

Iconic

But i don't want to knock media commentators - especially Bruce McEvaney - i love Bruce - he's so passionate ... about ... sports entertainment ... heee's ... :

Iconic

When i left Australia in 96, an icon was a statuette of *The Blessed Virgin Mary* - or *Jesus* - *Dying-on-the-Cross* ... for our sins ... !

When i arrived back, it'd come to mean: *vaguely representative of ... something ... anything ...* so long as it's *commercial*

Coming up next: the real life story of an Iconic Aussie breakfast-show-host who can't stop saying: Iconic

With other overused words - it's fine - i don't care - some i *like* when they *first* emerge - they *capture the zeitgeist of our Orwellian* :

dystopia

But *iconic* - yeah, i do actually have a *mental/physical* ... :

health condition

When i hear it, it's :

triggering

This *condition* involves: shortness of breath, a tightening in the chest ... & ... *projectile....* : *vomit*

So here's a *reality check* - for our *peeps in the front row: the following may contain* : *graphic content*

Last Saturday, late-morning, i went to *Bunnings* to buy a door-handle

I got a good park, as normal

As soon as i stepped out of the car, i could smell the *iconic* :

Bunnings sausage & onion sanga

I followed that smell, Homer Simpson-style, then ate one in the iconic carpark. It's so spacious ...

I gazed up at the teal-green & orange-red color scheme of this huge *Tin Shed*. It stirred something deep inside me (rub stomach) ... this modern Aussie Church ... with its iconic image of :

The Hammer

Instead of ... *The Cross*

It looks rather sinister ... now i think about it ...

If you're gonna replace *Jesus-nailed-to-the-cross* as an *Icon* ... & your symbol is: *The Hammer* ...
it's a bit :

tone-deaf

Step-right-in - you can buy The Nails inside - or hey, why not upgrade ..? To a nail-gun ... !

Feeling somewhat uneasy, i entered the store. That was the : *sliding doors* moment

(figuratively - Bunnings doesn't have sliding doors - it has shutters)

I do remember thinking, as i gripped the iconic XL trolley & yanked it out: *Turn back ... it's not too late*

My gut instinct was telling me: *You've had a gut-full of of sausage fat, & iconic thoughts. Step-the-fuck-away from Icon Town*

Serendipitously, a friendly, bearded, Bunnings salesperson appeared - *totally* iconically

He kindly accompanied me to aisle number 13 ... the door handle aisle

This is a good but not too expensive brand we stock, he said, holding up a Bunnings/made-in-China door-handle

It's called ... Ikonic

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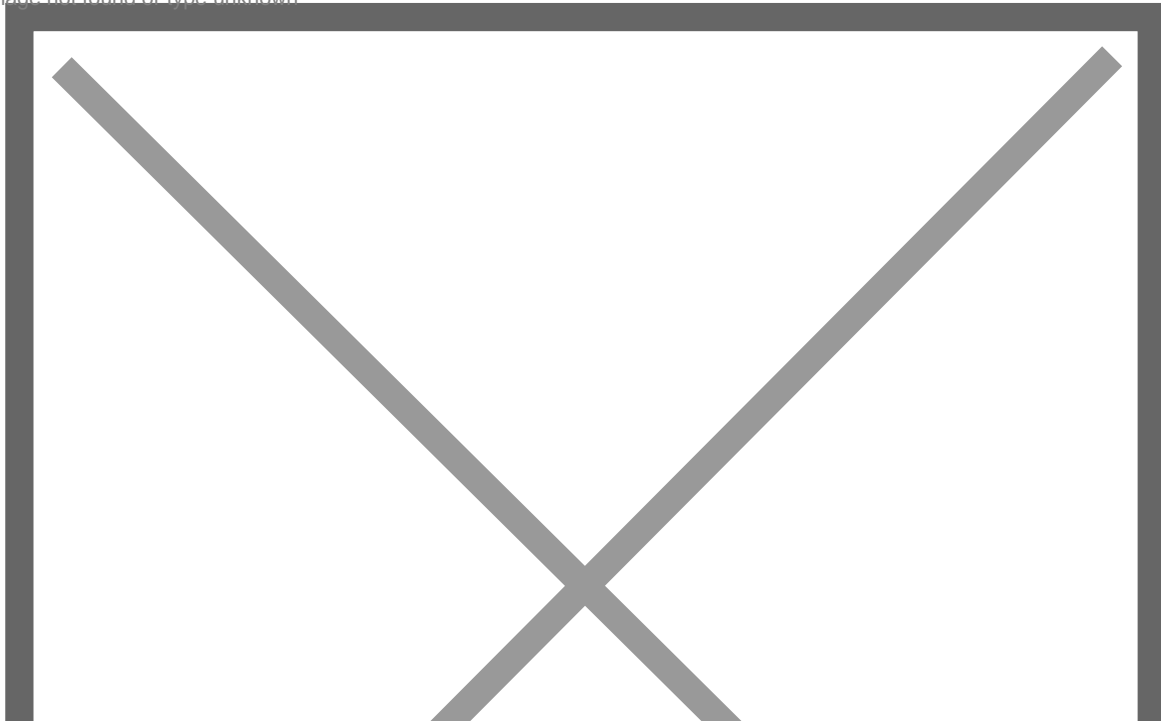
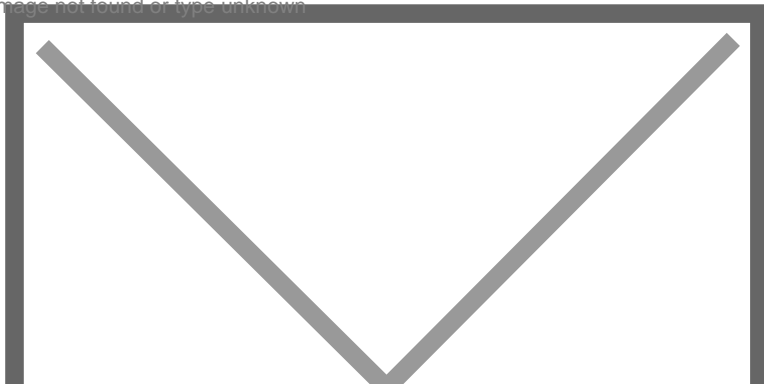


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That was the *tipping-point*, right there

A perfect :

storm

of sausage & onion ... *gone :*

mad

He was shocked ... i was mortified. He was a really *noice iconic* guy ... who reacted ... not toooo bad ... considering

Thank the Lord Jesus ... in a blue shawl - he was wearing his iconic Bunnings :
apron

... which turned out to be his saviour

Disclaimer: the above may or may not have happened as described - it could just be my self-serving ...:

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