

IN THIS ISSUE:

Page three	Yep, I'm One of Those Hipsters
Page five	This Week's Obituaries
Page eight	I DON'T RANT!
Page ten	How to Tell if Something's Amiss in Your Partner's Wedding Vows
<i>You may be familiar with the age-old vow, in sickness and health. If the love of your life messes up the line and says, you make me sick, go to hell, then it's not inappropriate to raise an eyebrow.</i>	
Page thirteen	My Growing List of Personal Boycotts
Page sixteen	Being a Mortician Isn't What It Used to Be
Page eighteen	Collected Poems: 2019

ABOUT:

Fine Print is a humor zine designed for offline consumption in a bite-sized PDF (less than two megabytes). The theme for this quarter's issue is: *words*. You'll find lots of words throughout the zine, so keep an eye out for them!

For more, visit petermrichardson.com/fine-print.

YEP, I'M ONE OF THOSE HIPSTERS

I'm wearing glasses, Chuck Taylors, and, of course, a pair of blue jeans. If you're thinking hipster, then you're right!

Need more proof that I'm a huge hipster? Well, get ready: today I went to Starbucks and sat down with my MacBook. Just me, my hipster computer, and a double-pump, extra syrup vanilla latte. I could tell the barista was intimidated by me when I ordered, because everybody knows that hipsters are particular about their coffee. But she had nothing to worry about – because all hipsters agree that Starbucks has the best coffee ever.

When I watch a football game with my friends, everybody can tell that I'm the hipster in the group because I drink IPAs. Craft beer is just kind of my thing, I guess. And doing my own thing comes with the territory of being a massive hipster.

If I find a plaid button-down at Costco, my girlfriend is always like, *Wow, I should have known you'd get another flannel shirt! You're such a hipster!* And you know what? I'm guilty as charged.

Being a hipster is more than just buying thick-rimmed glasses and Levi's. You have to walk the walk, too. That's why I use a black-and-white filter on my Instagram selfies. It shows that I have emotional range in my art.

Their first album was better! You know I had to say it. And it's really true – all of Radiohead's music after *Pablo Honey* makes me feel uncomfortable. It's honestly just weird sounds for the most part. I'm more of a Mumford & Sons person.

Being a hipster is about having a different perspective on things, even if people sometimes don't get it. Like, my mom is always on my case about how I don't put gas in her car after I use it. But I'm like, *Mom, the oil industry is super bad for the environment and stuff.* Yeah, I know, I'm such a hipster! I can't help it.

When I pick the date-night spot with my girlfriend, I always go with Red Robin. A lot of people in town prefer Applebee's or Dairy Queen, but I just like the indie vibe of Red Robin. It's my hipster sensibilities coming out again!

The important thing about me is that I'm not some average Joe that you can put into a box – I'm completely unique, just like every hipster. And I'm a bit of a wildcard, doing things a little differently than the crowd, in lockstep with the hipster community. Nice to meet you! ▲

THIS WEEK'S OBITUARIES

Douglas Jay “DJ” Brighton passed away on January 12th at the age of 56 after a long battle with an intruder at his vacation home. He is survived by his wife, Gloria, whose claim that she doesn't even know how to procure an assassin is flimsy at best. Douglas leaves behind a successful auto repair shop, now solely owned by his business partner (another prime suspect with motive). Douglas will be remembered for his disarmingly blunt manner of speaking, which some interpreted as rude – leading to myriad persons of interest in the ongoing investigation of his passing. DJ's favorite pastime was sports betting, so we all know that entire crew had better produce some airtight alibis to avoid additional scrutiny. The funeral will be held this Saturday at Holman's Cemetery, where certain mourners will be keeping a watchful eye for any suspicious behavior.

Gail Florence Gould was a loving wife and mistress and I will kill you, Donald, if you even think of attending my dear Gail's memorial service after what you did to this family. Gail was tricked by your lusty wiles, but I forgave her because what we had was more substantial and deep than anything you've ever known, you bastard! You meant nothing to her all those years. She was my wife, damn it. I might be pushing 90, but I can still muscle your puny 76-year-old body to the ground to defend Gail's honor if that's what has to be done.

Rufus Waters departed from this world on January 16th. He is survived by his mother, Crystal, and father Hugh. Rufus will be remembered for his unwavering loyalty, infectious joy, and beautiful coat. Rufus was an avid hunter, had a gift for fetching, and possessed a certain charm over the neighborhood bitches. A memorial service, complete with a lovingly crafted taxidermy, will be held at Rufus's home in the backyard of 103 SW Hume Street this Friday.

