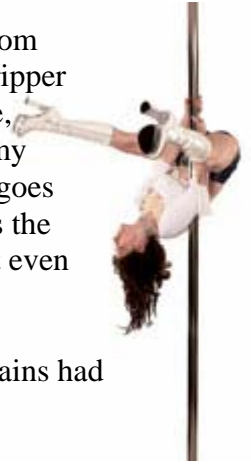


Dear Comcast,

I know it's been a while since I've written to you about the many grievances I have with your service, so I'll make an attempt to be gentle...

What the fuck is wrong with you cock-shiners?!

First, let me set the scene: It's a warm March evening and I've settled into my living room lair here at the Scott Compound. I've given the servants the night off and my live-in stripper is in full swing around the pole I had installed last fall. I've got my cold beer beside me, a bong the size of Shaq's leg filled to the rim with the "sticky-icky", and I'm watching my beloved Penguins who have just gone to overtime. Just as overtime begins, my screen goes black, the sound of the emergency broadcast system blares at least four times as loud as the normal audio and across the screen crawls a thunderstorm warning for areas that I don't even fucking live in.



Now I know it's not proper grammar to end a sentence in a preposition, but you dick-brains had that one coming.

This unnecessary annoyance continues for one minute and thirty seconds. I know what you're thinking, "a minute and a half is not a lot of time". And you're absolutely correct; ninety seconds isn't a long time in relation to an ice age or a viewing of *The English Patient*, but in relation to a five minute hockey overtime it's an eternity.

What in the name of Nell Carter's taint do you expect me to do even if the rain warning was for my area? It's fucking rain you numb skulls! It's happened before. Moisture accumulates in the air and then little tiny droplets of water fall to the earth, shit gets wet, a homeless guy wraps himself in a discarded copy of that day's sports section, and some Indians are happy because their dance worked. It's not a federal emergency.

Unless some high level government official is assassinated or you managed to find out before me that I won the lottery, I don't want to hear a fucking peep out of you. Just broadcast the game and my favorite shows like you're supposed to and if I want to know if it's raining I'll turn my head 32 degrees to the left and look out my window. (I have a strong suspicion that they make windows transparent for that very reason.)

Finally, let me issue a warning of my own: If you interrupt another sporting event to tell me it's wet outside, I'm going to come down there and start punching people. That's the good news. The bad news is I'm going to whack-off first and I'm not going to wash my hands before I start throwing jizzy-fists of fury up in your mug.

Love,
Bill Scott