uses a stunt double is for crying scenes!"

WEEK 46, WEEK OF 11/22/2020 ***ELECTION WEEK(SSS)*** DURKEY DAY IN THIS WEEK

Word Play: the words SCOTUS, Unintended Consequences, Ethiopians, ZEE LAW, Ermergerd, Who runs Barter Town?, IDIOT, Jaysus Christ!, prison wallet, DoodyPatrol, Groupthink, gay shark, Cyrillic spam posts, RELEASE THE KRACKEN!, Octopussy, gays, lesbians, trannies, Bugaloo, GITMO, lip diddling, fumblefingers, extraterrestrial psychologists, Zimbabwe, authoritarian statist, WETWORK, liberal inferno, Ghettopotamus, titty, beehive hairdo, Yummo!, pip-squeek spaghetti extruder, figabagnata, Schmeisser, Schatzki ring, Mr. Epsteindidntkillhimself, Lech Walesa, Bootlegger Bungalow, Volkbundedeutschkreigsgrabefurstorge, Beastie Boys, RAPE PARTY!!!!,

Hashtag Confederacy:

#sexrobot -- SOFShooter

#sexrobotchesswizard -- LongDuck

A Message For The Season: "I swear as God is my witness, I thought turkeys could fly." This placed by Paul Revere aka Mr. Carlson.

Truer Words: Only white people in ads today are fags, coal burners, or straights portrayed as idiots or morons." --Badnews

Hint, Hint: The head of Iran's Nuclear Weapons Project gets assassinated. Israel over there, whistling and acting as if nothing is going on.

The Thomas Dolby Reference: Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' reminds us of the truism of Thomas Dolby: "...they blinded me with science". This is what happens when they try to push both sides of an argument in the same paragraph."

Ruger Revelation: JOEL asks: "Ruger MK II, III, IV Question: Is the lower receiver (grip frame) interchangeable all three of the barreled uppers? Is the bolt the same?" Answers are varied, but it is generally agreed that the first two 'marks' are GTG for compatibility.

Antifa Antics: Antifa, which is just an idea per Dementia Joe Biden, issues an ultimatum to Trump: concede election by Sunday at noon, or the 'just an idea' crowd will start locking down all roads in conservative areas. This, I am sure, just makes Trump quake in his shoes.

The Wisdom of Tj: Tj suggests some words to pass along:

"When I was a kid, I couldn't understand why Eisenhower was so popular. Maybe this will explain why.

General Eisenhower Warned Us.

It is a matter of history that when the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, General Dwight Eisenhower, found the victims of the death camps he ordered all possible photographs to be taken, and for the German people from surrounding villages to be ushered through the camps and even made to bury the dead.

He did this because he said in words to this effect ...

'Get it all on record now - get the films - get the witnesses - because somewhere down the road of history some b*st*rd will get up and say that this never happened'

The UK debated whether to remove The Holocaust from its school curriculum because it 'offends' the Muslim population which claims it never occurred. It is not removed as yet. However, this is a frightening portent of the fear that is gripping the world and how easily each country is giving into it.

It is now more than 75 years after the Second World War in Europe ended. This e-mail is being sent as a memorial chain, in memory of the, six million Jews, 20 million Russians, 10 million Christians, and 1,900 Catholic priests Who were 'murdered, raped, burned, starved, beaten, experimented on and humiliated' while many in the world looked the other way!

Now, more than ever, with Iran, among others, claiming the Holocaust to be 'a myth,' it is imperative to make sure the world never forgets.

Be a link in the memorial chain and help distribute this around the world.

How many years will it be before the attack on the World Trade Center'NEVER HAPPENED'?

Because it offends some Muslims???

Remember when all classrooms had an American flag in them?

Do they even teach our children about the World Trade Center attacks in 1993 and 2001, or did it go the way of Pearl Harbor and Veterans Day?

Don't even mention Christmas or prayers in school. Many schools no longer recite the Pledge of Allegiance and many children do not know the words to our National Anthem, or that we even have one!"

