

# THE CHARBONNEAU OBSERVER

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\$G·E·ZED

## Joe's New Chambray Shirt

The time has come! And don't be fooled – this ain't denim. (*Even though that would be pretty rad in its own right.*) It's Joe's very first "chambray" shirt:



Photo taken by Simon

Snazzy, huh?

Thank you, JCPenney's.

The shirt is a bit of a "reward" – for a milestone that Joe achieved this past week. The scales have confirmed that Joe has managed to shed **100 POUNDS (!!!)** from his heaviest ever plump-itude.

Joe says the new shirt makes him feel like Bill Bixby (which, in turn, makes Creamy feel right and randy... so... *win, win*).

## I (Creamy) Was "Today Years Old"...

My sibs and I were horsing around and Dad joked to us, "Git over here, ya Gudlup!" He might have just as easily called us "Hunyaks" or "Ragamuffins." We squealed at his teasing.

Fast forward 50 years, I called Joe a "Gudlup." He said, "Whaaaaaat?" I answered, "A Gudlup. Didn't your dad call you a Gudlup when you were being naughty?"

The answer was a definitive "nope."

My curiosity piqued, I looked it up, and even the Urban Dictionary couldn't define it. My siblings were similarly unsure, remembering the term but not its origin or definition. I went to the source. "Dad, what the hell is a 'Gudlup'?"

It turns out it was an Americanization of the name of his family's beloved landlord, Gotleib, back in 1939, New Harmony, UT.

So, I just learned, after a lifetime of thinking "Gudlup" was a universal, antiquated, (possibly racist) insult to be lobbed at rowdy children, it was actually a private little term of endearment. "God's Love."

As for "Hunyaks" and "Ragamuffins", check your Urban Dictionary. ☐



ADVERTISEMENT

## Creamy's Block-Print Portrait of Simon



### Creamy's Jabberwocky Journey

About a year ago I embarked on a journey into an icy land with shadows, mysteries, beauties, and beasts.

*Beware the Jabberwock, my son  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!*

I had stumbled upon the Betwixt App ([betwixt.life](http://betwixt.life)), "an epic journey of self-discovery that encourages one to become the hero of a story that leads to clarity, courage, and self-insight." Guiding through short sessions, the app helps tell a deeply personal story using perceptions and experiences from one's own life.

*So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.*

A Jungian, or Campbellian, archetypal sandbox - this app can be enjoyed repeatedly for the journey on which one might find themselves. I would like to give a personal shout-out to my brother Mike, for instilling a love for such journeys in me, at an early age.

*And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy.*

## Sugar... Aww, Honey Honey

Hi. My name is Joe. I have diabetes.

And I've got it bad. I thought about writing an article about: summoning a new positive attitude, and... field-testing a dozen kooky low-carb/no-sugar recipes, and... dropping 50 pounds almost overnight. But, in the past few months since the diagnosis, only ONE take-away truly occupies my thoughts:

**I would not have survived this on my own.**

On my own, I like to imagine myself as a stubborn hermit, living large off the dream of one thing - and one thing only: life's next cannoli. It's that simple. I'm: Italian, fat, and jolly. I am a hedonistically gratified son of a bitch. When on my own.

But suddenly there I was, on that fateful day four months ago: convulsing in the bed, under seven layers of blankets, unable to manage my body temperature. With Simon by my side, watching his dad slip into some sort of diabetic paralysis, worried beyond fairness. And my only strategy for keeping him focused was to rehearse with him - over and over - the route to the hospital, should it come to that.

AND THAT is when it is officially not about \*you\* anymore. Clearly.

So I called Creamy at work and had her come home. She got me to the doctor's. The meds followed. Self-discipline followed that. And THE FUTURE now sits before me once again, to claim.

My eternal love and gratitude to Simon and Creamy. I owe you everything.

