



THE WRITERS

Dirty laundry. That is what you live for. You like to air everyone else's except your own. That bubble headed bleach blonde who comes on at five? Well, that is your reporter, who you've have been diddling since she came on board. And the only way that vacuous girl got hired was by agreeing to service you behind the closed doors of your offices at the Herald. Ahh, those were the days. Forget Cronkite and Murrow, those grand dukes of integrity. Your job was much dirtier, as you enjoyed using both your talents as a writer and then as a journalist, to manipulate the news with the help of your obedient staff workers, ready to give you a blow job on cue. You plagiarized stories at will, including that one about the frat house and the fake rape that occurred there, along with quite a few lies that allowed you such amazing inroads to self-aggrandizement. You, the brave the news reporter on the take, lying about everything from military helicopter rescues to ruining the careers of important politicians by dredging their careers in made up banality. Anything for a rating score. Often you would humorize your subjects with degrading ethnic comments, like the time you put on black face for Gucci just to hit a few marketing tops. Even in your budding days as a writer, you wrote such misogynistic tales that would have you tarred and feathered in another era. Sadly, for you, the dilemma you placed people in has come around full circle and you are now the victim of the very canards that you imposed on others. Though your workers can still speak about the news with a gleam in their eyes, nothing quite sets the example as your own conduct in the world of literature and media. Sexist? That would be an underhanded compliment that might otherwise replace the terms "Sexual Harasser" and "Anchor Rapist."

You have now been caught red handed, and it is clear you must find a way out. What to do, what to do? That Pulitzer will soon be taken away from you for your actions below your office desk, if not your politically incorrect diatribes that paraded as First Amendment speech. Or that much ballyhooed Nobel Prize for Literature which gave you some measure of success despite the explicit racism that was engendered in your literary works. It is time to make amends, lest your reporter's salary and awards be taken off the shelf. It is called penance, and it is hard. Not as hard as the other appendages in your body, but certainly difficult.

The path is clear: take it, or suffer the consequences.

1. The facts of the film “Bombshell” were not off too far,
When your hands got caught in the cookie jar,
As a news producer of great rank,
It was your work ethic that really stank,
You always needed a piece of ass,
What **b**etter than your staff to harass?
But your comeuppance is surely due,
There’s some front yard work you’ll need to do.
Your conduct six cute bubbleheads will soon report,
Find them now, or your career abort.
You won’t need to drive to obtain the solution,
To prevent a sexual harassment revolution.

2. The plot of Little Black Sambo was amusing enough,
Its depiction of Hindus was not up to political snuff,
The illustrations matched what Langston Hughes,
Believed were obvious racist views,
The six letters you will find,
Will help you be color-blind,
It’s a beer and wine place up 35,
Where your integrity can survive,
Twixt Oltorf and a peaceful woodland,
This is no place for a one-night stand,
In the courtyard of this venue,
A sign is there to welcome you.

But like your conduct and your pride,
You'll find it somewhere outside.
Back around next to a spiritfull place,
Wonderful aromas fill the space,
Don't be tempted to embrace!
You're learning how to be more chaste,
Where your producer got an ale,
Someone said his name was Dale.

3. Two journalists for the media in Europe,
With scandals now their game is up!
They defamed a politician for being a neo-Nazi,
His name was Knoll, at least in Italy,
They were sentenced by an Italian court,
But the Guardian published their report,
Things for the press have become quite **grave**,
Up the XXXV frontage road you must now slave,
Turn at once and then to the right,
Quiet please, and be contrite,
Pass Kouri and Zegub as well,
And the place where sleeps a certain Maxwell,
After Koch behind the Doyle Farm sign,
There are others left to enshrine.

4. Warner's loveable Bugs was not politically correct,
But somehow you wrote his lines to comical effect,
Things like "Rabbit Stew" or "Herr meets hare,"
Or the one with the "Nips" was quite the fare,
As was the one where Bugs is on safari to the tune

Of a hunter described as a "shufflin', big lipped, sleepy-eyed country coon,"
They say Monkey See, Monkey Do!
Another faux pas, and there's your clue,
Once you have Bugs, Steven and staff know you're OK,
To take him with you on your next foray.

5. Nursery rhymes your profession has for centuries written,
Their political correctness is not too fitting,
"Oh Susannah!" and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,"
Had racist lyrics that ran quite deep,
Goosey Gander was an old man who wouldn't say his prayers,
So a priest took him by the leg and threw him down the stairs,
I hope the sun's not so hot you freeze to death,
These songs made fun of blacks with their last breath,
London bridge was about child sacrifice,
An **Alliance** with kids is my advice,
Barton Springs Road must have a *thousand*,
South of Sahms's hill you should be browsing,
The red ants there might have agreed,
That a career facelift is what you need.

6. The dangerous outreach of "cancel culture,"
Has made of Dr. Seuss a racist vulture,
"Scrambled Eggs Super!" and "The Cat's Quizzer,"
Were not innocent Marvel heroes like "Whizzer,"
Seuss was a cartoonist who in World War Two,
Published anti-Japanese cartoons with racist views,
He supported their internment too,

He later apologized with "Horton Hears a Who!"
Not exactly green eggs and ham,
To a downtown branch at 710 you scam,
Hail, Cesar! Would be a good start,
Or the public respect will lose respect for your art.

