

Aight *Housekeeping*

RECYCLED CRAFTS

TO MAKE YOU FEEL LESS
GUILTY ABOUT
YOUR CARBON
FOOTPRINT

+

THE MOST

PHALLIC

LAVA LAMPS

YOU'VE EVER SEEN



300+ IDEAS

TO GET YOUR INDOOR FERNS INVOLVED
WITH THE FIGHT AGAINST TRUMP

11 LIFE HACKS

THAT DON'T WORK

+

THE GENIUS
DISHWASHER TRICK
THAT BROUGHT MY
HUSBAND BACK FROM
THE DEAD!

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Aight Housekeeping

Spring 2017

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Scents to Compete with your Show-Off Neighbor, Nancy



A new collection by Yankee Candle

EDITOR'S LETTER

Thump.

Thump.

THUMP.

Incessantly, the hordes of broken, wretched souls bang upon your door. Those poor fools, their DIY candles unscented, their baths devoid of a single lavender bubble. Like water against a dam, they press, they fight, *they die* to move past a barrier that cannot, that will not, be moved. They dream a futile dream of moving from bad house, smelly house, house with *mismatched cutlery*, to good house. 'Twas not you who erected this barrier and casted them on the other side. Perhaps it was God, who in His cruel indifference gave good house to some, and bad house to others. Perhaps they themselves were once where you are, on their own sides of their own doors, content in the knowledge that they could never possibly be among the damned, the bleeding, the underfolk: for they have good house. Slowly, their quest to find the perfect salt lamp lost precedence. The one weird trick to get rid of belly fat atrophied in their minds; doctors no longer hate them. Too gradually for them to notice, good house they thought they kept crumbled into bad house. Their complacency, their assumption of their own birthright, was their downfall.

If you are reading this, you are among those who have good house. If you are reading this, you are among those who are not too arrogant to know that you must fight, until your dying breath, not just to keep your house, but to keep it good. You cast your eyes upon these pages, these list-icles, these hallowed product reviews, because you know that the first stride towards godhood is the recognition that *you are no god*. You know not the 13 surprising ways to turn plastic soda rings into spook-tastic Halloween decorations—the very best among you knows 9. Even the greatest of you good house-keepers could be *struck down* at any moment by a dish soap that causes dry hands. Your shrieks of “How could I have known?!” would fall on the deaf ears of those who sought out product warnings. Those humble enough to know of the Dawn Winter Fresh recall.

As the onslaught of life marches on, sirens will tempt you away from the holy, Sisyphean task of the keeping-good of your house. The Career will say, “Be ambitious! Reach your full potential!” To that vile temptress, bellow back, “My only ambition is to ensure, until the lost drop of my blood is let, that I find the tiling that makes my guest bathroom come together!” The Friend will say, “Let us have a conversation and grow closer!” You must hold fast, and yell, “Lead me not into temptation! If we must speak, let us speak about DIY Rice Krispies treats!” Finally, the Child will say, “Please! Just spend some time with me!” Gather yourself, gather all of yourself, and shriek, “The power of crafts compels you!” as you cast beads at the small, putrid devil.

Our hope, our only hope in this world, is that as long as you have a house, you keep it good. To say there is no higher calling is an arrogant folly; there is no other calling at all. So prepare thyself, and above all, have fun!

Sincerely,

Jartha Stewart



Jennifer Brought Rice to the School Potluck, Like a Bitch



According to an *Aight Housekeeping* investigation, working mom Jennifer McClear brought rice to the Westport Middle School potluck again, like a bitch. “Every time we have one of these things, Jen decides that she can get away with making that same old tray of rice every time. It’s just fucking rice, Jen. Get over yourself,” said Heidi Sontag, a Westport PTA member.

“I know that Jen is a working mom, so she should have the benefit of the doubt,” said Minnie Shay, PTA President. “But next time, she should lean the fuck into making a dish that isn’t an absolute disgrace. Jen, do better.”

Brooke Anderson, Maltipoo owner and mom of two, agreed. “I’m a busy woman, and between my dog grooming and family responsibilities I still have time to make a

gluten free, almond-based, egg-white purée, flourless chocolate cake. It’s incredibly rude for Jen to show up to the potluck with that tray of rice, like a bitch.”

“My cook toiled in the kitchen for six hours making steamed slow-cooked lentil parmesan chicken broth hors d’oeuvres, and it’s just disrespectful to Yolanda’s work to have Jen bring in her tray of rice again, like a total bitch,” said Elissa Harrington. “Next time, I’d like Jen to take a look at Yolanda’s hands, red and raw from peeling potatoes, before she decides to start filling that damn tray of rice.”

We were unable to reach Jen for comment, as she was conducting a business deal, scheduling a dentist appointment, and making a shopping list, all while driving the soccer carpool.

PERFECT MARBLING

For Your Summer BBQ!

1. Can of Spinach

Contains protein to build some lean muscle mass. If your kid has inherited a slow metabolism or poor eating habits, this might make his fat-to-not ratio a bit more savory. Ever seen what happens to that hunk Popeye when he gets a hold of this stuff? Juicy.



2. A Bottle of A1

Start putting this all over your kids' food. If they have enough of it, it'll sink into their muscles and organs! Ask anyone - few things are quite as delectable as young facia infused with vinegar and onion powder. If their urine turns a brownish-burgundy color, you're on the right track. Cuts down on marinating time and tastes great, too!



