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## ABOUT:

*Fine Print* is a humor zine designed for offline consumption in a bite-sized PDF (less than two megabytes). If Issue 3 doesn't completely change your life, I will refund the purchase – just send an email to [hi@petermrichardson.com](mailto:hi@petermrichardson.com) with the subject line *Hate Mail*.

Thanks to Alyssarhaye Graciano and Anne Berg for their help with translations.

For more, visit [petermrichardson.com/fine-print](http://petermrichardson.com/fine-print).

## GOSH, I'M SUCH A KLUTZ!

Geez, I should have *known* I'd spill my drink on this rug. I get so flustered sometimes and then, *Oops! There it goes*, ya know? I just can't be trusted if there's *anything* around.

I'm always doing *something like this*. Let me clean this up – no really, allow me, it's my fault anyway. Hey, at least I stick around to clean up afterward, *HAHAHA!*

Shoot! Now I spilled that, too. Darn it, I'm so sorry. But, *you know me*, always making things worse. We shouldn't be surprised, though. It's like, *Here I come, everybody watch out!* I bet people know when I've been someplace just from the mess that gets left behind.

People say, *Hey, don't beat yourself up* – but I can't help it. Literally! I gave myself a black eye once. I hit my own head with my coffee mug. I said, *You should've seen the other guy! HE'S A TRAVEL MUG!*

It's good to be able to laugh at ourselves sometimes, huh? That's what I say, and I'm a *hoot*. They should make a TV show about me, always bumbling around and dropping things. Like *The Three Stooges*, but it's just me, and my name's Pat. *The One Pat*.

Have I shown you my new phone? It's right here – *woah – agh – hrngg – ahhh!* Down it goes. I need a better case for this thing, I've dropped it so many times since I got it. Well

anyway, here it is. It can answer questions if I just say them out loud, like, *Why do I ruin every good thing that comes into my life?* It just Googled it. Well I could have just done that, smart phone, sheesh.

Hey, maybe I should start calling it a *not-so-smart* phone, or a *dumb* phone, or a *Pat* phone, HAHAHAHA! I'm just kidding, of course. You know I took honors social studies in high school – and I would've passed, too, if I hadn't spilled Diet Coke *all* over my final essay.

You should have seen me when I had my arm in a cast. I was bumping over vases and drinking glasses and laptop computers ... I was a *real* menace! It took six weeks before the doctor took it off. *Right* as I was getting used to the thing. But, that's how it goes for me. HAHAHA!

Well, I just realized how rude I've been, going on and on about myself, when there you are probably like, *Hey, Pat! Earth to Pat! Maybe I have something to say, too!* HAHAHA! I have such a habit of talking and talking *and talking* and then I realize how much of a conversation hog I've been.

You know, I am a really good listener, unless I get distracted. But *that's just me!* Always wandering around with my thoughts until – *BAM*, I walk into a door or trip over something.

I just love the view from way up here. Almost makes me forget all about myself. *ALMOST!* Seems like a bad idea to let a klutz like me onto a rooftop patio, who knows *what* kind of damage I could do! Do you think we can find my apartment building? Wait, which way is north? Which direction do I live in? Is it ... that way? Or ... *over there?* Maybe down here – *WO-WO-WOAH!!* AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHH HHHHHHHhhh hhHHH Hh hhhh hhH H hh ▲

# ESSENTIAL NATIVE PHRASES FOR YOUR NEXT TRIP THROUGH EUROPE

Traveling isn't easy with a language barrier, so I've done all the hard work for you. The following key phrases aren't your typical niceties – no, the real Europe is so much more than that. You'll do well to memorize every single one of these life-savers so there's no awkward pauses. In fact, you'll blend right in with the locals!

