

I will become an advertising executive

Overheard today on North 7th & Havemeyer, as I walk the long walk to the police station:

Teenage girl: What I'm concerned about is pollution. When that stuff gets on your skin...

Adolescent boy: What stuff?

TG: Butane. It's like lighter fluid. It will mess you up.

AB: Cool! I'd set stuff on fire!

TG: (*Very upset that she is walking next to a pyro-in-training*) No, Cal! Then you'd get burned. Do you want that? Your face will be horribly disfigured.

AB/Cal: (*considering what it would really mean for his face to become horribly disfigured*) Wow! Then I'd look just like Michael Jackson!!

This conversation prompted me to consider a turn on the ol' career path. Why, you ask? Well, consider this:

- a) Smokey the Bear is kind of played out.
- b) Fire is still bad, whether or not Smokey is passé.
- c) Michael Jackson is frightening to adolescent boys.
- d) Adolescent boys are the prime fire-starting cohort.

a + b + c + d = Award-winning print & television public service announcement that makes the connection between setting fires (not just *forest fires*, mind you, but *any kind* of hot, burny fires), getting horribly disfigured from the flames, and subsequently morphing into Michael Jackson. (Um...but not *cool* morphing, like in that "Black or White" video.) Now, where's my Obie? Is that the award advertising executives receive?

--Shawnté Salabert, September 2006