

When I was a kid, one of my favorite comedy routines was George Carlin's Seven Dirty Words.

Words, words, words. My friends and I couldn't get away with cursing so we made up our own language. From the basic, like, Sugar Honey Ice Tea. to, HE double hockey sticks (for those old enough to remember when using the word Hell was considered cursing) to more advanced words for more advanced cursing. This way we could curse in front of parents, teachers, whoever. The intent was the same, but no one knew we were cursing !

I remember thinking back then, that our culture was evolving quickly enough that some day we all would realize the ridiculousness of everyone deciding together to be offended by those seven words. Typical thinking for an 11 year old, right ?

The good news is we didn't.

Now anyone in America can get a rise out of people by using most of Carlin's 7 Dirty Words. I know I get a rise out of my wife. I can't think of anything funnier than a 3 year old cursing. I mean come on, does it really matter if we say Poo Poo or shit ? Of course not. Unless of course your married and your wife tells you it matters. She doesn't want to be the one who gets phone calls from teachers and other parents getting blamed for all the 3 year olds in the little gym class screaming "Kiss My Ass you Mo Fo"... Me, I couldn't think of anything I would rather see and hear. but that's me.

Back to the point here. I like to curse. I like to curse because I enjoy how it gets everyone in an uproar. I won't curse in an environment where I have accepted an invitation or am a guest of someone else. I will play by their rules.

But if you come on my home turf and want something from me. It's my rules.

Last night in the locker room after we lost in overtime to the heat. I was asked by reporters to answer some questions. I told them I would if they asked good questions and didn't ask the same cliché'd questions they had asked after other games. It was interesting how quiet everyone got.

then someone asked "Is this your worst loss ever" . What the fuck kind of question is that ? Is this for a VH1 special ? "Worst Losses Ever ?" If it was, then maybe it was a decent question. Otherwise, how do you answer that question...

Let me think. Well we have never been to the finals before, and this is our most recent finals lost. The 3rd in a row. So that could make it the Mavs worst ever. There was a baseball game I played in where I hit the ball into the gap and some guy made a diving catch to end the game instead of me driving in the winning runs and winning the tournament. I cried in the dugout after that one. There have been some tough rugby losses. Am I supposed to get this reporter a thought out answer and catalog my past, or a catalog answer like "this was a tough one... yadda yadda, that sounds like every other answer ever given to this type of question after a lost game.

The reality is that it would be a waste of both of our time if I gave him the "this was a tough one" answer, and a waste of my time to really think about it. Particularly given there were 10 other reporters wanting to ask questions and we had a bus to catch

So I told the reporter to "Ask me a real fucking question"

Apparently some folks have taken exception to me cursing in my response. Well in this case, the reporter was using my time, we were in a locker room and I was trying to provide a response that had no value to me, but could only help him. If he doesn't think enough of either of our time to invest the brainpower and minutes it takes to come up with something different than has been asked a thousand times.

Fuck em.