

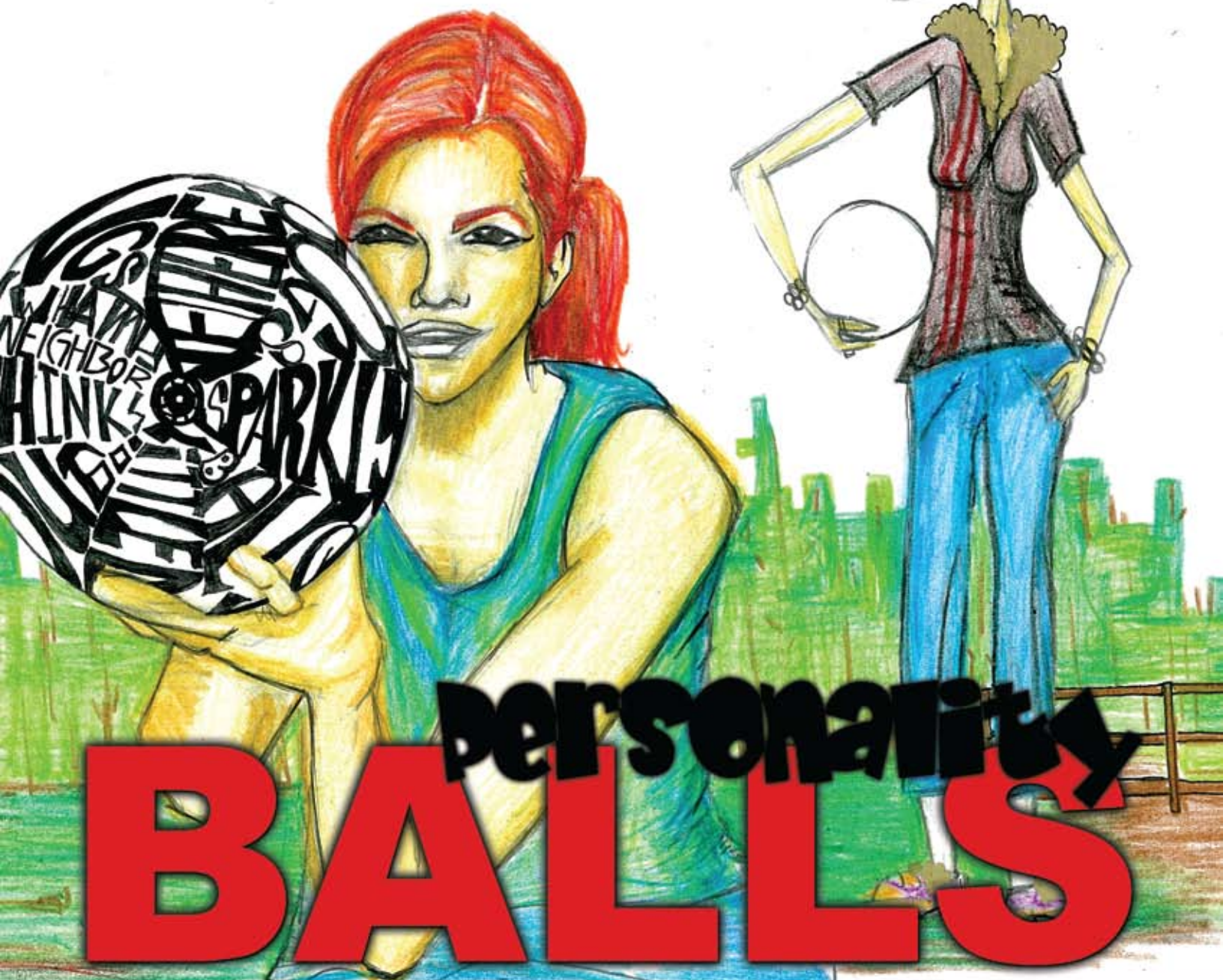
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Laborliss

Vol. 17, September 2008

MAGAZINE

A Social Publication



personality BALLS

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YOUR EDITOR

Editor in Chief of Laborliss, Cognitive-Thinking Kent



How was I supposed to tell a bunch of 8 year old kids that my thumbs didn't bend properly... there was no way I could, so their taunting scratched at me like a porcupine-skinned comforter. When I was born, both of my thumb joints got placed... shall we say... elsewhere. Therefore, when it came time for arts and crafts in elementary school, I was a little... disadvantaged. You ever tried to use a pair of scissors without bending your thumbs? I mean, it's totally doable, but the grip isn't as good and the paper dolls don't come out the same as someone else's whose thumbs bend properly. Ah, once again, Super Kentie's arch nemesis, The Dilemma Gopher, pokes his head out of your literary hero's backyard, but has the taste of Kent ever failed to meet your expectations?

