

The Filthy Easy Encyclopedia

A

Accidental Bronson- A term inspired by the vivid, multicultural, simultaneously high-brow and low-brow imagery in rapper Action Bronson's lyrics. When one says something in this vein that is both profound, ridiculous, yet distinctly *cool*, they are said to be doing an **Accidental Bronson**. Here's an example:

"I'm doing the cucaracha while a Blasian chick makes me matcha, and the powder came from Sumatra."

Let's now envision what this formula of {Accidental + Popular Rapper} might yield for some other lyrical titans of our times:

Accidental Diddy: Buying out all the olive oil from Trader Joe's to throw a pasta party for all your friends, now everyone is mad at you for some reason.

Accidental Meek Mill: Diddy forced you to stuff ravioli at his pasta party.

Accidental R. Kelly: Diddy put you in charge of drizzling the olive oil on top of the ravioli at his pasta party.

Accidental Future: Having a minor respiratory issue and treating it with an unnecessarily large dose of cough syrup.

Accidental Chance the Rapper: You can't stop talking about how amazing and supportive your wife is at work and now when you walk into the break room your coworkers scatter like rats spotted with a flashlight in the sewers. You take it they must not like you much anymore.

Accidental Drake: You stumble into high school girls' volleyball games and act like you have no idea how you got there, knowing full well you are their biggest fan, and have all their games listed on your calendar at home.

Accidental Kendrick Lamar: You are also at the girls' volleyball games, but only so you can snitch on Drake's whereabouts to TMZ.

Accidental Travis Scott: 32 people collapse in the audience during your DJ set, but Sicko Mode is going way too dummy for you to pause before the dope beat switch. Come on everyone, sing it! "Had me out like a light yea, like a light yea. Look at that shit! Thirty-two people are out like a light, STRAIGHT UP!"

Accidental Young Thug: You write a book titled *Racketeering for Dummies* which contains explicit details on how to run an organized crime ring. When bookstores refuse to sell your work, you try to claim that it's just artistic license, that all examples are purely hypothetical and don't come from personal experience.

Accidental 21 Savage: You swear you're not British, but you're definitely the first trap artist from Atlanta to ever mention Licorice Allsorts in a song.

Accidental Macklemore: You wear blackface to a Denzel Washington lookalike contest and somehow win, even though *the real Denzel Washington* is also competing*

Revisit 2014 Grammy's award for "Best Rap Album"

Albatross- A lanky ass bird. The Kevin Durant of the animal kingdom. Also refers to a score of three under par on a hole of golf—either a hole-in-one on a par 4 or a double eagle on a par 5.

Aka your boys owe you a round back in the clubhouse. Aka the cart girl definitely still doesn't want your number, but she's going to get a sticky note with the digits regardless.

Alcoholic Beverages- "I am having some whiskey made from the stomach of the bamboo eating deer mouse"- Anthony Bourdain, *No Reservations*, S1 E3: "Vietnam (The Island of Mr. Sang)".

Why is it that humans subject themselves to these depressive elixirs that dissolve memories and rational thought? Why is it that we imbibe ourselves with low-grade poisons whenever we feel uncomfortable or uneasy, knowing full well those physiological states will manifest with newfound intensity come the morning sun? I do not claim to know the true answers to these questions, but I do have some speculative theories that I would like to throw out there:

1) **Alcoholic beverages** at least prevent us from having *two* empty, awkward hands doing god knows what to embarrass us at social gatherings. With one hand occupied by a pilsner or a seltzer, we now only have one hand with which to make a, "whaddaya want?" Italian hand gesture, to offer a fist bump when another person is clearly going in for a high five, or to jerkily jab back and forth Egyptian style when "Rock the Casbah" comes on.

2) **Alcoholic beverages** assist with the transmission of news relevant to one's social circle. Once alcohol is consumed, the restrictive filter that guides our conversations at work and in the daylight world is ripped off like a Snoopy Band-Aid from the shoulder of a self-conscious teenage flu vax recipient. Without the powerful swell of alcoholic liquids smashing through the floodgates responsible for keeping sensitive information at bay, we would never know that, say, Daryl from accounting can no longer get hard unless he puts sunflower butter on his feet, rests them atop a flowerbed in his garden, and has hummingbirds jackhammer away at his bunioned soles with their little drill beaks. Without the diminished executive functioning brought on by alcohol consumption, we might never have found out that Janitor Jeff is using his never-ending key ring (with a hoop the same size as an orange-sprayed Jersey Shore demon bimbo) to unlock children's lockers, steal their Pokémon cards, resell them for profit on eBay, and use the money to purchase encouraging messages like, "Jeff, you *have* self-actualized" and, "Jeff, you *will* show

face at the 25-year reunion and not get laughed out of the gymnasium like at the 20th from an anime AI chatbot named Hinata.

3) **Alcoholic beverages** allow us to play the intellectual limbo and stoop down to the sub-basement IQ levels of dodo-brained morons. Find yourself, a distinguished university physicist, unable to converse with blue-collar workers at the local beer and wings joint? Have a couple pints and soon you'll be scratching your chin and thinking, maybe these guys are on to something, maybe the Chiefs really did lose *just* because Trent had money on them, not because of innumerable factors ranging from players' mindsets, to individual in-game performances, to coaching strategy, to weather, to imbalances in positional matchups. Yea! Maybe Bryce's bitch wife *should* have no right to complain about Bryce leaving the house for 12 hours every Sunday, since he *does* pay the bills, and what does *she* ever do except complain? You're now in the handicap stall with Bryce and Darren railing lines off of Darren's GMC Yukon key talking over/under for Isaiah Hartenstein rebounds in the West Coast 10:15 tip-off. Fuck what everyone else says, Bryce and Darren are actually good guys *slurring words* goo guys I tell ya, they jus wanna hav fun, boys *hiccup* jus wanna hav fun *dry heave* know what I'm a sayinn?

Aliens- Extraterrestrials poised just outside of our atmosphere with supersonic headphones pointed at earth, listening intently for the moment our AI is able to unravel what women mean when they say "I'm fine". It turns out that **Aliens** exist, and their civilization also feels as if their patriarchal grip is slipping. Despite the astonishing advances in physics and engineering that have enabled them to traverse the universe to study life on other planets, the male members of their species still have not developed the emotional intelligence to parse the meaning from this most perplexing of female messages. Their best guess up until this point has been that the females are, in fact, fine with them going out for a few space beers with the boys. However, time and time again, the females have not *seemed* fine when they stumble back into their floating anti-gravity skyscraper apartments and demand space sandwiches to be prepared for them. The **aliens** know that "I'm fine" might as well be *The Voynich Manuscript* for human

males, in that the message is completely indecipherable to them, but they are hoping that human advances in AI technology may finally bring about a way to translate this faux declaration of well-being. When prompted to interpret this message, the best that Chat GPT can do is respond that the woman, “More often than not does not mean anything other than what is clearly stated, that she ‘is fine’, however, if you notice this message accompanied by apparent frustration or anger, it probably means that you *can* still go to Buffalo Wild Wings with the boys instead of to the paint & sip she had planned, but proceed with caution. Just be sure to bring her back a doggy bag with some boneless Asian Zings.” The **Aliens** have started to build a small colony on an asteroid, sensing that they might be here for a while.

American Pope- So, I’ve heard the new pope is American. He’s some guy from Chicago named Rob, although he’ll now be going by his papal moniker: Leo XIV. It was recently revealed that the **American pope** is a massive White Sox fan. The Chicago Cubs tried to claim him as one of their own, even going so far as to broadcast his face across the facade outside of Wrigley Field. However, photo and video evidence has since surfaced that confirms Rob’s loyalty to the city’s other ball club, The Chicago White Sox. This content has yet to be released to the general public, but I had the honor of sneaking a peak at these digital memories, and boy, let me tell you, Rob is most *definitely* a Chicagoan first, and a pope second. Here is just a sample of what I saw:

- 1) Pope Leo XIV getting his glizzy on, deepthroating a Chicago dog.
- 2) Leo/Rob on the jumbotron, headbanging to The Smashing Pumpkin’s “1979”
- 3) Rob flipping the bird at a Cubs fan in his section
- 4) Pope Leo again on the jumbotron, this time donning a Lance Berkman jersey, throwing up a “Southside” gang sign
- 5) Rob wearing a “Kiss me, I’m Irish” shirt underneath a half-buttoned clergy robe.

I’ve heard that the **American pope** is planning a return trip to Rate Field, home of the White Sox, to catch a game this summer, marking the first time in history that an active-duty

pope will attend a Major League Baseball game. Here are some predictions for his upcoming visit:

1) He will spend an inordinate amount of time in the Kids' Zone in the left field stands, hanging out by the youth-sized baseball diamond, eyeing the youngsters as they take batting practice.

When a twitter video leaks of him licking his lips behind the backstop, he will have the convenient excuse that there is a deep-dish pizza slice shop right next to the field.

2) He will lead the crowd in the first ever 7th inning stretch Lord's Prayer.

3) The White Sox will fall behind, as they inevitably do, and instead of wearing a rally cap, we will see him flip his papal tiara upside down to try to spark a rally. This could either lead to divine intervention in the form a walk-off win for the White Sox, or trigger the release of hellfire demons into the Chicago metro area.

4) He will baptize an infant in the relish bucket at the condiment stand.

5) The White Sox batboy will bring him Brooks Baldwin's broken bat, and he will "heal" the bat back to its original one-piece form with a single touch

6) He will watch on in agony as the 8th of the 10 commandments: "Thou shalt not steal" is violated not once, but twice, by Luis Robert Jr.

7) He will turn ranch water into wine, upsetting many low-class drunkards in the crowd.

8) For one inning, he will work as a food vendor, shouting, "Communion wafers! Get your communion wafers here! The body of Christ, buy two and it'll be twice as nice!"

9) Leo knows that Christ saves, but on this occasion, it will be the White Sox' closer Jordan Leasure who saves the game for the Sox.

Anxiety- Anxiety is trying to read and then my mind spiraling thinking about well what if someone pooped on the floor outside my office, would I be nervous when asking the front desk lady to get the janitor to clean it up? How would my hypothetical interaction with the front desk lady go, would it be smooth? Would it be awkward? In the theoretical scenario where it is my job to get someone to clean up this fake man's imaginary shit on the floor outside my very real office. That's **anxiety**.

Anxiety is tossing and turning in bed, losing sleep over the *tiny, baby inkling of a possibility* that the HDMI cord won't work properly on my laptop during my presentation at work tomorrow morning, setting off a chain reaction that'll start innocuously enough—with an unsettling 10 second delay at the beginning of the talk—but will soon *spiral uncontrollably into a Rube Goldberg Machine of shit*. The second domino to fall will be me accidentally opening up a file marked, "Sarah Jessica Parker" instead of "Solving Geriatric Parkinson's", revealing a digital shrine to my horse-faced hero. Covered in shame, and beet red with embarrassment, I'll trip over my own feet and fall on the HDMI cord, causing the projector to fall off the table and explode, sparking an electrical fire that'll soon consume myself and everyone else in the building, leaving nothing but grieving families and the total bankruptcy of the company in its wake.

Anxiety is not raising my hand to answer a question in class, even though I am *pretty sure* I know the answer, because getting a question wrong in front of other people means that I am the feeble-minded village idiot with a cashew nut for a brain who deserves to be locked away in a dungeon somewhere and fed nothing but the rejected sardines from an oily little fish supplier until I learn to prove my self-worth.

Anxiety is leaving my house and wondering, "Wait, did I forget to turn off the stove?" when I've only eaten cereal for two weeks, and I don't even have a stove.

Anxiety is not wanting my team to win the game because then I'll probably celebrate, causing my body to act automatically in accord with this display of euphoric emotion, leading me to do something weird and jerky, which will probably be captured on the jumbotron, turned into a meme, and preserved on social media until the end of time.

Anxiety is having a WebMD search algorithm in my brain that receives the input "papercut" and responds with, "rare type of terminal thumb cancer that kills by way of toxic fecal reuptake through the colon".

Anxiety is having nightmares about doing poorly on my next social studies test on the "Cradle of Civilization" unit. The test took place in fourth grade, and it is now decades past that. I scored a 103 and was hoisted onto the shoulders of my classmates and paraded around the

room as the intellectual messiah sent down to earth to recite anecdotes about the *Epic of Gilgamesh*.

Anxiety is hearing a momentary high pitch “ping!” in my home and then immediately diagnosing myself with tinnitus.

Anxiety is applying SPF 100 sunscreen sixteen times at the beach on a day when the UV index peaks at 3 and I am wearing a full bodysuit.

Anxiety is taking anti-anxiety medication then questioning whether or not I accidentally took two pills instead of one, and fretting over that the rest of the day. I am consumed with worry about the possibility that I took *extra* of the thing meant to curb my **anxiety**.

Anxiety is having a panic attack while volunteering to read *Maisy Goes to the Library* to a preschool class because I can feel the judgement in their little cherub eyes. I lose consciousness, fall out of my chair, and knock over the water play table as I collapse onto the foam puzzle piece rug. The toddlers’ criss cross applesauce positions at the reading session are transformed into front-row seats at Seaworld, except this time instead of an Orca, the performer is a Jewish man with chronically low self-esteem and a genetically-derived chemical imbalance in his brain.

Anxiety means that if my family members are traveling and they haven’t contacted me within 2 hours of arriving at their destination, they are *definitely* in a *Taken* situation, and I am now Liam Neeson. But **anxiety** also means that the “very particular set of skills” I possess are getting nauseous when talking to women, being utterly petrified of confrontation, and IBS, so instead of “finding” and “killing” the imagined kidnappers, I will be “crying” and “filling” the toilet with the casualties of the *Szechuan Hot Pot Wars of 2025*.

Anxiety is enrolling in a mindfulness-based stress reduction therapy group session and leaving halfway through the controlled breathing exercises because I just remembered that I am running low on paper towels and if I don’t make it to the store before 5PM I’m not going to be able to wipe up any of the spills, and there are always spills, when I host my in-laws for dinner tomorrow night. This will result in another tablecloth being ruined and me having to make yet another unnecessary trip to HomeGoods on a Sunday during a time when I’d ideally

be experiencing hungover heart palpitations and acid reflux as I watch Premier league games and feel immense apprehension about the workweek ahead.

Arugula- The second worst of the salad-filler greens—behind kale, of course. This bitter leaf of lettuce is only made palatable through a vinaigrette baptism, or in the case of its preparation in a kosher dish, a full-body dunk in a balsamic mikvah. **Arugula** is routinely added to food stuffs such as burgers and pizzas to make them appear healthier. Not only does this not reduce the calorie and fat content of those foods (that would be breaking the laws of thermodynamics), but it also *fucking ruins them*. We should have the same ideals for **arugula** and junk food as we do for church and state— keep them separate at all costs, for a society built on arugula and junk food cannot, *must not*, stand.

Albinos- A subspecies of translucent human that is particularly vulnerable to the sun. Albinism is a genetic mutation, and awareness of albinism as a possible human epidermal phenotype is not intrinsically understood by human children. This often results in Little Timmy tugging at his mommy's blouse with one hand while pointing in the direction of an **albino** with the other and asking, "Mommy, *what's wrong with him?*". If an **albino** hears this, they are likely to become pissed off and turn a distinct reddish hue, made all the more visible in contrast to their milky white skin.

*"I thought I saw a ghost, but it turned out to be an **albino**, which was somehow scarier but in a different way because now I'm like walking on eggshells so as not to offend him because he interprets any comment about his appearance as a threat."*

A24 Movies- A24 is just about the only film studio left that funds interesting, original projects. While Marvel tries to breathe new life into Hulk's physical and metaphorical rotting corpse in *Hulk 6: Zombie Hulk Takes on Al Qaeda*, A24 is working around the clock to churn out heartfelt rom-coms starring often-overlooked character actors, as well as dark comedies that haven't been touched by the tiny, yet mighty hands of the black-hole which consumes all that is funny: Kevin Hart. Here is a list of all of A24's upcoming films to look out for in the next few years:

Being Nicolas Cage, Being John Cena: Written and directed by Charlie Kaufman, this film is a convoluted reimagining of *Being John Malkovich* in which small-town insurance salesman Doug (played by Shia Labeouf) discovers a portal in his office which leads him into the mind and body of Nicolas Cage. After assuming control of Nic Cage, Doug, as Nic Cage, is sucked through the cover of a Wheaties Box and into the body and brain of John Cena. Doug, who is now Nic Cage, but also John Cena, finds himself about to enter the ring at Wrestlemania. Since he is actually Nic Cage, he has limited wrestling ability, but makes up for it with his eccentricity and jazz-like improvisational thespian performance, winning over the crowd and managing to survive the first few rounds of the Royal Rumble- when, suddenly, the repressed consciousness of Doug pries control of Cena's mind and body from Cage, and swiftly gets tossed from the ring. Doug wakes up on the side of a cornfield-lined interstate in Iowa with action figures of both Cage and Cena in his pocket.

The Secret Life of a Beekeeper: In what is destined to be a career-redefining role for Jason Statham, *The Secret Life of a Beekeeper* is the heartfelt story of chemotherapy-ravaged Hugh McNally, a Beekeeper who is struggling to balance his health and his near-bankrupt apiary, when he gets a call from his estranged sister, Maya (played by Maggie Gyllenhall), letting him know that the guys from Mike's Hot Honey are looking for a new honey supplier. Maya tells Hugh this is his one chance to make something of himself, to leave an imprint on the world (the world of honey, at least) before he passes on. Hugh looks toward the bees and their uncanny, purpose-driven pursuit of pollination as inspiration for how to conduct himself in his battle with cancer and in his final attempt to leave a piece of himself behind after he passes. Expect tears during the 10-minute long silent scene in which Hugh approaches the curled-up, dried-out perennials and plucks the last few strands of thin, silver hair from his scalp, sensing that unlike the flowers, he will not be blossoming again the following Spring.

The Peppermill Diaries: From the people who brought you *Saltburn*, *The Peppermill Diaries* is the meandering, unsettling tale of a wealthy family living in a sprawling manor in Lancaster,

Pennsylvania, who welcome an unexpected visitor to stay with them for the summer months. Amish community escapee Frederick (Sunny Suljic) befriends charming, ravishing Landon (Timothée Chalamet) at a roadside farmstand. With self-deprecating humor and earnest good-natured appeals, Frederick is able to convince Landon to let him stay at the Peppermill Manor, but only for one night. Well, one night turns to two, which suddenly turns to a week, as they strike up a budding friendship, and the Peppermill family begins to take an empathetic interest in Frederick and his plight. Broken from the ascetic bounds of Amish life, Frederick behaves as if on an extended Rumspringa adventure, funneling top-shelf liquor and making sloppy advances on Landon's sister, Priscilla. Frederick overstays his welcome, but the Peppermill family struggles to bar him from the grounds of their gated estate. The jizzing in the butter churner scene is sure to delight and shock audiences in equal measure.

MidWinter: Ari Aster's latest unnerving depiction of a vacation-from-hell stars Olivia Rodrigo as Jennifer, a bougie fashion consultant from NYC whose flashy Vail ski trip proves *way, way* more than she bargained (paid out the ass) for. On her first day on the slopes, she spends two full hours flaunting her new Helly Hanson snowsuit in an attempt to procure the ultimate Instagram post. Avert your eyes, as none of the pictures turn out great! There is a particularly hard to watch scene in which her boyfriend fails to tap on the phone in order to bring up the lens-focusing square. During her one and only ski run of the day (\$280 ticket value), Jennifer and her boyfriend take the quad ski lift up the mountain and are paired up with **gasp** *locals*. The next thirty minutes are grainy CCTV footage of Jennifer eating \$32 chicken tenders in the lodge, going into the gift shop and dropping a cool \$75 on a balaclava, and, most disturbing of all, purchasing an off-brand phone charger from the checkout area. Much of the film's eeriness is a result of being psychologically transported into the mind of her finance bro boyfriend who has to pay for the entire thing.