3. Twinkies or Some Other Sad Little Cake You'd Find at a Gas Station



These sugar-filled suckers are guaranteed to fatten up even the scrawniest little kid. Put these in your runt's lunch for fast results.

4. Just Straight-Up Grass

A classic. Just keep it simple. Give your kids free range of the backyard for a couple hours after school. Let them graze and watch as they transform from disgusting to delicious. Feed 'em like cows; raise some Grade A meat.



5. Avocado

People put this shit on everything, so why not put it into your kid? Hop on the superfood bandwagon. After all, what benefits the prey benefits the predator. Dig in.





"Sweet kid, but picks his nose a lot"

My nephew Jimmy is a great kid and fun to spend time with, but I do worry about his nose-picking habit. He's 15 years old and still spends most of his time with his fingers in his face! Is this norm... [read more](#)

★★★★★ 08/15/2013

Guest

"He definitely takes after my sister in law"

Help! I love my brother, but can't stand my sister-in-law, and my nephew is just like her. Any a... [read more](#)

★★★ 08/13/2013

Guest

"Are he killed the family dog but I have no concrete evidence"

is urgent. I could really use some advice - my nephew disappeared for hours last week and back the family dog was gone and he seemed weirdly nervous. But I can't prove... [read more](#)

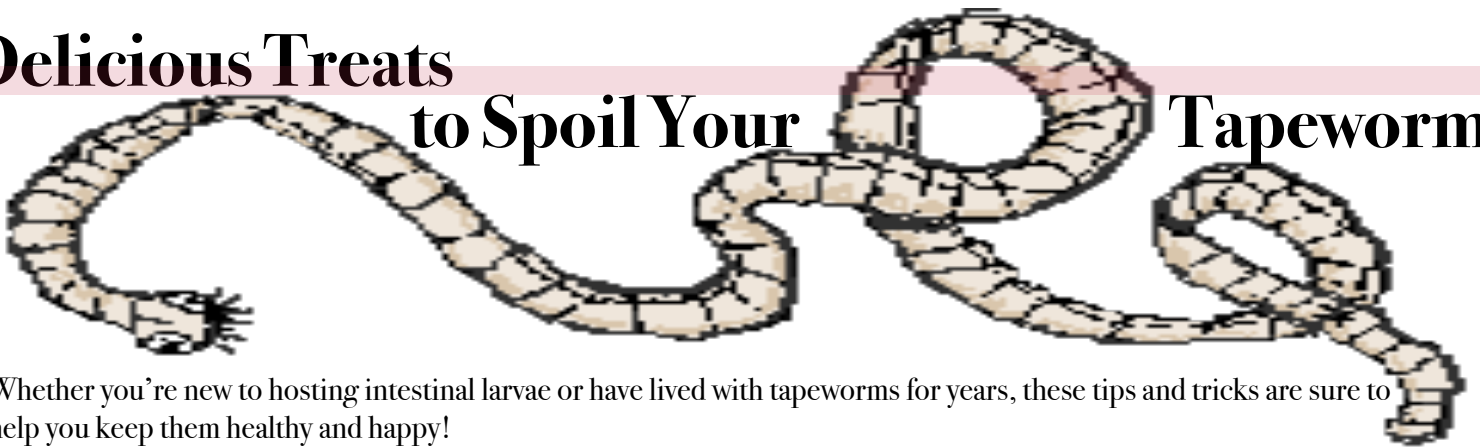
★★★★★ 08/14/2013

Guest

nephew.com

The top-rated website for reviewing your nephew!

Delicious Treats to Spoil Your Tapeworm!



Whether you're new to hosting intestinal larvae or have lived with tapeworms for years, these tips and tricks are sure to help you keep them healthy and happy!

1. If your tapeworm is young (or less than three inches long), keep things simple. We recommend sticking to soft foods, such as bananas or yogurt. Stay away from processed food, meats, chips, and nuts, and avoid swallowing gum.
2. Aim for consistent meal patterns. Try to get in some whole grains and protein at breakfast and avoid late-night snacking. Your tapeworm will thank you.
3. If your tapeworm happens to be of the fish variety, make sure you're getting enough B12 vitamins. They'll absorb them right up.
4. You and your tapeworm will love our easy recipe for black bean and sweet potato veggie burgers (see recipe online). Avocado, whole grain mustard, and thinly sliced red onion will make it an instant family favorite.
5. If you really want your tapeworm to reach its potential (up to 55 feet in length), nutrition is key. Get in some antioxidants with an acai bowl or a fresh juice (you can't go wrong with a vegan or raw diet). Steer clear of GMOs!
6. If you're feeling nausea, weakness, abdominal pain, or diarrhea, or if you see white larvae flecks in your stool, it could be a sign that your tapeworm needs nutritional help. Try going gluten free.
7. If the above symptoms persist, consider giving your tapeworm a friend. Like mammals, parasitic cestodes need companionship. Lucky for you, you already have your plug! Go back to that restaurant where you first acquired your tapeworm. If Health and Safety has already shut it down, the dumpster behind your local slaughterhouse is a good place to start (see the Tips for Acquiring Tapeworms article from our July 2009 issue).
8. Tapeworms love chocolate!

