

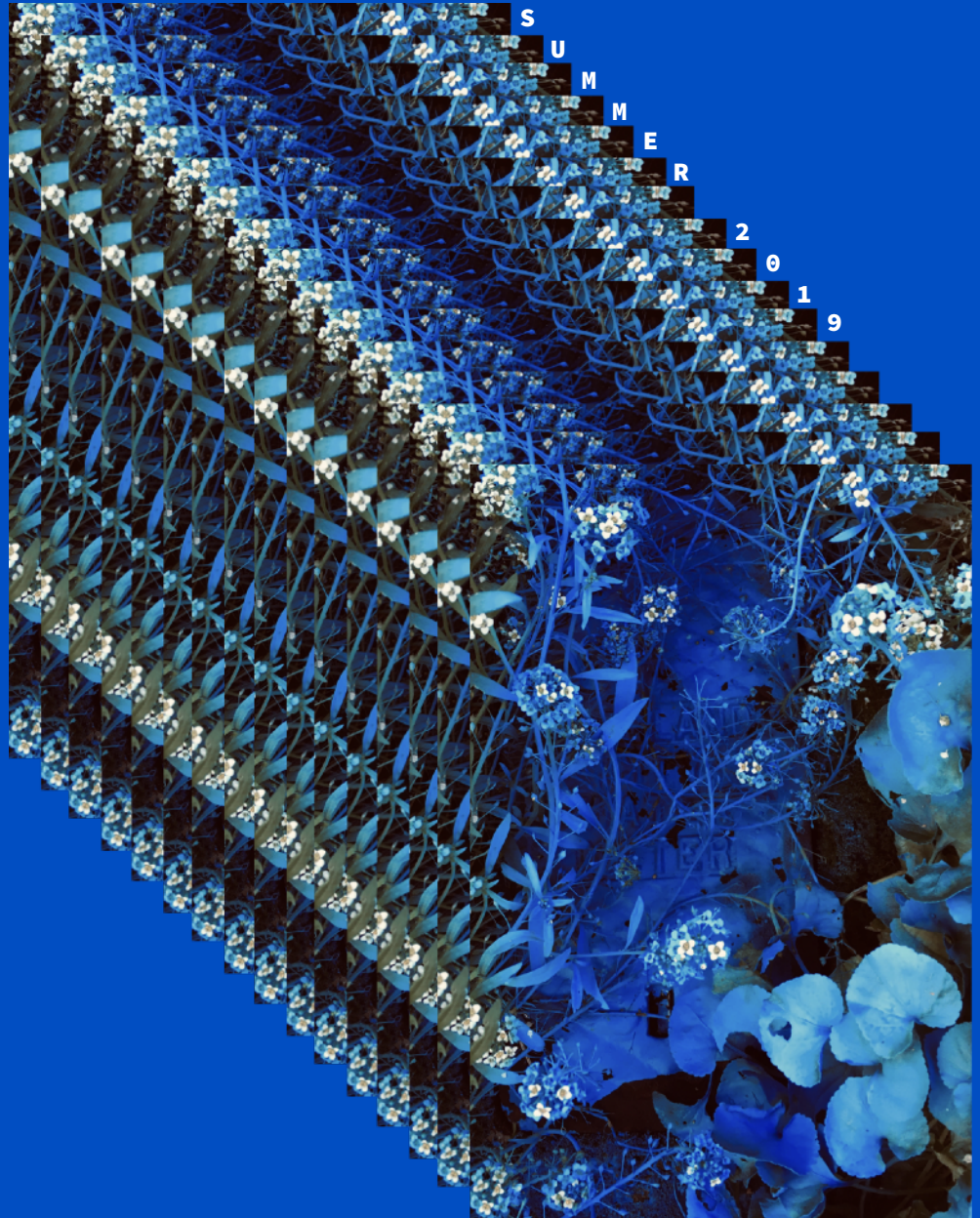
FINE PRINT

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ABOUT:

Fine Print is a humor zine designed for offline consumption in a bite-sized PDF (less than two megabytes). View it in your browser, download it to your eReader, print it out on A5 sheets, share it with the world – it's free. It's on the web. What happens next is on you.