Even back then, I was good—more like perfect—in all other aspects of my life, so my lackluster arts and crafts skills pierced my psyche like one of those sensitive artsy kids' stupid, oversized earrings. On an editor's side note: Despite my thumb handicap, I even found a way to successfully squeeze oranges.

At nights I was a wreck. My sister knew about this and her harassment often lead to brutal fights. She'd mischievously give me a pseudo-optimistic thumbs up (the look on her face was as see-through as a bad person in clown make up), then she'd slowly raise her arm; once her arm peaked, she'd change her expression to guileful, form a thumbs down by pronating her forearm with one aggressive motion, then drop her arm while letting out a growl/yelp only a mammal dying from a diseased kidney could make. Emotionally, the force and impact of that action was like an elevator of stolen cylinder blocks crashing onto my palette of positive feelings.

My life was an incubus. In my mind, the razzing elementary kids looked like mean-looking dancing scissors, all giving me the thumbs down. When I'd close my eyes to go to sleep, I'd see two-stepping plastic scissors with licorice arms pretending to do happy jigs with their thumbs pointed up. Then once my trust was gained, the scene would turn grisly and candy fists giving the boo sign would rain as the dancing scissors would stand in front of a dark orange canvas and give me the thumbs down.

Luckily, I used to make my own self-help tapes, so after nights of jamming out to past sessions, I discovered that all I craved from those smelly artsy kids was acceptance. See, every night, I'd spill my emotional guts into one of those big tape recorders that played cassettes, then when I felt empty, I'd go back and listen to previous sessions. My dad called them my audio diaries, but that's because he was afraid that if I labeled the process my "self-made self-help tapes," I'd turn it into a lucrative business. Going back and listening to my old thoughts allowed me to understand what I was lacking.

Looking back at it, why did I care if those artsy losers liked me? Where did their art get them? Not that it's possible, but pretend someone could consistently produce creative and entertaining material that made you think... **WHAT WOULD THAT GET THEM?** Not money or looks, that's for sure. Being cool over original thoughts for life, says Kent.

Years later, why I even cared if those sensitive artsy fruitcakes accepted me was beyond me. I turned out to be KENT, the guy who makes his own self-help tapes. And so what, I was born without thumb joints which disabled my ability to make good paper dolls, but those thumb joints got placed on my esophagus (don't ask how, they just did). So while those emotional tards were carrying around dolls, I was impressing girls by waving bye to them with my throat.



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LET'S PUT A STOP TO THIS

In life, there's always going to be "what ifs." You cannot avoid them. "What if my dad dies tomorrow?" "What if some kid named Johnny makes it his life mission to make sure he's the only Johnny in the world and he plots mass genocide against all other Johnnys because he feels he has to be 100% original?" "What if on the day I have a date with this really cute guy I've liked for a long time, I swallow my tongue and another one doesn't grow back by the time he comes to pick me up?"

What ifs are inevitable. Every time you think you've found answers to all of them, you stumble upon a mainstream media outlet that fills your head with even more. Well, to deal with this ongoing problem, we've brought on some help. We asked some very important Laborliss people to relieve some common what ifs.



WHAT IF you get a pet ferret and you name it Jerod, then you start dating this guy also named Jerod, and having the same name as your pet ferret makes him so uncomfortable that he doesn't want to see you anymore, but you still want to see him? You love the ferret, but this guy is so cool and you know he's got really cool flame tattoos all over his body. What should one do?

Tami the Tambourine says, "Hmm... tough one, but I'd have my ferret get flame tattoos, and I'd convince Jerod (the human) to let his back get furry. Then I'd tell both of them that they have things in common, and I'd use those similar interests to bring them together and have them become friends! I wouldn't want to lose either of them!"



WHAT IF all of society eventually got bored of all the font options and we searched for more, but the only person who had been developing new fonts was this really grouchy hermit guy who wouldn't give them up, but people were so fed up with all the old font choices that they started rioting?

Fifi Furfurfester says, "We'd have no choice but to get the hermit to leave his house by covertly filling it with laughing gas. Grouchy people don't like laughing, so he'd eventually leave, then we'd jump out of the trees and enter his home. While laughing, we'd ransack his home for all the fonts. When he returned, we'd bully him and make sure he understood that new fonts are

for everyone. From then on, we'd teach our children about the importance of developing new fonts and not allowing one person to control them. Font monopolies benefit no one."



