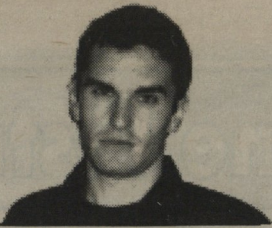


... And Now For Something Completely Different: The Rants of a University Student

Ryan Gallant
Contributor



Well, the unthinkable happened last week. Yes, Canadian Tire did what every Canadian has been wanting to do for the past 7 years: putting the Canadian Tire couple to death. Figuratively of course, the actors who played them are still alive, but for all intents and purposes, Ted and Gloria, have been put out of their suburban-minivan-complete ratchet set misery after hounding the airwaves for 7 years. 7 years? Wow, that's not beating the life out of a marketing ploy or anything. I never really understood how any marketing agency could come up with such a lame attempt at selling off screwdrivers and pressure washers. It was always like those damn condescending infomercials where their trying to sell some new-fangled spaghetti strainer, but they first have to show a few morons using an old-fashioned strainer, flailing around like rabid zombies, throwing pasta and boiling water all over the place. Yeah, Ted's idiot neighbor would always show up: "Ted, help me, I need to drill a hole. Ted, help me, I need to see better out of my windshield so I don't die. Ted, help me, I'm an incompetent moron." See, this is why men hated Ted. While every other man in Canada was fixing problems with duct tape and baler twine and fixing their car's engine with a hammer and a butter knife, Ted was always working at something with his new tools with his eerily happy family and his RV and his boat and his cottage and his ATVs. The man made Inspector Gadget look about as technically inclined as Michael Bolton. To add insult to injury, the punch-line endings to the commercials were always stupid and were never funny.

Ted: "Look at these new windshield wipers!"

Idiot Neighbor: "You really should shave your beard!"

Together: "Hahaha!"

Ted: "Look how clean my boat is!"

Idiot Neighbor: "Ted, why do you still camp in tents when you already own an RV and a cottage?"

Together: "Hahaha!"

Ted: "I just realigned my tires and braking system, so we don't crash into trees the next time we go on a family adventure!"

Idiot Neighbor: "Wow. I should borrow that for my car so we don't drive into any trees either!"

Ted: "Too bad, you'll have to get your own. Only at Canadian Tire!"

Together: "Hahaha!"

Ted: "No seriously. Get your own."

The worst all-time commercial was when Ted was proving how rugged he was by packing for a day on the trail with his ATV, but his wife took off on it before he got the chance. I half expected him to turn to the camera: "New, from Canadian Tire, the long-range assault sniper rifle." Where the hell did they get the money to buy all that shit anyway? I mean once they got started I'm sure their income in Canadian Tire money alone was comparable to the economy of an emerging Eastern European country, but unless Ted was robbing banks on the side (with the Motomaster Vault-O-Matic no doubt), I don't see how he was making enough cash to support his wife, deadbeat son, a few cars, the cottage, RV, boat, ATVs, etc., not to mention spending upwards of \$200,000 a month at Canadian Tire. Ahwell. Love them or hate them, Ted and Gloria are gone now, but they will live on in Canadian Television infamy, along the old Norwich Union couple, ("It's Patrick! He took out life insurance!") The Canadian Legal Will Kit, and Hal Johnson and Joanne MacLeod.

In keeping with recent events in the Middle East of late, a Canadian who works for a U.S.-bases humanitarian agency was kidnapped by extremists from the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) in the Gaza Strip last week. The 57-year-old Ottawa man was taken at gunpoint, held in a basement, and was forced by his captors to record video for the media. As they went through his belongings, however, the kidnapers found Adam Budzanowski's Canadian passport and were immediately disappointed. They had thought they had kidnapped an American and therefore had leverage to negotiate an end to Israel's attack on a West Bank prison. Obviously disheartened at the discovery, the kidnapers made sure Mr. Budzanowski was Canadian by asking about stores near his home in Ottawa

before exclaiming, "We love Canada!" "Which is a wonderful thing to hear when you have guns pointed at you." Budzanowski said later. Yeah, I'll bet. What a bunch of morons.

PFLP 1: "All we have to do is kidnap some Americans and Brits so we can stop the Israeli attack on that prison!"

PFLP 2: "Yeah, because kidnapping people in the Middle East has certainly forced them to stop bombing us in the past!"

Can you imagine them when they found out he was Canadian?

PFLP 1: "Canadian? SHIT! What do we do now?"

PFLP 2: "Well, we could stop kidnapping people and instead turn our focus to instilling democracy and..."

Nan: SLAP! "Say you're sorry."

Apparently one of the kidnapers even gave Mr. Budzanowski his phone number before they released him in case he ever needed help with anything. "Say hello to Canada!" Yeah. I'll get right on that. Moron.

This brings me to another issue; it was brought to my attention this past week that some people on campus hate me because I, and I quote "Hate Americans." This, first of all, is not true. On the individual level, most Americans I know are great people. My sister and her family, as I've said before, are American, and obviously if I ever said I hated all Americans, by association they would be part of that group. Granted, I do hate the government that is now in power in the states, and I hate Dubya as someone who is grossly incompetent, incredibly stupid, and is not exactly the person I would want to leave in charge of a pair of sharp scissors for more than ten minutes, let alone the largest nuclear arsenal in the world, however, I also realize that many people, including a great number of Americans, feel the same way. At the same time, there are many Canadians I hate: Kalan Porter, Steve Moore, Theory of a Deadman, Stephen Harper, but I would never even attempt to group all Canadians in to a

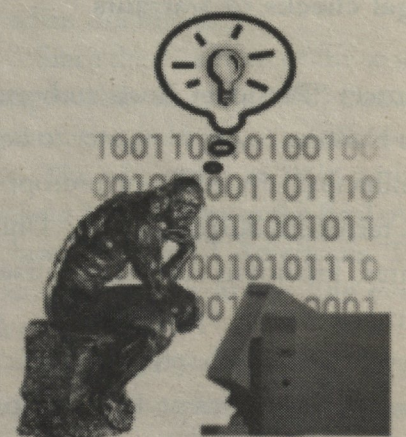
similar group, and it's the same thing for Americans. Sure, there are some Americans that I hate, but I am not stupid enough to group all 300 or so million of them into a single homogeneous group. Mr. Dressup was American for God's sake. In fact, I would guess that I hate at least one person from every country in the world, but most of the 6 billion people on earth aren't that bad. The ones I've met so far anyway.

I think a more accurate thing to say would be that I hate stupidity and incompetence, and I'm sure that we can find plenty of people that fit this description, on both sides of the border: George Bush, Bad Drivers, Paul Allen, Kenny G, Steroid Ben, Lucille Poulin, Ron Popeil, that guy who does those Yoplait commercials, the Ottawa Senators, the KKK, the Burger King king, the 2000 Flushes guy, Richard Simmons, Lou Bega, Jared from Subway, the entire cast of "Touched by an Angel," the list goes on...

Have a good one!

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