

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

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?