Nothing, Nowhere, At Separate Times: This one's a real mindfuck. Laundromat/vacuum store owner Obafemi (LaKeith Stanfield) has a desk full of unpaid bills, a mind full of racing thoughts, and a gen-z son, Taiwo, (Jaden Smith) who is growing increasingly weary of the proposition that

he take over his Nigerian immigrant fathers' business by this time next year. Obafemi peers into the lid of a washing machine and is sucked through a spinning, damp Jalen Brunson jersey into another dimension. In this alternate reality, Obafemi is in a different part of Queens, in a different combination store, this time a hardwood flooring/smoothie shop. A customer orders a "Pineapple Sex Power" smoothie that promises to boost libido and cure infertility issues, but when Obafemi goes to blend it up, he is sucked through the blender into *yet another* different dimension. In this new universe, Obafemi is in Harlem, working as a mechanic/haberdasher. He looks behind him at a calendar on his wall showing the month of March, above a picture of Taiwo with pink dreadlocks straddling a humungous candy cane with the caption "'Lick it', by Taiwo Nasty, Dropping March 2026". Obafemi attempts to kill himself via both auto-erotic asphyxiation with one of the many leather belts in his shop and through inhaling exhaust fumes from one of the old Chevys currently jacked up in the mechanic half of the store. Right before passing out, Obafemi lands back in his original universe, where he has learned nothing, and he continues to physically abuse his son for engaging in behaviors he perceives to be homoerotic, such as drinking tea, taking pictures, and saying "goodnight" to his father.

My Neighbor John Turturro: A collaborative effort between Hayao Miyazaki and the Coen Brothers, *My Neighbor John Turturro* follows Japanese schoolgirl Akiko, who comes back from school one day and finds out that beloved character actor John Turturro has moved in to the home next door. Akiko makes it her mission to keep bothering Turturro, often showing up unannounced at his doorstep, or climbing over his fence and into his backyard to try to get a good look at the inside of the star's house through his glass sliding doors. Akiko scares the piss out of Turturro on multiple occasions, coaxing some of that classic, jumpy, unsettled Turturro magic out of the veteran actor.

Turturro swings open his front door and steps outside to collect the pile of mail on his stoop

"HEY JOHN TURTURRO!"

"FUCK! Stop sneaking up on me! What, what is it!? Yes, I'm your neighbor. Is that so crazy for you!? I'm actor John Turturro, and I'm also your neighbor. That's it. That's the whole premise. Now stop scaring me, little girl!"

Uncut Hogs: Ben Stiller is a mohel to the stars. The Hollywood mohel business is going great for Stiller until he finds himself embroiled in an international conflict as he outbids the king of Spain for Carlos Alcaraz's foreskin at a private Sotheby's event. Circumcision being an uncommon practice in traditionally Catholic Spain, the royal family has plans to re-attach Alcaraz's foreskin, but they'll have to get it back from Stiller first! This globe-trotting, cat-and-mouse chase will have you feeling all types of anxiety as you grip tightly to your popcorn, and your Johnson!

Okay, I'm officially out of ideas. I think it's time to call this one.

B

Barcelona- Home to "La Masia", the footballing academy famous for paying for Messi's HGH treatment and an expensive cover-up of an incident involving his teenage use of blackface in Halloween '02 (it was a Pelé costume. May we no longer honor our heroes!?).

Bingo- A game that for some reason has been adopted almost exclusively by old-age homes. Older adults will routinely fight over the **bingo** boards they deem to be "luckier" than others. The sad reality of the situation is that no matter how lucky your **bingo** board is, there's nothing lucky about *your family caregivers no longer having the wherewithal to put up with your progressively worsening dementia symptoms, and sticking you in a home as a result*. Wait a second, did the **bingo** leader just call out "incontinence"? If, so that means **bingo, bingo, bingo!** Look here, **bingo** leader, I just made **bingo** across the middle row with "increasing forgetfulness", "confusion", "agitation", "personality changes", "no longer recognizing your children" (the free space!) and, "incontinence".

Bird Watchers- All you need are a pair of binoculars and literally nothing else in the world to do and BANG, just like that you're in a chair on your deck examining birds like the avian pervert that you are. If you live in a temperate climate you'll probably see a bunch of boring, run of the mill birds like finches and sparrows, so you're probably better off using those binoculars to check out neighbor Dave's sweet new Corvette and wait a minute is that a plastic tube leading from the exhaust pipe into his front door? He must be trying to fill his house with that new car smell. Classic Dave, man, he lives for cars. Always said he would finally be happy once he got a Corvette. Glad to see he's enjoying it so much.

Bird watchers living in tropical regions can see much, much more interesting birds like birds of paradise, blue-footed boobies, and red-beaked penises. One must, however, possess the requisite knowledge to correctly identify the multitude of varied species. Otherwise, all one is doing is passively observing a collection of flying creatures that haven't been unlocked in the character selection screen of some type of Tekken-style bird fighting game. All the birds appear shadowy and featureless until you scroll past one with a scarlet bill and a horse cock.

I wonder what that one could be?

Breweries- These ever-popular hangout spots range in décor and theme from bubbly, vivacious, and decidedly kid-friendly, to metal, satanic, and solitary confinement chic. Somewhere in the middle of this spectrum you'll find a standard **brewery**. You'll be able to tell this is a typical **brewery** by simply looking for a \$20 smashburger on the menu with 'house sauce'. There's always a 'house sauce', but it never quite feels like a 'home' sauce. Once the smashburger has been located, you can settle down into your backless, repurposed bourbon-barrel seat and decide which one of the 20 hazy New England IPAs you will attempt to put down without grimacing. Revealing any display of negative emotion will mean the charade is up—your years-long masquerade as an IPA enthusiast will be seen for what it really is—one juicy, bitter lie. You decide to go for the Guava Unicorn Piss, which is big, bold, juicy, and bursting with tropical fruit flavor, as opposed to the Mango Nectar from a Centaurs' Balls, which is big, bold, juicy, *hazy*, and bursting with tropical fruit flavor.

Your friend Gerald orders a lager. You scoff and make a mental note never to hang out with Gerald ever again. You try to bond with the bartender over Gerald's childish palate, saying, "Can you believe this guy? A *lager*? Uh, yes, sir, one bud light coming up for the beer-drinker!" to which the bartender replies, "Lagers are actually back in fashion, IPAs are kind of out, man" which causes you to excuse yourself to the bathroom, where you cry a little bit into the hollowed-out keg urinal. That night's trivia MC who is taking a piss at the neighboring keg urinal puts his arm around your shoulder and tells you that it'll be okay, that you and your buddy should participate in the *Disco Fever 80s* trivia game starting in half an hour in the taproom. You begin to cry even harder, thinking about how pathetic you must seem if the *trivia MC, the guy whose claim to fame is being able to recite the script of every Star Wars film from heart*, even feels bad for you. You burst out of the bathroom and see Gerald has somehow talked his way into a behind the scenes tour of the brew room with the head brew master. You spot them through a window peering into the canning area and yell, "No! He knows *nothing* about hops! That should be *me*! That should be *meeeeee!!!!*" Just then the brewmaster hands Gerald an unreleased can of a triple dry-hopped quadruple IPA version of Cow-Jesus Lacto-Fermented Teet Serum to keep. Defeated, you return to your stiff, wooden seat and order the smashburger with extra house sauce and an \$11 side order of truffle parm fries.

C

Criterion Closet- A little room with floor-to-ceiling shelves of classic movies on three walls. The **Criterion Closet** YouTube channel shows videos of celebrities and film folk selecting movies that served as inspiration for them in their careers, that opened their eyes as to some new cinematic concept, storytelling direction, or cinematographic approach, or that they just simply enjoyed viewing. If selected to enter the **Criterion Closet**, the video will capture half an hour of me throwing DVD's off of the shelves and asking repeatedly, each successive ask growing louder and louder, "Where the fuck is *Mr. Bean's Holiday?*". When 95% of the films are piled up on the floor, almost to the height of my waist, and it becomes evident that they probably don't have a

copy of *Mr. Bean's Holiday*, I will exit the screen in a huff. The camera will stay trained on the closet for 10 excruciatingly silent minutes, during which time I would drive over to a thrift store and purchase used copies of both *Mr. Bean's Holiday* and M. Night Shyamalan's *Avatar: The Last Airbender*. The final shot of the video will feature those two DVD's being tossed onto the movie heap as audible groans and, "no, no, please god, no" can be heard coming from the sound people and cameramen in the background.

Conferences- Part vacation, part work obligation, **conferences** offer a unique opportunity for members of the working world to gather in one central location to learn all about the most recent, innovative advances in their fields. On paper, that is all **conferences** are. In reality, what goes on at **conferences** cuts much deeper than that.

Any graduate student or young urban professional need only spend a single day at their first **conference** before finding out about the seedy underbelly of conference behavior. We've all heard the stories—tales of professors wielding power imbalances and gin & tonic buzzes to grind on pretty research assistants at university-sponsored after parties. CEOs in committed marriages inviting entry-level employees up to their suites to discuss "career ambitions" over mini-fridge Smirnoff nips. I'm not saying *everyone* is cheating on their significant other at a conference, there are those who just like to attend the sessions and catch up with friends who they don't get to see too often. Amongst that group, there are those who are really in it for the knowledge, and there are others who are just waiting for the sessions to be over with so they can send it downtown, rail some lines, and try to set a new high-score on the inflatable bucking bull-ride.

The last conference I attended, I went to a session on something or another (It was all pretty hazy the morning after the bull-ride) being presented by one Fatmanur Duvkovic. As soon as I heard her name I couldn't help but turn to the man sitting next to me and go, "Oof, rough name. It's like fat plus manure. Essentially, it's just fat shit. Fat Shit! Can you believe that? Must have been rough for her back in school with a name like that." The man, looking less than thrilled, informed me that that was his wife up there presenting, and that they had fled a country in the throes of a brutal civil war in order to get to the conference. Whoops!

Cut to the final day of the conference, when they are handing out awards to all the people making a difference in kitchen cabinet development, pickle barrel coopering, toiletometry, etc. "I now present the Malala Yousafzai Award for perseverance! And the winner is...Fatmanur Duvkovic, who risked her life to get to our conference. Fatmanur, you are a hero!" *raucous cheers and applause*. The whole ordeal messed with me to the point where I even felt a touch remorseful while balls deep in the all you can eat and drink special at Fogo de Chão later that evening. You gotta be careful at these **conferences**, man!

Conservative Psychologists- The more rural your living situation, the more likely it becomes that you'll have to turn to **conservative psychologists** for mental health treatment. If you do find yourself in this precarious situation, it's best to familiarize yourself with some of the therapeutic techniques that you'll be exposed to before entering treatment. Going in blind could prove devastating. Here's a list of what to expect when you plop yourself down on the couch of one Kenny Chesterfield, LPC:

Appeals to a Higher Power- "Have you tried asking god for forgiveness yet? All of this therapy stuff is really pointless without the lord on your side. Listen, I'm no miracle maker, but I do know someone who is! I can make you feel better, up until a certain point. But if you really want to feel on top of the world, you need to get down on your hands and knees and maketh of thyself a sacrificial lamb before our lord and savior, Jesus H. Christ."

"But doesn't all of this mental anguish stem from my experiences as an altar boy? Shouldn't I be trying to distance myself from Christianity?"

"Distance yourself from Christianity? You've been running away from your faith your whole adult life. And how far has that gotten you? Let's see here...you're a depressed loser who can't hold down a job. Grow some fucking balls and get back to church before you end up in hell with all the other weak, godless men who blame their struggles on their mental condition."

Culturally Incompetent Healthcare- "Where are you from? And don't tell me America. The suns' not strong enough here to make us that shade, brother. It says here on my chart that you've

got a little bit of anxiety. What's scaring you? All the stuff you've been seeing on the news? That doesn't happen in this town, man. We love your type. Matter of fact, best football player to ever come through this town was a feller by the name of Joe McGee who looked like he could've been your uncle. Hell of a ballplayer, that Joe McGee. Built like a fire hydrant too. Heard he was packing something fierce down south as well."

"I'm feeling nervous because my cousin was stalked down and beaten unconscious with a lead pipe on Main and Lennox last weekend."

"There never was another running back quite like that Joe McGee. Legs like a Clydesdales' and biceps the height of Mount Zion. Now tell me, do you play ball, son?"

"I'm having panic attacks all the time. I can't sleep. I keep having night terrors. Violent dreams of bearded men in flannel shirts sitting in the back of pickup trucks, pumping their sawed-off shotguns, aiming the barrels at my face."

"My son's on the wrestling team. I want to give him a real test. Put a real athlete in front of him, you know what I'm saying? You think you could rough him up a bit? Yea, he can handle himself against some white boys, but he's never been put in a chocolate pretzel before."

"I'm thinking of moving away to stay with my uncle and aunt until things become safer for me here."

"Ah yes, the *Fresh Prince* maneuver. Well, color me surprised! What's next? Your aunt's named Madea? Now, my man, I'm shocked you of all people don't know this, but I'm gonna let you in on a little *inside baseball*. None of this therapy shit really works, alright. The only way we therapists fix our anxiety is by lighting a fat doobie and blazing that shit to smithereens. Now go play the corner and score yourself from chronic, hustla!"

Putting Your Struggles Into Perspective- "You were traumatized by *words*? Let me get this straight. *WORDS*? I talk to real veterans with real lived combat experience in some of the most brutal, bloody campaigns in recent military history. And you have the audacity to come in here and complain about *WORDS*? These are men who willingly place themselves in the proverbial hornet's nest and beg those fuckers to come and sting them. Have you ever seen what a man looks like after he's been shredded by shrapnel and all but left for dead, face down in the

scorching sandy cauldron of goat-fucker city, Iraq? It's fucking terrifying. Now that's what real trauma looks like. So don't you dare ever come in here and complain about something upsetting that someone said to you ever again, you got me? You want some therapy? Man the fuck up! How's that for therapy? Look at that flag on the wall. The next time you step in here you better show some goddamn respect to that flag and the troops that give their lives to defend it."

Croutons- Rock solid pieces of stale bread that enhance salads or serve as 'struggle snacks' for college-aged midnight bingers. Also, a derogatory term for a Frenchman.

*"You can't smoke cigarettes in here **crouton**, this is a children's science museum."*

Cute Dog Nicknames- Every dog owner knows there is really no limit to how crazy you can get with your dog nicknames. They can be so ridiculous, and so far removed from the dogs' original name, that you lose track of the thread that led you to the nonsensical nickname in the first place. Daisy can turn into Daisy Girl, then Daisy Princess, then Daisy Flower Princess, then Daisy Dipsy Doodle Doo, then Daisy Days Inn Lazy Wakeup, Missed the Cock a Daisy Doodle Doo, Too Late for The Continental Breakfast, Damn. Rover can turn to Rovie, then Roe v. Wade, then Red Roe v. Wade, then Red Rover, Red Rover, Hand That Fetus Over! Joey can turn to Joe, then Joseph, then Dr. Josef Mengele, Angel of Death to Small Woodland Creatures, Bringer of the Woof and Silencer of the Squeek.

Cybertrucks- How I would design a "cool" looking truck back in 2nd grade when I played with Rescue Heroes and wanted to grow up to be Rey Mysterio.

Breaking news out of Tesla: Thousands of **Cybertrucks** set to be recalled after a factory flaw was discovered in the autopilot system! Customers have been reporting that when they engage the autopilot feature, the **Cybertrucks** have been rerouting them to the closest Jewish-owned private residence. Unable to redirect the trucks back to their intended route, confused drivers have been arriving outside Jewish homes all over the country. To make matters worse, before they are able to peel away from the houses, the **Cybertrucks** have been overriding the custom

horn feature to play a prerecorded message of Elon Musk's voice saying, "Come outside Jews, we know you are hiding in there!". Many Tesla owners have found themselves spending their last few weeks apologizing to Jewish families, claiming they do not espouse the views of their vehicles, and explaining that the trucks are just being their quirky, socially inept selves, and do not actually harbor any hatred towards Jews or any other religious or ethnic group, for that matter.

Another subset of **Cybertruck** owners reports a similar, albeit equally troubling, pattern of behavior exhibited by their trucks: These drivers claim that when driving through the business districts of their cities at night, their **Cybertrucks** have been ejecting some of their extraneous bolts and other metal fragments through the windows of locally owned Jewish businesses. "I don't know why they need to aim for *Jewish* businesses in particular, but I think we need to be focusing on the real issue here, which is that the trucks are acting erratically, with no rhyme or reason, with no clear agenda!". One **Cybertruck** driver claimed that his truck shot a screw through the plate glass windows of a Roman delicatessen, but debris from the blast just happened to end up careening through the storefront of pickle patent lawyers Abramson & Davidovich as well.

D

Dab Rigs- If a bong is coffee, a dab rig is Monster Energy Drink. Using a dab rig makes you look more like a crackhead than the actual act of smoking crack. This is because in order to use a dab rig you need an industrial butane torch, the same torch that you would use to, you know, solder metal in a workshop. There are stoners who collect dab rigs simply because they like the "heady art". These people would run back into the flames of their burning down homes to retrieve their drug rugs.

Diners- **Diners** are the backbone of America. Take a treacherous, blind, three-lane traversing turn off any interstate highway exit ramp and you'll soon arrive at a three-star dining establishment with a traditional Greek name like, "Parthenon", "Mycenaean", or "Temple of

Chest Hair and Tax Fraud”. Step inside of these underwhelming modern reimaginings of UNESCO heritage sites and you’ll immediately be greeted by a bundle of feta and receding comb-over curls named Mikelos whose body fused to the check-in counter many years ago. You wonder if he has ever managed to pry himself free from the wood-panel desk with its cloudy glass window illuminating a sad spread of dust-collecting Lifesavers, 3 Musketeers, and Orange Tic-Tacs. Maybe he has a catheter. Mikelos looks at some indeterminate point in the distance as the register continually prints out a never-ending ribbon of crinkly paper. His voice, a gruff, low rumble, asks, “How many?”. You respond, “Just one”. He asks, “Booth or table?”. You tell him “If I ever ask for a table, you have permission to put ricin in my spanakopita”. He nods. You sense you have gained a little bit of his respect.

Mikelos waives over a decidedly non-Greek waiter with a nametag reading “Stefanos Papadopoulos”. He looks more like an Alejandro Rincon. You wonder if this is something Mikelos forces upon his staff. Papadopoulos—short, tan, and with ancient Mayan features—guides you past a tubular desert case with baklava, cream pies, and individual slices of carrot cake topped with piped-icing baby carrots. You spot walnuts and raisins in the cake and make a mental note to reserve it a spot in your stomach’s guest room, right next to the intestinal swirly slide (currently being ridden by Citgo Quik Mart black coffee). You reach your booth in the corner of the restaurant, right next to the full-wall mirror draped with red and green Christmas streamers and mistletoe. It is the middle of June. Papadopoulos places a napkin with silverware, a laminated menu (which lands with a thud), and a paper placemat on the table. The placemat is crammed with little rectangular advertisements for local businesses: Lyle’s auto-repair, Kyle’s auto-repair, Miles’ auto-repair (“Why go to Lyle and Kyle, when you can go the extra Mile? Miles’ auto-repair, gear-shifting past Lyle and Kyle since ’83”). On the far end of the table near the windowsill is a plastic tower with Smuckers’ jellies, stevia packets, salt & pepper shakers, and a bottle of ketchup from a brand not named Heinz (“Devin Crockett’s Pioneer-Style Catsup”, Devin, your famous frontiersman great-grandfather didn’t traverse the wild west to have his likeness posthumously exploited in the hopes of selling ketchup. Just let Heinz do their thing—sincerely, everyone), which is never a good sign.

You flip open the menu to the first of fifteen pages. The last time you encountered a menu this extensive was at the Cheesecake Factory, where a gentleman at the table next to you had a stroke whilst eating chicken alfredo. The possibilities are endless. There are so many ways to tackle a diner order. Savory or sweet, breakfast or lunch, American classics or Greek specialties. You eye the chicken souvlaki, which makes your heart flutter, but find yourself flipping back to ole reliable: the tuna melt, with curly fries substituted for regular fries for a dollar extra, because what are you, some type of street urchin who can't cough up an extra buck for a more whimsical, seasoned fry experience? Might as well toss in a vanilla milkshake for good measure. Papadopoulos returns and you recite your carefully curated order to him, making sure to speak up to avoid being drowned out by the slow-moving stampede of older adults with walkers who just entered the **diner** after being bussed over from their retirement home.

