

man scale



Written by bubba



I don't fall particularly high on the 'man scale.' Weird, I know, because for so many years I lived on that scale, by that scale...maybe *in* that scale. Why do I score so low these days? A variety of reasons. I don't follow college or pro sports (any sports really). I don't watch NASCAR (it's a culturally integrated scorecard – if you're reading this and don't live in the Midwest – don't worry. You won't lose any points.) I'm not a fan of any particular team. I don't hunt. I can't fix a god damn thing, so don't even ask. Oh, and here's a biggie – sometimes when I'm in Lowes or Home Depot I get a little nervous when I'm in the big lumber section. Yeah nervous. Of course if I'm there it's because I got lost en route to the propane refill station because I'd otherwise have no business being around all those serious construction ingredients. I beat it out of there fast too, before I get injured.

Anyway...there are a whole host of things that I could do better in, that I need to do better in before my guy card is pulled. The only thing keeping my head above water these days is that I curse a lot, go to the gym and can drink beer and barbecue like a the gold medal winner at the hillbilly olympics. For that reason, I wanted to highlight a recent picture of me at a wedding in Los Angeles, looking extraordinarily manly. Look closely, that's me with a handpicked cigar, beer and the super-macho groomsman gift I got – a leatherman. Not bad. *10 points.*



Close Window