

# THE LOST BLOGS

FROM JESUS TO JIM MORRISON

The Historically **INACCURATE** and  
Totally **FICTITIOUS** Cyber **DIARIES**  
of **EVERYONE WORTH KNOWING**

"Brilliant...very  
funny, very clever,  
and even borderline  
illuminating."  
—A. J. Jacobs,  
*New York Times*  
bestselling author of  
*The Know-It-All*

PAUL DAVIDSON

## Copyright

Copyright © 2006 by Paul Davidson  
All rights reserved.

Warner Books

Hachette Book Group  
237 Park Avenue  
New York, NY 10017  
Visit our website at [www.HachetteBookGroup.com](http://www.HachetteBookGroup.com).

First eBook Edition: November 2009

ISBN: 978-0-446-56970-5

# Contents

[Copyright](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Begin Reading](#)

[About the Author](#)

## Acknowledgments

May the thanking portion of this book begin... *now*.

First and foremost I would like to thank my agent, Arielle Eckstut, from the Levine Greenberg Agency. Arielle has been there for me through thick and thin (weeks 1–3 of the South Beach Diet) and has been a supportive, knowledgeable partner in crime. And although we actually never participated in any real *actual* crimes together (except the liberating of a pack of gum from an undisclosed location), I would still rather die than tell anyone our secrets. I'm trained like that. Go ahead and try me. I would also like to thank my editor, Jason Pinter, from Warner Books, for his sense of humor, his knowledge of dead historical people, and his passion for the content herein. Or therein. (If *herein* refers to past tense then use that. If *therein* is the right word, use that instead.) He has been a pleasure to work with and nothing like the evil editors you read about in Page Six. Except, come to think of it, he does have one of those knives holstered just above his left knee, but he says that's for peeling apples and I'm inclined to believe him.

I would like to thank my manager, Chris Emerson. I would like to thank my agent, Craig Kestel, at the William Morris Agency. I would like to thank their assistants. And the companies that flip the switch to allow their cell phones to work, which in turn allows them to talk to me. I would like to thank the guy who invented phones, who happens to be included in this book, and I would like to thank book people in general, for liking books and reading books and using them to prop up rickety old tables that have that wobbly disease going on. (If you use this book for that and I find out I will not be thanking you in the next book.)

I would like to thank the people who had conversations with me that went a little something like this:

ME: *Have you ever heard of Abe Vigoda?*

THEM: *No, who's Abe Vigoda?*

ME: *The guy from that old TV show Fish and Barney Miller.*

THEM: *There was a TV show called Fish? That's so funny.*

ME: *Yeah, Bea Arthur was in it.*

THEM: *Oh, I don't like Bea Arthur.*

ME: *Fine, but do you think I should include Abe Vigoda in the book?*

THEM: *Who's Abe Vigoda again?*

I would like to thank Brigid Pearson, the talented designer who came up with the cover for the book. I would like to thank the model whose body we used on the cover of the book because he looks as hairy as I suspect Abe Lincoln probably was. I would like to thank the photographer who took the picture of the Abe Lincoln model for doing such a great lighting job and making it look as tasteful as it does.

I would also like to thank Jeff and Mark Grammatke, Fabian Marquez, Brian Rousso, Kevin Kelly, Kristine Howard, Meagan Montisci, Bob Castillo, Anna Maria Piluso, Elly Weisenberg, Daniel Greenberg, Mark Cuban, and all the frequent and not-so-frequent readers of *Words for My Enjoyment* for their continued enthusiasm, support, and commentary. I would have thanked the guy to whom I had to send a ham after awarding it as a prize for one of those online contests, but that ham cost over fifty bucks so that's all the thanks he needs.

Finally, I would like to thank the family. Without thanking the family, I'm just the bastard who didn't thank the family instead of the guy who thanked the family and wrote a really funny book—so I should go ahead and thank them now: Thanks to Mom and Dad for their support and almost unhealthy blind approval. Thanks to Sari, Matt, Jake, Bonnie, Harold, John, and Briel. Thanks must also go out to the guy at the coffee shop who knows what I like to drink (and sometimes gives me two card punches when no one is looking) and, therefore, should be categorized as family as well.

Finally, thanks must be heaped upon the one they call *Jennifer*. Normally, if you lived in a house with someone (me) who had spontaneous mood swings, talked in tongues, and often laughed out loud about practically nothing all the time, you would call yourself a therapist, psychiatrist, or medical technician. Jennifer, it seems, likes to go by the title *wife*. It seems that her loss is wholly my gain—and I love her for it.

