

WILTED LETTUCE

MUNDANE SALAD



MOTIVATION

The will to do anything else increases exponentially as the work piles up.



I had a dream last week. I rented an apartment that had a fully stocked fridge. There was a container full of cottage cheese labeled "clownter culture" ...explaining that cottage cheese is a poison for the clown infestation that plagued the building. Accompanying was a container of butter with the directions "butter yourself up to lure them in." Under these assumptions, the butter is to both mask the smell of cottage cheese and to mimic the scent of fresh popcorn, a staple of the clown diet.

Hell is dark and damp. The ground is covered in colorful but otherwise unpleasantly green slime.

I wish to attain the level of goth that Mary Shelley was, but I'm both afraid of acting on it and don't have the funds to replace my pre-existing wardrobe. I wear enough black as it is. I don't know what to do with my vaguely punk normcore self. I'm too much a fan of the Gap. Doesn't help that I think red wine is gross. Is cranberry juice goth?

I put the fun in funeral.



Once I was at a party and talking to a guy who showed me his Kurt Vonnegut tattoo. It was the butthole drawing from *Breakfast of Champions*. I know it's some sort of literary metaphor for immaturity and that Vonnegut is a great writer but it doesn't change the fact that this guy had a tattoo of an anus on his arm.

AND NOW = AN ASSORTMENT
OF DELIGHTFUL PHRASES:

« »

V.R. porn.

- THE NEW
YORKER

« »

sexual minigames

- GAME INFORMER

I THOUGHT
I WAS GOING
SOMEWHERE
WITH
THIS WHEN
I FIRST MADE
IT



Last night I'm looking out the window and I see three people emerge from the house across the street. They look like they're wearing halloween masks. One of them has a blanket draped over their shoulders. They wander in a line to their backyard and vanish behind the shrubbery. At the same time, a fire alarm was pulled at the frat down the street. The firefighters show up. I couldn't get a better vantage point.

Banc
PKU



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STARTED SOMETIME IN
2017 FINISHED JULY 2022
IN THAT SPAN OF TIME I
LEARNED I LIKE RED WINE