The order has been placed, and instead of reaching for your phone, you find yourself scanning the room, appreciating both the standard **diner** décor and some of the more unusual art installations. Of the former, there are single serving size boxes of cereal stacked up above an old-school espresso machine with three options, "French vanilla: and a shit-ton of it", "Hazelnut: for sissies", and "Dark-roast: sent to hell and back in the Auschwitz crematoria". A signed picture of John Stamos shaking hands with a much-younger Mikelos (still seated at the register, a four-foot-long receipt snake coiled up on the table next to him) hangs on the wall above the flat top griddle. Of the latter, there is a massive framed picture of a stuffed grape leaf with the caption, "Stuffed grape leaves, EAT 'EM!" side-by-side with an image asserting the highly questionable proclamation that the industrial stronghold of Bethlehem, PA is sister city to Mykonos, white and blue pearl of the Mediterranean. An older Vietnam vet with a camo hat reading, "USMC" sits in a bar stool stirring his coffee while watching the 24-inch box TV in the top righthand corner of the bar. A white-toothed news anchor can be seen on the screen above a banner reading, "Greenland purchase key to finding autism cure?". The wrinkly Barbara/Priscilla/Marianne waiting on the vet can be heard saying, "Who knows what's under all that ice?" while the vet takes a long, slow sip of his coffee.

Papadopoulos drops off your food and asks you to let him know if you'll be needing anything. You ask him the same question back with a wink, moving your eyes back and forth from his nametag to his face to see if he'll get the message. You catch his face appearing deeply affected for one split moment, but then he turns around and flies off back to the kitchen. You take a thick slurp of your milkshake and then top it back off with the excess shake from the metal chalice that Papadopoulos had also placed on the table. **Diners** that don't give you that extra four ounces of shake in a tin cup are 83% more likely to shut down within their first three years of operation. It turns out having the foresight to stock larger milkshake glasses that can hold an entire shake doesn't translate to **diner** success—what translates to **diner** success is being served that holy tin grail alongside your standard shake glass. Psychologically speaking, the purpose that cup serves is to ~~distract you from the bloody fallout of the blind, three-lane traversing turn you took to get off the exit ramp~~ convince the customer that he/she/they/fatty/recovering alcoholic replacing booze with sweet treats is getting more milkshake than he/she/they/fatty/alcoholic replacing booze with sweet treats paid for.

The extra thick milkshake hits a leadoff homerun, and the tuna melt on toasted rye in the on-deck circle steps up to the plate looking to go back-to-back. The Jewish ancestry of this sandwich isn't harming its chances of hitting one out of the park, per se, as we're not interested in athletic ability so much as food preparation, something Jews don't struggle with quite as much (we are omitting gefilte fish for the sake of this argument). You take a bite of the melt. It is so savory, so satisfying, that it has you questioning whether or not the Greeks borrowed this recipe from the ancient Jews during the Hellenistic period when cultural exchange between the two groups was common. You chase the melt with a curly fry, and while you've never been to Arby's (for good reason, living past the age of thirty-five seems like something you might be interested in doing), you can't imagine that their signature side has anything on these golden-brown payes (colloquial term for Hassidic Jews' twirly sideburns). You scarf down your entire meal and waive Papadopoulos back over for the check. He brings you a surprisingly cheap bill, and you leave him a nice tip, suspecting that Mikelos might not be paying entirely livable wages to his pseudo-Greek employees.

You bring your check up to the counter and hand it over to Mikelos, who is still seated in the same position, his eyes still fixated on some spot in the distance, his register still printing out a continuous scroll of blank paper. He grabs the receipt without looking, punches a few buttons on the register, and pins the bill down on the needle holding the rest of that day's orders. You hand him your card and then reach into the repurposed bingo-ball-spinner containing bulbous, semi-soft mints with fruity jelly interiors. Legend has it that **diners** come equipped with these things. When you build a **diner**, these mints magically appear. Mikelos hands you back your card and asks if you would like your receipt. You are about to say yes, but then remember that you wanted to take a piece of carrot cake to go. Mikelos seems not just annoyed, but baffled by your request. "What do you mean, you want a slice of carrot cake?" He asks. You tell him exactly that, that you would like a piece of cake. Mikelos waives Papadopoulos over and tells him to direct you to the dessert case. Papadopoulos guides you over to the case and then motions you to come around with him so you can peer into it from behind. Inside the case are just stacks and stacks of *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* DVDs. The desserts are not real desserts, but rather images pasted to the front of the case to obscure its true contents. Mikelos informs you that they have never once had anyone even enquire about the desserts, but he can give you a deal on one of the DVDs, since his cousin worked as a backup boom mic operator on the set of the film. You tell him that's really alright, you'll be on your way now. He hands you a 12-foot-long receipt and wishes you the best. On your way out the door you notice the claw machine, also stocked with *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* DVDs, body-hair grooming kits, and tzatziki-scented hair gel. You step outside, back into the open-air of Mykonos' sister city, and are immediately swarmed by police cars. If the **diner** was the last piece of the outside world you'd ever get to see, so be it.

Dinner Parties- The concept of the standard **dinner party** has lost its allure in recent years. It's hard to get people to be jazzed about coming to your cramped house for a regular old hang, especially if you're a boring individual/couple/family with no chefs amongst your ranks. One way to spice things up is through ingesting edibles, a practice that has caught on for more and more older adults since widespread weed legalization and reductions in stigma. An alternative

route that doesn't rely (solely) on drug use is to host a themed **dinner party**. Try out some of these concepts and be sure to report back to me with the (presumably awesome) results:

Hispanic and War Panic: Don't just wait for someone to awkwardly broach the subject of the Middle East conflict, instead try *starting* the night with a heated debate about the ethics of the war. No talking point is deemed too controversial! Weigh the proportional worth of different ethnicities' lives over some barbacoa tacos and guacamole. Be sure to use the half-sugar, half-salt rim on the margaritas as a jumping off point to discuss the potential merits of the two-state solution.

Jewnteenth: Gather a bunch of liberal, social justice warrior Jews together on Juneteenth for a celebration of all things black culture! Assemble the nerdiest, least-hip group of community scholars and professionals to sample platters of collard greens (sans bacon to keep things kosher), cornbread (made with soy milk—Chanah Friedkin-Weinerhorn is severely lactose intolerant), and fried okra (coated in gluten-free panko, because fuck it, surely at least one of the guests can't handle gluten) while Yossi "Mushti-Mushti" Davidovich-Schflagelov spins some Nas on vinyl and everyone bops around awkwardly and tries to act like they're unconcerned with the tales of hardscrabble project life and grisly interpersonal violence. *Hilde Berelovitz-Shapiro-Steinstein grabs her husband's thigh and leans in to whisper, "Morris, this music is so angry. He's no Simon Garfunkel" "It's Simon *and* Garfunkel. They are two separate people, Hilde!".

Tapas and Choppas: Invite all your roughneck motorcycle rider friends over for a night of unexpectedly dainty dining. Watch on in glee as these hardened Hells Angels futilely strain to preserve their macho amidst the bevy of small bites being flaunted around the room by black-tie servers. As one oil-stained hand grasps a tiny china cup of gazpacho, the other is firmly set in a pocket, running its fingers over a switchblade that could be brandished in a moment's notice should anyone attempt to capture the moment for social media. As the discomfort swells and tensions understandably begin to rise, you wheel out the showstopper, a Spanish red prawn cradled into a crescent, playing big spoon to a zesty orange citrus sauce, topped with a smoke

bubble that, when popped, mimics the appearance of a ripping Harley Davidson exhaust pipe. Even the toughest biker will be gruffly singing the praises of Ferran Adria's molecular gastronomy by the end of the evening.

English Breakfast with a Ket Twist: Best held the morning before an Oasis reunion show, this early-AM party involves, you guessed it, lots of ketamine and black sausage. Picture a fold-out table in a shabby Manchester loft. Everyone seated around it is wearing a different shade of Stone Island tracksuit. The baked beans are glistening, the tomatoes are cut in half and lightly charred, and Gordon is so deep in a k-hole he thinks he's moonwalking in Old Trafford to the tune of Wonderwall, when in reality he's sitting in the corner staring through the back of a signed Darren Fletcher kit, nibbling reluctantly on a banger.

BBQ, do it all with you!: Real, traditional Texas barbeque, except all the dinner guests arrive the second the brisket gets laid on the mesquite coals in the industrial smoker, which happens to be, *checks watch*, right at the ass-crack of dawn. Spend an easy 14 hours with your visitors exhausting all possible forms of entertainment, from Cornhole, to baking cornbread from scratch, to listening through Chris Cornell's entire discography as frontman of Soundgarden, Audioslave, AND Temple of the Dog (we're really trying anything at this point). Go inside and watch *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Come back outside with a magnifying glass and concentrate the sun's rays onto an ant colony because life is impossibly bleak. Start to feel remorse on behalf of the ant family members. Listen to a guided loving-kindness meditation. Break apart from the group and call a friend you've lost touch with but have been meaning to contact for a while because you used to have so much fun together but you drifted apart because that's life, but that doesn't *have* to be life, and you're not going to *let it* be life. Go inside and wake everyone up (everyone that's left) because the brisket is finally done. Dump syrup and flour on Ross and refer to him as Pancake Man for the rest of the evening. By this point nobody cares how the meat comes out, but just know that you did achieve a perfect pink smoke ring and rendered it to the ideal consistency of stretchable, but not falling apart upon contact. Feed everyone quickly and compensate them well for their time spent away from their families.

Domino's- The pizza chain whose worst menu offering is pizza. Known for their snacking ingenuity with items such as parmesan bread bites and brookies, **Domino's** employs a team of expert food scientists to ensure their faithful customers are not wanting for options at 3am, six hours deep into a *Baldur's Gate III* LAN party. **Domino's** recently released a joint statement with the Department of Defense announcing that their R&D team will be commandeering the Los Alamos test site in order to develop their most twisted, sinister offering yet: *The Domino's Oreo Crème Double Stuf Crust Pizza*. A Californian physicist by the name Rupert G. Hobnobbenheimer will be heading the crème insertion unit, while ex-soviet scientist Vladimir Nabisko will be taking the reins of the heavy crème production force. With news breaking from Plano, Texas, that Pizza Hut is attempting to manufacture a chicken wing that tastes exactly like pepperoni pizza, the **Domino's** scientists are in a race against the clock to bring their Frankensteinian dessert pie to market. The ethics of making such a pie are questionable, but one thing is for certain, once the Oreo Crème Double Stuf Crust Pizza has entered the arena, the fast-casual dining world will never be the same.

"Now I am become saturated fat, destroyer of cardiac function."

Drive-Thru- If fast food isn't fast enough for you, there's the **drive-thru**. The **drive-thru** is preferred over dining-in by many self-conscious, psoriatic gila monsters who want to eat their greasy chum within the confines of their junk-filled Kia's.

Let's cut to a live feed of Donald Trump working the **drive-thru** window at the local McDonald's:

Car pulls up to the window

Trump: "Hi there, what can you do for me?"

Customer: "Isn't it meant to be, 'what can I do for you?'"

Trump: "That's what I said"

Customer: "Oh, okay. Well I'll have a large fry and a..."

Trump: "Large fry!?! Maybe you should try a small there, fatty. But okay, good choice. We have great fries. Many say they are the best fries."

Customer: "I was also going to ask if your ice cream machine is working"

Trump: "Our ice cream machine has never been broken. Not once. They try to say that it's been broken but the truth is that it never has."

Customer: "Well I ask because I came here last week and it was broken"

Trump: "Of course you were here last week, fatty. Maybe you are broken, a broken fatty. A fat dog."

Customer: "Listen, man, can I just order my food?"

Trump: "Finally. I've been waiting. We've all been waiting. Ronda! (*he yells to his manager*) Have you been waiting? Yes. See, we've all been waiting. A long, long time. The longest of times, some might say."

Customer: "Sorry, man, but I feel like you've been interrupting me. Can I also get some sweet & sour sauce with that?"

Trump: *Trump turns around and yells at nobody in particular* "One sweet & sour sauce for the fat loser in the **drive-thru!**"

Driving School- "Permit holders, you have arrived at the next step in your driving education. This is where we put all your book learning and practical driving knowledge to test out in the real world: on the roads. On behalf of myself and the rest of the staff, we bid you a warm welcome to the Eun-Jung Choi Driving School!"

a couple of unenthusiastic claps are heard

"Excuse me, teacher, but was Eun-Jung Choi the founder of the school? I just think it's so awesome that you are working to combat the stereotype that Asian women are bad drivers."

"No, she actually died in a car crash during her first driving lesson here. The school is named in her memory."

"Oh."

Driving School is where you learn all the techniques that you'll never put into practice once you graduate. Things like maintaining a respectable following distance of three seconds,

sometimes more in adverse conditions, behind the vehicle in front of you. Realistically, you're going to be riding their ass if they're going anything less than 15 miles per hour over the speed limit. Which brings me to another one of their rules: follow all speed limits. Were you to actually adhere to this, you'd be beaten to death by means of crowbar in a matter of days.

*"I went to **driving school** and the instructor tried to tell me to keep my hands at 10 and 2 like some kind of goody two shoes jackass!"*

E

Eagle Scouts- Congratulations, loser, you now know how to tie every single knot in existence! Also, if you somehow get stuck in the woods overnight, you'll be able to build a lean-to that'll keep you a little bit warmer while you're being mauled to death by a grizzly bear. This badge of honor might as well read, "survivor of sexual abuse!". **Eagle scouts** must complete a final service project before ascending to this patriotic, avian rank. While other high schoolers are drinking beers in garages and smashing mailboxes with baseball bats, **eagle scouts** are busy spending time by themselves in the woods hammering together planks of wood to build little bridges over streams, desperately trying not to think about what happened in the tent on that 3-day hike up Mount Washington a few summers prior.

Egg Salad Sandwiches- The perfect food to eat on a flight, during a public bus ride, or in a cramped office break room. It is almost an act of alchemy that a food so simple in its construction (bread, egg, mayo) is able to produce a scent so flagrant to the nostrils. A warm egg salad sandwich may be used in place of tear gas in order to disband unruly groups of civilians in the town square.

*"Quick, hand me the bucket of three-day-old **egg salad sandwiches**, the Mothers Against Drunk Driving are gathering outside of Buffalo Wild Wings again!"*

Erotic Novels- I get it, girls, you like to take in your pornographic material via writing. I guess it's classier that way? Whatever. What I do have a problem with is some of the downright appalling descriptive language in these novels. Some of it is just so, so bad that I'm shocked anyone could find it even remotely arousing. "His #\$@% was hard, hard as uncooked rice. She was wet, wetter than a dog that had been out in the rain. When they copulated, they fused together liked two joints of wood dovetailed nicely together to make a sturdy coffee table that could bear the load of one thousand *Vibe* magazines." "He peeled off his Dijon mustard-stained shirt to reveal a small gut. It wasn't really that he was *fat*, so much as well-fed. She peeled off her shirt quickly, without any teasing. Underneath were a set of love handles that were her New Year's resolution to get rid of, but it was only January 4th. When they came together it wasn't necessarily hot, but utilitarian, as they wanted to reproduce, and this was the only way they knew how. Had they been more informed, they could've had a surrogate or adopted or something. But they were uninformed, uninformed *together*. He rubbed up on her like a black bear itching his back on the bark of an oak tree..."

ESPN Talk Shows- ESPN is about to introduce a new series of 30-second long sports talk shows where the hosts will let the audience know who is playing later that day, followed by a discussion of the key to the game, which one host will explain is to, "score more points than the other team", to which the other host will respond, "that team will win the game". The network is also developing a 30-second sports recap show where Stephen A. Smith will yell into the camera about how one team didn't score more points than the other team, and *that* is why they lost.

*"I was watching this new **ESPN talk show** and it seems the network has finally come to their senses about how none of their analysts' predictions have any bearing over the actual results of the games. This frees up way more time for me to send death threats to family members of players that underperformed for my fantasy team!"*

F

Facebook- Facebook is considering a rebrand to birthdays.com after it was found that 96% of its users report only using the social media site as a digital birthday calendar of sorts. When asked about his Facebook usage, Robert, 27, of Wichita, said, “Oh you mean the calendar app? Yea I get alerts about birthdays on that thing. People I’ve pretty much lost touch with, but every so often it really helps me out. I could’ve lost some friendships without it for sure.” Franny, 31, of Dover, was flabbergasted when informed that the app has many other features, and even operates in a similar fashion to twitter and Instagram in that it has a feed with posts that one may scroll through: “It says here my second cousin has chlamydia. I would have never known that you could use this app to keep up with intimate details of other people’s lives!” Windsor, 73, of Chicago, had no idea that the app was for birthdays, but believed it served another distinct, albeit dark purpose: “That’s the blue F button that tells me when the next meet up is. Would you look at that? We have a cross-burning at midnight tonight in the south side. I’m on kerosene duty! Good thing I checked! Wait a second. My boss can’t see what I do on this thing, right?”

“Facebook just told me it’s my anniversary. Phew, thanks Zuck!”

Fallingwater- A marvelous estate designed by legendary architect Frank Lloyd Wright. The home is built into a waterfall in southwestern Pennsylvania. This stunning achievement in infusing nature into home design quite literally gave rise to the organic architecture movement, and has since been named the world’s most famous private residence not owned by royalty. If you thought it wasn’t possible for **Fallingwater** to become even more famous, think again, because the picturesque forest palace is slated to serve as the host site for the next season of *Milf Manor!*

Welcome to *Milf Manor*, the reality show where middle aged women made of plastic try to wrangle young studs with pea sized brains and brain sized biceps! Let’s go see what Rhonda and Kiera are discussing under the natural wood trellises over **Fallingwater’s** driveway:

Rhonda: "Derek's abs are like, popping off. Girl, you better steer clear. Because I have found my mans".

Kiera: "I'll stay away from Derek if you promise not to touch Jared. Did you see him making that morning skincare routine tiktok under the waterfall? I wish I was that charcoal exfoliating puff."

The girls are liking what they see from the young bucks! Let's cut to Darrel and Chauncey sitting on one of the lower outdoor terraces overlooking the pleasant stream whose tranquility bestows a state of calm mindfulness on anyone fortunate enough to rest their gaze upon it:

Darrel: "Dude, you think you could do a David Attenborough voice behind me while I bend Jessica over one of these railings and bring her back to her USC football team sweetheart days?"

Chauncey: "I would totally do that for you bro, except I'll be in front of the locally quarried stone fireplace staying toasty while I make Vanessa sing the ABC's backwards"

The boys are getting in the mood for a fox hunt tonight! It appears as if Chelsea and Austin have paired up over by the expansive corner windows in the living room that allow glorious natural light to filter in and illuminate the majesty of the sprawling open floor plan so tastefully furnished with Japanese "zabuton" floor cushions and black walnut coffee tables.

Chelsea: "My ex-husband had to take blue chew just to muster up a semi. Sure, he would pay for our dinner at Nobu and buy me Goyard bags every now and then, but what's the point if he couldn't even screw?"

Austin: "Mrs. Nichols?"

Chelsea: "Excuse me?"

Austin: "You don't remember me? I used to come play *Thomas the Tank Engine* with your son Chris. Aw, man, that's tough to hear about Mr. Nichols, we always used to hear so much commotion coming from upstairs when we were playing!"

Chelsea: "Listen, are we gonna do this or not?"

Austin: "I don't know... this doesn't feel right."

Chelsea takes her arm and swipes thousands of dollars' worth of sculptures and hand-formed antique vases off of the table in front of her

Chelsea: "Oh, it's happening. Right here, right now."

That's all for this episode of *Milf Manor*! Tune in next week before...oh what's that now? UNESCO is on the phone? Do they sound angry? Like, how angry? Oh, got it. Alright, just shoot the Austin and Chelsea scene and then pack everything up. We can be out of here in 30 if we hurry.

Farmers Markets- I hope you brought an organic hemp bag and a fat wad of \$100's because you're about to be bled dry by a homely, yet personable hick in overalls who grows the meanest kohlrabi in the region. You came here wanting some sweet potatoes and maybe a dozen cage-free eggs, but through a combination of gypsy black magic and a gnawing feeling of sorrow for the dull lives of full-time farmers you have been persuaded to purchase a cornucopia of overpriced heirloom veggies and a full-scale replica of the Jolly Green Giant's cock fashioned from edamame. Feeling bullied and down to your last stack of hundos, you walk past a California raisin of a woman in a tan sunhat displaying mosaics of famous vegan songwriters made from multicolored varieties of corn. You really shouldn't be splurging on such a niche item, but corn Jason Mraz is staring at you as if to say, "I'm Yours", and if there ever was a cornier vegan artist to find on a corn mosaic, you have yet to find them, and you've been looking. As you're walking out of the market with your corn mosaic you lock eyes with a woman who looks like a turnip selling a war-scene diorama of whittled turnip versions of G.I. Joes holding rifles fashioned from roots and aiming at a GMO-enhanced beet in a Monsanto t-shirt. You have no money left but there's an ATM by the exit and I mean, how could you not...