[Insert end of thank you page theme music here. The one with the horns and harpsichord.]

From: <http://www.moses.com/blog/>

Subject: **A Pretty Astounding Day**

My previous entries concerning the burning bush and the locusts that descended upon Egypt can be read [here](#) and [here](#). The reason behind mentioning such writings now is only so that you may fully grasp the majesty that is the Lord in the next story I wish to share with all of you.

Please bear with me, children, as I am sending this entry from my holy portable communication device—so punctuation and proper grammar may fail me. May the Lord forgive any of my shortcomings.

The [Free the Slaves of Egypt Webring](#), which continues to function as I communicate with you today, has previously mentioned the plight of the Jewish people. You have read about [the ten plagues](#) and yesterday's [mass exodus out of Egypt](#). Today I moblog to you from the other side of the Red Sea.

Yes, my children—you heard correctly. The **other side** of the Red Sea.

I stood before God's waters with hundreds of thousands of our people by my side. The Egyptians, as previously mentioned in yesterday's [entry](#), were closing in on us. There was no place to go. We were trapped.

Yet my faith in the Lord transformed the situation from hopeless to hope-filled.

Without warning, God caused the waters to part for the people of Israel. I took a few pictures with my holy portable communication device, which includes a holy eye that can collect images which can be viewed [here](#). The quality is not the best, but if you just feel one-half of the wonder that I felt—you will understand the feeling that swept the crowd. There's a close-up shot of me [here](#) waving at the Egyptians as they drowned in the rapidly filling sea. (You may not be able to fully see this in the pictures, that's why I must mention that once we were all safely across, the waters began to fill back in. It was a glorious moment.)

Now free of our bonds and of the Egyptians, we will make our way to Israel. I may not be posting as often over the next few weeks, as I must conserve my holy communication device's holy life of battery power for the important moments.

If you're looking for something to read while I'm gone, please check out [Pharaoh's Blog](#), which will, I'm quite sure, contain some fairly amusing observations about yesterday's incident involving me and the chosen people of Israel.

From: <http://www.johnwilkesbooth.org/blog/>

Subject: **A Mediocre Actor Am I?**

As most of you well know by now (thanks to the consistent reporting over at the Unofficial John Wilkes Booth Fan Club) I have been acting out of the Arch Street Theatre here in Philadelphia.

The environment has not felt nurturing to say the least.

I am not getting along with William Fredericks, the acting and stage manager here at Arch Street. He has it out for me, along with the rest of the actors here. Forgotten lines and missed cues are common mistakes in the world of acting. Why they must single yours truly out each time a mistake is made is anyone's guess. I am finding myself getting increasingly frustrated with Fredericks—doesn't he know how tough it is being an actor? I suspect they are whispering about me behind my back.

But before I forget—here is my new head shot:



John Wilkes Booth—"Dramatic"

The above head shot showcases my dramatic side, which I use to perform in plays by Shakespeare and the like. I enjoy such dramatic pursuits. Aaah, drama.

Back to Arch Street. I know that all I can do is my best. But the art of theatre is filled with disappointment. But then again, my colleagues should support me. They have it out for me, I suspect. They are, if I must be so bold to say—evil. There are times I look at them that I see red: the red that one associates with the devil. Isn't it strange, I have often wondered, how one cannot spell the word devil without e, v, i, and I.

Something should be done about these unsupportive colleagues of mine.

However, dear readers—I would love your opinion on this second head shot I recently commissioned a photographer to take of me...



John Wilkes Booth: “Comedic”

For those comedic roles—this picture showcases the lighthearted side of yours truly. The silly, carefree, happy side.

Weatley’s Arch Street Theatre is small potatoes. Do not think that my goal is to stay here and perform alongside malcontents in a jealous rage. Fame, it seems, does not visit this part of the country. Now, Ford’s Theatre—that would be a wonderful place to go, with (I suspect) very little drama of the offstage variety. Where anger would step aside in the name of entertainment.

Sometimes I just want to teach them all a lesson.

Nonetheless—in the meantime, please write me with your thoughts on my new investment—the wonderful head shots of which I have previously highlighted. A third version, my “angry” head shot, can be viewed [here](#).

From: <http://www.baberuth.com/blog/>

Subject: **Baseball Ain't About Singing Songs**

If it wasn't for baseball, I'd be in either the penitentiary or the cemetery. If it wasn't for Red Sox owner/prick Harry Frazee and his lack of backbone when it comes to his dame—I probably wouldn't be packing my bag for New York right now...

