



white trash olympics

Written by bubba



It dawned on me recently that I've developed a whole new set of skills and knowledge since living in rural Ohio. Any of it useful? I guess so. You know the more I think about it, I'm not sure everything is an actual skill. For example, what's barbecuing in your front yard? Just hillbilly, right? I had a good reason for that when I did it but just the same, I still did it. Hmm...need to think this over. Maybe I'm not really learning new skills. Maybe I'm simply turning into someone else! Maybe...just maybe...people will start calling me Bubba for a whole new set of reasons. I better take a quick inventory of everything I've been up to since moving to Ohio:

Cow Chip Contest

Yes, I attended this incredibly

unbelievable event. No, I did not place any bets. No one believes this. No one believes that in the village of Botkins, Ohio – population 1,205 there are people who paint a big field like a checkerboard, number the squares and then let a cow loose while they bet on which square the cow is going to shit in. Trust me. I wouldn't lie to you. It's bizarre that it happens. It's even bizarre that some locals carry the mystique of The Amazing Kreskin for their historic ability to accurately predict where Matilda the cow will take a dump.



Hot Dog Sushi

Rumor has it this is a Korean delicacy. Bullshit. Koreans are way smarter than us. No way would they eat this crap. Interesting side note - Somewhere I also have pictures of *pickle* sushi, but I didn't make that. Someone brought it to a potluck at our house. Wonder how they felt when I photographed it.



Rocky Statue

The best part of this was that I was in Philly speaking at the National Lawyers Guild

Mid-Atlantic Conference. Serious stuff, right? Afterwards, my friend and I hitched a ride back to our hotel ride with a couple lawyers who asked us if we'd like to see anything on the way. *The Liberty Bell? Franklin Institute Science Museum?* "Whoa," I intervened. "Where's the Rocky statue? Let's go there!" It was a little uncomfortable at first, but after we ended up taking these stuffy lawyer types to a black bar by Temple University and getting drunk on Yuengling beer at 2 in the afternoon...it was all good. Now that I think about it, what's white trash about that? Oh, the Rocky statue, yes. *Alright Rocko!*



Assault Rifle Testing

This one seemed fine...like it could assault people. Interesting side note – so many illegal gun sales are made at this particular event that there are rumored to be dozens of undercover federal agents crawling around. For that reason, all picture taking had to be quick and covert...because the locals were extremely suspicious of the camera. Go figure. I don't think anyone thought we were going to narc them out however. Maybe it was that I had a six-pack of canned beer in a brown sack and two cans of buffalo meat that I had just bought...I *blended*.



This guy eventually dropped his price on the rifle too...to \$700. Bargain!

Wild Game Stew

I'd like to put in a request for extra points on this, for the hat, which I purchased really just to fit in, like a disguise. The game stew was because I was curious...curious what a dish would taste like that could boast such ingredients as squirrel, pheasant, venison, boar and turkey. Curious I am no longer.



Front Yard Barbecue

You know, I have no idea why we did this. We have a massive backyard. Even better was the fact that I pushed our old, ripped up couches out of their garage graveyard and into the driveway...so we could relax you know. I should get a White Trash Ribbon just for this event alone! The way I parked on the grass, the way I opened the back of my jeep to listen to the stereo...both nice touches. p.s. I started that fire with gasoline

too.

Deer Blind

I wasn't really doing anything up there. You can see I didn't have a gun. And beyond being anything but dangerous, I was horrified that I might fall out of the tree. See how I was holding on for deer life? (Get it, 'deer' life...heh heh heh) Ok so it was a photo op, sue me. But how many of you have actually sat in a deer blind?



Moonshine

I don't have a picture of this – when it was happening or in my memory. Drinking moonshine with the local leader of this town was apparently a rite of passage for newcomers. I have a vague recollection of meeting a guy named Earl and him telling me that his shine still was the best because he used fruit cocktail syrup to filter his product...then nothing. So instead, I have a picture of my only friend in Ohio building a fire out of trash in an old truck wheel while I blacked out somewhere else on homemade, fruit cocktail moonshine.

Hunting License

Don't be fooled, I still haven't killed anything and don't have any plans to do so. I did this so I could be in a drawing for a duck blind – something my friend asked me to do to increase his odds of winning. So I was kind of undercover. Kind of cool, kind of tough! But...when the guy who sold me my license started asking what tags I needed, if I wanted a water fowl stamp and a whole bunch of other things, my cover was blown quick. "What season is it?" I asked. "Just get me what people buy who go out and shoot whatever that is." Not another word was spoken between the two of us.



PBR in a Can

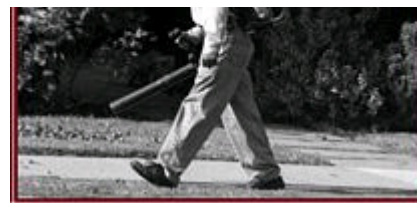
Truth be told, this is me playing the role a bit. If you go into a shitty bar, you might as well drink shitty beer. Interestingly enough, even the toothy bartender in the only bar in Huntsville, Ohio thinks PBR sucks. She said "Yeah that's our worst beer. But you might as well get a Bud because everything's a buck fifty. I mean, why not?" Why not indeed. THAT'S why not.

Leaf Blower

That's right I got one, a cool one too, the kind with a back pack. And that's



all I've done. I fired it up one time and then laid it to rest after my oldest dog attacked it and pulled the actual blower off the motor and ran off. Apparently she thought it was attacking me. Anyway, ended up being a good thing because since then I have learned two things: **a)** People don't use leaf blowers out here and **b)** The only people who use backpack blowers are Mexicans...in LA...who work on a landscape crew...so not me.



Chainsaw

Me with a chain saw apparently looked as awkward as it felt. Within 15 minutes of firing that bad boy up (which was a two hour task in and of itself), I had two neighbors come over to see if I needed help. I knew what was going on though. I could see it in their eyes. They thought I was *dangerous* and seemed overly preoccupied with the fact that I was wearing my ipod while dismembering some fallen trees in our front yard. I guess cutting up trees isn't an exact parallel to running on the treadmill, I get that. But I still don't see what the big deal was. Pioneers used to

sing those *Jimmy Crack Corn* songs and stuff when they worked.

Pig Roast

A true war of attrition. Man. Beast. Fire. I don't think this is white trash at all. I think it's tough! That I used a mop to baste it might be a little trashy. Or that I gave the pig a little swig from every canned beer I opened might have been a bit red necky. But I thought we were bonding over some serious predatory cycle, fate of the universe, Darwinism food chain things...you know? Like I'd have the pig's energy now because we are connected! Anyone who says that I was nauseated by the blood and banished myself from skewering this guy with the spit is lying! I was out by the fire doing what I call the 'Offering Dance!'



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