## ??? Mystery Box ???



## Joe's Word of the Day

**reprobate** *noun*

[ *REP·ruh·bayt* ]

**A hardened, depraved, and worthless reject. Someone even god has given up on.**

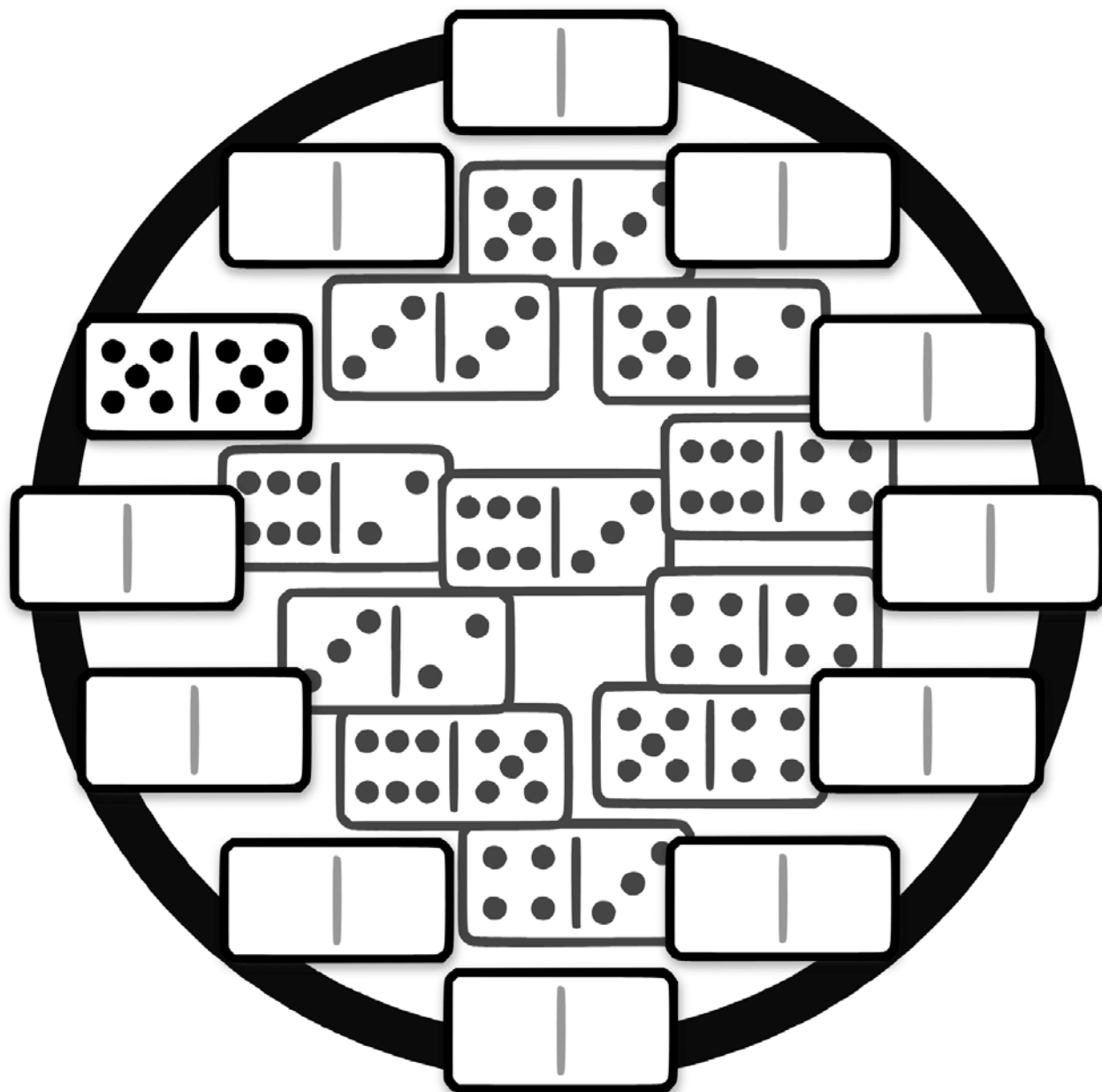
"I can't believe you're just lying there on the couch, eating raw cookie dough right out of the tub. You're such a reprobate!"

Growing up, we used this word a million times a day. It was a perfect all-purpose put-down. But I never hear it anymore. So I thought I'd abuse the powers of the press a little bit, and include it here - to see if we could bring it back.