## FRENCH

*Je ne veux rien entendre de cette musique.*

**I don't want to hear any of this music.**

*Quelqu'un me fait sortir ça de mon chemin.*

**Someone get this out of my way.**

*Tout ce maquillage ne cache rien.*

**All that makeup isn't hiding anything.**

*S'il s'agit vraiment d'une zone non-fumeur, vous devrez faire un meilleur travail pour me faire partir.*

**If this really is a non-smoking area, you're going to need to do a better job of getting me to leave.**

*Marche plus vite, vieux!*

**Walk faster, old man!**

*Désolé d'être en retard, j'essayais de te laisser le plus de temps possible.*

**Sorry I'm late, I was trying to get as much time as possible away from you.**

*Pourquoi voudrais-je votre autographe?*

**Why would I want your autograph?**

*Vous devez être le seul dresseur de chiens plus bête que les chiens.*

**You must be the only dog-trainer dumber than the dogs.**

*Je déteste ce livre et je te déteste.*

**I hate that book and I hate you.**

*Voir vous-même.*

**See yourself out.**

*Est-ce que j'ai l'air amusé?*

**Do I look amused?**

*Quelqu'un doit faire quelque chose à propos de ces oiseaux chanteurs odieux.*

**Somebody needs to do something about these obnoxious songbirds.**

*J'ai dit «glace légère!»*

**I said 'light ice!'**

*Je demande à mon membre du Congrès de rendre illégal ce que vous faites.*

**I'm petitioning my congressman to make what you're doing illegal.**

## **GERMAN**

*Ich versuche zu schlafen.*

**I'm trying to sleep.**

*Entschuldigen Sie, dass ich nicht weiß, dass dieses Auto bereits jemandem gehört hat.*

**Well, excuse me for not knowing that this car already belonged to someone.**

*Meine Augen sind hier unten, du Affe.*

**My eyes are down here, you ape.**

*Ich bin auf nichts allergisch, ich weigere mich nur, diesen Müll zu essen.*

**I'm not allergic to anything, I just refuse to eat this trash.**

*Also bist du damit einverstanden? Du bist wirklich ein Schwächling.*

**So you're just cool with that? You really are a pushover.**

Fein! Ich gehe ... Ja, ich werde die Vase zurückstellen.

**Fine! I'm leaving ... Yes, I'll put the vase back.**

Dies ist eine traurige Entschuldigung für die Gastfreundschaft.

**Well this is a sad excuse for hospitality.**

Ich kann Sie nicht ernst nehmen, bis ich eine Waffe sehe, Offizier.

**I can't take you seriously until I see a gun, officer.**

Es ist mir egal, wie viel es kostet, hol das Klavier so schnell wie möglich hier raus!

**I don't care how much it costs, just get this piano out of here as fast as possible!**

Lassen Sie mich raten: Sie konnten es nicht herausfinden? Dummkopf!

**Let me guess: you couldn't figure it out? Idiot!**

Bringen Sie eine Gitarre mit und spielen Sie sie in diesem urkomischen lokalen Stil.

**Bring a guitar and play it in that hilarious local style.**

Ich habe einen sehr schlechten Tag!

**I'm having a very bad day!**

Wenn meine Haare jemals so aussehen wie deine, erinnere mich daran, mich umzubringen.

**If my hair ever ends up like yours, remind me to kill myself.**

Boo hoo! Es sieht so aus, als würde jemand seinen Fuß nicht gerne überfahren.

**Boo hoo! Looks like somebody doesn't like getting their foot run over.**

## **SPANISH**

*Limpia este tiradero.*

**Clean up this mess.**

*¿Puedes abrir algunas ventanas? Me estoy tirando muchos pedos aquí.*

**Can you crack some windows? I'm farting up a storm in here.**

*Saca estos niños de la piscina, me gustaría nadar ahorita.*

**Make these children get out of the pool, I want to swim now.**

*Supongo que usas drogas. ¿Puedo tener el número de su distribuidor?*

**I'm guessing that you do drugs — so can I have your dealer's number?**

*No vine en avión desde América para lidiar con está mierda.*

**I didn't fly all the way here from America to deal with this bullshit.**

*¡No me pongas esa cara!*

**Don't make that face at me!**

*Enfermera, con el debido respeto, no eres doctor para dar me tu opinión.*

**Nurse, with all due respect, you're not a doctor.**

*¿Cómo es este un restaurante de mariscos si no sirves sopa de almejas?*

**How is this a seafood restaurant if you don't serve chowder?**

*Entonces tengo dedos pegajosos. ¡Demándame!*

**So I have sticky fingers. Sue me!**

*¿Dónde están todos los deportes normales?*

**Where are all the normal sports?**

*Ahorita no es el tiempo para conservar la vodka.*

**Now's not the time to be conservative with that vodka.**

*Si te digo, tienes que prometer que no te enojarás.*

**If I tell you, you have to promise not to be mad.**

*¡Los guardias de seguridad me destacó!*

**The security guards singled me out!**

*Guau, que horrible es tu jardín.*

**Wow, your garden sucks. ▲**



# BUYING A HOME IN 2019

## A STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE

There's an old saying that goes: *owners are winners, but renters die happy*. Now, I can't even begin to guess what that means, but I think it has to do with buying a house maybe. (OK, thought-provoking introduction: check.)