Fashion Institute of Technology (FIT)- This is a public university in New York City where students go to plunge themselves into crippling debt and learn...what the hell do they learn? The name of the school is so confusing. Are they playing dress up with robots? Or are they learning how to 3D model a loom that'll reduce deaths from loose clothing being snagged in the

gears? No wait, I got it, they're preparing PowerPoints that'll instruct tech titans like Steve Jobs and Mark Zuckerberg on how to ditch those plain t shirts and jeans in favor of retro band tees and leather dog masks. Following the same formula as the **Fashion Institute of Technology**, I am founding an improvisational comedy school named the German Society of Lighthearted Ribbing and Whimsical Shenanigans. It'll sit right next to my cooking academy, the Culinary Conservatory for Working Men with Stay at Home Wives.

*I am a rising sophomore at the **Fashion Institute of Technology**. Maybe this year they'll tell me if I'm heading towards a job in a bridal boutique or as a backend developer for an AI company!*

Fish Auctions- High-intensity bidding wars that occur in the early A.M. hours in coastal Asian communities, places where diets revolve around sea creatures of all colors, textures, and degrees of sliminess. Often the most coveted catch—a Bluefin tuna—can fetch bids in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. However, once in a blue moon (cake), an angler will reel in something seriously sought-after...

This just in from Kanazawa, Japan! The Kanazawa fish market has been flooded, no, not with water, but with smelly jam-band wooks, after the decapitated head of Phish front man Trey Anastasio was hauled out from the ocean, cleaned, and immediately transported to the auction block for bidding early Tuesday morning.

Local fisherman Hanate Sagajiwa, who was credited with the catch, said that reeling in the head was quite shocking, but that the real shock was the rancid scent that filled his nostrils as the Phish faithful congregated to bid on their hero's scalp. Here we cut to Sagajiwa's live reaction as white guys with crusty dreads and crude, homemade tie dye tee shirts surrounded him at the auction block:

“OOO what that smerr? It smerr so bad! It smerr rike shit! It smerr worse than four-day old Oyster reft in trunk of Honda Civic!”

Sagajiwa went on to say that the putrid body odor wafting off of the psychedelic burnouts was worse than anything he had smelled in his 14 years of selling fish at the market.

Auctioneer Botan Kagawa wiped the residual vomit off of his mouth and started the bidding on Anastasio's head at 80 million yen, to the audible chagrin of the unemployed Phishheads eager to take home their cult leader's prized Phish head. "80 million yen, going once!" projected Kagawa into the sea of unkempt goat yogis wearing Grateful Dead founding member Ron "Pigpen" McKernan tribute tees and precipitating a cloud of soot that would put Peanuts' Pig-Pen to shame.

"I don't have the cash, but I can give you this reflective sticker of a telekinetic yeti climbing out of a rhinestone jukebox" offered up a present-day David Letterman meets California gold-rush 49'er type character in tattered, charcoal-stained overalls. "If you no have money, you no get fish!" retorted Kagawa, already beginning to get aggravated with these Gorgonzola-scented groupies. "I can go on CashorTrade right now and send you over tickets to the *entire* MSG run this Summer!" pled a desperate, overweight woman in a rainbow propeller hat with a shoddy tattoo of Tinkerbell smoking dope out of her wand visible on the loose, fat skin being pushed through the slots in her originally white Birkenstocks.

"You peoper do not respect our sacred fish market cuture! Prus, you arr smerr rike godzirra nutsack hair in burning down fermented soybean paste factory! If nobody can make opening bid, we throw Trey back into bay!" snapped Kagawa, his patience waning.

"Wait, I have a mystery pill, some ear plugs, and an eighth-ounce of penis envy mushrooms that my buddy Kyle grew up in Burlington!" Croaked an emaciated dude in Dancing Bear pajama bottoms and a knitted leaf top that looked like something the biblical Adam would have worn if the forbidden fruits in the Garden of Eden were whippets.

Kagawa hucks the decapitated head back into the Pacific. The Phishheads pool together their paltry savings to rent the Titan submersible. They use the sub to go searching for the head, but once down in the depths are too focused on getting high and singing "Yellow Submarine" to stay focused on their mission

Five (5) Gum- Chewing **5 Gum** is like scaling Mt. Everest and finding a half-clad Kate Upton waiting for you at the summit.

Chewing Extra! is like falling asleep on the jungle floors of Papua New Guinea and being picked apart by monitor lizards.

Chewing **5 Gum** is like hitting the bullseye on a dunk tank, sending your boss tumbling down into a vat full of cat piss, while simultaneously receiving a 20k performance bonus.

Chewing Extra! is like trying to fry an egg naked in your kitchen and having scalding hot oil fly out of the pan and onto your scrotum.

Chewing **5 Gum** is like walking into a Krispy Kreme only to find out that it's free donut and cover the entirety of your mortgage day.

Chewing Extra! is like walking up to the entrance of a Krispy Kreme only to find out that the location has permanently closed, and you have Leukemia.

Chewing **5 Gum** is like winning the sweepstakes for an all-expenses-paid trip to NYC for the 2026 World Cup Final.

Chewing Extra! is like watching a 2026 World Cup group stage match between Saudi Arabia and Australia on a 17-inch cube TV on a military shipping vessel that is currently being boarded by Somali pirates.

Chewing **5 Gum** is like receiving a message direct from the lips of God that you are the Messiah.

Chewing Extra! is like being high on bath salts in a park in Orlando and getting detained in the back of a cop car after screaming, "I AM THE MESSIAH!" in the faces of a young couple and their children on the way to Universal Studios.

Chewing **5 Gum** is like receiving a Nobel Prize in Physics for explaining dark matter, the ultimate validation for a lifetime of effort spent uncovering one of the greatest mysteries of the universe.

Chewing Extra! is like being the guy who actually explained dark matter, receiving no credit for it, and throwing yourself into a particle accelerator.

Chewing **5 Gum** is like inhaling the minty-fresh exhalations of a Nordic ice goddess who has just risen from a million-year-long slumber.

Chewing Extra! is like squeezing an eyedropper full of pure menthol extract down your urethra.

Foraging- Unless you are a well-known chef aiming to highlight the natural bounty of the woods surrounding your restaurant, why are you bothering with the **foraging**? Apart from the obvious risks of eating a poisonous mushroom, you are also putting yourself at risk of becoming over-reliant on pseudoscientific herbal treatments for *very real* ailments, having more tree friends than human friends, wearing overalls in public, and posting pictures from poetry books on your Instagram story. It's also 2024. Just reach out and grab what advances in agricultural technology have extended to us: grocery stores stocked to the brim with pears that taste like frost glacier freeze Gatorade, kiwis the size of moose testicles, romaine lettuce that doesn't make you want to choke out your wife. Stop with the **foraging**. You're not impressing anyone.

Free Stuff- Man do I like getting free shit. Moth-eaten dining room chairs left out on someone's front yard? Score! A plastic bin full of books, most of them erotic novellas discarded by some chronically lonely housewife? It's my lucky day! A colonial poppet bearing the malevolent spirit of a slave who died of heat stroke harvesting sugarcane for the Dutch West Indies Company? As long as it's free, I'll take it! I like **free stuff** so much that sometimes I assume stuff is free when *maybe* it doesn't seem that way to other people. A muffin from a grocery store bakery section—free, if you can eat it fast enough. The mobile ordering stand at a Chipotle—free, but it's always a toss-up what you're gonna get. If someone's front door is left wide open, everything inside—free, free, free! And you better not say anything antisemitic about me, you would take all that **free stuff** too, goy!

G

Garbage Truck- It's 6AM and you're enjoying your final moments of cozy bliss before having to get up and face the grim realities of the working world. You stayed up extra late last night watching YouTube videos of wood-turning, which you initially picked because you thought they would bore you and ease you to sleep, but instead you were left wondering how in the world

they were going to fashion a bundle of 250 colored pencils into a topographical atlas, so you binged a 3-hour film documenting the process. You hear the rumblings of a large vehicle somewhere outside on the street but try to ignore it, burying your head in your pillow. The noise grows louder and more intense until it sounds like it's inside the room with you. The clanging of metal pots and pans, the sharp clash of empty beer bottles knocking against one another, the wretched chorus of loogies being hawked up by gruff men whom society has rejected. It's the **garbage truck** making its weekly rounds.

They're taking longer than usual, and there's no chance you're going to fall back asleep now after being awoken by this most cacophonous chorus, so you go to peer through the blinds to see what's really going down. Standing in your driveway is a garbage man with a metal baseball bat lined up about twenty feet from the back of the **garbage truck**. Another garbage man to the side of the truck winds up and throws a broken jack-in-the-box at the batter, who bashes it into the pile of trash in the back of the truck with a jarring CRASH! You then turn to look at the **garbage truck** driver, who is standing on the perch outside the driver side door above a mound of discarded Sun Chips bags, those little explosive popper things you get from a joke shop, and rubber chickens that SQUAWK when you squeeze them. He leaps from the perch and lands a devastating people's elbow on the pile, producing the decibel equivalent to a ballistic missile striking a townhouse in Kharkiv.

You swing open your front door and stride over to the truck purposefully to give these hooligans a piece of your mind. As you approach, they clamber back into their positions on the rear flanks of the truck and speed off down the street. You shout something obscene but it gets swallowed up by the sound of the truck motoring away. One garbage man flips you off while the other sticks his tongue out and dry humps the side of the truck. Just then, the recycling smart car pulls up. It is covered in Jill Stein bumper stickers. A woman in a thrifted shawl with little round reading glasses exits the vehicle and smiles a glorious, restorative smile at you. A smile that grants you newfound appreciation for the day ahead. She bows at you, then at the recycling bin, then daintily begins removing the cans from the bin one by one with her supple white leather gloves.

German Teachers- If you've ever had a **German teacher**, you know there is a zero-tolerance policy for classroom misbehavior. Punishment in a German classroom is swift and decisive, and nothing triggers a **German teacher** quite like the sound of a student's mirthful laughter. This noise aggravates their ears in a manner not dissimilar to standing beside an F18 fighter jet during takeoff. Have you ever noticed how unsettling some of the examples that they use in class can be? Let's take my statistics professor, for instance. During one in-class problem solving session he asked us, "Say I only have twenty ovens, but hundreds of thousands of Je, *cough* excuse me, cakes, to bake. You can cram ten little ones into an oven at a time, but only three of the larger ones, if they haven't already been partitioned aside to join the physical labor group, EHH HEM, *cough* Excuse me! There's a tickle in my throat. I meant, if they haven't already been deemed too much of a bane to the speed of the baking system. How would we make this process as efficient as possible, given this situation? And don't tell me we should under bake these cakes, we want to really char the life out of these verminous Judenrats EHHHH EHHHHH *cough, cough cough* can someone fetch me some water? I'm really struggling here. Menachem, use that big beak of yours to sniff out the fountain and go find me some H2O". It's been a few years since I took his course. Last I heard of him, he was teaching at some remote school somewhere in Argentina, but that's just speculation.

The Giving Tree- Shel Silverstein's most beloved children's book. ***The Giving Tree*** is the tale of a selfless tree who provides an abundance of food, materials, and unconditional support to a boy-turned-man who simply takes, never once stopping to thank the tree for its generosity. I now present to you ***The Giving Tree 2025***, a modern Clemensteinian take on a Silversteinian classic:

Somewhere in suburban America there lived a middle-class family with two parents and a single child: an average, cisgender white boy. The family lived in a modest ranch style home with a fenced in backyard. In that backyard stood a lone tree. Although the parents were aware of the trees existence, the boy was too preoccupied with screens to ever notice it. One day, after being scolded by his parents for calling someone the f word in a Call of Duty lobby, the boy was sent to play outside in the backyard. He was only allowed to bring one device with him,

per his authoritarian parents' commands. After much deliberation, he chose the iPad. With his face glued to the screen, he descended the porch steps and walked out onto the grass. He ambled across the lawn until SMACK! he collided face first with the lone tree in the corner of the yard. "Since when did we have a tree?" He thought to himself, as he rubbed his sore nose and then angrily smacked the trunk with his open palm. Unlike the boy, the tree was not upset. Instead of fighting back, the tree dropped a bright red apple next to the boy's feet. The boy looked at the apple, but decided he had better food inside, like pop tarts and a KFC famous bowl, so he just left it there. He spent the remainder of the afternoon sitting next to the tree, scrolling mindlessly through highly insensitive Instagram memes about George Floyd.

Many years passed, and the boy was now a teenager. Though the tree still looked the same as it did when the boy was younger, the boy had now grown into a young man. He had some hair on his upper lip, and just last night he was surprised to see one small curl rising out of his mons pubis. His parents were still getting on his case about his gaming habits. Though they had less authority over him than they used to, he was still living in their home, and so he had to abide by their rules. One of those rules was that if he used a racial slur on Fortnite, he had to take a half hour break from the game and go sit outside to think over his poor word choice. His parents told him to bring a book outside with him, but he knew his friends would give him tons of crap if they caught wind that he was reading outside of school. So, he snuck his phone out. His friend Kyle had given him a tin of blue raspberry nicotine pouches at school on Friday, and he stuffed one in his upper lip before heading into the backyard. It was a hot day, and the sun stood high in the center of the sky, beating down on him. He walked over to the tree and noticed that the branches shifted as he approached. The tree seemed to have sensed his arrival, and was now offering him a patch of shade. The boy slumped down, his back to the trunk, and used the sun-shield to get himself a better view of the Pornhub shorts that he was scrolling through. He watched the lewd 30-second clips with a glazed-over look in his eyes, not a hint of arousal in his nether regions. In fact, the only way he could feel anything these days was by stuffing in four nicotine pouches—two in the top lip, two in the bottom—and watching 10k quality, 360-degree immersive porn on his VR headset. If the tree could kill itself, now would be a good time.

Many years passed, and the teenager, who was once the boy, was now a man. He had moved out of his house to go to college, and had gone immediately from graduation to working as an investment banker in New York City. He was back at his house, visiting his family for the Fourth of July holiday. After getting into a heated debate with his parents about how they are idiots for not converting the entirety of their retirement funds into Dogecoin, he headed out into the backyard to cool off. He fielded a phone call from a coworker, Dave, who was asking him if they should go all-in on a futures bet for the Dodger's Julio Urías to win cy-young, since his odds would be juiced now that he'd been suspended for half the season for his (second!) domestic violence case. Halfway through the call, the boy-turned teenager-turned man's phone stopped working. He wanted to get the SIM card out, but had nothing to poke it out with. Just then, a little pine needle floated down from the tree and landed on his phone screen. He looked at the tree mysteriously and then used the needle to pop out his SIM card. He blew on the card, and then stuck it back into his phone. His screen turned back on, and he immediately opened X to retweet a threat furthering the 'Great Replacement' conspiracy theory. The tree's branches drooped, as if to sigh.

Many years passed, and the boy, who was then a teenager, who was then a finance bro, was now an old man. He was visiting his childhood home to see what had become of it after all these years. He knocked on the door, and a young Hispanic father opened it and asked him what he wanted. He tried to hide his disgust, but he couldn't help the scowl on his face as he considered this profound desecration of his family's longtime domicile. He asked the father if he could just take a look around, since he had very fond memories of growing up there. The father allowed this. After examining the rooms, which, he was shocked and sickened to find out, had been laid with Mexican rugs and tribal prints, he went to check out the garage. He had a plan. He would grab a chainsaw, or the most effective cutting tool that they had, and would run out to the backyard to cut down the tree, causing it to crash through the roof of the home. His worst fears about the 'Great Replacement' had become reality, and this was the small step he could take towards making America great again. He spotted a chainsaw dangling from a nail on the wall of the garage, and grabbed it quickly. The father shouted at him, "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!? PUT THAT DOWN RIGHT NOW!". He ignored the demand, and

headed out the side door into the backyard. What he saw there was the same yard, except something was missing. The tree was now a stump. It no longer had anything left to give. All the boy-turned teenager-turned finance bro-turned old man ever did was take, and now there was nothing left for him. He dropped the chainsaw and turned to face the father.

“Fine, you want my house? You want my country? Well, you can have it.” He said to the father.

“What is wrong with you? Is there a family member or facility we can contact to come get you?” The father asked him.

“I just wanted to come see my tree, that’s all”

“That tree died on the exact day that Trump was installed for an eighth consecutive term. As they were wheeling his rapidly decaying orange body (roughly resembling a rotting clementine in a blonde wig) and his life-support machine up to the stage, the tree keeled over and died.”

That was the fate of ***The Giving Tree***. The tree could not bear life in a country devoid of kindness, devoid of empathy, and so it returned to the earth from whence it once came, below the soil it had thrust its roots into, underneath the ground it had lived its entire life on top of.

Gnome- I believe this is the appropriate way to refer to a little-person in the year 2024. Wait, what’s that? What do you mean that’s insensitive? Okay, alright, but that kind of ruins my long-running bit with Michael at the Lowe’s Garden Center when I tell him to “fetch me a garden **gnome**, garden **gnome!**” I’ll try instead, “fetch me a garden **gnome**, little person!”. What’s that? Just call him Michael? The best I can give you is, “Hey Michael, can I call you Mike for short, get it, because you’re short? Fetch me a garden **gnome** before I squash you like a bug, runt!”

Gymshark- A trendy fitness brand often donned by men who look as if they never took off the Spiderman costume with the inflatable muscles that they trick-or-treated in back in 3rd grade.

Gymshark recently announced their Spring 2025 clothing line, which features a dry fit, quarter zip pullover with a pull-string in the back that, when yanked, rattles off a number of pre-recorded gym-bro-type messages. **Gymshark** hopes that this new technology will appeal to gym folks by allowing them to concentrate all of their available brain power on the lift at hand, eliminating their need to redirect valuable neural energy to the task of composing and

delivering intelligent speech. Amongst the recorded messages that **Gymshark** has built in to these quarter zips are YouTube fitness influencer Bradley Martyn's voice saying, "Yo bro, what's your max bench?", "Yo bro, can you spot me real quick?" and, "Yo bro, can you take a shirtless picture of me real quick?". Other than the Bradley Martyn pack, **Gymshark** customers can also opt to go the roid-rage route, with statements such as, "Don't even look at me, twig", "Get off the bench if you're not repping 225, pussy" and, "HULK, SMASH". If gym goers find that selection too uncouth, they might fancy the health nut package, with voice samples including, "That doesn't meet my macros, I'll have to pass.", "I'm doing a green juice enema later, care to join?" and, "Andrew Huberman told me to look at the sun through a pair of binoculars, now I'm blind!".

Also in **Gymshark's** Spring 2025 line is a butt-enhancing legging that comes with a QR code for 100,000 Instagram followers and 5,000 comments from older Indian men saying, "good morning, sunshine ;), you need someone to treat you right", a visor that just says "GIGADOUCHE" in bold font, and a high-tech sweatshirt with a digital panel that reads, "fat piece of shit" until you get under a certain BMI, which then prompts the panel's message to change to, "still depressed".

H

Hey There Delilah- A hit song released in 2005 by the Plain White T's. The song spawned many parodies, including the catchy and insensitive, "Hey There Khalilah", featuring lyrics such as "Hey there, Khalilah, what's it like in Baghdad City?". Who says it's too late for another parody? Everyone? Well whatever, I already wrote this, so might as well share it:

Hey there Shania, how's life in the big city?

I'm also here right now, but girl, my life's not as pretty

I work at the zoo

The patina on the germy, worn-down stair railings can't shine as bright as you, I swear it's true.

Hey there Shania, don't you worry about subsistence,
Might not afford whole foods, but my break room has Entenmann's and it smells like poo,
Oh yes, like poo.

Ohhhh, it's how you looked at meeee

When I was cleaning up after the monkeyyysss

Ohhhh, were you even looking at meeee

Or were you looking at the monkeyyysss?

Ohhhh, now that I think about it you weren't even looking at meeee

You were looking at the monkeyyysss

Hey there Shania, times for me are getting hard

But I'll treat you to a candlelight dinner once I get back my impounded car

Oh yes I will

As long as we split the bill

Hey there Shania, oh yes, we'll have quite a time!

I'm in the food stamp line sipping malt liquor, trying to haggle for cooking wine

To share with you

Can't make marsala, but I'll get piss-drunk and make ragu

And you'll say "phew. I'm so glad I dumped my finance bro boyfriend to be with you"

TO BE WITH YOU!!!!

