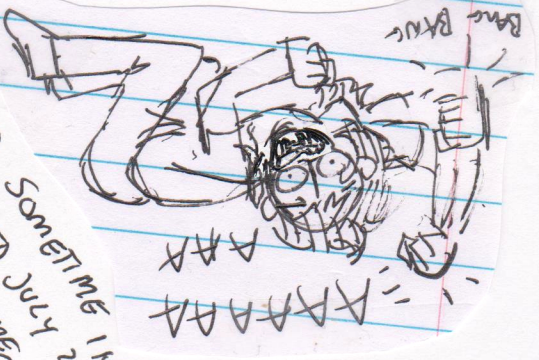


STARTED SOMETIME IN
 2017 FINISHED JULY 2022
 IN THAT SPAN OF TIME I WINE
 LEARNED I LIKE RED WINE



WILTED LETTUCE

MUDDANE SALAD



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

MOTIVATION

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.



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.

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.

AND NOW - AN ASSORTMENT OF DELIGHTFUL PHRASES:

- V.R. porn. - THE NEW YORKER
- sexual minigames
- GAME INFORMER

I THOUGHT
 I WAS GOING
 SOMEWHERE
 WITH WHOM
 THIS WHOM
 I FIRST MADE



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.