WHAT IF someone started a parade and it never ended?

Richard Loston says, "I'd put my peyote dealer out of business cause that's the main reason I do peyote, so I can pretend there are parades everywhere, and if there really were, I'd stop wasting my money on them."



WHAT IF the hibernating giant who sleeps in the frozen underworld woke up and beat up all the eskimos who train penguins how to dance?

Herman Langdon says, "What if he already has? A world without dancing penguins... I could survive, could you?"

NEW PEOPLE WANT **IN**

SHOULD WE LET THEM?

By LARRY CHOVOKA, *Your Weather Guru*



The Weather Ahead

I DIDN'T RUN WITH A HERD OF DOGS while other kids were playing with frisbees for nothing. Man, would those kids get confused when, as a dog, I'd steal their frisbee. They thought I was being Larry, and a jerk, but I couldn't explain to them that I was adopting the habits of a dog because dogs can sense the weather better than humans.

For majority of my life, I've been obsessed with becoming a fortune-teller of weather. Various training practices, and not just with dogs, took place during my life. I once traveled abroad and went to this foreign village where I didn't know anyone and didn't speak the language. Upon arrival, I lowered myself into some dirty well, sat there, and studied the vibrations of the undersurface of the world. Then I studied what type of weather came the next day. I formed my own "Vibration Meteorology Formula," which I later used to have weather report battles with poser meteorologists who I felt were overpaid and got too much attention (my Vibration Meteorology Formula is now outlawed in 12 cities).

This is how I guarantee that, in an attempt to get into our community, losers have been digging underground tunnels toward Laborliss, and in result, a new person volcano is going to erupt at any moment. Combine my underground vibrational training in a foreign village well with me hanging out with dogs for years, and I know that new people in the form of lava are

live to here. Weather, Philosophy, and Psychology go hand in hand and my assumption is this: If these people are so desperate for acceptance that they're digging underground tunnels, then they will probably do anything we ask. But *what if* they do weird things that are extremely annoying... should we still accept them? *What if* they have these rank scabs on their faces?

“What if we could make balls that were made up of our personalities and we bowled or threw them at the volcano people as they entered our community?”

I don't agree with just embracing them with open arms and immediately serving them "the juice," but how about we challenge them to see if they could withstand us as people?

Dr. Chovi has spent many nights wide awake wondering about this and here is what I've come up with... *what if* we could

going to be flowing real quick. They're currently somewhere underneath us in a tunnel and their desperate acceptance energy is about to explode.

This happens every once in a while—new people trying to get into Laborliss—but never has anyone gone about it in this manner. These people probably heard about Laborliss's posh lifestyle and thought they could sneak in by digging a tunnel from where they

make balls that were made up of our personalities and we bowled or threw them at the volcano people as they entered our community? And if they made it past "us" (in the form of balls), they could stay. This sounds like a fool proof plan, but how do we make personality balls, you ask...

GIANT BLENDERS, which will be connected to machines that form what the blenders shred into balls, will be placed on Main Street. Individually, we're going to climb up the blenders' ladders and throw things that represent us into these massive blenders. Anything that describes yourself is acceptable; your toothbrush, foods you like, the person who cuts your hair, cows you've ridden, etc. A formed ball of the shred objects will shoot out the side and we'll use that ball to roll or throw at the potential newcomers as they come oozing out of the volcano.

Sounds innocent and simple, but much to our chagrin, we're not quite sure when the volcano is coming. **HOWEVER,** it is imperative we're all prepared for this evident occurrence, which if you're following means, an unknowing amount of time with your ball. No biggie, right....?

Well, one destructible problem that may arise is, while getting to know your ball, you form an emotional attachment to it. This **COULD** happen. Because your ball is going to be a round, miniature you, it'll be easy for you to believe, over time, that your ball is your baby, **BUT** this feeling is prepared for and somewhat normal. Plus, this is not a realistic option.

What if you were to ignorantly keep your ball instead of rolling or throwing it at the intruders? Reality would later set in as you were loading your dishwasher and a shirtless man with dried lava stuck in his

beard entered your home and stole all your bandanas. Who would you have to blame for your stolen bandanas? That's correct, your baby ball! For the rest of your life, every time you reached for a bandana and came up empty handed, you'd turn that disappointment onto your baby ball. So you see, balls can't be babies, that's just silly! On the contrary, it is necessary for you to get to know your ball a little bit. This way you'll get the best and fullest roll or throw. But keep in mind, emotional responsibility is imperative for this situation.