Here are the four steps you'll need to land your dream home:

### **1. DECIDE IF A HOUSE IS RIGHT FOR YOU.**

Owning property is not for everyone, and some intense soul-searching is in order before anything else. Ask yourself:

- Am I ready to settle down in one place?
- Am I fifty years old yet?
- Can I learn to control my impulse to start house fires?
- How do I feel about yard work, and can I afford to pay someone else to do it?

These hard questions take time. So, after like a minute or so, you should be pretty much good to go.

### **2. GET RICH**

Getting a mortgage is the most stressful, agonizing bullshit you'll probably ever endure in this cruel world. The bank will crush your soul, take your money, and leave you a hollow shell of your former self. So let's get to it!

Your first step is the down payment. A *down payment* is a cash lump sum that your parents provide so the bank knows you're serious about this whole thing.

Then, you need to determine how much you can afford to pay monthly on a mortgage. If it's anything less than \$5,000, go back to the slums and eat trash.

### **3. FIND THE PERFECT HOME**

You can't just buy any old house, silly! You have to convince the right homeowner to sell by threatening them with violence or blackmail. Or, you could play it like a spineless little bitch and just wait for folks to sell on their own. If that's you, go fuck yourself. Why are you even reading this article? I bet you live in the suburbs.

Finding the perfect house is like being a panther in the jungle. You're on the hunt — but you must wait for your opportunity. Patience is your weapon. You climb onto a long branch over a trail. Stay low, hold still, and cast your gaze upwind. Eventually, a villager will wander through and BAM! You're eating well, my friend. What are we talking about again?

### **4. BUY NEW STUFF**

The vibe of your new abode should be reflected in the items that you get to fill the place up. Your old stuff is ... *old*. You need new stuff, fresh stuff; clean, expensive stuff. I'm not just talking about furniture either — you need new heirlooms, new keepsakes, new family photos that fit the energy of your new space.

This is where hiring an interior decorator comes in. You'll also want to commission an artist, hire a priest to bless the

home, call up a DJ to create a custom mix, a sommelier to select the perfect libation to complement the architecture, and many other specialists, tradespeople, and artisans.

## **5. LIVE OUT YOUR DAYS**

Now that you're all moved in and settled, all that's left is to die! Great work! Pat yourself on the back and prepare to meet your maker. ▲

# CLASSIFIEDS: GROWING BUSINESS SEEKING AN EXPERIENCED 'JAKE'

*Howard Systems is seeking a replacement for Jake, who was recently removed from our organization, leaving an opening for a go-getting team-player like you!*

**Howard Systems, L.L.C.** is a family-owned firm located in the heart of Portland! We specialize in analyzing projected systemization patterns for key-term market viability, which we've been doing since 1992. Until recently, Jake was a fixture in our small company. But, due to unforeseen circumstances, Jake has been terminated and is awaiting trial in the county court system.

## **ROLES & RESPONSIBILITIES:**

- Knowing how to fix the office computers.
- Remembering all of our clients' names.
- Locating old paperwork from before we digitized.
- Putting out fires (probably not literal flames, but Jake would roll his eyes and say he had been doing this all day).
- Being the life of the party at after-work events.
- Showing up before anyone else and making coffee.

We're unsure if Jake had a traditional title during his time at Howard Systems, and he's the only one who would know where that kind of information is kept. If you're the kind of person that can dig up old personnel files, this position may be a great fit for you!

Jake always said, *it's quicker to explain what I don't do here*. So we're looking for whatever that means.

