

Dear FCC;

Regarding recent proposed rules that implicitly endorse "internet fast lanes", allowing Internet providers to offer an option for web companies to pay to connect to users at faster speeds, I would like to make the following comments:

You swines. You vulgar little maggots. You worthless bags of filth. As we say in Texas, you couldn't pour water out of a boot with instructions printed on the heel. You are a canker, an open wound. I would rather kiss a lawyer than be seen with you. You took your last vacation in the Islets of Langerhans.

You're a putrescent mass, a walking vomit. You are spineless little worms deserving nothing but the profoundest contempt. You are jerks, cads, and weasels. I take that back; you are a festering pustule on a weasel's rump. Your life is a monument to stupidity. You are a stench, a revulsion, a big suck on a sour lemon.

I will never get over the embarrassment of belonging to the same species as you. You are monsters, ogres, a malformity. I barf at the very thought of you. You have all the appeal of a paper cut. Lepers avoid you. You are vile, worthless, less than nothing. You are a weed, a fungus, the dregs of this earth. You are a technical or yawn. And did I mention that you smell?

You are squeaking rats, a mistake of nature and heavy-metal bagpipe players. You were not born. You were hatched into an unwilling world that rejects the likes of you. You didn't crawl out of a normal egg, either, but rather a mutant maggot egg rejected by an evil scientist as being below his low standards. Your alleged parents abandoned you at birth and then died of shame in recognition of what they had done to an unsuspecting world. They were a bit late. If cluelessness were crude oil, your scalp would be crawling with caribou.

You are thick-headed trogs. I have seen skeet with more sense than you have. You are a few bricks short of a full load, a few cards short of a full deck, a few bytes short of a full core dump, and a few chromosomes short of a full human. Worse than that, you top-post. God created houseflies, cockroaches, maggots, mosquitos, fleas, ticks, slugs, leeches, and intestinal parasites, then he lowered his standards and made you. I take it back; God didn't make you. You are Satan's spawn. You are Evil beyond comprehension, half-living in the slough of despair. You are the entropy which will claim us all. You are a green-nostriled, crossed eyed, hairy-livered, goisher kopf, inbred trout-defiler. You make Ebola look good.

You are weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. You are grimy, squalid, nasty and profane. You are foul and disgusting. You're fools, ignoramuses. Monkeys look down on you. Even sheep won't have sex with you. You are unreservedly pathetic, starved for attention, and lost in a land that reality forgot. You are not ANSI compliant and your markup doesn't validate. You have a couple of address lines shorted together. You should be promoted to Engineering Manager.

Your life is one big W.O.M.B.A.T., and your future doesn't look promising either. We need to trace your bloodline and terminate all siblings and cousins in order to cleanse humanity of your polluted genes. The good news is that no normal human would ever mate with you, so we won't have to go into the sewers in search of your git.

You are a waste of flesh. You have no rhythm. You are ridiculous and obnoxious. You are the moral equivalent of a leech. You are a living emptiness, a meaningless void.

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You are sour and senile. You are a loathsome disease, a drooling inbred cross-eyed toesucker. You make Quakers shout and strike Pentecostals silent. You have a version 1.0 mind in a version 6.13 world. Your mother had to tie a pork chop around your neck just to get your dog to play with you. You think that <http://www.GuyMacon.com/Flame.html> is the name of a rock band. You believe that P.D.Q. Bach is the greatest composer who ever lived. You prefer L. Ron Hubbard to Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. Hee-Haw is too deep for you. You would watch test patterns all day if the other inmates would let you.

On a good day you're half-wits. You remind me of drool. You are deficient in all that lends character. You have the personality of wallpaper. You are dank and filthy. You are asinine and benighted. Spammers look down on you. Phone sex operators hang up on you. Telemarketers refuse to be seen in public with you. You are the source of all unpleasantness. You spread misery and sorrow wherever you go. May you choke on your own foolish opinions. You are a Pusillanimous galactophage and you wear your sister's training bra. Don't bother opening the door when you leave - you should be able to slime your way out underneath. I hope that when you get home your mother runs out from under the porch and bites you.