We Asked 9 Plumbers

about the most **devastating** thing the toilet ever yelled at them

...Here's what they had to say:

Jason R., Toledo, OH



“Wait, what are you asking me?”

Rob H., Brooklyn, NY



“What? Toilets don't... What??”

Harold B., Bozeman, MT



“I once fixed a toilet back in Oklahoma that was pretty backed up—man, that thing had been through some hell, I'll tell you—and when I drained the tank it made this loud gurgling noise... is that what you mean?”

Tyler K., Omaha, NE



“What do you mean, yelled?”

Gregory W., Newton, MA



“I think that maybe you don't really understand how toilets work.”





Dave P., Miami, FL “Huh??”

Dan H., Boulder, CO



“This question offends me.”

Matt F., Palo Alto, CA



“Hmm... can't really think of anything, sorry!”



Ben R., Portland, OR

“Well, there was this one time that I was fixing a sink in this nice young couple’s house and I just heard this voice from the other corner that yelled “NICE HAT, BITCH,” and when I walked closer, the toilet seemed to change before my eyes as the lid morphed into this giant mouth that continued to scream at me, “YEAH, YOU—YOU UGLY, LONELY CATASTROPHIC PIECE OF GARBAGE.” I stood there, terrified and sad but unable to move as the toilet continued to yell at me, telling me that I lacked ambition, that I had no future, and that everyone who had ever loved me was probably just using me—until suddenly the toilet opened wider and in a split second swallowed me whole. I zoomed through the pipes, and as I wondered if I would ever see the light again, slowly, in a period of time that could have been ten minutes or maybe several days, images of all my worst fears began to flash before my eyes: myself falling off of a rooftop, my mother dropping dead of a heart attack, my daughter being abducted before my eyes, my house going up in flames—until finally I felt myself hit a hard surface. Seeing light shining through a crack above me, I climbed out of what turned out to be a sewer a few blocks away from the house and I walked back to finish fixing the sink. That was pretty devastating, I guess.”

6 Household Items to Paint

“Live, Laugh, Love”

on, Just To Keep You Going

Hey, ladies! Got a case of the rainy day blues? Feeling a little down in the dumps? Tired of the systemic oppression imposed on our society by the imperialist, racist, cis-hetero-normative capitalist patriarchy? Have no fear! *Aight Housekeeping* is here to help with 6 ways to incorporate the inspirational phrase “Live, Laugh, Love” into your home to lift your spirits and distract you from the fact that you’re a second-class citizen.



3. Above your Dresser! As you get ready in the morning, think about these beautiful words painted next to your mirror instead of the fact that how you dress and perform your gender can directly determine how men feel they have the right to treat you.

4. In the Kids' Room! If you have children, there's no better way than decorating their room with this phrase to help you stay positive despite the knowledge that if you have a job you'll face criticism for not being around for your kids and that if you don't work you'll face criticism for being unable to support those kids, and that this criticism is often directly determined by your race and/or class!



1. Above Your Doorframe! As you walk out the front door and leave for your place of work, look up for a daily reminder to Live, Laugh, and Love. Boost your mood and leave with a smile, momentarily forgetting that as hard as you work that day, you still probably won't be taken seriously by your male coworkers, who are on average paid significantly more than you for doing the same job.

2. In the Bathroom! The bathroom is another excellent place to put this inspiring phrase, whether above the sink, on the shower curtain, on the side of the toilet paper dispenser... you have agency here, much unlike the lack of agency you have over your own body in the eyes of the U.S. government. As you take your birth control that may or may not be covered by health insurance in the near future, remember: Live, Laugh, Love, and try not to think about the number of white men in power making political decisions that directly affect you.



5. On Your Own Bedding! Settle into bed with your husband and hope with all your might that having “Live, Laugh, Love” printed on your sheets might contribute a glimpse of joy to the miserable sex life determined by gendered, porn-driven social norms that have historically placed little importance on women's satisfaction or well-being.

6. Literally anywhere I guess because regardless of where you put them, these crafts are going to need to do some heavy fucking lifting to get you through the day in absence of an enormous social shift towards holistic and intersectional equity.





Cute Craft!

*How to Make the Shootiest,
Gunniest, Gun-Gun for the Militia*

Hey there, momma bears! Yo yo, daddy-o's! This time of year, it sure can be tough to keep the little ones busy! The compound is on lockdown. All the windows have been hermetically sealed. Our Great Immortal Leader, in all his wisdom, has ordered us to prepare to fight the U.S. "Government" until every last man, woman, and child among us has shed every last drop of blood. Isn't he just the neatest?!

So, what better than some fun little crafts to keep you and your Young Disciple busy while you wait for His Undyingness to receive our attack orders from the Sacred Moonstones of Chin'Ruk-Tak! And guess what? These little crafties are not only heaps of fun for the whole family, but they can also help the Order of the Shimmering Eye prepare to topple those fools in Washington D.C. who dare resist the unending reign of Chin'Ruk-Tak! That's right, craft-aholics... today, we're making some gunny gun-guns!

Step 1: A Barrel of Fun!

The first step to making the cutest little gun-gun (besides, of course, praying to Chin'Ruk-Tak that the weapon you are about to beget may strike down non-believers in droves) is making sure you have a good barrel. A good piece of PVC pipe should do you fine as wine! Your little one could even draw something on the side, so it looks like an adorable caterpillar is spitting fiery lead to pierce the hearts of heretics!