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WHAT IS THE DARK WEB?

AN INFORMATIVE GUIDE TO THE INTERNET'S UNDERSIDE

You may have already heard about the *World Wide Web* (a computer network that was discovered in the late twentieth century), but you probably haven't heard about the *Dark Web*. It's a place where hackers, code-splicers, and iCriminals conduct their nefarious deeds. But, to understand this seedy underbelly of ones and zeros, one must first learn where it came from, and more importantly, what it wants from us.

THE SURFACE WEB

If you've opened up a computer device lately, you've probably browsed (or *surfed*) the *Surface Web*. This is a happy place where users read and politely discuss thoughtful publications and news articles. On the *Surface Web*, you'll find websites like *heinz.com* (of the Heinz line of condiments), which educates visitors about ketchup, mustard, and relish.

It is estimated that only four percent of the Internet exists in this public space.

THE DEEP WEB

Just beneath the surface, the *Deep Web* stirs. If you've ever successfully entered a Username and Password into a Web form, then you've probably descended, albeit briefly, into the *Deep Web*. Medical records, private content, and even nude photographs of people exist in this subterranean patchwork of Internet servers.

When scientists discovered the Deep Web, they instinctively shielded their eyes and cut their Ethernet cords on the spot. But that hasn't stopped certain tech-savvy types from Jacking into this Main-Frame and making use of the restricted cyberspace.

THE DARK WEB

Now is the part of the article where young children should be hurried away, because what exists even lower than the Deep Web is truly macabre. It is the *Dark Web*.

Those of us who have accidentally wandered into an R-rated film know the kind of sickness that can exist in the human soul, and it's no coincidence that every R-rated movie is filmed in the Dark Web. Gangs of cyberpunks and digital con-men rule the Dark Web's Information Superhighway of illicit content. Drugs, stolen passports, child labor, and even expired foodstuffs can be procured (tax- and regulation-free) on the Dark Web.

Few who do business in this disreputable network walk away scot-free, however, as criminal justice organizations keep an eye on all Dark Web traffic (known as *Shadow Data*) and prosecute any hacker scum they can identify. So, don't expect to saunter into this Subnet without a knock on the door by Uncle Sam, kids.

THE DANK WEB

Recently, computer researchers have discovered an even newer, even stranger phenomena of the Internet. Past the Deep Web, under the Dark Web, we find the *Dank Web* (not to be confused with the *Dunk Web*, which is just basketball videos). The Dank Web is home to all manor of GIFs, Hip-Hop

instrumentals, parkour videos, and France's finest Web design [e.g., <https://s-i-l-o.fr/>].

While its origins are unknown, the Dank Web is growing rapidly, and may soon comprise sixty nine percent of the entire Internet (a figure which is itself dank).

To access the Dank Web, a user might start by viewing several innocent Food Network videos, then he comes across a meme-dedicated Instagram account, from there he finds the personal website of a Flat-Earther (complete with manifesto), and before he knows it, the user is fully submerged in Dank Web content. He may spend hours, or even days, in this state before he comes to his senses.

The next time you visit an Internet café or Boot into your own Disc Drive, remember to try out the Internet! Just like when we were kids, and our parents didn't understand MTV, it's important for the older generations to stay in-the-know about the World Wide Web, since the kids today are all Down with the Uploads and Hip to HTTP.

But take every precaution to beware the lower parts of the 'Net, or you might find yourself Plugged into the Matrix with no way out. ▲

I'M A MASSIVE TREE AND THIS IS MY TO-DO LIST

- Live like a king in an effing huge forest. (Flex)
- Drop a hella heavy branch on a parked Subaru without warning. Haha that's always a good day.
- Spend hundreds of years getting taller than every puny little motherfucker on the planet. Hell yeah.
- Try to find a way to keep bears from rubbing all up on my trunk because that's some nonconsensual bullshit.
- Casually mention how I could crush anything if I felt like body-slamming a bitch.
- Find a nice Conifer and settle down to have a family. Psych! I don't need any of that mess.
- Collect rent from the woodland creatures that live on my branches.
- Watch a dumb human take a nap in my shade and wait for the sun to come around and roast him. Yeah, burn that fucker!
- Raise the rent and watch 'em hustle to make ends meet.