You smarmy lagerlout gits. You bloody woofster sods. Bigger off, pillocks. You grotty wanking oik artless base-court apple-johns. You clouted boggi sh foot-licking half-twits. You dankish clack-dish plonkers. You gormless crook-pated tossers. You bloody churlish boil-brained clotpole ponces. You craven dewberry pisshead cockup prattling naffs. You cockered bum-bailey poofsters. You gob-kissing gleeking flap-mouthed coxcombs. You dread-bol ted fobbing beef-witted clapper-clawed flirt-gills. You jetere steatopygous pilgarlick hircine whigmaleerious rhadamanthine lintlickers. I refer you to the reply given in the case of Arkell v. Pressdram.

You are so clueless that if you dressed in a clue skin, doused yourself in clue musk, and did the clue dance in the middle of a field of horny clues at the height of clue mating season, you still would not have a clue. If you were a movie you would be a double feature; Battlefield Earth and Moron Movies II. You would be out of focus.

You are fiends and sniveling cowards, and you have bad breath. You are the unholy spawn of a bandy-legged hobo and a syphilitic camel. You wear strangely mismatched clothing with oddly placed stains. You are degenerate, noxious and depraved. I feel debased just knowing that you exist. I despise everything about you, and I wish you would go away. You are jetsam who dreams of becoming flotsam. You won't make it. I beg for sweet death to come and remove me from a world which became unbearable when the bioterrorists designed you.

It is hard to believe how incredibly stupid you are. Stupid as a stone that the other stones make fun of. So stupid that you have traveled far beyond stupid as we know it and into a new dimension of stupid. Meta-stupid. Stupid cubed. Trans-stupid stupid. Stupid collapsed to a singularity where even the stupons have collapsed into stuponium. Stupid so dense that no intelligence can escape. Singularity stupid. Blazing hot summer day on Mercury stupid. You emit more stupid in one minute than our entire galaxy emits in a year. Quasar stupid. It cannot be possible that anything in our universe can really be this stupid. This is a primordial fragment from the original big stupid bang. A pure extract of stupid with absolute stupid purity. Stupid beyond the laws of nature. I must apologize. I can't go on. This is my epiphany of stupid. After this experience, you may not hear from me for a while. I don't think that I can summon the strength left to mock your moronic opinions and malformed comments about boring trivia or your other drivel. Duh.

The only thing worse than your logic is your manners. Your attempt at regulating the

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Internet was pitiful. I mean, really, stringing together a bunch of plattitudes among a load of babbling was hardly effective... Maybe later in life, after you have learned to read, write, spell, and count, you will have more success. True, these are rudimentary skills that many of us "normal" people take for granted that everyone has an easy time of mastering. But we sometimes forget that there are "challenged" persons in this world who find these things to be difficult. If I had known that this was true in your case then I would have never have exposed myself to your proposed regulations. It just wouldn't have been "right." Sort of like parking in a handicap space. I wish you the best of luck in the emotional, and social struggles that seem to be placing such a demand on you.

P. S. : You are hypocritical, greedy, violent, malevolent, vengeful, cowardly, deadly, mendacious, meretricious, loathsome, despicable, belligerent, opportunistic, barratrous, contemptible, criminal, fascistic, bigoted, racist, sexist, avaricious, tasteless, idiotic, brain-damaged, imbecilic, insane, arrogant, deceitful, demented, lame, self-righteous, byzantine, conspiratorial, satanic, fraudulent, libelous, bilious, splenetic, spastic, ignorant, clueless, EDLINOid, illegitimate, harmful, destructive, dumb, evasive, double-talking, devious, revisionist, narrow, manipulative, paternalistic, fundamentalist, dogmatic, idolatrous, unethical, cultic, diseased, suppressive, controlling, restrictive, malignant, deceptive, dim, crazy, weird, dyspeptic, stifling, uncaring, plantigrade, grim, unsympathetic, jargon-spouting, censorious, secretive, aggressive, mind-numbing, arassive, poisonous, flagrant, self-destructive, abusive, socially-retarded, puerile, pinguid, and Generally Not Good.

Please read [ <https://www.eff.org/issues/net-neutrality> ].