

The Tard Blog

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Introduction to The Tard Blog:

This is a weblog written by a real life special education teacher.

It is updated on an irregular basis, so check back often.

And before you write us pissed off about this site, please educate yourself by reading the [FAQ](#) and [Disclaimer](#). Most of your concerns are answered there. If you must contact us, send email here, tardblog@tuckermax.com.

--**Brody Voss**

LAST UPDATE--March 17th

#1: Tard has problems with change:

I assign classroom jobs to my kids. The jobs include titles such as: line leader, messengers, librarians, door holders, etc. I change these jobs every Monday.

Last week, the old new kid and another student were the messengers. This means that they both walk the attendance sheet down to the office in the morning. They were the messengers every morning last week.

This Monday morning, the old new kid could not handle the fact that he was no longer the messenger. He seriously thought I was fucking with him. I kept telling him that the jobs change every Monday, but he continued to argue.

Finally, he busts out loudly with, "It was Me. Me and that brown kid were the messengers." While saying this, he is also pointing at poor Evan. He then said again, "The brown kid and me are it." I cut him off at that, but it was damn funny.

#2: Tards learn about different races:

Ivan and the old new kid are both at the sink, washing their hands before they eat snack. Ivan is half Caucasian and half African-American. Evan's skin is, indeed, brown. The old new kid keeps telling Ivan to keep washing his hands, they are still brown and dirty. The old new kid truly knows no better then to make a comment of this sort, he is six years old and retarded.

Finally, after a good two minutes of the old new kid criticizing Evan's hand washing techniques, the old new kid screams out

"TEACHER, EVAN'S HANDS WON'T TURN NOT BROWN."

It was at that point that I read the class "Elmer the Elephant", a book about skin color differences. We discussed it afterward, I really think the majority of them caught the message.

#3: Augusta and his bling-bling

Augusta comes to school with this huge, cheap, gawdy looking watch on. He was so proud of it, and would position his body in

ways that best displayed the watch. He made a comment to a couple of kids in the hall way about his "bling-bling", while showcasing the watch. Word got out, and at the next recess, everyone was making fun of him, saying shit to him about his bling-bling, and about how his dad was probably wondering where his watch is.

At one point, a student grabbed at the watch. Augusta flipped out, threw his arm up over his head and started to shriek. He took the watch off and stuffed it in his coat pocket, warning others not to mess with his bling-bling. He then stormed into the office to call his mom so he could go home and shower.

#4: Tards not ready for upper level sports:

Due to an assembly, the recess times had to be adjusted. Because of this, my class had to go out to recess with the upper grades.

My tards were not ready for this. They were getting beat badly in wall-ball and basketball. Brad got hit in the head and knocked over by the tetherball. He was playing against a kid twice his size. The kid served the ball and Brad went to swat at it. He missed and got clocked in the head instead. All the kids laughed.

#5: Tard gets sassy:

This morning, as all the kids were unpacking their things, I notices the old new kid was just sitting there, doing nothing. I said to him, "You need to unpack your backpack." His response to me- "You need to unpack your butt."

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The best ones are in bold.

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The Tard Blog

11/23: The First Entry: The Tards may be fucked up, but so are their parents

I am a special education teacher. A lot of the parents don't give a shit about their kids, especially the parents of special education students. I can say this because only about seven out of twenty parents actually come to their scheduled parent/teacher conference.

It is often a relief that some parents do not come. Coming up with nice things to say about their kids is always tough. Basically, I have to lie to their fucking faces. I feed them with a load of BS. I do this for two reasons. First, I have so many negative things to say about them, that throwing in a positive every now and then alleviates the tension during these conferences. Second, I force myself to say nice things so the parents don't go home and beat their kid's ass. Seriously, this happens a lot where I work.

Only one of the parents showed up today to meet with me out of the six I had scheduled. And I am convinced that the only reason this mother showed up was because we have called Child Protective Services on her so many times, that she now fears losing her daughter, who is severely fucked up, and she will be the mothers meal ticket for the rest of her God-Awful existence.

A few things you should know about this mother before I get into the content of the conference.

- 1) She works at AM/PM
- 2) She has two kids from 2 different fathers, and has never once been married.
- 3) She lives with her two kids in a large, low income-housing complex.
- 4) Her son is overall a nice kid, who I feel bad for because he has to play "mom" to his younger sister.
- 5) Her daughter, who is in my class, was born addicted to crack-cocaine and with fetal alcohol syndrome. She is a cute girl, but can barely function. She knows about 25 words, two of which are "Fooker" and "Bitch". I work with her on menial things such as drawing lines, signing colors, color recognition, and counting 1-3. She has severe behavior problems. She kicks, hits, screams, bites, etc. Mostly, this is due to her inability to communicate any other way. Still, it's ridiculous.

Today's conference with the mother proved to be something that I found worthy of submitting to your site.

It was my intention to recommend to the mother that her daughter be transferred to another school that has a Behavior Disorder program, where her needs would be addressed better. There is little I can do for her when I am instructing a class and she is sitting at the table screaming to me that I am a "fooker".

I told mom about this transfer and she flipped. She started to cry and plead that her daughter HAD to stay where she was. Why? I really don't know. Maybe she likes parenting barely functioning kids. Whatever the reason, it has to be serious, as she started giving me a detailed account of her past, leading up to the birth of her daughter. Here it is

Six years ago she decided that she wanted to kill herself. She was an alcoholic, a drug fiend, and was injecting heroine into herself multiple times a day. She lived near a railroad, and had familiarized herself with the times that the train came through each day. She was going to have the train hit her. The night she decides to do it, she gets really loaded and pulls her car up to the train tracks. She parks the car, and proceeds to shoot-up heroine and drink alcohol. The time is nearing for the train to come through, so she starts her car, and prepares to pull onto the tracks. Just then, her car is hit VERY HARD by another car, driven, ironically enough, by a drunk driver. The impact causes her car to fly forward about 50 yards, past the tracks. The car that hit her is now on the tracks. The train comes through, blasts through the car, and kills the drunk driver. She freaks out because she is still alive and knows the police will be on the way. She has drugs on her, and is severely intoxicated. She does the smart thing and drives home.

She decides that the next night she is going to attempt the same sort of death. She does the exact same thing; pulls her car up to the track, gets regally fucked up, and waits for the train. As she is waiting, a bus pulls up in front of her, between her car and the railroad tracks and completely blocks the way to the tracks. Just then, the train comes through.

This completely depresses her, and rightfully so, considering she is such a wastoid that she can't even kill herself.

A couple days later, her boyfriend is getting all geared up to go hunting, as it is opening day for hunting season. BING! The light in her fried brain goes off, and she decides she is going to let a hunter shoot her. So she constructs herself a deer suit. Literally gets fur, and builds herself a fucking deer costume. She was describing this to me, and all I could think was Silence of the Fucking Lambs.

She completes her costume and goes out into the woods wearing it. She is out in the woods drinking, doing drugs, when she hears some rustling. She thinks that this is her chance, so she starts making some noise in the bushes, crunching leaves and shit, when she hears "Lady, WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?"

It was the fucking park ranger! He immediately radios for assistance, and she is literally drug out of there in an "I love myself" jacket.

All of this while she was pregnant with her daughter, who is in my fucking class.

And people wonder why I drink so much.

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FAQ for The Tard Blog

Why doesn't Riti Sped quit or get another job?

Believe it or not, Riti really does like her job. In her own words,

"Because I love it. I love kids. I enjoy knowing that I am enriching the lives of my kids each and every day. The hundreds of cards I have from my kids and their parents is proof of this. I love to chase the kids, mess with them (in a NICE way--like peek-a-boo and shit). Also it is nice because the kids believe anything I tell them. For instance, it is a well-known fact in my class that I in fact built the school in three days, by myself. I could use my degree which is in no way related to my profession, and do something else. My friends always ask me, "Why don't you use your degree and make some real money?" But this would not allow me to do several things that I like. For instance:

1. Laugh at my life on a daily basis
2. Eagerly await the daily smorgasbord of unusual events
3. Lead an entire class to believe I am the best person in the world
4. Order people (aides) twice my age to do shit for me

And no, I don't make a lot of money. This does not bother me or even slightly persuade me to change careers. As long as I have money to drink myself into a stupor 4 nights a week and wear nice shit, I don't care. I will never quit my job because I love it."

Riti, if you like your job so much, why do you make fun of your retarded students? Why would you put this page up?

First off, Riti does not make fun of her students. Humor has several uses, and not all are to ridicule or debase. This page should be seen in the same light as surgeons or paramedics making jokes about injured people, or psychiatrists making light of their mentally deranged patients: The people in those fields use humor as a way to relieve the daily stress and aggravation of their very difficult jobs. Paramedics and doctors, especially battlefield surgeons, are renowned for making sick jokes about their patients during their off-time. They do this as way to relieve the horrific stress of their jobs. If they don't release the emotional tension through humor, then it has to come out some other way, hence the saying, "If I don't laugh I'll have to cry." Being a special education teacher is not substantially different. Riti Sped works with children that have profound and substantive disabilities, and would never be anything but loving, caring and helpful to her students, but on her own time, she, like all sped teachers, must find a way to relieve the stress of a very difficult and emotionally trying job. This is her chosen outlet.

Furthermore, the humor employed on the page is Riti's own special, sarcastic brand, and though it does seem rather mean and vitriolic at times, it must be remembered that these are printed jokes in a medium that is wholly separate from her interaction with her students, and sees a side of her personality that her students generally do not see.

In her words,

"If you ever met me, you wouldn't think I was mean. I am very compassionate, insightful and have a general concern for society. But that wouldn't be very funny on this page, would it?"

Is this for real? Can you be serious?

Yes. Everything on this page is absolutely and completely true. This is not a parody or a satire or created fiction of the demented mind of Brody Voss. The pictures should be enough proof of that. Riti composes every story directly from the real life events of her job as a special education teacher, and Brody edits them and posts them on the site. There is no need for embellishment or lies in a job such as hers.

Of course, even though I say that, all of this could be invented by me. Who actually knows?

Should I feel bad for laughing at these stories?

No. Absolutely not. These are stories related by a special education teacher and written with the intent of making the reader laugh. To that end, there is a much sharper edge to the stories than there is to Riti Sped's behavior towards her students. If you separate the page from the teacher, then you should have no problem laughing at these stories. Now, if you made fun of a retarded person in a cruel way to their face, or was intentionally mean or cruel to a retarded person that you met, then you are a horrible person and should be shot.

Laughing at this page is no different than laughing at Dead Baby jokes. No one would laugh at an actual dead baby, but the jokes, in a separate context, are nonetheless funny.

Why do you use the word "tard?" Isn't this a horrible thing to call them?

We decided on the word "tard" mainly because it is not a word. We picked it for this reason, and thus we can assign our own meaning to the word "tard."

When using "tard" we do not mean necessarily mean "retarded," "stupid," "slow," or any other such word that carries a negative connotation with it. We did not call this the "Retard Blog" or the "Really Stupid Kid Blog" because that is not what it is. This is a journal that is written about the daily happenings in a special education/behavioral disorder classroom.

The children in Riti's class have a myriad of issues, and no two are alike. Some fit under the conventional definition of "mentally retarded," or "developmentally impaired," if you prefer that term. Some are autistic. Some have highly developed neuroses. Others simply have run-of-the-mill behavioral disorders.

We are assigning the word "tard" to all of them as a way of classifying all of them together. For instance, when Riti says something about "her tards," she is referring to everyone in her class.

From an entomological perspective, the definition of "tard," as we use it, could be something as follows:

tard: n., A student in a class that is set aside for children with some sort of special need, e.g. mental retardation, autism, behavioral disorders, etc, generally referred to as Special Education classes.

If you think it is a derogatory word, then that is your problem, not ours, and reflects the biases and issues you bring to the table, not us.

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A way to relieve your angst over laughing at this site

Disclaimer for The Tard Blog

Either you think this is funny or you don't. If you don't that's fine, [just leave](#). Or [go here](#). Either one will suffice.

Or you could [send hate mail](#). The authors are always willing to read new hate mail telling them what bad people they are. Make sure it is filled with all order of grammatical and syntactical errors.

In all seriousness, this site is not intended to mock the plight of the retarded, mentally disabled, or behaviorally challenged. The authors understand that these people have a difficult life. But the authors believe that if they have to live it anyway, someone might as well take some enjoyment from it.

Riti Sped phrased it as such:

"It's not as if we just seek out opportunities to make fun of retarded kids. I just report what I see them do. That is it. No cruel jokes, no embellishment, nothing. Well, maybe a few jokes, but nothing cruel.

Christ, this is my career. I went to college for 5 years to work with retards. I actually have a special education endorsement, which is like a license to mock them. Maybe if I got paid more and physically injured less, there would be some sort of reason for me to not mock them.

Besides, they don't even know they are retarded. You could look at a retarded kid, call it just that, and it would hug you while professing it's love for you. It's great, don't feel bad, really. Laugh at them even, they'll think it's great and laugh too."

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The Authors of the Tard Blog

Riti Sped (aka, The Teacher of the Tards): This is the person who actually writes the Tard Blog itself. She is a real person, and really teaches mentally retarded and behavior disorder kids in a real public school. Her real name is neither "Teacher of the Tards," nor "Riti Sped." It is concealed for obvious reasons.

When asked what she wanted written about her, this is what she responded:

"I guess you could call me "Teacher of the Tards." Also, I specialize in working with "BD" kids (behavior disorder). The school I am at has a SBD program, meaning severe behavior disorder, the highest classification of the naughty reetees. We even have a black box that the tards have to go into if they are bad, and we have to hold the door shut so they don't escape. This is probably the leading reason as to why my workday encounters are so extreme. Nonetheless, it beats a fucking desk job."

Brody Voss: This site was started by the great [Tucker Max](#), but Brody has assumed the responsibilities for maintaining and updating The Tard Blog because Tucker has important things to do, like get drunk. He is good with computers and doesn't mind doing thankless, anonymous work, so he is perfect for this position.

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12/2: Tards and stickers

I teach special education, kindergarten through 6th grade. I think it is important to note that, just like candy, retards will do anything for stickers.

One of my kids is a highly-functioning autistic. He is very smart, but quite troubled. This was our sticker conversation today, (Brad is his name):

Brad: "Do I get two stickers today, one for last Wednesday and one for today?"

Me: "No, Brad, you didn't earn your sticker last Wednesday, you did not make good choices, and talked back to the recess teacher and kicked Fred."

Me: "Fine. I hate you. I hate you so much. My Dad hates you to. Your a sorry bitch. My dad buys me all the stickers I want, so I don't even need more stickers. You are greedy and an asshole."

At this point I hit the [button on the wall](#), to summon the principal for help.

Brad starts to tear his sticker book apart. Page by page, ripping it to shreds. This lasts for like 30 seconds. At which point he looks at me and says, "Now look what you made me do!! My dad is gonna be so mad at you. You owe me three months of stickers for this."

Needless to say, the tard will not get one fucking sticker from me. He will not get to chose from the Friday treat jar either, that Tweeker.

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The Tard Blog

12/4: Even Riti Sped can be immature

I had quite an incident with one of my kiddos, Tom today. He has severe behavior problems, and is on major medication. He also constantly picks at things. Anything that can be picked at, he will pick.

Today he came to school and he had what appeared to be an adhesive like substance on multiple places on his body (face, hands, arms, chest). He could focus on nothing but the sticky shit all over him. I was getting so angry, nothing was fazing him. I was putting zeroes on his behavior chart, threatening to take away his snack, call his mom, etc. He just didn't give a shit today. I kept asking him what the fuck was all over his body, and he kept responding to me, but I think in Russian or something. He has a severe speech impediment, you can barely understand the kid.

All I knew was that he was covered with shit, and smelled like Denny's or something. We were not getting anything accomplished, so when recess rolled around, I told him that because he wasted my time, I will waste his recess time. He had to finish his work during recess (his work consists of tracing letters, cutting out shapes, coloring pictures IN THE LINES, and putting a series of 3 pictures in the correct order--its not as if I was teaching him algebra or anything). When his little tard brain figured out that he wasn't going outside with the other kids, he absolutely fucking lost it. He starts kicking anything he can, pushing over chairs, breaking crayons, spitting.

I immediately hit [the button on the wall](#) to summon the principal. Now he really freaks out, and proceeds to strip naked. Absolutely fucking naked. He then plants his naked ass in the indoor classroom sandbox that has rice grains in it instead of sand, and is screaming out one word that I cannot, for the life of me decipher, and kicking rice all over the place. At this point, I refuse to be within 20 feet of him. Our principal walks in the room and asks "What is the problem?"

At this question, I can only wonder if the naked, screaming retard in the rice box is a figment of my imagination.

Our principal puts on his principal voice, grabs Tom's arm, and pulls him out of the ricebox. He then asks Tom why he keeps yelling "syrup".

He demands Tom put his clothes on. He puts on his underwear and pants, and refuses to put on anything else. The principal grabs his shoes, socks, shirt, and starts walking out. Tom freaks out. "Give my shirt" and "Not for yours" is all he is yelling as he follows the principal up to the office.

About 3 minutes later, as I am straightening the displaced furniture, one of my autistic kids comes in to do math with me. He is obsessed with staples, and fixates on looking for staples in carpets. He actually gets rewarded when he goes one day without crawling around on the carpet looking for staples. Anyway, he comes in my room and sees the rice grains all over the place. He freaks out. He then spends the next 15 minutes of instructional time picking up rice- grain by grain- and putting them in his pockets. He gets all the rice picked up, also cuts the shit out of his hand digging a staple out of the carpet. I walk him up to the health room so he can clean up his scraped up hand. Tom's mom is in the office, picking up Tom. She was pissed too because she had to leave work to come get him. I say something to her about Tom picking at sticky stuff on his body. She tells me he had pancakes for breakfast, and offers no other explanation.

Welcome to the world of special ed.

Her and Tom start walking out to the parking lot, I walk back to my room, following behind them like 50 yards. Tom turns around and sees me (his mom is still facing forward) and I stick my tongue out at him. (I know, very immature, but geez I am 24, ok?) He belts out the loudest fucking screech, and his mom whacked his ass so fucking hard, picks him up, and carries him, kicking and screaming, to the car. She also is screaming at him that we do not yell at our teachers.

I was so pleased with myself for the tongue stick out.

So, here I sit, Dave Letterman on the TV, Tucker Max on the computer, and a stack of papers full of scribbled names and backward fives and twos.

Thank God tomorrow is a half day. Drinks will begin promptly at noon.

The Tard Blog

12/5a: Francis: The Worst Tard Ever

Today should be a good one as well. Being a half day, the typical schedule is a bit jumbled. Tardies DO NOT deal well with change. The last half day we had was the day before Thanksgiving, when I got socked in the eye by a distraught reetee.

I could probably compose a lengthy memoir about Francis, who was a student of mine last year. A brief description of just Francis, not even the shit he caused: 4th grade, 10 years old, 210 pounds, thick ass fucking glasses, a hearing aid, very slow speech, clothing that was always too tight, and the kicker: THE KID SHIT HIS PANTS MULTIPLE TIMES THROUGHOUT THE DAY!!!

12/5b: Another long day

Tomorrow, the special ed kids are going on a field trip (walking around the school, outside, picking up garbage, and collecting and dumping the recycle bins). We also sing stupid ass songs that I, as a professional, am too embarrassed to discuss. E.g., "If you're happy and you know it" is a favorite.

We have one on the first Friday of each month. At the end of each trip, I want to kill myself. Especially when we sit in a circle and we each tell about our favorite part of the trip. There is only one rule, the Miss Sped rule--"Use your words." I wish I had a tall can for every time I have to say this fucking rule.

Last month, one of my tards actually ran away and [hid UNDERNEATH a fucking portable classroom](#). Unbelievable. It was dirt, trash, rats and a retard under Portable 12.

Today I had a tard refuse to get off the fucking bus. Because of this, the bus driver was going to be late for his next pick-up. I thought he was gonna strangle my little tard with the tard-bus equipped safety restraint belt.

I am now going to a Mexican restaurant with my co-workers. Our principal schedules these little staff events, and buys everyone their first drink. As luck would have it, the teachers who can't make it authorize me to have their "first drink." I love these events. A bunch of 40 plus year olds talking about curriculum, standardized testing, etc, and me, the kid on the staff, talking about all sorts of things that are supposed to be confidential, downing Margaritas like its Cinco de fucking Mayo. I will eat this time though, as the embarrassment of having our speech-language pathologist call a cab for me last time was just too much.

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The Tard Blog

12/6: The field trip

On our field trip this morning, one of the reetees spotted a birds nest in a big bush. The whole gang tweeted. I cleared some branches out so the kids could take a closer look. There was one little egg in the nest. The kids were in awe. Especially when Jamel, my little Sudanese SBD child asks if he can touch the egg. I let him. He picks the egg up out of the basket and crushes it in his hand. At this, some kids are crying, others are wanting to see the inside. Jamel fucking licks the shit out of his fucking hand, then throws the shell on the ground, and smashes it profusely with his feet.

This is only one of many things that has occurred today. I am in my room, waiting for my 11:00 group to show up for math. It is 11:09, I begin to wonder where they are. Then I remind myself that they are retarded, and stop wondering.

12/6: The post field-trip

Today, after the field trip we sit in a circle and everyone tells what they liked most about the said field trip. Now, this is my barely functioning group, kids with IQ's of 18 month old babies. Most of the kids only use one word for their answer (rocks, mud, stick, etc.) usually they will just say another students name and that's it. Today's answers were a bit different.

Me: "Emmy, what was the part of the outing you liked the best?"

Emmy: "Boots, mine" (She sticks her leg in the air to showcase her big ass yellow moon boots with fur on top).

Me: "I need everyone's eyes up here looking at me. Thank you. Now, Emmy really liked being able to wear her boots on our field trip. Jamel, what was the part of the outing that you liked best?"

Jamel: "Eat birds."

Only two of the other kids understand this. One starts to cry and the other gets up, runs to the sink, turns on the water, and sticks his head under the faucet.

And it's only 12:30 p.m.

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12/8: More parents stories

A sixth grader of mine, named Peter has come along way since last year. His behavior has improved (he used to do things like pull the fire alarm, not go in when the recess bell rang, chase girls and touch them inappropriately), his academic work is completed on time and with worthy effort. He is a good athlete, has a good sense of humor, and is an all-around great kid. He has no problems physically--he is just dumb as shit.