### **PREREQUISITES:**

- Ten years professional experience making everyone smile as you rattle off personal nicknames for everyone in the office.
- Familiarity with important company details for daily troubleshooting.
- Strong opinions on which area restaurants have the best french fries.
- Ability to perform daily anecdotes of your college days or your house cat, Rex.
- A large collection of knickknacks and conversation pieces with which to decorate your desk and office.
- Preferably the first name *Jake*.
- Ability to give extra attention to young new hires, possibly involving nights and weekends.

### **OTHER QUALIFICATIONS:**

No criminal history of embezzlement, patterns of retaliatory gossip, or (and this is key) *accusations of sexual harassment* in your work history.

We've learned to take white-collar crime and ethical violations seriously after our prior Jake was found to be guilty of several indiscretions, ranging in severity from immoral all the way to criminal.

**COMPENSATION & BENEFITS:**

- We estimate that Jake made a salary somewhere between \$30,000 and \$250,000, based on conflicting reports of the quality of his nearby home.
- Fifteen vacation and ten sick days annually, although Jake never got sick or left for a holiday.
- First dibs on food left in the refrigerator on Friday afternoons.
- Health benefits (you'll have to tell us what is covered, as Jake was the only one who spoke with our medical insurance provider).
- A reserved parking space that reads JAKE in place of a number on the asphalt.
- All items left in Jake's office after his forced removal from the premises. Bring your own cleaning supplies.

Interested applicants may send an email to [jobs@howardsystemsllc.com](mailto:jobs@howardsystemsllc.com)

However, no currently-employed Howard associates are in possession of the password to this email address, so a hand-delivered hardcopy would be expedient. We appreciate your

patience in this difficult time for all of us at Howard Systems. ▲

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# MEMO (RE: RUMORS AND OPINIONS)

Happy Tuesday everyone!

It has come to my attention that some of our veteran staff have been spreading rumors about this organization *and its leadership*. Aside from making me feel **personally hurt** and even **attacked**, these spurious claims are only a distraction from our goals for

(1) a strong quarter

(2) a **robust integration** with our partner operators.

We've been on an **incredible journey together** over the last few years and it's a *real shame* that some of you look at that **journey** and *crap all over it* with negativity and baseless opinions (*sorry for my language* but it had to be said).

I don't even know **how** it's possible to believe some of the things that are being said behind closed doors – but I *found out* about those things **so now we can address them**.

Some of you are characterizing our first CEO, Blake, who served from 2014 until earlier this year, as an "incompetent" *buffoon*.

**This is not fair.**

Blake was doing his best to lead this company **despite** having a background in sales rather than software development or

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leadership of any kind. So *it's understandable* that he was more of a “lone wolf” than a “team player.”

But that's what we all loved about Blake! Right? Didn't you guys all love him so much? I know I did.

This brings me to **the elephant in the room.**

Yes, it's true that a **personal emergency** required Blake to step away.

While his reasons for opting *not* to return after handling what **must have been** a desperate and trying situation are unknown, as is the nature of the *emergency*, we owe him our best guesses as to what must have happened in his personal life – rather than *assuming the worst* about his reasons for leaving.

*Maybe*, and I'm only speculating here, but **maybe** Blake had to step away to engage in protracted negotiations between rival family members and their lawyers.

**Perhaps** (remember that I'm just throwing out a guess), perhaps he didn't feel comfortable telling us that *maybe* (still conjecturing) his late grandmother was *incredibly wealthy*, but had her finances wrapped up in an embarrassing scheme of indelicate investments.

*Maybe* she was business partners with a Russian oligarch?

What if she funded a pornography production company?

Fracking? Coal mining?

She could have owned stock in **big tobacco**.

**We don't know.** We'll probably never know.

Now, I made all this up for the sake of argument, but it would, **hypothetically**, explain why he couldn't tell us anything about his departure AND ALSO why he wouldn't be able to return to his post in a reasonable length of time.

If I can throw out another postulation, it's totally conceivable that Blake had to return to some sort of secret government service to clean up a messy and, I don't know, **confidential** (?) state of affairs.

Again, **wild speculation**, but it does explain the time-sensitive and secretive nature of his mysterious departure.

For the sake of argument, it **could be (COULD be)** that Blake witnessed the execution of an important crime-lord over the weekend before he left. So, in this scenario, he'd simply **have** to be whisked away as part of the witness protection process. *If* this happened (and I'm obviously not saying that it did), then there'd be **no way** he could return to his former life as CEO of our promising venture after something like that!

