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Tall Tales from the Editor

Mr. Magoo ears or A toxic product

"What did you say?" I asked my bride, Sioux. "I can't hear you. Would you please look at me when you're speaking to me? What? Yes, yes, I did pick up the Manischewitz cherry wine that you wanted from town." With that response, my wife started to laugh hysterically. Between laughs she said, "I asked you to pick up a bottle of cooking sherry." Once Sioux recovered from her hysteria, she said something else to me, which I could not quite understand. I said, "What do you mean the pink has a slugged sprain?" Now Sioux was on the ground in pain with laughter. She said, "No, Mr. Magoo Ears, I said 'The sink has a plugged drain,'" followed with more laughter... and so it goes.

This affliction I'm experiencing started a few days ago. I had taken a shower (unfortunately, it was a lonely solo shower. I can't seem to talk anyone into sharing hot water with me). After I was scrubbed shiny and as squeaky as crystal glass, I emerged from the fog of steam, dried off, and dressed. I walked out into our living room, where I found our old Border Collie, Utah, standing in the middle of the room shaking like a leaf in an Indiana tornado.

"What's the matter, old buddy?" I asked. Utah was staring at our 16-month-old Border Collie, Barney McGee, also known as Mr. McGee, and in some circles as Monster Boy. McGee was lying on his back chewing and crunching away on something. I asked, "What are you chewing on, McGee?" He wagged his tail when I spoke to him. That's when I noticed all of these little itty-bitsy pieces of debris lying around him. Holy Moly, those were the remains of my hearing aids! McGee had swiped them off the bathroom counter while I was in the shower.

"Monster Boy!" I screamed. I don't think my scream was as loud as I intended, because I felt sick at that moment thinking about how much those hearing aids had cost me and how long it took to save up for them. McGee stood up, gave a big old shake while still wagging his tail. His expression said, "What are you mad about? There's no reason to get your undies all bunched up into a snuggie. These hearing aids tasted a lot better than those old bones you give me."

I grabbed him by the collar and asked him through gritted teeth, "How would you like to become a throw rug, or better yet, a lining in one of my jackets? I could use a warm winter jacket." Old Utah didn't like the sound of either of those options. He had ratcheted up his shaking to a class five hurricane. I told him, "You're not in trouble, Utah; you're a good boy!" On the other hand, there's Monster Boy! "NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, McGee," followed with "Why, why, why, McGee? Geezes!"

This past summer, "No, McGee" was a phrase our 21-month-old grandson Adam had learned in some sort of baby jabber. Whenever Adam would see McGee running towards, by, or around him, he'd hold up his hand and say, "No, McGee!" It didn't matter: Adam would get knocked over anyway. Still, Adam wanted to hug McGee 'cause he loved him. Just like Adam, I can't stay mad at McGee for any extended time. I always give in to those big brown eyes. Yes, I'm a sucker; just ask

my brown-eyed wife. She and McGee both know how to manipulate me.

Now that my hearing aids look like shredded coleslaw, I'm going to have Mr. Magoo ears for a long while. I can see a B-movie in the making now: I'll be stopped by local law enforcement for some minor infraction. The cop will give me a verbal command, "Put your hands where I can see them. Now!" I'll respond with "You want me to do what with my head?" At that moment, I'll get tazed, maced, and bean bagged all in one afternoon. From Mr. Magoo Ears I thank you, Mr. McGee.

Maybe Monsanto has developed some genetically modified bean seeds that I can plant in my ears that will restore my hearing. You know, though, I really couldn't trust Monsanto if they had developed such a wonder bean. Not after the French Supreme Court's recent upholding of two lower court convictions against Monsanto for lying. Monsanto has been telling folks that their product Roundup is "biodegradable" and "left the soil clean." It seemed Monsanto was saying, "Folks, Roundup isn't a toxic product." Wrong!

Fortunately, the French Supreme Court justices could hear very clearly in upholding Monsanto's two convictions for lying about their "love child" product, Roundup. Could you really expect anything different from the same company that gave us dioxin (Agent Orange)? Another safe product...you bet...just ask the opinion of any Vietnam veteran who's been dealing with his many different illnesses after his exposure to Agent Orange.

Then there's Monsanto's product polychlorinated biphenyl known as PCBs. Is there anybody that's not familiar with the environmental and health problems associated with PCBs?

How about Monsanto's genetically engineered bovine growth hormone (rBGH) that's injected into dairy cows for greater milk production? Why, this growth hormone is so safe that it's been banned in Canada, Japan, Europe, New Zealand, and Australia. No Mr. Magoo ears in those countries when it comes to Monsanto's bovine growth hormone.

What about here in our homeland America, land of the free? Now I don't wish to shock you, and I know you'll find this hard to believe: The new senior advisor for the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) is a former vice president of public policy and chief lobbyist from...where? Come on, guess where he's from...Ta-da, that's right, Monsanto! Yes, Michael Taylor will be advising our Mr. Magoo Ears one-party system on how safe and great Monsanto's products are for us. That's not all. Taylor is only one of many Monsanto key players who are part of this president's "we'll do things different" administration "of change."

So, can you all say "Genetically modified food crops for all?"

I can't hear you!



The Editor, J.D. Rogers
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