□ Inspire an amateur poem about the passage of time or some other flimsy shit.

□ Grow leaves.

□ Lose leaves. Sayonara, bitches.

□ Collect snow.

□ Drop that snow. Because fuck snow.

□ Gently sway in the breeze and let that cool air get all up in every crevice, even my naughty parts. Oh yeah, I have naughty parts. And they're huge.

□ Make a spooky creaky noise at night and inspire seriously fucked up night-terrors.

□ Try not to wince when critters use their claws to climb on my bark.

□ Pay someone to kill all woodpeckers. Every. Single. One. Of. Those. Motherfuckers.

□ Get as close to immortal as possible by defying death for centuries. That's my shit! I bet I'll still be alive a thousand years from now.

□ Go out like a bitch to a termite colony. Just kidding! It'll take a fucking chainsaw to make me bite the dust. And even then, I'll probably become a sick drum set or ship or something. ▲

LINKEDIN RECOMMENDATION

Danny works at BestBuy. He receives positive marks on every performance review. These facts are knowable because we can observe them. But who is Danny? Can any of us say we truly “know” him? His identity neither starts nor ends with this social construct we call a “career.” It’s a disservice to Danny’s uniqueness and depth for anyone to summarize his life’s work.

We all wrestle with the knowledge that we know nothing of Danny’s inner self, we can only know what we observe from the outside. (His comings and goings from the Beaverton BestBuy, his home, his preferred watering hole. And closer, we hear his voice, its timbre and tone, the trembling maw forming sounds that we perceive as language. We see the thumbs that protrude from his pockets as he walks about the salesroom, the inexplicably long trips to the bathroom. Closer still, we look into his brown eyes, we smell his distinct and pleasant odor, we may even touch him, if we are familiar, or taste his kiss, although seldom few can say they have experienced this aspect of his person. Unknown to Danny, we watch him as he interacts with his world, the equally unknowable beings around him; customers with petty questions about their home television sets, a grieving spouse who expected his return home at seven PM, a sparrow who entered Danny’s garage and must be removed because of Danny’s belief that the small bird does not belong.) However,

we're removed many times over from the thinking and feeling mind of the man – and infinitely so from the dark, unconscious drives in his very soul. Even Danny cannot fathom these ineffable and abstract yearnings that inform every moment of his life at BestBuy and beyond.

And who am I to “recommend” anyone? Why stake my personal reputation on the qualifications of another? What kind of person cares so little for their own integrity and status that they pawn off their social capital on others? Furthermore, I pity anyone who believes that my recommendation is of any value. Who am I? Can you honestly say you “know” me? Can anyone? Indeed I do not know myself. None of us can.

I believe that my LinkedIn recommendation of Danny creates an ontological paradox: for if we surely cannot know Danny (as I have inarguably presented above), and no one can know me, then how can words of affirmation from one unknowable being about another enigma be anything less than madness and ignorance? The practice of speaking about one another is the height of arrogance and betrays a wanton disregard for the beauty of life itself.

Hire Danny. Hire someone else in his place. It really doesn't matter in the grand scheme of things. But, be true – to Danny, to the world, to yourself. Be true and find others that aspire to be true. Shop at BestBuy and find this higher truth as you consult with Danny about LED backlit displays (his speciality). Or shop on Amazon and find higher truth as you push Danny's career prospects ever downward. It really doesn't matter in the grand scheme of things. ▲

THE PECULIARITIES OF THE HUMAN

The human has ruled the world for millennia, but much of its uniquenesses and biological oddities are taken for granted. After carefully studying the Human as a natural organism, one observes many such peculiarities; for instance, the Human is known to flail wildly when it finds itself in water or engulfed in flames. If it is neither drowning nor burning, the Human flails wildly in celebration of life.

