Talk about a failure... FB's net is a big fat joke, just like FB. For a year he's had no more than a few people checking in to his roundtable (it's not a net) and he wastes the night monopolizing the conversation, whining constantly and mumbling to himself, while the others ignore him or try to change the subject. He gets so drunk he starts mumbling bad poetry, driving everyone else to sleep. His "writing" and "deep thoughts" are all stolen from basement bloggers. His threats to "do something" about "bullies" via the FCC, FBI, local authorities, etc., are nothing more than the drunken ramblings of a delusional Pill-Billy.

The <u>truth</u> really bothers him:

1. His studio only lasted 9 years (2000-2009) not 30 years.

2. He went broke in 2009 and in most years he never even turned a profit.

3. He's a known deadbeat and he couldn't even pay off the $26k he owed to keep the studio open -- less than the cost of a new car.

4. He never graduated from any college, despite what he says about graduating from "somewhere" in 1970.

5. He never won a Grammy and his studio never won a Grammy.

6. He lives in his cousin's filthy trailer, on her land, because he's penniless, scraping by on $800/mo.

7. He's a drunken pill-popper and everyone knows it.

8. Hippy Pot Pilot claims are all lies. He never had a pilot's license, ever.

9. He never worked on the Phoenix Project because he never worked for the RAND Corp.

10. Protest suicide? Another joke. No one will even blink if a worthless, 300 pound bullshitter hangs himself behind his cousin's single-wide.