Electronic Dance Music is dead. EDM was born in the nineteen-eighties, filling dance halls and clubs with its exuberant rhythms and evocative synthesized textures. Yet, within the genre's present state, not a single auteur exists. Moby is looking down from heaven with shame at the sound of TR-909 samples still being programmed by today's has-beens, copy-cats, and amateurs. No funeral will be held in honor of EDM, nor should one be; instead, we look forward to new musical expressions as we eagerly await the club-bangers that will inspire us tomorrow.

Thomas "Pull the Pin" Dishman exploded outside his home on January 13th while doing what he loved best. A hobbyist stuntman and pyrotechnics aficionado, Thomas loved nothing more than playing with hand grenades. Thomas had a boisterous attitude, potent home-brewed moonshine recipe, and a signature trick, *The Lumberjack*, whereby a large tree could be felled using only a roll of duct tape and fifteen grenades (stolen from the Army Reserve base where he spent most weekends). Neither burial nor cremation has been deemed possible, given the complete lack of cadaver. An empty-casket wake will take place at St. Ignatius Parish on Thursday evening.

Norma Jean McCleary finally died on January 11th after what feels like decades of mental and physical decline. Once a bright and affable person, Norma Jean began a long battle with various diseases and ailments forever ago that left her a vegetative puddle, kept alive by mad scientists and masochistic doctors long past any semblance of humanity. It was her seventh failed heart transplant that drew the curtain on Norma Jean's time on this earth. Norma Jean is survived by her 5 children, 23 grandchildren, 56 great-grandchildren, and 213 great-great-grandchildren. ▲

I DON'T RANT!

IF I HEAR ONE MORE IGNORANT SON OF A BITCH IMPLY THAT HUMOR ESSAYS ARE RANTS, THEN I'M GOING TO FUCKING SNAP!

I DON'T RANT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I RESENT EVEN THE FUCKING IMPLICATION THAT I'M THE KIND OF WRITER WHOSE WORK COULD BE CHARACTERIZED AS RANTING.

LISTEN, PISSANT: I WRITE THOUGHTFULLY CONSIDERED HUMOR PIECES THAT DEAL WITH RELATABLE TOPICS — LIKE REAL FUCKING LITERATURE. RANTS, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE THE PATHETIC DISPLAYS OF TOXICALLY AGGRESSIVE SHITHEADS WHO CAN GO FUCKING DIE FOR ALL I CARE!

PEOPLE WHO RANT DON'T UNDERSTAND DISCOURSE. AND THEY CLEARLY DON'T FUCKING UNDERSTAND RHETORIC. THEY'RE JUST VULGAR ASSHOLES WITH A CHIP ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND I'M SICK OF THEIR FUCKING BULLSHIT!

MY PRODUCT IS CREATIVE LITERATURE OF THE HIGHEST VARIETY. SO GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL, YOU IGNORANT BASTARD!

DO YOU THINK PEOPLE WHO RANT ARE EVEN CAPABLE OF DEEP THOUGHT? HELL FUCKING NO! THEY'RE ONLY CAPABLE OF YELLING!!! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY CONFUSE ME FOR ONE OF THOSE HOTHEADED SHIT-BRAINS?

AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE? I'M GETTING SICK AND
GODDAMNED TIRED OF BEING COMPARED TO A STAND UP
COMEDIAN. THOSE CRASS BOORS SPEND THEIR NIGHTS
ENTERTAINING DRUNKARDS IN THE NASTIEST CORNERS OF
SOCIETY. HOW DOES MY ENLIGHTENED, SMART-ASS CROWD
EVEN COMPARE TO THOSE FUCKING BARBARIANS?

FUCK! I DON'T RANT! GET IT STRAIGHT! ▲

HOW TO TELL IF SOMETHING'S AMISS IN YOUR PARTNER'S WEDDING VOWS

Wedding vows, while not contractually binding, are still kind of important. They're a pledge of undying love, a promise of unwavering devotion, and a wildly inaccurate picture of what a couple's relationship will look like going forward.

10

You may be familiar with the age-old sentiment, *in sickness and in health*. If the love of your life messes up the line in their vows and says, *you make me sick, go to hell*, then it's not inappropriate to raise an eyebrow. In fact, you may want to give a subtle and knowing cough, so your fiancé notices their mix-up and has a chance to revise it.

