

The Weekly Log - 1/23/09

by Joe Mulder

Since there is no NFL football this weekend – since there is no NFL football on most weekends, in fact – I've decided that now is the perfect time to debut my new end-of-the-week feature here on PoopReading.com: The Weekly Log.

Why "The Weekly Log?" I think the reason should be obvious: because a "log" is defined as "the record of the progress of an undertaking," and The Weekly Log will be a record of each given week's happenings in my life in particular and in the world in general.

I mean, why else would it be called The Weekly Log?

I'm sure this feature will evolve as we go along, but for now I see it as a place where I can record thoughts and observances made throughout the week that we're quite meaty enough to warrant an entire column. Let's get started, no?

We linked to the story here at PoopReading.com, but in case you missed it: Barack Obama re-took the Presidential oath of office on Wednesday from Chief Justice John Roberts, due to the fact that he flubbed the wording of the oath during his inauguration ceremony. During the swearing-in on Tuesday Roberts misstated the oath and, after a stumble or two, Obama repeated an incorrect version. Apparently the wording of the oath is specifically spelled out in the Constitution, and although experts pretty much agree that Obama's presidency was legitimate from the get-go and there would have been no legal grounds to challenge it (the consensus seems to be that Obama officially became President of the United States at around noon on Tuesday, right when we all thought he did), Obama and his people figured that you can't be too careful, so they had a do-over. Probably a good move; why not do it, just to do it?

But honestly, Chief Justice Roberts, you had one job on Tuesday. One job. You couldn't have run through that a couple of times? Roberts is a relatively young man, at least as far as Supreme Court justices go; maybe he figured he'll do a bunch of these presidential swearing-ins, so he wanted to set the bar as low as possible for his first one. If so, mission accomplished. Nowhere to go but up.

Also, Obama didn't happen to use a Bible during his second, "just to be safe" swearing-in on Wednesday; while this would not be a big deal to any reasonable person, look for the conspiracy nutjobs to start circulating the idea that Obama flubbed the first oath on purpose so he could take the real, official, binding, correctly-worded, actual-President-becoming oath later on, in a dastardly plot to become the first U.S. President ever not sworn in on a Bible, because he's really a big fat Muslim.

I have no idea whether any other Presidents have not sworn on a Bible, mind you, and Roberts was the one who flubbed the oath in the first place, not Obama... but that won't stop the conspiracy nutjobs. So we have that to look forward to. You read it here first.

I realize that the Bernard Madoff story isn't on a lot of people's minds anymore, but it's a remarkable story nonetheless. I have no knowledge whatsoever of finance, so I can't really comment on the ins and outs of the scandal itself, but I think it's worthwhile to note that the man who *made off* with a bunch of rich people's money in a \$50 billion pyramid scheme has a name that's actually pronounced "made off."

I understand that that's a dumb pun and is probably unworthy of me, but, if this guy made off with all of your money, how surprised can you really be? Again, his name is "MADE OFF." Obviously I realize that, cosmically, it's not like his name would *cause* him to steal people's money, and I can see why it never occurred to those he swindled, but, can you be *that* shocked?

The guy's name is "MADE OFF!" I know it's dumb and lame and not funny, but I can't get past it.

Look; if you saw a guy walking gingerly, bent over and grimacing, and you asked him what the matter was, and he said "Oh, man, I just came from a meeting with Professor Cockpunch; you'll never guess what he did to me!," you'd have a guess as to what he did to him, right? And you'd think that the guy shouldn't be *completely* surprised, right?

Well, how is that different from a guy who says "I gave a ton of money to Mr. Made-off, and you'll never guess what he did with it?" Same scenario, really. Isn't it?

"MADE OFF." Come *on*.

Sorry. Thanks for indulging me in that.

Our loyal reader(s?) will remember that late last year "How I Met Your Mother" wrestled the coveted title of The Best Show On TV away from all competitors with an episode entitled "The Naked Man," only to lose the crown a few weeks later – through no fault of its own, really – to "30 Rock."

Well, somebody over at "How I Met Your Mother" has certainly taken notice, and the word is obviously out, because the show has clearly been pandering to this website – and to the specific tastes of this columnist in particular – ever since, in an obvious, transparent, shameless (and greatly appreciated) effort first to keep, and now to regain, the title. Consider the evidence:

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A mere 11 days after I reported here at PoopReading.com that "How I Met Your Mother" had won the title of The Best Show On TV (that's how it works, by the way. I don't just "award" this made-up "title" to whatever show I personally think is best; that would be overly presumptuous of me, and a waste of everyone's time. I simply report to you when the title changes hands), the show aired an episode called "Little Minnesota," in which Marshall takes Robin to his favorite hangout: a Minnesota-themed bar in Manhattan where almost everyone wears a Vikings jersey. Now, I don't usually like to talk about this, but, I happen to have grown up in Minnesota (in a town called Marshall, as if the show weren't already sucking up to me enough), and I happen to be a really big Vikings fan. I really don't know how the staff of "How I Met Your Mother" conceived, wrote, shot and edited the "Little Minnesota" episode in only 11 days just to thank me for alerting the world to their program's status as The Best Show On TV, but I'm honored and humbled.

"30 Rock" won the title back on January 8th, and the very next "How I Met Your Mother" episode featured – and I am not making this up – an entire storyline that revolved around Marshall (again, Marshall is also the name of the town I grew up in) reading while he pooped. The title stayed with "30 Rock," but "How I Met Your Mother" clearly showed that it is willing to do whatever it takes to win it back.

In the most recent episode, Marshall was shown greeting his wife at the airport while wearing a Minnesota Twins jersey. A subtle, subdued touch; clearly, after not winning back the title with the poop reading episode, the show has decided not to pander to me, personally, in quite such an obvious manner (they needn't worry; any and all pandering is appreciated here at PoopReading.com, obvious or not).

Next week's episode of "How I Met Your Mother" will feature guest stars Sarah Silverman and Rashida Jones as an overly-affectionate lesbian couple who own and operate their own brewery.*

* I made that up; it's not remotely true. Although, man... can you imagine if it were?

I wish I could just *give* "How I Met Your Mother" the title of The Best Show On TV, given how desperately and exhaustively they've been campaigning for it of late. Like I said, though, the title's not mine to bestow; all I do is let the world know when the title has changed hands.

Even so, "How I Met Your Mother," I encourage you to keep on doing all that you can possibly think of to sway me (really, consider the Sarah Silverman/Rashida Jones thing).

That's all for this week. Logging off...