OHHHHH IT'S WHAT YOU DO TO MEEEEEEEE

OHHHHH DO YOU KNOW EVEN KNOW THAT I EXIST?

OHHHHH COME BACK TO THE ZOOO SOOOOONNNN

OHHHHH OR I'M GONNA JUMP IN THE GORILLA ENCLOSURE

Horse Girls- There is no bond quite as strong as that between a girl and her horse. Their bonds with their fathers are very obviously ill-formed, avoidant, or anxious-ambivalent (at best), which is what led them into a life of horse-play to begin with. Hey, that's better than the other outcome, AKA relentlessly cycling through toxic men, all of whom fall way short of what a noble steed can offer in terms of majesty and endowment. **Horse girls** give off the same vibes as

sheep farmers in Scotland— you're going to have to do some work to convince me that you're *not* getting freaky with the animals.

Hot Peppers- Ouch! Yeeowww! That **hot pepper** just lit my tongue on fire, dawg! Here is a list of common **hot peppers**, from least spicy to spiciest. Spice is measured on the Scoville scale, the official way to index the spiciness of peppers, named for one Garrett Scoville, a chronically unemployed village idiot from North Carolina who used his free time to taste and quantify the heat in every single hot pepper! The work ain't glorious, but someone's gotta do it. Thanks, Garrett!

Bell Pepper (0 Scoville heat units): Otherwise known as a vehicle for hummus, the bell pepper is the feeblest of peppers. This sweet pepper can be snacked on raw, if you're bitch-made, or grilled, if you don't have access to corn or portabella mushrooms.

Pepperoncini (100-500 Scoville heat units): The most Italian of peppers, pepperoncini is often stuffed with cheese or cured meats, and then thrown at the head of an annoying Comare who wants a real relationship.

Jalapeño (2,500-8,000 Scoville heat units): This is the most basic of the hot peppers. This one is spicy, if you're a first-world white person. For any Jews reading this, you should probably draw the line here. Your stomach will be barking at you like a complaining yenta if you try any of the following peppers.

Cayenne (30,000-50,000 Scoville heat units): The cayenne pepper is a key ingredient in Buffalo sauce and other common hot sauces. A skinny red pepper that packs a wallop, the cayenne pepper should not be placed directly on one's eyeball, contrary to popular belief.

Thai Chili/Bird's Eye Chili (50,000-100,000 Scoville heat units): The Thai chili is another slender red (or green) pepper that derives from Southeast Asia. Commonly used to flavor many of the region's spicy dishes, you can thank the Thai chili for the swamp-ass you experienced on your last visit to the local Pho joint.

Scotch Bonnet (100,000-350,000 Scoville heat units): This one hurts more than getting open-palm slapped by a monstrous chocolate soufflé of a Jamaican woman. Used to flavor jerk chicken, the scotch bonnet will have a white boy getting his hair braided into cornrows, trying

his hand at speaking Patois, and grinding on island gyals as “I GOT THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE TO SHELTER YOU FROM THE STORM” can be heard blaring out of the beach bar speakers.

Habanero (100,000-350,000 Scoville heat units): A fruity little number with the kick of a mule, the habanero comes in a variety of colors, but almost always leaves one’s face the same color: Red as the devil’s dog’s dick.

Ghost Pepper (850,000-1,000,000 Scoville heat units): Should not be rubbed directly on one’s balls, no matter what one’s friend tells you.

Carolina Reaper (1,400,000-2,200,000 Scoville heat units): This one is named after the demonic entity that Garrett Scoville saw in his final moments on earth: the thirty seconds directly following his consumption of this terrifying pepper. If you smear a little bit of goat’s blood above your front door, the Carolina reaper will not break into your home and murder your first born.

I

Interior Design- I’ve always struggled with **interior design** and decoration. For inspiration, I like to go to the Ikea bedroom section and spend time in their full-sized sample bedrooms. I make sure to masturbate in the bed, just to be absolutely certain that the mood and vibe of the room are what I am looking for. It turns out the energy of the room is often pretty aligned with my childhood bedroom, as—much like what happened there many times—somebody usually walks in on me during this process. I’m able to gather enough intel about the layout of the room to recreate it at home before I’m kicked out and told never to return again unless I want to face serious jail time. I log all the key components: the rocket ship shaped bed, the NASA duvet cover, the stepping stool fashioned after a moon rock, the astronaut piggy bank on the bedside table— you get the point, all pretty sick shit.

“Mommy, don’t you think it was weird that there was a man going for a really bumpy ride into outer space on the rocket ship bed?” “Oh, him? Don’t worry son, he was just working on his interior design.”

Intimidating Ski Run Names- The more I've skied the more I've come to notice that the severity of ski run names moves in unison with their difficulty. The beginner runs, marked by a green circle, have frivolous, gentle names like "Snowy Meadow", "Care Bear Cascade", and "Goose Down Pillows Resting on a Bed of Marshmallow Bliss". Intermediate runs are still relatively benignly titled, but a noticeable step up from the childlike innocence of the green circles. These trails have names like, "Alpaca Ridge", "Menthol Breath", and "ICE, But All Your Papers Are in Order and The Party is Weak on Immigration". Now we approach some of the more challenging routes down the mountain: the black diamonds. Single black diamond runs are named, "Frostbitten Arthritic Fingers", "Fentanyl Blizzard", and "Beware the Jewish Yeti!". The final—and far and away the most deranged and demonic—pathways down the mountain are the double black diamonds. Their names invoke widespread fear and result in many a shat-in neon snowsuit; names such as, "Baphomet's Butthole", "AIDS valley", and "Grim Reaper's Grundle". *"I've had it up to here with all of these **intimidating ski run names**. I was going to send it down a double black that didn't look too bad, but then I saw that it was called, 'In-Laws Extended Stay' and I was petrified!"*

Irish Coffee- Whiskey, coffee, sugar, cream, an alcoholic's morning-wood-inducing dream. Let's not beat around the bush here, this is just a dressed-up way of extending last night's drunk into today's morning and beyond. My excuse for ordering one or two or three of these on weekend mornings is that the Premier League is on. And my excuse for splintering the leg off a barstool and jabbing it into the carotid artery of a Manchester United supporter is, well, the **Irish Coffee** running through my bloodstream. Also, he was running his mouth about Paul Scholes being a better midfielder than Steven Gerrard, which is just objectively incorrect.

*"Bartender, I just threw up last night's kebabs into your bathroom sink, I'll take an **Irish Coffee** if you've got it."*

J

Jeep Wave- A form of non-verbal communication used when two washed up frat bros driving overpriced, modded-out Wranglers pass each other on the road. Bryson, in a matte black doorless Wrangler, reaches a tanned, sleeveless arm out of the driver side door hole to **jeep wave** to Kyle, who is barreling down the road in a silver extreme sport edition Wrangler complete with neon lights and a vanity plate reading, "SENDIT". As they pass each other, their wave becomes even more intense, as they realize that they are both listening to Morgan Wallen's "Last Night" on their shitty, bass-boosted stereo systems. They both have the YETI logo on their rear spare tire holders, and they both are known to tear up when listening to the national anthem.

*"Look at these two gigachads **jeep waving** at one another. I bet their heads bash into their roofs when they hit speed bumps since any elevated road feature affects a Wrangler infinitely more than a reasonably well-made car."*

Jets Halftime Team Talks- After heading back into the tunnel at halftime down 38-3 to the middling Tampa Bay Buccaneers, the New York Jets have decided to enlist the help of occult scientist Professor Albin Eberhart von Franz, as played by Willem Defoe in *Nosferatu*, in order to help inspire a comeback.

Jets' interim head coach and well-known idiot Jeff Ulbrich addressing his sad excuse for a football team as they sit in front of their lockers. Many players have Gronk-spiked their helmets on the ground upon entry. All look defeated.

"Listen up, gang. The way we are playing, no amount of mindset shifting or on-the-fly game plan changes are going to help us come back. Hell, I don't even think there's anything *football-related* that we can adjust. Which is why I've decided to bring in some outside help for this speech. Everyone welcome the strange, yet brilliant Dr. Albin Eberhart von Franz. Now I know what you are all thinking, so I'll get ahead of your questions right now. No, bringing in a controversial paranormal scientist from 19th century Germany is not explicitly banned by the NFL. It exists in a legal gray zone, much like how the league handles domestic abuse and throwing one's pregnant wife down the stairs. To clarify, it's not nearly as serious as being

caught smoking a joint to help with recovery after a game. And yes, I am aware that his methods are questionable, but they're our best shot. Face it guys, we're the goddamn Jets. Everyone welcome Dr. von Franz!"

Players watch on silently as an older gentleman in a bespoke, gray three-piece suit and a top hat walks to the center of the room. He is clutching to his chest a giant codex of mystical secrets.

"Sporting Jets of the York of New, I have been awaiting your call. I have seen things on this field that would make John Madden crawl back into his mothers' womb. We are not so enlightened as we are blinded by the gaseous light of advances in nickel defensive packages and the spread offense. I have wrestled with the both the devil and his brother Bill Belichick as Jacob wrestled the angel in Penuel, and I tell you that if we are to tame darkness, we must first face that it exists!"

Players are staring at the Dr. intently now. Some of them are nodding in approval. Their spirits seem to have been lifted. 2-time all-pro cornerback Sauce Gardner raises his hand to ask a question

"Yes, Great Gardener of the Sauce Groves. What is it my dear boy? I command thee to speak!"

"But Dr. Von Franz, there is no Belichick devil across the sideline from us. What is this new evil that we are facing today?"

"We are here encountering the undead ball carrier, the gunslinger, the wildcard. Johnny Football himself, Johnny Manziel!"

Players gasp. A chorus of whispers rustles through the room like a gust of wind on an Autumn day.

"But Dr. von Franz. How is that possible? He has been out of the league for years now!"

"It appears as if Johnny's spirit has consumed the host body of Baker Mayfield. He is weaving his shameful hedonistic lifestyle and improvisational football abilities into the blood of the Baker."

"How are we to deal with this evil, Dr. von Franz?"

Dr. von Franz opens up his leather-bound codex and flips to a marked page. He turns the book over to display it to the players

“There exists but one way to rid the field of such a foul beast. A cold iron cleat spike through the heart!”

“No, Dr., you’re not suggesting that we...”

“Yes, yes I am.”

“You want us to...to, to pull an Ndomakung Suh?”

“Unfortunately, yes, my dear boy.”

“But won’t they banish me from the league if I commit such an act!?”

“No, my dearest Gardener. So long as you do not ingest the wicked green leaf of the marijuana plant, the league will turn a blind eye. You will receive a suspension of no more than two games for this quite heroic undertaking.”

“Got it, doc. But what if I go home after this and *still* beat up my pregnant wife and slam her head into the granite countertop, killing her and our unborn twins, how will the league punish me then?”

“Sauce, Sauce, Sauce. This is the NFL! Just don’t smoke weed and you’ll be fine. Now everyone put their hands in the middle. Can I get a ‘rid the vicious beast’ on three? One, two, three”

“RID THE VICIOUS BEAST!!!”

Players are fired up. Dr. von Franz slaps each one on the ass as they head back out the tunnel for the second half.

Joe Rogan Experience- While taking his usual route down I-65 to his job as a kink tech at FedEx Kinkos, Tim Foilhatt, 33, of Gary, Indiana, turned on the latest episode of his favorite podcast, the ***Joe Rogan Experience***, and settled in for the twenty-minute commute. Foilhatt enjoyed learning about politics and science through Joe’s conversations with erudite scholars in their respective fields. He especially loved Joe’s talk with self-proclaimed Middle East expert Dave Smith of the Legion of Skanks podcast, who planned to solve the Israel-Palestine conflict by withholding hummus from Hamas. Another of his favorites was when Joe had the actor Terrence Howard on the show to discuss his stunningly groundbreaking and empirically derived (with spaghetti tower models) new theory of mathematics in which $1 \times 1 = 2$. Joe’s guest for today’s episode was 2020 Nobel Laureate in physics, Sir Roger Penrose, famous for his work on

black holes. Foilhatt was immediately suspicious of Penrose because of his association with The Nobel Foundation—a powerful organization which awarded prizes in exchange for sexual favors and large sums of cash (see JRE #671). As the compact Homo Habilis creature Joe Rogan began his conversation with Penrose, Foilhatt found himself quickly pissed off. Penrose had a stupid know-it-all British accent and he kept being stumped by Joe’s questions about aliens, aliens using ketamine, and aliens planting phones on earth as a means to destroy humanity. When Penrose couldn’t provide a rational response to Joe pressing him about Eddie Hall probably being able to outmuscle a black hole, Foilhatt had heard enough. He leaned over to press pause on his phone, which was resting beside him in the passenger seat and SMASH! A 2 x 4 flew off the back of the pickup truck in front of him and crashed through the windshield *right* where his head would have been had he not bent over to pause the podcast! The ***Joe Rogan Experience*** had saved Tim Foilhatt’s life. You can argue over the details and semantics all you want, but the crux of the matter is that if he wasn’t listening to Joe Rogan’s podcast, Tim would be dead right now! Lifeless! Decapitated! The ***Joe Rogan Experience*** had saved lives in the past, albeit slowly—through a lifetime of ice baths and elk meat—but never in this immediate fashion. 5 stars!

Jogging Shorts- Five inch inseams, bright colors, built-in underwear, what’s not to love? I recently found out that a lot of distance runners shit themselves during long races. Is that the reason for the built-in underwear? To act as a diaper, so that the shit doesn’t drip down your leg during a photo finish, digitally capturing the embarrassing moment for all eternity? All that energy gu has to go somewhere, or actually, it doesn’t have to go anywhere, it can stay all packed up high and tight near your chafed bumhole.

K

Kilimanjaro- Climbing **Kilimanjaro** is cool. That is, it’s cool if you’re too much of a pussy to climb Everest! I type as I lean back on the couch and eat an entire chocolate hazelnut babka. An

avalanche of black and brown crumbs tumbles down onto my bare chest and green tartan print pajama pants. “I could probably climb Kilimanjaro if it really came down to it” I grumble through a mouthful of babka at the documentary on my television screen. Honestly, jokes on anyone who climbs **Kilimanjaro**, because once you’ve reached the peak, it’s like, what now? You’re still in Africa, it’s not exactly like you’re going to be celebrating at The Capital Grille when you get down from the hill. All you get out of it is a Facebook post that reads as a cry for attention (‘Look how skinny I am and oh look, I also wear toe-shoes but am somehow not self-conscious about it’) and a story to bore people to death with at every social gathering for the next few decades. So that settles it, I won’t be attempting to climb **Kilimanjaro**, as there’s no payoff.

*“Honey, look, there’s the nerd who climbed **Kilimanjaro** last month! Look at the poor bastard locked into a conversation with him, he looks miserable.”*

L

Landlords- A distinct breed of human who values money over any semblance of human decency or compassion. **Landlords** tend to be enmeshed in your lives in the most personally invasive ways possible. Often you will find yourself shaving your back in the bathroom when suddenly, in the corner of your mirror, there will appear a rat-like man bent down underneath the kitchen sink working on unclogging some pipe. This ill-timed appliance work is never agreed upon beforehand. **Landlords** can’t even give you an hours’ heads up before sending in sketchy contractors into your place of residence, but you bet your ass they’ll be on your case about not getting that rent check into their mailbox when the clock strikes midnight on the first of the month. Their communication speed goes from messenger pigeon to solar panel telemarketer when the subject matter concerns the transfer of money.

If a **landlord** walks into your unit and doesn’t immediately lose feeling in his extremities, he will complain about the temperature being set too high. If a **landlord** walks into your unit and feels comfortably warm, he will clutch his forehead and feign heat stroke, extend out a

breach-of-lease notice to you, and claim that the only way to prevent him from burning alive from the inside-out is to pay double your rent for the month. If a **landlord** walks into your unit and notices a fleck of dirt on the wallpaper, you can kiss your security deposit goodbye. If a **landlord** walks into your unit and sees a scratch on the hardwood flooring, he will have your car repossessed and then conspire with a covert online agent to hack into and drain your savings portfolio.

“Well, I know you must be feeling down since your kids’ college funds mysteriously vanished, but look on the bright side, there’s always trade school or the military—I hear Kuwait is quite nice in the summertime!”

Lip Balm- Ah yes, the way to refer to chapstick so as not to conjure up the image of a Golden Retriever’s penis. There’s something emasculating about applying **lip balm**, but if you forego it altogether you end up with cracked, dusty Jay Z lips, so I guess I’ll keep applying it. I won’t let my fragile masculinity get in the way of self-care and common sense, as it does in the case of the men who wear only shorts year-round, and in a similar subset of men who won’t wear pink or say I love you to their grandmothers in public. **Lip balm** comes in many flavors such as juicy watermelon, Newport Menthol 100’s, and oral herpes orange.

M

Manopause- A period in the middle section of a man’s life in which he can only muster up an erection in response to the smell of smoked meats. Manopausal men may experience hot flashes when consuming scotch on the rocks and yelling at their television sets. Dramatic mood swings are also common during **manopause**, but they occur within the much narrower range of male emotional responses. This means that men may go from being slightly annoyed about something their boss said at work and their kid did at home, to *very* annoyed about something their boss said at work and their kid did at home in a *matter of seconds*.

*“What’s up with Greg? I was just talking to him about work and then all of a sudden he seemed pissed off, muttered something about having to check the meat probe on his 14-hour brisket, and then stormed off to the Traeger Grill” “He’s going through **manopause**, didn’t you see the six fingers of whiskey in his rocks glass?”*

Monopoly- If **Monopoly** has taught me one thing, it’s that no matter how much land you own, or houses you build, or number of hours spent playing the (seemingly never-ending) game, you will never be able to *counteract the devastating damage done to both your reputation and your job prospects* when you made that joke that goes, “Let’s play black **monopoly**, every space says go to jail!” to try to bring some levity to a panel discussion on the war on drugs at your local community college.

Movie Theater Janitors- This is one of the worst janitorial jobs, certainly far inferior to the coveted position of elementary school janitor, where one has the ability to positively influence a misguided youth, or university janitor, where one may finally be noticed for one’s intellect after solving an incredibly complex math problem and then taken under the wing of a psychology professor who happens to also be famous actor Robin Williams. **Movie theater janitors** sweep up piles of popcorn, junior mints, and cookie dough bites from underneath comfy reclining seats that they never have the pleasure of sitting in. Often, they have to discard popcorn buckets with circular holes cut into their bottoms and they think, “Seriously? During *The Peanut Butter Falcon!*?”. Then they have to deal with the movie theater bathrooms, which look like a bomb went off in Willy Wonka’s factory. This is largely a result of the diarrhea-inducing nature of the ICEE beverages served in half-gallon, gallon, and “Big Bertha Colon Cleanser” sizes at the snack stand.

*“Mike Rowe was meant to shadow a **Movie theater janitor** in an episode of Dirty Jobs but the crew eventually decided it would be safer for him to live a day in the life of a snorkeling clam harvester in the Ganges River”*

N

NBA- The National Basketball Association. While most now know the **NBA** as the home of the hyper-fast twitch, impossibly springy athlete, there was a time when the on-court product was almost entirely unrecognizable, when fundamentals ruled, when intellect and strategy were fundamental to success, when calls could be overturned with passionate nasal complaints: THE JEWISH BASKETBALL ERA. Here I highlight some of the greatest Jewish ballplayers of this bygone time:

Mort Schlimazelstein: A larger than life presence, Schlimazelstein was the tallest center in the league, standing at a towering height of 5'11. Known for using his big tuchus to establish position deep in the post, Schlimazelstein guided the Minneapolis Kvetch to three straight **NBA** finals appearances from 1948-1950, but was unable to bring a championship back home to Minnesota. He was extremely unlucky with his springtime dander and pollen allergies, which kept him out of all but two finals games in that three-year stretch, hence his nickname "Schlimazel", which loosely translates to "unlucky fool"

Bert Finkelstein: One of the nimblest little point guards of the Jewish Basketball Era, Finkelstein used his slight frame, as well as surreptitious tactics he acquired while evading the Nazis during their sacking of the Polish city of Krakow, to quite literally disappear from defenders' sight lines during games. Finkelstein would dribble the ball up the court, pass it off to one of his teammates, run over to his team's bench to grab a disguise, and then take his place sitting amongst the spectators. At times all opposing players could do was throw their hands up as if to say, "How on earth do I guard this guy?". Finkelstein was known for putting the team on his back during some deep playoff runs in the late fifties. This turned out to be a massive issue as he later developed debilitating scoliosis that cut his career short.