You might expect to hear your partner say *you are my rock*, which is a metaphor for reliability and trust. But if they say, *you're dumb as a rock and I'll never be able to depend on you for anything*, that's when the alarm bells should start going off.

While it's normal to say something like, *you're the one*, there's a slight variation of this concept that you might hear. It could go something like: *you're the one that made my dad look like a fool in 2006 and we have almost reached the culmination of*

my revenge! These mixed intentions for the relationship could lead to issues in your marriage.

Instead of *you're the man of my dreams*, watch out for: *the man of my dreams is right here, pretending to be a priest while hiding weapons in his flowing robe*. The reason that this statement might be noteworthy to some grooms is that it could mean the wedding officiant does not highly regard your best interests.

It would certainly be flattering to hear that *from the moment we first locked eyes, I loved you*. However, you might hear: *I've locked the doors so that you don't walk out of here alive*. And this, in my professional estimation, is bad.

A synchronized theatrical flourish is as unorthodox as it is serendipitous, especially if the bridal party breaks out into a song and dance. A coordinated attack on the entire wedding venue with fire and gasoline is certainly unexpected and will result in the loss of your security deposit. This kind of organization should be viewed with suspicion. If you manage to survive the hellish inferno, you should have a serious talk with your spouse about such behavior.

At the end of the vows, it's customary for the officiant to declare that the couple is wed and tell the groom that he may kiss his bride. It's decidedly unconventional for the priest to announce that *everyone can burn in Hell*, and tell the groom (in graphic terms) to *be intimate* with himself.

While it's quite alright for the gathered congregation to cheer and laugh while the happy couple enjoys a celebratory kiss, it's concerning when they wail in agony – on account of their burning clothes and hair.

Walking down the aisle at the end of the ceremony, hand in hand, is a sweet and memorable way to conclude the wedding service. But if your bride climbs aboard a helicopter via rope ladder with the officiant to make their getaway, you might find this grand exit romantically underwhelming.

At this point, you can be almost entirely sure that the sentimental act of exchanging wedding vows has become at least slightly derailed by the attempted mass murder of the guests. This is why I advice couples to share their vows with one another in advance, so that such wrinkles can be ironed out ahead of time. Next, it's best to play it safe and wait for your spouse at the honeymoon destination. She's probably just running a bit late after that exhausting wedding ceremony! ▲

F
I
N
E

P
R
I
N
T

MY GROWING LIST OF PERSONAL BOYCOTTS

ROOT VEGETABLES

I won't sip an ounce of carrot juice until the root vegetable industry brings their water use down to zero. That's right, Z-E-R-O. Find some other way to water your turnips and potatoes, Big Spud, because until you figure out how to be a part of the solution, I'll be enjoying this steak *sans accoutrement*.

REPUBLICANS

I obviously don't need to explain this one. If you're a Republican, I'm not giving you any money. Unless you're selling biscuits, because damn it if those ignorant bastards don't know how to make an irresistible breakfast spread.

PURINA PUPPY CHOW

Purina Puppy Chow hasn't earned my business until they take a tougher stance on the gun violence epidemic. You might say *Puppy Chow has no reason to take a position on this issue and you don't have any pets, anyway*. To which I retort: *if we all wait for somebody else to take responsibility, we'll be waiting a long damn time*. So, my dog food boycott is still documented along with all the others until further notice. THAT'S RIGHT YOU'RE ON NOTICE!

PAPERBACK BOOKS

Ew. What am I? Poor?

TECHNOLOGY COMPANIES

Big Data has another thing coming if they think I'll buddy up to them with their shocking lack of documentation about my ancestry. *Information Age* my ass – if I can't trace my lineage to some famous French artist or dynastic Chinese royalty, then what did I pay \$50 for?

WRANGLER'S JEANS

You won't catch me in a pair of Dungarees while Wrangler's perpetuates their geriatric cowboy image. (My issue here isn't necessarily on principle but style.)

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

I was inside the library when I saw a big old rat in their parking lot. Right then, I decided to never come back. I know that rats are God's creatures, but those nasty little freaks creep me out.

CAFÉS

I'd love to see the faces on the fat cats at the coffee companies when it dawns on them that this brave outlier defies their whole operation. Those sniveling, caffeine-hawking cowards have yet to do anything to make their élitist little cafés accessible to anybody outside the hyper-wealthy upper-most echelon of society.