The Human has developed an ingenious use of tools. It fires arrows at various game to feed and clothe itself. Sometimes it fires arrows at other Humans, if they are from another tribe or if they call it a *dipshit*. The Human is unique among creatures for its use of the straw, which it uses to slurp up alcohol that it's cleverly added to its frappuccino.

However, the Human hasn't yet mastered the common orange. It picks at the fruit with inefficient idiocy until, finally, it renders the orange naked and vulnerable (ready to give up its vibrant, juicy flesh). But, the Human has already lost its appetite in the struggle.

The Human has a tenuous grasp on its own mortality, but not of the mortality of its boss.

When the Human is young, it eats a healthy, mostly vegan diet, so that it may live a long and happy life with its friends,

family, and many sexual partners. A fully matured Human (usually about seventeen years old) ponders the deep things of life – it reads the great novelists, philosophers, researchers, and poets to enrich its mind with the finest and most cultured material before going to bed at a reasonable and early hour.

The Human despises black licorice. It exists on this world only to spite the Human.

The female Human fixates on the appearance of its hut, painting it with dyes to read *STAY OUT* and *PRIVATE PROPERTY*. The female Human's role is to make amends after its husband's thoughtless remarks at a party or if the husband accidentally eats its neighbor's dog.

The Human finds safety in numbers by joining clans, tribes, and condominium management boards. Weak Humans make sense out of their pitiful lives by practicing religion, while strong Humans do not need priests in silly costumes, or the virtue of humility, or any of that. The nations of Humankind are special in that each one is the best in the whole world.

The Human uses sharp eyesight to spot flaws in its peers, so that it may feel superior to them for a fleeting moment before falling back into its natural depressive state. Furthermore, the Human becomes *self-loathing* when it accurately estimates its abilities. The Human's tendency to fail those who depend on it the most makes the species an exquisite specimen for scientific analysis.

Interestingly, the liberal, or *leftist*, Human is not *Human* at all, but a worm gnawing at the very fabric of society with new and dangerous ideas.

The Human dresses in garments to show its personal taste. It proudly displays any visible logos, so that others may marvel at its ability to shop at a department store. Because of this, the Human is terrified of being naked around others – unless the Human is in a locker room, where it is terrified of others being naked around it.

Each night, the Human slips into an unconscious state, where it hallucinates total nonsense for hours on end. The Human survives the harrowing ordeal, but wakes with mangled hair, putrefied breath, wet sheets, and a sense of relief that all memory of that dark nocturne is gone.

Scientists estimate that the Human's place at the top of the food chain will come to a sudden, violent end shortly. ▲

I WISH I HAD AN IDENTICAL TWIN SO MUCH IT HURTS

It'd be so great to have an identical twin. But since my parents didn't make two of me, I'm stuck just wishing I could be a member of an identical duo, knowing that it's highly unlikely to ever happen.

If I had an identical twin, and I saw him out in public, I could be like, *Dang, I look good in that outfit. I should ask me where I got those pants so I can get another pair for this me.* I could even make him swap clothes with me if his outfit was better.

I would totally mess with people if I had a copy of myself — like, I'd pretend that I didn't have an identical twin at all, so it would really surprise people when he came around. They'd say, *I thought you don't have any family! I even brought you dinner when you said your last living relative had died in a freak accident involving a helicopter blade and an uneven landing pad.* And I'd say, *OH NO! My shadow has come to life! RUN AWAY!* It'd be hilarious.

Having an identical twin would be really practical, because not only would I know that there are plenty of extra organs ready if I needed them, but my body wouldn't know the difference either, because they just came from the other me.

Identical twins have that badass energy about them ... Did you ever notice how nobody with an identical twin is ever

boring, dull, or ugly? I wish I was one of those cool guys with a twin and self-confidence.

