



# The I-Was-Just-Thinking Bin

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In case you were wondering what I've been thinking about lately:

I don't have an iPod. I don't own a cell phone. I've never seen *American Idol*. And I'm not even homeless.

I hate to admit it, but I'm a white male. Sorry about that.

Ideas are a dime a dozen. So are clichés.

One way or another, some guy is gettin' it on with his daughter right now.

There are no cool guys named Doug.

Has anybody ever described a "worst-case scenario" to you, and you didn't think it was all that bad? "Worst-case scenario is we don't get the Hamilton account." And you start to think of something worse. Like a helicopter crash on a ninety-five-degree day into a public swimming pool. Thousands of innocent children and families just cooling off are suddenly being shredded and grinded into pieces by the top and tail rotating blades, after which these pieces are flung onto the dry sunbathers around the pool. So the sunbathers are drenched in blood and flesh. The ones who don't die of shock, cardiac arrest, and post-traumatic stress disorder are spared death, mind you, but have to go on being haunted by both helicopters and swimming for the remainder of their lives. Suddenly, losing the Hamilton account doesn't seem all too bad.

Seriously, people, Cialis jokes aren't any funnier than Viagra jokes. Just stop it.

What if there was a Gap in it's own building with no next-door neighbors? Can they still call this a Gap?

Have you ever heard somebody's senseless opinion on something and then went, "Ho-hooo. I beg to differ." Why do you have to beg to differ? Can't you just differ? No begging is necessary. This is America. You can differ if you want to. You have that freedom. If you're going to beg for something, beg for money. Or sex. Don't get down on your knees just to differ. Get down on your knees for a hummer. But differ whenever you want to.

A pathological liar once told me he was a pathological liar.

It's not that unusual for a man—at least once in his lifetime—to try putting his dick in his own ass.

If "tie goes to the runner" and "he who runs may read", then does that mean that "tie may go to the reader"? Check on this one. It's important.

So last week, I was writing a letter to a friend. At that point in time I was writing the letter right then, as opposed to right now. Right now I'm writing for *FLYMF*, but right then I was writing the letter. Basically the letter was explaining a car accident where this right-wing right-to-lifer thought he had the godforsaken right to make a right turn onto the wrong-way of a one-way where he knew damn well the oncoming cars had the right-of-way. Well, right about the time that I was writing the real juicy part, I couldn't remember how to spell right. Not write as in writing a letter, but right as in correct. Sounds stupid, right? But you have to realize that while I was righting—I mean, writing—I was holding the piece of paper in my left hand which left (same spelling both ways) the writing up to my right hand. Being left-handed and right-brained, I did not possess the reasoning skills to deduce which write was the right write or if I even had the right to write right in the first place. And although I remembered how to spell write, I wrote it off because write was not the write I was looking for. I actually wanted right, right? So I was wrong...writ large. I then came to the stunning conclusion that neither you nor my friend would likely give a shit. I gave up, read my letter its last rites, and signed it Frank Lloyd Wright, who was curiously an architect.

I bet I could do some crazy things with a podium.

The Pope runs the mob.

It is redundant to say "PIN number" or "ATM machine" because it is redundant.

Beating the crap out of a vending machine will not get you your pop, whether you paid for it or not; however, beating the crap out of that weakling kid over there sipping his Mr. Pibb out of a straw may not be a bad idea.

Rickety stairs are hard to avoid.

Syphilis is one STD that could conceivably rhyme with

Nicholas. Take note, poets!

I'd be surprised if anyone ever gave or received a blow job while balancing on an overhead projector.

Could someone please explain how many "umpteens" of something is? Where on the number line is umpteens? Is it before thirteen, after nineteen, or between the two? I know umpteens is a lot, but if it's not between twelve and twenty, then it must forfeit its claim to be a teen. Otherwise, it would have to have a different suffix. I bet if I asked umpteens people to tell me exactly how many umpteens is, I'd get umpteens different responses. Jesus.

You rarely see loose stools in a bowl of Rice Krispies. But sometimes you see strawberries.

If you lean on the back two legs of a chair, it always comes back to hurt you.

You ever had a guy get angry at you, and he says, "You better watch it, or I'll tear you a new asshole"? I always wonder how he'd go about doing that. Would he just use his fingers, or does he have some tools that work better for that kind of thing? And has he done it before? I mean, if I'm going to have a new asshole torn for me, I want someone who's experienced and won't screw it up. And what does he do with the old asshole? Does he just leave it? I hope so. I'm kind of used to it. Don't get me wrong, the new asshole will be great. But with two of them, I can split my shits in two and have twice the gay sex. But I don't want him to tear the old asshole too. I'd like to keep it just the way it is, you know, for old time's sake.

Nobody ever uses iodine as a mouthwash.

A person may wonder how those solid yellow lines on the road are perfectly parallel to the side of the road, but I don't.

Tumor size is measured with fruit. Hail size is measured with athletic balls. Risk size is measured with testicles.

The Amazon is not just a river in Brazil.