Here's a picture of my ass. I hope you know this is for you, Frazee.

Thanks for all the notes, people. The sentiment is good. Although I woulda taken half the money they pay me right now to continue playing at Fenway, I guess all I'm worth to Frazee is cold hard cash. The kind that can help him get his girl's musical off the ground. Well, she stinks. Can't sing a lick. Worst investment in the history of the world.

I was in a bit of a downer last night when my buddies came by and we made a night of it. About the time they were draggin' my fat ass home, we passed by this garbage dump of a place run by some lady who calls herself Madame X. We figured, what the hell, and walked on in.

She knew about this old Babe as most people in Boston do—and we got to talkin'. About how Frazee and the Sox weren't treating you know who with the respect he deserved. How Harry's stupid decision to let the Babe go was gonna affect those Sox for longer than they'd ever care to remember. Madame X throws up some powder, there's this flash of light and she tells me "it's all done."

"*What's all done?*" I ask her.

"*You'll see,*" she says.

About that time, the beer was comin' back up my gullet—so my buddies dragged me off the floor and toward the street. Madame X shouts back to remember the number "2004" or "a thousand four" or "don't fall on the floor"—I'm not sure which... Although she seemed all worked up about the number for some reason.

Who knows... or cares. Now I got a hangover and I gotta pack my shit up.

Baseball—if it doesn't make you a star, it'll kill you eventually.

From: <http://www.blogs.com/neilarmstrong/>

Subject: **One Small Step for Me!**

There's a lot of technical jargon being thrown around in the Apollo 11 capsule right before we touch down on the Moon. Last week's lunar landing was historical, yes, but even more of a technical feat. The small details are what make something like that extremely successful.

Even more exciting, of course, was that moment right as we touched down on that hunka cheese. That moment, right before the hatch door opens and we step down into History. Thanks to Buzz Aldrin's antics, it went a little something like this:

Buzz: *"I'm gonna head on out, Neil. See you out there?"*

Me: *"Uh, why don't you let me step out there first?"*

Buzz: *"No, no no. Don't worry yourself. You just look at the instruments, talk to Mission Control—it's probably cold out there anyway. Let this lowly lunar module pilot take the beating for you, Commander."*

Collins: *"Or, you could stay behind and I'll go check it out for the both of you."*

Obviously, who would be the first man to step foot on the Moon was the debate of the moment. And so, I reached into the back to my rigorous training at NASA and came up with the perfect solution... The kind of way we always used to solve disagreements at the Cape...

Me: *"Rock, paper, scissors."*

Buzz: *"Rock, paper, scissors?"*

Collins: *"Rock, paper, scissors!"*

Me: *"First to win three, is the first to step on the Moon. Deal?"*

Buzz: *"Rock, paper, scissors?"*

Collins: *"Rock, paper, scissors!"*

Thirty-eight rounds later, you can imagine the outcome. The exact thirty-eight-round play-by-play can be read [here](#), although is there really any need to take a gander at it? I think we all know who the first man on the Moon was.

First Man on the Moon's Rock/Paper/Scissors Tip of the Day: If you use rock every time, you'll eventually win.

From: [http://www.john\\_lennon.co.uk/blog/](http://www.john_lennon.co.uk/blog/)

Subject: **Met a Girl...**

Was in London this past weekend and had the pleasure of attending the art exhibit of a strange and fascinating woman named Yoko Ono. Or Ocean Child, as she calls herself.

A child, she is not. Her art was poetic, engaging and thought-provoking. When I attempted to compliment her on the exhibit, she seemed to have no idea who I was. It was, in a world of unwanted attention, quite pleasant.

We talked for some time, of course. I asked about her performance art, she asked me how long I expected to be with the Beatles. I asked about her inspirations and motivations behind some of the pieces on display, and she seemed awfully interested in how Paul and I dealt with the publishing rights of our songs. We talked for what seemed like hours about music, the planet, nature and how long I thought I might stay on with the Beatles before trying solo projects.

She was, to say the least, quite supportive of my singular musical passions—she even encouraged me to explore areas of music I had never thought to attempt before. Areas of music, she said, that only involved one person instead of two, three or four additional performers.

I'm not quite sure where it all will lead, but by the end of the evening we made plans to see each other under a much less formal situation. Much more casual. I suggested possibly attending a play or sharing a table at a restaurant—she suggested possibly taking a trip to an undisclosed location and locking ourselves away for days on end without anyone knowing our whereabouts. Especially the Beatles, she joked. We could strip them of all that makes them who they are, she laughed...

