

Right as in Correctly

By Dave Olson

Remixed Version

Collaborated with a guy named Eli (cannot remember his last name) in Logan, Utah for an tandem reading performance at a punky-rock concert at a Fairground one hot summer

I heard that if you die in a dream, you're actually dead. I keep waking up.

I also heard that Hitler was a vegetarian. Personally, I couldn't kill fourteen million people, only about fourteen, and at least half of those would have to deserve it.

I had a grandfather who once told me that people would be a lot less trigger happy if they had to eat everything they killed. Fourteen million people is a lot of vittles for one crazy german vegetarian.

I wonder what human flesh tastes like. Probablya lot like chicken. I think that when God made the earth and all of the beasts that dwell upon it, he got halfway through and ran out of new taste experiences so he stuck with something he liked.

I now make a point of obtaining as many credit cards as possible so when I'm done living, I can have a real dynamic last six months.

Dynamic is a power word, capital is another.

Most things don't annoy me except when people ask me the same questions over and over and over; that does annoy me.

On account of the fact that I do plan on dying, I made a will, nothing makes people follow it however. I mean, I won't be there to bust some ass if they divide my stuff up or bury me wrong.

All I ever wanted was a green room (or maybe a nice floral print), but I keep on getting white ones.

Suicide's alright but I don't think I'll do it. I don't think I'll need to.

Benjamin Franklin said that you can only count on death and taxes. I count on dying but insurance takes care of the tax bit on account they keep locking me up for being a social deviant.

I heard a story about a person who got himself thrown in jail every Christmas Eve so he would have someone to spend the holidays with. He even drove to different towns where he thought the criminals wouldn't be as hardened. I might do this if I didn't have too many other options.

"That's a sad story, but I heard worse," said the blues man I talked to once. He talked like a DRANO gargler. Good blues men always do.

All I ever wanted was to live forever; but then I would see everyone else die. That could get to be sad and inconvenient.

In my will, my house goes to Bob Vila and Norm Abrams to renovate as they see fit. It can't, in case you were wondering, go to that little wiener that took Vila's job on the show.

Regardless of how I die, I want it listed in the obituaries as a suicide. I have some good ones written up. Choose one or two.

Once upon a time, I wanted to be diagnosed with one of those incurable diseases with only three months to live. I would blow stuff up. Maybe do some looting, thieving, plundering, raping, farting, and perhaps, miscellaneous, wanton murder and mischief. Lately though, I've been concerned that I would do public awareness lectures and end up on the cover of People magazine. I would probably do telethons.

Or maybe I'd just get busted sneaking out of Denny's and spend my last two months doing community service.

I don't even like Denny's. Sambo's is far better.

I went to La\$ Vega\$ one time and tried to find Wayne Newton, I couldn't track down the right one. He can have anything he likes of my stuff anyhow. I found several other Wayne Newtons, though none of them had the tell-tale mustache or shoe polish hair.

In La\$ Vega\$ people's suspicions get easily aroused if you're not drunk on antifreeze drinks with umbrellas in plastic cups and losing a lot of money. They figure you're breaking the law or worse.

About suicide, I heard about a guy who decided to jog himself to death. He instead got real healthy and made a video about the whole deal. He probably has a pair of those neon running shoes now and does telethons.

Vikings and pirates are buried at sea with the seahorses, but cowboys are buried with cacti and those old bull skulls on their graves. King Tut has it best.

When the Egyptians buried their pharohs they used to kill all of the servants and bury them so he'd have a personal staff in the nether world.

I can't imagine cleaning up after someone for eternity. I think I'd leave.

Half of the people (7) must have deserved it.

I couldn't actually blow anything up because I really don't know how to.

Wayne Newton makes millions of dollars yet I've never met a Wayne Newton fan or seen a record. I've looked.

I'm not sure whether seahorses are real or a myth. Seamonkeys, I know are real.

All I ever wanted was to die tomorrow but then someone might be sad. That's more stress and responsibility than I want as a dead person.

I heard wills don't count unless you do them a certain way. "Who made the way and how do I find out?" I asked my brother,

he's not as smart as everyone thinks. No one will pay attention to mine regardless, they'll think I was kidding or didn't know how to fill it out right.

If I were to do the suicide thing, I would push people off bridges until someone held onto my wrist too tightly. That or juggle to death.

"They call us weirdos, call us crazies. Say we're ugly, say we're lazy. Say we're just a violent type, kinda dumb, not too bright. We don't care what you say, fuck you.(!)" That's the song around here.

I wouldn't hang myself with my shoelaces even if I had any. I have duct tape on my pants to hold them up.

My belly isn't very hairy anymore.

It only hurt for the first week after I lost my belt. But I got used to it and the good part is that I don't have any hair on my lower back anymore either. It was unsightly and now its just gone.

I've become really quite an excellent pool player; but still, the only card game I can figure out is WAR.

I had a dream. I dreamt my favorite episode of Gilligan's Island was the Great Train Robbery one. It unnerved me for several days. Gilligan was a hero, Skipper was an asshole.

When I'm dead, I don't want a mortician shaving my face or cutting me open. Leave me naked and my eyes open, this is the way I came in.

All I ever wanted was everything but I couldn't think of a reason, (or a place to put it for that matter). It seems like every time I've tried to lay my hands on everything they took everything else I had away: shoelaces, belt, and even the toilet seat.

These days I just go around singing "I did it my way" by Frank Sinatra. I did too and that's why my walls are so often padded these days.

Everytime I tried to lay my hands on everything they

I apparently wasn't qualified to give semen so I lied about my credentials. If nothing else, it should be handsome. I get twenty-five dollars a shot (no pun).

I thought if I qualified for an American Express card, I could at least qualify for masturbation. I give it by the pint.

It's sort of like prostitution only I don't have to worry about getting diseases. They tell me those test tubes exceedingly clean and I believe them.

All I ever wanted was nothing, but no one would take what I had. This denial gets embarrassing after a while.

Ronald McDonald is also a vegetarian, he is either a poseur or deviously infiltrating the system. I don't believe he's killed anyone except for several million cows. This doesn't count though because you don't have to hide them once you've killed them.

Hiding can be tricky, especially with so many nosey fisher-

men around.

If people didn't wear suits on hot days, they would be a lot less irritable. I'm fairly comfortable when it's hot.

All I ever wanted was to be alone, but someone might miss me. This is more stress and responsibility than I want as a living person.

If I'm dead I won't have to worry anymore. Unless I go to hell, then I'll be worried all the time.

All I ever wanted was to know everyone, but then I would see them all die. This always happens at the most inopportune times. I'm doing my part to make it more convenient and predictable for everyone. I've become quite a good judge of life-span. Sometimes I feel like God and I like chicken a lot.

Beastiality is one thing I never had an interest in, although my opinions do tend to change from time to time. Presently, I don't have the time or resources for it.

Fourteen people shouldn't be so hard to hide on a planet the size of this. I mean, there is five billion or so.

Then again, there is the chance that no one would hold onto my wrist tight enough.

It always looks so easy in the movies.

I wish life had theme music with full orchestration and scene changes after every climactic event.

They were only able to locate thirteen. It couldn't have been too tough.

My sperm should be given to a woman whose father had a good healthy head of hair. I don't want any bald children. The youngest one in curls would be appropriate and pleasant.

I think I'll start jogging.

They could have sent me to Australia instead. I don't think everything is so white and covered with paper there and people would laugh at my jokes. Also, there's more places to hide.

They probably have bridges there . . . but don't tell anyone.

All I ever wanted was to die, but then I realized how easy it all is. This somehow makes everything irrelevant.

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