

Quick — what do Jesus, Saddam Hussein and Yoda have in common? They all have blogs. Really. And they're not the only unlikely bloggers out on the Net:

THELOSTBLOGS.COM

The companion site to Paul Davidson's new book, "The Lost Blogs: From Jesus to Jim Morrison," includes excerpts from the blog of Jesus, as well as Marie Antoinette, Marilyn Monroe and Alexander the Great.

Their writings reportedly have been found and posted by the World Organization for Manuscript Preservation.

MASTERYODASBLOG.COM

Oh, that Yoda. He sure is a cut-up. The Jedi master from the "Star Wars" movies posts regularly in his Master Yoda's Blog. From Master Yoda's Blog (on sharing his visions): "Now, what I have seen, you will see. ...The smells I have smelled, you will smell. Not that one, though. The burrito I had for lunch, that was."

WWW.ANONYMOUSLAWYER.BLOGSPOT.COM

The Anonymous Lawyer carries "stories from the trenches, by a fictional hiring partner at a large law firm in a major city." The anonymity lets him exorcise whatever legal demons haunt him without repercussions.

BLOGS.NBC.COM/OFFICE

Here we have the regular musings of one Dwight K. Schrute, an odd, power-mad worker at the Dunder-Mifflin paper company. (Actually, it's NBC's creation for the Rainn Wilson character on "The Office.")

SADDAMHUSSEIN.BLOGSPOT.COM

Yes, this is political commentary masquerading as a blog by former Iraqi ruler Saddam Hussein. The contrived viewpoint does help make the opinions more thought-provoking.

The most recent posting on Dec. 30 began: "What a pisser! I can't believe they're about to hang me."

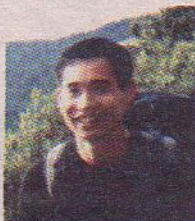
Randy A. Salas, McClatchy-Tribune

FIREWORKS, THE BIG DIPPER AND ROCK

It was only a few minutes after we had just crawled into an air-blown dome tent when a Discovery Science Center Planetarium man started quizzing us on the names of constellations projected onto the tent's ceiling.

"Ursa Major and Ursa Minor!" exclaimed one know-it-all kid who, apparently, was correct.

"That one's Orion," said a girl behind me. Soon I was hearing other 7-year-olds yelling out



names such as Taurus and Subaru that were familiar to me as cars but not as stars.

"Hmmm," I observed to a friend sitting next to me, "these kids are a lot smarter than me..."

Indeed, on this last day of 2006, I was being both educated and entertained, courtesy of First Night Fort Collins. While in previous years I have rung in the New Year in different ways — say, setting off sparklers and smoke bombs with a friend in Durham or downing more than a couple of beers with another in San Diego — never before have I been exposed to so many different local gigs in one night, all while keeping out of any miscellaneous mischief.

Probably the highlight of the evening for me, though, was attending a performance by a dude clad in white leather who sported long sideburns and sang hits such as "Jailhouse Rock." Yes — Elvis!

Then there was the matters of his moves. I really had to concentrate

hard on NOT LAUGHING.

At least his singing was good — never mind that I had hardly heard of any of the songs he sang even though I am something of an oldies (60s music) buff who at one time even owned a "Best of Elvis" CD. When he was done, I was still smiling upon hearing what kids had to say to their parents after getting out of their seats:

"I don't want a hug from him; he's all sweaty now," said a girl.

"Dad, Jennie says that Elvis almost gave her a heart attack!" said a boy.

The real Elvis is probably rolling in his grave right now or laughing from up above somewhere around Ursa Major, but it was all in good fun. Happy New Year!

Felix Wong

TNT DOES NOT KNOW DRAMA

No TNT, you don't. . .

I know I've mentioned before about this ONE lady that sits in my area that has no end of drama in her life. I gotta vent. I just HAVE to!

So I'm busily working away... Suddenly, Drama mamma's phone rings and of course she makes no attempt at being discreet, starts talking to who I can only assume are her kids and suddenly bursts into tears! The kind of crying that you can tell what she sounds like when she whines (which is another reason I'm not surprised she's getting yet another divorce) instead of attempting to be discreet, she just sits there and continues to sob. I shit you not, there is



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