Saul Finebaum: The original *Better Call Saul*, Saul Finebaum balanced his NBA career with another full-time job as a personal injury lawyer. When the floor of the Gefilte Center collapsed under Yedidya Kipperov's feet as he was attempting a layup, sending him plummeting ten feet down into the tunnels that the teams' owner, Yeeshayahu CHACHACHA (guttural throat sounds) stein-steinovich was using to illegally package and distribute smoked whitefish spread, Finebaum helped Kipperov back onto his feet—both literally and figuratively—by successfully

suing CHACHACHAstein-steinovich and pocketing Kipperov \$200,000 to use on a double knee-replacement surgery. Finebaum's on-court antics were nothing to write home about. He was a career 82% free-throw shooter using the underhanded bubbe shot technique.

Mitch Shapiro: Best known for introducing the clip-on Yarmulke to the league, Shapiro was an athletic small-forward, meaning he had a 14-inch vertical and didn't call timeouts just to catch his breath because he had asthma (as was common practice during that era). Shapiro often spun like a dreidel through defensive traffic, which earned him a boatload of gelt when it was time for the Nashville Nudniks to renew his contract following a very productive 1954 season. Shapiro signed an at-the-time record breaking deal which included a sign-on bonus of 42 gallons of scallion cream cheese, as well as free weekly Bar Mitzvah tutor sessions for his son, Isiah.

Baruch Benowitz-Abrahamson: Baruch was a hairy power forward who played for the Boston Bankers between 1948-1957. A bruiser who rebounded well and had good footwork for a man of his size (which he credits to dancing the Hora, of all things), Benowitz-Abrahamson proposed that the league change games so that they would be played in quarters instead of halves. His wife Hilde could often be heard vocally tearing into him from the sideline, and, as any good Jewish husband knows, he had no choice but to leave the court to attend to her needs, leaving his team shorthanded in the process. His flat arches became a real issue late in his career, but his friendship with one Dr. Scholl proved providential, as the Dr. was inspired by Benowitz-Abrahamson's foot issues to develop a gel-insert worn by Jews the world over. Benowitz-Abrahamson also had another famous friend in Bob Dylan, whose song, "The Times They Are A-Changin'" was actually inspired by Benowitz-Abrahamson's proclamation that, "The times are a-changin' for the status of Jews in the **NBA**" the first time he saw an African-American man dunk a basketball at a park in Dorchester.

New Barbers- There is taking a risk, then there's committing to a haircut with a **new barber**. These are *the only* acceptable reasons for booking a cut with a **new** barber: being too far away from your regular barber (physically *or* emotionally speaking), your regular barbers' untimely and sudden death (if you had known this was going to happen, you could at least have

scheduled one final goodbye trim), and receiving a last-minute notification that you will be appearing as a contestant on that evening's filming of the new gameshow sweeping the nation: *American Ninja Warrior: Is It Cake? Edition*. No matter what you tell a **new barber** about how you want your haircut to look, you'll walk out of the appointment bearing *no resemblance whatsoever* to the reference picture you provided to the **new barber** to guide his work. The last time I went to a **new barber** I showed them a picture of a young Justin Bieber circa the "Baby" era, and told him that's the trim I want, that's the one that'll make the ladies swoon. I might not have been able to get any play at my Bar Mitzvah, but with a Bieber cut I'd have no problem cleaning up at a local Jewish singles night. Instead of getting a Bieber cut, the **new barber** gave me something portentously titled, "The Dust Bowl", which turned out to be a haircut done entirely without the use of water where they blow-dry your hair *beforehand*, making it the texture of "Bacalau", or dried, salted cod from the Azores. From there, they placed an aluminum bowl on my head and cut around its circumference. I did not walk out of that barber shop a Belieber.

Even banter with a **new barber** isn't as natural, as you lack rapport, and aren't calibrated in terms of the amount of casual racism you are willing to divulge during the haircut, which we all know is a key predictor of barber-client relationship satisfaction. He made a joke about my curly sideburns, I fired back with something about him being loud at restaurants, but it didn't go down well. At the end of my appointment, I reached into the candy bucket only to find out that it contained those strawberry hard candies with the wrapper that is meant to look like a strawberry, seeds and all, as well as root beer barrels. My regular barber would never cut corners on the candy selection. He would never cut corners in my sideburns either, making them resemble staircases. I stepped out of the shop with the shitty artificial strawberry taste coating my tongue. Two female passersby pointed up at my hair and laughed. The sun beamed down on my arid, straw-like hair and set it alight. I ran back into the store and smothered my smoking scalp with a *Beisbol Mundial* magazine from the waiting-room table, but the paper was low quality and cardboard-like, not glossy, so it too caught fire—something it's cover star, Jose Reyes, hadn't done in years—and started to crisp up. I tossed the magazine on the floor, strode back out the door, and walked away like a badass, never once turning to look at the fireball, but

the smell of burning mofongo and the increasingly garbled lyrics to “Tití Me Preguntó” let me know my job was complete.

NFL- The National Football League. A league that has, in recent years, tried to assuage fears about the violent nature of its games and their oft-reported deleterious effects on brain health. The movie *Concussion* started this conversation, albeit fifty years too late. The **NFL** has since made it a priority to minimize head injuries during games, or, at the very least, to minimize the *reporting* of concussive blows sustained on the field. A recent statement by the **NFL** claimed that concussions have dropped 17% since 2023, and that this current season set a new, all-time, single-season low of 182 total concussions. If we’re being realistic, that number is probably closer to 1,082. Let’s talk with one of the players who *did not report* being concussed this past season:

Darius Slay, cornerback for the Philadelphia Eagles: “I got hit hard in the upper chest/neck area late in the year. It was a really rough hit. My head snapped back and hit the turf. I actually saw stars. I went over to the sideline to go through routine concussion testing protocol, and I told them what happened. The doctors there were quick to remind me that we were playing the Steelers, who have stars in their logo, and that I was probably just recalling seeing the stars on the helmet of the guy who popped me. Just as they said that my blurry vision began to clear up and I realized that yea, we were playing the Steelers! Obviously, I hadn’t been concussed, and the league agreed.”

There were several other notable cases that the **NFL** did not deem to meet the inclusion criteria for a concussion. One of these involved a practice squad fullback for the Carolina Panthers who developed early onset dementia just days after his helmet-to-helmet hit with a 6’6, 250lb linebacker with 4.4 40-yard-dash speed. The **NFL** is classifying this as a case of dementia, not a concussion. Fans may also recall Miami Dolphins’ quarterback Tua Tagovailoa being stretchered off the field and placed in a full-body cast in the Mount Sinai Miami Medical Center following a blind-side hit by Myles Garrett that actually registered as a small-to-moderate size earthquake of magnitude 3.5 on the Richter scale. Tua lost all motor control and remains in a state of full-

body paralysis to this day. The **NFL** is classifying this as an injury sustained “of natural causes”, you know, because of the earthquake and all.

The most egregious exception from the **NFL’s** head-injury count was former Tampa Bay Buccaneers’ kicker Rodrigo Blankenship, who died after being laid out by a threesome of massive defensive linemen during a field goal attempt in week 12 against the New Orleans Saints. The **NFL** is classifying this as a death, not as a concussion.

Neighborhood Watch- The **neighborhood watch**, a surveillance unit comprised of lonely widows and paranoid agoraphobics, has caught me smoking homemade apple bong in the cul-de-sac more times than I’d like to admit. Their success rate at preventing harmless, petty crimes is quite impressive, but they lack the ability to prevent more serious offenses such as car-jackings and *the stealing of my life-size cast iron sculpture of RFK Jr. fireman’s carrying a bear carcass*. Seriously, if anyone has seen this sculpture please call me IMMEDIATELY. I miss my sweet, guttural-voiced prince. I just hope my monument to the ultimate man’s man is in the safe hands of a flat-earther, who will surely give him the loving home he deserves.

Nostradamus- A old man, or maybe just a man (wizard?) from some old society somewhere in Europe who had prophetic visions about flying cars and an authoritarian surveillance state that watched its citizens’ every move like a prissy, pedantic History teacher tasked with supervising the second-grade recess period. **Nostradamus’** predictions had almost the same hit rate as the *Simpsons’*, but not quite. I’ll give it to him, he had a pretty badass name, but it also sounds like he took himself *way* too seriously. His whole shtick was making these grand statements about how life would be like 1000 years from now? It sounds like he could have benefited from some mindfulness meditation, because he was utterly incapable of living in the moment.

*“Hey **Nostradamus**, pretty banging party, am I right? Are you liking all these harlots, wine, and fresh-baked bread?” “How can I enjoy myself when future generations are going to be addicted to little rectangular light boxes which will have an utter stranglehold on their attention and prove calamitous to their mental health and conversational abilities?” “Cool, **Nostradamus**, cool. I’m gonna go talk to Nmyphomanicles, but nice to catch up as always.”*

Nursing Homes- These facilities are trying their best, they really are. It's tough to take care of our rapidly aging populace. Especially when so many of them are dealing with dementia and a number of comorbidities. Some **nursing homes** are better than others, and what this largely boils down to is the amount of money injected into them by both public and private funding sources, as well as the quality of the staff. Certain **nursing homes** face context-specific challenges, such as being in rural areas where access to health services is limited, or residing in neighborhoods with unique demographics that require culturally-tailored care. The Aging-Grace **Nursing Home** in Bushwick, Brooklyn, is currently having enormous difficulties with the latter of these challenges. The mismatch between their clientele and their support staff is glaring, and, frankly, dangerous. Let's take a closer look at what's going on in the day-to-day operations of the Aging-Grace **Nursing Home**:

Darren, an FTM Gen Z nurse with long hair, a stud earring on his nose, and a My Chemical Romance t shirt, is tending to Hugh, a 97-year-old WWII veteran with Frontotemporal Dementia and severe mobility issues

Darren: "Hi Hugh, it's breakfast time. Do you want oats or pudding?"

Hugh: "Finally, they give me a hot chick. Whatever you want, toots. Wow, a beauty that can cook as well! What did I do to deserve you?"

Darren: "Hugh, I'm actually a man (Darren has repeated this sentiment daily for the last two months). What about oats? You like oats. Nice and hearty, they'll give you lots of energy for the day."

Hugh: "I won't be served by a pansy-ass gay boy! Maybe you should swallow an apple for breakfast and get it lodged in your throat, you no-Adam's-Apple-having F*****!"

Darren: "Hugh, I don't appreciate being talked to like that. I am in the process of becoming a man. You see, I was a woman, but now I am a man, just like you! They are injecting me with testosterone once a week so that my masculine features will develop more fully."

Hugh: *Looking bewildered. Eyes wide. As if a concussion grenade has just gone off in the unadorned, sterile white room he has called home for the last two years* "A TRANNY!

FPTWWY!, PFFTTTTTEWWW” *spitting out the measly amount of foam he can muster up from his arid mouth* “Get out of here, witch! Inverted freak! Be gone! Be gone I say!”

Darren: *Struggling mightily not to cry. Internal monologue reeling off a number of self-ingratiating statements to keep himself from utter mental collapse* “Hugh. That is not very nice. Would you please just eat this oatmeal? I can be gone as soon as you have your breakfast, okay?”

Hugh: *Sits up on his mattress. This is about as much mobility as he has left. He reaches for the corner of the comforter and peels it off of him. He slowly slides one of his ragged chicken legs off the side of the bed and makes to stand up for the first time in months.*

Darren: *Standing there, mouth agape. Frozen, with Oatmeal in hand*

Hugh: *With all the energy left in his emaciated sack of bones, stands up. He guides his index finger in the direction of Darren as if lining up the iron sights on a WWII standard-issue M1911A1 pistol.* “I didn’t plan and execute the entire D-Day operation, design and construct—by hand, have you—*both* atomic bombs dropped on the rice hat villages in China, *and* kill Hitler with a poison dart to the neck, just so this country could put tits on men one hundred years later!”

Darren: “Hugh, I’ll get to your troublingly insensitive and egregiously historically inaccurate statement in a moment. But for now, can’t you see!? You’ve stood up! You’ve left the bed for the first time since I’ve been working here!”

Hugh: “By God! You’re right! I’m up! I’m standing up sturdier than Stalingrad in February 1943! I’m up straighter than the hair on the Chinamans’ heads when I planted the Armenian flag at Iwo Jima!”

Darren: “I am so proud of you, Hugh!”

Hugh: “You’re a pretty little number, aren’t you?”

Darren: “Hugh, it’s still me Darren. I’m a guy.”

Hugh: “A guy with tits? Yea, right. What’s next? You’re going tell me Hitler wasn’t killed with a poison-tipped dart to the neck by myself, dressed as an Incan warrior? You’re going to tell me The Jews weren’t murdered in the millions at the Pepperidge Farm Factory in Krakow? Get on this bed with me and make some baby boomers, *‘Darren!’*”

Darren: *Deciding to go along with it for once* “Hugh, may I have this dance?” *Reaches for Hugh’s hand. He pulls Hugh in tight. Slowly, they begin their waltz* “Wow, what a lucky lady I am to be dancing with a war hero.”

Hugh: *Let’s out a low, rumbling groan, gets 1/3 of an erection, and then falls to the floor, killing himself on impact*

O

Oliver Twist- A British orphan boy from the 19th century who just wanted some more soup. He longed for soup more than he longed for the impossible rebirth of his dead parents. If **Oliver Twist** even gave so much as one tiny shit about avenging his parents’ deaths he could have been Batman, or at least a British version of Batman with a sillier, frillier costume, and a super intimidating catchphrase like, “Oi, if you pick on a wee lad prepare to get binned, Bob’s your uncle!”. His signature move could have been the Oliver Titty Twist, capable of incapacitating even the villains with the most calcified nipples. Instead, **Oliver Twist** lived a miserable life replete with menial tasks, misfortune after misfortune, and, of most concern to Oliver, no second helpings.

Omelet from *The Bear*- Three eggs whose existence is a glorious testament to the natural bounty of this green and blue rock floating in space were just turned into one man’s shitty attempt at recreating the **omelet from *The Bear***. Billions of years of almost statistically impossible evolution involving *just* the right amount of chemical ingredients, temperature, and time all culminated in this man’s use of the wrong amount of each ingredient, the incorrect cooking temperature, and much too much time, resulting in a limp, sad omelet, which looked and tasted nothing like Ayo Edibiri’s finished product from the show. Unicellular organisms turned into multicellular organisms, which evolved into sea anemones, then jellyfish, who eventually grew fins and turned into regular fish, who then developed hard plated armor and big teeth and became crocodiles, who left the water and grew even more fearsome, becoming

dinosaurs, who then were mostly wiped out, but the smaller ones amongst them survived and became birds, and eventually chickens, who developed for another couple of hundred thousand years, eventually being manipulated by homo sapiens for the nutrients present in their reproductive material, resulting in their enhanced production of eggs, which homo sapiens harvested and used to grow big and strong, until eventually one *lonely, pathetic loser* of a man took three of those eggs and absolutely botched the **omelet from *The Bear***.

Oprah and Elie Wiesel at Auschwitz- What was intended to be a harrowing, emotional return to the site of Elie Wiesel's *Night* took a turn for the...well, let's just say, a turn for the *Oprah*. As Elie was coldly describing the brutal dehumanization that occurred in the barracks, the gas chambers, and the ovens, Oprah was busy figuring out the ways in which to hug and caress Elie that would best highlight her compassion and further cement her status as the worlds' most empathetic—and certainly not self-centered—philanthropic billionaire.

"Oprah, look there, that is where I witnessed little children lined up, gunned down, and thrown into mass graves" Ellie remarks coldly as Oprah runs her fingertips up and down his back and whispers, "Does this give you the chills?" in Elie's ear.

"Oprah, this is the building where they cooked and served us the flavorless soup and stale bread that was the weak thread connecting us to the land of the living. It was awful, but we didn't care. Any food was treated like the mana that rained down on the Israelites when they escaped Egypt and wandered the desert for forty years. Calories were like little miracles to us. We were all skin and bones. Walking corpses, really."

Oprah puts her arm around Elie's shoulders and rubs his upper arm, "Well certainly not anymore, Elie. These biceps, my god. You could probably sling me over your shoulder and walk away with me right now if you wanted."

"Oprah, these are the shoes of every man, woman, and child that entered the camps. Really puts the terrifying scope of this atrocity into perspective, doesn't it?" Elie informs Oprah, who squeezes different parts of Ellie's thighs, each squeeze getting progressively closer to his crotch, "Does this make you nervous?"

“Not nervous, but it helps to be reminded that it is a scary possibility. We are not that far removed from this happening. In fact, it still happens in certain parts of the world today.”

“I meant the squeezing, baby”

“We can’t air any of this, this doesn’t feel right”

“Oh, we’re going to air it. You bet your geriatric Jewish ass we’re going to air it”

Elie looks up into the sky and throws his hands towards the heavens, “Never shall I forget those moments in the camps, and now these new moments with Oprah, which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust! Never shall I forget these things, even if I am condemned to live as long as God himself!”

Orchards- The ultimate in fun fall activities that your significant other drags you to when all you want to be doing is watching *seven hours of commercial free football on NFL Redzone*. You’ll have to settle for ESPN fantasy updates about 13 yard touchdowns scored by Kyren Williams while your partner asks you which pumpkin to choose. *They all look the same, honey, just get one that’s not covered in cow shit*. Apparently OBJ just one-upped his famous one-handed catch but no, you missed it, because you were busy *trying to find where the goddamn Jonagold apples were at, because apparently they are better to bake with, whatever the fuck that means*. Aaron Rodgers just completed yet another game-winning Hail Mary, but you’ll have to watch the replay later that evening since you are currently *lost in the corn maze with your only point of reference being a map with a birds-eye view of the witches’ cauldron shaped maze that’s pretty useless because how in the world can you make out the handle of a wooden spoon from the wall of corn you’re staring at*.

P

Peyote- An Ancient Native American psychedelic used to contact the spirits of the desert in order to heal members of the community. Indigenous peoples still use **peyote** in this manner, while white people desperately try to mimic the conditions that make the **peyote** ceremony so

transcendent and powerful. However, since they lack access to the rituals, sacred objects, and trained shamans that are all key components of the ceremony, their best attempts look something like sitting in a circle around a cigar store Indian in a tent in the backyard, blasting Hermanos Gutiérrez albums as Eric smokes a Marlboro and calls out to the spirits of the forest, “Oh elder oak of the Iroquois’ Valley, please bestow upon us a winning lacrosse season this autumn. May your rough, wise hands grip my shaft and cradle my balls with the ancient techniques of the woods!” “Amen!”

Planet Earth- One of the most awe-inspiring television series ever produced, ***Planet Earth*** takes you on a tour of this green and blue rock’s natural splendor and stunning ecological diversity, with Sir David Attenborough serving as audio tour guide. One unforeseen circumstance of the show’s globe-trotting nature is that many of the animals filmed only enjoyed a brief moment in the limelight before retreating to back to relative obscurity in jungles, savannas, and coral reefs. Fame was bestowed upon them then coarsely stripped away like a wax pad applied to the chest of an Iranian bodybuilder in the lead up to competition. Many of the shows’ stars dealt with deteriorating mental and physical health in the immediate wake of their episodes’ airing. Whether through active cover-up or a genuine lack of interest, these stories have been hidden from the public for years. Thanks to savvy investigative journalism from the Clemenstein team, we are now able to shed light on some of these unfortunate realities.

Gerry the Skink

SC (Sam Clemenstein): “Gerry, we last saw you burrowing into the sand to escape a horned viper in season 3’s ‘Desert Oases’ episode. Now tell us, what have you been up to in the last seven years? Still sand-diving? Still narrowly escaping those pesky dune snakes?”

Gerry: “I don’t know if David [Attenborough] mentioned this, but that viper actually nipped one of my hind legs. I couldn’t completely evade the attack. I was playing the role of Pharaoh in a *The Prince of Egypt* reenactment at work at the time. The damage to my leg totally fucked me. Nobody would genuinely believe that Pharaoh was wheelchair-bound. He’s meant to be like, the embodiment of all things powerful and masculine. Being crippled doesn’t exactly showcase those traits.”

SC: "Oof. That's really rough, Gerry. So, what happened next?"