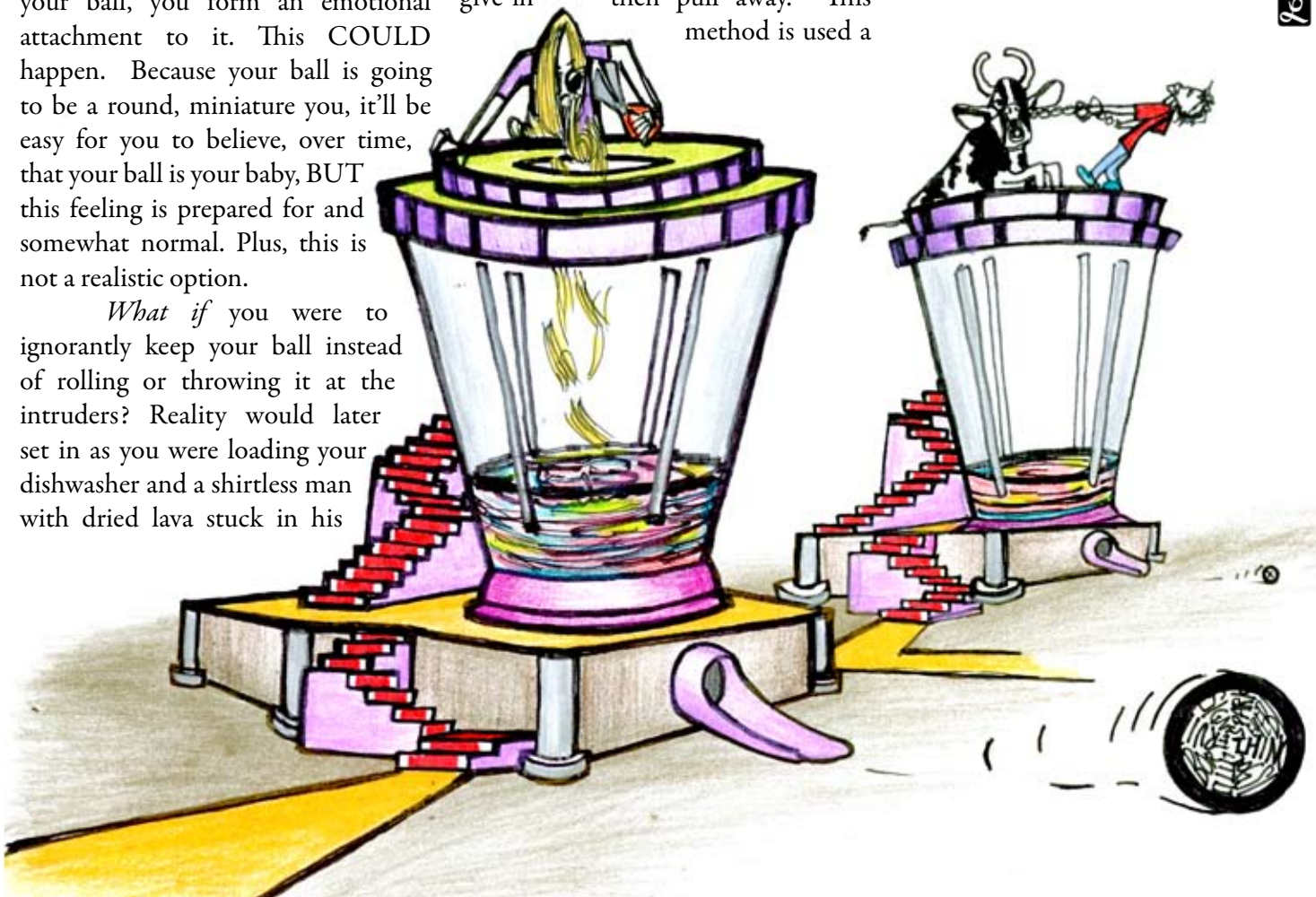
Have you ever wanted someone's attention, but only on your terms? If you have, you know how to give in then pull away. This method is used a

lot in relationships, but in case you're new to this, here's what you do:

“Because your ball is going to be a round, miniature you, it'll be easy for you to believe, over time, that your ball is your baby”

To get to know your ball, touch it; to pull away, get mad at it if for touching you. To get to know it, sleep with it; to pull away, don't talk to it the next day. To get to know it, take it out and show it a really nice time; to pull away, ignore it for at least 4 days. To get to know it, tell it it means everything to you; to pull away, let it catch you hardily laughing

with another ball. To get to know it, exchange secrets with it; to pull away, tell others those secrets when you can't come up with any other conversation topics. To get to know it, make it feel good; to pull away, make it feel bad.



