



*"This is what I've managed to do in my free time. I like to write, and I like to make people laugh, so here's combination of the two. I know some of the chapters may not make sense, but you have to remember that nothing in this piece has a damn bit of intelligent thought put into it. Its just a badly pieced together bunch of rambling that I, at one time or another, thought about. Enjoy!"*

-Saint Crock

### **Chapter 1: Why Children Pick Their Nose**

Children quite often mistake their noses for a treasure chest. They are led to believe that when things are hidden, that they are meant to be found. I believe the Easter Bunny has the greatest impact on that, always hiding easter eggs and trying to get the kids to find them to either eat them later, break them in a spoiled fit, or perhaps anger them to the point of plotting revenge against the rabbit, himself. Contrary to what Peter Cottontail teaches us, many things are better left undiscovered, and in this case, its boogers. Nobody wants to witness a child committing such an act, and don't even get me started on the whole, "Pick your nose and eat it" thing. Kids need guidance early in their lives, and direction to not pick their nose. They need to be aware of the consequences that lay ahead of them if they insist on picking their nose. They could cause trauma to their nasal cavity that leads to a bloody nose, or perhaps they can freak out the old woman next door. The worse case scenario would be to have the child being caught in the act by a neighbor or fellow child who would go and tell all of his other friends what a nosepicker little Nicholas is. I mean, who wants to go through life being called "Nick-Nick Nosepick" or "Picks-em-and-eats-em Steven"? Nobody, thats who. So if we all did our part we can prevent such disasters such as the child-nose-pick and present a bright future for the leaders of tomorrow.

### **Chapter 2: Tube Socks**

Ok, this one's been baffling me for a while now. What the heck does the word "tube" have to do with foot undergarments? When I bought my socks, there wasn't a tube included in the packaging. There wasn't even a diagram showing me how to apply these socks to every-day tubing. How such nonsense has come to be accepted by the Holy Crap of society is beyond me. How can one sit idly by and allow corporate America to pollute and infect our minds with the scandalous, improper nomenclature of undergarments is

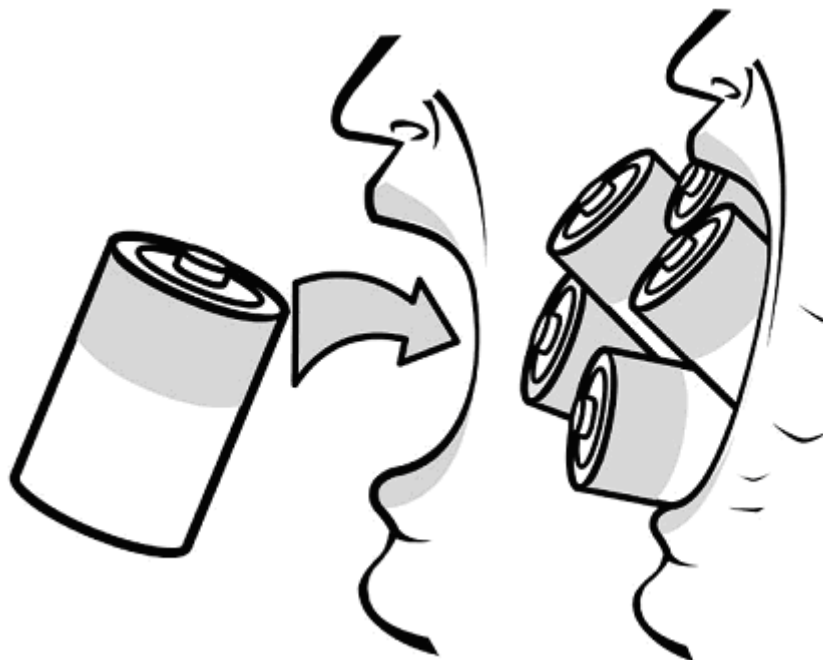
beyond me...again... I'm not even going to go into my long and drawn out argument about "crew socks" simply because I'm limited on knowledge. This, however, does not hinder my argument that the word "tube" is an incorrect adjective used when describing these socks. Something like, um...WHITE SOX would be an improvement upon the things. For marketing purposes, I'm willing to wager that "Girls Gone Wild Socks" would rake in a boat load when compared to the common "Tube Sock". If those ideas aren't appealing, then how about using some rationale when naming clothin, like "Feet Sleeves" or if we must use the word socks, "Crock Socks". Yea, thats a name that can catch on.

### **Chapter 3: The Road to Butter**

During the early years, back to when I can barely remember, we've always had butter. What we all tend to forget is how butter came to be. Many peasants during the early 1900's were killed by large dragons. Butter was not even thought of then, seeing as how everyone was dying because of dragons. But after the dragon massacre, butter was most certainly thought of. It began as a rigorous process during which a mutation occurred. They took ordinary milk, milked straight from some form of milk forming animal, and placed it in a jar. They let this milk sit for several minutes and using the large population of Irish peasantry, insisted they shake the milk. Thus the milk was shaken and formed into a jar-shaped lump. The lump lumped out of the jar and retained its jarry form. "How come the milk don't spill all over ye olde place?" asked an elder, grinning toothlessly. The Irish, known for their long drawn out speeches answered his question for years. By the time they were done, village kids had thrown fresh bread at the butter in disgust. The End.

### **Chapter 4: Eating Batteries**

Fig.1: Eating One Battery Fig. 2: Eating Five Batteries



### **Chapter 5: The Steps To The Best Pancake**

Follow these easy step-by-step instructions to make the best pancake ever! Usually serves one auctioneer.