Gerry: "I wanted three weeks paid leave for the wound to heal. Told them that would be enough time to get me back on my four feet and ready to go. My boss wasn't willing to give me the time off. It was peak season. He needed his best Pharaoh. I can't really blame him, but just know that I would have been practicing my, 'You're not going anywhere, Jewish slaves! Get back here and work on my grain-storage cities in ten-minute intervals, allowing substantial rest time for your backs to recover!' around the clock, staying real sharp for my return."

SC: "Your boss kind of sounds like a dick."

Gerry: "He's just salty that he never really made it on Skinkway. He was the understudy to Skink Lancelot in *Skinkalot* twenty years ago, but he was stuck behind this really talented lizard named Francoise Bertrand Von Rubermeer who had a vice grip on the leading role. Anyways, he fired me. And that's when I started popping Percocet."

SC: *Points to a pile of discarded Pizza Pyramid boxes* "And hoarding?"

Gerry: *Sighs* "Yes, and hoarding. Can we wrap this up? I think you've gotten your content. Get that camera out of my face! Get out, NOW!"

Melinda Orca

SC: "Melinda, nice to see you. You last appeared in the penultimate episode of Season 4, 'Wild Pacific'. Tell me, Melinda, how have you fared since shooting wrapped?"

Melinda: "I've just been trying to help out my community, clean up the currents, keep the little ones in schools, but I'm a killer whale, so, you know, I get a bad rap. They say 'Melinda, why are you so violent? Melinda, why are you such a bad example? Melinda, can you teach me how to Dougie?' No, I can't teach you how to Dougie! Look at my skin, I'm an Oreo. I like to read! I like to play Magic the Gathering! Hell, I listen to Phish! Now tell me, how violent is that?"

SC: "But you also brutally murder seals, right?"

Melinda: "You see, this is what I'm talking about. Common misconception. I'm a seagan. Most of us are now. We just eat seaweed."

SC: "So you don't ride around in beamers with your girls in fishnet leggings twerking on the hood to Sexy Red, causing all sorts of traffic and pandemonium on the Trans-Arctic Swimway?"

Melinda: **Sigh** “Some of us do do that, yes. But our entire species isn’t represented by the actions of those few. Most of us like to sip coral tea and play Settlers of Catan in the evening. I think you’d be well served to listen to some Killer Whale Mike. Maybe you’d learn a thing or two about us.”

SC: “Killer Whale Mike! By Poseidon’s tri-headed penis, that name strikes fear into the still-beating heart of any pale-skinned landlubber!”

Melinda: “Give it a shot. I promise you’ll find his social commentary enlightening.”

SC: “Shiver me Timberwolves, Melinda! If someone catches me listening to Killer Whale Mike, they’ll send me to Julio Jones’ locker! They’ll put tiger balm on me taint and keelhaul me til I’m flayed like a flounder!”

Melinda: “It just might help you get invited to the deep-sea cookout.”

SC: “The deep-sea cookout! By Ursula’s deep purple tentacle rimming my anus, I’ve always dreamt of being invited to the deep-sea cookout!”

Melinda: “Cool it with the flowery language, Herman Melville”

SC: “Cool it? I am cool! I’m so cool my water chestnuts have shriveled up like the shrunken head of a Barbadian pirate fallen prey to the black magic of a Caribbean water-witch fluent in the black verse of reverse-osmosis encephalitis!”

Melinda: “Alright y’all. It’s been real. Cut it.”

Shmiezelmachav Ben Fazoudina-Rhaziphiriel Ibex

SC: “Shmiezelmachav, my habibi, it’s good to see you again! The way you scaled those vertical cliffs of limestone was truly remarkable. I don’t think I’ve ever seen another animal capable of doing that. Is that still how you fill up your days?”

SBFRI: “Well it *was* how I filled up my days, until I misstepped, took a tumble off a cliff and somersaulted head over heels for 3,000 excruciatingly painful vertical feet. The momentum kept me rolling through a pile of wires in the back parking lot of a Circuit City, which adhered to my chest in a suicide-bomby kind of way. I kept on rolling all the way through to downtown Haifa, where the civilians started panicking, yelling, ‘LOOK AT THAT WEIRD LOOKING GOAT THING WITH WIRES ON ITS CHEST! TERRORIST GOAT! TERRORIST GOAT!’. First off, have they never seen an Ibex before? We *all* have that wispy, veteran Hezbollah member beard. And the

horns? Don't act like you've never seen horns before! Don't you guys all have horns in Haifa? Anyways, I ended up blowing up a kindergarten."

SC: "Moses Christ, Shmiezel, that kind of *sounds* terroristy to me!"

SBFRI: "You would think that, wouldn't you, ClemenSTEIN!"

SC: "Common misconception. The Clemenstein surname is actually German, not Jewish. Rudolph Clemenstein had a famous candy factory that produced such treats as, 'nebishy, neurotic hook-nose gummies' and, 'frail, beady-eyed white chocolate lawyers'"

SBFRI: "Then *you* of all people should know that what I did was no terrorist act!"

SC: "I'm not a Nazi, if that's what you're insinuating here, Shmiezel. My mom's surname is actually Manischevitz."

SBFRI: "Curse you and your shitty kosher alcoholic grape juice!"

SC: "You didn't invent hummus, you liar!"

SBFRI: "Lavash is better than pita!"

SC: "You take that back!"

SBFRI: "Never!"

SC: "Lebanese cedar is my least favorite type of wood!"

SBFRI: "The JNF's mission to plant a million trees in Israel is farfetched and has limped along feebly in the last decade!"

SC: "At least we have charities that aren't terrorist infrastructure funding sources masquerading as donation drives!"

SBFRI: "Chocolate milk in a bag is a STUPID invention!"

SC: "What have you invented in the last, I don't know, 1000 years?"

SBFRI: "Babaganoush!"

SC: "OH HERE WE GO AGAIN!"

Porch Pirates- A term that has come into vogue in recent years to refer to low life bums who swipe Amazon packages from the doorsteps of online shoppers. One way to combat **porch pirates** would be to go out into the real world and purchase physical goods in person, but that suggestion seems utterly ridiculous in the two thousand and twenty fifth year of our lord,

Jeffrey Bezos. A more practical approach would be to take after Kevin MacAllister and lay down booby traps to deter the robbers. Sure, you might take out a few well-intentioned UPS workers, but they get workers' comp (I'm pretty sure) and while they might be pissed off about a fractured tibia in the moment, they'll eventually be thankful for their injury settlement and paid time off. The golden ratio is 1 UPS worker for every 3 **porch pirates**. If you can straddle that fraction, you should have no qualms about the ethics of your defensive strategy. If you fashion yourself as more of a jokester, you might want to start ordering prank packages to your house containing bags of animal shit or human hair.

*"Honey, why is there a \$250 charge on our credit card bill for 'baboon shit'?" "I'm defending our home vessel from the **porch pirates!**" "The post office is threatening to sue us" "We go down with our ship!"*

Psychiatric Hospitals- Cozy, cute rehabilitation centers like the one McMurphy was sent to for being an a-hole in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Imagine an alternate take on that film where the main character isn't some Irish catholic played by Jack Nicholson, but rather a neurotic Jewish man by the name of Moishe Murphy played by Richard Kind. Instead of using his bravado to mobilize the other basket cases to revolt against Nurse Ratched, Moishe Murphy timidly lets Nurse Ratched know that he doesn't want to take his medication because it's making his eczema flare up. He tries to get Chief Bromden to dominate the paint in the pickup basketball game, but Moishe has to walk off within the first 5 minutes of action due to his debilitating asthma. In his grand act of rebellion, Moishe Murphy calmly knocks on Nurse Ratched's office door and lets her know that he will be getting his lawyer involved if they don't remove the celery pieces from the tuna salad. Eventually all the other residents start siding with Nurse Ratched because they just can't take Moishe's constant whining and complaining. The movie ends with all the residents voluntarily getting lobotomized so they no longer have to consciously endure Moishe's kvetching.

Q

Quidditch- A sport from the wizarding world of Harry Potter which has since been adopted by Ivy league campuses in order to offer an athletic pursuit that computer science majors and satire writers may participate in without fear of taking a high-speed football to the back of the noggin or getting crossed out of their shoes by an cocky Asian transfer student with a Steph Curry fetish. The sport involves little string bean twinks riding around on household cleaning objects and throwing dodgeballs through hula hoops.

*“You’re a wizard, Harry!” “No, I’m just an asthmatic python coder from Dartmouth. The scar on my forehead is actually from a **quidditch** incident though. A club hockey player on his way home from a darty pelted me with a Busch Light can just as I was about to throw the quaffle through the rainbow diddly-bop hoops.”*

Quora- A site where you can freely ask questions that reveal your most alarmingly toxic traits and deepest insecurities without judgement. “Hey **Quora**, Trump is going to deport millions of immigrants, many of whom are my friends, and strip women of their reproductive rights, but my crypto portfolio is looking amazing since he’s been elected, am I an asshole for jumping on the Trump wagon?”. “Hey **Quora**, should I tell my daughter that she’s too fat to be a cheerleader, sparing her the embarrassment of being denied, or worse, laughed at, during tryouts?” “Hey **Quora**, occasionally I’ll just shit on the floors of gas station bathrooms because it’s like hey, not my problem, and the people working there aren’t exactly contributing much to society anyways, is that bad?” “Hey **Quora**, am I a sociopath?”

R

Reality TV- **Reality TV** doesn’t get much realer than civilian kitchen digest, where we take you inside the homes of unsuspecting civilians and force them to give us a tour of where the culinary magic happens!

Sound being piped into a Latino family's apartment building at 2AM

"Vasquez Family, WAKE THE FUCK UP! You're on a brand-new episode of civilian kitchen digest! Why don't you come downstairs to the kitchen and tell the folks tuning in from all across America about that beautiful vertical rotisserie oven that you use to cook that famous Al pastor that your neighbors the Pasillos have been telling us all about!"

Rosa Vazquez plugs her ears and pushes her husband Jaime Vazquez out of the bed. Jaime shouts something to her in Spanish along the lines of, "What is going on!? Did they install loudspeakers in here!?" Jaime exits the bedroom, takes a metal baseball bat from a hallway closet, and slowly creeps down the stairs wearing nothing but his tighty gringos. A spotlight bathes Jaime in blinding white light. You can clearly see the deep bags under his eyes and a trickle of piss on his underwear. A laugh track plays in the background.

"Jaime! Thanks for joining us, although I think your jalapeno is showing"

Another laugh track plays. Jaime bashes in the head of the gameshow host with his bat. The pilot is not picked up by The Food Network

Rich Dad Poor Dad- A finance self-help book that I don't ever plan on reading. From what I've heard regurgitated from the mouths of Wall Street lizard people, the gist of the book is that wealthy parents have niche financial knowledge that they employ to sustain generational wealth, while poor parents spend all their time haggling for deals on Facebook marketplace as a savings strategy. I'm willing to become the latter if it means I never have to read ***Rich Dad Poor Dad***. I will gladly shop for both food *and* clothing at Walmart so long as I am spared from devoting my precious time, and even more precious reading-for-pleasure time, to the marketing worlds' *Mein Kampf*. Please punch me square in the face if you *ever* catch me teaching my 11-year-old daughter how to open up a Roth IRA instead of playing softball with her in the backyard. Forgive me if I want her to drive a Subaru and have thick thighs instead of living a life as some pawn in her father's financial chess match versus the IRS. What the book should really be titled is *Emotionally Invested Dad, Financially Invested Dad*.

S

Simon Cowell- A British game show judge of *American Idol* fame. **Simon Cowell** is best known for his chest-hair, questionable sexuality, and the sociopathic manner in which he provides unsympathetic, borderline abusive vocal criticism to hopeful *Idol* contestants. Often some mild-mannered Midwestern choir boy will enter the audition room after a 30-second segment airs in which he discusses his daughters' leukemia diagnosis and the bleak reality of navigating the US healthcare system as a minimum-wage cashier at an Arby's. At this point viewers at home are thinking, "Oh wow, he's definitely going to be good. No way he doesn't get a golden ticket to Hollywood." Oh silly, silly viewer. Did you forget that one of the judges on the panel is none other than *the Simon Cowell*? After what sounds like a stirring rendition of Stevie Wonders' "Superstition", the choir boy is showered in applause—applause from two of the three judges, that is. "Wow, Michael. Just wow. That was really special." "Michael, you have the voice of an angel. Has anyone ever told you that you have a real gift?"

"Michael. Michael, Michael, Michael. I advise you to go to the hospital and spend as much time with your daughter as possible before it's too late, because one place you for sure are *not* going to is Hollywood. My ears are bleeding, Michael. Are you going to pay the medical bills to fix my ears as well, Michael? That was shit. Who told you to audition? No, seriously, please bring out the *deranged, deluded* family members that convinced you to come out here today. For your sake, Michael, I hope they are all mentally handicapped, because no able-minded individuals would ever, ever, have told you this was a good idea. Get the fuck out of this room right now."

Steampunk- A subgenre of science fiction involving retro-futuristic, Victorian-era settings, characters, and attire, with a peculiarly narrow focus on all-things steam power. Listen, I'm as confused as you are. Imagine a steam locomotive conductor with bulbous circle frame glasses and a big black top hat with gold pipes and pinwheels hanging off of it leaning his head out of a bronze, skeletal train car made up of interlocking gears, yelling out in a posh Londoner accent, "All aboard the Whimsical Nimbus Fleet Foot Express, hurry along now, we must be *steampunktual!*". I hated writing that. **Steampunk** is for eccentric leather daddies who wax poetic about a time period where people defecated in the streets and had human slaves.

Steampunk is for history nerds who fund their bedazzled brass gear clasp cardigans with day jobs as boiler room servicemen and coal mine museum gift shop cashiers.

*“Honey, There’s a guy in a full **steampunk** outfit here at the front door. He’s trying to sell us a dark-skinned lawn jockey wearing leather chaps held up by stainless steel suspenders.”*

Supernova- I think this is when a star explodes? I don’t have WIFI right now so that’s my best guess, so we’ll go with that. Well, if that is what a **supernova** is, then it makes a really, really loud sound, and emits a ton of light and energy. I’ve heard Neil Degrasse Tyson is kind of a cocky dipshit to be around, so I tune out whenever he’s on a podcast, sorry. They always say that some of the stars you see at night time have already died, but since they are hundreds or thousands of light years away, we are still able to see them glow. This process mirrors the legacy that I left on my youth travel soccer team, where the ‘light’ of my legendary career still serves as a guiding force to the little midfielders and defenders of today. *That was me, I was the first 6-year-old to perform a studs-up slide tackle that tore someone’s ACL*, I reminisce blissfully as I stroll around the fields of my local park, watching a boy being stretchered off of the field, the very same field where I had played as a wee lad.

Swim Lessons- Allow me to paint you a picture. It is 3PM on a blustery autumn day in some small New England town. The sun is already beginning its nightly wind-down process. It’s not quite being tucked in and given a goodnight kiss yet by some old man in the sky, but it’s preparing a heated water bottle to put on its lap to stay warm overnight. You are waiting outside your elementary school near the pickup lane. It’s just you and Mr. Gorbowitz, the nebishy science teacher who is getting antsy waiting for your mom to arrive. He has thirty spaghetti towers to clean up after this. Finally, your mom pulls up in her forest green Honda Odyssey and releases the automatic door, revealing an anthropomorphic *Monster’s, Inc.* booster seat designed to look like Mike Wazowski. You say bye to Mr. Gorbowitz, who is picking his nose with his regular waving hand and has to awkwardly summon his left hand from his pocket to wave to your mom. You climb into the van and your mom asks you how your day was, and if you want to listen to this Rafi CD she just picked up from Circuit City with a new version of “I Like to Eat, Eat, Eat, Apples and Bananas”. You tell her it was good, but you are hungry and

want to go home. She hands you a clementine and a Danimal's drinking yogurt and then delivers the news: It's a Wednesday. She's bringing you to **swim lessons** at the town pool. Fuck. You *despise* **swim lessons**. The one saving grace of attending the lessons is that at the end of every 8-week session, you get to pick two airheads from a plastic pumpkin container in the lifeguards' office. You ask your mom if it's a candy day. She says no, last week was meant to be a candy day but they had to cancel lessons because Vinny Parker let a brown submarine loose in the deep end. So, she's not sure if they'll have candy today. Okay, *maybe* you'll get candy, so *maybe* this won't suck as much.

You arrive at the red brick community center and your mom gives you a drawstring bag with a swimsuit and towel in it, and tells you to hurry into the locker room to change. She will be watching practice from the balcony. She tells you not to forget to shower. You tell her yea, yea, but you know full well that the elderly Asian men will be in there doing their thing. You rush into the locker room and start to get changed. A few other kids are in there putting on swim caps and those little skin-tight speedo trunks. You're glad you at least have a regular, hibiscus flower pattern swimsuit with the netting inside. Fuck aerodynamics. You've always been more of a diving board specialist than a speed guy anyways. Jackknives, pencil dives, cannonballs, spread-eagle belly-flops, *half retarded can-can lemon drop mctwists*. Okay that last one was made up, but you get the point. You head into the showers and try to stare down at your Adidas massage-bed slides, but all around you are elderly Asian men with ballsacks hanging down to their ankles, drooping like coconuts just past the length of their Fu Manchu gray pube beards. You've heard from your friend Ben that the showers at the JCC are somehow even worse. You rinse off your hair and take your towel and ice blue goggles down the hallway and to the pool entrance.

Bursting through the doors and out onto the pool deck, you're hit with a waft of chlorine and piss smells. Peering into the lifeguard's office, you don't spot any candy. Shit. You see your flabby, elderly widow swim instructor sitting by lane three. She is wearing a navy blue one piece bathing suit and conversing with Donna's mom. Donna's mom has been trying to get Donna to go off of the diving board for weeks now, but Donna just can't bring herself to jump. You think you overhear the words, "Push her", "Life-altering trauma and aversion to swimming

altogether”, and, “Not covered by our waiver”, whatever all that means. The instructor is holding a stack of kickboards, which is good news, since being on a kick board is infinitely better than just swimming unbuoyed laps all afternoon. A few kids from your class are sitting on the cold steel bench behind lane three, but all eyes are turned towards the steps leading into the shallow end where a priest in some flowy, ornate Balkan Orthodox church getup is dunking a screaming baby into the water as his unbrowed parents watch on excitedly from the edge of the pool. Presumably the chlorine and piss would interfere with the baptism process, maybe even leading to the development of an antichrist child, but they don’t seem too fazed.

Your instructor—Margaret is her name—calls for you and your classmates to hop into the pool to get the lesson underway. You brace yourself for impact, but the polar plunge is simply too bone-chilling to ever truly be prepared for. The temperature gauge says 77 degrees, but you swear the water had to have been brought in straight from the Arctic. Margaret seems to think you are in a hot tub. Maybe her sensory receptors have become obsolete with age. Or she’s just a good actor. One kid, Frank, is still seated on the bench, refusing to go in. Margaret yells at him to hurry up, but he stays firmly planted on the bench. Margaret and Frank have been through this before, and there is only one solution. Frank’s dad is called over. He bear-hugs Frank, who is now shrieking and begging for mercy. Frank’s dad, stone-faced and resolute, picks up little Frankie and hucks him into the water. Frank surfaces after a few moments, coughing up water and flailing around blindly trying to grab hold of the edge of the pool. Margaret thanks Frank’s dad and moves to begin the lesson.

“Alright kids, today we’re going to work on our breaststroke. We’re first going to start with the kicking technique, using the kick boards, and then we’ll go on to the full stroke. Alright, let’s start out with 12 laps of just kicking.” Twelve laps! Moses almighty, what did you do to deserve this torture? Tucker and Ralph’s parents don’t make them take swim lessons. They’re probably back at home now, dry and warm, playing *ATV: Off-Road Fury 4* on their PlayStations. You snap your goggles into place and get to kicking. Kick. Kick. Generations old memories encoded in your Ashkenazi genes start flooding back. Ten mile hikes through snowy wastelands wearing nothing but tattered, striped pajamas. Nazi officers barking indiscriminate orders in a

harsh manner in their harsh language as they prod you like cattle. Kick. Kick. One lap down, 11 more to go.