THEY MUST BE TESTED!

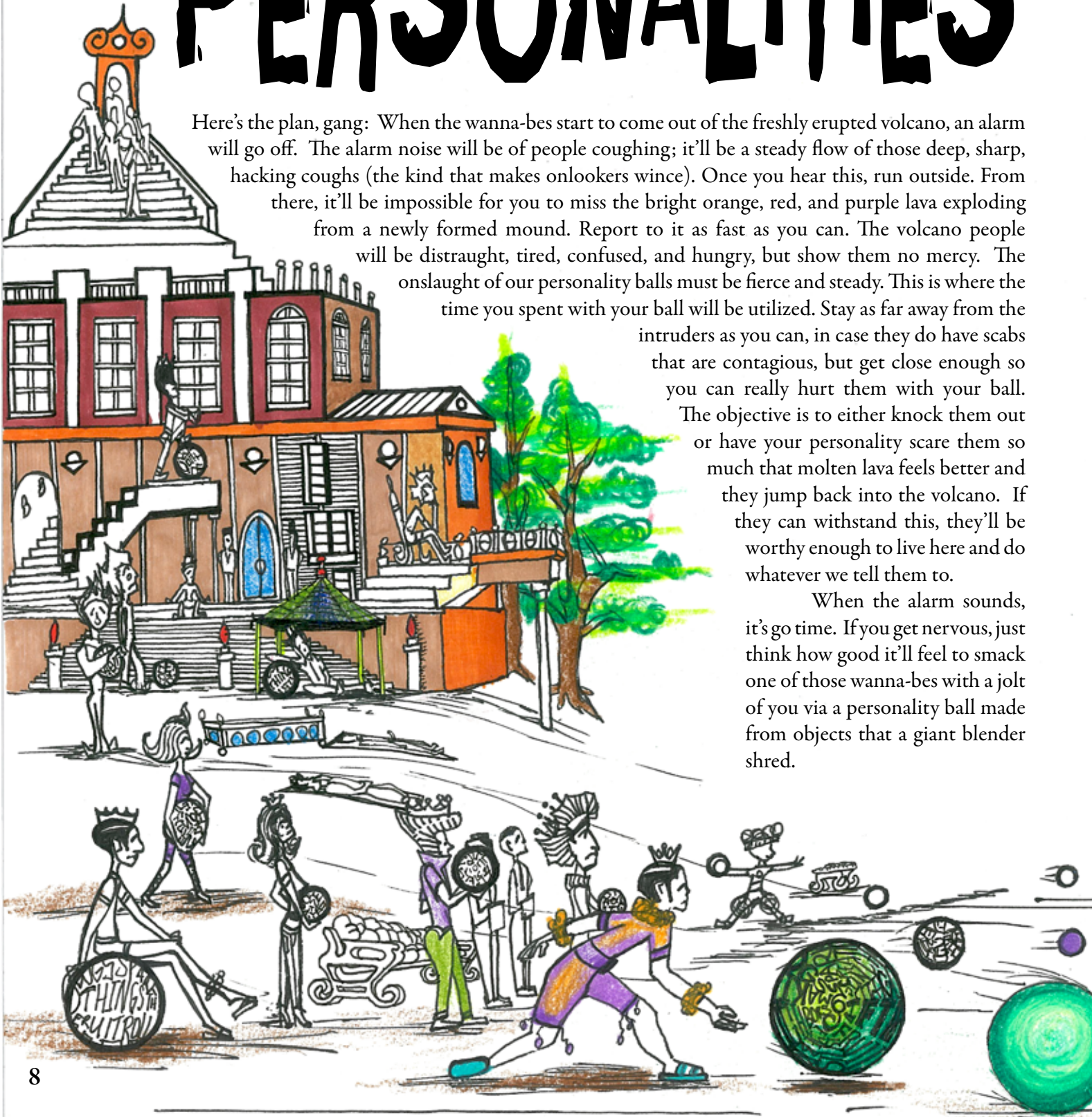
THE FATE OF OUR SOCIETY IS IN YOUR

PERSONALITIES

Here's the plan, gang: When the wanna-bes start to come out of the freshly erupted volcano, an alarm will go off. The alarm noise will be of people coughing; it'll be a steady flow of those deep, sharp, hacking coughs (the kind that makes onlookers wince). Once you hear this, run outside. From there, it'll be impossible for you to miss the bright orange, red, and purple lava exploding from a newly formed mound. Report to it as fast as you can. The volcano people will be distraught, tired, confused, and hungry, but show them no mercy. The onslaught of our personality balls must be fierce and steady. This is where the time you spent with your ball will be utilized. Stay as far away from the intruders as you can, in case they do have scabs that are contagious, but get close enough so you can really hurt them with your ball.