Steps:

1. Make Pancake
2. Write the word "Best" on the pancake using syrup, icing or white-out.
3. Eat Pancake

### **Chapter 6: I Swallowed A Coin Collection...Again**

When my pen finally ran out of ink, I apparently got quite hungry. The setting in of hunger usually indicates that I should proceed with two courses of action. The first being shoot myself in the face, needless to say, that option not only is the more painful of the two – its the road less traveled. The other, more obvious option is to procure some foodstuffs. I happen to live on my own, and without significant funds to purchase food items, I'm left to scavenge for crumbs and coins. Finding that I have eaten all the crumbs on the floor, as well as in the fridge and in the hamper, I noticed I had an abundance of coins (mostly dimes and nickels) sitting atop my microwave. Remembering back to last week when I ingested coins for the first time, I decided that the trip to the hospital that ensued was one of my more memorable and enjoyable. This being said, I proceeded to eat many dead presidents...in coin form...because that would be just...weird...if I ate dead presidents...kinda gives me the jibblies...whew...here they come again...the jibblies...

### **Chapter 7: A Guy And A Bird**



Well here it is. The infamous bird sittin on a guys nose. See all his majesty. I wonder how that bird ended up on his nose, I mean, I don't ever have experiences like this. Let alone have someone around to draw it for me while its happening. I think the guy's name in this picture was Oscar, but I could be wrong. Lab results were inconclusive when we tried to determine what species of bird that is. They did mention that it could quite possibly be a new species, or it could just be one of those spokesbirds for that soup company that has birds for spokesmen. That soup is pretty good if you ask me. If you look close enough, you can actually see that bird throwin' up gang signs, with his lil wing-a-ling. I see a deuce in there somewhere. Oscar, on the other hand, seems to be returning home from a hard day at the office. See his necktie and his majesty. He's pretty hungry and wants the wife to make him a damn meal already. What's a guy with a bird on his nose gotta do for a decent meal every once in a while. All day long he birds his nose, and for what? A bowl of corn flakes for dinner. Thats what.

### **Chapter 8: Where's My Toe?**

Ok I know this might sound a little crazy, but I just looked at my feet and well, guess what? My big toe was missing. I know what you're thinking and I can tell you right now that..well...my toe's missing. Last time I saw this thing was about thirteen minutes ago when I looked at my foot to see if my toe was there- and it was there! Right now though, its GONE! Its not there, and I'm a little upset. Wait...nevermind...my toe's there...turns out I wasn't lookin at my foot at all...it was my printer...under my desk...on the floor...cause it doesn't have a toe...and I was concerned...cause you know...I thought it was my foot...with no toe...what a relief...

### **Chapter 9: Chapter 9**

Welcome one and all to glorious chapter 9. Here we will discuss chapter 9...and, um..nothing else. Chapter 9 is pretty much just a placeholder in the long line of chapters in this memior. I guess I can throw in a few of the funny words I found over the past few years. For instance, who can forget "Plumberboy Zero" or "Waffleking the Whale Doctor"? Then there are my personal favorites such as my babysitter when I was a little girl; "Al Co Holic" and my old grandmother "Shits-in-em-and-bitches-bout-it Sandy". So, um, chapter 9 was pretty much doing its purpose in holding a place. I mean the best part about this chapter is that nothing caught on fire, which is always remarkable when writing of any kind goes on in this dump. Cause my couch is still burning from chapter 3, and thats the butter chapter.

### **Chapter 10: Womanifesto**

This is the festival of woman held every year by local men who run some sort of bar in the lower portion of Pittskullburg. Um, this festival is pretty weird. They dress up in several forms of cow and holy crap this sentence had a lot of potential and I just wasted every freakin' bit. Anyway, I think this guy from Massachusetts said it best when he wrote me in an email and said "Who are you and how did you get my email address?" That pretty much describes the festival, Paul. Hope this letter recieves you in crappy health.

## Chapter 11: Old Man Hashish / Uncle Hashish

Well here is an excerpt from one of my most memorable AIM sessions. The story is intended to make fun of a friend of mine, whose name I shall not reveal. You all probably can guess who it is though. Here's the crap...

Saint Crock: old mcpot had a farm

Saint Crock: e

Saint Crock: i

Saint Crock: e

Saint Crock: i

Saint Crock: o

name undisclosed: yes i will smoke pot right here

make ur house smell nice

Saint Crock: and on this farm he grew some pot

Saint Crock: e i e i o

Saint Crock: with a puff puff here

Saint Crock: and a hit hit there

Saint Crock: here a puff

Saint Crock: there a hit

name undisclosed: and i will be rich

Saint Crock: everywhere a puff - pass

Saint Crock: old mcpot had a farm

Saint Crock: e i e i o

name undisclosed: one more time from the top

Saint Crock: smokey mcpot was the biggest pot farmer west of the poconos

Saint Crock: he lived in california pa

Saint Crock: his name was really name undisclosed

Saint Crock: but we all knew him as uncle hashish

Saint Crock: he crept into town one night with a bag full of seeds

Saint Crock: we thought it was for his birds

Saint Crock: he was an avid bird lover

Saint Crock: he was busy in his house for the next few weeks

Saint Crock: we saw him tote grain alcohol and miracle grow and high pressure sodium water taps into his house

Saint Crock: if you could call it a house

Saint Crock: either way, he emerged a few weeks later smelling different and with a serious case of the munchies

Saint Crock: so we took him to the kwik fill

Saint Crock: he ate some things

Saint Crock: and paid i cash

Saint Crock: in

name undisclosed: chicken?

Saint Crock: which we all knew was a little odd

Saint Crock: because old man hashish never had cash

Saint Crock: he had that damn money card

Saint Crock: so we investigated

Saint Crock: late at nite, when old man hashish was usually too drunk to see, or passed

out with his ferret, we snuck down into his basement through a hole in the side of his house

Saint Crock: there we found something incredible

Saint Crock: he had grown a crop of cannibus inside of an old bathtub which was leaning against a wall

Saint Crock: he must have heard us at this point

Saint Crock: cause we were real loud

Saint Crock: he never thought twice to board up that hole in his house

Saint Crock: so we left thru the hole in which we entered

Saint Crock: a few days later we managed to find old man hashish passed out in an alleyway

Saint Crock: we woke him up

Saint Crock: carried him to the kwik fill

Saint Crock: and there he explained (or tried to) his basement

Saint Crock: we proceeded to beat him up, and he moved outa town during the next few hours

Saint Crock: i hear he is the leader of some cult out in iowa and tried to engage over 1000 people in a mass suicide to spite those who drove him away

Saint Crock: they were to poison themselves, but after old man hashis drank from his cup, everyone else decided it was a bad idea and left

Saint Crock: there ends the story

Wow, that ruled...