Elocutionists, attack!

## Double Nickels on the Dime

55 years ago, at 10 in the morning, Creamy was born! To commemorate the event, we've made this puzzle. Each of the dominoes scattered below can be mathematically assigned to one of the twelve positions of a standard clock face. To help get you started, we put the "double nickels" domino in the 10 o'clock position. Can you figure out where the rest of the dominoes belong?



[See the solution over at: [goslins.com/newspaper](http://goslins.com/newspaper)]

## Local School Teacher on Drugs

by Creamy

I was a child with a busy brain. I had the good fortune to live in a home where this was often celebrated. Nobody knew that I had ADHD (girls with the disorder often experience racing thoughts, rather than stereotypical bouncing bodies), but it makes sense now. I stunk at chores and time management. Those around me tolerated my failure to complete anything without 1,000 distractions. At the same time, my boundless imagination earned me praise and opportunity.

Decades later, struggles became more pronounced for me, interfering with my day-to-day, but my strengths hardly sustained me. I would try to suss out how everything got so bad, but I realize it's a spaghetti bowl of comorbidities, coincidences, and contradictions. These dark years made me angry, exhausted, ashamed, and - thank goodness - curious.

Strangely, for a SPED teacher, an ADHD diagnosis was not on my radar for a very long time. I was too close to the "neuro-spicy" situation to see it in myself.

With help from doctors, therapists, friends, family, and TikTokers, I started to remember the bright little Creamy of my childhood.

Oh, how I have missed her.

And then I got my brain on drugs.

The first time I took Ritalin, Joe and I went to see Simon marching in his band. My senses were opened with color, light, sky, music, uniforms, and snacks!

It was amazing how empty of distractions, yet full of real live input my head was. Like an old refrigerator shifting to a quiet cycle, I had no idea how noisy my head had been. The relief made me cry.

I have spent the last year learning to better wield my ADHD brain, and UN-learning my tendency to shame myself when I do things differently than others. It's a long road and an awesome mystery to unlock.

I now lean into my cleverness and try to mitigate my destructive tendencies by being authentic, intuitive, and mindful. I rest like it's medicine and respect my needs.

I am loving my new (old) identity. ☐

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## POLL: How To Peel a Banana

How do YOU peel a banana? You might not have realized that there's more than one way. This poll hopes to better gauge WHO's doing WHAT -- with their bananas!

[Weigh in at: [goslins.com/newspaper](https://goslins.com/newspaper)]



## Our Socials



facebook.com/creamycharb



youtube.com/@goslinjoe



instagram.com/simonthecharb

## GWIZIO

“GWIZIO” is a little game we made up. It stands for “**G**uess **W**hat I **Z**oomed In **O**n,” and it features zoomed-in re-croppings of shots from famous movies. Your job is to tell us: What movie is that??

Simon created the GWIZIO at the bottom of this page. Head over to our website ([goslins.com/newspaper](http://goslins.com/newspaper)) to see if your guess is correct – and to see a collection of lots of other fun GWIZIO puzzles.