The objective is to either knock them out or have your personality scare them so much that molten lava feels better and they jump back into the volcano. If they can withstand this, they'll be worthy enough to live here and do whatever we tell them to.

When the alarm sounds, it's go time. If you get nervous, just think how good it'll feel to smack one of those wanna-bes with a jolt of you via a personality ball made from objects that a giant blender shred.



FOR YOUR PREPARATION, WE'VE INCLUDED SOME POSSIBLE WHAT IF'S:

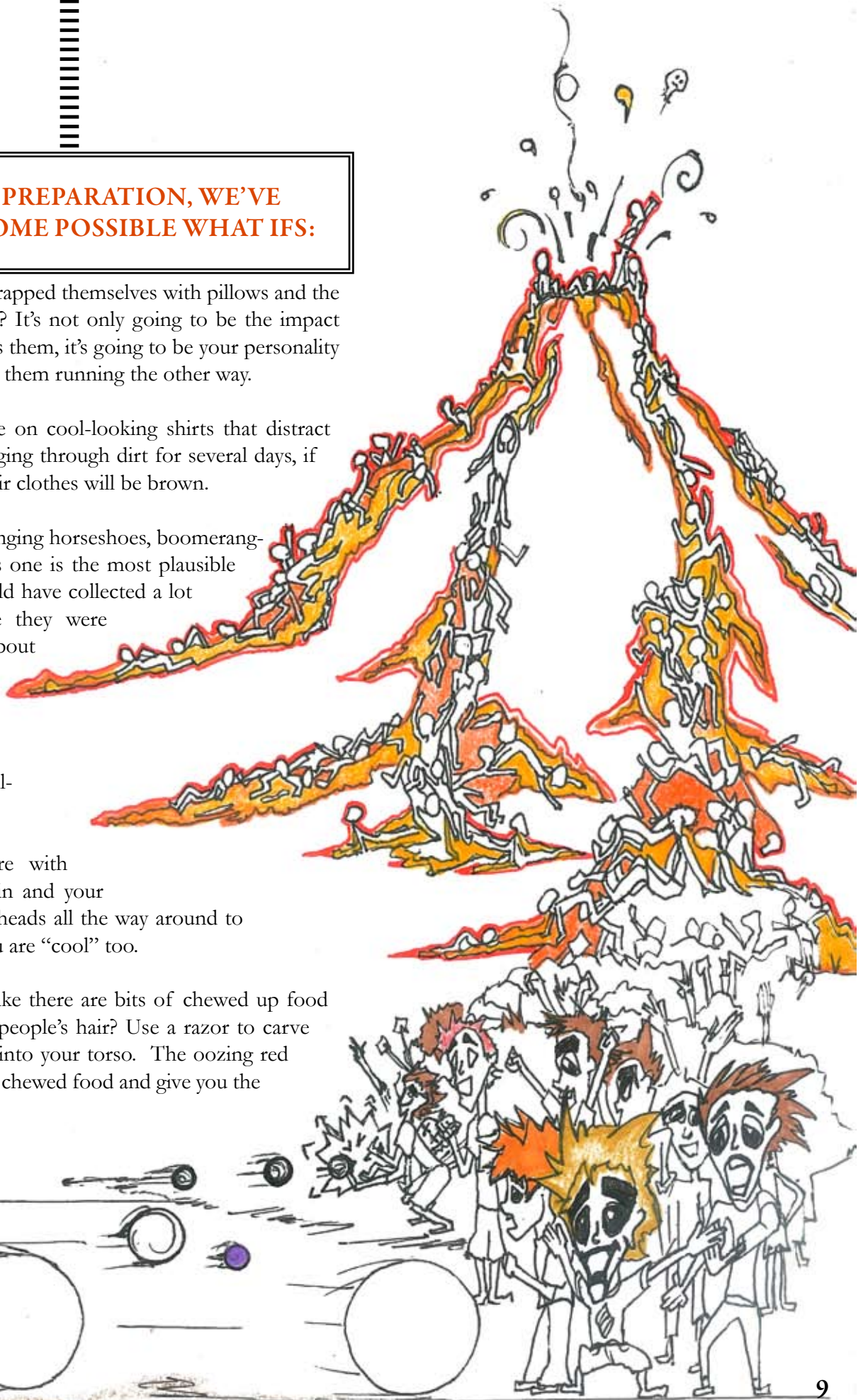
WHAT IF they've wrapped themselves with pillows and the balls don't hurt them? It's not only going to be the impact of the ball that affects them, it's going to be your personality that (hopefully) sends them running the other way.