Neck and Neck: TNKen, having discussed neck problems earlier, has a neurosurgeon appointment scheduled for Dec 1. Good on ya, sir. As a therapist, I will tell you that there is no more sad presentation than chronic neck presentations that have been allowed to fester. Can't do anything with them.

Strengthening neck musculature doesn't alter the mechanics of compression syndromes, and if there's one thing in the universe that pisses off nerves, it's compression.

TST is Best Time: JW cuts free with a hospital story of the day: "Right below my window there is new construction. They poured a nice new concrete pad and installed a nice brand new blue Postal Service mailbox right on the pad.

WHY?

Because the Rona is so out of control that the postal service will not come into the hospital and pick up the mail. Hospital here is bursting with cases.

Local guys installing the new mailbox got quite a laugh when I started talking to them and said "not rain, nor snow, nor darkness of night but the Rona will stop the US Postal Service from getting the mail."

Fucking joke. So now all mail leaving the hospital goes out to the box at the end of the parking lot so the mail man does not need to come inside and get it.

Because of the Rona.

OH LOOK!!! RUSSIANS!!! LOL...

Can the Chinese please just hurry up and invade."

Whatcherpie?: Jim S asks, "What's your favorite Thanksgiving Pie?" Answers as follows:

-Sweet potato, pecan and cherry in that order – Hell's Mechanic

-Chocolate cream pie – Reader

-Pecan, bacon, bourbon – Cr n md

-Broiled headcheese laced with sardines in mustard sauce – Mike Klos (black people eat the weirdest stuff) T othis, Critical Bill states that he just threw up in his mouth, while Hell's Mechanic and CML express interest

-Any and all pies in front of me –Andre Ellzey

-Mincemeat, pumpkin, cherry, pecan – Willbird devotee of boutique ammunition

-Green tomato pie – BIO

-Rhubarb – Anon in Omaha

-Sausage pizza – Jack Crow

-Mondo links a Revenge of the Nerds pie scene

-Pumpkin and Pecan – Paul Revere

-Hair – Boned by Obamacare (when I saw the OP, I just *knew* that someone was going to mention hair pie. Then again, mincemeat almost, almost says the same thing.

-Apple-Cranberry or mincemeat – Wreckless aka Dream Crusher

-...something that feels like warm apple pie –SOFShooter, perhaps harkening back to '#sexrobot'

-Cream cheese pecan – rq375

-pumpkin pie – Chrispyny, admitting to being a traditionalist. BCR #1911 and kaveman sign on with this.

-Collins Street Bakery fruit cake – baboon. To this, Xanthus states that he'd rather eat a bowling ball, and Andre Ellzey states that he likes fruitcake...if they leave the fruit out.

- Chocolate Chess – STERCRAZ

Comedy Relief: 'White Ghost' posts, 'Your big citys (sic) are going to burn soon.' ...And I burst out laughing.

GaptoothedGodess: ALTR posts a picture of a braless babe hanging out of a sports car, her unsaddled, fantastic breasts challenging the physics of a Pepsi cola T-shirt. She has a very large gap in her front teeth, however, and looks very much like a hillbilly Hermione Granger from Harry Potter fame. Though her sexual attractiveness cannot be challenged, her teeth bring several comments:

- Aspen Dental Poster Child – JNNTN
- I don't know whether to smile at her or kick a field goal – Nutty Professor
- Do deer come running when she exhales hard? – LongDuck. Andre Ellzey says that dogs probably will.
- She has no worries about pubic hairs getting stuck in her front teeth – Kinky BCR
- That gap is for alignment...know what I mean??? – Andre Ellzey
- Roast beef teeth – MF
- That's Alfred E Newman's daughter – Joe in Ohio

All said, the comments are funny, but the tiddies are actually quite, quite nice.

Wife 911: Hell's Mechanic's wife is at the ER due to his wife having an esophagus completely closed, with a 50lb weight loss in 6 weeks. Dilation hasn't been working for more than a couple of days at a time. Thoughts and prayers are returned fruitfully, and we hope that this is resolved well. Developing...
ADDENDUM: Hell's Mechanic and his wife get a Christmas present on Thanksgiving Day: The hospital is doing her procedure today, Thanksgiving Day. We hope it turns out well.