Conferences were the week before Thanksgiving, and his mother had a 4:00 conference scheduled with me. I was really looking forward to it, as I would FINALLY have something positive to say that was true. I had gathered some of his best writing, art projects, math tests, etc.

Four o'clock rolls around, and she is not there. I wait for her, thinking she is running late. A half an hour passes, and my next conference is scheduled to start (that parent didn't show, either).

I re-file all the shit I had gathered to show the mother.

I had only seen the mother twice before. Once at a meeting that she HAD to attend in order to keep Peter from being expelled for strangling a girl in the library. I remember sitting there staring at her. It was the principal, the guidance counselor, his fifth grade teacher, two cops from the local police force, Peter and myself. She was definitely fucked in the head. She just sat there, staring into space. Every once in a while she would shake her head, or utter "damnit boy."

The next time I would see this woman, it became quite clear that she was for sure a fucking crack whore.

The Monday after Thanksgiving, Peter comes up to me and asks if his mom had come to the conference. I tell him no, and that it is a shame too because I had some really good things to tell her.

He looks at me in disbelief. He then tells me that on the day of the scheduled conference, his mom had gotten dressed up nice, and was putting on her coat. He asked her where she was going, and she told him that she was going to his conference.

Well, she lied. My guess is that she was heading down to stand outside Cinergy field to prostitute herself, as I had seen her there last May when I was going to a baseball game. She was dressed real trashy, with horrible make-up on, tons of gel in her hair, this little slut-like, sequined purse. And she didn't have Red's tickets. She fucking looks at me and turns away. She walks over to the Kettle Korn guy, and gets a popcorn sample. She then proceeds to walk across the street, and parks her big ass in front of The Ale House. She attempts to chat with every guy that was coming out of the beer garden. None of the guys really seemed to say shit to her. At this point, I need to go in, get two beers and garlic fries, as the game is about to start.

Seventh inning stretch time and the Reds are kicking fucking ass. The beer is cheaper outside the stadium, so I suggest to my friend that we continue getting wasted at the Ale House.

We walk outside, and stand at the crosswalk, waiting for the signal to cross, when this old ass rusted car with primer all over it rolls up. The car was so hideous and smoky and loud (ever seen Uncle Buck?). Anyway, it stops, and out of the passengers side jumps the mother. Her hair is messed up, make-up gone. There is a big hole in her nylons.

I was too drunk to talk to her, and I really didn't want to anyway. That was the last time I have seen her. She doesn't attend any functions for her son. Not even plays and shit that he is in.

I had, for the most part, forgotten about seeing her that night, until the conference issue arose. I even called their house to try and re-schedule a conference with her and she never called me back.

I send home weekly progress reports that a parent has to sign. They serve as the only means of communication I have with some of the parents. I don't have to do this, but I truly do want my retards to be as successful as possible.

This past Tuesday, attached to Peter's (unsigned) progress report is a note from her. The note says, "Please do not send these green sheets home for me to sign anymore. I already know what Peter does and what he needs to work on."

All I can think is, "Right, kinda like how you came to his conference."

With a mother like this, Peter doesn't have a chance. It is sad when you think about it. But then it's funny immediately following that.

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The Tard Blog

12/10: Meet Augusta...but don't touch him

Augusta is a new student this year. He appears very normal. He is polite, social, ordinary looking and appropriate (for the most part). The kid is even kind of intelligent. But he hates going to school and he is fucking lazy. He's missed 13 school days so far this year. And when he is present, he is late. Always. There is no exception to this.

Augusta had major issues at his last school, which is why he transferred. Basically, no one liked him there, and, well, no one likes him here. He is overweight and German and his name is Augusta (pronounced Agoostah)--just like the fat kid in Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.

The kid has severe issues with being touched. This classifies his needs as special, and that's why I deal with him. During a meeting at the beginning of the school year, some co-workers and I met with his parents and his old teacher.

One thing was made abundantly clear at this meeting: DO NOT TOUCH AUGUSTA. EVER.

Don't even brush by him, or remove a piece of lint from his hair. If you do, he goes fucking nuts and has to go home to shower and change his clothes. He is one of those "always wash my hands, afraid of germs" types. We have all heard of them, or have read about them in publications like TIME magazine. But this kid is 11. And is already a fucking head case.

Many times I have walked by the office and have seen him sitting there with his backpack, waiting for a parent to come and pick him up. I will ask the secretary if he is sick or something, and she just looks at me and says "someone touched him."

Everyone in the entire school knows not to touch him. It was even *announced at an assembly* prior to his coming to our school in late September.

During the middle of October we had an assembly. It was a couple of homo's that were putting on a juggling show. The kids loved the guys; their tricks, and all the retard-type shit they would say throughout the show. At one point in the assembly, the guys asked for a couple of volunteers to help them perform a stunt. Augusta shoots his hand up, and, for the love of God, he gets chosen. He walks up to the front of the gym, and the first thing the guys do is shake his fucking hand while introducing him to the audience. I can see the mortified look on Augusta's face. I can tell he doesn't know what the hell to do. The juggler guys start handing him pins and bean bags and shit. They then take him by the shoulders, turn him around so that his back is to the audience. They blindfold him, and adjust the blindfold while it is on him. I am waiting for Augusta to lose it. A touch on the hand, the shoulders, and now the FACE!! I sit there, ready to jump out of my seat, waiting for his reaction. After they blindfold him they proceed to put objects in his hand and ask him to guess what they are.

This was the boiling point. Augusta drops the object, rips off the blindfold and throws it at the jugglers. Keep in mind that the entire school, kindergarten through sixth grade, as well as staff and parents, are watching this. He then violently kicks over all these bowling pins that were lined up on stage. He rips his shirt off, throws it on the ground, yells "PEOPLE AREN'T SUPPOSE TO TOUCH ME" so fucking loud, then runs out the side door to the parking lot.

The gym is silent. Nobody knows what the fuck to do or say. The jugglers were stunned but then quickly continued the show, which shifted the attention of most of the kids.

I run out after him, along with the principal and guidance counselor. He is running down the parking lot, off of school grounds. We are all yelling at him to stop. He doesn't. I continue to run, the counselor goes to the office to call his parents, and the principal gets in his car to drive and capture him. Somehow, I lose him. The principal can't find him either.

About 15 minutes later, I am still looking for him, and the office receives a call. The caller says that there is a child behind her wood pile next to her house, that he looks really shaken up, doesn't have a shirt on, and that she doesn't want to approach him. She guesses that he is from our school. The principal drives to her home, only a half block away, and finally gets Augusta to get into the car, but not until bribing him with a fucking ice cream bar.

I am sorry that I wasn't in the car at the time, because our principal says that Augusta gets in the car, picks up a container of Armour-All wipes on the floor, and starts furiously scrubbing his body with them. He is all worked up and out of breath, scouring himself with moistened automobile cleaning wipes.

Back at the office his parents are there to get him. They are all worried, and when they see him they are like "Oh, Augusta, we are glad you are ok, we were so worried about you." They make no mention of the fact that he cursed and exposed himself to the entire school.

About a week later, we receive a signed, 8 ½ by 11 inch color photograph of the jugglers. "To Augusta: Keep Reading! Best wishes and our Apologies."

We call Augusta down to the office to give the photo to him. He takes one look at it, tears it up, tosses the pieces in the recycle bin, and says, just like a normal fucking person, "I didn't like that assembly, I thought you guys knew that."

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12/14: Another Francis story

The school district does not provide snacks to the special services departments. Some tards bring their own snack from home and some don't. Because of this, I ask that parents donate snacks for the tards. The most common things sent in are goldfish crackers, animal crackers, pretzels, etc.

One morning Francis (see entry [12/5a: Francis](#), for a description of him) comes into the room with two big boxes of Lucky Charms. How nice, I thought, for the huge fat kid to bring in snacks.

Upon further investigation of the Lucky Charms, I discover that both boxes are open. Also, there is not ONE FUCKING MARSHMALLOW in either box. NOT ONE!!!!

Put yourself in my shoes here, What the hell do you do? Ask the fat tard about the marshmallows? Call his mother? I mean, the cereal was donated. I ended up throwing it out. No marshmallows probably means that his little piggy snot covered hands had been in those boxes.

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The Tard Blog

12/15: Tard nearly kills old person

Last spring, we used to have senior citizens from the local retirement home volunteer at our school. Every Thursday morning the retirement home's shuttle bus would drop them all off. They stopped coming to volunteer because of this incident:

In case I haven't already made this clear: Tards get extremely attached to things, but it is very hard for them to express their emotional attachment appropriately.

One Thursday morning, I am walking four of my 1st grade tards to the gym for "adapted P.E." One of them spots one of the grandmas getting off the bus. He freaks out, lets loose an ear-splitting scream, and charges her like a fucking bull, knocking her to the ground, really, really hard.

I run over and pull him off of her. She is laying flat on her back on the pavement in front of the school, writhing in what is obviously excruciating pain. The office ultimately had to call an ambulance, and she was taken to the hospital with a broken collar bone and numerous broken vertebrae.

All from a tard trying to give her a hug.

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The Tard Blog

12/16: Tard brings candy, flips out

The [green cupcakes](#) in the picture are from a kids 7th birthday that was celebrated during class.

As he was passing them out, he actually tried to decide who he was and wasn't going to give a cupcake too. I told him that that wasn't a choice--everyone gets one or no one gets one.

He flipped out, took two of them, and smashed them on the lenses of his glasses.

The cupcakes were so foul looking. That weird shade of green, and there were these little white speckles all over the top of it. Speckles that were in the frosting already. I have no fucking clue what that shit is.

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12/17: Tard nearly ruins date

This is where I draw the fucking line. What happened to me last night was not part of the contract I signed.

I am at the grocery store with a guy I go out with sometimes. He had been studying abroad for the last year, so I was really excited to see him. We are getting beer to take to a Christmas party that we are going to, the location of which happened to be in the area of the school that I work in.

We are walking to the beer aisle, and I spot one of my tards pushing a grocery cart. He is with his mom and brother. All I want is for me to get the beer and get the hell out. I really didn't want to talk to them or subject my date to them. We make it to the beer aisle, pick up some Heinekens, and head for the checkout.

We are standing in line to pay when I hear a scream and a familiar voice yell "I love you Miss [Sped]!".

I think about turning around, but am suddenly rammed hard from behind with the shopping cart. I had to grab the conveyor belt thing to keep from barreling over. The tard then starts hugging me tightly, while screaming "I love you Miss [Sped]!" This continues for at least a full minute.

My date is dying--he is laughing so fucking hard that he is doubled over. People are staring at me and the tard that is embracing me and yelling. The checker has stopped checking and his full attention is focused on the tard and I. I cannot stop wondering where the fuck his mom is.

I know the solution to get him to calm down. But I am out with this amazing guy. I don't wanna do it. I really don't. But I realize the tard will not shut up and get off of me until I do...

Quietly, I start singing "The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round....."

My date is absolutely dying. Almost crying. But the tard shut the fuck up, and we got out of there, no retards attached to me.

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12/18: Tard doesn't like rat tails either

The naughtiest kid I had last year was in second grade. He did and said unbelievable things on a daily basis. One of my favorites was when he approached a non-spiced fifth grader whom he did know and said "You smell like your mom."

In June of last year we had a fire drill. Somehow, this kid had managed to smuggle a pair of scissors out with him as we exited the building. The whole school lined up on the field out front during these drills. Everyone is also supposed to be silent.

I found it odd that during the drill this particular kid wasn't being noisy and annoying. I walked back to the end of the line where he was. In his hand he had the scissors and a chunk of human hair. He had cut the rat-tail off of the boys hair who was standing in front of him! (You know what a rat tail is--think 1980's white trash, a thin mullet that hangs just from the bottom).

I freaked out, not knowing what to do. I took the scissors and the hair from him, said nothing to the boy whose hair had been cut, and pretended that nothing happened. Surprisingly, nothing was ever mentioned about the missing rat-tail.

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The Tard Blog

12/19: If you cross Miss Sped, you could get deported

One of my students had been acting overly silly and was talking out way too much. So, instead of attending the holiday party afternoon, this particular tard spent the time in the principals office--[copying a fucking dictionary page](#). I can't believe this is still a valid punishment. I was amazed when I saw this. I made him copy 6 pages, but one should give you the jist.

I wrote a letter to his parents, explaining his poor behavior, and asking if they could perhaps help me re-enforce these punishments. [Their response](#) blew my fucking mind. I love that the father keeps referring to me as "Sir."

I wrote the parents back and assured them that their son was a good person and was generally a good student, he had simply been acting out that particular day, and suggested that perhaps a 6-month grounding, loss of TV and Christmas, and threats of deportation were a little extreme. He is still in my class, and now I am afraid to tell his parents anything.

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The Tard Blog

12/20a: Even punishments can be funny

If the tards are bad at recess, they have to sit at the "ball box" and [untangle the jumpropes](#). It is virtually impossible for them. I make them do it so I can watch them get frustrated and kick and grunt. These are the small pleasures that make my day tolerable.

12/20b: Every student is funny in their own way

Emily ALWAYS unties her shoes. Due to retardation, she was unable to re-tie them. It got old fast.

Her mom used to send whole oranges, cold spaghetti, slabs of fucking beefstick, etc. for her lunch. Nothing is easy in special ed land.

Lewis is another case. Truly, a case. He is in fifth grade and likes to flap his arms like a bird. He is amusing though, because he will say things to you like "Do you have a hyperlink on your website to the Parkland School District."

One time I said to him "Lewis, so funny you are." He stops, thinks for a while, and says "You said 'so funny you are' instead of 'you are so funny'.....I like that." He recently said, "wouldn't it be funny if you snuck a camera into Costco and secretly took a bunch of pictures of fat people. Then put them all on a website and call it www.piggiesatcostco.com. [Ed. note-This is not a real website].

12/20c: Tard flips out, makes a mess

A lot of tards need to have a plastic grip on their pencil in order to develop necessary hand coordination and writing skills.

Tom likes picking at his grip and taking it off. I told him that if he continued to fuck with it, I would take the pencil all together. Well, I took the pencil. Predictably, he freaked.

This is [the aftermath](#) of his angry, violent temper tantrum.

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The Tard Blog

12/22: A review of Riti Sped's Christmas gifts:

The season of giving takes a whole new meaning when you are a special education teacher. Every year I get ridiculous gifts. I would rather get a simple hug around my legs accompanied by large quantities of drool, rather than what my kids bring me. For the most part I just thank the tards, take the gifts home, re-wrap them, and give them to other tards in my class. No one knows the difference, and everyone is happy. Here are some of the gifts I got this year:

--[The stickers](#) are from Brad, the kid who furiously tore apart his stickerbook while calling me an asshole and a greedy bitch in entry [12/2, Tards and stickers](#). Because of this specific outburst, all of the tards will be rewarded with these stickers for their stickerbooks except for Brad.

--[A used book](#). The binding is worn and it even smells like mothballs. Great. The Frango breathmints are a nice touch. This is a puzzling gift, because I am the only one out of all the kids who actually brushes their teeth on a regular basis.

--[Unpackaged cocoa mix and marshmallows!](#) SOMEBODY fucking touched this shit. Thanks, I'll pass on the Christmas Hepatitis C to all my friends. I'm sure they'll be very appreciative.

--An [assortment of stupid shit](#):

1. I have always hated stretch mittens. Especially this pair--blue and green stripes?! I wouldn't give these to a freezing homeless person, and even if I did he'd probably throw them back in my face.
2. Stupid Cheap Christmas Ornaments. I don't have a fucking tree, and these ornaments are gay anyway. If you want any of the pictured ornaments, they are currently in the dumpster behind my house.
3. More fucking cocoa mix! I've never once drank cocoa in front of my tards, or ever claimed to like it, yet come Christmas time, I get it by the bushel. At least this time it is packaged. It will sit in the top drawer of my desk for years, until I use it as a birthday gift for one of my other tards.
4. Washable markers? Yes, thank you, I am not retarded, I can draw inside the lines and on appropriate surfaces.
5. A book about the solar system. What am I going to do with this? Read it to the class? They won't understand it.

--This is a tard card. This is the [front of the card](#), and this is [the message on the inside](#). This card is funny for the following reasons:

1. It is a cat saying "Hi Hun."
2. The front says, "To: Miss [Sped] From: ????" The girl who gave this to me did so in person, and she also signed her fucking name on the inside. So what is up with the little guessing game????
3. Numerous misspellings. Some are phonetically impossible. I blame myself, as I am obviously a poor teacher. Oh wait, nevermind, she's retarded.

--Chocolate dipped [pretzel sticks wrapped in Kleenex](#), in the cardboard box, with the Homer Simpson pencil holder that has "Carpe Diem: Seize the Donut" written on the front. I don't even know what to say about this.

--[A dog dish](#). This I actually like. It is a hell of a paint job, especially for a tard. It was painted at one of those little places where you pick out something and paint it (note that I already put some of my shit in it.)

--[This is classic](#). The Starbucks Christmas bear--from 2000--in a "Happy Birthday" bag. My birthday is in July. Maybe the tard's parents can't read either.

--Your run of the mill [tard love letter](#).

--I got a Starbucks gift card from a girl whose mom has attempted suicide numerous times. The gift card was for 20 bucks. I was slightly excited about it, because this is finally a gift I can use, as opposed to the normal tard gifts.

I tried to use it the next day. The Starbucks cashier swiped it, and then asked me to wait while she got a manager. The card had never been activated! The mother had jacked it from Starbucks without considering the whole activation aspect.

It was so embarrassing. I didn't even try to explain the story to the manager because it is so ridiculous. Everyone there thought I stole it and tried to use it. I paid for the latte, but was angry and embarrassed about it. To The Mom: Merry Fucking Christmas to you, too.

--I did get one good thing---a Barnes and Noble gift card. And this one was not stolen! The mom is a nurse and normal. Once I opened it I knew exactly what it would be used for: My new coffee table book will be Tucker Max's [Definitive Book of Pick-Up Lines](#).

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The Tard Blog

12/23: Riti's favorite tard:

Last year I had the best tard ever, but sadly, she moved away over the summer. I always think about her. She was always so happy. She smiled, did whatever you said without question, and never, ever abused me. She was cute, too. She had cerebral palsy that caused her to sway randomly and bob her head around for no apparent reason. She also loved me.

One day I got mad at her because during her typing time, she was messing around and pressing a bunch of keys down at once, going real fast, etc. I told her I was disappointed in her and she started to cry. I actually felt bad about it. The only thing that really bothered me about her was that she asked lots of random, pointless questions, and at unacceptable times.

This was the scenario one particular day last year:

I am working one-on-one with her doing sequencing activities. Her and I are the only people in the entire room. She is continuously asking me "Miss [Sped] what did you do over the weekend?"

First of all, she is unable to comprehend anything complex. Complex includes past tense, future tense, and basic language recognition and association. Secondly, if I honestly told her about the debaucheries of my weekend, I would have been fired on the spot.

Anyway, I am trying to do the lesson with her, and she keeps asking me about my weekend. I would make up a few simple activities, like going for a walk or brushing my teeth, and tell her I did them. She would then ask, "What else did you do over the weekend?," over and over.

We were getting nothing done, it was a hot day outside, the classroom was hot because the a/c was not working properly, and I was getting angry. She then looks at me and asks, "Miss [Sped], What did you eat over the weekend?"

After half an hour of her, this question put me over the edge. I look her straight in the eyes and say "Poop!"

She gasped, totally in disbelief of what I had just said, and responded, "Miss [Sped] I'm going to tell your mom on you."

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The Tard Blog

12/30: Augusta the thief:

On the last day of school prior to Christmas Break I gave all my tards a Happy Holidays card in an envelope with their name on the front. I also taped a candy cane to the front of each of the cards as well. I put the card in their "cubby" prior to the start of school. Their cubby is the last thing they check each day before school is out. They all had lots of stuff to take home, so their cubbies were quite full.

At the end of the day, as they were packing up and clearing out their cubbies, they all found their cards, yet none had the candy cane taped to them anymore. It was obvious that something had been taped on the front, because there was tape remaining on the card with part of the ripped card attached to it. But there was not one fucking candy cane to be seen. One of the tards had stolen all of the candy canes!!

Tards begin immediately whining and stomping around the classroom. This is the last thing I need. It had been a long day, the bell was about to ring, and I did not have anymore candy canes. I start looking through cubbies, backpacks, etc, yet could find the candycanes nowhere. At this point I actually considered giving them each a buck. The only reason I didn't do this was because I didn't have the right change. And NO tard is worthy of a twenty.

My classroom has reached the chaotic stage, and only minutes before Christmas Break. I consider handing out stickers. Just then, dear Augusta (from [Archive #3, Meet Augusta--but don't touch him](#)) comes back from the bathroom. He looks guilty as fuck, he had already unloaded his cubby, had his backpack on, and had a slight red discoloration all around his glossy lips. Hmmm.

I told him that we were missing a bunch of candy canes, and asked him if he had received a card from me, and if there was a candy cane attached to it. He gave me a dumbfounded look. I asked again, and he told me he didn't remember. I then asked him to unload his backpack. He furiously licked his lips and said that he left his library book in the library and that he needed to go get it right then. At this response, I knew that fat ass had lifted the canes.

I told him that I needed him to unload his backpack so I could make sure his card from me was in it. He refused. So I turned him around by the shoulders, which really freaks him out, unzip his backpack and find about 10 rainbow candy canes. The same ones I gave out.

Augusta had lied and stolen from his classmates. I was floored. I told him that immediately following the break he would lose a week of recess. He didn't like hearing that. In fact, he freaked. I also made him pass out candy canes and apologize to each and every retard. This went over even less well.

Just so I would not forget what the fucker had done, I wrote, in huge letters on my wipeboard- "NO RECESS AUGUSTA, ONE WEEK."

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The Tard Blog

12/31: Jamel likes Riti's friends

My best friend Jason is awesome. He is so fucking funny. My students (tards) love Jason for this reason: He is 6'8". He volunteers once a week at my school to be a "lunch buddy" with Jamel, the Sudanese kid.

Jamel's world is similar to Tucker Max's in this respect: He is the most self-absorbed little fuck ever. Unless it concerns him, Jamel is completely uninterested.

A few days ago Jason showed up to eat lunch with Jamel. He then went out to recess with Jamel. At one point, I go out on the playground to talk to him. We are talking shit about the retards when Jamel runs up, hugs Jared's leg, and yells,

"Your cool AND funny AND you're my friend!"