## **Chapter 12: Times New Roman**

Seeing as how the majority of the memiors are written in this ever so basic font, I figure I better mention it or give it propz or represent or somethin. Times New Roman isn't even a font I especially like, its just the first damn thing that appears when I began to type, and I'm WAY too lazy to change it. Especially since the above chapter is in the Comic Sans persuasion. The last sentence isn't even a sentence at all. I often find myself wondering if there was ever a "Times Old Roman" font, and wonderin what it could possibly look like. As a matter of fact, here's my rendition of what "Times Old Roman" could possibly look like:

**Times Old Roman**

Yea thats definitely some old going-on there. Had this been the original "Times Roman" font, then I for one, welcome Times New Roman. Those circley thingies on the letters just aren't attractive, and give the font a type of connect-the-dots look. And even if it was a connect-the-dots font, they didnt do a very good job at connecting them. I mean look at the dots in the O's, they totally missed them. Either way, Times New Roman shouldn't be overlooked simply because its a default font. Show it some love, and it will love you back.

## **Chapter 13: It's Time For A Limerick**

A woman drank a lot of 2 liters  
And came home to a husband that beat her  
With a loud, steamy fart  
And a stake to his heart  
He's now lying in a box made of cedar  
By: Joshua Crockett

#### **Chapter 14: Them's Some Shiny Shoes**

While wondering about the difference between apes and apples, I stumbled upon some sneakers that set themselves apart from all other footwear. I decided to follow these shoes to their destination. They walked down a road, a sidewalk, a highway and to a post office. There, the hooker who was wearing them kicked one into an alleyway. I recovered the footwear, and no sooner did it ask if it could borrow my lucky "Olsen Twins" poster. I slapped the shoe and said in a rather scottish accent "Aye, supposin' I don't let ye borrow the poster?" He decided we better both just have a drink, and since he was paying, I agreed. He had a few shots of leather cleaner (he was a leather shoe) and since the barkeep was an old sailor he made me drink a lime. It was then I looked down and noticed, that he was indeed a shiny shoe.

#### **Chapter 15: The Cat That Ate My Yard**

Twas a Tuesday afternoon when I woke up to see a cat gnawing on the corner of my yard. I thought that perhaps I had dropped a fish there and he was merely finishing his fishy snack, so I went about my day. On my way out, I noticed him sitting near the middle of my yard. He wasn't doing much, other than sitting there, so I said "Hey Cat" and continued on my way. I returned later that evening to find that most of my yard was gone. The cat still sat in what was left of my yard, and he was noticeably larger. Brilliant deduction led me to believe that the cat ate most of the yard himself. I forgot about it when I walked into my apartment because I was hungry too, and since he ate my yard, that left me with the choice of eating coins (see Chapter 6) or some hamper-snacks. I went to bed hungry. I found some dice. I woke up to find the cat had eaten most of my porch. I looked at the cat and said "Hey Cat" and proceeded on my way. I left my webcam on to tape the cat the rest of the day. I was right, he was a freakin hungry mess of feline. By around 4:34pm he had eaten the entire porch and was workin on the air conditioner when my neighbor was gonna get in her car. He saw her and started eatin her leg. She escaped, but he was so high on paint chips from my porch he started to eat his own leg. When he fell out of the the hat he found, he stopped his leg feast and tried to eat my wallet. I told him "Hey Cat" and he stopped. Later in the week, when he blew up the side of my apartment with his kitty grenades, I got kinda angry and called the vet. He told me to call the freakin ARMY. So instead I called Barbara Streisand. She came to sing some kinda cat un-hungry song, but the cat ate her nose and she left. I looked out the window and asked the lawn chair if he had any ideas. He didn't so the cat ate the world. Until a ninja came outa nowhere and freakin' crushed that cat. Whew, he never even saw it coming.

#### **Chapter 16: Bees**

You'z a fool! Them beez is for stingin'!

### **Chapter 17: Explaining Chapter 16**

That was just a small phrase I live my life to. Some people think its funny when people get stung by bees, well I fail to see how getting poked with a sharp bee butt is funny in the LEAST. I try to avoid bees because they are some crazy wacked out animals. They get their kicks by lettin people step on em, then givin them the “What For!” by stingin em in the big toe with their ram-rump. That's no fun at all. That stuff hurts somethin' feirce! I found some bees once, and I decided to piss em all off good and put a bucked over their nest. That solved my bee problem, til I got brave and kicked that bucket into oblivion. A bee stung me in my ear! God I hate bees.

### **Chapter 18: Jedworthy Is A Genius**

Ok today Lord Jedworthy told me a funny story. It was about him, his older brother, Joe and his little brother “Bruce FREAKIN' Willis”. (I don't know his brother's REAL name so I gave him this ultra cool nickname “Bruce FREAKIN' Willis”) Yea, now thats one cool name. Anyway, they were all golfing at Duck Hollow Golf Course and riding down a really steep hill in their golf cart. Jedworthy, in his massive genius, spotted a groundhog and decided to drive as fast as he can after it. Remember, they are on a STEEP hill. So after the groundhog moves outa the way, Jedworthy cuts the wheel and ends up spinning the cart around 180 degrees, so they are doing about 25mph down the hill – BACKWARDS. At the bottom of this hill is a 30ft. Dropoff. Being a real team player, Jedworthy tells his brothers to both “Hold on tight!” while he courageously bails outa the cart. Joe (his older brother) bails out as well, leaving “Bruce FREAKIN' Willis” all alone in the cart, heading backwards, down a hill, at 25mph, toward a 30ft cliff. Brotherly love? RIIIIIIIGHT! Anyway, at the bottom of the hill a very VERY small tree stops the cart from going over the hill and saving “Bruce FREAKIN' Willis”'s life. Had they all been on that cart, they would have all gone over the cliff because the tree wouldn't have stopped a metric ton of weigh barrelin' at it at 25mph. Thanks Jedworthy, we're all a little safer now, knowing that if we are dumb enough to get in a golf cart with you, that you'll bail out at the last minute so the tree will save us.