(To recap, I'm not saying that this happened or that we even have gang wars in our area or the area around Blake's home, but who knows? Maybe. Maybe.)

All that I am saying is that there are **tons** of reasons that **might** explain why he was bad at his job and then vanished. NOT THAT HE WAS bad at his job, per se.

He travelled a lot, sure, and he said **some** questionable things in cross-team meetings that betrayed an ignorance of the workings of our technology and organization. But he **really** cared about each and every one of us. Remember how he would say that during all-company meetings? He would say, *I'm grateful for each and every one of you guys.*

**So let's remember him that way.**

Alright, we handled that. But another rumor that's circulating is that we don't value our veteran staff and the expertise they exhibited when they **got this product off the ground** and profitable.

**THIS IS PATENTLY FALSE.**

We appreciate the “tenacity” and “intuition” of our early team members, but we just **cannot** CONTINUE letting you make decisions now that we can afford to bring in folks with outside experience!

**IMAGINE** the wisdom that these **new** people must have – I mean, if they were willing to **leave** presumably great careers and take a pay cut to come here, they either **believe strongly that we have what it takes** or they burned a lot of bridges at the companies where they worked before. And I choose to believe the former, don't you?

And, yes, it's true that the “blue-sky” ambition of our early days has changed **in favor of** excruciatingly structured checklists. In fact, I had to go through one of those checklists before sending this memo, and I'm the VP of People, so you know that **I'm sympathizing with you now**.

And it's true that the **new** staff are more comfortable hunting down **any tangible detail** rather than thinking big-picture about our **goals** (**strong quarter** / operator integration). But that's what we had to do to pound out the **lack of accountability** that we had in the old days. Necessary evil, guys. That's life, OK?

You might ask, *Why are we changing anything from what got us this far?* And the answer to that question is complicated so I won't go into it.

Well, OK, we can't **trust** people to make their own judgments (**no offense** to your judgments), but the organization is too big for the leaders to actually do the work.

So (*here's where it all comes together*), **so we need you guys to go out there and do what you do best**, but check back in with us at every turning point so we can look over your work and *iron* out any bold flourishes of wit or personality.

I know that working here isn't always "fun" or "rewarding," but lots of people have hard jobs where they roll up their sleeves and *make money* for themselves. That's us now (*keeping it real here*), and I couldn't be more proud of this team for the work that we do.

**Don't you guys wake up everyday and say WOW I get to be VP?** (Obviously only I'm VP, but you can substitute your title in.)

I'm living a longtime dream here, and I think I speak for everyone when I say we're all in shock that this has actually worked out – to be VP even after that large firm failed in the nineties and I thought my career was over. **Or whatever your background is, too.**

So let's **cut it out** with the rumors about the early days or the opinions about the new direction of the company, alright? Count your blessings here and don't count little problems along the way, because **what does that even accomplish?** Thanks. ▲

# FOUND ANIMAL

**NEIGHBORHOOD BULLETIN: IF YOUR CREATURE HAS GONE MISSING & FITS THIS DESCRIPTION, CONTACT ME ASAP AT 249-3267**

- Speckled fur; sharp, beady eyes; temper to match large claws
- Responds to the name “Perry”
- Seems to enjoy eating carpet and shrimp scampi
- Walks on hind legs and performs circus tricks
- Intensely territorial (I am now unable to use my guest bathroom)
- Dislikes having its tail pulled for some reason (?)
- Kid-friendly, almost to a fault
- Attempts to mate with frying pans
- Excellent rhythm when presented with a tango or waltz
- Ability to climb walls and sleep while hanging from ceiling

- Compulsively cleans nether-regions, private parts, and genitalia, sometimes all at the same time
- Prefers “alone time” over conversations about feelings
- Endearing smile, dreamy eyes, and shapely physique
- Lacks self-discipline
- Call me crazy, but I think this bitch is racist! Fuck that
- Fur repels many tomato-based soups & sauces
- Definitely a Sagittarius – stay away when Mercury enters retrograde
- Probably not a goat, but loves hearing goat noises
- Has a habit of flaying things open from the abdomen – which tends to kill things
- Has a throaty, guttural call a *la* “Chewbacca” from The Star Trek
- Taking things slow after a messy breakup
- Sprints a quarter mile in a respectable fifty seconds
- Mood swings cross a spectrum from cantankerous to incredulous
- Mesmerized by a piece of tin foil which it keeps in a marsupial pouch