Jason's immediate response: "What do you mean I'm funny?"

I know exactly where he is going with this, I am loving it immediately.

"What do mean, you mean the way I talk?" Jamel realizes I am laughing my ass off and laughs with me, even though he has has no idea why I am laughing

"Funny how? I mean what's so funny about me?" I am still laughing, and Jamel is too, and he is still oblivious to why either of us are laughing

"Let me understand this cause, I don't know kid, maybe it's me, I'm a little messed up maybe, but I'm funny how? Like I'm a clown? I amuse you. I make you laugh...I'm here to amuse you. What do you mean funny how? How am I SO FUNNY?"

At this point, another mature (read: old and lame) teacher is walking toward us. Jason stops with the Goodfellas imitation, and Jamel screams to the teacher, "My friend is cool and funny and he eats lunch with me and no one else if I am good on Wednesday!!"

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The Tard Blog

1/6: Augusta's fear of germs goes to a new level

Augusta has spent every recess inside with me this week, due to his candycane theft before break (see Archive [12/30: Augusta the thief](#)).

He hates it. I hate it more. Augusta smells like a hot litterbox. This is peculiar, as I never noticed it prior to 2003. I honestly think that he is making himself reek in order to keep others away, lessening the chance that someone will touch him. I know, it sounds exaggerated to those of you not in daily contact with tards, but I know my naughty little reetees and I think this is the case.

On Monday he spent all three recesses with me, in my classroom, with his head down. He fucking stank. Happy New Year To Me.

Tuesday he spent the two fifteen minute recesses with me. During the lunch recess (thirty minutes) I let him listen to a booktape at the listening station. I did this strategically, as the listening station is furthest from my desk. I didn't want my lunch to taste like the Augusta.

So here comes Wednesday, when Augusta proceeds to horrify me almost beyond belief.

It is approximately 10:30 a.m. when Augusta asks to go to the bathroom. I allow it, and set the timer. (They have 2 minutes to get back before they lose behavior points.) The timer goes off, Augusta is not back. Because he is a large child, I give him another 2 minutes. He still is not back. (The bathroom is directly next door to my classroom.) I send an aide out to get him. She comes back a minute later without Augusta. This is exactly what she told me:

"I yelled in and said 'Augusta, what are you doing in there?' In a deep, low mans voice, he says 'Go away, no one is in here.'"

Now Augusta is fucking with us. Being retarded and mentally disturbed, I do not find it odd that he is trying to play ghost in the bathroom with us. Now I am going to have to walk into the boys bathroom and haul his ass out. I walk to the door of the bathroom, which is always left open and say, "Augusta you get out here right now."

Augusta doesn't have a lot left to lose if he chooses to not follow directions. His behavior chart is already full of negative comments. He is already in at recess, with no snack, and I have told him already that he will earn no stickers for the entire week. I could revoke PE and Music privileges, but he hates them anyway.

"Do I have to come in and get you? Are you gonna be a baby?" (he is 11). Augusta doesn't respond. I brace myself and enter, only to see the most vile scene possible. This is the best way I can describe it:

The garbage can is in the middle of the floor. Augusta is squatting over it, completely naked from the waste down, one leg on each side of the trash can. His shoes, socks, pants and underwear are in a pile by the sink. His back is to me, his arms are straight out in front of him, and he is taking a dump.

I immediately turn and exit. I feel absolutely violated, like I had popped a few rohypnol, chugged a beer and laid myself on the couch at Phi Delts for all to have at. I then do what I do when I can't deal with what is going on, and push the alert principal button.

He comes down and goes into the bathroom. Augusta has dressed himself, and is washing his hands furiously. There is a pile of shit in the garbage can. The principal escorts him up to the office, where Augusta has a little one-on-one with the school nurse. My aide takes the bag of shit out to the dumpster.

Augusta's mom comes and takes him home, but not before a meeting with the principal. He said she was completely embarrassed.

The school nurse came down later in the day to talk with me. Apparently, Augusta doesn't want to sit on the school toilet seat because he is afraid of getting "butt germs". He used those two words! He will go pee at school, but will not sit down. I can only wonder how many other times this year he has had to take a crap....

The Tard Blog

1/7: Riti's class makes stuff for Tucker

My class forgot everything they had learned prior to Christmas break, so we will spend the week reviewing. We made cards for Tucker today. I pulled out the old scrap box, and let them have at it. I even made a sample card to show them. I told them to decorate the outside and to draw pictures of things they liked on the inside.

My favorite card is cut in the shape of Florida, with fish and boats around it. They actually did an OK job. They forget everything important, but can still make funny ass cards. I guess I should dwell on the positive.

My kids are so sweet, as they elected to give their class necklace to Tucker. They earn beads when they are well-behaved for their music and p.e. teachers. These beads go into their bead jar, and every Friday the beads are strung onto their class necklace. It has become quite large.

They wanted to know if my friend Tucker got to play with kids. I said no, he never gets to be around kids, and that is why we are making cards for him. Sweet little Lindsey suggested that Tucker get the necklace because if you want to have friends you need to give them stuff. Hmmm, mom must have taught her that one.

And the mom who tried to kill herself, the one with the deer costume, well, it seems as if she and her kids moved over break. No one really knows for sure, but neither child is present, and it is rumored that they just up and moved. The sad part about this is that Emmy would have made the best card for Tucker. She scribbles and stabs papers with pens and pencils.

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1/8: An average day in Riti's life:

From Tucker Max: I asked Riti to keep a running journal of just one day in her life. This is it:

- Emmy got so excited when I was looking at a book with her that she kicked me in the knee really hard, huge bruise already.
- I was so angry that for nap time I put on Wheelz of Steel by Outkast instead of the usual "Betterman" by Pearl Jam. The tards were whining and crying. I was laughing.
- Zach peed his pants. Second time this week.
- I got pulled over for speeding in a school zone. I had to pull into the school parking lot to deal with the cop. He left his lights flashing, and everyone was staring. The short busses pull in, my kids wave at me, see the police lights, and think I am getting in big trouble. One tard refuses to get off the bus. Apparently he has learned from incidents with his parents that flashing lights mean daddy is going away for awhile.
- Kids learned a new song in music. I go to pick them up. The music teacher tells them to sing me the song. They all had forgotten it.
- Ivan brought food coloring from home, and then eats it.
- I tell Zach to stop picking his nose. He tells me his mom says it is OK to pick your nose, just not OK to eat the boogies.
- I am reading "Red Racer" to the kids. It is about a girl who tries to ruin her bike so her parents will buy her a new one. One page describes the sound as her bike goes over a cliff like this "bong, bong, bong." Ivan raised his hand and said his dad has a bong
- Got a new kid today. He can't sit still for the life of him. I told him to put his coat in the coat closet and he started to bitch right off the bat. "Work is too hard, I hate working." Hopefully he will pee in his pants or masturbate or something good.

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The Tard Blog

1/10a: Lewis is funny:

Lewis (from [12/20: Every student is funny in their own way](#)) approaches me and says, "Are you affected by Global Warming?"

Me "Sure, are you?"

Him "Well, in what way?"

Me "Is your skin more susceptible to sunburn due to the increase in UV ray penetration and a boost in the albedo effect?"

Him "I would assume so," he says, "I will have to do some research on the internet, and then I will let you know."

This is a classic example of a highly functioning autistic nutcase. Later on that same day he asks me "What is the difference between raw sewage and cooked sewage?"

1/10b: Retardism runs in Family:

Trevor is in third grade. He was born with fetal alcohol syndrome and as a result is very slow. He is also very bad at reading. He guesses at words, and doesn't even know his sounds. The most frustrating part is that he doesn't care. It doesn't seem to bother him that, in his reading group are 3 kindergarteners, retarded ones no less, and him.

Last year I had Trevor's brother in my class. He has since moved on to high school. He was scary. I guarantee he will be on America's Most Wanted in like 10 years. Him and I fought just about every day last year because he always wore bandanas to school, which is against school rules. He would always try to compromise with me regarding the bandana ("if I finish all my typing, can I wear it out to recess", etc.)

The most annoying thing he would do was to constantly repeat song lyrics. At least fifteen times a day he would, out of nowhere, bust out with "Jiggah-Jiggah Slim Shady". I wanted to beat him. Near the end of last year he had changed it to "Notorious B-I-G- baby baby". This wasn't nearly as bad as "Jiggah-Jiggah Slim Shady" but was still annoying.

Trevor has replicated this annoying habit. It is as if his brother and him concocted a New Years resolution to piss me off. Trevor was sent to the principal's office, then eventually home because he could not stop saying "Forty degrees when I tell that bitch please." This was his answer to anything and everything. During reading group I asked him to read one sentence from the book. The fucker puts his finger on the sentence, and says, while pretending to be reading, "Forty degrees when I tell that bitch please."

Luckily, the kindergarteners are too young and retarded to comprehend this. Trevor is then sent to the principal's office after doing the same thing three more times.

Today Trevor returns, and his new phrase is "Young and dangerous, ain't nobody can hang with us." This one isn't as bad, but it pisses me off because he is saying ain't. I don't want my kids to hear this, because they will be prone to repeating it.

After several warnings, the behavior continues, so he goes back to the office. The principal asks him if he needs to call his mom to come get him.

Trevor's response (I kid you not), "Nigga Please."

He went home shortly after that.

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1/11: Riti teaches the tards about sex:

I have to teach them about sex, in a series called "Family Life." I can hardly stand it. Primarily, because I still laugh at words like "uterus" and "fallopian tubes." Especially if there are other people laughing hysterically, it is hard for me to contain myself. I was trying so hard not to laugh throughout the entire 25 minute duration of "Family Life".

I had to show a diagram of the female reproductive system, point out the parts, and describe their functions. Also, I have both males and females in my group, unlike the other classes, where they split the classes into male/female groups

I started the unit on Friday. I am also obligated, by state law, to take questions from the tards and answer them honestly.

The very first (and only) question I received was this, from AUGUSTA, "What does sex feel like?"

Fucking-A. I am now in the worst situation possible. How do I answer this to a group of tards? I definitely do not want to imply that I have ever had sex. I think about it for a bit, and finally say "Well, I guess it feels good, otherwise people wouldn't do it." They all seemed to accept this answer. Thank God that Family Life time was over before someone asked me another question.

I am dreading Monday. I am convinced that they will verbally attack me, and force me to answer questions about my sex life. Plus I still can't help but laugh during the entire lesson.

Somebody shoot me, please.

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1/13: Tards contribute snacks:

Augusta comes to school today with snacks that he was donating to the class. A regular size ziploc sandwich bag stuffed so full of nuts that it would barely close. [It was weird](#). I put them aside, and later when the kids are at music I look more carefully at the nuts. There are 2 kinds of nuts in the bag. Hazelnuts and Brazil nuts. Both of which are nasty. They were also salted.

I was puzzled, so I asked Augusta about the odd donation. He told me that his family has a huge 5 pound can of mixed nuts at home, and that they liked all of the nuts except these two kinds. Super. I am very excited about feeding the rejected nuts from Augusta's family to my class.

Other donations:

- Lindsay: Scooby-Doo fruit snacks
- Brad: peanut butter Rice Krispy treats
- Tom: cheese mini-Ritz bits

I know what I will be giving Augusta for his snack for a long, long time.

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1/14: Augusta won't touch mail either:

Augusta is in the office, waiting to go home because he was touched. It happened during PE, when they were having relay races and he was shoved. [For a complete understanding of Augusta's problem, see 12/10: Meet Augusta, but don't touch him] I call up to the office from my classroom and ask them to assign Augusta some task to work on while he waits.

So they have Augusta put the mail away in the teachers boxes. And we all know how many people touch mail. He was freaking out. Scared even.

The secretary told me that she left him in the mailroom to put away a huge bin of mail. She checked on him 5 minutes later. He was moving at the pace of a one-hundred year old woman, cautiously picking up each letter with either one finger from each hand or with his sweatshirt pulled over his hand. He treated each piece of mail like he was handling weapons grade plutonium.

She went in and asked him why he wasn't moving along. He said that he didn't really like to put away mail. She offered him some rubber gloves. He accepted, and the bin of mail was put away in ten minutes.

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1/15: New kid has interesting background:

New kid Brian tells me, while standing in line waiting for computer lab that:

"My grandpa was in jail cuz he busted up a lot of computers."

No shit?? I am instantly drawn in to the conversation. I allow him to continue:

"He's dead now. Because he died at the doctors office. He went up there now (he points up)"

Later that night, there was a family night at school. My friend Jason who eats lunch with Jamel on Wednesdays is there with me. I had told him about what Brian had said to me earlier, but of course I think it would be best if Brian told him.

I spot Brian without his parents. I go up to him and say "Hi Brian, is your grandpa here?" He then rambles on about his grandpa being dead, going to jail for busting computers, died at the doctors office, etc. He then throws this one in:

"He was in jail a long time ago because he killed a policeman."

HOLY SHIT!!! This is better then I could of ever expected. And my friend is there to witness it!!!!

Brian's dad rushes over and says "Brian, what tales are you telling?" He seemed nervous and hurried. He then said "Come over here with me, I have someone I want you to meet," and then wisks Brian away.

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1/16: Tard parents makes ass out of himself, literally:

I go to a basketball game at the junior high. I do this because a current student of mine, Mark, has a brother, Dave, playing. He is a former student of mine. I agree to go to the game, but I take a friend with me.

When I get there I see Mark, who introduces me to his father. His father appears to be my age, and will not let go of my hand when I shake it. He is also wearing a jersey. I hate this shit. I automatically label him as poor white trash. His behavior this night will prove this.

The game starts, and Dave is playing is playing well. He is a good athlete. Almost every call that the ref makes against Dave's team receives a loud "LOOOSER" comment from the dad. Dave fouls someone and the dad disagrees. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WATCHING, REF? OPEN YOUR EYES." Other parents are staring. My friend and I are about to die from trying to hold in our laughter.

A penalty is later called against one of Dave's teammates. "THAT IS BULLSHIT," the dad calls out. At this point he is approached by the coach about his behavior, and asked to calm down and stop making these remarks.

He is basically calm for the rest of the game, until the last 2 minutes, when Dave fouls out. At this, the dad stands up, yells "KISS THIS REF" and moons the entire court and everyone on the bleachers. He is then ejected from the game. I can not contain myself. Mark is crying because he doesn't want to leave the court. The gym is virtually chaotic with the commotion.

The game over, everyone start filing out of the gym into the parking lot, parents, kids, teachers, coaches, etc. Dave's dad is in the parking lot yelling at Dave for his on court performance. Everyone is staring.

The family gets into their mini-van, and all of them are fighting. They pull out of the parking lot, when the dad slams on the brakes, screeching the tires and to bring the van to an abrupt stop. The door flies open and out tumble Dave and Mark. The dad pulls off, not even bothering to close the van door, leaving the brothers to walk home. Mark and Dave are beating the shit out of each other on the sidewalk as we all watch. At least 50 parents/kids are watching this. They are swearing at each other and fighting ruthlessly.

My friend and I get in my car and begin to drive out of the parking lot. We get about a quarter mile down the road from the school when we pass Mark and Dave, still kicking the shit out of each other as they walk home.

As we drove by I honked like ten times and my friend gives a loud "Yeeee-haaaaaaah".

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1/17: Guest Contributor: What it's like in Riti's class: *Ed. Note: This is written by a guest contributor, who is friends with Riti and once visited her classroom:*

I met Riti Sped during a spring break a few years ago. She let me come to her class one time to check out the kids.

They were all terrible. Some loud, some mute, some shat in pants, some pissed, some spit, swore, some wrote things like "Fuck" on the tables, some scribbled over anything. This list of their transgressions is nearly endless. Despite all the entertaining behavior, the funniest thing was how Riti dealt with the tards. I will never forget this incident:

Riti was quizzing the tards on their ABC's with flashcards. She is going from tard to tard, and as she held up a card with a letter on it, they would say what letter it was. She gets to one girl, and the letter is a "T." Riti didn't know it, but the card was upside down.

The tard looked at it and said "What the fuck is that?" This alone makes me explode. But then Riti says "Oh, I am sorry [name of kid] I don't think I said it is time to use bad words." The girl then said "That's a weird fucking letter," to which Riti said something like, "Excuse me [name of girl] if you would like to use bad words, we can do this during our recess time. The rest of us would like to finish up here," and left it like that.

Later on I asked her why she didn't send the girl out. She said something like, "If I send out every kid that swore I would have no kids here to teach."

Though this was funny, the capstone to the trip was this:

I laughed at this one huge fat kid because he all the sudden started smelling like shit. He had literally shit his pants, right there in the classroom. Riti hits the intercom button.

The response is some lady who says "Yes, office?"
Riti says this only "We have a code brown."
The lady says "I will send down the principal and the janitor."

I no longer was able to contain my laughter. THEY HAD A SYSTEM SET UP TO DEAL WITH THE SHITTY FAT KID! I started to laugh uncontrollably loud.

At this, the fat retard becomes mad and charges me, knocks me into a bookcase and the bookcase falls over and all the books fall out, and he lands on top of me, in the middle of all these books all over the floor. He was so huge that the impact of him landing on me knocks the breath out of me and breaks my hand. NO SHIT--BROKE MY FUCKING HAND!

Now I am not a small man, nor a wimp, and at 6'4, 200 lbs, I figured I was safe around the tards. But the kid was so big that he broke my hand and scratched up my neck and side.

Mentally picture this image: bookshelf down, little tard books scattered everywhere, me in the middle of them with a fat tard on top of me, the principal and janitor are at the door, AND RITI CONTINUES TEACHING! AS IF NOTHING AT ALL HAD HAPPENED!!

Finally I throw the tard off of me, and I see the diarrhea all over the ass of his huge, tent-size sweatpants. That image, combined with the intense shit smell, caused me to vomit on the floor.

Later, I am sitting in a tiny little chair, made for someone 1/4 my size, with my hand throbbing and the taste of vomit in my mouth. All Riti does is look at me and say, "I knew you couldn't handle this. Real good AJ, real good," and then continues to teach. Her and all of the kids acted as if nothing had happened, with me sitting in my midget chair, nursing my broken hand, faintly smelling of tard crap, and feeling like the biggest tard in the room.

My roommates had a great 6 weeks of making fun of me until the cast came off. They all signed it with stupid shit, like, "Beware of Fat Tards."

Riti signed it "Real good, AJ".

And if I recall correctly, Riti [has a picture of me](#) with the cast on later that evening. She had no pity for me at all.

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1/20: Tom gets upset:

Tim refuses to accept the fact that we only use a capital letter at the beginning of our name. He wants to just throw in random capital letters. I will not allow this.

One day he kept making capital letters and arguing with me about it, so I took away his writing journal and his pencil. Needless to say, he got violently angry. He [threw shit all over the place](#) while calling me a "crack head bitch."

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1/21: Sub is not welcomed:

As is life, I was so sick on Sunday night that I had to call a sub for the following day. My sub plans included writing words on the kids small chalkboards. Because I was gone, and the kids can't adjust to this, they all were bad.

The sub left the worst feedback I had ever seen. She also asked that I not call on her again. This is what Tom ([rice box boy](#), and above story) [wrote on his chalkboard](#). She was so angry that she left it for me to see.

I was proud of him, it was all spelled correctly and the "I" was capitalized. If he had included a period at the end, I might have let him chose from the prize box.

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1/22: More Tyrell stories:

Tyrell was in my class last year. Dumb he was, but not really retarded. He did have major behavior problems though. He was nothing but trouble. Some of the Tyrell highlights from last year:

- One morning he is late to school, I ask him why, he responds that "My dad couldn't find his drugs."
- He brought marijuana to school.
- He brought a steak knife wrapped in a towel to school. He took it out on the playground to threaten a kid who had been making fun of him. Told the kid that "If you mess with me you'll have to mess with this. And I'll be rapping at your eulogy baby."
- [Made these bombs](#) and brought them to school. He made them out of his dad's gun powder. The kid is crazy, the next Una-bomber. He used household items (Carmex container, mechanical pencil lead container) to assemble bombs. He even put heavy duty wicks on them. I took them home, ya know, in case I ever need to blow anything up.

1/22: Tyler's father is the retarded one:

Remember Tyler's father, [the one who mooned](#) a junior high basketball game? He might be the worst parent ever. His son Tyler is a tard, and thus very impressionable, but his father is impressing very bad things on him. Two examples:

Tyler was **sent home** Thursday around noon for this: we were doing a unit on Martin Luther King Jr. He announces to the whole class that his Dad said "What is black and yellow and makes you laugh?" "A bus full of black people rolling over a cliff."

On MLK Jr. Day, my school has the day off, but I ran up to the school to get some papers I need to correct. There were some kids riding their bikes around the parking lot, and one of them is Tyler. I asked him if he was enjoying his day off. This is exactly what he said:

"My dad said that we don't celebrate that troublemakers birthday."

It is almost enough to make my jaded soul sad.

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The Tard Blog

1/25: Tards go to play, all hell breaks loose:

A few weeks ago I received an invitation from the local Children's Theater inviting my class and me to a performance of Hansel and Gretel.

For taking tards out in public, there is almost nothing worse than a play. Whenever there is a calm moment in my class, I say this: "If I wanted to be busy I'd go see a play." But the kids were excited, so I decided to go ahead and get my yearly play punishment out of the way.

I send home permission slips two weeks prior to the play date. [FYI: Normal classroom teachers send home permission slips ONE week prior. Plus I realize that acquiring the entire \$5.50 to cover the cost of the trip may require some serious re-budgeting.] The day prior to the play I only have 3 slips turned in.

Being a good little Riti Sped, I call the homes of the 10+ kids that had not turned theirs in. Amongst the litany of unbelievable conversations I have with whoever answers on the other line, my favorite is this:

An answering machine that says "You have reached the Mercer family. We are unable to come to the phone at this time because Lola is shopping, Mark is watching football, Antoni is nowhere to be found and Tom is picking his nose."

The above is a true, unabridged greeting on the voicemail of one of my tard families. Normally I would have thought this was lame, but that my tard Tom does constantly pick his nose, so this is funny.

Surprisingly, all but 2 of my tards get their permission slips on the morning of the trip. The other two will have to spend the day in the preschool tard class. Nice.