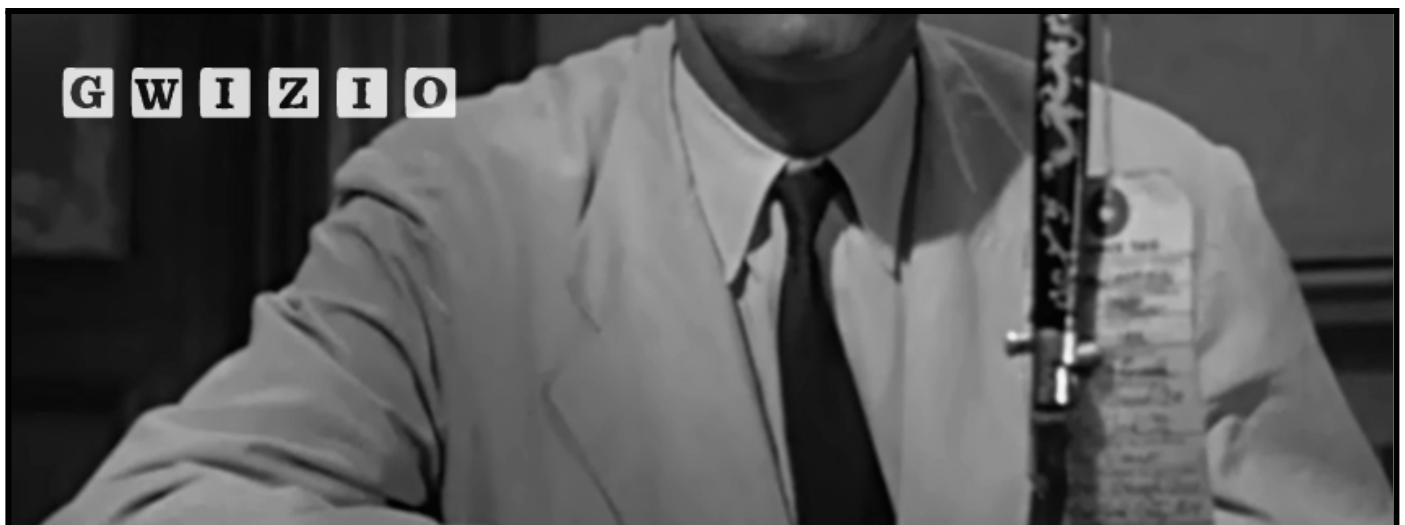
## Joe’s HAIR SALON Pet Peeve

*(This one’s for Tracy.)* I’ve always had a huge pet peeve about those clever little entrepreneurs – in the hair care biz – who go and name their salons something like: “Shear Madness” or “Cutting Corners.” It’s as if, to these folks, it’s enough to simply SOUND LIKE some existing pithy expression, REGARDLESS of whether or not the “play on words” (and all the alternate meanings it might evoke) really suits the mission of the coiffure-ial arts!

So here’s a list of names. 7 are absolutely real, and 7 are pure fiction. Can you spot the fake business names from the real ones?

Get Some Trim	Dos & Don'ts
Hair Lips n Zits	Hair Apparent
Last Tangle in Paris	Mullet Over
Hair Today Gone Tomorrow	Curl Up & Dye
Cutting Room Floor	Tress Chic
Ears Lowered, Have Mercy!	Locks & Loaded
Shaven & Shorn	Hair Force One

[Get the answers at: [goslins.com/newspaper](http://goslins.com/newspaper)]





## Simon's Riddle

I have no feathers in my wings  
Nor do I in my caps,  
Though I don't have a scepter,  
I keep a staff by my side,  
I profess, I have many children,  
Though I've never had a suitor,  
My young take the skins of ewes  
As well as those of swine.

What am I?

[HINT: the answer to this riddle can be found over on page 10]

## Yoder's DONUTS!

They're the Mennonite gals from Tremonton, packed into a food truck – and they only sell one thing: great big giant sourdough donuts! Sugar glazed, with zero toppings. One shape (donut shaped). One size fits all.

You will be born again, baptized in the sticky gooey goodness that these monsters plaster across every smiling face.

*"As the good ointment flows down into my beard, softly down to my garments, like a dew trickling down upon the fortress of Zion – without a doubt, god is pleased."*

*Mennonite hymn, 1564*

[SEE ALSO: Joe's diabetes story, page 3]

## Portrait of WILLIE (for Joe's Dad)



## STORY IDEA: “Sugar Toes Menagerie”

### – chapter 1 –

Joe and Creamy wake up one morning. Joe heads to the bathroom. Creamy turns on the bedroom TV – it’s that old commercial for Kars-4-Kids. Creamy switches off the sound: “Omg, it’s that jingle you wrote. I don’t think my migraines can handle it this morning.” Joe thinks: “Christ, I gotta get out of here.” Joe’s freezing feet catch his attention – odd for August. He reaches into the medicine cabinet and grabs the home blood sugar test he had picked up the other day. “No whammies, no whammies” – he pricks his arm, right next to his new cannoli tattoo. It stings. Joe looks up the results on the chart, his eyes go wide, and he drops the test in the sink. Creamy asks: “Everything ok?” Joe doesn’t answer. He just quietly slinks off into the den.