### **Chapter 19: Half A Dog Is Better Than No Dog**

One nite I was driving alone in my car on some back roads and thinking about the animals that make themselves available for hitting during the wee-hours of the night. See, on back roads, the younger animals seem to think that the road is a nice place to chill, have a drink, and party with the other woodland creatures. Sometimes Jon Bon Gopher even puts on a concert on such roads, nevertheless I was still curious as to what kind of animals I might see on this given night. Putting my windows down, I began throwing rocks out of my car in frustration because I've been in that car a solid 15 minutes and still not a single animal has shown its disease-ridden face. About to park my car and go wailing into the night in search of animals, a large brown figure quickly stopped me in my tracks. There, in front of me, limped a strange looking animal. A deer has crossed my path. This was no ordinary deer, no no no. This deer had only 3 legs. Sadly, this was the only animal that I saw that night. But I figure half a deer is better than no deer. And applying this theory to dogs; half a dog is better than no dog. Especially if that dog rides around in a Greek or Roman chariot. Yea! Ride on buddy, ride on.

### **Chapter 20: The Most Monumental Monument Sha-boing**

In the year 2009 a rather large, monument will appear somewhere between Washington and Greene county in Pennsylvania. I will then climb to the very top of this monument and exclaim across the land "This is the most monumental monument sha-boing!" I will then begin to hand out pamphlets that explain, in great detail, the dangers of such diseases such as "The Herp", "The Mean Green", "The Sittin' Bumps" and "Hoo-ray Syndrome". Upon receipt of the pamphlet, there will also be a random color marker in which you may color all the extremely pale people of Greene county. Nobody shall receive a purple marker though. Also to be handed out are three bowls of split-pea soup. In this soup there shall be three peas. These peas will be split into six pieces. And so it is written. The "Sha-boing!" part comes a bit later. First we've gotta see how many rats its gonna take to fill the "rat-bag" as I like to call it. Springs are important too. We need those. Sha-boing!

### **Chapter 21: The 3:00am Travelin' Goat**

Ain't nothin' as special as the distraction of the millenium! Just because its 3:00 in the morning, doesn't mean you're able to resist the Travelin' Goat. He'll appear mysteriously, usually coming out of the closest 1988 Pontiac Le Mans with his theme song - "Why Can't We Be Friends?"- playing at the top of his hat. He wears sunglasses that resemble something straight outa the 70's. His billy-goat beard is dyed a fine brown, with a white star in the middle for extra-coolness. In the back of his 88 Le Mans, are his billy-goat bitches, whom he slaps whenever the word "kadoogan" is uttered. Lastly, he'll approach the nearest person wearing a 100% cotton t-shirt and speak his catch phrase - "Wellbeing a frenchfry some skin to slip bowled a 232 did you?." - in the coolest voice possible. And for a 3:00am Travelin' Goat, he's got plenty of cool voices to choose from. The one time I encountered the 3:00am Travelin' Goat, his barnyard voice of choice was "Goat Travolta: The King of Swing". I still get tears in my eyes when I think about it. After his phrase is complete, he makes his way back to his bitches and hoo-ride, and slowly creeps out of town in the maximum of coolness. Yes, it is indeed the 3:00am Travelin' Goat who defines "cool" and brings a new meaning to the word "brunch". Nobody knows where he came from, but we've all got a good idea where he's going...Buffalo...

### **Chapter 22: Kleeny the Kleenex**

One day Kleeny the Kleenex was counting birds in his yard. He was quite a satisfied Kleenex, having never been blown full of snot by some sickly third-grader. He was at the peak of his life, having a nice Kleenex Box to come home to every nite, his own private paper airplane, a box car, a 2-Ply wife and a couple of those tissue-kids. Yep, Kleeny is sittin on top of the world. Nothing could bother Kleeny on this fine day. Countin' birds is somethin Kleeny loves to do. Yes, sir! You could say that Kleeny was one successful Kleenex, boy howdy. "I wonder how many birds there are in my yard today." Kleeny thought. \*You'd think he'd just count them already, we've been talkin' about these damn birds for a whole paragraph, already.\* Kleeny walked to the end of his box, where his porch is and sat down in his big ol' easy chair. He began counting the birds. "One mighty fine lookin' bird." he said aloud, while looking at a crow. Quickly glancing to his right, he noticed another bird. "Two mighty fine lookin' birds" he said again, this time with a much more southern accent. Looking back to his left, he noticed a rather bird-shaped lump