Step 2: As Good as New!

Take any parts you can salvage from any of those old, icky gun-guns you liberated in the raidy-raid of the "police" armory, and use those to spruce up your project! Make sure that take a little knifey-knife and just draw some adorable little scratches all over the serial number, so the fasy-washy dogs in the department of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms can't track you down!

Step 3: A Clip Full of Glee!

No gun-gun is complete without a custom, 300-round clippy-clip! You and your Young Disciple can add your own little "Wow!" factor by inscribing the ever-ringing words of Chin'Ruk-Tak onto each individual bullet, so the heretics may feel his power as they are sent to their gravey-waves!

Well, there you have it craft-heads! In three easy steps, you and your kiddies are well on your way to an adorbs little project, one that can used to strike down all who dare stand in the way of the Order of the Shimmering Eye, and our merciless, undying deity, Chin'Ruk-Tak. Toodaloo!



HOW TO MAKE YOUR House Arrest

Feel Like You're Actually in Prison

About a Year Ago, I got sentenced to 6 months of house arrest. I felt cheated: Instead of being condemned to the pit of terror that I so rightfully deserved, I was being sentenced to a relaxed confinement in the comforts of my quaint New England home. Amid my distress, I decided I wasn't going to let my sentence get the best of me. As such, I successfully determined how to mimic real prison conditions so that I may relish the same decrepit detainment that so many others were lucky enough to attain. Content with my results, I now wish to benevolently share my methods with the world.

First, un hinge and detach your bathroom door. Pooping privacy is a privilege which you fortunately no longer deserve. Turn the door horizontal and attach it against the wall nearest to the bathroom approximately three feet above the ground, using only duct tape and all of the nails in your possession, which should be around 6 nails. This is where you sleep now. This is based on the age-old prison principle of "those who get caught get cots."

Next, enter your doorless bathroom and rip the toilet out of the ground. If this proves too hard for you, detach the sink instead. Place it in any of the corners as the location doesn't matter. What's important is that you have a glorified bucket that is devoid of any plumbing. This is where you poop now. Remember to manually empty your new poop bucket in your backyard three times a day, lest you contract wanted diseases. Those really committed might want to limit this to only once a day.

For Those of You who may have forgotten, you need food in order to defecate. The main principles of producing the highest quality of low-quality prison cuisine are as follows: The food should be either too soft or too hard to chew, either frozen or burnt, and either identifiable as something you are too disgusted by to eat or completely unidentifiable. This is what you eat now. Prison delicacies include expired fruit cups, blended oats and a thing that looks like a chicken but is definitely not a chicken. Bon Appetite!

Now, you're not getting any food unless you have someone deliver it for you, and you need a way to pay those people back. Money might work for those who are not in prison, but you are in prison, so money will not work for you. Cigarettes serve as a great way to pay people as they fetch a good price on the black market, so get as many as you can in the beginning of your sentence. This is your currency now. In order to not detract from the authenticity of the environment you are trying so hard to replicate, you may only reimburse people with cigarettes, even if your recovering nicotine addict aunt Debra is begging you to use something else.

The Next Step is one of my favorites. When was the last time you saw a prisoner left unwatched and unattended? Every good prison has a good prison guard. The best way to acquire a prison guard of your own is through Craigslist. Once the guard is delivered listen to everything the guard says. This is who owns you now. Be careful as to not accidentally hire a prostitute roleplaying a prison guard, as they might want to have sex with you, and having sex with a prostitute is not very prison-like.

This Last Part is the most important. Attach metal bars on all of your windows. The barred window is very special in a real prison; this is where you gaze out at the open blue skies filled with birds free to traverse the earth as they please, at the strikingly green pine trees that resemble permanence and life, at the squirrel feeding his little squirrel children acorns, ultimately leaving you helpless but to ponder the realities that exist beyond these cruel walls of captivity and the life you could be living with the love you have to share and exactly how much more there is to see and experience in this vast world of wonderment, beauty, and fantasy.

Enjoy!



**DONT HAVE GROSS BONES!
HAVE CLEAN BONES!
BLEACH ME BONES!**

CALL KEITH (650) 391-8471

We Talked Kitchen Essentials

With A Grapefruit-Lovin' Grandpa



AH: A lot of readers ask us how to handle those spots of caked-on food that the dishwasher won't get. What's your approach?

G: I always let Rufus lick those off, but only when Linda's not around. She threw a fit about that last week when we had company over. The only exceptions are my stainless steel grapefruit spoons; there's no way I'd let his slobbery, germ-infested mouth anywhere near those.

AH: One common spring cleaning task is giving those kitchen windows a good scrub to get rid of built-up grease from the stove. Any tips for cleaning windows?

G: I don't usually care about the kitchen windows, because I know the dumb Robinson kid next door is going to keep hitting baseballs through them anyway. But you could use an old rag and a good dose of grapefruit juice, and let the citric acid cut through the grime. If you feel bad about heinously wasting delicious grapefruit juice like that, you could also just use a grapefruit-scented window cleaner. Or do what I would do, and let the Mrs. worry about it.