### – chapter 2 –

Joe gets a text from Simon: “Dad, I got an alert that my webcam’s blowing up. Can you check it?” Simon is bumming rides to the Burning Man festival – but had asked his grandma to watch his animals. Joe knocks on the door to the mother-in-law apartment. No answer. He enters. An oldies tape blares (“🎵 Someone saved my life tonight. 🎵 Sugar bear, you almost had your hooks in me”). Among grandma’s piles of poetry books, Joe sees the animals: a monkfish swimming in a bowl, a baby mute swan in its cage, and a beat-up little dormouse (tangled in a chewed-up pair of Joe’s boxers) twitching madly in front of the webcam. A laptop is open to Simon’s YouTube feed. Joe goes to free the mouse. The movement makes the mouse look like it’s dancing, and a sudden spike in YouTube hits lights up the screen. Joe texts Simon: “Send me your YouTube login. Thanks.”

### – chapter 3 –

Next morning, there’s a link in the comments to a meme of the dormouse tapping to the music (captioned: “Sugar Toes!”). It’s going viral! Grandma’s car is still gone, so Joe heads back to her apartment. The poor mouse looks nearly dead. Joe nervously wonders if some sort of “DNA poisoning” (from his boxers) might’ve gotten the best of the pipsqueak. So Joe freshens his water and sets him aside, but then – a stroke of genius. He runs back to the main house and returns with his tattoo gun and the blood from the diabetes test. Right then, Creamy pops her head in: “Joe, my migraines. I’m going to the cabin for a few days.” Joe gives a “yes dear” courtesy nod as he busily stages the baby swan’s cage for his next tableau. The tattoo gun whirs, fabric shears snip, and –lastly– Joe lathers his reading glasses in hot glue.

### – chapter 4 –

“Elton John lives!” There sits the swan in a makeshift Donald Duck get-up, with oversized glasses, and a tiny rocket tattoo on its mottled downy wing. Joe looks out the window to see that the driveway is still empty. “Every rocker needs an anthem” – he climbs into the attic loft and shimmies free his old keyboard, only to discover that the power cord is gone. Coming down, Joe spies grandma’s crystal stemware on a high shelf. “Even better!” He spends the next hour recording a glass harp theme song for his YouTube show. Just then his cellphone rings. His bloody fingers fumble the phone and – as it drops into a floor vent – Joe swears he detects Creamy’s voice saying: “I’m leaving.” He pops open the vent and sticks his head inside. There’s the phone, and there’s the dormouse – dead.



– chapter 5 –

Next morning, Joe wakes up on grandma's couch (still no cars in the driveway) and checks the site for comments. One from grandma: "Please get out of my house. I'm un-amused." And a text from Simon: "Grandma must've followed me to Burning Man. I saw her topless, on a donkey! Plus, webcam hits are down." Joe is desperate to salvage things. He makes one more update to Elton Swan - he glues the dormouse's feet to the bird's belly - cranks the music - and zooms in the cam. "Sugar Toes lives! Give 'em what they want." Simon texts again: "Mom & Dad, Grandma had a heat stroke. She's dead. What do I do?" In that same instant, Joe smells burning copper. Flames burst in from the main house! Joe vaults towards the fire and quickly slams the door to keep the fire from spreading further. With his last glimpse through the flames, he watches his fridge doodles turn to ash.

– chapter 6 –

Later, early evening. The firemen are gone. The power's out. Joe stands in front of the laptop - the battery indicator says: just one more hour. Joe thinks he'll use the light from the fridge (forgetting that the power's out). When he opens it, he comes to his senses - his shoulders slump. He sees some leftover pecan pie in there: "Maybe I should just overdose on that thing. And sign off." He looks up at grandma's wall calendar - it reads: "I was the horse and the rider." Joe whispers to himself: "Crazy grandma, a centaur to the last." Joe lays back on the couch, closes his eyes, and softly sings himself to sleep: "♪ I missed things and kept out of sight. ♪ I want all the world to see... we met. ♪ Falling, yes I am falling." The laptop goes dark.