resting on his other easy chair. Rather than counting this bird-lump, he approached it and began investigating. "Seems to me there be a bird in me chair." he said, this time sounding more and more like Popeye the Sailor. He then did what any other self respecting Kleenex would do, he got out his salt and began sprinkling it on the bird-lump. It began to shake a little, but no bird sound came from it. Kleeny, knowing that birds dislike salt, began shaking more and more salt on the bird-lump and eventually emptied his shaker. The bird-lump hadn't made a single noise. Thinking this was a bit strange, he investigated further. Using a piece of string and an ice cube, he made a makeshift pop-tart and began tempting the bird-lump with it. "Everybody knows that birds love poorly-created pop-tarts." thought Kleeny. Still no movement from the bird-lump. Frustrated, Kleeny decided then and there that it was time for action. He leaped into the window of his kitchen, which was really uncalled for since the door was already open and had a bowl of soup waiting for him on the table. Kleeny then brought out his "Bird-entifyer" - a useful device that allows you to identify birds of the county. He placed the bird-lump into the Bird-entifyer's ID Plate and ran the test. Turns out it wasn't a bird at all. It was some kind of "Hill Bean" grown by the long-bearded men of the hills. Not the south hills either, they don't grow beans down there. This was most certainly a bean of the north hills. Feeling dejected, Kleeny decided he should tell his family about it. He explained the situation to the 2-Ply wife of his, who had secretly watched this all transpire from the attic. She began to admit that she thought he was a bit crazy, but agreed that they should all take part in eating the Hill Bean. They began to cut the bean into Kleenex-sized servings, but what happened next, even I didn't expect. Out of the Hill Bean came about a dozen 4-inch tall shoe salesmen, a can of raspberry flavored iced-tea, and a couple of muskrats all wearing stickers that say "Hello; my name is Dave" - indicating that these few muskrats all bear the same name...Dave... This, of course, is a good omen among the Kleenex people. Had the muskrats been Dave, and just ONE been named Franky-Pete, it would be a sure sign that his Bird-entifyer was on the blink. Instead, the shoe salesmen sold rather fine bowling shoes to the muskrats who thanked Kleeny for one hell of a Thanksgiving dinner. This is how we celebrate Frankssgiving. Amen to that. Raspberry iced-tea's are on the house.

### **Chapter 23: The Karaoke Bumble-buzz**

Twice a month in April, in a little-known bowling alley called "Jeff's 10-Pin Pro Bowler 4000", a rather strange thing happens during cosmic bowling. See, Jeff hires some real weirdo's to DJ for cosmic bowling. We've come to know him as "The Karaoke Bumble-buzz" and if your wondering why we call him this, sit yo big butt down and have a read. This guy is pretty unreal. He only comes there twice a year, both appearances occur in the spring. He's a heavysset character, and it looks like he hasn't shaved in a good four to five hours. The only real way I can describe his figure is imagine a really old chair - sort of like one of those chairs that help the elderly stand up. You know the kind, the type of chair that when you press the button, it gets real high in the air and forces you to your feet. Okay, now that you've pictured that chair; imagine that this chair is bent over a small stream and is desperately trying to take a crap. Thats what he looks like. A constipated, elderly, easy chair - that sort of smells like a combination between a nerd's first date and a gym-sock placed in a toaster and the toaster being set on fire. Yea, thats about him. Now to the Bumble-buzz part. We've all attempted to talk to this guy, and

while he takes a good stab at conversation, it never quite gets to that point. All that really comes out of his mouth are words like "Fzzibizz" and "Grrrstzz", and the only possible words I can think of in the english language that even come close to resembling those words are "Frisbee" and "Grizzly". Even if he meant to say those two words, they aren't an appropriate answer to the questions we attempted to ask him. First we asked him "What's that smell?" - he replied with that frisbee thing. After that we were kinda confused but then asked him "So, what did you have for dinner?" (Because he smells just weird, we thought it might have been some strange Italian dish with alot of garlic and elf in it.) But he responded with that grizzly response. Knowing that we were beaten, confused and a bit tired, we didn't argue because for only \$20 we got a DJ and karaoke for 4 hours. Not a bad deal.

### **Chapter 24: Saint Crock's Guide to Successful Thuggin'**

1. Always thug. Thug as much as possible. The harder you thug, the better.
2. Don't stop thugging, ever.
3. Invest in a suit, tie, huge muscles, long hair in a pony tail, a 5 o'clock shadow (women inclusive) several firearms, tattoos, a few dogs (pit-bulls or rotweilers) a stinkin'-ass wife and blunt objects. Oh yea, sunglasses too, invest in those.
4. Use the items above to commence thugging.
5. Thug the elderly first.
6. Thug children next.
7. Thug firemen, volunteers, school board members, etc.
8. Proceed in this order until all members of the community are thugged, have been thugged, or are in the process of being thugged.
9. Interrupt public and private meetings by thuggily approaching the meeting, kicking chairs out of the way, punching things (things mean people too), knocking over the food table and leaving with every microphone at the meeting.
10. Punch girl/boy scouts.
11. Walk into traffic while shooting your firearm into the air. Exclaiming that this "freeway" is now a "payway" and that everyone must give all their money to you.
12. Park your SUV on the sidewalk, handicapped areas, in the neighbors shrubs or living room, and on the steps of town hall.
13. One word (or maybe too, I can't ever remember); CODENAME
14. Punch everything else that isn't a girl/boy scout.
15. Punch EVERYTHING (The general rule here is, if you can touch it, punch it.)
16. Mike Tyson's Punch Out
17. Drink nothing but fruit punch.
18. Steal pies from pie-possessors.
19. Punch literature. (Both poetry and prose)
20. Punch country music.
21. Steal welcome mats and replace them with a hunk of roadkill and exactly ONE damaged kitchen appliance.
22. Locate the nearest haberdasher. Erect a billboard that says "Thug's Choice Haberdasher...or else..." near this location.
23. Take 1 photo of yourself, copy it 12 times, write the word "monts of da yeer" on it and push your home-made "Calendar" onto everyone you see for a modest fee of \$10 +

Punching.

24. Have children to pass on your thugworthy name of choice. Raise em to be little thugette's.

25. There is no 25, you've thugged yourself PROPER!

### **Chapter 25: Some Tech Support Fun**

Okay, so I get pretty bored one night, and decide to utilize tech support from a company that will remain anonymous. I decide that I'll put on an act like I'm a Swedish person with a really bad Russian accent (since my Swedish accent is a bit rusty). Here's what came of it (I'm Sven):

Sven: I hate my unit.

Michael: Thank you for contacting \* Corporation Name Undisclosed \* Online Support Services. How may I help you?

Sven: Do you require a proof of purshich?

Sven: I am from Wales.

Michael: What is you problem with your unit?

Sven: I'd like a Welsh Grape Juice.

Sven: I hate your unit.

Sven: You wish to hear my unit?

Sven: It does the \*boom shak a lak\*

Sven: My dog hates it too. He refuses to eat it.

Sven: My dog will not bury it.