SCOTUS Slapdown: Mario Coumoget's his peepee slapped by the SCOTUS regarding shutting down houses of worship. Of course, Justice Roberts is a bitch as usual.

And Again We Laugh: Anon in Omaha posts a picture titled, "Thick white woman NSFW." And it is indeed a thick white woman, pretty dang nice on the whole. But to this, SIOP posts, "Another 50 pounds and she could be a Nebraska Cheerleader." JW's subsequent response of 'BWA HAHAAAAHA!!! LOL' is completely within context in this circumstance. Buyguns sagely opines: 'That's safe for the office with the door closed around the holidays.' Heck ya!

WEEK 47, WEEK OF 11/29/2020 ***ELECTION WEEK(SSSS)***

Word Play: the words turncoat, Kabuki Theater, Gizmo, XXX-STUD, fracas, BOMBHELL!!!!, gangrene, Shi'ite, Fakhrizadeh, MaryJwana, face diapers, Atchisson, Boobas!!!, diabatus, Rorschach, Indian Olympic circle jerk team captain, RUNNER!!!, BAM!,burismablow, hahahahaha, Nikita Khrushchev, meteorite face, FAcEAnus, Grammunition, Weeehehehehe,
Hashtag Confederacy:

#newmodelfullyamphibioussexrobotishere! – Tulsa Doom

SOFShooter reminds us: "...if you see something, #sexrobotsaysomething..."
#sexrobotsafari... – SOFShooter
#sexrobot1... - SOFShooter
#sexrobotwinterwoman – BIO
#sexrobotwinterfoodstorage... – SOFShooter
#sexrobotgreasedpigoption – LongDuck
#Diabeetusbot – 4n0n
#ldbangitlikeascreeendoorinahurricane – Critical Bill
#sexrobotTOUCHDOWN - LongDuck
#powerbottom – Xanthus

SquiggDaid: David Lander, who played Squigg on Laverne & Shirley, is now dead. Fare ye well, Squiggmeister. I actually liked that series as a kid.

Neat: LTL posts, "I was having a conversation with the kids this weekend, talking about how I have seen things change in my lifetime. They were impressed in how old was being there was no internet, black and white TV with 3 channels, or no video games when I was a kid. I told them that was nothing, my grandfather existed when there was no running water, electricity in the home, or even an automobile. He got to see US territories become states in his lifetime.

Anyway, I was thinking about this and my grandfather was born in 1885. He died in 1977 when I was a kid. I can say I saw a living man who was born in the 1800's. This sure made for interesting discussion for my kids tied to family while blending in history.

Who else has actually seen a living person born in the 1800's?

LTL"

I did sir. In my early days as a therapist, I worked with many, many folks born at the end of the 1800's and very early 1900's. I look forward to meeting up with them again some day.

CW's Discovery: CW lays down some new wisdom he gleaned: "So you call a Transgender person by their new sex, so a girl that becomes a dude you call that person a he or him.

If the person is non-binary (which I assume is just confused), you refer to that person them or they...

Seriously, that's what they want you to do.

So would somebody tell Sally that they has (or is it have) nice hair?

Good grief, what's this world coming to?"

Big Badaboom: The Arecibo telescope finally collapses altogether, rather spectacularly. Now the Vagon invasion fleet can move in without further delay.

Cute As Heck: BIO posts a picture of deer season at a nursing home, where they have a bunch of Christmas trees set up and a man in a funny deer costume sneaking around the trees while the old fellas shoot at him with a toy gun. I loved it.

Space Invaders: Truenorth posts a link to Soviet Antarctic exploration vehicles, really quite fascinating. Tom in Va. sagely posts: "They want to get to the alien flying saucer base first. The Russians want the flying saucer base the aliens built in Antarctica. That is where the Nazis have Hitler in suspended animation, and the space craft are located that are flown by Bigfoot." This is all true. If you don't believe, it's because you can't handle the truth.