The bus ride there was actually quite calm. I think that adjusting to the size of a regular school bus was a bit much for them. I can only imagine the thought processing in their little heads, something like, "Wow. A long bus and seats without restraint equipment--what is this strange new world??"

Our bus arrives at the auditorium, and there are tons of kids all over the place. At least a couple thousand. If one of my tards gets loose, the shit will hit the fan. This worries me, so I assign each tard a buddy to hold hands with and to be "in charge of." This proves to be a good idea, as they argue with each other over who is actually in charge, squeeze the crap out of each others hands, and kick at each other.

The best part are the other kids. Imagine being a normal kid, say sixth grade or so, and seeing a line-up of tards holding hands, stomping through the crowds. The kids were snickering, joking, I heard "look at that" plenty of times. Tons of kids are staring, but my tards are LOVING IT!! They are waving and smiling, still holding hands, basking in the attention.

Since my group is disabled, I am able to reap the rewards of "special needs check in." We are all escorted in, and given the front row of seats to the left of the stage, next to the crying room, coincidentally.

All of the ruckus of the crowds coming in, the noise, etc. causes Lindsay to cry. She wants to sit on my lap. I let her. Soon after this, she has to go to the bathroom, and one of my aides takes her. Things seem to be going smoothly, so I pull out [The Tucker Max Saga Continues...E-mail #20](#) from my purse and begin to read it.

I am about one minute into it, laughing hysterically, when I realize that there are a bunch of kids behind me, peering over my shoulder. I put the papers back in the purse, and hear one kid tell another one that the paper I had said "vagina." Immediately they begin to laugh. I chuckle to myself, as it is kind of funny.

While waiting for the production to begin, nothing that great happens, although Tyler does say "Let's get this bitch on the road."

In preparation for the story of Hansel and Gretel, I read the story to the kids nine times prior to the play. NINE TIMES. We also talked about how it is only a story, and that witches who eat kids are not real, parents don't really lose their kids in the woods, etc.

I am confident that nine times had been enough, and that the kids will understand the play. I was wrong. The witch scares

all of the little kids.

Emmy and Brian are crying and screaming. Now I realize the strategic seating arrangement. I take them both to the crying room. But they can still hear the play through speakers in the crying room. So we sing songs and look away from the stage.

Then they fight over who will sit on my lap. Then, and this fucking kills me, they want to hear the story if Hansel and Gretel. I had not of course brought the book with me. But I did have Email #20. I quickly stop this line of thought.

We remain in the crying room for the entire duration of the play. The rest of the tards did such a good job of watching and tying in the ideas from the book to the play. I was so proud of them!! I almost cried on the bus when they told me how much they loved it.

We got back to school, and, aside from Tyler repeatedly telling everyone that he "Would of schooled that witch bitch," all goes well. I give them all granola dipp bars. They fight over who gets rocky road and who gets peanut butter.

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1/27: Lindsay's OCD causes problems:

Lindsay is a very sweet girl. She has OCD and is always very anxious. Unfortunately, I am forced to take away many of her recesses because she often refuses to do her work during class time.

She has recently developed a new way of dealing with her anger towards me: she chews away at her fingernails. She bites them down to little stubs, and will not stop until they bleed profusely. This only has started recently, but has escalated quickly in severity.

Her hand are always bloody. If she is irritated at all, she gnaws at her fingers like they are pork spareribs. It is disgusting. Her mom will not discuss this with me. Again, Child Protective Services (CPS) has heard from me.

I have programmed CPS into my phone's speed dial. Seeing as how I am calling them so much, it just seemed practical.

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1/28: The Tyrell Lap:

I go to another of Tyrell's basketball games. Why? HIS DAD IS IN JAIL AND HE NEEDED A RIDE!!! (He is serving ninety days for three DUI'S. This is the same dad who got his ass kicked my Mexicans and [mooned a basketball game](#)).

Tyler and Tyrell are currently under the care of their dad's girlfriend, who I met when I arrived to pick them up at their low-income housing complex. She appeared to be around 20 years old.

There was nothing but mayhem in the parking lot--kids running around, hitting each other, adults having conversations with each other from 50 yards away, a police car. I was honestly scared to get out of my car. I thought the presence of the police car would ease the fear, but there was no officer around. Someone who lived there could have stolen the police car from all I could gather.

I pull myself together and walk up to their apartment. Out comes Tyler, Tyrell, AND THE GIRLFRIEND! She didn't have a drivers license, and wanted a ride to the game. Whatever, I didn't care that she would be in my car, except that she reeked of wet cigarette smoke.

Once we arrive at the game, the girlfriend disappears, and is not seen again. Tyler and I watch the game together, people stare at me, probably thinking I was the dad's girlfriend. Things are going well, Tyrell is playing a great game, and I bought Tyler soda pop and candy. Everything was actually very normal, until the third quarter, when Tyrell's SBD kicks in.

The ref makes a call against him, and the damn breaks. Tyrell yells out "You're a stupid fucker!" He is immediately ejected. Not just ejected but aactually thrown out of the gym. The ref orders him to the locker room.

He is SO angry that he ignores the ref and removes his jersey and lays it flat in the center of the court. Instead of heading to the locker room, he jogs a full lap around the boundary line of the court. While he is doing this he is throwing his arms up and down screaming "RRaaaahhh" with occasional obscenities. He has the scariest look on his face that I have ever seen. Upon completion of the lap he exits the building. He doesn't even get his stuff from the locker room. His jersey was still in the middle of the court. Nobody in the entire gym had any idea how to react.

I calmly surpress my laughter and react in my usual manner: I just leave, taking Tyler with me, of course.

Tyrell is outside next to my car waiting. I ask him if he has seen the girlfriend. He hadn't, so we just leave.

On the way home I drive through Dairy Queen and buy them both a Blizzard. Tyrell deserved it, as the "Tyrell Lap" was possibly the funniest thing I have ever seen.

We pull into the parking lot of their complex. Still, at 8:30 p.m., there are kids running all over the place. The police car is still there. I walk them up to the door, not knowing what to do with them. Luckily, the girlfriend is there--WITH SOME FUCKING GUY!!!!!! She tells me that she had gotten a ride back with a friend. Her hair looked like sex.

Sadly, I said goodbye to the boys. I was truly worried about the girlfriends ability to adequately care for them.

I called Child Protective Services the next day. My third call to them in the past month. The staff there knows me by name.

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1/29: Book Order Day:

Book Orders were due today. Only a few of the kids' parents allow them to buy any books, so it is a major deal. One of my girls really wanted some shit from the book order flyer, and her family is very poor. She didn't want books, she wanted stuff like kits to make jewelry, stickers and art sets. She brings her book order in a sealed envelope with her name on it (this is good, as she had followed directions).

Later on that night, I am going through my nightly grading and assessing routine at home, when I come across the girls book order. I open it and inside is her checksheet of what she wants and a check. The check was filled out with pencil in obvious tard writing, and was not signed.

Hmmm.....I wonder who did this?? The check was fucking hilarious!! Poorly scribbled on and ripped at the top. I had to keep the check, just to laugh at it.

So get this: I bought her, with my money, all the shit she had wanted. The items totaled \$26.85.

The check had been made out for \$13.30. I need to work on her math.

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1/30: Augusta gets fed up, tries to kill classmate:

January through March brings about a slew of illnesses in elementary schools. This is especially true for elementary school special ed classes. The cornucopia of airborne bacteria and viruses in my classroom during this time is almost shocking. A Level 4 biohazard suit could not fully protect you from these tard germs. The rate of contagion is similar to being in a CDC lab.

Let truth be told: it is near impossible for retarded kids to remember to "cover their mouths" when coughing. It is disturbing when I think about it, but I have been around it for so long that I am immune to everything. Hell, I doubt I could catch the HIV virus.

The tards cough, sneeze, and salivate on each other (and myself) constantly. None of them even realize that they are being coughed on or are coughing on others.

Except for one student. This student is Augusta (for those new to the site, read about Augusta [here](#))

The situation today was this: During reading group, around 9:50am, Augusta plus six other tards, were seated at my horseshoe shaped table, me testing their comprehension on the story I had JUST read them. (Sidenote: I had to re-read the story to them.)

Four out of the seven are sick as fuck. But of course their parents don't want to stay home and deal with them, so I have to deal with their sickness. I can deal with it, I am their teacher and they are my tards and I'll take care of them.

Augusta cannot deal with it. Even though Augusta repeatedly tells the coughing kids to cover their mouths, they do not. He probably said "cover your mouth" twelve times. He eventually has enough, and gets up and walks to the other side of the room, refusing to be near them. He says, "If they're not gonna cover their mouths, I won't sit by them." I told him he needed to come back to the table immediately. He did reluctantly, but with his shirt over his nose and mouth, like a fucking gasmask. He even talked this way.

Near the end of reading group, the tard sitting next to Augusta lays down an impressive series of foul coughs. Augusta has had it. He turns to the kid and starts strangling him--seriously strangling him.

He was so pissed that I could see veins popping out of his neck during the strangling. As he is strangling and shaking the sick kid, he is yelling at the top of voice "QUIT COUGHING!! QUIT COUGHING!!"

In order to stop this assault, I am forced to lean across the table and karate chop Augusta's strangling arms as hard as I could. I had to wail on him as hard as I could to prevent him from killing the kid.

Luckily it worked, and his arms were immediately knocked down, and the choked tard ran off screaming and coughing without covering his mouth.

Augusta was issued an in-house suspension for this, spending two days in the principals office. (Personally, I requested that the principal cough a few times in Augusta's general direction.)

When Augusta was allowed to resume coming to class, he showed up with a fucking mask that dentists wear. The kind with rubberbands that attach to your ears and cover your mouth and nose. He kept it on all day. Except, of course, during feeding time, when he made a pig out of himself.

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1/31: Tyler's nose candy:

When Tyler arrives at school today, he is very excited about that snack that he brought. He kept asking me if he could tell me something. I respond with the usual "Does it have to do with the work we are doing right now?" He answers with the usual "No," and we proceed with the days lesson.

Snack time rolls around, the kids who brought their snack get it out of their backpack. I hand out goldfish crackers to the rest. My phone then rings, it is our speech-language pathologist, and it is regarding some important shit. I am on the phone with her for one and a half minutes. I then hang up the phone, and turn back to the tards.

I can't believe what I see: Tyler is snorting Pixie Stick sugar.

He had opened up three little Pixie Sticks (which he knows he is not supposed to bring for snack), had lined up rails of sugar, and was using the paper pixie stick tube to snort the shit with!

I run over to him and snatch the pixie stick from his hand. He says "Hey, what do you think you are doing??" I told him we do not out things in our nose.

He said "I tried to tell you earlier, but you wouldn't let me."

I ask him what he had wanted to tell me. He says, "My dad always snorts stuff, he calls it nose candy. Before he went to jail, he gave me a bunch of my own nose candies, and told me I was allowed to have them at school."

I referred Tyler to our counselor, who will conduct some sort of drug intervention program with him.

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2/3: Tard birthdays are non-traditional:

Monday was Robert's Birthday. His mom brings in eighty chicken McNuggets straight from McDonalds. Augusta so excited he started jumping around the classroom.

What the hell happened to juice and cookies?

2/3: Lunch lady gets the smack down:

The lunch lady at our school is a bitch. Not the cook lady, but the lady who takes the money. She doesn't realize that the reason she is there is to ensure that all the kids get a lunch. She is such a had-nosed bitch that if a kid doesn't have enough money for a lunch, she will give them an office pass to go call home for money. The obvious solution, at least to those of us who actually care about the kids getting food, is to just allow their account to go negative for a while, until the parents are contacted.

This lady doesn't think so. She caused one of my better tards to completely lose it today.

Lindsay's account was 35 cents short of a lunch. Thirty-five fucking pennies. The lunch lady throws an office pass her way and tells her to go call home.

This incenses me. NO ONE talks to MY tards in such a rude manner, especially not some bitch-ass low-rent money counter.

I snatch the office pass from Lindsay and hand it back to the lady, telling her "Lindsay will get her lunch now, and we will call home later."

She says no, that the balance must be paid right then. Lindsay is in tears at this point. She is hugging me, hysterically crying. She looks at the lunch lady and, in between crying fits, tells her that her mom spent her last ten dollars on scratch tickets, and none of them were winners.

The fact that the bitch-ass lunch lady had made Lindsay say this, in front of everyone, was my breaking point. Riti Sped loses it.

I take off one of my shoes, and slam it down on her little table. I tell her that she may keep my shoe until I am able to retrieve 35 cents from my classroom.

All my tards are staring at me, completely silent. Lindsay has stopped crying and is staring at me. I tell her to go get her lunch, that it was OK.

All the tards, for possibly the first time ever, are completely silent.

Lindsay continues through the line, and the lunch lady rings up all my kids. She then looks at me and says that if the 35 cents wasn't in her hand by 1:00, that I would have to wait and get my shoe back the next day. I rolled my eyes at her and muttered the usual "Oh, please."

We get back to the room, and the kids can't stop questioning me about my shoe. You'd think I was William Wallace the way they were dancing around me, recounting the incident.

I call for the principal and tell him what had just occurred. I tell him that her behavior is not OK with me. He agrees, and I ask if he would take her the 35 cents, and bring me back my shoe. He does, and also has a little talk with her.

No one fucks with Riti Sped or her tards.

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The Tard Blog

2/5: Augusta caught in a lie:

Tuesday morning the office gets a call. It is Augusta's dad. Augusta had told him that it was "Take your son to work day," but he had heard nothing about it. He was calling to see if this was true.

The secretary checked, and no, this was not true. Augusta had lied and had gotten caught.

He showed up a little later with his surgical mask on. I questioned his lie to his dad, but he whispers to me that he can't talk, he had lost his voice.

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The Tard Blog

2/6: Augusta doesn't like this tard birthday:

We celebrated a tard's birthday today. She turned eleven. She had brought cupcakes from Safeway. They were not home made. In preparation for the celebration and cupcakes, I make them all wash their hands.

Augusta has never felt that the classroom washing facilities were adequate, so he always washes in the restroom. This also allows him to avoid waiting in line to wash his hands, and he can take all the time he wants.

The girl passes out the cupcakes, we sing happy birthday to her, and Augusta still had not come back. As the kids begin eating, he finally returns. (note: the cupcakes looked nasty, as they had bright red frosting. But they were made at a bakery, so I did not complain.)

Augusta walks in and sits down at the table. He takes one look at the cupcake and gets so angry that he turns it over and smears it all over the table. He looks at the kid next to him and says "I can't believe you can eat that, it looks like abortion."

I could not help but laugh. It was quite a vivid metaphor.

Then I sent him to the office.

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The Tard Blog

2/7: New kid might have problems:

The new kid hasn't made any friends. I can't understand this. He is possibly my favorite tard right now. He is cute, funny, energetic, imaginative, and his family is fucked up. He also likes to talk about the fam (see e.g., [1/15: New Kid has interesting background](#)).

I have noticed that he plays alone at recess. He also plays weird things, like tracking imaginary dinosaurs, killing aliens, pretending to be an invisible mystery man, Inspector Gadget, etc. It really breaks my heart to see him play alone. If I had nothing better to do I would go play with him.

I voiced this concern to him the other day. He responded thus: "I don't need friends, I've got em' in my head."

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2/10: Show and tell:

Monday during sharing time The New Kid brings in something I have not yet seen a kid do. Instead of the usual doll or truck, this kid had gone through all of the Sunday newspaper's sale ads, and picked out all the things he wanted.

He brought the actual ads to school, giving a lengthy commentary on each item and why he wanted it. Most items were DVD's, Playstation 2 games, and food. He also held up each picture and showed it to the class just like I show them the pictures when reading them a story--it was killing me:

"The next picture is Lucky Charms. They are two for five dollars right now at Safeway, the offer is good until 2-24. I like the marshmallows, and they are good. That's why I want them."

Comedy like this makes it all worth while.

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2/11: Lindsay is observant:

Lindsay is such a sweet little girl. She is generally quiet, compliant, and composed. This is why what happened today is so funny.

At the end of reading group Augusta stands up. Lindsay is sitting right behind him. She looks at his pants, which were exceptionally tight today, and says very loudly, but to no one in particular, "Oh My God!!!! Augusta just keeps getting fatter and fatter!!!"

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2/12: Eye and ear test produces surprising results:

We had the school nurse do an annual vision and hearing screening today. Every year one is done with each kid in the school, including my tards.

This year, the results SHOCKED ME: only 2 of my kids had sufficient seeing abilities and only 6 could hear properly.

HOLY SHIT!! Think of what they could accomplish if they could see and hear!!

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2/13: Valentines Day Party:

We had a Valentines day party. The activity was frosting and decorating heart shaped sugar cookies. It was awesome! We had like 10 different kinds of candy to decorate with, and the kids absolutely loved it! They had a ball decorating their cookies. The problem arose when the kids had to take turns going to the "decorating table".

I had set up a table in back with the cookies, frosting, plates and all the little decorating candies. There was only enough room for three kids at a time to be there. I chose three kids at a time to go back, and made my selections based on behavior, so they decorated in an order of best to worst behaved kids. The order started with Lindsay, Peter and The New Kid and would end with Brad, Jamal and Augusta.

This freaked Augusta, causing him to assume there would be slim pickings on the candy. He was pissed off. He was so pissed off and concerned about the candy usage, that he took it upon himself to monitor, from his desk, each students decorating job.

None of the other kids in my class would ever think this way. They would be pissed because they had to wait so long to make their cookie, but never would it occur to them to be pissed at the depletion of candy. There was heaps and mounds of candy on that back table. Ten plates full of different candy; we weren't going to run out if there had been fifteen Augustas decorating cookies.

I knew this, but Augusta didn't. He watched each kids cookies like a greedy hawk, constantly commenting about using too much candy. It was pissing me off because they kids were having a good time doing a special activity.

I had warned him to pipe down a few different times before he called Tom a "fat pig" for using lots of candy on his cookie, and eating some while he decorated. I sent him out to sit in the hall. Right before it would have been his turn to make a cookie, the office buzzed my room, informing me that Augusta's mother was in the office to pick him up early, and I was to send him down ready to go home.

This made my day. All his worrying had been done in vain, and in the end, he would have no cookie to eat.

I went out to the hall to tell him to get his stuff and go down to the office, his mother was here to get him. He refuses to go. I went back in the room and packed all his stuff up for him. I then went out to the hall to give it to him. He refused to take it, so I put it on the floor next to him. He refused to get up, to walk down the office, etc.

I wanted him out of there. He was being rude and disobedient. He wouldn't go. This is when Riti Sped forms a brilliant plan. I remember that Augusta had really enjoyed the play Hansel and Gretel that we had seen two weeks earlier. I gave my aide a bag of Hershey Kisses. She went out to the hall and laid them out in a scattered trail, leading to the office. I give Augusta a paper sack, and tell him there is a trail of treats laid out that will lead him to a prize. He jumps up and snatches the bag out of my hand. I had never before seen him move his big ass so fast.

He begins furiously picking up the chocolates. He was like a police dog searching for drugs. My aide followed Augusta out and all the way to the office. I needed her there in the end, as I knew he would be upset and accuse me of lying. He gets to the office where his mom is waiting. He completely ignores her, and inquires about the location of his prize. "Well it is your mom Augusta, she is your special prize!" my aide happily announces to him.

He does not like this one bit. He starts bitching out his mom in front of the entire office staff. He was saying things like she was to buy him a bag of cookies, and that she ruined his plan for his cookie.

He finally calmed down when his mom agreed to buy him his OWN ice cream pie from Baskin Robbins that he would not have to share with anybody.

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2/14: Tards send themselves cards:

In order to assist the kids in writing out their Valentines, I sent home a list containing the names of every kid in the class. Basically, I photocopies my attendance sheet.

The funniest part of this is that almost every kid had addressed a valentine to themselves! (To: Brad From: Brad)

None of them had any clue that they had done this either. As they were distributing their cards, they would read out loud who it was to. They didn't even think twice when reading that they had given themselves a valentine.

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#1: Augusta steals, again:

I don't lock my classroom door during the day. My purse is locked in my cabinet, and there isn't much anyone would want to steal. Except for one kid and one item. Augusta AND food.

I had gone up to the staff lounge to eat lunch, the kids were out at recess. They are not to enter the building until recess is over. This is a rule they are familiar with. I had to come back down to my room because I had left my diet coke there. I walk in the room, flip on the lights, and find Augusta digging furiously through the kids lunches, gobbling up their food.

"What do you think you are doing?" I ask him.

"I was seeing if I forgot my lunch," he responds.

This is bullshit. The kid buys lunch everyday. And he has powdered sugar all over his face and shirt.

I scold him for awhile, then drag him up to the office, where he gets to tell the principal what he did, call his mother and tell her what he did, and then write letters of apology to all the kids whose lunches he ate.

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#2: Jamel kills another animal:

I was out on Monday. I get a phone call at about 10:30 Monday morning. The caller ID says it is my work calling. Great, I couldn't wait to see what the hell had happened. I decided not to answer it, that if it was important enough, a message would be left. I wait, hoping not to hear the beep that signals a new message. The phone beeps. Dammit.

This is the exact message: "Good Morning (Riti), its Juanita from school. There was a little incident here this morning, and I wanted to give you a heads-up on the situation. All the kids are fine, so don't worry..... Just give us a call when you get a chance. I hope you are feeling better."

Never before had I received a call like this. The hesitation in Juanita's voice was almost eerie.

Do I call? No. Do I drink? Yes.

The next morning I unlock my classroom door. The room was completely dark, the aquarium light was turned off. I have a tortoise named Homer in my classroom, it is the "class pet", and the aquarium light is left on at night. This is a specific instruction in my sub plans. I assumed the sub was stupid, and felt bad that Homer had to spend the night in darkness.

I flipped the lights on and walked over to the aquarium. Homer was not there. I looked around for a bit, thinking he was crawling around on the floor or something--he wasn't. I am immediately drawn into one of those "what the fuck" mind states that seem to haunt my classroom.

I walk to my desk and flip on my computer. On my desk is a stack of pictures drawn by the kids. Each picture is of Homer. In some of the pictures Homer is crying, some have hearts around Homer, the best ones have a person crying while standing next to Homer.

There could be only one reason for this: **SOMEONE KILLED HOMER.**

I bolt to my table and read through the substitute's notes. She started off with the usual "I hope you are feeling better" and "Today was a disaster", which then led into "Jamel dropped the tortoise, killing it." I am angry now. In the sub plans, in bold letters, it says "The kids are not to handle the tortoise."