WHAT IF they have on cool-looking shirts that distract us? They've been digging through dirt for several days, if they're not naked, their clothes will be brown.

WHAT IF they're flinging horseshoes, boomerang-style, at us? Well, this one is the most plausible just because they could have collected a lot of horseshoes while they were underground. How about a few people stand in front of the others and use their balls to deflect the oncoming horseshoes, dodgeball-style.

WHAT IF owls are with them? Ignore the pain and your spine and twist your heads all the way around to convince the owls you are "cool" too.

WHAT IF it looks like there are bits of chewed up food stuck in the volcano people's hair? Use a razor to carve "do not enter" signs into your torso. The oozing red blood will offset their chewed food and give you the weirdness advantage.



YOUR GUIDE TO BEING ACCEPTED

BY SASHI BARE, YOUR PSYCHOLOGIST

ACCEPTANCE. WHAT EXACTLY IS IT?

To conclude and to avoid any fubar, I'd like to clarify that acceptance is like being stuck in a foreign place you're not familiar with. Whatever we do to try and find acceptance is our way of making ourselves feel comfortable. Like if you were trapped in a whale's stomach or if all of a sudden you were a pelican, you'd feel anxious and you'd do things to try to get comfortable. These things we do to feel comfort are our ways of seeking acceptance. "Allow me to feel comfort," is what our convulsions are basically saying. The best thing for you to do is to do the most outlandish stuff as soon as you get into an unfamiliar area. That way your surroundings will know you are trying to adapt and they'll accept you sooner.

FOR INSTANCE:

If you found yourself in a brick cave with only caterpillars around you... you'd want to bang yourself against the wall to let the caterpillars know you weren't comfortable. Then, the caterpillars would console you by slithering all over you. This is their form of tickling. Once your body calms, slither on the ground with them until all of you feel comfortable. Wa-la, acceptance!

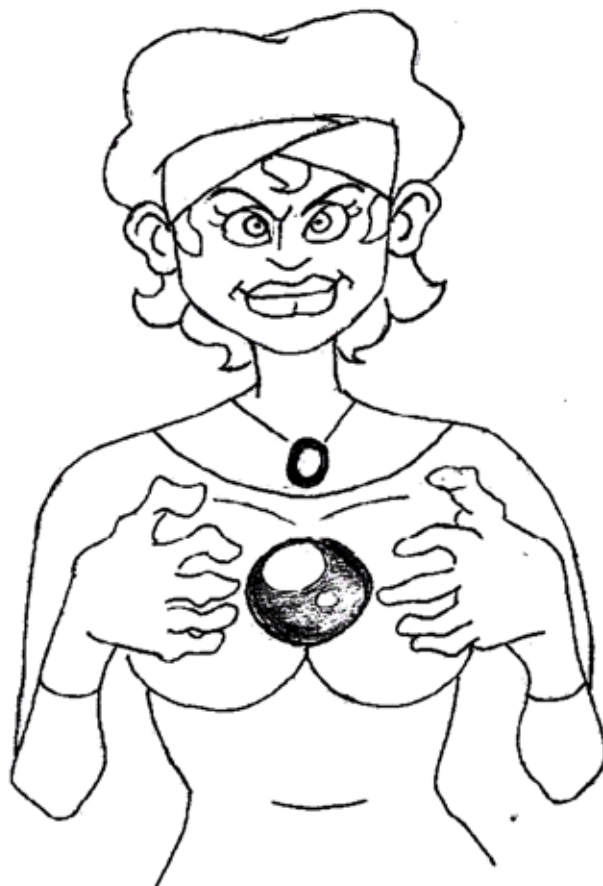
If you woke up and all your people were doing sign language... you'd first want to assume they were making fun of you, so you'd flick them off while mouthing nothing. When they persisted, you should start moving your fingers around too. Keep them constantly moving even if they cramp up. The others will know you're faking it, but your attempts to communicate with them will be flattering. After a few days, you still won't know sign language, but you'll be one of them.