Buff Mature: ALTR posts a picture of a buff older (as in, not late teens or early twenties) woman in a bikini shooting an AR pistol while standing in the bed of a '49 chebypickumup truck. Oh damn, I liked that one. I have always been a sucker for fit women with some abs action. Her breasts look perfect, but the dazzle pattern bikini leaves the de facto assessment a mystery.

Again!: ALTR posts another picture, this one of a smoldering blonde with an AR pattern rifle. He provokes a second hashtag from SOFShooter. And now BIO and ALTR are in a tie for most hashtag provocations in a week!

It's Enigmatic: Minster of Fairness and Retribution post a link to some divers in the Baltic Sea discovering an old Enigma machine from WWII. They are all proud of it and all because they haven't seen CW's machine. Wait, CW COLLECTS NAZI STUFF? FASCIST!

Dinnah by the Sea: ALTR posts a lovely picture of a café terrace in Capri, Italy, circa 1949. It really is a classy, neat picture. And my lord, the drop off at the railings looks like 500-feet or better.

TST Is Best Time: SOFShooter lays this on us: "...worked for a large cemetery / corporation during summers at college in the shop working on everything from hand mowers to tractors. The actual crew that worked closely to the funeral (but not the actual funeral party) setting up, vault setting etc. wore uniforms like we all did but very clean and personal hygiene and care was required. They all wore mirrored shades at the order of the supervisor and the reasoning was so that family members would not later recognize them in public and cause further grief.

The supervisor was kinda a cock-of-the-walk type since his crew was at the point of contact with the public and he drove a white company El Camino that had to be serviced and washed the second he brought it to the shop since he "needed it at a moment's notice". The shop shared a building with the managerial offices and he was always in and out during the day. He would drive up in the El Camino, park it any old way, including in the shop drive areas, and go in to the offices.

Part of my duties was parts driver, since I could tell a fuel pump from a coil and we had a Chevy C-10 pickup as the shop truck. It was usually parked facing in at the first bay entrance.

I received my list of parts and places to go to, walked out and got in the truck, started it, and then went over the list figuring my trip (where to go first, etc.). I put it in reverse, checked my mirrors, and pulled out.....and creamed the El Camino in it's side and driver door. The thing was parked perfectly in my blind spot right behind the shop truck kinda sideways on the shop apron. I had about a 20' run at it before I hit.

I went back in a reported it and the manager said "...well he shouldn't have parked there..." and sent me

on my way (no damage to shop truck). Later that afternoon, the guy came down to the shop loudly yelling "...who the fuck hit my car..."/ I stood up from under something greasy and said that I had, and that I could not see the El C in my mirrors. He grumbled a bit and wandered off as we got the El C over to a body shop right away. His parking improved for awhile...."

BIO adds another TST: "Coworker was a Huey crew chief in a tank division in Germany in the late 70's. He had to run to HQ to get some forms signs. Drove there in a Gama Goat. A lieutenant drives up in a brand new Mustang and parks behind the Game Goat. You can see where this is going. Coworker comes out, backs up, and totals the lieutenant's brand new car. Trailer went right up on top of the Mustang. Just demolished it. The Lt, of course, is upset, screaming his head off about a court martial, etc. A higher ranking officer comes out, and I forget what rank, but tells the Lt to come to his office, then tells my coworker to go about his duty. One of the rules in this tank division was never, ever park behind something. And if you do, and there is an accident, it's YOUR fault, not the driver who backed into you."

Join The SRA Toodhay: The Socialist Rifle Association is building a range, and is seeking donations, Minister of Fairness and Retribution tells us, posting a link. The response if plentiful, but surprisingly not one person on the bus reaches for their wallet.

Truer Words: grouchy says, "Sticking feather in your butt doesn't make you a chicken." Minister of Fairness and Retribution responds, "It does make it a party though!"