So the notes she left describe how Jamel insisted that on Mondays they get to hold the tortoise, how all the kids held him, and how Jamel was the last one to hold him. While he was holding Homer, he peed on his hand. So Jamel dropped him on the tile floor, cracking open his shell and killing him.

Jamel insisted that Homer was taking a nap, and all his peers believed him. He then demanded Homer go back in the aquarium to nap, because I would be mad if he napped anywhere else.

The sub then summoned the principal. He came down and assured her that I was going to be very upset. The custodian then came down and disposed of the poor turtle.

I see Jamel a little later, and he requests that I get a guinea pig for the new class pet. I wanted to strangle him.

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#3: The new, new kid:

I got a new kid this week. The circumstances behind his arrival at my school are funny.

I am at Bally's on the treadmill. I am also on my phone--talking loud, swearing, laughing loudly, saying highly inappropriate things. Everyone around me is glaring at me. Except for one lady, who moves from the bike to the treadmill next to me. I continue my conversation, and end it with "Fuck You Lorrie, call me later."

The woman starts laughing uncontrollably, looks at me, and laughs louder. She then says, "If that's how you talk to your friends, I'd hate to see how you talk to your enemies!"

I am not OK with this comment. She had been listening to my conversation, and is now trying to talk to me. This sort of thing annoys me. I mutter "yeah" to her, pull my hat down a little further, and flip open my magazine. This is no deterring this woman. She says "Oh, I read Newsweek too. Isn't it a great magazine?" This was quite possibly the dumbest thing anyone had ever said to me.

I look up at her with my best "what the fuck?" look. This does not silence her. She holds out her hand and says "Oh, I am Pam by the way." I automatically assume she is a lesbian. Fifty thousand things I could say to her are going through my head. "Riti" I say to her and held out my hand.

"You are cracking me up," she says. "What do you do?"

I act like I am reading my magazine and mutter "I'm a teacher."

"Oh, thats so great!! Wow, what a tough job you have."

I give her a half ass smile.

"What do you teach?"

"Special Education."

"No way!! My son is in special Ed classes. He has muscular dystrophy and Autism."

At this comment, I exhausted myself trying to hold in my laughter.

She continues, "I am looking for a really good school to place him in. What school are you at?"

I answer her, reluctantly, as she is obviously fucked in the head.

"Oh, I know where that is. Do you have a good program there?"

"Yes"

"Do you accept out of district transfers?"

"If there is room, yes."

"Do you have any space right now?"

"I just lost two, so yes, I do. It is nice with not as many kids."

"Well, I just think you are fabulous! I am going to see about transferring my son to your class."

At this point I hit the stop button on the treadmill. I am waiting for an "I'm kidding" to come out of her blabbering mouth. I continue to wait as she plays twenty questions with me. Finally I have had it. I give her a card and tell her to call the school to check on the specifics of a transfer.

Nine days later she calls me at work. "Guess Who...?" she said.

Oh, Fuck, I got kids snorting pixie sticks over here, I don't have time for this shit.

She is calling to tell me her son will start in my class on Monday. I tell her how happy I am to hear that, or some bullshit, and hang up.

I completely forget that this new kid will be coming until Sunday. He shows up on Monday, but I am not there. His mother calls my house repeatedly.

Tuesday I finally meet the kid. He is eight years old, blonde hair, blotchy red skin. He should not be in my class. He has severe problems, far beyond anything my class is equipped to deal with. He uses a walker, is pigeon toed, has a hearing aid, drools uncontrollably, and the poor kid has [progeria](#). He is in bad shape. He can do nothing by himself. He loses balance when transferring from his walker to a chair. He falls over like ten times a day.

The worst part is that his mother dresses him like he is Prince Harry. He comes to school everyday in deck shoes, polo sweaters, khaki pants, suede jackets, etc. He is like the retarded Armani poster child.

This combination was the most alarming thing I had ever seen.

It is difficult to watch him eat. All those nice clothes get covered with shit. And he eats tapioca pudding every single day. This disturbs me to no end.

He has NO academic capabilities. None. He can barely talk. He can't even comprehend holding up three fingers.

But possibly the worst part is that every morning his mother walks him in and brings me something. Tuesday it was a latte and a muffin. Wednesday she brought me stationary. Thursday a desk calendar. But Friday is the kicker, she shows up with A FUCKING TURTLE. MY GOD WOMAN, I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE.

As for a husband? He committed suicide six years ago.

I can't help this kid. He needs physical therapy, not school. And he is exposed to the behavior problem kids that I have. He doesn't understand their funniness, but still, he doesn't need to be around them.

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#4: Tom loses it:

Tom came to school today in full form. He was kicking other kids on the playground even before school started. When he came into the classroom, he refused to unpack his backpack, hang up his coat, pick up his reading notebook, etc.

About ten minutes into reading group, he is kicking me under the table, and it hurt. Imagine getting kicked in the shins repeatedly by a hyperactive tard on 45 mg of Dexedrine. I am used to this sort of kicking, but then he started to kick the other kids. One of them cried, but most kicked back at him.

My aide removed him from the room, and into the hallway. He was going nuts--kicking, wailing his arms around, spitting. She had to literally hold him in a bear hug type restraint. He was resisting as best he could. He got one of his legs free and kicked a non-retarded girl in the stomach as she was walking by. And he kicked her HARD. She buckled over in pain, crying, was short of breath.

My aide asked him if he wanted to have a good day that day, and earn all his points. Right then, a fifth grade class was walking by on their way to music. She kept asking him if he was going to improve his behavior, when he yelled out loudly "NO YA ASSHOLE!"

The fifth grade class of course thinks this is the funniest thing they had ever witnessed, and all twenty seven of them bust up laughing. Tom assumed they were making fun of him and begins kicking like crazy. A second aide was needed to hold him down. Tom continued with "NO FAT ASSHOLE!"

He was carried up to the office by the two aides, screaming at them the entire way up. His mom was called, and he was put into a small conference room while we waited for her. He destroyed the room and broke the fax machine. Mom was presented with a ninety dollar bill when she got there.

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#5: Tyrell has problems with referees:

First of all, I wish to dedicate the following event to all my friends, with the exception of DW, who continue to ridicule, harass, and talk shit to me for encouraging and participating in the extra-curricular activities of my students; both former and present.

Fuck you guys. All of you passed up what DW referred to as "Better than a fucking Lakers game."

So it begins, Thursday, four o'clock, I arrive at Tyler and Tyrell's residence to pick them both up. I honk my horn a multitude of times, but no one exits the house. Fuck. I pull up into a handicap parking spot, leave the car running, and run up to their door. After several punches to the door, no one comes. I let myself in.

The home smelled like cats and smoke. The combination of T.V. and CD player almost deafened me. Both boys are on the couch, staring at the set. Tyrell had to be at his basketball game an hour early to practice. I scare the shit out of them both when I walk into the TV room. I ask if they are ready to go, and they say yes. We leave--the TV and CD player remain on, and the girlfriend remains on the dads bed. She is out for the count.

We walk out to my car and there is a cheap-ass rent a cop by my car. He begins to bitch at me for parking in a handicap spot. I need not respond to him, as Tyrell busts out with "Me and my brother have to be in special reading classes." I laughed. Not exactly the response he was looking for.

We all get in the car, the rent-a-cop continues to talk to me. He is signaling at me to roll down my window. I ignore him and slam the car into reverse. We have a basketball game to attend.

We arrive at Tyrell's middle school and drop him off. Tyler and I go get McDonald's. We hit the drive-through, and I buy them both dinner. Tyler eats his in my NEW car, spilling shit all over the place. I ask him to be more careful. He says OK, and continues dropping french fries everywhere.

We then go pick up my friend DW, who has expressed great interest in attending one of the games. DW was a baller in High School, but I actually met him in college, where he continued to star on the court. Sadly, he relied way too much on his image, and not enough on the actual game, so his post-college career has been pathetic. But, at one time, he was quite a star, especially regionally.

Tyrell knew who he was, and it was going to be a surprise for him when we arrived at his game with DW.

So we arrive back at the school, it is 5:00, the game was to start at 5:30. I have DW take Tyrell his food. Tyrell was speechless, all he could muster up was "I saw you on TV." Tyrell then spouted out something about DW and I getting married and adopting him and his brother. This was too much for DW, he returns to the bleachers.

The next twenty minutes is filled with DW bitching at me, Tyler asking DW what it is like to be "really black", and Tyrell trying to show off on the court for DW.

The game finally starts, but Tyrell is not a starter. We could see him bitching to his coach about this, but could not make out any words. Tyrell then points to DW, the coach looks over, Tyrell jumps up and down in temper tantrum, and the one of the starters is pulled. Tyrell is in.

All is normal for a long ass time. Tyrell is on his best behavior, and is playing a great game. Half-time rolls around, and Tyler is throwing his Ju-Ju fruits on the court. He is aiming for the center. DW is encouraging this behavior. I do nothing to stop it, because it is funny. Finally it is announced on the microphone that "anyone throwing objects at or on the court will be asked to leave."

Second half begins, and immediately Tyrell is shoved by a kid on the other team. They talk shit to each other throughout the next 5 minutes of the game. Finally, after the kid makes a remark about his dad being in jail and his teacher having to take care of him, Tyrell's dam breaks.

In the angriest, loudest tone I have ever heard come out of that kids mouth, he screams "Don't make me cotton candy your ass, Mother Fucker!! I'll cotton candy that shit right now, Mother Fucker!" The referee blows his whistle, and throws Tyrell

out of the game. Tyrell will not accept this. To the referee he says, "You want your ass cotton candied too mother fucker? Cuz I will cotton candy that shit, and with a capital K."

Yes, he said with a capital K. One of his spelling words last year was cotton. I am a poor teacher.

Everyone in the gym is angry, mothers are covering the ears of their children. DW stands up and shouts out "Cotton candy him kid. Candy dat ass!!"

DW is now ejected. Tyler then stands up to contest both ejections, when he is also ejected. He calls the ref a "Pansy ass mother fucker." DW then repeats it, except a lot louder.

At this point, everything is chaos. Tyrell is refusing to leave the court. All his teammates are cheering him on, as is DW. He is loving the attention. He then decides to drop his shorts, grab his penis, and tells the entire visiting side of the bleachers to "EAT THIS".

DW was barreled over laughing, headed toward Tyrell, I was in shock. DW actually goes out onto the court, and tries to coax Tyrell off of it. Tyrell looks at DW, again grabs his penis, and suggests that DW "suck my twelve-year old cock."

DW looks up at me in the bleachers, gives me a seriously apologetic look, and signals for me to get down there. I grab my bag and Tyler, and we head down. Everyone is staring. I refuse to make eye contact with anyone.

Tyrell's coach is nearing him, when Tyrell announces " Coach get away from my cock!!!" I have never in my life seen a kid as out of control as Tyrell was at this point. I was truly amazed.

The coach warned Tyrell that the police had been called, when Tyrell decided to pull his pants up. He walks over to the bench, gives some of his teammates a high five, then exits the gym.

DW, Tyler and I follow him out. DW asks Tyrell for an autograph. Tyrell agrees, we get to my car, and he scribbles his name on the McDonalds bag that was still in my car. He proudly hands it to DW. DW then says, "Kid, you have no idea how famous you really are."

I pull up to DW's house. Tyrell demands that DW kiss me goodnight. I about shot myself. I told Tyrell that this was inappropriate. He announced that his Dad's girlfriend kisses her friends all the time. DW laughs, kisses me on the cheek, and gets out.

The boys then fight over who will sit in the front seat. They begin punching each other. I stop the car, remove my seatbelt and turn around--just in time to see Tyrell clock Tyler so hard that his mouth starts to bleed. All over the back seat of my new car. I scold Tyrell and give Tyler my jacket to soak up the blood that is now gushing from his mouth. I did about ninety all the way back to their home. Luckily, his mouth stopped bleeding. I then turned them over to the care of the 20 year old girlfriend who asked me if I "had a smoke she could bum." I told her I didn't smoke. She asks "What do you smoke?"

I said goodnight and got the hell out of there. Next Tuesday I take them to see their dad in jail.

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#6: Treat jar causes problems:

Brad and Tom got into a huge fight about who, out of the two of them, would get to chose from the Friday treat jar first. The Friday treat jar is glass, and has a metal top on it.

The two of them were pulling at the jar, each trying to select a piece of candy first, when they dropped the treat jar on the tile floor, causing it to shatter. This causes mixed reactions amongst the tards.

Some immediately burst into tears, as they can not deal with loud, startling noises. Lewis freaks out, and stays as far away from the glass he can because "Glass has AIDS." All Brian wants to do is pick up the little bits of glass. Because of this, he is removed from the classroom until the custodian comes down to sweep it all up. Augusta charges the remnants of the broken jar like a pinata had just been broken into. He completely ignores the glass aspect, and starts grabbing at the candy on the floor. He cuts his hand, but it still takes two aides to remove him and his bleeding hand from the candy.

I decide that it is too dangerous to have the tards in the room with broken glass all over, so I take them outside to play until it was all cleaned up.

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#8: Augusta's criminal activities move up in scope:

Augusta's cousin works as a physical therapist for a local sports team. Often, Augusta gets to accompany his cousin to games, and meet the players. Augusta, as we know, is also somewhat of a kleptomaniac.

He recently came to school with a bunch of these tubes of glue. The packaging made the tubes appear to be syringes. Out at recess, one of the playground aides caught a large circle of boys that Augusta had rallied, all sniffing the Dermabond type stuff.

Augusta is nailed. He has succeeded in distributing inhalants to his peers at a public school. Him and all of the boys who were in the glue circle were summoned to the office. Many of the boys had, in their possession, a tube of the glue, given to them by Augusta.

Augusta's Dad claims that neither Augusta nor any of the boys were sniffing the glue. His blindness to this confuses me. It's not like Augusta had a model airplane out there with him. Augusta has been suspended for three days, and the other boys who were caught with the glue are suspended for one.

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#10: Van ride goes wrong:

We had a field trip this week. One of the parents was kind enough to drive us. She had the nastiest mini-van I have ever seen. It had crumbs, dirt and assorted detritus all over it. It reeked, too. But she managed to top herself.

On the way back to school the mother stopped at the gas station to purchase gas. I kid you not about this: She seriously pumped 52 cents worth of gas into the van. I was dying inside. I wanted to call every single person I knew right then and tell them about what I had seen.

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#6: New mother reads her Machiavelli:

The new kids mom has cleverly worked it so that her son is now the most popular kid in my class. She has extended her pattern of daily gift-giving beyond me.

She now brings in little surprises for the kids, and she **MAKES** her son pass them out. He has no clue about why she is there, and why he is struggling to hand out rice-krispy treats via his walker. But he does it, and this makes the kids like him. Sometimes he will even give into Augusta's greedy attempts to coerce him into giving him an extra treat, leaving himself without one.

This mother has entirely taken over the 15 minute period in our day that is referred to as "snack time". Fuck everyone else's nasty donations--on Thursday she brought in EGG ROLLS that she had made herself. They were so good that I would have fought Augusta for the last one.

Wednesday was the day she brought in the cake. This day has become legendary in our classroom. The kids refer to this day as "Bunny Cake Day". It was a cake, shaped like a bunny with colored coconut sprinkles on the frosting to form eyes, nose and mouth. It also had Jelly Beans along the outside.

When she brought her son in the morning, she set the cake on the front table. The kids admired the fucking thing throughout the morning, and were overjoyed when she returned at 11:00 a.m. to serve it. Along with little pint size chocolate milk cartons, of course.

It is so funny to see how many kids now will play with the new kid. Especially kids like Tyler, who will do anything he can to extort money from him. And Augusta!! He always sits next to the new kid at lunchtime. The new kid is easily talked out of anything in his lunchbox. The new kid often goes hungry.

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#12: Tyler and Tyrell visit their father in jail:

Tyler and Tyrells Dad has earned visiting privileges. I arrange to take them to the jail and supervise them in their visit. I called the jail to inquire as to the specifics of visiting hours. She was a hag and instead of just answering my questions, she took down my information and sent me an envelope full of shit.

Said shit includes hours, directions, how to prepare for possibly harmful situations, and TWO copies of the jail rules (some of the best ones below, note that rule number one is why the Dad's girlfriend did not come for the visit.)

1. You must not be under any influence of drugs or alcohol.
2. No visitor or inmate shall sit or lay on the table tops, floors or other pieces of furniture not designed for sitting.
3. Visitors will not wear: blue chambray shirts similar to those issued to inmates; white uniforms similar to inmate uniforms; red ball caps and red stocking caps; see-through type outer clothing.
4. Inmates may have a brief embrace and kiss at the beginning and end of each contact visit. You may hold hands above the tables only.
5. Visitors shall not bring anything into the visiting area with the following exceptions:
 1. Two (2) jars of baby food;
 2. One (1) plastic spoon;
 3. Two (2) baby bottles (plastic only);
 4. Five (5) diapers;
 5. One (1) dispenser of wet wipes;
 6. A small coin purse with no more than ten dollars (\$10) in change;
 7. Prepared food for minimum custody permanent party inmates only.

I never actually went into see the Dad with the boys. Only two visitors are allowed in at a time, and since I really had no desire to see him, I thought it would be best if the boys spent the thirty minute period visiting with him

Instead I waited in the waiting area, just myself amongst a school of thugs. I dialed the entire phone book on my cell in an attempt to mask my fear of all the vagrants. I just kept to myself and tried not to make eye-contact, as I once saw on the Discovery Channel that this is one way to provoke wild animals.

At seventeen minutes into the thirty minute visiting slot, the gates slam open and out walk Tyler and Tyrell. **THEY HAD BEEN KICKED OUT FOR VIOLENT BEHAVIOR.**

Apparently they started kicking the shit out of each other over some story they were telling their Dad. They couldn't agree on a few details, curse words were exchanged, fists began to fly, and the guards removed them.

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#13: Lewis becomes obsessed:

Lewis is very intelligent, but he displays odd and compulsive behaviors. He is really funny though. He is very good at spelling, and even won his classroom spelling bee, which made him a participant in the school spelling bee. He practiced like an anorexic ballerina for the entire week before the school spelling bee. On the big day, he told me he could not be more ready.

There are about twenty contestants in the spelling bee. One of the students walks up to the microphone to spell, and Lewis gets up out of his chair and walks toward her, staring intently at her shoes.

The girl had the kind of shoes on that light up when you walk. Lewis is fixated on these shoes like I have never seen him fixate in anything before. He immediately gets up and walks over to her, gets on his hands and knees and stares, places his face about 8 inches from her shoes, and stares right at them. He is literally on his hands and knees, at the microphone, staring at this girls shoes. Snickering could be heard faintly throughout the gym.

The administrator of the spelling bee warned Lewis that he needed to return to his seat. He may have heard her, but he was not listening. He was asking the girl questions about her shoes, and she just stared at him in silent disbelief.

She warns him one more time to return to his seat, he pays no attention to her and is disqualified. He still will not leave the stage. I had to go up there and remove him. It was not pretty. I lied to him and told him that I had a pair of the light up sneakers in my classroom. This was the only reason he followed me off the stage.

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#14: St. Paddy's Day:

The new kid came in today wearing a fucking black top hat and had a black plastic cauldron full of gold foiled chocolate coins. The cauldron hung from the front of his walker. He actually came to school as a leprechaun, although he never could verbalize that. He would just respond "yes" when asked by others if he was, indeed, a leprechaun. He gave goofy smiles, and kids would take a shitload of chocolate coins out of his bucket. They abused the "take one" privilege until the coins were all gone, at about 9:45 a.m.

We had a small St. Patrick's Day party in the afternoon. The new kids mother made each kid a shamrock cookie with green frosting. She also made green kool-aid, but it was pretty nasty. I think it might have been sugar-free or something. The whole gesture was very nice of her. At the end of the party, when I probed the kids to thank her, amongst many "Thank You's," I hear Augusta mutter, "Thanks for the Green Water."

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#15: Brian likes movies:

Brian's parents are my age and they watch movies and let him watch too. This is all he fucking talks about--movies. Of course I think it is funny, but it has spiraled out of control to the point that I have to repeatedly tell him, "Brian, you are not on topic."

Monday he saw Goldmember. He kept saying, "Shmoke and a Pancake, Waffle and a cigar, Bong and a blintz." As he was saying this, he would extend a hand to me, as if he was offering me something. It was funny, but also disturbing.

As I was putting him on the bus on Friday he was telling me about the movie eight legged freaks and about how his mom spanks him really hard on the bottom everyday.

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#17: Student mismanages money:

I am in a fifth grade classroom, observing one of my students while she participates in classroom activities. Lunchtime rolls around, and she begs me to stay and eat lunch with her, so I do.

About halfway into lunch, she starts furiously searching through her pockets for money that she had brought to school. In response to her frantic tantrum, one of the girls (who is not retarded) says, "You already lost your 31 dollars once today... and YESTERDAY!! You lost it yesterday, and Mrs. Bach told you yesterday to not bring that much money to school!!!"

The tard gets upset, and starts up with a very annoying combination of crying and whining. She relocates to the corner of the room, curls up into a little ball, and pulls her hooded sweatshirt around her entire body. I slowly coax her out of it with some Starburst and old easter jelly beans.

I then focus on the girl who had claimed she had repeatedly lost her money. Her recount of the multiple losses killed me. She said that on Monday, 31 dollars had been found stuffed into the cracks of an upper cubby. The tard went all day without realizing she had lost it in the first place. By the end of the day, she figured it out and claimed her money. She also received a lecture from her regular classroom teacher about not bringing that much money to school.

On Tuesday, there was a wadded up 31 dollars on the floor by the overhead projector. The teacher put it up on the wipe board. Still, she goes all morning without noticing her 31 dollars is missing. When she realized it was hers and claimed it, she got another lecture from her teacher about money at school.

And then to top it off, the freak-out over the again, missing, 31 dollars.

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#18: Mom's math sucks:

I have been having many problems getting the old new kid to complete and turn in his homework. Keep in mind that the only reason he gets homework is because he is too busy dinking around in class to get his work done. I have been sending unfinished work home in his homework folder, and it has not been coming back. Finally I decide to call home. I speak with his mother, who is younger then me. She seemed frightened by my call, and I am sure she was so nervous that she flushed everything she had. His mother assured me that the work was at home and it was completed. She would send it to school with her son the next day.

