

If One Places A “P” In Front Of The F-Word, Is It Still The F-Word?

AND

PMT — I - O - S - I - D - F, Explained

Here’s The Backstory... One Evening I Was On Vanity Fair’s Site — vf.com — Looking For An Item Which I Did Not Find. What I *Did* Find Was A Blog Written By The *Yet-To-Be-Born* West/Kardashian Child Who’s Now Known To The World As North West (NW). I Thought What A Wonderfully Clever Literary Device.

Above The First Blog Post Was A Photo Of Ms Kardashian At A New York Red Carpet Gala Event Looking Very Pregnant In A Red Maternity Dress. Here’s Where It Gets Interesting... NW-To-Be Begins The Blog: *“Fuck Me Twice! That’s The Ugliest Maternity Dress I’ve Ever Seen!”* [Ed. Note: It Surely Was A “Fugly”* Lookin’ Thang.]

So, Yes, Our Intrepid *Unborn* Blogger Is Upset At Her Mother’s (Future Mother’s?) Choice Of Maternity Wear And How It Reflects On *Her*. At This Point, I Am, Indeed, Hooked. NW Then Proceeds To Call It A “Vera Bradley [The Designer] Vacuum Cleaner Bag.” The Blog Goes On In This Vein But This Is The Highlight. Next Day There Was Another Entry Which Was Fairly Unremarkable (Compared To Day One.) Day Three I Go To Show This To A Friend, And Lo & Behold, It’s Gone — All Of It. Hmm...

When I Was A Kid (And Future A\$\$WHOLE-IN-TRAINING) There Was A Plumbing Fixtures Company Called Price Pfister Which Last I Knew Was Part Of The Stanley Tool Empire. The Company Had A Clever Tagline For One Of Its Marketing Campaigns: “Price Pfister, The Pfabulous Pfaucet With The Pfunny Name.” What? Well, It *Was* Clever To A Twelve-Year-Old — So Kindly *Piss Off*, Won’t You? So, That Was My Inspiration For Placing A “P” In Front Of The F-Word. As For The IOSIDF, That Was My Contribution, Which Reads If Only So I Don’t Forget. I Didn’t Intend For This To Have A Sexual Connotation But Rather As An Expression Of Pique At The Up-Pfucked Things One Encounters In The Course Of Daily Life.

* “Fugly” Is An Oft Used Shorthand Golf Term For “Fucking Ugly.”