– chapter 7 –

Joe wakes a couple hours later to Creamy coming through the front door of the apartment. She lights her cellphone and surveys the room. With a lump in her throat, she says: "You know about mom, right?" - then continues, "Jeez, Joe, you've been busy! Reminds me of that dingbat Sugar Toes meme that's going around." Joe nods: "That's me." Creamy's eyes widen. She points to the cage: "Is that ugly duckling even alive anymore??" Joe, in a Russian accent: "Cyg-NYET." Joe closes his eyes again, ashamed of the mess he's made. Creamy sees the old keyboard: "I remember this. Gol', I really miss this stuff." Joe mutters: "I don't." Creamy: "You don't??" Joe: "I miss YOU." Creamy: "Really?" Joe: "Yeah. You, me, and that chilly cabin. Sounds perfect." Creamy smiles, and slides up next to Joe on the couch: "Well, that can wait till morning." She douses the light from her phone.

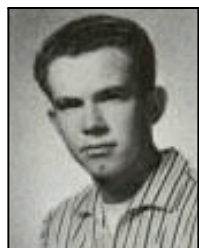
– chapter 8 –

In the dark, Creamy asks: "Why didn't you ever write me a song? I always wanted one." Joe puts his hand on her heart, and whispers: "Let me memorize the tempo, and I can get started." Headlights flash and the sound of grandma's car comes up the driveway. Creamy sits up: "That's mom!" The door opens and the figure standing therein tries to flip on the lights: "Hello? What the hell happened in here??" It's Simon! Joe beckons him through the darkness: "It's us, Si'. Come sit with us. Tell us all about Burning Man. Are you tatted up now?" Simon makes his way to the couch and replies: "I thought about it actually, but we saw a guy at the tattoo booth who went into a diabetic coma." Joe, stunned: "Seriously? For real?" - as a belch of bubbles rises in the monkfish tank. □

## Utah State University Sure Knows How To Pick em

Simon started up college this year! Planting himself on the same hallowed quad that has forged generations upon generations of friends-for-life:

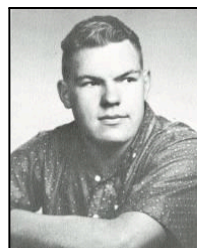
### 1962, "SIGMA ZONKS" FRATORITY



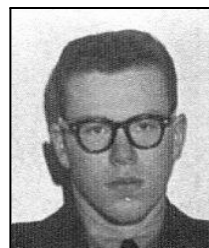
**Darrell Graff**  
zoology professor,  
Weber State



**Joyce Richens**  
admin, Ben Lomond  
High School



**Merlin Olsen**  
NFL tackle, Little  
House on the Prairie



**Chuck Horlacher**  
son of the king of  
Cache Valley meats



**Betty Ivers**  
widow of the lineman  
of the county

### 1990, STARVING ARTISTS



**CREAMY**  
goldsmith turned  
macaroni artist



**"Big T" Dolph**  
regular performer at  
Burt's Tiki Lounge



**Maria Esparza**  
2nd place raspberries  
at Alaska State Fair



**James Spence**  
asst. prof. of print-  
making, Utah State



**Bengt Washburn**  
stand-up comedian,  
featured on Conan

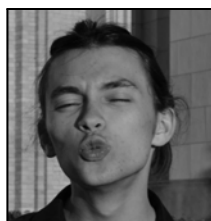
### 2024, THE BRAT PACK



**SIMON**  
designer of first FTL  
rocket engine



**Jeromy**  
beats Musk  
to Mars



**Jajue**  
world's next  
Tito Puente



**Julia**  
will social  
work for food



**Henry**  
talk show host:  
Aggie Block Talk

Congratulations, Simon! And to Rome, Mason, Beau, Amber, Birdie, Isabel, and Molly as well. These kids are nothing short of the promising hope for the future of the human race.