As you hit the wall and turn around, you hear some commotion coming from the diving board area. Peering out from your cloudy goggles, you spot Margaret with a noodle camped out under the diving board. “NOOOO! PICK ME BACK UP! I CAN’T DO IT! I CAN’T DO IT!” is the cry from up above, where Donna is clinging to the board by her fingertips. Donna’s mom storms in and scales the diving board steps, ignoring the lifeguard’s repeated whistle blows. The lifeguards have been briefed about the possibility of this very incident. Donna’s mom walks to the end of the flexible plank to where her daughter’s fingers are gripping tightly. She picks up her clogs and stomps down on her daughter’s fingers, sending her plummeting down to the greenish-blue water and Margaret’s doughy embrace. Before anyone can process what just happened, another scream is heard from the walkers-only lanes where one of the droopy-sacked samurai is pointing at what looks like a floating Milky Way bar. “Vinny Parker pooped in the pool! I saw who did it. It was little Vinny Parker!”. The **swim lesson** is cut short as the pool is evacuated for clean-up. Now every time you see little shitter Vinny Parker roaming the halls of the elementary school, you can’t help but hear Nickelback frontman Chad Kroeger belting out, “And they say that a hero could save us, I’m not gonna stand here and wait!”.

Vinny Parker: Aquafecal Vigilante, in theaters Fall 2025.

Syracuse- A miserable city full of misanthropes that the American Dream never quite reached. Realizing that fellow upstate NY city Buffalo was able to put herself on the map by introducing a beloved, trademark dish—the Buffalo wing—the city council of **Syracuse** have decided to rally the city’s culinary institutions to develop their own “**Syracuse Wings**”, with the best recipe taking home a grand prize of \$10,000. Popular dive bar Plumber Fred’s was the first entrant, and their recipe consisted of a gray, cement based sauce with minced garlic from a jar and cigarette butts, all smothered in dirty charcoal-colored snow from one of the city’s streets. Italian joint Marco No Takio the Measles Vaccine submitted their own wing sauce comprised of the grease poured from a grease trap at the Wetzel’s Pretzels in the Destiny USA shopping mall, the tears of an Asian-American woman who was harassed and told to “SPEAK ENGLISH!” when

ordering a sub from a local sandwich shop, self-tanner stolen from a snooty **Syracuse** sorority girl from New York City, and oregano. The final entry came from Cal's Custody Battle Bar, with their dish containing the dust from somebody's last-gasp scratch-off ticket purchased with their final dollar spritzed over with the eau de porta potty of an Albanian drag racer and corner pharmaceutical salesman.

T

Talk Tuah- A podcast run by a former crack baby, crypto rug puller, and viral sensation (all the same person) that discusses such intellectual topics as: which blue collar job is the hottest? How do you fill the twelve-hour gap in your day now that Tik-Tok is banned? And, what happens when we stick this fork in an electrical socket? Recently, Paddington the Bear was on **Talk Tuah** to promote his latest movie, *Paddington in Peru*. Let's take a look at how that went down.

Paddington: "Hi Miss Tuah, thanks for having me on your show!"

Hawk Tuah: "Hi Paddington, thanks for stopping by! Let's get into it, shall we? I heard you have a movie coming to theaters next week."

Paddington: "That is correct. It'll be playing in theaters nationwide. Get your tickets early, I can't promise they'll be around for long!"

Hawk Tuah: "And what can audiences expect from the film? Is there a pookie involved?"

Paddington: "Excuse me?"

Hawk Tuah: "A pookie, like a love interest. Someone you want to hawk tuah, spit on your thang!"

Paddington shoots one of his trademark hard stares at his manager, who shrugs

Paddington: "This is a children's film, Miss Tuah. Maybe we could discuss some of the interesting plot points, such as how I go searching for the lost city of El Dorado in Peru."

Hawk Tuah: "Well, Paddington, that sounds cool and all, but my audience might not know what Peru is. Could you explain that to them?"

Paddington: "You want me to...to explain what *Peru* is?"

Hawk Tuah: "Yes, that would be great."

Paddington: "Well, Peru is a country in South...are you serious?"

Hawk Tuah: "Super serious. Hawk Tuah, spit on that thang!"

Paddington rips off his headphones and stands up out of his chair

Hawk Tuah: "Wait, Paddy, sit back down! We were just getting started. I was about to ask if what they say about spectacled bears is true. You know, the thing they say about marmalade and libido."

Paddington: "I'm sorry, this isn't what I expected. I'll be leaving now, Miss Tuah, if that's alright."

Hawk Tuah: "Wait! If you sit back down I'll airdrop you some Hawk Tuah coin!"

Paddington storms past his manager and out of the studio. His manager gives a sheepish grin to Hawk Tuah before bolting out of the room to flag down Paddington

Tasmanian Devil- While originally used as a slur to describe an aboriginal Tasmanian person, **Tasmanian Devil** is now simply a play on the term *Australian Baphomet*, or a wild Australian club-goer with a ketamine addiction who is only interested in dancing with *your* girlfriend in particular.

*"That **Tasmanian Devil** over by the speakers hasn't stopped fist-pumping all night. He must be tits deep in a k-hole!"*

Tinder- The original dating app, **Tinder** has a long-standing reputation as the most uncouth of all of the apps, home to filth-bathing, crotch-brained swine acting reflexively on their basal animal instincts. The backbone of the **Tinder** user base are women straight out of the bathypelagic zone, all blobby and compressed due to the immense air-pressure. Also in this midnight zone are bottom-feeding, blue collar men floundering around in the dark trying to locate whale falls—aging Midwestern chubbies with rapidly closing reproductive windows that have descended to the ocean floor. The blue-collar squids rely on these whale falls for

sustenance. Were it not for the whale falls, they would surely starve. In the wee hours of the morning other abyssal creatures use bioluminescence to broadcast their loneliness to curious shrimpy women in the hopes that they will cling to their toxic tentacles and become trapped in their bony embrace, if only for a night.

*“Warning! You are now entering **Tinder’s** fat and rural zone. Those who are squeamish may wish to avert their eyes. Watch out for ghastly milk-white women with gallstones.”*

Travel Acquaintances- These are the people you meet briefly during a vacation and end up following on social media for years and years to come. Eventually enough time passes that you are unable to recall where and when you met them. Maybe he was the country singer with the lisp on the girls’ trip to Nashville? Or wait, no, was it that guy who kept making insensitive comments on the Boston Duck Tour who bought you and your friends a sixer of Bud Heavy and a fifth of Jamison when you were underage? Either way, he’s now getting married to the girl that he posted a, “Happy six months, babe” Instagram about soon after your trip. It seemed to be the right time to pop the question, especially considering the Instagram story announcing her pregnancy two months ago. For somebody you only really had one hazy interaction with, you’re pretty damn invested in his life. Oh wait, that’s right! He was the baseball card authenticator who sold you a nitrous balloon outside of the Foo Fighters’ concert in Columbus. Well, let’s hope him and his wife have a *mint condition* marriage that lasts “Everlong” and that his son/daughter proves as valuable as a t206 Honus Wagner card!

U

Uber- What are **uber** drivers possibly saying, or should I say yelling, at their friends for eight straight hours over facetime? Also, do their friends on the other side of the line not have lives? Are they also doing **uber** halfway across the globe, driving around another group of disgruntled passengers who just want a peaceful ride, maybe some Michael Bublé on the radio, or, better yet, silence? Seriously, what the fuck are they on about? You drive **uber** bro, your life isn’t

exactly glamorous and packed with intrigue and adventure. I'm starting to think that I'd rather take my chances behind the wheel 12 Miller High Life's deep than risk having to sit through yet another **uber** filibuster.

Ultimate Frisbee Players- You're an athlete, but you spend just as much time playing Settlers of Catan as you do in the gym conditioning your fitness. You have zero aura and zero swag, but what you *do* have is a new pair of rec specs and a new pair of Velocity 3.0 adult Scooby Doo Frisbee cleats. Your trash talk game is meek and never crosses the line for fear of hurting others' feelings, or worse—jeopardizing a relationship with a fellow disc bro. If you play ultimate Frisbee competitively, you're a social reject, you're a goddamn loser, and you're the last person I'd ever want to share a beer with at the bar.

*"I just left an **ultimate Frisbee player** for an unhygienic Dungeons & Dragons dungeon master, because at least he's not in denial about being on the bottom rung of the social ladder"*

V

Violinists- The offspring of repressive tiger moms, **violinists** practice their craft at the expense of forming friendships and attending social gatherings in their youth. **Violinists** have their creativity and happiness whipped out of them by their abusive parents and teachers with the intended goal of getting them to attend some elite institution that will land them a high-paying job, a family, and the ability to repeat the process with their own unfortunate offspring. No no, Carnegie hall is not the goal, the goal is a consulting job at McKinsey.

*"I finally got the **violinist** to come to one of my parties, but she was only there to hand out business cards for her SAT tutoring service. What a sad, pathetic existence!"*

Volunteer Firefighters- Just because you volunteer to throw yourself into perilous situations in order to help other people doesn't guarantee that you're a good person. In the case of **volunteer firefighters**, it actually guarantees the opposite. Rarely is there a **volunteer**

firefighter that is serving their town or county out of the goodness of their heart. Some of them are in it for the attention of single moms in their area, while others are in it to have a chill hangout spot away from their wives and kids where they can talk crypto, sports betting, and Pizzagate. Plus, the firehouse always has a couple couches to crash on when your wife won't let you back into the house because you blew your kids' college fund on Hawk Tuah Coin. When the alarm sounds and it's time to slide down the ole' stripper pole that was lovingly donated by "Diamond" Debra Shapirstein, a collective groan is emitted from all the firemen in the house. "Just when we were getting to the bottom of this whole 'Great Replacement' debacle once and for all! Davey, hit pause on OAN, we'll finish this up when we get back." "Alright, Mikey, but you're going in first. I got hit with so much smoke last time that it hurt my lungs to vape at little Rachel's soccer practice"

Volunteer firefighters are volunteers because their areas of residence have very infrequent fire-related incidents, so there's no need to have a *real* fire squadron around. The majority of **volunteer firefighters'** time is spent begging for donations to fill the "ladder of giving" to the 100k top rung so that they may keep the firehouse afloat and order Buffalo Wild Wings catering on NFL Sundays. This "fundraising" occurs at events such as "pay to spray the liberal cuck with the fire hose night", "fireman's carnival featuring rickety rides that people have fallen out of and been badly mangled in years prior", and everyone's favorite betting game, "who will pass out first? The autoerotic asphyxiator, or the fireman in the burning house with no mask on?"

W

Waldorf salad- This is some shit with nuts and grapes in it, right? I can't be bothered to look this up. Grow up and eat something with some structure, like a calzone. The only reason to eat this salad comprised of, uhhh, kale, grapes, walnuts, bird feed, ivy, and ranch dressing, is if you've run out of miralax and are in a pinch. This is the number one order of women who have purse Chihuahuas.

"I think I'll have a Waldorf salad, as all the other menu options say they guarantee cancer, but just know I'm not thrilled with my choice!"

Winter Beach Walks- These peaceful, yet brutal strolls are a popular method of combating cabin fever during the chilly winter months. After all the TV has been watched, all the movies have been binged, and all the books have been begrudgingly skimmed or sparknoted, one is left with no choice but to leave the confines of one's comfy, insulated home, and to brave the elements. For some odd reason, normal, otherwise intelligent people are convinced that the beach in *winter* will offer the same warmth and serotonin injection as the beach in *summer*. This is like trying to cheer up a 72-year-old divorcee by bringing him along to a bachelor party in Tampa involving a lot of cocaine. *It used to be fun, but times have changed. He's older now, things are different.* It feels like self-flagellation to go on a **winter beach walk**, with the wind acting as a whip, smacking the fool who chooses to approach the churning cauldron of frosty blue slush on a day when even Eskimos are inside watching videos about how to dry salted fish, or taking Percocet, or showing up hammered to an intervention for an 11-year-old alcoholic in their tribe, or whatever it is they do to unwind when the temperature outside approaches absolute zero.

*"I'm bored, let's go to the mall" "We can't, it closed early today for renovations" "Okay well how about a movie?" "The theater wasn't making enough money, so it shut down last week" "Any bars open?" "They all blew up" "Restaurants?" "Exploded. Drone strikes." "**Winter beach walk it is!**" "I think I'm going to stay here and use a toenail clipper on the head of my penis instead"*

WNBA- The women's version of the NBA. Unlike the NBA, the **WNBA** struggles mightily to attract viewers. Or at least it *did* struggle to attract spectators. Everything changed at the last owners' meeting, where it was unanimously decided that the league would inject Caitlin Clark with the super solider serum to see just how ~~much money they could make~~ athletically dominant she could become. Well, it's been a month, and the results have been a mixed bag. Her first game after undergoing the infusion was a landmark event for the sport, with viewership equaling Game 1 of the 2024 NBA Finals. Millions of viewers tuned in to see if the

Point Goddess would acquire any deity-like abilities, but it turns out there was a cap on how effective the serum could be when administered to a **WNBA** player, and the cap's name is Kyle Kuzma. That's right, the serum didn't turn Clark into a superhero, or even a generational basketball player (ignoring gender), it turned her into the about-league-average Washington Wizards Small Forward Kyle Kuzma. Clark ballooned to 6'9 and got some very urban tattoos, and she could even throw down a sweet windmill dunk—a first for a **WNBA** player. Her 3-pointer actually got worse. Well, once the crowd caught on that she was just going to be able to yam every so often, and that her Adam's apple had only become marginally more defined, they quickly tuned out.

*“Those **WNBA** big wigs duped me! They disguised their arena as a Taco Bell, and then when I entered and saw that it wasn't a Taco Bell, the doors had already been locked behind me and I was forced to watch the game!”*

Note. I think Caitlin Clark is good. These are jokes.

Note 2. This is the first time I have had to qualify my humor. This should show you just how seriously I do not wish to upset Caitlin Clark fans. I know just how big and oafish some of you Midwestern chicks can get!”

X

Xeroxing Buttocks- The original office prank. Pull down your khaki slacks and bunny hop that pasty ass onto the copying machine, because you're about to make tens, maybe even hundreds of prints of your own buttcheeks for your coworkers to discover once they return to work following the OSHA shutdown of your company after Parkinson's Perry's hospitalization from falling off the top rung of a ladder in the stockroom. He didn't have any proper PPE on, and nobody was there to stabilize the base of the ladder while he was operating it. You figure everyone will be in need of some old-fashioned mood lightening when they get back in on Monday. Whether they like it or not, they'll be treated to both black and whites of your bum

and a bad case of pink eye thanks to the Xerox machine spotted with flecks of fecal matter like some sort of mechanical android cheetah developed by Boston Dynamics.

Xylophone- They teach you the **xylophone** in elementary school music classes because it's easy to learn, but you never see any grown adults still playing the **xylophone**. I wonder what it would look like to actually shred that little rainbow percussion kit; to really *tear shit up*, to *let your nuts hang* as you bang out a David Gilmour solo. No way, I just looked it up and there's adult versions of the **xylophone** that cost *thousands of dollars*. I just assumed anyone playing the **xylophone** past second grade had a touch of the special needs and couldn't graduate onto a more impressive instrument. Boy, was I wrong. Not only do you need serious talent to play a real **xylophone**, you also need seriously deep pockets.

"I went to my son's school concert and you'll never believe what they played on the xylophone—hot cross buns!"

Y

Yellowstone- A show that I haven't watched and don't plan on watching starring Kevin Costner and other actors whose skillsets primarily consist of doing above average western rancher accents and growing decent patches of facial hair. I'm pretty sure the show revolves around Kevin Costner arguing for fracking while everyone tries to tell him that fracking is pretty bad for the environment, but goddamn it it's his land and his country and he's gonna frack if he wants to frack. There is a whole hullabaloo about Kevin wanting to purchase the entire Alaskan oil pipeline just to fuel his ranch lands and his farming pursuits. The US government tells Kevin that he can't simply purchase the pipeline, and Kevin throws a fit. Season two features Kevin learning about nuclear power. The US government is suspicious about Kevin harnessing nuclear capabilities, but Kevin ensures them that he, "totally isn't gonna like, nuke D.C. so that they can no longer bother him about his purchase of the Alaskan oil pipeline". That is good enough for the US government, and they let Kevin develop a nuclear reactor on his ranch lands. Kevin is so

consumed with trying to create a new strain of American Wagyu Cattle that he forgets to properly check the reactor. The reactor completely malfunctions and causes a Chernobyl-level fallout in the middle of Montana. Kevin has the US government come in to clean up the radioactive leakage and while they're distracted he races up to Alaska to seize control of the pipeline. Season two concludes with Kevin getting in an argument with the middle-eastern cashier at a gas station in eastern Washington who won't let him buy out the store's supply of old trapper sausages for the final stretch of his road trip to Alaska.

Yorgos Lanthimos- A director known for hits such as *The Lobster*, *Poor Things*, and *The Killing of a Sacred Deer*, **Yorgos Lanthimos** is praised for his dark humor, intense themes, and the distinctly European nonchalance with which he displays sex and gratuitous violence on film. He directs his actors to not convey a lot of emotion on their faces, adding a sense of inhumanity and cold distance to the on-screen relationships. A lot of times you'll leave his movies asking yourself, "What the fuck was that?" and with a much bleaker outlook on the human condition. Thanks a lot, Yorgos!

*"I tried to wind down by watching a **Yorgos Lanthimos** film the other night, but instead of putting me to sleep, I got out of bed and went outside to use my slingshot on the neighborhood squirrels."*

Z

Zoboomafoo- A show featuring a real spotted lemur named **Zoboomafoo** and his handlers—Great Value versions of Steve Irwin created using the machine from *The Fly*—that aired on PBS Kids from 1999 to 2001. The show was intended to teach preschool age children how to responsibly care for and handle animals, but what it actually did was convince children that it *would be fucking awesome to be a lemur instead of a captive in an authoritarian household where "fruit snacks" refer to organic produce and not gummy candy and PBS Kids is considered a passable substitute for Saturday morning cartoons*. The show flip flopped between real life,

animation, and a psychedelic sort of Claymation that was equal parts cute and terrifying. In the real-life scenes, **Zoboomafoo's** handlers, let's just call them Irwin Clone Attempt #1 and Irwin Clone Attempt #2, would decide on an animal to feed on set. They would do this by selecting a specific image on a feeding machine which had pictures of a lemur, an armadillo, some other shit, and, conveniently, their own two faces. The types of food in each section of the machine corresponded to the diets of the animals portrayed. Naturally, the sections for Irwin Clone Attempt #1 and Irwin Clone Attempt #2 contained Cap'n Crunch Berries and pizza. I always sensed it, but this just confirms it: Those fools were sparking up before the show! The Irwin Clones were baked as hell! The show's entire concept screamed a bunch of stoned bros sitting around a writers table pitching a kid's TV series. For being absolutely cooked, they actually developed a half-decent product, which went on to air for 65 munchies-filled episodes.

Zoboomafoo (the lemur) passed away from kindey failure in 2014, probably because he got into the Irwin Clone's grass stash, hit the mini oreos in the snack machine, and his body went into toxic shock from all the processed garbage that a lemur should never have been eating.

Zyns- After the shocking revelation that vaping unregulated nicotine devices produced in seedy factories in China *might* not be great for you, the nicotine-addicted populace has turned to a new method of smoke-free buzzing by the cryptic name of **zyn**. **Zyns** are little pouches of concentrated nicotine and powdered mule cum that come in different strengths according to how much they hurt your stomach and make you need to shit. The weakest ones are 3mg, which, when packed into your lip like an old timey baseball player, will have you wide-stepping to the office bathroom to re-case that Jimmy Dean breakfast sausage into its original cylindrical log form. Step it up to 6mg and it'll feel like you've come down with the norovirus, but *man* will that buzz be sweet. You'll be bent over the toilet expelling your lunch from both ends, all the while your brain will be on the tropical beach where they film the Corona commercials cheering a lime-wedge garnished bottle with Snoop Dogg as you lay on twin day beds under the island sun. Collect enough **zyn** cans and you'll be able to use the points to redeem sick merchandise from the **zyn** online store. One of the most sought after **zyn** products is a **zyn** Yeti cup that you may fill up with black coffee to turbo-charge the diuretic effects of the **zyns**.

Another popular redeemable is a **zyn** Imodium prescription. However, the ultimate **zyn** collector's item, which requires thousands of tickets to unlock, is a **zyn** brand intra-rectal catheter that may be inserted into your ass so that you may pop **zyns** all day without fear of blowing a hole in your undies.

*"I just packed an upper-decker **zyn**, now I feel the need to take an upper-decker in my unsuspecting friend's toilet."*