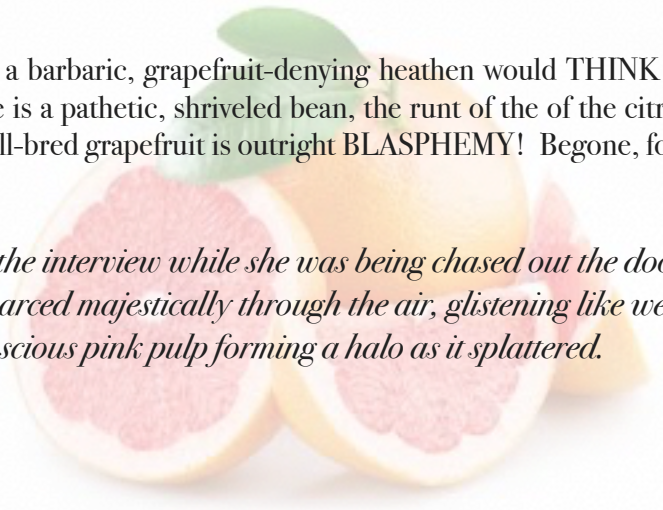
AH: What would you say is your most vital kitchen accessory?

G: Well I don't know what I would do without my handy-dandy grapefruit squeezer. Some folks think they can get by with a lemon squeezer, but they're in denial. Lemon squeezers just aren't worthy of the majesty of a fine grapefruit. You need a superior squeezer for a superior citrus. Also, you don't want any of that nasty lemon juice contaminating the succulent pulp of your magnificent Ruby Reds.

AH: A good squeezer is definitely a must for breakfast classics like fresh-squeezed grapefruit or orange juice. What's your....

G: ORANGE juice? Are you fucking KIDDING me? What kind of a barbaric, grapefruit-denying heathen would THINK of debasing themselves with that vile excuse for a beverage? An orange is a pathetic, shriveled bean, the runt of the of the citrus family. Comparing THAT to the glorious, golden-hued globe of a well-bred grapefruit is outright BLASPHEMY! Begone, foul grapefruit-profaning unbeliever!

We regret to report that our staff writer was unable to conclude the interview while she was being chased out the door. As she fled, Grandpa hurled a Ruby Red grapefruit after her. It arced majestically through the air, glistening like well-polished brass before beaming our writer across the noggin, its luscious pink pulp forming a halo as it splattered.



The **WORST** Fashion Fails in Oscar's History

While our main style correspondents were out of town reporting on the worst Oscars fashion fails last weekend, our part-time fashion staff stepped in to update us on some of the worst style moments in Oscar's history!



Denim on denim (on denim on denim on denim):

Oh, Oscar. You wore all denim everything to your cousin Dave's funeral? You thought that's what Dave would have wanted? If Dave wanted you to wrestle a rhino with him in that fatal incident, would you have done it? We're not going to scold you anymore because we know Aunt Betty must have given you an earful. But Oscar, when another cousin dies in an equally stupid way, like a hang gliding accident, please limit yourself to one denim accessory.



Favorite costume from college to the office Halloween party:

You've done it again, Oscar. Professionals don't wear their Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles costume to official work functions. They definitely don't whisper "cowabunga" in their boss's ear every time they start a conversation with her. It's definitely not appropriate to cover yourself in green paint before an event where you know that you'll have to shake a lot of hands. When your boss walks in on you practicing your kickboxing in the coat room, you know that you're not going to get that promotion. Not cool, Oscar.

Shirt with emojis:

You thought this would please your step daughter Casey, but she still says, "Fuck you Oscar, you're not my real dad." Maybe if you started going to her soccer games like a good parent instead of getting blackout drunk with your college buddies and passing out in a bowl of 7-layer dip, she'd actually love you. In the meantime, burn that shirt.

Redskins jersey:

We know you're racist, Oscar. You don't need to show everyone. Next time try a subtler way of expressing your prejudiced sentiments like tipping your black waiter slightly less or calling Elizabeth Warren "Pocahontas."



Make America Great Again hat:

Enough said.

Fashion Exclusive: Get Victoria Beckham's Look!

From her designer clothes to her put-together hair and makeup, Victoria Beckham is certainly one of the most posh celebrities around. Here are our best tips for getting her look, from her clothes to her accessories!

Designer shades: Good news - you have some leeway on this one, since Victoria has a lot of sunglasses for you to choose from. Bad news - she keeps all of her accessories in a high-security case guarded by a middle-aged man named Steve. Steve has weekday afternoons off, though, so sneak in on a Monday after 2!

Lipstick: Once you've grabbed all the essentials from Victoria's state-of-the-art walk-in closet, head down the hallway to the bathroom, which is the first door on the left. There, you'll find a wide selection of lipstick colors and brands to choose from. As long as Steve isn't in there on his break, you're good to go!

Tasteful lingerie: You've already figured out how to get past hidden cameras and successfully avoided Steve, so you might as well quit while you're ahead. Just make a quick exit from the Beckham compound and find something of your own to wear - nobody will be able to tell, anyway.

A perfectly matched pantsuit: Pulling this one off is a two-step process, since Victoria hangs her jackets on the closet wall opposite her pants. We suggest grabbing the pants first before making a beeline to the coat rack. Be sure to duck as you pass the middle part of the closet - you'll be going right past the security camera and might set off the alarm!

Black booties: If you thought we couldn't possibly suggest that you army crawl straight across Victoria's closet to the shoe rack on the far wall, you were wrong! She keeps all of her best formal shoes on the left side of the bottom shelf. If you get to this point and remember that you're not a Women's 7.5, just snap a picture and buy something similar at Bloomingdales.