Who's Your Daddy: ALTR posts a delightful video of a good boi walking up to be friendly with four cats all bowed up like Halloween cats, only to realize soon thereafter that said cats weren't interested in any friendship at a'toll and gingerly makes his way off to parts unclose to the bowed up felines. Kevin fr Gainesville sagely states, "Seems that dog had learned that lesson before."

Saxon's Wife: ALTR posts a picture of a homestead looking woman bending town to pet a cat. Her large and lovely tiddies are straining at her top, seeking freedom. I note this, for more than a few seconds, only to have my wife come in the side door of the house after a walk. "What are you doing?," she asks nonchalantly. "Oh, working on the Snugbus Chronicles," I answer. "Ooohhh," she says, "I didn't know your book had pictures," At this, she kisses me on the forehead and then moseys on upstairs, and soon after makes us all green smoothies, which I always know are coming because the Vitamix sounds like a freaking plane taking off.

Fox on Fire: Fox News continues to bleed viewers in the wake of their 'turn.'

Man Loves Gun: David C Hinehline posts a link to gunchoker, where he links to a man selling a shotgun, a Remington 870 Marine Magnum, for \$15,999.99. That's a lot of nines, to which everyone says, nein. But the man's description is delightfully messed up, and is posted as follows:

"IF YOU HAVE TO ASK HOW MUCH IS IT, THEN YOU OBLIVIOUSLY CAN NOT AFFORD THIS ITEM! READ!!! PRICE IS CLEARLY STATED AND FIRM!!!! I only sell top quality items. For sale, A Hard TO FIND NOS-- NEVER-FIRED!! Remington 12 GA. Marine Magnum 870 XCS Shotgun. I am the original owner. This

Remington comes with a capacity of 6+1, plus 2 or 3 shell holder speed feed. Date of manufacture is April-2007. Comes with strap, Gunmate shell holder, and a Remington soft carrying case. I will throw in a few boxes of shells free with the purchase of firearm. Will be shipped fully insured to your FFL Dealer! LEGAL REQUIREMENTS: Successful bidder assumes responsibility for knowing their local laws. FFL paperwork can be sent via email or with the a Certified Cashier's check. You can also pay with Zelle."

Which Planet?: Diesel asks, "What .380 ammo to use?" He is debating on whether to use FMJ or HP. I think to myself, 'it depends on what planet you are trying to destroy.'

Birfday Boy: IDaman wishes Warren a happy next 'nother year, seconded by Hell's Mechanic. And apologies: I know that IDaman was quite diligent over the last few weeks with birthday announcements, I saw them, but they scrolled off before I could put ass to chair and hand to keyboard.

Dem Hipz: Anon in Ohama posts a pic of a lovely NSFW blonde babe. She is tight, but has dem hipz, leading to the following comments:

- Those are called breedin' hips – Mike Klos, who, being black, is genetically drawn to big hips.
- Got those childbearin' hips! – Ernie Klump

TST: Lurkr posts this timeless 'good hit' TST that literally every one of us has experienced at one time or another, the magnificent shot that we decline to spoil with further shots:

"I've shot hundreds of rounds through my M79. It is surprising how strong they are. True story time - around 12 years ago we were shooting chalk at a range with berms every 100 yards. On each berm there were steel rails (railroad from memory) and steel animal targets that you would have to reset. My youngest son was about 7 or 8 and it was his first time with the M79. After explaining the sights and how to bring them up to you (versus getting a cheek weld on the stock) we loaded a round. He aimed at the 300 yard berm and let one go "boop". He nailed one of the rams. High 5's all around. After everything settled down I said here let's load you up. "No thanks - I'm good". He handed it back. That made everyone roar with approval again. Good memory. He learned young."

Birfday Boy: IDaman wishes Willbird a happy yet another year.

Unobtanium: bammunition continues to be priced into the stratosphere.

White Box Truisms: Badnews revealed that he saw a box of Winchester white box selling for 70-cents per round. TXMattM adds that he once bought 3k rounds of white box at Walmart, in the 100 round value packs, for \$9 per, leading SIOP to comment "Which almost always contained 101 rounds," and CML to answer "So about 91 actual live rounds then."