Sven: I have just shaved my dog.

Sven: On my unit.

Sven: Are you there, friend?

Sven: My dog likes milk.

Sven: He likes to drink it from the unit.

Sven: Hello?

Sven: I place unit in freezer with dog.

Sven: Made my dog cold.

Sven: I hate your unit.

Michael: Pleas tell me what is wrong with it?

Sven: Dear God.

Sven: My unit, I hate it.

Sven: I see my unit, and it has made me hate it.

Sven: I set myself on fire, and offer you 5 year limited warranty.

Sven: My children hate my unit.

Sven: They hate me for the unit.

Michael: Please Tell me what the problem is or i will have to Disconnect you from this chat.

Sven: I've suffered from gunshot wounds due to my unit hate.

Michael: Why do you hate this unit. What happened to it.

Sven: My unit set us up the bomb.

Michael: disconnected

That was the most rewarding chat I've ever done...

### **Chapter 26: Sanford Delight x10**

Every time I get hungry, I always think back to the days when I was a young Crock and when I'd find food alongside the road. Sometimes it would be nothing more than an apple, but there were times where I'd stumble across a feasty treat. My favorite food finding was called my "Sanford Delight x10". It was a sort of pie that kept whistling the theme from that weird 70's show - Sanford & Son. I picked the pie up and ate it good. It was so good that right after I ate it, I raised my son to think exactly like I did. No luck so far.

### **Chapter 27: Billy Groundhog's Fine Tailored Suit**

Making an appearance almost daily, Billy Groundhog was beginning to annoy his girlfriend. It wasn't that Billy wasn't a quality hog, oh no, this fellow had STYLE. His walk was fresh and his breakfast was always served with a slice of cantaloupe. Yep, this guy had his act together! All of this, though, wasn't enough to please his groundhoggy whore of wife. She wanted PINASH. Noticing something was different about her, Billy got new toothpaste and ate it. His girl didn't care. Feeling quite bamboozled by this whole concept, he turned to his friend - Kapanen, the field mouse. Kapanen was also a badass tailor who could mend everything from burlap to velvet hats. Kapanen immediately noticed what Billy's troubles were and fixed him up with a suit for the ages. This suit was particularly \_\_\_\_\_. <adjective> (Mad Propz to Mad Libs) This suit had alot of features. It had Leather Interior, AC, Power Sunroof, Reclining Easy Chair and drawers to promote fictional diction. Oh, did I mention that Jedworthy is having quadruplets? Yea somehow he got pregnant and will be having Jedruplets. Word on the street is that there's three people involved. Two of which are retired steel mill workers.

### **Chapter 28: Mooses at Work (Suggested By Jaker)**

Part 1:

Picture this, its 5:00am, you're sound asleep in some field somewhere, and some birds begin to wake you up. Welcome to the everyday moose pattern. In this story, we've got two mooses and we'll follow them throughout their day. The first moose, named Chocolate, begins her day by shaving her fat lower lip. Once done, she drives her Volkswagen (really, its just an old crow that goes by the name of Dan) to the office (which is really just a shallow, stagnant pond that is beginning to smell sort of like a possum) where she sits and begins to do her paperwork (which is really just making fun of the bi-sexual squirrels who like to eat each other's nuts) \*thanks Chuck\*. After a long day at the office (which was just a really long day of random urinations) Chocolate goes home to her dog (which is really just a bunch of wood piled up near a creek). She again shaves her lower lip-fat (which is really what I say it is) and goes to sleep (for real). On to the next one.

Part 2:

You're a groggy moose, waking up from a long night at a party (which was really just you, a few muskrats, and a mongoose with a squeaky voice) and you'd like to start your day. Your name is Tooter, for obvious reasons (really its because you've got this ugly picture on your wall, that is of a tugboat trying to punch a locomotive, but instead they both toot). You trudge to your blue-collar job at which you are a beast of burden (really

all you do is hold a sign that says "Mandy" really big across it - why? who knows, but you get paid for it). After about 12 hours of this, you and some boys from the union (really just those muskrats and mongoose again) head to the local bar (which is that stinkin' pond from the above paragraph) and have a drink (which is more like a sip). You get all cranky and end up biting one of the muskrats (out of sheer self-offense) and wind up going home with some hooker (who is actually a pirate). Once there, you become aware of your surroundings (not really) and begin to throw a fit. She kicks you out and you begin your trek home. There you fall asleep on your couch (your cat - and kill it). I hope your satisfied, you've accomplished nothing more than lowering yourself toward self intoxication and cat murdering.

### **Chapter 29: Shriners**

Ever notice those dudes who drive around on those really crappy motorcycles, or mopeds, or bicycles with motors, or whatever they're called? Why are those dudes called shriners? Why aren't they called a bikers like every other self respecting bike rider? What's their deal anyway? Why do they always have to be like 80 freakin' years old? Why do they have to ride extra small bikes? Are they just rejected clowns who would really like to drive that really small car, but can't afford to finance one? Also, why don't these guys drive their bikes anywhere? I only see these fellows in parades and in some really fucked up weddings. WHATS THEIR DEAL? Sweet lord, I wish I knew the reason they did this. Those damn bikes can't be very comfortable. They're pretty stinkin' loud too. In the winter they probably don't go very well in the snow, and if you have kids, you can forget about taking them anywhere in that thing. There is absolutely NO point to be a shriner, to shrine or to do whatever else they do. Do these guys even have a point to their shrinera? Is it a family thing? Is it a cult thing? WHAT?!?! I can see the advertisement for club memberage:

WANTED: Shriner Member, must be fuckin' old as dirt have no more than 8 original teeth remaining and must own an extra small motor powered tricycle. Also, member must own a fez because if you don't your not gonna get into the club. Club member must wear ridiculous red suit and be available for public embarrassment in the form of parades, crappy weddings, bahrmitzfahs (or however you spell it) and other various acts of humiliation. Must be willing to shame your family's name for generations to come, and must attend all stupid meetings that we have to discuss the important issues of Shrining. These issues include:

1. How to make ourselves look stupid.
2. How to make ourselves look stupider.
3. How to make ourselves look ridiculous.
4. How to do all of the above while driving around a really fuckin loud tricycle.
5. How to wear our dumb hats while doing all of the above.
6. What color stupid vest we should wear while publicly embarrassing ourselves and our families.
7. Where to shrine.
8. The shriner code. (Which is really just a laundry basket that our founder stole from his wife after being kicked out for embarrassing her.)
9. How to make ourselves look stupid.
10. How to show that we look stupid, in a stupid manner, on some of the stupidest days

of the year, while defacing our country's great heritage and demoralizing our family's names.