The next day the homework comes in. It is obvious that the mother did it, not her son. It was adult handwriting, which in no way resembles 6 year old tard writing. There is one part of the homework where you have to read short story problems and turn them into a numbers subtraction problem (i.e. Jamie has nine turtles, she gives four to Tom, how many turtles does Jamie now have? The answer would look like

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ -4 \\ \hline 5 \end{array}$$

However, the mom had a different way of writing these problems out. This is exactly how she wrote them out:

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ -11 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ -9 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ -7 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 4 \\ -11 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

What a dumb ass. I hung the mom's work on our staff bulletin board, it is that good.

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The Tard Blog

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Learn who writes and maintains The Tard Blog

Love & Hate Mail sent to The Tard Blog

As you might be able to guess, this site gets reactions from people. Some are good, some are not so good.

Some people might be surprised that most of the reaction we get is positive. Apparently, many people share our belief that much humor can be derived from cataloging the lives of tards.

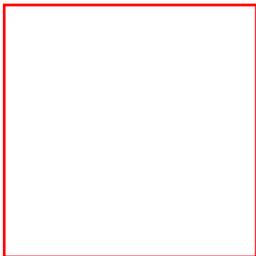
Of course, there are many people who also HATE this site. They are generally idiots, or they haven't read the site, or they are bed-wetting, bleeding heart liberals who think they know what is best for everyone on earth, have no sense of humor and poorly developed genitals.

The best part is that we gets lots of email from other Special Ed teachers, and hands down, they LOVE the site, at a rate of about 7-to-1.

[Hate the Tard Blog](#)

[Love the Tard Blog](#)

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The Tard Blog

Hate Mail sent to The Tard Blog

"OH MY GOD, PEOPLE, I MAY NOT KIDS, BUT FUCK, YOU PEOPLE ARE SICK TO MAKE FUN OF ANY DISABLED PERSON WITH A DISABILITY LET ALONE, SOMEBODY THAIS MENTALLY OF PSYCHOLOGICALLY DISABLED, IT IS SICK AND DEGRADING AND IT IS EXPLOITATION OF THEM POOR KIDS, YOU GUYS SHOULD PUT YOURSELF IN THERE PLACE AND REALIZE WHAT IT WOULD LIKE FOR YOU IDIOTS TO GO THRU WHAT THEY GO THRU EVERY FUCKIND DAY, GET A LIFE HERE, OK, IF YOU DON'T LIEE WHAT YOU DO THEN I GUESS, GO DO SOMETHING ELSE HERE!"

"You know i truely hope that one day you have a child that is mentally ill, and that this child has a teacher like this lady, and that someone takes the things that he/she does(which most have no control of) and documents it on a web site for all to laugh at. Than maybe you can see how others feel. You both need to be taken out to a field and left for dead because you are a waste of a human soul and body. I personally will make sure that geocities finds out what is on this web site and i hope they will take it off and never let you or this bitch have a site on geocities again. I am just one of a larger community of on-line users who are getting sick and tired of this crap being allowed on the internet. I am now forwarding this site to that larger community and hopefully through us all you will be gone."

"All I want to say is that this site DISGUSTS me. I have worked with the mentally challenged. They are some of the nicest, sweetest people I have ever known. I know that it's a stressful job. But, if you can't handle it, then get out of the profession & go work w/ penguins in Antartica! I can NOT believe that a teacher can be so insensitive! I have a physical disability. If I had you for a teacher, I'd demand that you be fired!"

"I just wanted to let you know 2 things. 1 I have a son with Down Syndrome, he is the light of my life. He might be mentally REtarded, but he can do a lot of things on his own. And no shit in his pants is not one. The second thing is I HAVE BEEN A SPECIAL ED AIDE, and I LOVE ALL THE KIDS THEY ARE MUCH BETTER THAN MOST "NORMAL" KIDS. As for you Brody, or Riti I think both of you should get together so all of us NON LOVERS can come to you and FLOG the hell outta you. Because our children that have SPECIAL NEEDS aren't any of the such you say, why? BECAUSE YOU THE "CREATOR" AND YOU WHAT supposed TO BE CALLED A "TEACHER" are the ones that are STUPID and MESSED UP IN THE HEAD. PLEASE DO TALK TO SATIN, YOU WOULD BE DOING EVERY ONE A FAVOR BY BURNING IN HELL! God wouldn't want to have you in heaven! Hell If I knew you were near my son, I would shove your legs so far up your own ass that you would have to learn to be "SPECIAL.""

"I cannot imagine anyone in the teaching profession to 'poke fun' at the mentally challenged! If you truly understood their plight I personally don't think you would put it in print. I also think if this was one of your children it would not be as funny to you. I believe in a sense of humor, but when you have so many parents fighting for their children to 'fit' in on everyday issues, this comes across very offensive. The word Tard would not be found in any educational book. They do use terms such as Retard, Mentally Ill and Mentally Challenged. Life can be comical when dealing with a Mentally Ill (my choice words) person on a daily basis, they do not comprehend nor understand everything the way we do. There is a big difference between smiling at someone's antics or pointing them out making a scene. It does hurt others feelings, they do understand when they are being made fun of. It also demoralizes them, God created every person as he wanted....and it was n! ot to amuse the human race. Please take the time to think how angry you would be with the sight if this was a child of yours!"

:"You people are disgusting, rude and totally without couth. Notice, no spelling or grammatical errors. I suppose on Saturday night you throw a few down and get out your KKK cap and go out for a ride. Wonderful website. Have some respect for humanity. You are the people who are avoided in the teachers' room. You may not realize it, but you are."

"YOU ARE GOING TO HELL. But the authors believe that if they have to live it anyway, someone might as well take some enjoyment from it. EXCUSE ME? Why would anyone find enjoyment out of making fun at someone else? Where in the world do you digusting people get off making fun of someone who has challenges. HOW DARE YOU??? I am so appalled! How fortunate that you consider yourself "normal" because I do not. If you are normal than I thank God my son is challenged because he is a caring, wonderful human being who would never hurt anyone. You are an embarrassment to the human race! You are a cruel worthless being! Obviously you do not remember that ONLY people who need to build themselves up because they have poor self esteem put other people down. Most people learned this in elementary school..... you loser."

"I just wanted to say that I love reading your stories. I can tell you really care about the kids and they are lucky to have a

teacher who thinks of them so often. I'm thinking of being a teacher (not 'tards' but new york city school wich might be just as bad...) Reading this blog has helped me to expect the un expected and rather than stress out over it have the sense of humor to go on and tackle it. Thanks!"

"You're both sick. You obviously no nothing of the heartache of having a child with a disability. Being disabled is only a car-wreck away for any of us....hopefully sooner for you. I hope you don't really work with disabled kids and if you do, I hope you end up in jail for abuse. You're horrible people."

"I guess I can see that you are as burnt out as I feel sometimes working with special needs children. I saw the first few stories as funny, but the more I read, the more I was sickened by the attitude displayed. I deal with lots of kids who fit the stories you tell, but while they make me want to scream and shout, I still go home at night and shed tears over where they are and how to reach them. Not the easiest job in the world, but the satifaction of the few and far between victories keeps me coming back. (golf does the same thing for me) I hope you don't continue in what you obviously dislike and seem to have no compassion for. Find a regular ed job and work with kids who will meet your expectations. I know we are as teachers now being expected to raise the undisciplined children of undisciplined parents...but if not us....who? I guess this is listed under hate mail...because I dislike your site."

"You are truly a sorry excuse for a sped teacher. My son is a straight "A" High Functioning Autistic with behavior problems. He is in the main stream with with a very strong IEP, the teachers know not to fuck with my kid or I will have their jobs. I hope some day you and I cross paths, we will make you life miserable."

"These poor children, without the proper behavior modification, educational modifications, occupational therapy and physical threapy they do not have any chance of leading normal productive lives. All you people laughing it up at these kids expense will be happy to know that you will be supporting them for the rest of their lives. Since this teacher is not doing her job. When you get your paycheck (if you actually have a job) the part where it reads social security withheld, well just write one of these childrens names in there. In fact i think the teacher and everyone thinking this is funny should just submit their name and social security numbers so we can let the government know that you would love to support these kids because you apperciate the fact they are being denied any educational benefits at the expense of your entertainment. I think this is only fair, since you are taking away any chance of them leading any type of normal productive life. Oh and ! yes they can lead normal lives, it has been proven over and over that with proper supports they can live normal lives! Here are some examples of people that suffered from mental or emotional problems -Albert Eienstien, Sir Issac Newton, Alexander Graham Bell and this is just a few. None of these kids will ever be given a chance though. So whoop it up just be prepared to open your wallet while your doing it."

"Rita is a coward and skank. She needs to find some other healthier ways to get her jollies. Her self-esteem must be really low to find amusement in what she does. It is sad. I pity you both..."

"Just wanting to let you know in the nicest and friendliest way possible that I find your "humour" to be the most cowardly I have ever come across. I also find it genuinely disturbing that you think your mean-spirited swipes are an acceptable way of relieving the stress of your job. Not to mention how you think bullshitting your students is just a way of expressing your love for them. You say that you love the kids you teach. But after reading some of your stories, it's pretty obvious that this is an outright **LIE**. It's obvious that if you "love" them than you wouldn't derive enjoyment out of causing pain and anguish to these people. Go directly to hell, politely of course."

"When I wrote a note previously I failed to express my thoughts about the term "tard:" I changed the answer to the question, "How many tards do you know?" I know a lot of people with mental retardation but no "tards." What is a "tard?" As far as I know "tard" is not a word. I assume you mean people who are mentally retarded. But, as we all know, it serves to dehumanize our fellow human beings when we refer to them in derogatory, demeaning, or devaluing terms. There is nothing new about this. Such words as "nigger," "chink," "gook," "wap," "pollack," etc., etc., have been arround a long time. Devaluing others does not make you look better or even feel better, in the long run. Please believe me on this. I can only assume that you people and people like you have immense insecurity to need to try to feel better about yourselves at the expense of people who cannot in any way defend themselves."

"Just because you are jealous of these kids doesn't mean you have to be so bitchy about it. Stop trying to make these children rational and lawful like the rest of us. Stop trying to make them capitalize letters where they don't want to. These are the only people who are born different from everybody else. Do you really have to go out of your way to make them normal? Hey, teacher, leave the tards alone!"

"This site is made for updating Riti Speed's daily experiences with mentally challenged people, and making jokes about them and the things they do, correct? I think you should seriously consider closing this site down, just because of the amount of

damage you're causing society. This site is raising every reader's stupidity level, including mine, down to the all time low (aka. your level). But fortunately I still have enough sense in my brain to say that just because people are born retarded without choice, it doesn't mean that it opens up an opportunity for partially sane people like you to just joke and laugh about things they do, that they can't help doing. It is wrong in any case to take advantage of people, retarded or not. Try and be yourself and not coverup your undoubtedly queer personality when loving and caring parents come to pick up their kids? Those hilarious jokes you chant to yourself during class, in hopes that your nut-sized brain can hold it in until you post on this site.. yea those jokes. Why don't you spill some of those jokes into the parent's ears? It's not good to be a phony; just be who you are. Be proud. Why do you keep your job anyway? Does it boost your morale and keep your alcohol-filled depressing life a little better, to think that you're only a person who makes jokes about retarded people, and not actually retarded? Have you ever considered making jokes about yourself, instead of about the handicaped students at your school? I suggest you entertain everyone in your class by talking degrading things about yourself. True, the students might not know what you're talking about, but when you laugh, they laugh, right? This way, you know in your heart, that you're not purposely poking fun at other people's misery.. even if they don't realize it. Instead, you are naming countless items that make you the stupid person you are. You can then think about why you are stupid and not smart like the retarded kid sitting right in front of you. Even though you will never be able to correct your errors in your life, you can still note what they are. If degrading yourself gets boring, try and call your fellow faculty members to your house one night and just have a good time. Throw some insults at each other and diss each other out like your god-given pointless lives depended on it. I truly believe this is a much better hobby than cracking jokes and finding humor regarding retarded kids. You might even consider quitting your job, because the highlight of your day has changed from joking about "tards", to just plainly finding another one of your faults. After a few days of listing all your faults, you might finally realize why you're even living. You have so done so many wrong deeds and since your life is so depressing and dim and dark like feces, what's the point, huh? It's not bad after you kill yourself either, it won't hurt anyway. After taking my advice to just commit suicide, you can happily think.. "OH DAMN, I've finally done something good in this world! I've successfully trashed myself, without help from anyone else, which makes me just about a billion marks away from reaching the normality of retarded kids in the world!" I'm not sure if you can decipher the encrypted keys embedded within this email, but I'll let you ponder anyway, over this being a love or hate mail. Good luck on the tasks I have told you to do."

"I think this would be so much funnier if it were your own mentally retarded child you were making fun of, don't you? Oh, that's right! You wouldn't even be doing this if that were the case! Yuck it up all you want, because you never know, you just might have a mentally retarded child one day and I bet it won't be funny at all then. And if you DO have a mentally retarded child one day, won't it be so comforting to wonder if his teacher is just as "professional" as "Riti Sped? Oh, and "Riti Sped," huh? How very, very unoriginal and droll. Why the pseudonym anyway? Since you obviously don't think there is anything wrong with any of this, why not give your real name? Oh, that's right! Because not only would you lose your current job, you'd be very hard pressed to get another. Oh, and more than likely sued and have and your teacher's certification revoked as well. Wonder why that would happen? Hmmmm.....maybe it has something to do with it being unprofessional, among other things! You may want to consider updating your resume soon----I hear McDonald's is hiring."

""Brody," I hope you do have the law degree that you claim to have-----you're going to need it!"

"I could, like the other emailers, berate you for your apparent cruelty, immaturity, inhumanity, etc, but there would be little point, as you seem pretty unconcerned. So, let me say this: Don't fool yourself by calling this blog a "stress reliever" or even "funny." Special ed. teachers certainly need to blow off stress and sometimes you just have to laugh at life or go nuts, but your site goes way beyond the realm of appropriate humor. Please consider finding a new career. You seem miserable with the one you have now, and you certainly can't be helping your students any, seeing as you refer to and treat them as animals. Please stop torturing the mentally retarded and find a job that can make you happier and less repellent."

"I tried very very hard while perusing your site to put myself in your shoes (although chances are they are the wrong size and none too comfortable). Then, upon finding this several shades of impossible, I realized something: why should I bother, if you cannot even try to understand your students?

For starters, you referred to your autistic student as a nutcase. That's a very outdated, Bettelheim-esque view. Autism is not schizophrenia or any other kind of psychosis-it is a neurodevelopmental difference, which is something you should, but apparently DONT, know.

Another thing you may not realize: many people with mental retardation KNOW they are not like the other kids, and it hurts when people point it out to them. It may take them hours or even longer to realize that they are being made fun of, but when it hits them, it hurts just as badly as it would for you. The same goes for your autistic student-kids on the spectrum know they are different, and they take lots of crap for it. It is bad enough from other school kids-teachers should be discouraging the mockery, not joining in!

How do I know all this? Because I am high functioning autistic. That's right, I'm a so called "tard", at least if you ignore one teensy tinsy insignificant little detail-an IQ that approaches 200. This means that in all likelihood, compared to me YOU are the cognitively impaired one, as are the vast majority of intellectual peons who surround me. Apparently, however, my self esteem is higher than yours (which should strike most people as pretty pathetic given what growing up supreme;ly different

can cause to be done to a kid), as I don't feel the need to ridicule people who I perceive as "lower" than myself because of a label or a test score.

Try to put yourself in the place of your kids. Really TRY. You owe it to them."

"Jesus fucking christ on a stick. This site is fucking evil. I mean, yeah, I can have a streak of nasty mean humor too, but you are just plain CRUEL to these kids. Haha so funny you can make fun of them to their face and they don't care. Damn.. I'm just totally speechless. I don't know whether to be horrified or scared that there are actually people like you teaching children. No wonder our educational system sucks so hard. I guess the adage is right "Those who can, do. Those who can't teach."

"I was just wondering where in the hell you get off talking about these kids like this, you say you have a license in special education and that gives you the right to make fun of these people because of all you go through with them, well if you don't like the job then get the hell out! I spent most of grade school years in special ed classes and I understand that mentally challenged people do some strange things and yes, some of these kids can be dangerous but you have no right to make fun of these people. Just to remind you these kids don't have control of some of their mental or physical capabilities. Apparently, they are far more intelligent, sensitive and compassionate than you are. Go ahead, write me back, we'll go round and round some more. I have a lot more to say about you and more expletives I could use to describe you."

"Dear Whoever, I am not only offended, appalled and disgusted, I am truly sad for you as a human being. There is absolutely no way you should ever touch the lives of children let alone educate them. This site shows an unethical soul, morally starved and in desperate need of repentance and a new career. Do the world a favor. Quit teaching, remove this hideous site and stay away from children."

"You might want to think about taking this blog down if you want to keep your job. It didn't bother me at all, probably because my Mom worked in a psych ward, but you really should not underestimate the determination of others you have obviously pissed off. Given the popularity of this site, this blog has probably already reached some school system and outraged many people. and Brody (who I personally think is an arrogant annoying little shit but who will probably be extremely successful in life since his type are usually rewarded) should know about how fast things get around on the internet. better get your resume together."

"Subject: Love mail!

LOVE MAIL NOT!!! OMG! I am completely and utterly disgusted. Obviously you people are going straight to hell!!! Don't you realize what you people call "tards" are?? They are angels. They are the most special people in the world. This teacher might as well be the antichrist herself if she can do this to such children and expect other people to get a laugh out of it! I have a sister who is mentally retarded and I wouldn't want her any other way. Plus, I would never want anyone laughing at how she behaves. I mean look at you guys and this stupid sight? Its obvious that yall are going to go far in life if yall can sit here and make fun of people that can do nothing to defend themselves. Don't you realize that one day you could be in a car accident and because mentally handicapped yourself?? Would you want people laughing at you then? Words can't even express how angry I am at this. The only reason I know about this site is b/c a friend of mine's boyfriend found it and told me that I should read it and write yall. I really hope you people and that disgusting teacher cant sleep at night knowing that the reason our generation is going to hell is because of yall. These children don't need to be made fun of, but helped. They didn't ask to be like that. And all they can do in return is love everyone they come in contact with. I really hope you listen to this and that it gets to you because I've never read something more disgusting in my life. That teacher doesn't deserve to be in contact with such special children. If I could ever find out who this teacher is, I would have her teaching certificate yanked from her as fast as I could. I pray to God that my sister never ends up with a teacher like that. Please write me back with a response, unless you are too coward to let me know what you think."

"To the special education teacher: You are a cruel and horrible person for putting yourself in an environment where you are supposed to help children with lives more difficult than most people can even imagine and instead of cherishing the experiences you may have with these kids that are rewarding you focus on the difficult and use these instances to entertain those around you. I, too, have felt the frustration of being hit by an autistic child or cussed at, but I have never felt it would be okay for me to use the terms that you choose when describing your students. You are an example of how badly the special education system in this country needs GOOD teachers to teach the kids. You disgust me."

"Interesting column. But, who is the "tard" here? -Obviously the teacher. It is easy to see why education is so fucked up, why kids can't read, why outcomes for students with disabilities is so lousy. I bet Riti blames all the problems on the parents. This is as sad as it gets. Please don't ask me to loosen up. I think I will start a column on teacher tards and how they are ruining this country. I think the number of teacher asshole stories will outweigh what is written here - and Riti's students should be asked to contribute even though they probably can't write after being with her for a year."

"You people are disgusting. I know you think you are simply having fun, but you are no higher up than people in the KKK who rip others apart because of their skin color. It is people like you, whoever the hell you think you are, that make this world such a difficult place for others to live in. One of you actually complained about the fact that you went to school for five years to do what you are doing. Well congratulations moron. You chose it yourself. The fact that you don't like it doesn't give you a right to take it out on poor innocent children who have no capability of defending themselves. The only reason I've ever seen people make fun of others is to put themselves on a pedestal, and this typically only happens amongst children or adults with a lack of emotion and understanding. You are a disgrace to mankind, and you need to grow up."

"Dear Mr. Brody and Ms. Sped:

Several years ago I was having dinner with a couple of friends when our waitress arrived to take our drink order. She evidently had cerebral palsy or some other neurological impairment, as she walked with a pronounced limp. One of the guys I was dining with (I no longer call him a friend) began to make fun of the waitress as soon as she left to get our drinks. I turned to him and said, "you know, that could just as easily be you." Three weeks later he fell off a motorcycle and suffered brain damage. He now walks with a very awkward stagger. For some reason, he no longer finds jokes about people with disabilities funny. I would not wish the same fate on you or anybody else, but I would ask you to consider how you would feel if the joke were on you."

"You nasty bitch. You should only burn in hell."

"A friend of mine who knows my fondness for the humorously-perverse sent me a link to your website. What I thought was going to be funny stories about the things that the kids do turned out to be nothing more than an attack on the kids themselves. After five minutes of reading I felt like I was watching someone kick a puppy to death. Not much sport in your choice of target. Most of what you write sounds like what a 10-year old bully would say (EG: 'Nonetheless, it beats a fucking desk job. And I can talk a lot of shit to the tards and then deny it all.'). I can't fathom why you went into teaching in the first place, or what you expected when you signed on for teaching developmentally disabled kids, but taking out your frustrations over low pay and an unhappy career on them..... Here's a New Year's resolution for you: Get a new job. Based on what I can read of your personality I would recommend working on a veal farm (no "desk-job" worries there) or as a vivisectionist. Barring that, try picking on those idiots (and there are PLENTY) who do not have biological/neurochemical excuses for their behavior. I'm a little suspicious that this site may just be satirical (I have a little difficulty believing that 'Sped' is actually a woman or a teacher now that I think about it) and if so, it's still sophomoric."

"I can't believe you are still at this. I really hate you both so much. It consumes much of my time, this hate I have for you guys. I hope your houses burn down on Christmas."