- Able to be subdued with grizzly bear-strength pepper spray
- Resents the polarized American electorate (i.e., a spineless fuckin' moderate, am I right?)
- NOT a fan of pineapple on pizza
- Interested in the litter box for all the wrong reasons

**IF THIS ORGANISM BELONGS TO YOU, CALL 249-3267 TO ARRANGE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY AS A REWARD FOR SAFE RETURN – OR PERRY GETS IT, UNDERSTAND? ▲**

## BALLOT MEASURE 126-5

### THE LEAGUE OF LIBTARDS URGES YOU TO VOTE “YES” ON MEASURE 126-5!

As proponents of an élitist liberal agenda, we need your vote to help us ruin America! Ballot measure 126-5, or the *Freedom Revocation Bill*, is a crucial step in our Master Plan to make life in America miserable for every good and decent person.

Measure 126-5 is approved by Ivy League scholars (educated beyond their intelligence), common-sense denying scientists, and defense attorneys on both coasts!

Average, working-class Americans wouldn't understand the genius of measure 126-5, which gives money to illegal immigrants and outlaws everything from BB guns to the Bible. Measure 126-5 also ensures that evil, job-creating corporations are taxed so severely that they regret ever doing business in this country.

As flaming leftist pinkos, we can agree that public school teachers should instruct children about the joys of cross-dressing, veganism, and disrespecting veterans. We agree that open borders and open prisons are a basic human right. We agree that overpopulation is threatening the environment, and death camps are the only solution. We agree that if you don't wear glasses, you're eligible for a free trip to a death camp.



Everyone who votes Yes on measure 126-5 is sending a message to Washington, and that message is in French.

The pièce de résistance of measure 126-5 is the decree that all firearms be confiscated, melted down, and crafted into statues of Karl Marx for every street corner throughout the land.

Opponents of measure 126-5 will tell you that it's a *ding dang turd-slingin' load'a hogwash* and that it comes from *up'air in Warshin'on Dee-Cee, not from us common folk down'eer in Gawd's country*. And the stupid bastards are absolutely right.

When you vote this term, remember that a Yes vote for ballot measure 126-5 is a middle-finger to the founding fathers, in the best way possible. ▲

## IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY SPECIAL DAY

Here's a little tip from one astral being to another: keep an eye on McCormick's house – you'll notice something funny. Things aren't right at all. Everybody thinks that McCormick is alone in there, but that's not true. Somebody lives in the basement.

Just watch him at the grocery store – it would be silly to buy so much bread just for yourself. And what would possess a man to spend all that time at the hardware store and out in the garage, renovating a house just for himself? I used to wonder why he never said he was lonely, even though he stays in every night and all weekend. You start asking enough questions and you'll be surprised by what you find.

But I figured it out. Just go down there. There's a girl. She's stuck in a cage. But, that's not even the funny part. McCormick keeps that girl down there – locks her up when he's away, brutalizes her when the feeling takes him – but she's not captive at all. She's free.

She can't leave, of course. She would, God willing. But He hasn't, so she's content to persevere. It's McCormick who's locked up. See what I mean? It's crazy.

McCormick comes and goes as he pleases. But everywhere he goes, he's surrounded by a special little cage. It fits right over him. He'll never get out, not that he'd ever want to.

The girl, she's stuck there, doing what he makes her do. But her special cage fell off years ago. Jesus blew it into a million pieces at a summer camp. Then McCormick got her.

And McCormick covers his tracks, the clever bastard, so I'm not sure if she'll get out of that basement alive. Maybe McCormick will go first and some distant relative or real estate agent will have to figure out what's been happening.

I tell you what, McCormick had better listen to that girl, if he knows what's good for him. Even she doesn't want him pressed in a cellar or ground in a mill or any of those things that are coming to him. They're awful. But totally fair, don't misunderstand. But until judgement (or at least until some cops bust in), the McCormick house will continue to be a funny little place.

If you start asking the hard questions like I do, you'll find the same thing in every place you look: there are a lot of grapes and wheat getting ripe for their very special Day. ▲