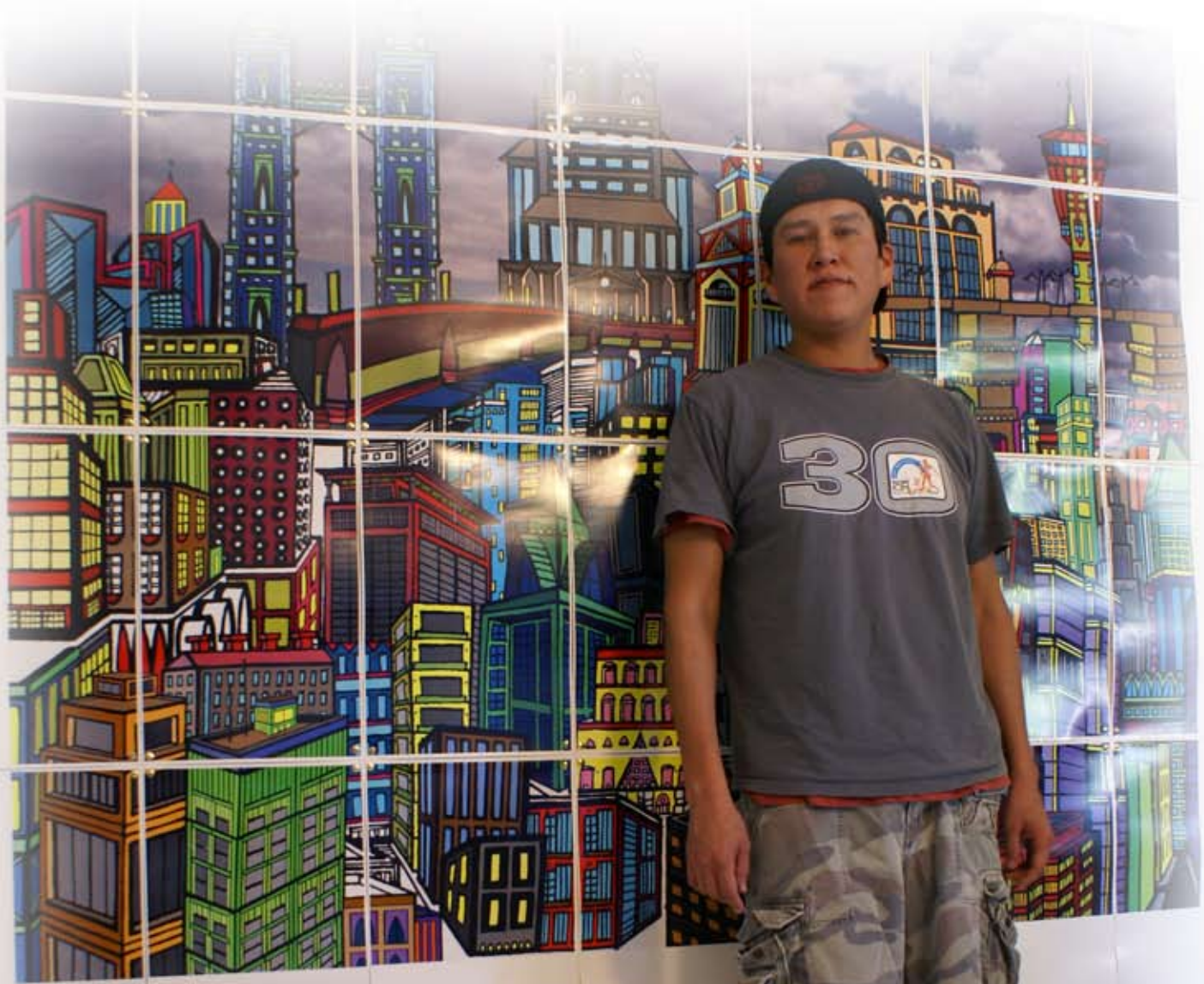
If every time you spoke your vocal chords tickled you so much that you couldn't keep from laughing... at first people would laugh with you, but eventually they're going to get mad cause they'll think you're laughing at them. While they head-butt you and stand on your throat, keep laughing. You'll need to continue laughing until they get tired and quit. Their lethargy will result in their actions

ceasing, but their rage will have no choice but to turn into frustrated laughter, then just into laughter. Once both of you are laughing, a connection of acceptance will be established.

If, while you were at an ice cream tasting party with a bunch of other people, your taste buds decided to play tricks on you and they made the ice cream taste like weeds that had gravel dust on them... the face you'd make when you tasted the ice cream would be offensive, especially if someone made the ice cream, so you'd want to bust into a mime routine and make a bunch of other faces while you ate the ice cream. Now, here's the hard part: your ice cream-eating mime routine will have to be so influential and moving that you get the others to join in. Once they're making funny faces and playing with invisible objects, you'll all be one!

I appreciate enlightening you about this. I want you to take this piece of wisdom and live by it. It will assist you in all your endeavors. By the way, this isn't my normal way of writing; I'm craving acceptance.





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