7. If you take a deep look at your literature,
There's racism there, to be sure,
Especially when dealing with Indians,
Who now should be called **Native** Americans,
Surely you didn't mean Ten Little N_____s?
When Christie's book caused so many sniggers,
To 807 where art flows,
Don't stop in the other studios,
Its best to now travel east,
Where upon the clue your eyes will feast,
Behind you an artist does his skin work,
Be discrete and don't go berserk.

8. The original Guttenberg bible
Was certainly not a made-up trifle,
Many good books are stored in this place,
Don't Ransom them, it would be a disgrace,
It's a university museum where fine things are seen,
Just off the drag, please come clean.
Near outdoor tree 588,
Is where you can find your bait.

9. Poor Frank Baum had no forethought
That his sweet book would no longer be taught
Witchcraft and witches, and some of them good!
Not for a conservative Christian childhood,
And now the left is mad as well,
About the midgets who in Oz did dwell,
Better find the Tin Man while you can,
Before this whole book series is banned,
Wear a nice Bra and stay just outside,
If you waste a 2nd you're sure to be fried.

10. Is there really a shrew to tame
In this nasty road rally game?
Named for this author most famous
Don't be an ignoramous!
There's a place for some grub
If you head to Billy's pub,
A pound of flesh won't matter here,
Unless you wash it down with beer,
If you head to that partying street,
Without this penance you're not replete,
You've caused unbridled embarrassment,
This bar is certainly heaven sent,
Justin there should be at the bar,
Where you'll sing the tune that's in your car,
But your chore's not over, you'll be at a loss,
If you don't participate in your bag's ring toss.

11. You've fixed your writing for these correct times,

And you're probably tired of these rhymes,
Frankly you're cranky and worn out,
You're ready for an easy route,
You've earned a rest and a libation,
You're not that far from your destination,
One last clue to make you think,
Then you'll have earned your non-cancelled drink.

Help lines:

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LITTLE CLUES

1. In six barbies

W H I P I N

2. Outside in courtyard at WHIP IN

An **Assumption** has been made,
That your inaccurate reporting was overpaid,
For a **little book** has been written,
With Italian you should be smitten,
Pass Saint Edward and head toward the White
You'll know you're close when a depot's in sight

- Square root of 9.....
- 3rd even number.....
- 1/20th of 100.....
- You cannot divide by this....

3. At Libretti tomb at cemetery

A hundred years *before* a war,
When hero Andrew Jackson was adored,
Which was between US and the UK,
Now an address will soon parlay,
A funky shop on South Congress,
Where you might find some quick redress,
On a back-set shelf, you'll find your reward,
Above where other toys are stored.

4. In Bugs Bunny at Monkey See Monkey DO on SoCo

At Skyline Garden where children play.
A set of blue tunnels is your causeway,
The large ones surely will hold your sway,
Pass the Bell Piano to help your foray,
Through the first hill near a target drawn,
Is a place you should carry on,
Should the clue by kids have been withdrawn,
Then close by, you'll find a pawn.

5. At Children's Garden under pawn or in tunnel

In Brenda Branch's wonderland,
On Aisle 24, you'll make your stand.
On the third floor of this reading institution,
Where children get their erudition,
Try not too hard to be a Grinch,
Finding a clue should be a cinch,
In Austin you won't need a library card,
It's a public venue, stay on your guard.

6. At APL to hostel

This diverse and artsy bar,
Is actually a hotel that's not quite five-star,
Being hostile won't get you in,
To get that tattoo at the **east end**,
At a side table to the right of a couch,
Is the clue for which we'll vouch,
It's past the bar that will mesmerize,
Please be discreet and well-disguised.

7. At hostel

Go to campus for your next ride,
But at HRC don't go inside,
Be liberal at the entrance outside,

For on the ground your clue does hide,
A rock might hold a clue near a bench,
Howard and Nancy will clear up the stench.

8. AT HRC in rock



9. At Tin Man at Foxy's Proper Pub

It's widely known that this author dear,
Who wrote Macbeth and King Lear,
Used to hang out at this pub,
On 6th street where he ate his grub,
Justin there should be at the bar,
Where you'll sing the tune that's in your car,
After a belt or a shot or two,
He'll let you know where the clue's in view,
But don't leave yet through the front door,
An exercise is now in store.

10. In knight at Shakespeare's pub

In the alphabet, there's a letter,
It's the 23rd, it doesn't get better,
That's your destination to which to fly,
(Which will also have drinks to fortify)
200 Mexican Cows will get you there,
Check in now, or lose your fare.

TEXT WHEN YOU ARRIVE

SONG FOR JUSTIN

(to the tune of "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" – just the one verse)

Brush up your Shakespeare,
Start quoting him now.
Brush up your Shakespeare
And the women you will wow.
If your goil is a Washington Heights dream
Treat the kid to "A Midsummer Night Dream."
If she fights when her clothes you are mussing,
What are clothes? "Much Ado About Nussing."
If she says your behavior is heinous
Kick her right in the "Coriolanus."
Brush up your Shakespeare
And they'll all kowtow,
And they'll all kowtow,
And they'll all kowtow.