"What you are doing is sick- very sick. You are exploiting children with developmental and psychological problems. SHame on you both. Brody- you need to go get yourself a "small island" and live there. Take "Riti Sped" with you. You two can crack all the jokes you can think of, starve and die. No one will even care. And Riti Sped- I teach second grade, and you are a disgrace to the entire teaching profession. May you both burn in hell"

"I guess you might consider this a mail of criticism. The enjoyment you reference there is more along the lines of lording over disabled kids by only describing the stories that quantify them as "retarded and stupid." I'm a counselor within the Denver Public School system and have seen and worked with my share of disabled kids, most notably at an RTC (Residential Treatment Center). Sure, there was always something mildly humorous about this one kid in particular who would often eat his own boogers and slur his speech, but, when one realizes that the same disabilities that leave him predisposed to do "dumb stuff" also play a role in holding him back (which was seen all too often during times when we would have to restrain him, when he's cry out for a mother that sexually abused him and asked her to get him out of there), it somehow becomes less funny."

"Brody, I hope you and your "Riti" creation both die."

"[Riti] I can't believe you have done this. Your brother forwarded me this, on accident I would assume. You could be barred from education if you are found out. I have been telling you to think before you speak for twenty some years, and suggest you start listening to me. This type of behavior is very unprofessional.
Your Mother"



[privacy](#)

The Tard Blog

Love Mail sent to The Tard Blog

"Hey as an elementary teacher for 10 years (I am now, thank God -or submit any other higher authority you wish- am home w/ my little one) I so enjoyed your comments/ reflections. The most depressing part about teaching for me was the lack of any humor what so ever on the part of any adult I dealt with. Its nice to know you have two brain cells and can do your job well, while still maintaining a realistic outlook on life (i.e. mocking and finding the extreme humor in it all). I look forward to reading more! Thanks."

"I've been reading this site for awhile, I think since it was put up actually. And every once in awhile I check back. At first I thought to myself this is sick, what kind of weirdo would do this. Then I took a look at myself..and I thought..me!!! I've been reading a lot of the hate mail, and the theme is if you were disabled you would feel differently. Ok well I am.. I walk with a noticeable limp and have several medical problems...and I'm under the age of 18...does that stop me from laughing? Heck no it doesn't. Sure your a bit of a weirdo...but aren't we all. Personally....Its obvious you do love these kids cause you stick around...but at the same time you give people like me a chance to laugh at someone else...I appreciate that... So thank you..."

"Your site is simply one of the funniest and most entertaining I have ever seen. I love it, completely. Thank you for sharing your job and life in a no-punches-pulled way that few would have the guts to do."

"This site has me ROARING!! I'm a certified occupational therapy assistant-have been for over a decade, and my entire career has been in the public school systems. Prior to that, I was employed in a direct care facility with the multiply handicapped. I've noticed people who don't work with/have a lot of contact with the handicapped do NOT understand how I can find them amusing. Personally, I think they're more real and open then our administration, and a hell of a lot funnier."

"I just finished reading the story of the play. I laughed, I cried, and I admire you. I have a lot of respect for teachers, but what you do is amazing. I stumbled into this website. I did not realize I was going to have such a profound experience. Thank you. I would subscribe to this!"

"It's been a very long time since I read *every single thing* on a website; I just did on yours. It's hilarious, it's brilliantly written, and your love of your job shines out of every sentence (no matter what the hate-mailers say). Thank you."

"I wanted to applaud Riti and Brody for putting this site out there. I taught for 5 years and have dealt with some funny ass situations. Miss Sped - you have a great sense of humor and this is coming from someone who loves kids and people. The kids are lucky to have such a human for a teacher. I love the "I hate you" message that one of the kids left your sub. And the poor kid who shat in the bathroom trashcan - that was great. But your answer of "poop" to the gal who asked what you ate over the weekend threw me over the top. I have laughed and laughed and laughed. THIS SITE IS HILARIOUS!!!!!!! I LOVE IT!!! I am so glad that you include anecdotes about the parents of these kids - Davids Dad is a real ass. And my god - code brown - how funny. And when you met your student on a beer run and had to sing wheels on the bus. Wonderful. You should be allowed a bong in the teacher's lounge. Hats off to you Miss Sped! You've got the right idea and I am certain that you are doing great things to help these kids further cope with the shittiness they've been born inot. My god - that woman who tried to kill herself a few times - wow. You don't get paid enough, my dear. Feel free to publish my comments. I proudly support you and stand strong in saying you've made me laugh really hard and outloud! Sincerely, a tenured teacher who no longer teaches."

"How is it when I have one of the shittiest days in creation reading a story from either Riti or Brody just make it soo much more pleasant?? People underestimate the power of sarcasm and alcohol. If going to heaven means I can't hang with you 2 in the afterlife, then dammit I'm not going."

"Riti, will you marry me? :)"

"Hiya Riti! Love your site. I laughed myself sick! Don't let hate mail get you down, it's clear you love your kids and if you couldn't laugh at their antics you'd probably break down and cry."

"What strikes me, reading your stuff, is that you actually seem to work hard and treat your kids pretty well. It seems perfectly reasonable to blow off a little steam now and again, and all the better if you give everyone else a giggle. I should think the kids

you work with would be the last to complain - I particularly liked the story of them all going off to the theatre and really enjoying the attention they got, even though it wasn't perhaps the kind of attention that you or I would have liked."

"Fucking Brilliant!! IF we can't see the humor in life imagine how painful it would be! Rock on!"

"This is a great site, and a good source for those frustrated with tards. Keep up the good work. P.S. If you're going to be rotting in hell, as one of the hate mail writers suggested, it'll be my pleasure to rot along with you."

"As a teacher of an inner-city school that has many, many, many "tards" and many, many more "BD" (behavior disipline) students who aren't classified as tards but should be and as someone who has been called white ass bitch, crack head fuckin cracker, fuckin' bitch, etc. I just wanted to say I LOVE THIS SITE!!! It is so great to read about (and laugh) another teachers trials and tribulations. And I totally understand why you stay. I have had my life threatned, a gun pulled on me, glass punch out behind my head, my leg almost broken (that from the cops in school who where helping to brake up a fight), my head slammed into a locker (breaking up a fight - again), and an overaged student try to put his hand up my skirt. Still year after year (this is my 4th) I go back."

"I disagree with your hate mailers; they have no idea what it is to teach, especially to retarded children. My parents were both teachers in Alaska, and were the most qualified, so they became the tard teachers. Me, being the gifted son of the tard teachers and peer to the tards, I became the tard tutor. I tell all doubting souls: this is really how it is! Many kids with fetal alcohol syndrome due to the drunken native population, other kids with abusive families, all with mental problems on top of no parental support, dropped off at school with the intention of being raised by a teacher so their parents can get loaded yet again. Apathy is the only recourse when even faked empathy is all worn out. Humor keeps apathy from being your only feeling, and sure makes the day go quicker. Thanks for making my job less tedious!"

"This site just fucking rules. First off, the fact that you can maintain a sense of humor about one of the most difficult tasks on God's earth is amazing. Keep it up. Furthermore, ignore these pompous fucks who criticize you and call you insensitive and intolerant. None of them have probably EVER come in contact with a tard, and their only impression of one is that kid "Corky" that was on TV. Piss off, folks! My cousin is a "tard," and good god can she be funny! So I understand in that regard! I also understand they can be violent little fucks, and you have to vent to ensure you don't punch the little shits right in the face! Cheers!"

"I'm going to the hospital now to have the laughing hernia sewn up. Your site brought me to tears of laughter. Of course, maybe the joke's on me since we're having a baby in a couple of weeks and he may turn out to be a tard. If he is a tard, I'd like to have you be his teacher. If he is anything like me, you'll be shoveling out his drawers twice a day."

"This is the site I have been waiting for all my life. I am a licensed speech therapist and anyone in their right mind that has spent enough time with tards knows that it's not wrong, it's not cruel- it's just plain funny. Anyone who thinks otherwise can just go watch I am Sam for the pretty,sanitized Hollywood tard stories."

"Holy crap! The Tard Blog is great and ought to be a real eye-opener to people. It was to me. When I thought of SpEd I imagined it in a middle-class white setting and that seemed like a hard job already. Add in poverty, drugs, possible deportation of students by parents, prostitution and I think the healthiest response available is the Tard Blog. The twits who write the hate mail don't have a clue. It was clear to me you really cared about the kids you taught. Would those holier-than-thou buttmunches put up with 2 crying kids fighting over their lap at a play, bruises, excrement, or the creepiest freakin' parents I've ever heard of? Not a chance. I love the blog and am amazed at what you deal with. For some reason the bag of rejected nuts made me laugh the hardest. Holy crap!"

"This site SO cool. I donated \$10 to special olympics in honor of you Riti. Keep up the good work, and hang in there :)"

"This site is wonderful. Such dark humor from someone who actually does care about the tards. I cannot tell you how many laughs this site brought me on a boring night of enslavement in front of many computers."

"I managed a group home for severely mentally retarded, multiply diagnosed adults for two years and I LOVE your site. My employers were quite surprised that I had made it as long as I did without burnout, I was too. Your site is exactly the type of thing I would have loved to have written at the time, had I had a little more internet skills. The constant drain, the exhausting work and the love is all expressed in what you write. I LOVE your site, thanks! By the way, if you need any stories, I've got a million!"

"Hey guys. I'm a teacher at an alternative campus. A friend of mine sent me a link to tardblog.com and after reading it I immediately forwarded it to the special ed. teacher on my campus! I thought the poor bastard was going to have a stroke from

laughing so hard. I see this kind of stuff every day, and I know exactly why Riti has to post it. If I didn't have my own little opportunities to vent, I'd be as screwed up as some of these kids!"

"i work with learning disabilities. they're not "tards" but its got similarities. having just got home from a 12hour shift, and having bruises, pinches, and scratches all over my arms, piss rubbed into my hair, and my ears ringing from one particularly loud, screaming client, i find it very refreshing to be able to laugh at the whole thing. my mostest greatest gratefulousnesses to you all."

"You had the entire sales team in my company in stitches for hours. Keep up the good work. We eagerly anticipate the next update."

"I just wanted to drop a tiny little not saying how fantastic this site is. Anyone who hates it obviously doesn't understand whats going on. You don't "make fun of retards"... you make fun of retards parents, and relate stories about your handicapped class. I genuinly don't see you saying mean things. I see you saying things like "then he shit his pants". Well... yeah... of course thats funny. But its not like YOUR putting shit in his pants. He is. Your just expressing yourself. I would have a problem with this site if you told stories about you being mean to the kids. I would have a problem with this site if you said mean things for the sake of being mean. But you say nice things about them literally whenever possible. I believe you really care about them. Anyway... thanks for the site. I love reading it. And the tard parents? You just keep on making fun of them. They sound like HORRIBLE fucking people, and deserve to die."

"I FUCKING HATE YOU! JESUS CHRIST THIS SITE IS EVIL! Just kidding...heh. This site had me laughing for three hours straight. Hell, I actually lost count, it could have been four or five. I feel kind of bad finding this so funny, but then I think about it and I don't anymore. Hah. If I ever met Riti Sped I would just beg to be a visitor. Not that I want a broken hand or anything, but I would just love to see this for myself."

"I don't know if "Riti" is a real special ed teacher or not, but from my experience in public schools (and an observer of special ed classrooms), her experiences sure sound real. I haven't laughed this hard in years. If a special ed teacher isn't true with their feelings such as Riti, they would totally hate their job. Having a sense of humor is an absolute must in teaching tards. Also, in the teaching field, it is the special ed teachers who burn out the fastest (what a surprise). Hang in there Riti - your tards are lucky to have you as their teacher. The saddest part is often the parents - in the special ed class it was a common saying that the apples don't fall far from the tree. But back to the funny tard stories - keep them coming!! Reading your updates will be the highlight of my days. THANK YOU!"

"Oh, my christ. I wish I had this much fun with my job. I actually cried from laughing so much. Riti, you are an incredible writer."

"I like it. I do. I wanted to be offended, then I wanted to not be offended, then I was just confused. But look: this website is a pleasant little piece of anonymous Simon-Cowell-esque painful truth (and if American Idol has given us so much pain as a culture, at least it has given us someone with the audacity to say "You suck."). My dad works with the mentally handicapped. I've had some experiences with them, as I was growing up. I feel their pain and I truly sympathize with their plight. There are days when I feel a little autistic myself. That said...well, I studied journalism in school, and I did interviews with other people (firefighters, doctors, and the like) who dealt with very emotionally challenging circumstances on a regular basis. Newsrooms will often crack jokes about crime victims, hospitals about accident victims, fire stations about fire victims. It doesn't diminish the tragedy, it simply struggles to take something that perhaps only the Almighty understands, and gives it a funny clown face so we can laugh at it, and cope with it, and keep on living our lives. We laugh to keep from crying, and I respect what you've done here for that."

"I must say that this is no doubt one of the top 10 humor oriented websites around. I believe that there may be some real social merit to this work. Your writing style is forward and to the point. You record and observe at a level of honesty few people are comfortable dealing with within themselves, much less so in a public forum such as this. While people may, at first, find your commentary cruel, especially with the ever growing hyper-PC tendencies of our society, it also seems evident that you have a real love for you chosen profession. This is, imho, commendable. What is even better, however, is your ability to transform what would be a nightmare for many people into a joy. What a world it would be if we could see the absurdity in our existence and in that see humor rather than hopelessness."

"I have a set of 3 nephews, the eldest (8) of whom is autistic and legally blind, the middle (4) one who has severe behavioral disorders, and the youngest (2) who is well on his way to outdoing the weird and wonderful behaviour of the other two. Actually, I doubt very much that the eldest is autistic, but it suits his parents, my siblings in-law, to label him as such because he brings more money into the family by being both blind and autistic. Anyway, your tardblog reads very much like my adventures in nephew babysitting land. It cracks me up. I love my nephews to death and kind of wish their parents would be killed in a car crash tomorrow, but the little sods do such weird things. What else can I do but laugh? Everytime they go home to their parents any semblance of normality that the rest of the family taught them in their some times State ordered prolonged

stays, disappears within minutes. Riti, I love you, your teaching methods, and your blog. Thanks for making me laugh, albeit guiltily at fist. I only hope that my nephews teachers have such a healthy outlook on their jobs. If you're ever in my part of New England, look me up and I'll buy you a drink or two. You deserve it."

"Honestly as I type this I can't stop laughing hysterically. I'll have a splitting headache from it in about two hours. Anyway awesome site, not many humour sites that can claim making me laugh so hard I blow pop out my nose onto my keyboard. More than once. I guess you have a pretty shitty job. Gotta beat the stress somehow without decapitating the little bleeders with a adaptive field hockey stick. I do not envy you in the least. You have my sympathies. A friend of mine is a "reetee" teacher. She got some nasty scars from one kid that liked to stab people with any available pointed, or remotely pointed object nearby."

"You write well; you depict these absurd events in such a way that you could be a comedy writer. I can actually picture in my mind's eye the half-naked screaming kid in the rice box. Your descriptions of your own reactions are hysterical. I worked as a paramedic years ago in NY City and dealt with the occasional 'tard'. I understand. Please don't stop writing. I have come to now visit the tardblog each day hoping for more installments."

"I have never laughed harder at anything on the internet. Riti is my personal goddess of cruel humor on the deserving, and Brody is a prime candidate for sainthood for hosting her. Good work, and don't let the bastards get you down!"

"First of all, you can tell a damn funny story. This is unbelievably hilarious. It's even OK if it isn't real. The fact that it could be real is funny enough. If it is real...I feel for you."

"Okay, this is my third message to you in less than 24 hours. I don't know where you live, so it's okay. But I just read the submitted stories, and I have to say they are a little sad. As well as making me feel dirty and depressed, they illustrate the fact that not everyone can do comedy. I think it adds just the right touch to the site. I'm even more impressed. When are you going to do a show? If you don't want to do a show, I know a whole slew of amateur actors who need good material like this. You could call it The Tard Blog. My husband does some tard jokes in his act, and I think it would go over well with the kind of audience we've been cultivating here in Austin. We live in Austin, Texas. Don't post this message. People will shoot my dogs."

"I didn't get a chance to read the hate mail last night. I just read it. It's funny, too. I expected the hate mail to shame me into feeling dirty, but it just made me laugh more. I guess I'm on a pedastol, too."

"Okay, because I have a kid in Special Ed myself--not retarded but having behavior problems, I should be really offended by this site ... but I'm not. Kinda sad and hilarious at the same time."

"Found this site after it was MeFi'ed. You probably saw your traffic spike. I read all the hate mail. Some of it is incredible, someone actually saying that they would not have their retard sister any other way? What the fuck? Wow. It's difficult to believe that people can get that worked up about this. Obviously you aren't the Anti-Christ, just someone that's able to keep a sense of humor about things. I was up for a while laughing my ass off, and then reread, and reread. Very funny stuff."

"It's good to see that not all special ed teachers are on a holy mission from God. Anything serious at this level has to be funny. If it's not funny, there's no way to deal with it unless you put your head in your hands and scream."

"First off, I love the site, as I can relate to it. My mom has been a teacher for a while now, teaching in the ghetto of the ghetto of Louisiana. And I've heard several stories over the years, but this one has to be classic. Apparently, the parents are just as retarded as the tards in all respects, as she has had kids with the following names in her class: -Pajama (pronounced "Page-ama") -Syphilis (pronounced "Si-Philyus) -Gonorrhoea The kids have no idea what they're names mean, of course, and neither do the parents."

"I'd just like to thank you both for the hours, and I do mean hours, of laughter I got from reading your sites. A friend of mine sent me this page from work, and he had people asking him what the hell his problem was all day because he was laughing insanely at his computer. I'll save you both a seat on the bus to hell with us, I'm sure you'll have some great stories for the ride. Please keep it up,"

"I found this site open on my home computer tonight. I guess my husband was reading it. I expected it to be porn or something gross, but here I am 2 hours later (I read most of it out loud). You should consider turning this into a show. I think people would love it. Me and my friend Courtney dress up like rats and go out places pretending to be rats trying to integrate into human society. I never realized how retarded we acted until I read the Tard Blog. If we can get a travel grant, maybe the Ratgirls can visit and go with the kids on a field trip. Thanks for doing this. I can't wait to read more."

"I too teach sped; however, I teach highschool sdc. My kids haven't crapped their pants (not that I know of, I will not rule it

out). Most my tards are more of the juvenile delinquent type. So far this year three have been arrested for selling drugs. I don't blame the disability for their behavior, but their difficulties do add to them getting caught. One of my students (in my mind I call him caveboy because of his large forehead and vocabulary of mostly grunts) decided to sell weed on the street, literally. He stood in the middle of the street next to the school loudly asking everyone who came by if they wanted to get high. When the police asked him where he got it he showed them to his aunt's house where he had stolen it from her dresser. So that's one fewer student in my class. Thanks for the stories, they make me not feel so bad about the things I think about my little bastards."

"Some people may be offended by it but honestly, get a sense of humor, sheesh. I noticed that there was no hate mail from special ed teachers but there was love mail... that might imply that (gasp) maybe these kids really *are* not so much fun to take care of full-time."

"You know, everyone bashes this teacher like she's a bad person or something. She isn't bashing the kids or anything, she's just venting. For God's sake, I'd really like to see the people who bitch about this work her job for a week and see if they don't have a few things to say about it. I have a friend who teaches regular kids and he bitches up and down about them sometimes."

"Riti" is human and as such needs to vent. To all you people that get all high and mighty, I suppose you've never bitched about another person in your entire life, huh? Get the fuck out of here with that shit. Go preach elsewhere.

"Excellent site. Really, really funny. Half the fun is reading emails from the ignorant douchebags that don't "get it" and are actually offended by this kinda stuff. Sites like fatchicksinpartyhats.com, bonsaikitten.com, blackpeopleloveus.com, and yours display the kind of comic genius that made guys like Andy Kaufmann legends. Keep up the good work."

"My ex boyfriend knows that I am a bleeding heart so when he sent me a page of the journal today, I replied to him that he was "mean!" Well OH MY GOD, I had to go back and read, I swear to god I almost pissed my fucking pants. I was laughing out loud to the point of hyperventilating. Anywho, I still do feel bad but, you have to laugh, I mean I don't know how you keep a straight face when a child sing out 40 degrees when I tell that bitch please. Thanks for the amusement. My mom is a special ed T.A. sometimes when I visit her class I can't control the laughter. She has one little Haitian girl named Kerline who swears that she is a Creole ballerina. Drama queen in the making."

"I am a 1st year Sped teacher..... Thx for your stories. It is my life in a nut shell. I teach high school tards that are convicts, they have been locked up from grand theft auto to attempted murder. Keep up the good work... I plan to send you stories of my own!!!!!"

"Reading your hate mail was very amusing. What a bunch of sanctimonious pigs!! Your site is great, need more tard stories!!!"

"That is just about the funniest fucking thing I've heard in a long time. I had to bit my lip from laughing out loud here at the office. I surf the net alot while on the job, and your site has really picked things up for me!! Hang tight, good luck, and have a drink on me!!"

"Just a quick note to thank you for making my day! I've spent most of my morning here at work reading your stories, and I just about peed myself. I think you're a helluva funny gal, and if I had a mongoloid for a kid, I'd probably want you or someone like you teaching him. Your kindness, compassion, and tolerance for the little buggers shines through, no matter how many times you call 'em fuckers, and you seem like someone who treats the kids the way they should be treated -- like people."

"Your log of entries is perhaps one of the most compelling and funny ass things I've ever read. I was a teacher until I got wise and found a job that pays twice as much, but was limited to shitty substituting since there weren't any full time jobs in my subject area. One of my sub jobs was an SBD class that I only had for one day. Those animals had me wanting to commit some kind of act that would probably be classified as a hate crime or something worse. What you do is nothing short of a miracle. I could never do what you do, for how long you do it, for as little as you're being paid. Good luck with your daily circus. You deserve a medal. I'll be reading your logs periodically... Hopefully I don't hear in the news of some Special Ed teacher that committed hari kari by dressing like a deer and visiting a park in the Cincinnati area."

"Laugh my ass off at the Tard Blog. But I wonder if Riti fears being found out and winding up on the news... "Special Ed Teacher Jailed For Making Fun of Students!" I can see Fox News having a field day. I just want to express my concern that you change the kids' names and such, so you're not busted. I've passed this site to lots of people; it's great. I totally "get" why you do this. Keep on blogging."

"Just wanted to let you know I was introduced to Tard Blog today via a discussion on the Cruel.com site discussion board. I could not do your job for all the * in *. It is a good thing I am self employed, or my boss would have fired me after I spent most

of my day reading your archives."