The Best Beauty Tips to Keep Your Friends From Realizing That You're **ACTUALLY A CAT**

If you're reading this article, I'm guessing you're a cat. If not, please give us some privacy, bitch. This article obviously isn't for you. Also, if you're a striped cat stop reading right away. You're so ugly and untrustworthy that these tips won't work for you. Especially you, Gary. If you're reading this, I want my shampoo back right away. You don't deserve luscious hair after sleeping with my sister. Anyway, if you're a non-striped cat just trying to fit in in this human-dominated world, I have the best tips for you.

1. Have a good waxer on call.

Maintaining smooth skin is one of the most effective ways to trick everyone in your book club into thinking you can actually read like a human can.



3. Dress for your height.

Short people should never wear baggy jeans and neither should you. Vertical stripes will instantly add 1-2 feet to your figure and take you from infant- to toddler-sized.

5. Avoid lipstick.

Try lip pencil instead. If you wore lipstick, it would be way too obvious that you don't actually have lips. Instead, take a page out of Kylie Jenner's look book and use a liner to draw lips on.



2. Wear heels.

Very few humans are less than 2 feet tall. Wearing platforms totally elongates your figure.

4. Wear a lot of neon eyeshadow.

Drawing attention to the eyes helps make it less obvious that you have paws instead of hands and walk on four legs.



6. Baseball caps!

They are so in right now. And if people can't see your head, they'll never know you are a cat.

7 Amazing Benefits

that either came from raw veganism or having my right arm eaten by a shark

1. I lost weight
2. My left arm is stronger and more coordinated
3. I've kicked the habit of eating ice cream with my right hand
4. I don't have to windsurf for exercise anymore
5. The skin on the right side of my body is clearer
6. I no longer eat cooked food or animal products
7. My right arm is gone



We Asked Five Doctors about the Most Jarring Object They've Pulled out of an Orifice, and All of Them Turned it into a Weird Excuse to Advertise Lego Star Wars



#1: Stacy Mathews, MD

“A mom brought in her daughter, only four or five years old, who was complaining about nasal pain. I shined my otoscope up her nose, and, sure enough, the nasal pathway was obstructed. It took the better part of an hour to tweeze it out. She had been trying to pick her tiny child nose nose with a Lego lightsaber and got the entire thing stuck up there! This wasn't just any lightsaber, either; it was the one wielded by Rey in the Encounter on Jakku set, in which Rey and her companion BB-8 are ambushed by Teebo while trading in scavenged parts at Unkar Plutt's market stall.”

#2: Andrew Colbert, PhD

“I was administering a hearing exam to a patient who seemed to be completely deaf in the left ear. I could hear a rattling noise coming from his head whenever he moved, so I decided to investigate. Turns out the Lego helmet of Sith Lord Kylo Ren had been in there for who knows how long. I asked his father about it, and he just replied, “I guess the hearing problems did start around when the blockbuster return of the world's highest-grossing sci-fi franchise, Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens, hit theaters.”

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Antique wardrobes to hide your second family!



#3: Jeff Chang, MD

“This one little fucker, probably fourteen or so, was dragged in by his mom, both red-faced and embarrassed. Something was stuck up his fartbox—they wouldn’t say how or what—but it was my job to get it out. I threw on some gloves, slathered ‘em in Vaseline, and went to town. Soon enough, the whole room smelled like the kid’s ass, but I couldn’t get the object out without tearing the anal wall, so I had to send him home. The mom called up the next day and said she’d found the tip of a Lego X-Wing in the toilet bowl. Thank God I wasn’t there for that conversation. She must’ve been so disappointed to find out that her son—her only son!—was experimenting with building the Lego replica of a ship that’s so clearly worse than the Y-Wing. On the bright side, Y-Wing Lego sets retail at the low price of \$29.99, so at least it won’t be expensive to convert her son to the light side!”

#4: Lisa Stevens, PhD

“There was this one boy whose parents bring him in for stomach trouble and constipation, and an X-ray shows he’s consumed some foreign object. A lot of it. It has to come out, so we pour some ipecac down his throat. You know, a routine procedure. At first, he just barfed out a little something—a light royal blue 3x1 slope brick, if I recall correctly—and then, it was an explosion. We gave him a bucket, but he just held it by his side as he spewed a cascade of Legos everywhere. The floor was littered with 2x4 and 2x6 light stone gray plates, and I even found a 4-sided 1x1 stud in my hair. Believe it or not, the kid had eaten the whole Duel on Naboo set, which recreates the epic battle from the end of Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace when Qui-Gon Jinn and Obi-Wan Kenobi face off against Darth Maul. I can’t believe he’d eat something so incredible! It’s a limited-edition Best Buy exclusive, and, besides, you can never have more fun than using plastic blocks to recreate the death of one of the franchise’s most beloved characters!”

#5: Harry White, PhD

“Sorry, I don’t have time to talk. I have to rush home so I can play Lego Star Wars: The Complete Saga, rated 9/10 by IGN and hailed as “the most family-fun game of the year,” available today on PlayStation 4, Xbox One, and PC!”