WINE

Don't expect me to turn a blind eye toward the wine-making community when they're uncomfortably close with the Vatican – we all know the Catholics love their eucharist. As long as the church keeps up all their charades, I may as well drink Dr. Pepper as the blood of Christ.

LOCAL BUSINESSES

Get your act together, mom and pop. If you can't compete with the big dogs then shut your doors, because capitalism isn't for the faint of heart. I'm tired of walking into pathetic little shacks that don't even have their own app or New York Stock Exchange listing. If I call your business and a person answers the phone, I'm hanging up.

FOOT LOCKER

I didn't survive high school just to end up in a mall surrounded by jocks. No, I shop for shoes like an adult at the clog store, where I'm the cool one. I might even give out a few wedgies or purple-nurples while I'm there, just to assert my status as an alpha. It's so much cheaper than therapy.

THERAPY

Which reminds me, I need to write a strongly-worded letter to my former psychiatrist for his wildly unhelpful advice. That whole endeavor was a detour I never needed to take. Now that I'm back on the straight-and-narrow (no thanks to Thomas, my therapist), I have the self-respect to say, *Back up! I'm running this bitch now, thank you very much! Take your session notes and shove 'em where Freud theorized toddlers derive meaning and individuation!* (That's shrink-jargon for up your butt.) ▲

BEING A MORTICIAN ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

When I joined the field of mortuary science almost thirty years ago, we used to be able to tickle the bodies in the lab to see if they were really dead. But the times are changing, I'll tell you what. We can't even tickle the interns anymore!

You can call me old fashioned, but I miss the days when *Casual Friday* meant wearing flip-flops and drinking a few brewskis before noon in the mortuary. Nowadays, we're lucky if we can even take off our gloves and face masks on Fridays! I don't know what's become of this once proud institution.

When I was getting started – this must have been thirty-five years back – we used to smoke on the job. Me and Hank, my old partner, could knock out a pack of cigarettes each before our shift was out. Management put a stop to all that after one too many cadavers got cremated before making it to the kiln, if you know what I mean. But they can never take away the fond memories.

We used to pull pranks back in my day. Sometimes we'd put a little alien toy inside a corpse for one of the newbies to discover on their first autopsy. One time Hank dumped a body back on the street for the cops to deal with – they were so confused! It was a hoot. But you'd better think again if you get any funny ideas these days. Unfortunately, it's all serious business now.

When I was green, this would have been a good forty years ago, we used to be able to write anything as the cause of death if the deceased was really, really old. My favorite thing was to make up gibberish, like a *Hoopty-haw in the Flabby Jibs*. Hank's go-to cause of death was *Upset Tummy*. You might go to jail for that kind of thing today. And that's a real shame.

My favorite thing about springtime used to be undertaking in the fresh, open air. We'd wheel out the dead and work under the midday sun. Nothing beats wearing shades, sharing tunes, and cutting up bodies out in Mother Nature. Sure, the birds would get to be a real nuisance, but it did my heart good to get out of that sterile, boring basement every now and again.

Fifty years of experience is a heck of a thing, especially when it feels like just yesterday that we were still selling organs to a few nice businessmen that Hank knew – off the books, of course. It was nice to line the pocketbook with some spare cash. But, according to the new management, it's not *ethical* or something. Apparently some of these dead people wanted their lungs left inside their bodies. (I'm being sarcastic, of course.)

Nope, things aren't like they used to be. Hank is probably turning in his grave at the sad state of mortuary science today. Rest in peace, Hank. And sorry about leaving you in that cold locker – I thought for sure that somebody would find you before the weekend. Sometimes a prank just doesn't pan out like you expect. ▲

COLLECTED POEMS: 2019

F
I
N
E

P
R
I
N
T

The
family
that
swims
together,
drowns
together

I can't let you down if you don't hold me up

JUST DON'T INHALE

Living for simple pleasures → but never the higher ones.

Sure, I'll go halfway → but I'm a good person, mind you.

Your strategy is "don't inhale" → so why's the dope in your mouth?

People study psychiatry
because they're so stupid
they don't even know
how a brain works
to begin with

You're the wind, while I'm the dust
You're the wine, and I'm the crust
 You say 'never,' and I must
 You romance, I prefer lust

 You stand, I run for cover
You're the son, I'm the brother
 You set free, but I smother
If you're one, then I'm the other

Sometimes you have to *make* money to *spend* money

When the money hits the bank I'm balling
When the bill comes in the mail I'm bawling

Yin and yang?
No, I'm all about yin.
Fuck yang. ▲