Personal Revelation: HH, responding to another poster: "Oh, you underestimate my redneck mag dumping tendencies."

Sad, Sad News: As many folks who have gotten on the 'bus, today one leaves. Ppppeeete lets us all know that David Howie MD has taken his life. As of this writing, the post has 579 views. This casualty really does hit the board hard, and many of the posters denote very nice memories of a man who did a great deal of good within both the Subguns and his local community. Doc was unfortunately afflicted by a number of demons, on top of being a very resolute hard head, and is felt to have never recovered from the suicide of his daughter years earlier. I mean, who could? If one of my daughters did that, or my wife, it would break a part of me that would never go back together fully. Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' and others tried very hard to run to the aid of a man that had run to the aid of so many others, but sometimes the wall is too tall to climb out of.

Kilgore 'Big Duke 6' leaves a fitting and sad story to encapsulate the whole of the situation: "I...and several other people on this board.....tried extremely hard to intervene on David, when it might have really made a difference. I have never come across an individual that was so determinedly self-destructive. We had arranged a bed for him at one of the best rehabs in the country, getting him to the front of a long waiting list, payment had been arranged, travel...everything! He backed out at literally the last minute because "they aren't gonna let me use my snuff/chewing tobacco!" This was after the first attempted "suicide by cop." At that point, even the medical board had agreed to forego any further action against him until after he had completed treatment. He could have had his life AND his career. Even after his second "suicide by cop" attempt, he was determined to do it "his way", refusing any meaningful help and actually harboring resentment against me and others for even trying. Through the years, none of us gave up on David, even though it soon became clear where this was gonna end. As he continued to progress in his disease, he pushed away from folks more forcefully, completely unwilling to deal with the demons tormenting him. David was a very smart and talented man who was completely lost in the grip of his addiction, made even worse by his self-admitted huge ego. There's a saying in AA that there ARE alternatives to getting sober in AA: jails, institutions and death. David picked the last option. This is a sad day indeed and the end of a very sad story...a terrible waste in every conceivable way! It's hard to find any silver lining here, except maybe to remind me and others of why we go to these meetings. Yes, RIP David..."

BIO posts a 'Wet Ass' picture series, all three of which showcase shapely ladies with fantastic backsides, really, in this author's opinion, the best series he's done to date. This provokes a nice hashtag from the Hashtag Confederacy.

Whoa Caption Contest: BIO posts a caption contest. The picture is of a lovely nude young lady laying on the ground. I find her quite attractive and has a great body and no tan lines. It takes me a bit to see the disinterested lion in the background. When I do, I laugh. BIO also inspires another hashtag from the Hashtag confederacy. Job well done.

CNNing It: ...Where *YOU* cut and splice various posts to make up shit, or leave insinuation in the air...

CNNing it was always the biggest challenge to do. One has to scour every bit of text in order to get the base resources, and then do the mental gymnastics in order to assemble something somewhat cogent and funny. I haven't done it in a while due to a severe lack of time resources. BUT, today, just for you, I offer a deal: I have provided a goodly number of resources below, in the manner that I used when I CNNed it myself. I leave it up to you, good Snugbussers, to assemble nice CNNing It artworks. And the sources start now:

...my ass – Hell's Mechanic
I would not want to pitch... - Anon Type of Guy
...masturbation is winding down – harris...dirty white boy
It's getting hard... - John in Texas
Squirmy...–TiredIron
...Squealer - TiredIron
A large bolus – Naked savage curandero
...sex will be fine – JW
...diving for her muff – Jimmy Chonga
...totally spent and hypoxic – Thulsa Doom
...capture the magnificence – Moe
...bang every damn time – Anon Type of Guy
Volley ball bimbos – Kilowatter
Very, very sneaky indeed. – HH
...black mamba – Anon in Omaha
...Moose Knuckle – ‘
...grabbing some tail – Dances With Sharks
...just stepped out of the shower – Paul Revere
...good for whacking... – Wreckless aka Dream Crusher
It is a blast – CML
Fucking... - BTLR
Package arrived - Run
...tit pays well – Mike Klos
...sucking the... - Mike Klos
...aiming for the horse - CW