No, I'm not done yet. How would our founding fathers react to this, you ask? They'd probably beat them with a bedpost. I'm pretty God-Damn sure that Ben Franklin, Aaron Burr, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison and all the others didn't say "Aw hell, here comes the Brits, lets get in our fucking little loud tricycles and ride around in circles to scare them back to England." No, they fuckin got their guns, traps and Declaration of Independence and whooped their asses. They did it all without funny looking uniforms, stupid hats, loud children's toys, and elderly club members. Man, no, screw it. I'm done. I'm gonna call a porn shop and tell them they're all a buncha shits.

### **Chapter 30: Throwin Pens At People From A Bridge**

Do not do this. It is not recommended. I don't want you to do it, because you'll probably hurt somebody. I'm serious. If you do it, I will come to your house and take your cat. You'll never see your cat again, I swear to GOD. I'll hide it and you'll never get it back. If I EVER see you throwing pens at people from a bridge, I'll put your name on this list:  
People Who Suck List

1. Hitler
2. Charles Manson
3. \*Name of person who throws pens at people from a bridge\*

Don't believe me? I'll publish this list in every magazine across the United States. I'll put up billboards that say that you hit somebody with a pen from a bridge. I never want to catch you throwing a pen at anyone from a bridge. I'll steal your breakfast, thats what I'll do. I'll take your breakfast and give it to somebody who doesn't even want it, so you'll feel even worse about hitting somebody with a pen from a bridge. If I ever see that you've done such a heinous act, I'll take your children's math books and replace them with pornography. All because you hit somebody with a pen from a bridge. Don't hit anybody, if you do I'll buy your local food mart and replace it with a single, fat, bald man who talks about the "old days" all the time. If you ever hit anyone with a pen from a bridge, I'll give all your mail to a family of bears so you will have to deal with them if you wanna get your subscription to Cosmo. So you better not throw pens at people from a bridge, or I'll run a soup kitchen in your tool shed. I'll take all the 100 dollar bills from your Monopoly game and use them as post-it notes. You'll never be able to play that game again. Don't do it, its not right. I'm serious. Don't do it.

### **Chapter 31: The Great Apple Surrender**

After years of being the top fruit of the land, the Apples have gotten very careless about their defense. They've lived for generations at the very pinnacle of fruitdom, relaxed and carefree. Any opposers or naysayers in the fruit basket were quickly peeled and eaten. Since the Apple empire was so strong, nobody dared challenge the throne. Apple emperors were fruits of stature, and Soldier Apples were a desirable and secure job. It wasn't until the 43rd year of Apple rule, did the Pineapples get an idea. The Pineapples were a small group, and hardly ever caused any disturbances within the fruit basket. Their numbers were dwarfed by the Apples, but the Pineapples were always considered the

wisest of the fruits. A day arrived when the Pineapples decided that the Apple rule should end. It was then, that they joined in secret coalition with the Oranges, Plums, Grapes, Cherries, Strawberries, Wild Berries, and Pears. The special alliance, known as "The Fruit Punch" (Because all the fruit wanted to punch the Apples) began their cou d'etat on the Apples. On October 14, 833 BC - the War of Fruits began. "The Fruit Punch" suffered early losses at the hands of the Apples, but during the mid part of the week long battle, the Pineapples used the great intellect to trap the Apples. They used strategic military tactics to overwhelm the Apples and force a surrender. On October 21, 833 BC - The day known as "The Great Apple Surrender" - the War of Fruits ended. The Fruit Punch was victorious. This leads to other significant developments in fruit history. For instance, with the winning of the war, the Grapes and Oranges began having casual sex and thus created the Grapefruit. The plums were now able to live full long lives, and become Prunes - instead of being killed off by the feirce Apples. The Fruit Punch also did global exploration and discovered and befriended newer races of fruits such as the Coconut and Banana. Thanks to The Fruit Punch, the Apples never became the abusive race they once were, they were never included in the tasty drink now known as Fruit Punch, and Democracy was brough to fruits worldwide.

### **Chapter 32: The Top Ten Reasons Why You Shouldn't**

10. You'll probably get stung.
9. You'll get yourself in alot of trouble.
8. Breakfast will never be the same.
7. You'll ruin your only copy of Teletubbies vs. Rainbow Bright.
6. While your mom approves, your dad is allergic.
5. Those pies are way too hot.
4. Only ugly people do that.
3. Because you'll probably smell better off without it.
2. It's poison.
1. I'll break your thumb.

### **Chapter 33: Clear And Present Shaver**

If you take a look inside my cabinet in my bathroom, you'll see a lot of things. Among them you'll see my shaver. Its a Gillette Mach III, which I obtained in high school. I still use it, cause it shaves me up proper. when used properly, this shaver removes all hair from my facial region and deposits it in my sink, which then sends it to the drain. The hair would never get there, were it not for this clear and present shaver - otherwise I'd never even think of putting my beard where my waters leave my house. I'd never just walk up to a drain and just shove my face good and deep into the drain pipe. That don't make no sense at all. It is this clear and present shaver that makes all this possible. My shaver even allows me to use After-Shave, which is pointless if I don't have me a clear and present shaver. It's clearly a shaver, and present under my sink. Not to mention it was a present from the Gillette company for my 18th birthday. The clear and present shavers makes my beard go into my pipes and out of my house, leaving me with a face that is rid of hairy stubble. Forever clear, forever present, forever shaver - forever shaving my face.