If I had an identical twin, we would get into some real shenanigans together. To start, I'd push him off a building and everyone would think I was dead. And then I'd show up with an awesome new cult because everyone would think that I'm god! I don't know if I have the attention span to write my own scriptures, but running a religion would at least be fun for a little while.

I wonder if any identical twins would be willing to let me join so we could be identical triplets? No, that's crazy. I don't have enough money to convince anybody to do that. I'll just have to keep hanging out near as many floor-to-ceiling mirrors as I can, because there's nothing like the rush of seeing myself walk around, doing the things I do.

I would be best friends with my identical twin. We would talk about how my left hand has been hurting ever since I dropped that printer/scanner/fax machine on it, and my twin would totally understand because he would be feeling the exact same thing as me, at all times.

I just wish somebody would get me, because they *are* me, you know? I would never be lonely. I would never feel scared by the daunting realities of life. I would be able to stop thinking about how we all enter this life alone and when we die, we die alone, too. I would be able to play ping-pong at any time, and my opponent would be the perfect challenger. I could finally get an honest assessment of my kissing.

Instead I just have this stupid nonidentical twin, Derek. ▲

WHEN YOUR SO-CALLED “FRIENDS” WANT TO DISCUSS LITERATURE

You’re at a social gathering when things go south. Way south. Somebody read a fucking novel or poem or some stupid shit like that. Now everybody’s conjecturing and debating and intellectually sparring all over you. They way I see it, you have several courses of action:

OPTION 1: LOUDLY PROTEST

The appeal here is to put it all out there, like Larry David’s *Larry David* character on *Curb*. I suggest kicking things off with a few rhetorical questions before coming in with your real thoughts about literary criticism.

*Are we seriously talking about Salmon fucking Rushdie right now?
That’s what we’re actually doing? “Biblical archetypes?” “Jungian
allusions?” “Implied anthropocentrism?” Do you fucking hear
yourselves?*

*And for the last time, Animal Farm is just about pigs and sheep,
nothing more, OK? If George Orwell wanted to talk about politics, he’d
write an op-ed, not a novel, you dumbfucks.*

OPTION 2: STORM OFF AND DON’T LOOK BACK

One short quip and a glamorous walk-away can say it all. If you’re up for it, hit them with one of these:

*You pathetic shitheads can talk about novels all you want because
I’m never talking to you damn fools again.*

I thought we finished school, you bookworm motherfuckers.

Herman Melville owned slaves.

Everyone will know that Herman Melville did not, in fact, own slaves. But, you'll still create lingering questions that will slowly erode his reputation. Soon, they won't know why, but *White Jacket* will just lose its appeal. Game, set, match, bitches.

OPTION 3: KILL 'EM WITH SARCASM

Yes, the radio transmitters totally are synecdochic of the theme of will and agency in Sirens of Titan. Great analysis, Trent!

The game here is to shame these pompous shitheads into submission by just proving how dumb as fuck their little theories are.

Right, so the transmitters aren't an overt literary mechanic that Vonnegut fuckin' scrapped together at the last minute to beat his point to death, they're actually a subtle nod to the homogeneity of anti-conformism and mainstream ontology alike. Your grasp of the text is AWE-INSPIRING, TRENT. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED PUBLISHING YOUR THOUGHTS IN A MONOGRAPH, TRENT? I'M SURE THE VONNEGUT ESTATE WOULD LOVE TO COMMISSION YOUR WORK, TRENT!

OPTION 4: IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, BEAT 'EM!

Physical violence is very motivating to literature buffs (no surprise there). So roll up your sleeves and dole out some good old fashioned blunt force trauma, a.k.a. pain, a.k.a. the hurtin'. ▲

HARMLESS FOODS®: THE HEALTH-FOOD BRAND AMERICA DESERVES!

At Harmless Foods®, our ingredients are simply pure, honestly simple, and purely honest. They're also simply honest and purely simple, not to mention honestly pure.