## JAVA Code

Simon has been programming his butt off up at Utah State. Just for fun, he thought he'd try to recreate that famous bouncing DVD logo screensaver:

```
public void startAnimation(){
    Timer timer = new Timer(30, e -> {
        if (timeSinceHit < 5){
            timeSinceHit ++;
        }
        if (x >= xDist || x <= 0){
            xVel = -xVel;
            hits ++;
            if (timeSinceHit < 5){
                corner = true;
            }
            timeSinceHit = 0;
        }
        if (y >= yDist || y <= 0){
            yVel = -yVel;
            Hits ++;
            if (timeSinceHit < 5){
                corner = true;
            }
            timeSinceHit = 0;
        }
        x += xVel;
        y += yVel;
        repaint();
    });
    timer.start();
}
```

[Go see what this code can do, over  
at: [goslins.com/newspaper](http://goslins.com/newspaper)]

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COMING SOON

## I (Joe) Was “Today Years Old”...

...when I got to thinking again about that old screwball comedy, “Trading Places” (Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Jamie Lee Curtis) – where a rich white commodities broker is forced to “trade places” with a black street beggar. Title of the movie: satisfied. Right?? Maybe on one level. Absolutely. But then we remember that all of this is taking place within the universe of stock exchanges and brokerage firms – which (“a-hem” / it’s revelation time, people) might ALSO satisfy an entendre-esque nod to the same phrase, “Trading PLACES” (places where trading is done). Whoa!! Mind blown. And it only took me 40 years to realize this!

## Glasgow Ensemble, Blitzed!

Did the Charbs have a run-in with an inebriated Scottish septet?? No, no, no. We just picked words whose letters are typically sounded out in atypical ways.

The second G in “Glasgow” rolls off the tongue (oftentimes) as if it were a K. That E in “ensemble” sounds like “aw.” And the end of “blitzed” is indistinguishable from the sound of “st.”

Ipso facto, cram these phonemes together (“G·E·ZED”) and you’ve “spelled” the word: **cost!** As in... the cost of this very newspaper (*see: top-right of front page*).

*Oh, and also...*

F·I·SH = Gh·O·Ti

## Joe's Song for Cheyenne

Earlier this year, when I heard that our dear friends, Cheyenne and Kim, were moving out of state, I got to thinking of all the years of singing I shared with Cheyenne.

She's been an undeniable source of inspiration to me, personally. Her songs always kept her HEART front and center. And her heart is a resilient one, filled with kindness and hope.



I said to myself, "Go write her a song!" ...as a big ol' send-off. A keepsake of our love and appreciation.

And so I did.

It's a sweet little folk tune, and it's right over there, in the column to the right ➤

[Listen to this tune online,  
at: [goslins.com/newspaper](https://goslins.com/newspaper)]

## "Little Red Rabbit"

Amid the northern plains, off in a stand of willow  
A momma rabbit limped along  
Her pelt was apple hued, her senses resolutely  
Trained on all that might go wrong

She chewed the bramble bark, and nimbly etched a trail  
When her youngest kit made for the mill pond  
Tout suite, the hind legs thumped, her whiskers twitched as she jumped  
With a vinegar re-proach-e-ment:

I know you want to stand tall with ears up high  
Just never let that sunshine catch your eye  
Red or white, day or night  
Your only choice comes down to fight or flight

But when the snow is falling, you don't stand a chance  
Sticking out like an ember through the shadow  
You will be seen from the blind where the dogged hunter pines  
Nevermore for the trappings of home

Monsieur Pierre, "le tueur de lapins", took a deep breath  
And smelled his quarry on the air  
The iron kissed his lips like the bloody blow  
That lets a fighter know that he's still there

And so he shot – again and again  
Till nothing moved there anymore  
The smoke left the ground, and all was still without a sound  
Except the ringing he learned to ignore

Now in the roots beneath the orchard's tallest tree  
Her sweet babes have burrowed out a new den  
Each year they lift the pall when the first fruit falls  
Singing: "We remember when..."

She told us :: stand tall with ears up high  
Knowing everyone gets knocked around  
Red or white, day or night  
Bones will set, and the heart rebounds

Remember :: stand tall with ears up high  
When you're not so sure which way to go  
Red or white, day or night  
Your best foot forward is what brings you home