How to Give Your Kid The Talk so He Doesn't Become a Dumb, Stinky Virgin

1. **Inform him about educational internet resources** such as pornhub.com, so he really knows how to give it to her
2. **Provide him with a 12-pack of condoms** so he knows just how many times a week he should be doing it
3. **Make sure he knows that your household is an accepting space** – you don't care which gender he's attracted to as long as he's getting some
4. **Teach him to handle intercourse like a mature adult** by telling him all the moves his mom likes
5. **Inform him about all the common STD's**, so he knows which ones really aren't that big a deal
6. **Emphasize that you would hate for him to grow up to be like his loser older brother, Craig**

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INTRICATE



DESIGNS

...that will show your kids you did waaaay too much acid in the '70s!



THE BIG BANG

"Now kids, I know you think I'm just some pencil-pushing CPA who has asthma, enjoys Lean Cuisines, and participates in a bowling league on Friday and Saturday nights, but you should know that from about 1971 through to 1985, I spent my days and nights so ridiculously high that I would go weeks on end with this very pattern burned into my retinas."



SUNSHINE

"I first saw this design while sitting on a forest-green hemp sofa backstage at an outdoor Willie Nelson concert held in the pouring rain. I had just taken a couple hits of some dank, dank marijuana and I was sitting down, or more aptly, flying through space and time aboard an anthropomorphic sea turtle in a psychedelic mirage of ecstasy and wonder, when suddenly one of Willie's roadies offered me a strange yellow pill. Now, whenever I hear vaguely country-influenced music performed by a male singer-songwriter in high-humidity conditions, I flash back to this pattern in an instant."



JESUS WALKS

"Plain and simple, kids: I send you to Sunday school each weekend, but the truth is that I've seen God before. It was in a meadow outside of San Francisco. I had just picked some mushrooms out of the ground, and let's just say that while Jesus has one halo in all those old Renaissance paintings, I had *three halos*, and it looked *just like* this shirt. So yeah, you kids might make fun of me to your friends, but trust me—I used to be more badass in the eyes of God than Jesus *ever* was."



THE CENTRAL PATH

"I bet you kids never knew this, but when I was in college, I studied abroad in Russia for a year -- and by "studied," I mean that I spent the year in Russia learning from the greatest "alternative doctors" how to make amazing substances like cocaine, crystal meth, and most importantly, acid -- acid so great that when you take it, you see the entire world as a series of pathways that look just like the one on this shirt, guiding you to the next place you should go, the next person you should talk to, the next thing you should do. And you kids owe a good amount of gratitude to paths like these -- if I had never found them, there's no chance in hell any of you would have been born!"

HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER

"You know what's up, kids. You know. How do you think I got your mom to marry me? It wasn't for my empty savings account or my subpar looks, I'll tell you that."



I Made My Coke Dealer My Kid's Godparent. Here's Why You Should, Too!

So you're having a child. Wonderful! You are about to embark on the journey of a lifetime — and I mean that literally. In the next few months, you will watch your life transform before your eyes into a shitstorm of crib catalogs, Mozart tapes, and research into which local daycare is most likely to make your kid employable someday without turning him into a complete loser for life. But let me tell you something really rough about all of this: Sooner or later, you're going to have to make a real tough decision: who to name as your kid's godparent. That's right; you have to entrust the life of your little drooler in the hands of someone else in case you croak before that pipsqueak makes it to the age of 18. Intimidating shit for sure.

Back when I was choosing a godparent for my first child, I had no idea what I was doing, but I knew one thing for sure: There was no chance in hell I was letting any member of my family be my kid's godparent. Not after they treated me like garbage for speaking my mind and revealing some of my own issues to them. I wanted my child's godparent to be tolerant and even-keeled, someone who my kid could turn to in even the darkest of moments. But as soon as I revealed to my family that I'm a degenerate cocaine user unable to last more than a day without a hit of the tasty, tasty white stuff, they completely overreacted. I mean, hear me out: They refused to fund my cocaine habits for five years before I got clean, got pregnant, and then got very, very unclean again! They even tried to evict me from my own home to send me to rehab — ridiculous! If there's one piece of advice I can give to all the new parents out there, it's a simple one: Pick a godparent that will never judge your child for anything. Even cocaine. Or heroin. Or even PCP that one time, just out of curiosity, because he just wanted to know if it really did make him feel like he could see time and hear colors. If you let a family member be your kid's godparent, though, you better believe that your parent-child tradition of going to the freight entrance of the local Hooters at 2:15 AM each Tuesday night to pick up fresh crack is going out the window the moment you bite the dust. And to me, that risk was just not acceptable. So what did I do? It's simple: I asked Larry, my local cocaine dealer, to be my sweet, innocent child's godparent, and I never looked back.

“Larry would support him with love and care, and most importantly, cocaine. Because he's a coke dealer. My child's godfather is a coke dealer.”

I mean, think about it for a moment. Larry has seen some shit. And by that, I mean Larry has seen all the shit that could ever be seen. He's seen a grown man dive into a dumpster to retrieve what looked to be a half-eaten Big Mac not for sustenance, but because of its sentimental value. He's seen a brigade of four Canadian teenagers perform an impromptu barbershop quartet rendition of “O Canada” on the sidewalk out of national pride with perfect contraphonic harmonies during a particularly intense high. He's even seen a small Scottish man in traditional highland attire exchange heirloom bagpipes for another day's worth of methamphetamine. So believe me — if my little one wakes Larry up in the middle of the night because he wet the bed or comes home a few minutes after curfew because he gets in a fender bender during his teenage years, I know there's no way that Larry

would ever look down upon him. In fact, Larry would support him with love and care, and most importantly, cocaine. Because he's a coke dealer. My child's godfather is a coke dealer.

