

★★  
FRIDAY  
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HOUSTON CHRONICLE  
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**YOUR FRIDAY HAIKU**

■ A preposition  
is not something that you should  
end a sentence with.

LIFESTYLE | FASHION | TELEVISION | FILM | GARDEN | MUSIC | ADVICE | PUZZLES | HOROSCOPES | COMICS

## It's time to give thanks and answers to readers

**W**INEDALE — All columnists get questions. Before we came up here to spend Thanksgiving in the country, I made a list of a few queries that have come in lately from the customers.

**Q:** How do you pronounce Winedale?

### A salute to hooters

Penguins are soooo yesterday. What's really cool right now is the owl. As a wise man once said, the owls are not what they seem. Check out a special Friday edition of TMI. **PAGE E3**



LEON HALE

**A:** Just as if it were two separate words, wine and dale. This rural community got its name from the wine grapes grown in the area by settlers. Some readers, seeing the name in print, try to pronounce it Winny-dale.

**Q:** When you visited that talking mule, you wrote that mules are hybrid animals and therefore sterile. At one time Texas A&M owned a female mule that had a foal.

**A:** Yes. Most of the mule literature I've read says that mules are almost always sterile. Mare mules are known to produce foals but these cases are rare and considered to be genetic accidents.

**Q:** Where is your Old Friend Morgan buried? Is it possible to visit his grave?

**A:** I get this question every time I mention O.F. in the column, so I've answered it before. But one more time: Many years before his death

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### TELEVISION

## A few regrets but they don't pity the fools

■ TV watchdogs who've spun book off Web site show remorse over Crocodile Hunter

By **ALAN SEPINWALL**  
NEWHOUSE NEWS SERVICE

"I think you can spell 'post-humously' without 'pity,'" insists Sarah Bunting.

But it's close.

Bunting knows from pity — and, more importantly, the lack thereof. Bunting is co-founder of TelevisionWithoutPity.com, one of the most indispensable — and certainly the funniest — TV resources on the Web, home of scathing recaps of dozens of shows both good (*Deadwood*)

and bad (*Big Brother*). But in eight years of merciless digs at actors, writers and reality TV "personalities," Bunting says she rarely will reread a comment that she wrote or edited and think, "That was too much."

Then came Steve Irwin. On page 128 of the new book, *Television Without Pity: 752 Things We Love to Hate (And Hate to Love) About TV*, which she wrote with TWoP co-founder Tara Ariano, the entry on the late *Crocodile Hunter* host included such passages as "Though he comes across as your standard braying Aussie loon, Steve Irwin is apparently a qualified zoologist" and "he takes very stupid risks in the name of documentary television," not to mention an assessment

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### BACK ON TRACK

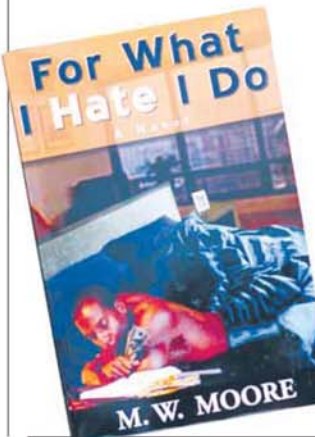


## Writing his wrongs

STEVE UECKERT: CHRONICLE

**A NEW MAN:** Born in Houston's Fourth Ward, Michael Wayne Moore grew up to be a star athlete in high school and college, one of the last people you'd expect to see arrested for a string of bank robberies. But that's exactly what happened when his life fell under the control of addictions to drugs and sex. Now a writer, the 47-year-old has changed his life for the better.

Novelist Michael W. Moore was a star athlete, crack addict and bank robber. Now he's confronting his demons in a new book.



By **ANDREW GUY JR.**  
HOUSTON CHRONICLE

**I**N his wallet is a list he keeps with him at all times, *The Things I Hate to Do!* (*Top 10*), with several of the items crossed out:

- 1) ~~Sleep w/prostitutes~~ (crossed out)
- 2) ~~Criticize others~~ (crossed out)
- 3) ~~Lieing~~ (SIC) ~~to self~~ (crossed out)
- 4) ~~Waste time/procrastination~~
- 5) ~~Exploit people/use them~~ (crossed out)
- 6) ~~Cheat God/deny his power~~ (crossed out)
- 7) ~~Wasting money~~ (crossed out)
- 8) ~~Making promises I won't keep~~ (crossed out)
- 9) ~~Grieving the spirit~~
- 10) ~~Eating unhealthy~~

Michael Wayne Moore still puts things off, defines "grieving the spirit" as not listening to that nagging inner voice, still struggles with eating right. Perfect he is not.

The 47-year-old has the air of a preacher: 6 feet 2 inches, 205 pounds, calm and controlled, the confidence of a man comfortable at the center of attention. His body is sculpted — athletics and prison will do that — and he takes as much pride in his appearance as he does in his message, rarely seen in anything less than perfectly pressed slacks and a nice button-front shirt.

At this moment he is facing a group of around 40 black men at G's and Z's Coffee Shop in the Third Ward. It's a book club for gay black men, and he was invited to talk about his demons, specifically his journey from track star to college student to drug addict to bank robber to prison inmate to a

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