We believe that food starts at the source, because there's literally nowhere else to begin. Harmless Foods is so much more than just farm to table – in fact, the farm to table community *wishes* they had the kind of all-natural, consumer-direct sources that we do. Don't be surprised if you have to dust off your Harmless Foods snack or even flick away a few bugs, because we're so organic that it's not even safe to consume.

When we say that Harmless Foods are *guilt-free*, we mean it! We've been acquitted in over twenty criminal cases, and we feel pretty good about the one we're involved in right now.

Our founder, Nolán Harmless, started with little more than a dream in his heart. That, and a desire to financially profit off a wealthy and undiscerning consumer. He started putting together the first Harmless Foods *Just Grass* raw snacks with a pair of scissors and a sandwich bag in his next-door neighbor's yard! Now, we harvest our lawn clippings from the world's finest soil; which happens to be in the Harmless Foods free-range maximum-security compound!

It might surprise you to learn that our fair-trade, raw, organic, vegan, gluten-free, nut-less, anti-antioxidant, cruelty-lite, almost unpasteurized, probiotic-positive *Free-Range Pork Bites with Goat Yogurt Dippin' Sauce* is actually kosher – but it's true!

The Harmless Foods co-op operates on the principles of love, sustainability, and good old-fashioned communism. We pledge to overthrow democracy with our irresistible treats!

Have you tried our line of plant-based smoothies? We have deliciously cryptic flavors like *Enlightenment (with 10mg Insight boost)*, *Frothy Fortitude Sunrise*, and *Smooth Move Prune* (now faster-acting). They're all equally disgusting – which many people interpret to be a sign of wholesome nutritiousness!

Each morning at the Harmless Foods co-op, we thank Mother Earth for birthing the bounty of fresh produce that we pluck from her soil. We also thank our moms, for birthing the bounty of Harmless Foods employees who, in turn, tend to Mother Earth's bounty. This reminds us, if you're interested in a career at Harmless Foods, send us your résumé! We need help on the farm with all the accidental deaths around here.

So, next time you go to your local artisanal food shop or personal health-snack-monger, reach for Harmless Foods: *the brand with the high price and small size!* ▲

UNDERARMOR® PERFORMANCE FORMALWEAR™ MARKETING CAMPAIGN

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ACHIEVE.

DOMINATE.

DESTROY.

Guys like you don't need a pep-talk because alpha dogs get things done. You're an MVP on the field and in the boardroom, and the new UnderArmor *Blazin' Blazer*™ is your jersey. It's the only business jacket that's made from spandex to accentuate your biceps at all times.

HUSTLE.

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You know that rules were made to be broken, so you do what it takes to get ahead. Sure, there's a trail of bodies in your wake, but we can't all be winners. At least you look legit in the UnderArmor *Pitch Black*™ series necktie (available in clip-on and velcro).

TESTIFY.

CORROBORATE.

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When one of your boys goes down, you take the stand and clear his name. The stakes couldn't be higher, but you know you'll charm the jury in UnderArmor's patented *PitStopper™* sweat-repelling Action Button-up. The collar folds out into a hood, so you can go straight from your morning workout to your deposition.

SCAVENGE.

BEG.

HUDDLE.

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Sometimes an investment doesn't pan out – or somebody squeals to the cops before you can cash out. Either way, when life gets you down, you go even lower and power through. That's why the new UnderArmor *Pure Power™* business slacks come with an optional diaper insert. Plus, your thundering calves never looked better than while you're hunkering down for warmth under the bridge.

CROAK.

DESIST.

CADAVERIZE.

DIE.

Inspire, even while you expire — because going out in a blaze of glory is the only way to do it. You'll be dressed to impress from your casket with UnderArmor's *AnkleForce*[™] argyle socks with state-of-the-art *TOEGuard*[™] Technology. They'll still be talking about your legendary professional badass style even months after your passing.

UnderArmor's Performance Formalwear line is available now. Find it at the mostly abandoned mall off any big rural highway. ▲