



Nobody Clubbed Nancy Kerrigan: The
Tonya Harding Hoax

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Once there was this girl who
Swore that one day she would be a figure skating champion
And when she finally made it
She saw some other girl who was better
And so she hired some guy to
Club her in the kneeeeee caaaaaaap
Mmm mmm mmm mmm, mmm mmm mmm mmm
Ahh, Mmm mmm mmm mmm, mmm mmm mmm mmm
They got paid for their sound bytes
And sold their TV-Movie rights

Weird Al—Headline News

LOOK, I get it. Listening to **Weird Al Yankovic** will likely threaten a gag reflex or other nauseating side-effects for a certain segment of my readers, but certainly not all of you. Some will savor his songs with a long handle ice-tea spoon or an ice cream scooper. I wouldn't consider myself a fan at any point in my upbringing, and so know what I am asking. Which is to say *a lot*. Unless you're a fan—then I'm asking for you to have a fun time for once. Stop making an issue of everything and take my criticism as a personal victory. Either way, proceed no further before giving *this* video from my adolescence a listen, and then get back to me.

The song is called 'Headline News.' I'm dropping a link. [Here you go.](#) I'll wait. Watch it yet? Good. I'm assuming several minutes of your life has already passed, which you can never take back, and now have inside knowledge on where I am going with this. Seriously, I owe you one. Thanks for giving it your all when showing up to class. The last time I'd seen that video was probably on Vh1 sometimes in The Nineties, but that was before I had *woken* eyes. They hide the Truth in plain/plane sight all the time and then lie about it, by which Weird Al's music video is no



exception. Allow me to elaborate.

I went ahead and took a series of screenshots to help out with the explanation. For those of you who hoped to slide by without watching the music video. It took me all morning. You're welcome. Weird Al's narrative involves a theater of all places. We see a shirtless midget with an usher hat handing out playbills to an audience, telling us that everything which is about to unfold is not only played by actors, but it is already

scripted. Weird Al is seated in the orchestra pit, being the soundtrack to our lives and all. Behind him is a curtain. When the curtain parts, the audience watches while the **Tonya Harding** and **Nancy Kerrigan** drama unfolds.

There are other characters as well. That kid who brought a spray can of paint to Singapore and got repeatedly spanked in the bum for it is one. His name is **Michael P. Fay**, by the way. The others are **John Wayne Bobbitt** and **Lorena Bobbitt**. In the instance that you need caught up on your Nineties history, women immediately transformed Lorena into a folk legend after she cut her husband's penis off. After introducing us to all three News stories, we then watch as they fight for attention in the Media. The Singapore kid lands a book deal. Tonya and Nancy fight at the podium, competing for movie rights. It is truly difficult fingering the most revealing part of this entire video, but the conclusion, which has all players bowing for the applause of their audience, is definitely a contender.

It's what I've been saying all along. The world is a stage. They're literally standing on a stage. The people in the audience, either those seated in the theater of Weird Al's music video or those watching the music video, are not expected to latch onto the irony though. Had Weird Al continued the same line of logic with a lengthier song, he might as well have featured **Amy Fisher** and the **Menendez** brothers. I'll go ahead and toss in the **Monica Lewinski** intern incident while we're at it. Those last two came a little later in the game, when what Intel was doing was whetting our



appetites for **OJ Simpson**'s biggest starring role to date. The televised movie where he murdered **Ron Goldman** and **Nicole Brown Simpson**.

“What are you saying Noel, that John Wayne Bobbitt’s penis wasn’t cut off?” That’s precisely what I’m saying. Do you wish it were? Really cut off, that is. You are under no obligation to believe the Media narrative. None whatsoever. Why call him by his full name, John Wayne Bobbitt? It’s not like John Bobbitt is common. Nor did he assassinate a Kennedy. I’ve never met a John Bobbitt or any Bobbitt for that matter. **John Wayne** was a **Freemason**. Are they attempting to pass notes in class again?

When relaying the fact that the aforementioned actors were attention hoarders, what the Weird Al music video failed to show is that John Wayne Bobbitt later starred in the **Ron Jeremy** porn film, ‘Frankenpenis’. Probably because ‘Headline News’ was released in 1994 while Bobbitt’s horror spin-off wouldn’t arrive for another two years, making Weird Al either prophetic or a little too ahead of the game. If you paid for a VHS copy back in the day (I’m very relieved to say that I haven’t) and this is somehow proof to you, that he was one leg short of a tripod, then I will go out on a limb and claim you were duped into the same special effects which had us all believing that Stevie Wonder was blind.

Ronald Jeremy Hyatt was born in **Queens**, New York, to a middle-class Jewish family from Russia and Poland.^{[9][2]} His father, Arnold (born 1918),^[10] was a physicist and professor at **Queens College**, CUNY, and his mother a book editor^[11] who had served in the O.S.S. during **World War II**, as she spoke fluent German and French.^[12]

For the record, Ron Jeremy is a New York born **Joo** and a **Hyatt**. That’s his full name. Ronald Jeremy Hyatt. Why he dropped the last name isn’t surprising, but he is a Hyatt all the same. The story we are given is that Ron Jeremy’s girlfriend was so impressed with the size of his package, and wanted to share it with the world, that she sent a picture baring its image into Playgirl Magazine. It’s all misdirection when in fact the porn industry is run by the *same* people and his mother was in the **OSS**. There are far too many breadcrumb trails to follow, and this needn’t be one of them. Just know this. ‘Frankenpenis’ was just another spin-off of an already lousy made-for-television Intel movie. And now, let us never speak of the Bobbitt’s again.

My purpose here is to show you how nobody clubbed Nancy Kerrigan, and I intend to go through with it. If you were alive or perhaps only semi-

conscious in the Nineties, then you will undoubtedly recall the moment when Tonya Harding's laces came untied for the judges. From beginning to end, the entire narrative was about as classy as the mullet and intended to be so. Nowadays, it is a painfully obvious psychodrama, but in 1994, it was simply good television. And so, let's begin. As if we haven't already.



Tonya Harding gave up drag racing and deer hunting to become a world champion ice skater. And then one day Nancy Kerrigan, her leading competitor, was prepping for the U.S. Championships on an ice-skating rink inside Cobo Arena in Detroit, Michigan. The date was **January 6, 1994**. It was 2:35 pm in the afternoon, eastern time. A camera crew was recording her practice session, even going so far as to follow Kerrigan off the rink after retiring for the day. You can see precisely what I am about to describe by following along with the [raw footage](#). Otherwise, I have added a few screen shots. Kerrigan spreads a blue curtain and starts down its adjoining hallway. The camera then pans to the right, away from Kerrigan, as if this were the Hindenburg explosion or something, and abruptly cuts out. Classic symptom of a media fabricated hoax. The camera will not turn on again until every actor is in position and the screams let out.

During the untold seconds, perhaps even minutes when the camera is turned off (though the assumption given to us is *seconds*), the attacker, whom we never see on camera, abruptly approaches Kerrigan from