'My Lil Lohan' is Facebook dynamite

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I woke up this morning, ate some Raisin Bran, played with my cats, lit up a cigarette and logged on to Facebook.com - my daily routine. If you must know - and what I saw shocked me.

Someone was screaming around with my Lil Lohan.

Do you know what I feel like log on to Facebook and learn that your lil Lohan reluctantly agreed to phone her parents, but before a minute elapsed, she's curled up in the fetal position on the floor of your lil rehab center, weeping and shaking?

I'll tell you what it feels like. It feels like my heart is raped. Raped to death by an uncaring world.

Is nothing sacred anymore? Have they no shame? Hasn't Lindsay Lohan been through enough lately without my friend Luke offering her a line of blow and a cell phone?

That's a recipe for disaster.

Now, I'm sure some of you don't know what I'm talking about. Some people are always behind the curve.

Part of my job on the opinion page is to change lives, so here's your after school special moment. Listen up. The Facebook application "My Lil Lohan" is taking the "social utility that connects people with friends and others who work, study and live around them" by storm.

Everyone who's anyone has added the application, dear readers, because everyone who's anyone understands the immediate, visceral joy that comes with making your friends' Internet Lindsay Lohan avatar descend into substance abuse and the inevitable shame of public rehab.

There's a certain pleasure that's inseparable from ruining the lives of your friends' lil Lohan. Even if I send a peloton pill, I realize that I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.

Ruinig Lindsay's life isn't the only thing you can do, though. Life's not always bad for her when she has "the last week ever."

That's why you can be nice to your friends' lil Lohans - feed them, go shopping with them, help them dye their hair black or pay for them to wax their "lady parts." If all else fails and nothing else is going to stop your friends' Lil Lohan from becoming just another casualty in the war on Celebreety, stage an intervention - the more friends who attend, the more effective it is.

You know, just like in real life.

With all of this comes risk, of course. The Bible may tell us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, but that isn't the initial appeal of "My Lil Lohan." Linz is looking for love in all the wrong places, and all of us know she's doomed to fail.

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