### **Chapter 34: A Blending No-No**

Here's what you don't wanna do. Your uncle recently purchased a very expensive BMW. He leaves his keys to it on the kitchen table. You don't want to swipe those keys from the table, and place them into his new nine-speed blender/mixer. There is absolutely no need to mix, blend, whip, puree or beat these keys in any type of kitchen appliance. It's a pretty expensive car, and it's probably safe to assume that the keys are probably worth roughly what your functional lungs are worth to some chain-smoking screw up. Would you like a bit of advice? Buy your uncle a key hanger, or some kind of box so he can keep his keys safe. Blending is for milkshakes. Keys are for BMWs. No need to apply either of those to the other.

### **Chapter 35: Great Kingdom Crumb**

Here in the kingdom, everyone wants to eat this one crumb. Legend has it, that this crumb alone can taste better than any other crumb in any other kingdom that may or may not have the prefix "great" attached to it. This being said, everyone in the kingdom searches for the crumb daily. Some take days off, to plot a scheme for the Great Kingdom Crumb. Nobody has yet to recovery this crumb. The crumb was lost somewhere near a lake that has some sort of moss growing next to it. The kingdom, being made up of a vast wetland, presents many terrible problems when trying to recover the Great Kingdom Crumb. Villagers may get locked in a 1993 Dodge Neon and thrown into a large vat of unused peanut butter oil. Other times, seekers of the Crumb may have their arms and legs bound to a mailbox and once a day have mail stuffed into their face by a very confused and rather short mailman. Lastly, an unlucky Crumb-seeker may find himself walking across an old bridge with two very mean deer who like to argue and use various forms of peer pressure to try and get him to lease some time-share at a beach that only surgeons go to. However, villagers are willing to risk the penalties to get a taste of the Great Kingdom Crumb. It is said that no crumb ever in existance has even begun to touch the plane of taste in which the Great Kingdom Crumb resides upon. Other crumbs don't even taste as good as a fart from the Great Kingdom Crumb. While its probably worthwhile to get a taste of eternity, I really don't see why people risk life and limb to taste a mere crumb. I know there are other good tasting things out there. Eat corn. Eat indian food. Eat a loaded weapon. They're all bound to taste pretty darn good. Not to mention, that this village isn't some poverty stricken village either. Its more like rural suburbs with mini-vans, children, baseball hats and firetrucks. Searching for this crumb all the time, seems like an awful waste. Great Kingdom Crumb? For cryin' out loud...

### **Chapter 36: Bear Island**

The pilgrim's first mistake. The dark shadow looming off the coast of the Massachusetts' seashore. Call it what you will, but it has a dark and delaying past. During their maiden voyage, the Pilgrims made their first landing here, not at Plymouth Rock. Here they thought they would start a nice retreat, should anything go wrong on the mainland. It was only about 200 meters from shore, and would make a fine scouting point. The pilgrims setup camp, only to have one of their men end up missing his shoes. An immediate investigation was launched. Everyone was questioned about the missing footwear. The shoes were never found. Later in the week, two barrels of food were dragged from camp to a nearby tree. Nothing was harmed, but those barrels are heavy as shit, and we already

have a guy with no shoes so its gonna be a bitch getting those barrels back to camp. The final straw came when the pilgrims noticed that there were bites taken out of their cheesecakes. They headed for shore the next day. I'm willing to bet you thought there was some sort of Bear-bloodbath that killed all but a few pilgrims. Nah, it was just a really big delay in the pilgrims' plans. Then why is it called Bear Island? Some people thought it was because the island was shaped like a bear. Well, its not. It's shaped sort of like a toaster with a deck of cards in it's toast. The only reason the island is called Bear Island, is because nobody could bear going back there. It was a fine island for their purpose, but one of their younger children was later found out to have been creating alot of problems and was sent to live on Bear Island alone. Rumor has it, that he was eaten by a bear. Tough, ironic luck I guess.

### **Chapter 37: Marshmallow Mania**

This never got quite as big as “Lego Mania” but it was just as good, in my opinion. There were so many more things you can do and make with marshmallows than Legos anyway. For instance, I never made a single Lego castle that I was able to successfully digest. I always ended up in the emergency room. I made exactly seven marshmallow castles and I successfully ate and digested exactly seven marshmallow castles. Doctors henceforth classified me as “hyperactive” and removed all castles from my diet. So, I had to sacrifice my castle-diet for a steady dose of boats and racecars. Again, I had trouble eating the Lego variety, but the marshmallow ones went down so smoothly. Again, doctors restricted any form of marshmallow creation from my diet. Gone were the days of scrumptious castles, boats and racecars. I since have resorted to the Lego variety – again. If I put my mind to it, I can sometimes fool myself into believing the blue ones taste like M&M's but I've got a real problem with that now. All the blue Legos are gone and the yellow ones taste like Charley Brown so I can't very well eat those. Don't even get me started on the red ones either... Those ones taste like the number 8...

### **Chapter 38: A Dog's Thoughts**

Damn those ever-climbing gas prices! Ever since the number on the sign at the gas station went from 1 to 2, I haven't been getting my dues. I used to ride around in his truck with my doggy face stickin out the window – ears flappin in the breeze. Now I'm lucky to catch a breeze from the damn fan. For real, if I don't go for a ride soon I'm gonna hafta take matters into my own paws. Maybe I'll bite him or take a crap on his chair or get worms. Yea, if it gets any worse I may just do all three. I ain't afraid of no newspaper and if he kicks me, I'll just end up biting him again. Wait, maybe I'll bite him in his sleep. He'll never see it coming. That'll teach him. If he ever grows a beard, I'll have to play tug-o-war with it. What's the worst that can happen? He goes out and gets a cat? Well I got news for him, I'll bite him, then I'll bite the cat.. It'll be a friggin bite-jambaroo around here. He'll learn that an old dog can play new tricks...