A bird with a sense of humor! Absolutely adorable!

From: <http://www.napoleon.fr/blog/>

Subject: **Today's Thoughts on Size**

In my travels across many great continents, I have often come in contact with extremely small men. Midget men so small that they often find themselves misplaced under foot and hoof. Tiny little small men that measure barely three feet or four feet tall. I feel sorry for such men, if you could even call them men—I wouldn't personally call them men, as they are so short. In fact, short isn't really an appropriate word for such maladies. A man is not a man if he is less than five feet tall. Of this I am sure. For if you are not tall enough to look into the eyes of another man, you are not a full man but instead a small man, which isn't the same as being a full man.

My belief is that if you are less than five feet tall, then yes, you are not fully a man. But if you are over five feet, well, then you are a man and there is no question about such things. And if you are five feet three inches or five feet four inches you are obviously a superior man. If your height reaches above five feet five or five feet six, it is obvious that you are one to be feared. Such height instills fear in your enemies and makes one a superior leader for being able to see farther, higher and deeper.

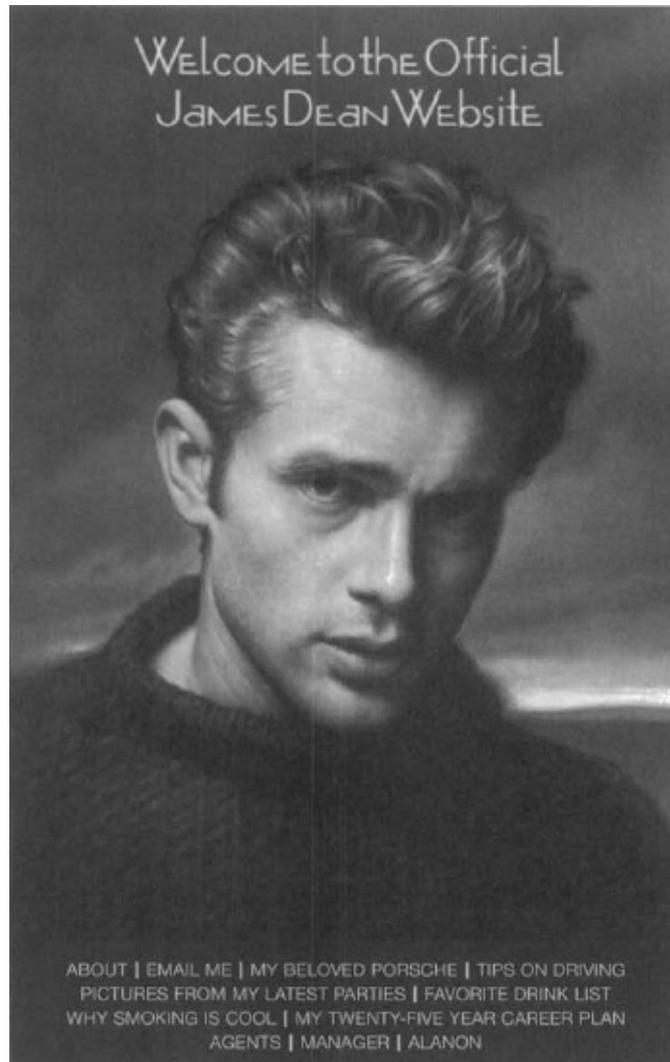
I have known very few men who measure less than five feet who've won battles or defended their honor. But men above five feet six and three-quarters inches, well, these men are the true official defenders of their countries. Men taller than such measurements cannot be measured by normal human everyday means. Such men are above normal men in both stature and respect.

Again, I will reiterate that I have no concerns of my personal height or measurements (which happens to be five feet seven inches)—this entry is only to express my general thoughts on size. I have picked random numbers and hypothetical measurements, of course, in an attempt to educate and inform. But I am sure that after reading my previous thoughts on size ( [Entries 1–75](#), [Entries 110–54](#), [Supplemental Entries 198–255](#), [Once Deleted and Now Restored Subentries 422–87](#)), you will see that I am fully unbiased and am simply exploring such subject matter in an attempt to educate and inform those who have previously wondered if size does matter.

I originally had a picture of myself towering over a building, but this has since been taken down due to my desire to not point undue attention toward my stature and how it towers over huge hulking publicly erected buildings. I also removed a photo of me standing next to my soldiers, reaching high into the sky while these tiny dwarfs stood beside me, also to not single my superior self out from the group as a whole. I am many things, but not one who seeks attention.

