

Greg can also be read at [The Bastard of Art and Commerce](#)



### Doot-de-doot-de-doo

Question for people living in lands foreign:

What is the local equivalent of doot-de-doot-de-doo?

Like a melodic signifier of unassuming contentment?

I might say at the beginning of anecdote: "I was just strolling along, you know, all" (at which point I break into singsong) "doot-de-doot-de-doo..."

Usually something disruptive happens at that point, like a horse falls on top of the anecdote teller from *a great height*.

Is this place holder something that occurs in other languages?

### Progress

I used to sit around and think to myself, "Say, one of these days I'm going to write me a book." Now, I sit around and think, "Say, one of these days I'm going expand a Wikipedia stub."

That is progress. For me anyway.

### Question

## **Greg Thinks About Crap**

Written by Greg Mills

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Have you ever, in your professional life, had the experience of weaving out of panic a web of sloppy bullshit that you're sure everyone will spot as such, but then everyone turns around and thinks its brilliant?

And, in a fit of conscience, you say: "Really? Because there are holes here, here and here."

And everyone says: "No, no, all that doesn't matter. This is really, really good."

I'm not saying this has happened, but still.

Strange feeling.

### **What if the Rastafarians are right?**

That'll be awkward, come the apocalypse.

I think I'll go buy some pot, just to be on the safe side.

### **The on-set of a crippling neurological ailment?**

Walking back from lunch today, I saw a woman loading a case of Pepsi into her car.

So I said, "Soda".

Just like that.

Not to anyone, just the sky. "Soda".

Am I going mad?