"As enormously amusing as I found your site, the hate mail section was even funnier. People with no grammatical or spelling skills whatsoever presume to call you stupid. It's the ultimate irony. Love love love the site. :) I laughed my ass off."

"You know. I've spent the past hour reading this site and I laughed hysterically. I can understand why some people would get angry, but what they need to think about is this. Dealing with people who are handicapped is hard. Obviously. I commend you for your effort and patience Riti. When you are handed something difficult, you have to make light of it or it will just drive you fucking insane!! Those of us who laugh aren't cruel and hateful. I know I pity the poor girl with the mother in the reindeer suit *eyeroll* But some of these kids...oh man. I honestly don't know how you do it hon. I applaud you. Even though people think you are twisted and cruel...you still go in every day to help these kids learn. You've taken blow after swear word after code brown. This is a way to vent. To see the lighter side of the situation. For your sanity if not for anything else."

"I love the tard blog! I too am a special ed teacher (although I'm not working now as I just moved) and can very much relate to these stories. Who cares if it's not P.C., it's true (unfortunately). One of my better stories involved one of my three year old students (I teach pre-k special needs) telling me to "shut-up nigger". I'm lily white, but then again he's totally blind, so..... I sympathize with your plight. Hopefully writing the blog will help you keep some perspective on the incidents that are funny as anecdotes, but would make you cry if you thought about them too long (praise alcohol). Good luck over the rest of the school year!"

"Your page is horrible JUST HORRIBLE! Please write more as I haven't laughed my ass off this well in a while. (HORRIBLE!)"

"Wish you could be held accountable for murder because I am completely and utterly dead. For the last hour I have been screaming, crying, pasting links to my friends, and just generally lying on the floor in the fetal position whimpering. I will never be the same again."

"Hey there, I just read some of your Tard Blogs, and I have to say that this is some of the funniest shit I've ever seen on the internet. Keep up the the good work with the tards and getting drunk, because I'm sure they'll somehow collide and make for some more comedy gold. Seriously though, keep writing this stuff."

"This is the first time I ever saw this site, and boy, do I have to say, It kicks ass!! I love this site! There are a few tards in my school but they are civilized compared to yours. Nothing in my town will ever beat your tards. Thanks for putting up such an informative, yet entertaining site."

"I totally agree with your statement that this should not be taken as cruel or offensive. I find this a great page and totally awesome to see someone so loving and caring out a bit of humour into something that can be very stressfull. Keep up the good work. I'm looking forward to any updates. Gotta keep on laughing!"

"Oh my god. This is one of the funniest fucking things I've ever read. I've stayed up all night reading this, there is no way I'm going to be able to wake up for class tomorrow. You've made my world a better place all around!"

"At first i thought this was really mean, then as i read and read i started to laugh out loud. i dont feel so bad anymore. not many people would teach a group of 20 retarded kids. see if any one of those hate mail people would do it... Yeah right."

"You know, when a friend showed this page to me, I honestly thought to myself- " Damn. I can't believe someone would have the nerve to become a teacher, much less, special ed... and make fun of the kids. " Then I read the page. I couldn't help but laugh. I can tell Riti really cares about the kids, and does try to do the best for them that she can, but damn... it honestly does have to be hard at sometimes. My mother was an EMT for 12 years, and I KNOW she had to make jokes to light the situation, but no matter how many were made, the intensity of all the events over the years eventually became too much, and she started to decline in hope, and had to give it up. I just really have to say " Good job " for optioning what you do. Someone has to do it, and why the fuck not have some fun with it as well??? Keep it going!"

"You know, after reading this Tard Blog completely I can honestly say if there is a hell you both are going, but I want to drive the bus. I laughed till it hurt, took a breather and went for a second dose. This has got to be the funniest damn shit I've ever read. The tards that dis you are equally hilarious. all in all I love it! Good job!"

"I'm not a special ed teacher, but I understand where you're coming from. I'm a TA, and while I understand that what you deal with is a different order of magnitude entirely, I want to punch and scream at some of my students as well. You need somewhere to vent, you know?"

"You know, after reading this Tard Blog completely I can honestly say if there is a hell you both are going, but I want to drive

the bus. I laughed till it hurt, took a breather and went for a second dose. This has got to be the funniest damn shit I've ever read. The tards that dis you are equally hilarious. all in all I love it! Good job!"

"I think this site is great. I also believe that you are a great special-ed teacher. And keeping this blog can only help that because it is a good, constructive place to let out your frustration, because, lets face it, "tards" can't be treated like normal people if they don't act like normal people, or at least try. Keep up the good work and the good fight. YOu never know, you might very well be making a difference in these kids live's. It might not be evident now, but some day, one of those kids could be shift manager at their local McDonald's. Well, hope I made your day Riti, and if not, o well, just wanted to say that no matter what any one else says about this site and you, you are still a good person that takes a lot of shit, a lot more then the average teacher, any way."

"I used to work with SPED kids, I have been kicked and spit on and cussed out. I dont care what other people think- you obviously have to put up with an insane amount of crap and laughing about it is probably the only way to keep from ripping off their arms and beating them with it. I think this is hysterical and I applaud you."

"holy shit, this page is easily one of the funniest websites ive ever been to. every story was simply out of control and i love it. keep up the great work, and if you can post some pics of the tards in action. i would love to see the little "reetees" in their environment. i understand you might not be able to do this b/c you might get caught or something. but either way, keep posting, and as often as possible. thx. by the way, anybody who would mail you as your mother, should be in your class."

"I have spent the past hour or so of my life laughing as hard as I can. Reading this "tardblog" actually made me, in a room by my self, laugh uncontrollably out loud. (Especially when he tore all his clothes off and sat in a box of rice screaming.) Until I read this I don't think I really understood what goes on with special needs kids. I love this section of the site, as much as I love the rest. Then I remembered It reminded me of a story I had heard, that I though you may find humorous. Reading this I remembered that I have a cousin who works with these kids, and story that always stuck in my head was about a child who at the dinner table, when asked to pass the turkey, or the mashed potatoes or something... screamed "So I put it in my ass!!" Now it came to be that he would constantly end EVERYTHING with that very same phrase. Kind of wish I was there to witness it. But the general purpose of this e-mail is to basically say, keep up with the great work. You love you job, and I love reading about it. Thank You."

"As a guy who got dumped in a special school for dyslexia and had to put up with people like this all life, these stories are a breath of fresh air, after always being told to keep polite and quiet, when there's a bloated beast of a kid asking your name every 2 minutes. and from your inspiration i think a word of wisdom. "tards may be human but so are pop band members. both annoy the fuck outta me."

"I just wanted to let you know that this blog has brought me much joy and laughter. Thank you, a thousand times, thank you. Keep up the good work Riti Sped."

"More! More! More tards! I haven't laughed this hard in such a long time... my sincere thanks for the humor."

"Thank you so much for writing this! I was very entertained and I have a new respect for special ed teachers now. Keep on writing, I practically laughed till I died!"

"Dear 'riti' and 'Brody',
your blog and the wonderful stories in it had me laughing so hard yesterday that i even forgot about my hangover for a good half-hour. i have a friend who works in the uk with the social services and used to come home with bite-marks around his hands, etc. the only way to get him through this was via joking with the teachers about the children - and like you, it was harmless and in no way a joke made at the children. i look forward to reading more stories - my sundays have become something to look forward to ! keep up the good blog - and, of course, teaching."

"I just have to say that this is one of the funniest sites I have come across. Please tell me that the story about the mother dressing up as a deer is true. my girlfriend finds it hard to believe, i find it fucking hilarious."

"I must start off by saying that this site is fabulous! very well put together, and I hope that you keep posting! For those people who don't like this...well they don't have to read it. Thank you, you made my day."

"Dear Miss Sped: You and your tardblog are a genuine hoot and is one of the funniest things on the entire net. there are several tards who have part time jobs at the company i work for. needless to say, they are a source of much guilty humor on a daily basis. "jenny", everyone's overall favorite keeps throwing away all our salt shakers from the break room. she's convinced salt is very bad for us. but she always had a smile and a big "good morning guys" for us every day and is quite sweet. i also can't help but admire your commitment to your chosen profession. there are sure as hell much easier ways to earn a living

don't you know. you take good care and all the best in 2003."

"THIS SITE IS SOOOOO FUNNY - I mean really this gave me hours of enjoyment....BUT now I think I am a sick fuck for actually laughing my ass off. I feel no remorse. (don't tell anyone) ANYWAYS I will secretly bookmark this page and send it to all my sick friends. We will pray not to go to hell later - preferably before we die."

"Tard Blog! TARD BLOG!!! TAAAAAAAARD BLOOOOOOOOG!!!!!!

tardblogtardblogtardblogtardblogtardblogtardblogtardblog!!!!!!!!! Oh, sweet Tard Blog. Thank you for coming into my life."

"This could very well be the funniest thing I've ever read."

"I know I'm probably gonna go to hell for laughing at the stories, but I just can't help myself. I feel so sorry for Riti just reading those stories. I probably would have strangled one of those kids by now. I can tell you one thing, I'd be touching that Augusta kid on purpose at least once a week just for fun."

"Being as I'm the brother of a retarded person, your site has stimulated deep emotions in me. I laughed my ass off. Your site is so beautiful. Don't ever change. Keep on exploiting the 'tards, I thoroughly enjoy it."

"I am sure that reading this page is placing me somewhere in an upper-management role down in hell. I feel bad, because my mother used to work with sped's a few years back...she always had stories like these and I know she wanted me to feel bad. But damn, I just can't."

"I am now half an hour late for work because i could not tear myself from the blog."

"I am sure my girlfriend would enjoy this site, but she is too busy screaming at me as I laugh 'tard' like at these stories. It could be that the humor is beyond her, but it's probably just that she has an ounce of decency somewhere in her. This site has brought joy to my feeble existence."

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[About the Authors](#)

Learn who writes and maintains The Tard Blog

Tard Stories that others have sent in

Much to the surprise of the authors, numerous people relate to these stories and have their own particular tard experiences to share.

- [Tards see movies as reflection of life](#)
- [Tard eats in study hall](#)
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Something about tards...

I used to own a second run movie theater and had a buddy that worked at a an assisted living home for adult tards. Sometimes he would bring a couple of the guys from the home to see a cheap movie and one night he brought a couple of these guys in when we had Something About Mary playing.

You might remember that Cameron Diaz's character has a retarded brother in the movie. When this retarded guy came on screen and started talking one tard turned to the other tard and said to him mockingly, "That's you."

Tards makes poop

I'm sitting in my final period class--study hall 'cause I'm a lazy SOB-- listening to the tard in my class babble on about nothing in particular and occasionally laugh that goofy tard laugh.

You have to understand: this is in rural Pennsylvania, a few miles outside of Gettysburg, so not only is the kid retarded, but he's a redneck military lunatic. He has this camoflauge backpack that he carries with him and talks to all the time (its name, apparently, is "Commander"-- I can't make this shit up).

Anyway, he had just come from P.E. class, and he smelled worse than usual. I mean, he usually smelled like a tard that never bathed and had just taken P.E., but-- shit, today it was really bad. One of the assholes in the class (a senior) looks at him and asks why he smells so bad.

"Not me," he says.

"Not you? Then what smells so bad?"

"Lieutenant."

"Lieutenant?"

"Yup."

At this, the tard proceeds to reach into his backpack and pull out a skinned squirrel. I'm not shitting you. The thing smells like it's been in his backpack for a couple of days at this point. So he pulls this thing out of his tardpack and then--AND THEN--he starts to fucking GNAW on the squirrel's head.

Christ, it was disgusting. By this point, girls have run screaming from the room, and at least one of the guys has puked. The "study hall supervisor" (also our P.E. instructor) comes back from the bathroom amid all the racket. He comes in and sees the tard chewing on something and decides to confront the tard about it (against the rules to have food, you know).

"Hey, whatcha got the--OH, SHIT." He immediately goes into deal-with-the-fucking-tard mode and soothingly coaxes the tard into removing the squirrel from his mouth.

The tard complies, then looks right in the supervisor's eyes and says, deadpan, "Commander doesn't like Lieutenant." I don't know what happened to him after that; he was transferred out of study hall and kept in the all-tard classes from then on.

Tards makes poop

I had a birthday party that my mom threw for me and she of course sent out my invitations for me to invite all my friends from the small community. She apparently though the Tard down the street roger was one of my friends or something because he got an invitation too.

Anyways it was early in the party and we were outback jumpin on a trampoline while my mom was busying herself with preparing things. A few people had already arrived when Rog (Half the time he'd only respond to Rog, only adults could call him Roger) showed up at the door with his present in hand. No one answered the door and he let himself in. We didn't even know that he was in the house when he apparently heard the call of nature. He wasn't familiar with our house or something and couldnt find a bathroom within sight of the front door(i know its hard with these inventions called hallways) and seated himself above a punchbowl that was on the table next to the door, entirely removed his pants, and began to take a nasty tard shit, right into the punch bowl.

Just as he was mid-turtlehead pokin out several other guests arrived, and walked in to find this greasy, rib-thin guy with the happiest look on his face makin a boom-boom in my Kool-aid. At the shock of being walked in on he grabbed his gift for the part and ran out the door, without his pants, and down the street back to his house. His mom made him apologize but we still had to clean it up.

Tard gets into tires

My mom teaches pre-school for developmentally delayed 3 and 4 year olds. We'll call them Tards in Training [tits].

Every once in a while she coerces me into coming to school with her when I'm on breaks for a day to meet the kids, socialize, gain some perspective and insight into why when she gets home at night she feels the need to beat her head repeatedly into the wall. This morning was one of those mornings when I was too emotionally weak to fend off her pleas, so I decide to check out the TITs.

This week is "Transportation Week" and they are supposedly doing all sorts of activities that have to do with transportation. When I get there the kids are coloring school buses and after half an hour of reminding them that school buses are yellow, my mom calls all the TITs over to read "The Little Engine That Could."

Most of the kids comply, as they are pretty much devoid of willpower, except this one little Tard. He's 4 years old , 60 pounds, about the size of a baby hippo. When I ask him if he wants to go sit on the carpet, he begins thrashing around and throws crayons and paper pieces everywhere. He proceeds to run around the room, but then spots a pile of tires (bicycle, big wheel, car) that the teacher's assistant had brought in to show the kiddies later.

"Fattie" Tit (as I am now calling him) decides the best way to get some peace is to hide in the tires, but the kid is the size of a hippo and gets stuck. He is suddenly terrified because he can't move his arms and begins running around the room again, a stack of tires concealing his arms, upper torso and head, screaming wildly, and then suddenly stops and collapses like he passed out. So my mom and I go over to him (and by this time the rest of the kids are running around screaming to) and he's staring up at us like a deer caught in headlights.

I decide that I'm not really cut out to work with Tards in Training so I head home but man... An hour of working with those kiddies is just enough reassurance that teaching is not my forte.

Tards admits abuse, everyone is uncomfortable

In my 7th grade class, we had a tard who was really good at math and growing facial hair, and really bad at just about everything else. He was pretty much harmless, which was a good thing since he was physically ahead of the rest of us by 5 years and probably could have kicked all of our asses at once, but there were some funny moments, one of which I still remember clear as a bell 15 years later.

It was a normal day in the 7th grade. My friends and I were behaving like the bunch of little assholes that we were. In the afternoon, a couple of people who were affiliated with the police dept. showed up to talk to us about child abuse. Out came the goofy diagrams and movies where we got to learn that little Johnny made a big mistake putting his hands in his pockets and walking up to Mr. Molester in his 70's A-Team van. Don't walk home alone, scream "fire" if someone grabs you, blah, blah...

Then the lights came back on, and the two people from the police dept. started talking about how most sexual molestations were committed either by people that the kid knew, usually either family or friend's of the family, and how important it is to tell someone if that ever happened to one of us. Even 13 year-olds get a bit quiet when the subject of being butt-raped by Uncle Bob comes up, so the room was very quiet when Ms. Friendly-Cop asked the class, "Are there any questions that you'd like to ask us?"

Of course, there is dead silence at this point, as none of us want this conversation to continue any longer than it has to. Then, al of the sudden:

"Next door Jimmy made me suck his dick."

loudest noise ever as someone drops a pencil on the floor

Let me tell you, each and everyone of us kids wanted to be ANYWHERE but sitting in that classroom that day. The class tard was sitting in the middle of the room with everyone staring at him, from kids to teacher to the two cop wannabes. Finally one of them asked him to come outside and talk with them, and we didn't see him again for about a month. The principal was called in, and some psychiatrist lady showed up the next day to counsel our ever so slightly-more warped minds.

From the little I could find out later, "Next Door Jimmy" was another tard a year older than we were. Apparently he had a penchant for wanting to act out the things he saw on certain cable channels when the tuning knob let you see the picture - or hear the sound, but never both damnit! - through the scrambling. And I swear on my ability to ever score again with a hot chick that this is a 100% absolutely true story. It's one I like to tell when I'm shit-faced drunk at

parties - which is about the only time I'm low enough to tell it, and given my lack of class, that says something about the story, trust me.

Tards ruin field trip

I, along with a friend, went to volunteer at the Special Olympics at a local bowling alley. There were tards who were bowling with siderails on and stuff and they did pretty good. Anyway, there was a tall, skinny tardboy who wanted to go take a piss. Unfortunately, the lady there told ME to take him to the restrooms.

Once in the bathroom, the tard takes off his pants, and shows me his dick and apparently wanted me to do something with it! I told him to take a piss and point it elsewhere, like into the urinal. The tard then proceeds, to my horror, to drop his pants and open his butt hole. I think he had been sexually abused or something.

I walked out and waited outside. I didn't even wait, I just left.

Tard can't curse

My best tard memory comes from elementary school, I was in the 5th grade or so. They used to let them out to recess at the same time as everyone else and even play with the normal kids. As you can imagine, hilarity frequently ensued.

Everyone knew the various tard's names (mostly because the teacher would yell 'so-and-so, stop that!') and habits. Some were naughty, like going around stealing balls and then putting them down their pants, and others were just dumb. Like they'd chase you in circles around a hidey hole climber thing, and then get confused and lost if you got in the hidey hole. Great fun was had. Others were nudists. One of them had a penchant for taking off his pants and running around. I can remember one time both pants and underwear came off and were tossed in the gutter. For some reason they were never reclaimed, and sat there gathering filth for a week.

Anyway, one day I used a particularly foul word while playing a game of soccer and one of the dumber tards heard me and decided to tell the teacher. So I get called over and the teacher asks the tard 'What was the word?' But the tard, who obviously had been told to NEVER say bad words could only say "A bad word!" Teacher: "Yes, but what was it?" Tard: "A BAD WORD!!"

This went on for a couple more minutes before the teacher let me go back to playing the game.

Tards ruin field trip

When I was a sophomore in high school my JV basketball coach was a teacher (read: glorified babysitter) for the sped school associated with the high school. One day he came to practice and it just looked like he was going to snap--then he told us about his day.

He and the other "teacher" (can you still be called a teacher if your students never learn anything?) took a bus full of these tards to the local bowling alley for a field trip. Though there were countless comedies in progress that day, the main show was this HUGE tard named Linda. Now when I say huge, I mean she was about 5'8" tall and 256 pounds. How do I know it was 256? My coach weighed her (I'm assuming for some sort of record keeping purpose, not simply for his amusement, though I could be wrong). Anyhow, this was a big girl, and she was strong as an ox. Now my coach is no slouch--6'6" black former college basketball player--and even he didn't fuck with Linda when she was flipping out.

Well, they were at the bowling alley and all was well, until Linda shit her pants. Apparently she was having so much fun bowling that she refused to answer the call of her bowels. This, of course, sends the other tards into mayhem.

Again, I reiterate that Linda is 256 lbs. The is shit all over her pants, the smell is clearing out the bowling alley, and Linda, who now has realized that she needed to go to drop a deuce, barricades herself in one of the bathroom stalls. While my coach's associate rounds up the other tards and gets them on the bus, my coach goes into the bathroom and tries to calm Linda down. The short bus takes the other tards back to school and the associate sends a change of clothes to my coach at the bowling alley for Linda (they had a change of clothes at the school for her because apparently this is a regular occurrence).

Coach finally gets this girl calmed down, but now faces an even more daunting task--cleaning up and changing the tard. He didn't go into details on that, but he did say that if he hadn't just had a kid he would have quit that day. He no longer supervises the tards, instead he teaches young hoodlums word processing at my ghetto-fabulous school.

Tard fights back

I just have a kinda funny story about the retarded kid named Pat that I went to high school with. A lot of kids picked on him, though usually nothing too bad.

One day he wanted to play basketball with me and my friends, and my friend Tom started making fun of him. Tom started kinda dancing around and saying "Pat, Pat, the bad mother fucker, Pat. Pat's a bad mother fucker." Well I guess Pat had heard enough of it and decided that he was going to fight Tom. Pat was about 5'8 and weighed maybe 100 pounds, but he snapped, and charged Tom.

As he ran over to Tom, his eyes and mouth were wide open. He made that "UUUUHHHH" tard sound. Pat had REALLY bad teeth, they were all crooked and yellow. He bit Tom and wouldn't let go. Tom freaked out, he started yelling for help and trying to shake his arm free. It looked like something out of a bad horror movie, like Attack of the Retarded Vampire. None of us could help him, because we were laughing so hard.

Eventually I think Pat forgot why he was biting Tom and stopped. People didn't pick on Pat too much after that.

Tards come to Thanksgiving

The Tard Blog is a good addition. My dad has always worked with retarded kids, and sometimes he feels compelled to bring them into our home for events like Thanksgiving or birthday parties. This has been a source of horror for my mother and entertainment for me for years. Last year on Turkey Day, my dad brought home a kid who is a total spaz. He sat completely stil through the meal, and then very, very, very slowly lowered his face into his plate as if he were passing out in slow motion. He lay nose down in mashed potatoes for a good 45 seconds (can the guy breathe gravy?) and just as my mom was begging my father to "Do something for Christ's sake!" the gravy sucker starts cleaning his plate, doggie style, with no hands, licking every damn morsel up. He made little snorting noises like a piglet. I laughed till I cried, and I will never forget my father kindly taking the arm of what was now a red sweatsuit with thanksgiving dinner stuck to it, and hauling him into our bathroom to get hosed off. Later he chewed the arm off of my baby cousin's doll while he was waiting for his parents to take him away. For my money, that beats football and cranberries any day.