

The Chronicle of Social Misdemeanors

Special Edition: Election '08

Volume 2, Issue 2, May/June

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Your American President

Special Report from Central High's TV Watch Club

I would like to open this meeting of the TV Watch Club by thanking Erin for her awesome report on "The O.C." As the minutes show—and thank you for typing those up in computer class, Chelsea—Erin had some great thoughts to share. No, Danielle—I don't mean about Adam Brodie being a hottie. Erin's main topic was peer pressure and eating disorders. I, personally, can relate to this issue. Shut your piehole, Nick. Okay, thank you for that feedback, Ms. Cole. I mean, that is a very inappropriate and insensitive comment, Nick. Anyway, moving right along, there's a new reality show I want to talk about. "Your American President."

I know we've all done the reality shows to death. Collapse of modern society as we know it. Blah blah blah, I know. Yeah, yeah, don't groan. I know. But, we've had some great talks. Like, even Nick's talk, The Bridezillas vs. The Bachelorettes: Beasties and The Breasts had its points, right? Yeah, okay, it wasn't THAT good, Nick. Stop high-fiving yourself. We all know that you spend enough time with your hands all over yourself. Okay, thank you, Ms. Cole. That was uncalled for and I apologize, Nick. Thanks for getting me back on track, Ms. Cole. Let me do a brief set up: Those of us who don't skip social studies class (*HELLO, NICK*) know that voting is all sketchy and random. So, they

changed the system this time so the public sees what happens and calls all the shots. And, we get to vote, too (you too, Nick—unless you're too busy with your hands), and there are a lot of us, so that's why this show is on MTV and crap. All these rich old white guys and ladies who want to be president live in a house together. Yeah, you're right, Keisha—there's zero flavor in the house. Just, like, zero. And, I've only seen the first three episodes so far, so I'm still not sure who picked all of these lame old people.

"it is kinda like The Real World. Except I don't think anyone is bisexual. And, nobody gets drunk and kisses each other and then says they didn't."

Maybe they had auditions? Like American Idol? Or, maybe the producers picked them? I don't know, I asked my dad, but he was, like, slumped on the couch with his head in his hands for all three shows so far. Like, I scarfed all of the chex party mix without him even noticing while he kept muttering stuff. So, what I think is, I guess maybe they all bought their way in? Anyway, yeah, good point, Chelsea. Other than how they *got* there, it is kinda like "The Real World." Except I don't think anyone is bisexual. And, nobody gets drunk and kisses each other and then says they didn't. At least, not yet. And, you know, I really wouldn't want to see it if they did. These old people are *not hot*.

They try hard to be hip, and some of them are dressing up like rappers and stuff, but it is SO lame. Really, it's more like "The Surreal Life" because these

In our next issue: A Big, Fun, Surprise!

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people are super pathetic and SO OLD. But, it's also like "Big Brother" because they can't ever leave the house and it's also kind of like "Survivor" or "Fear Factor" because they compete. NO, Nick, they do NOT eat bull balls and worms. They have to do these things called "Thought Talks." And, they have to do debates like we do in Mr. Maggot's—yeah, I'm sorry, Ms. Cole, that *was* inappropriate—Mr. Maggot's class. And, let me tell you, eating bull balls and worms would be MUCH EASIER for some of these people than talking. Some of them are NOT UP for these talks and debates and stuff. Omigod, there's this one old guy who is so pathetic and feeble I want to cry. He reminds me of my dad before he drinks his coffee. Like, he can't even buy a vowel, you know? And, he's sitting there all lost, wearing his Diddy outfit with his Phat Farm kicks trying to sound all smart. And, he's like, so LOST. And, he asks the host guy if he can call a friend to help him answer the question. I mean, I'm only 15, but I know that he can't do that.

So, I guess all that these people need to have to be in this house is money. Because they aren't cute, they aren't smart—except for this one weird little old guy who talks much slower and softer than the other guys—and they aren't hot. Woo, not hot at all. But you know, even though these people are ancient non-hotties, I swear, the show is like high school sometimes. 'cause, these big fat old guys in their baggy pants are all, like, running around and giggling and trying to be cool and funny. They ganged up on the little old guy who likes to read a lot and talks about the environment and stuff all the time. Yeah, they tried to lock him in the bathroom once. And, they steal his no-sugar peanut butter and stuff. This one time, he got so upset he yelled, "If they steal my peanut butter, America, what will they do to your country?!"

I thought my dad would laugh at that. 'cause, you know, it was pretty funny, even though I felt sorry for the little old guy. Yeah—exactly, Keisha, you can't even *write* that kind of sweet humor into a sit-com, well-said. But, my dad didn't laugh. All he does now is lie around reading about people, like, Abraham Lincoln. And, he sighs a lot. It's great, because I grab all the best snacks before he even thinks of it. But, I feel bad for him. So, last night before the show came on, I lay down on the couch, and I read some of his Lincoln book. And, when he came into the room I said, "Hey dad, this Lincoln guy was kinda cool, huh?" And, I made my dad cry. I didn't mean to, it just kind of happened.

This one time, he got so upset he yelled, "If they steal my peanut butter, America, what will they do to your country?!"

And, we talked about Lincoln a little bit, during the commercials, before the show began. And, I guess I kinda made up my mind that I'm going to vote for the quiet guy with the books. Because, you know, the other guys and ladies in that house are kinda, like, smug. Like football players and cheerleaders, you know? They walk around like they own this place, and they don't know anything. They're just loud. I bet Lincoln was quiet and kinda funny-looking. I bet the football players would have pushed him around and like, tried to flush his hat down the toilet. Besides, when I thought about it, the little old guy had a good point. If they steal his peanut butter, what will they do to our country? Yeah. Anyway, moving right along, I guess it's time to chow now. Who brought rice krispie treats? Do we have soda? Great. Did any one see "Road Rules" last night? ■

FUN FACTS

Did you know that eggs are the state product of Kentucky?

Well, you shouldn't have, because they're not.