And I haven't even mentioned all the great personal skills and traits that my son would pick up from my coke dealer if I were to meet my maker! Make no mistake, Larry would make sure that my little one remains academically unrivaled by other kids his age, especially in the fields of mathematics and microeconomics. As he has told me before, “Nobody's going to be able to negotiate the terms of a trade agreement or convert ounces to grams like he will! He's going to be perfect.”

Combine all of this with the fact that my little one will never be wanting for money or cocaine under Larry's watch and it's plain to see that I've chosen the perfect godparent for my child. So hear you me, new parents: If you care at all about providing a nurturing future for your child in the event of your death, you might as well just tell your family and friends to piss off — if you want your child to live a stable life of financial security with a firm authority figure once you're gone, make your favorite drug dealer your child's godparent. (Unless your dealer won't give you a discount in exchange for the honor. In that case, just pick your deadbeat cousin Karen. She just picked up a two-bedroom condo in the suburbs in an alimony agreement. She'll do.)

PRODUCT REVIEWS

Safety Alert! 6000 Duvet Covers Recalled for Containing the Spirit of the Great Pharaoh, Queen Hatshepsut

Bed, Bath, and Beyond has issued a recall of over 6,000 duvet covers due to a jarring health hazard. Hundreds of customers have reported purchasing duvet covers imbued with the soul of Pharaoh Hatshepsut. "I admit that we bought the duvet because Egyptian Cotton was written on the packaging," Brian from Utah commented, "but I just thought that was some fancy marketing language my wife would like." The United States Product Safety Commission has warned that wrapping yourself in these sheets burrito-style could result in possession, death, or even the great Pharaoh's reincarnation.



According to police reports and eyewitness accounts, Her Highness first presents herself vocally. For some, it was subtle: "When I heard moaning in the middle of the night, I thought Jan was trying something new in the bedroom. But when I turned over and saw she was still asleep, I knew something was a little off," said Jason from Montana. Others report the Queen introducing herself immediately and making a series of decrees. "Our duvet started glowing gold, which I found odd because I distinctly remember purchasing seafoam green," added Kathy from Illinois. "Then a voice started making all sorts of demands. She called me a pig and told me to stop eating Flaming Hot Cheetos in bed! All I could think was, *who is this bitch?* And...that's when she told me."

When approached for comment, the spirit of the great Pharaoh seemed more exasperated than anything else. She was particularly shocked at the state of personal hygiene. "You'd think that after thousands of years, things would've gotten a bit better," she sighed. But the Queen mentioned has mentioned being covered in toenail clippings, cookie crumbs, and nondescript bodily fluids in households across the country. This seems to be the underlying cause for her aggression, and customers still using these covers have been warned to keep things extra tidy around the house.

No injuries have been reported as of yet. Customers who have purchased these duvets are being urged to resist Hatshepsut's attempts at provocation. If your product's packaging is marked with the numbers 1507BC or 1458BC, return them to stores or drop them off at a local museum.



Easy-Baked Oven

Make dank treats with all your friends!!

Easy-Baked

remember to heat to 420 degrees before baking

Move On!

These Exes Just Will NOT Leave Each Other Alone



Getting over an ex is tough! From asking your mutual friends about them to that regretful tipsy text, we've all been there. Even though we've all spent a couple nights at the Heartbreak Hotel, none of us even hold a candle to this couple! These former flames—whom we'll call G and L for anonymity's sake—not only had a rough split, but they just will not leave each other alone! They talked to us about their nasty breakup and how hard it's been to just get on with their timeless existences.

L: I was tired of being a doormat. Just because He is the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, He thought He could push me around! The second I tried to assert myself just a little bit, He threw a fit and cast me into an eternal infernal netherplace to suffer and burn, my pain every intensifying but sweet death never coming. What a blockhead!

G: Well, excuse me for assuming that I deserved a little respect in the eternal paradise realm that I CREATED. Why don't you tell them about A and E? I finally make some friends outside of this train-wreck of a relationship (BTW, I created trains), but you just couldn't have that! Nobody invited you to our garden party.

L: Oh my fucking You, you always do this! There's more to making friends than just making them, G. She was tired of your restrictive bullshit. All you do is control people (and animals and birds and all matter that was, is, and will be). What about J, huh?

G: That was your idea! You made that a whole thing!

L: I just said, "J only likes you because you created him," and then you murdered his entire family and brought ruin upon his whole bloodline! All you do is play games.

G: Okay yes, I'm not proud of that—I was drinking a lot. But what about when you harassed my Son Self when he was studying abroad in the desert? You crossed a line.

L: That was not my fault! If I see a tall, blue eyed, ripped white dude in the middle of the Israeli desert, I'm not gonna not make a pass at him. I had no idea it was you. I guess I just... can't keep away from you for long.

G: Oh yeah? Are we doing this right now you sexy, dirty bitch?

L: We're fucking doing this.

Weird turn! At this point, L straddled G and started dry humping him furiously. I guess there really is a fine line between love and hate!



“They can say all they want about us, but only humans poop in the house.”