

ANOTHER DAY AT TECHTV ...



Kristen: Hi all, we're back from break on this holiday Monday. I'm Kristen and I'm filling in for nearly everyone else as they're spending the holiday recovering from the big Techmania I bash last night. Oh, what a party that was.



Kristen: With me today is chatgirl Robyn, fresh off a night of dancing. Say hi to the nice people, Robyn!



Robyn: 01010101111.



Kristen: Good to see you're in a better mood than the other day Robyn. Wouldn't want you to zap me with those eye beams of yours so I'll be nice. Oh wow, someone is on our external cameras. Why does this always happen when I'm on my own at the anchor desk?



Sheriff Justice: Excuse me, nice lady, my son and I would like to enter your building.



Kristen: Sir, I'm not sure I'm allowed to let strangers in the building. I'm only subbing today and I'm not sure what the policy is.



Sheriff Justice: Nice lady, I've been chasing a cotton-picking flashamagonging cowboy named "the Bandit" from one end of the nation to the other. I've heard that a fellow dude of his is in this building and would like a word with her now if you please.



Kristen: One second, sheriff. Robyn, why are you sneaking off?



Dvorak: Blondie, shortie's getting out of my chair so I can say what I have to say.



Kristen: Ladies and gentlemen, we're joined by the famous TechTV personality, and pro wrestler John C. "Johndre the Giant" Dvorak. John, what brings you here this morning?



Dvorak: Can it hot lips, I have something to say. Keep that camera on me and listen up America. I'll go slow for you news anchors who have problems with the big words.



Dvorak: Just yesterday I defeated Hulk Hogan in the center of the ring at Techmania I. It was clear to everyone in the audience that I clearly had that mental marvel Hogan pinned after totally destroying him in the ring. But this Internet comic strip, Another day at TechTV, decided to run an altered ending instead.

Dvorak: Internet comic strips are all the rage these days. With just a cheap video capture card and some photo editing software just about any nitwit can make his own comic strip. But what happens when they go too far?



Dvorak: Why, in fact, I'm going to chain myself to this desk and I'm not going to let him proceed with this strip until this situation is rectified.

Dvorak: It is irresponsible for the author of this strip to go any further in this story without correcting the photomanipulated ending to the match.



Dvorak: Listen Laverne, if you have something to share, wait until the adults are done speaking and then chime in with your little nursery rhymes.

Kristen: But Mr. Dvorak, I was there, you lost that match fair and square ...



Dvorak: I was there and I was robbed. What was shown was a photomanipulated ending to a match that I clearly won.



Dvorak: It is irresponsible to continue any storylines until this matter is resolved in my favor! That's why I'm chained to the desk and I'm not going to move a muscle, a muscle to you hear me, you lame brained strip writer?



Dvorak: I'm not going to leave this chair until you fix things by running the proper ending to that match. The chat bar makes up nearly 60% of your strip. What are you going to do without gags about the girls here? Ha. You'll be begging me for this desk back once writer's block sets in again.



Dvorak: What's this? My head is on shortie's body. Oooh I get it, it's a joke. Make Dvorak look like a chat girlie. Big laugh. I'll tell you that I'll be laughing all the way to the bank after I see you in court -- Mr. Strip writer! Back to you Blondie, hope you can handle it from here.



Kristen: Thank you, Mr. Dvorak, oh I'll certainly try to handle things from here ...



Sheriff Justice: Nice lady, nice lady? Are you going to let us into this flimflastic building or am I going to have to shoot my way in?



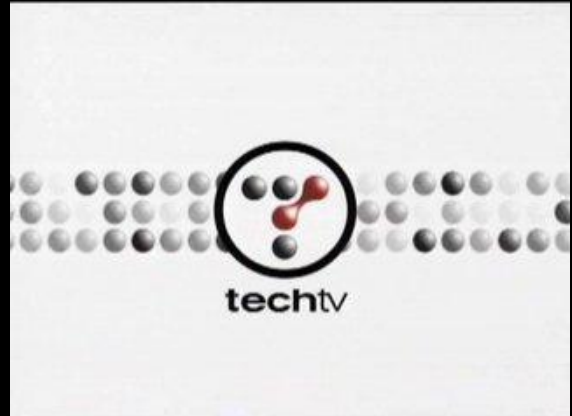
Kristen: Sure Sheriff, sorry for making you wait, come right in. I believe the person you want is sitting at the chat bar waiting for you ...



Sheriff Justice: Thank you nice lady. Come on Junior, let's get that no good falooting friend of the Bandit.



Dvorak: What? Hey, Hot Lips, who took the key to my chains? What's going on here? Who is this redneck and why is he coming at me with a nightstick? This is like a bad party at Laporte's house without the award winning tuna salad and dog biscuit appetizers ... Wait, stop it, Noooooooooooo!



We'll be right back ...