

My Two Cent's Worth

Triple Axel anyone?

The Olympics are here. Some of you love it, the joy of winning, the agony of defeat sort of thing. In my useless opinion, it's become political, satirical, and comical. Oh, the athletes all want to win and try hard, but the soap and sob stories get in the way.

And these warriors of the snow do pretty well for themselves, making the sacrifices for doing **what they want to do for a living** very worthwhile.

Unless, of course, you're looking at the devil Larry Nassar himself. Those kids have and always will have grit to endure that and push beyond to perform at the highest level.

But most of this..... Zzz – snore.

The best thing I have ever seen about ice skating is that fat guy, a Sumo wrestler doing his signature “baby bird” move in those Geico commercials. Now that is exciting.

Watching a sensual ice dancing routine, I fell asleep. A triple axel routine, which is named after a Norwegian, that a Viking originally performed on a British head during their raids and conquest of that country. Then I believe it had something to do with a "ax to the ankle".

And, then there is the mighty toe loop routine, or the flip, or the Lutz. Strong stuff I'm sure. And of course, the Salchow. If I can't pronounce it or spell it, fuggedaboutit. But people breathlessly watch it like a three-car accident with injuries only with commentary. It goes like this — he/she just toe-looped her lutz while she flipped on her axel and fell on her Salchow! And she had a wardrobe malfunction.

Give me the fat guy and the baby bird. On top of this wildly entertaining stuff, there is no NHL hockey.

Has-beens and youngsters now compete like 1980, Miracle on Ice stuff. I guarantee that ain't happening. It's once in a lifetime and the thrill is gone this year. Except for the women who went for gold and finally got it. Great game and their pride shines.

So I don't watch anymore, especially after reading about the dog farms in Korea. Yeah, they keep and breed dogs in concentration camps so folks can eat them.

Just like we do with cows, chickens, and pigs here. (Full disclosure, I have been a vegetarian for 35 years, so I don't eat any of that stuff.) To each his own. But dogs? Rin-tin-tin, Lassie, Benji, Eddie, Skip, Marley, are all rolling in their graves.

It's not enough to say “All dogs go to heaven” so it's okay. It's not. So you go in and see that a St. Bernard goes for however many yen a pound. The dog is slaughtered and you get your St Bernard flank steak. Even Andrew Zimmern would be shaking his head — maybe. But like he says..if it looks good..eat it. But somehow a gutted Old English Sheepdog would not be on his menu. So no Olympics for me and this whole dog meat thing put the remote in my back pocket.

Well, by the time you read this, it will be March 1st and the games will be over. But wait...this just in. Another Viking, Johannes Hoesflot Klaebo just won the Cross County Men's Sprint In the Cold and Snow Classic. See, they ain't done taking over the world.

In closing, you may ask what in the hell this has to do with cops, labor or pensions?

Not a damn thing!

Vita é bella.