On an unrelated note, I am seeking a new saddle for my horse—one that supports the weight and height of a five foot seven inch individual, as my current saddle cannot support my five foot seven inch height. [E-mail](#) me.

From: <http://www.jamesdean.com>



From: <http://www.billyshakespeare.org/blog/>

Subject: **Art Thou a Critic?**

Having finished my latest opus entitled *Romeo and Juliet* (which you can read [here](#), or watch unfold in moving [ASCII animation](#)), and finding pleasure in the creation of such, I was perplex'd upon receiving a note from her Majesty the Queen a fortnight ago. Her opinion (which is highly regarded, if not due to the fact that her fortunes helped assist my literary creations) seems to be that star-crossed lovers Romeo and Juliet should never have left their earthly bodies behind.

*"It's depressing,"* the Queen said. *"Death is saddening and depressing and has no part in a public forum."* Death be not sad? Death hath no place alongside depression? Death is sad. It is depressing. It is public. Nevertheless, the Queen continued...

Whilest her suggestion to bring back my beloved Capulet and Montague from wherest forth they rest causes my blood to boil—however, if I ever want to work in this kingdom again, I must prepare myself creatively for compromises of the word. And so, without further adieu I give you the second chapters in the continuing tragedy of my beloved characters...

### **Romeo and Juliet Are Alive!**

A fortnight after the deaths of Romeo and Juliet, the kingdom is overcome with sadness. Their bodies, frail, lay side by side when a mysteriously shrouded figure sprinkles magic upon their lifeless souls. Their bodies dance, their eyes open wide, and the Capulet and Montague have returned, both alive! Yet now, they hunger for human flesh and traipse through the countryside like confused, lumbering fools! They are quick to bring destruction upon both their houses, but in a funny way. Comedy, dear Queen, ensues.

### **Romeo and Juliet: Curtain Call,**

With the night muffled, and day's light peeking through the clouds—a shrouded Romeo and Juliet awaken. Those who surround, surprised at a development such as this. For how could two star-crossed lovers who fell ill from drinking poison—how would life breathe anew into their lungs? A hidden joke, cry the lovers! Soon, all who surround are let in on the drama that has been perpetrated upon them as a curtain reveals the audience. Everything, including their deaths, acted out for others' amusement! The lovers surprise their audience again by revealing they are not who they seem! Romeo as Juliet, and Juliet as Romeo—they exchange their clothing for the ultimate reveal!

### **Romeo and Juliet Are Ghosts!**

Having tragically lost their lives and looking for revenge, Romeo and Juliet are ghosts who haunt the Capulet and Montague estates, mysteriously forcing heavy jeweled objects onto the floor and causing terror throughout. Such terror, causing the deaths

and suicides of both entire families, will be watched by the all-seeing eyes of Romeo and Juliet, who will giggle with laughter as revenge has finally befallen those who forced their own hand. Family comedy/inspirational drama.

I also find my thoughts turning toward a comedy about two princes who misplace their horse and carriage and spend the entire comedy attempting to relocate it, but this is (as I have said) a very rough idea.

From: <http://www.jimmorrison.com/blog.html>

Subject: **New Words for the Doors**

Been workin' on a new song tentatively called "Light the Fire" that was inspired by a moment where I had to, um, light a fire. Would love to hear from the fans before we put poetry to paper. Still working out the kinks, so to speak. Communicate at [jmorrison@doors.com](mailto:jmorrison@doors.com). Groooooovy!

In the meantime, while you're doing that... check me out—I'm naked on the Doors unofficial 24-Hour Webcam.

—

### **Light the Fire**

You know I've opened up the flume,  
And thrown inside a rubber tire  
So can you please just follow through?  
And finally, please, just start the fire?

Come on baby, light the fire  
Come on baby, light the fire  
But please don't light the house on fire

The time to hesitate is through  
You may as well follow me, your Sire  
Pick up a match before I snooze  
Falling asleep to the Vienna Boys Choir

Come on baby, light the fire  
Come on baby, light the fire  
But please don't light the house on fire

The logs and newspapers are new  
That smell will be the burning tire  
I'll slip off all my clothes and shoes  
If you'll just start to light this fire

Come on baby, light the fire  
Come on baby, light the fire  
It appears as if you've lit the house on fire

You know that I will probably sue  
You know that I'll call you a liar  
All I'll say is, "Baby, shoo"  
This damage is all from your damn fire

Come on baby, light the fire  
Come on baby, light the fire  
Yes, you started one big fire  
Yes, you started one big fire  
Yes, the situation's dire  
Yes, you started one big fire

—

Really, I'm feeling it. Poetic, isn't it? Thoughts are welcome!