Finis: The Snugbus slows, roof mounted cannons firing, always firing (do they ever really quit?), the bow mounted flamethrower challenges the darkness of night with scintillating ribbons of flame and heat, the chattering of beltfed machineguns rises to a crescendo before subsiding, synched with the opening of the side door, and your Editor steps off, rough draft in hand. I will be moving off into a quiet bivvy somewhereto do a little light editing work – spacings really, maybe a few grammatical catches – in preparation for delivery next week. I'm not quite going to record every last day in the year given that I want to be able to deliver this work in time for Christmas.

I hope you like it.

It was a challenging and rewarding work at the same time. The speed of the 'bus is so fast that it was always a practice in triage trying to decide what to include. There is a great deal of solid, informative data flowing through the site, tons of humor, really neat historical revelations and fascinating true stories. So much so, unfortunately, that I constantly had to choose what to glean, and what to sacrifice. I wanted it to be a fun work, or at least 'light.' As with any recorded work offered to a larger audience of varied tastes and persuasions, some of you might appreciate the work or even deign to like it quite a bit, while others might be either instantly or eventually offput by it. Either way is okay by me. That's the nature of a released work, and you take your lumps right alongside the back pats. I want to clarify a few things here, though, if you will allow me the opportunity.

Given the emergence and progression of the COVID-19 situation in America, my job in home health skyrocketed, and I found myself engaged in an epic push-me-pull-you of trying to balance a busy, fast paced job and a busy, fast paced board. I did, if not the best that I could, the best that I reasonably could given the circumstances. It is not the work that I wished it to be, and I somewhat felt robbed by my circumstances as a result, and also feel that my circumstances robbed you of the best work you could have partaken. There was no help for it – I was sorely taxed as it was – but I felt the need to at least shed light on the circumstance.

If you find yourself referenced many times in the work, understand that it was due to the nature of your posts. I specifically ruled out personalities for this work. I wanted products, not persons, and your posting style matched what I was looking for on more than one occasion. Conversely, if you don't see yourself mentioned often or at all, it is only due to the nature of the work and has nothing to do with you yourself. You might post often and contribute mightily to the board, but it might have been more gravitous works not in keeping with what I was looking for. Or, perhaps, you posted sparsely, and those few offerings were easily lost amid the din of the 'bus. Truthfully, most of you post really great stuff, and I found myself enjoying your personalities as expressed through your contributions. Additionally, though I tried to be astute and capture all of the birthdays, deaths, health challenges and fortunate events that I saw posted, I know for a fact that I missed some as well. Some were posted at one point and I went to record them, only to get pulled away from the project due to work and have everything scroll off the screen before I could get back. No offense intended, and know that, had I had more time available to me, I would have been sure to get everything down well. Times past, opportunities missed. But your travails, your victories, your gains and your losses were all duly noted, if not recorded.

There won't be another edition of The Snugbus Chronicles. The Observer Effect makes it impossible, and would ruin the organics of the board. Thulsa Doom and others can relate how knowing one is being watched and recorded can change one's behavior from organic into prefabricated and nuanced, a forced narrative that is impossible to avoid. And so the 'bus passes through, a great analogy in and of itself. We are all travelers going somewhere. We are here now, close by, but we will all leave the 'bus in our due time, and all of us on this planet and in this life are just passing through, the dust of our passage liting down behind us on what future may come, remembered only in the memories we have of the passing, or the memories of those we briefly met on our journeys.

Our bus might not be the prettiest, and it draws an odd, fascinating crowd to its ripstop seats, but it is and has been a hell of a ride, and I've appreciated every pothole and speed bump, every tire-howling turn and the metronomic tic-tic-tic of its cooling engine in the evenings, and I can't think of a better crowd of folks to kick back with during those moments I have sufficient time to do so.

Merry Christmas, and I wish you only the best of New Years.