From: <http://www.jacksonpollock.org/~blog/>

Subject: **No Milk**

I woke up this morning and I quickly ran downstairs because I was thirsty and when I'm thirsty you know I've gotta have something to drink so did I mention I ran downstairs, not really running but sort of walking with a skip which is a half run, but kind of a walk and I got myself down to the kitchen where my wife Lee was already sitting at the kitchen table eating some toast which I by the way am really a fan of and also drinking a great big glass of milk. Well, you can imagine when I asked Lee where the rest of the milk was she just looked at me with this look on her face, the kind of look that the cat who has just eaten the mouse or some big piece of food that fell on the floor below the kitchen table (which has happened before believe it or not) because Lee had accidentally but on purpose finished all of the milk without thinking that I would like to come downstairs after a late night of painting and have a drink of milk myself well you can imagine her response to me turning the kitchen table on its back and causing the milk and the flowers and her books to fall all over the place and to tell you the truth I was glad that I did it because if I can't have milk then she can't have milk and it sort of ends up being an equal situation for two people like us who are out of milk.

I think I just heard Lee get in the car to go get more milk.

Just what kind of milk she's going to get well I told her the kind that she should get and while she was at it I suggested her possibly getting a loaf of bread because what we have sitting on our kitchen counter is at least two weeks old and it's just not that often that we leave the property to fill the kitchen with the items that we so desperately need yet I find it ironic that although we need such items desperately that we instead choose to starve ourselves and fill our bellies with the likes of vodka and rum and scotch instead which I'm not fully complaining about but which I find ironic as I previous mentioned.

I'm feeling a tad tired today mixed with a little bit of fatigue which really I can't quite figure out why a feeling like that is overwhelming me...

Sure it may have something to do with being up all night working on my latest painting which if you're curious which some of you have been which has come my way as a result of many e-mails all asking what I'm working on well let me tell you that this latest piece has red and black and blue and white and orange and a gray color and some white/black areas and something that looks a little bit like a banana after its been sitting on a street for a few days and a bunch of other mixtures of the previous colors into splashes and stripes and little dots and some bigger dots and some halfway in the middle dots which is the kind of dots that most painters don't employ cause who wants to use a medium dot when you can go really small or really huge and a collection of other colors which I don't want to reveal at the moment for fear of giving

away exactly what it looks like.

More later, when I have more energy.

From: <http://www.alexanderthegreat.com>

Subject: **The Greatest Blog in the History of Blogs!**

This is the greatest blog ever.

I have seen other blogs and I must be honest in telling you all that this blog would crush all other blogs if they were given weapons and set against each other in a blog-like coliseum of sorts. In fact, if this blog was unarmed and was put face-to-face in a battle with other blogs that were all given some kind of heavy weapon, this blog would still destroy all other blogs.

That's a pretty great blog (one that can destroy other armed blogs with its bare hands) if you ask me which you probably are asking at this very moment, which is why I've answered. Because had I not answered, well, this blog would not be as great as we all know it is.

It's not that I have any ill will to heap upon other blogs...

No, yes I do.

I loathe all other blogs because they cannot ascend to the greatness that the great Alexander the Great Official Blog has reached. They may only wish to become a great blog as this one has become, and let good enough alone. This blog is the ultimate of all blogs and any blog that challenges this blog will find their text destroyed in a pile of... text. Er, or bloody something ... in a blog kind of way.

As this blog is the greatest blog in the world, I have established a variety of other great services for you, the great readers of the greatest blog in the world. They include (links are below):

[The Greatest Blog's Greatest Forum in the World](#)

[The Greatest Blog's Greatest Picture Gallery in the World](#)

[The Greatest Blog's Greatest Links in the World](#)

[The Greatest Blog's Greatest Background Theme Music in the World](#)

[The Greatest Blog's Greatest Classic Posts About Being So Great](#)

[Pictures of Me. Alexander the Great](#)

[A Link to the Greatest E-mail Address in the World](#)

Thank you, again, for visiting the greatest blog in the world. (Although, really, I shouldn't be thanking you, but you should be thanking me for the great experience you are currently taking part in.)

One last note: To [ehrudt@romanempire.com](mailto:ehrudt@romanempire.com) who wrote, "*Your blogeth sucketh, all you do is talk about yourselfeth!*" I would like to officially declare war on ehru dt's