

fine print

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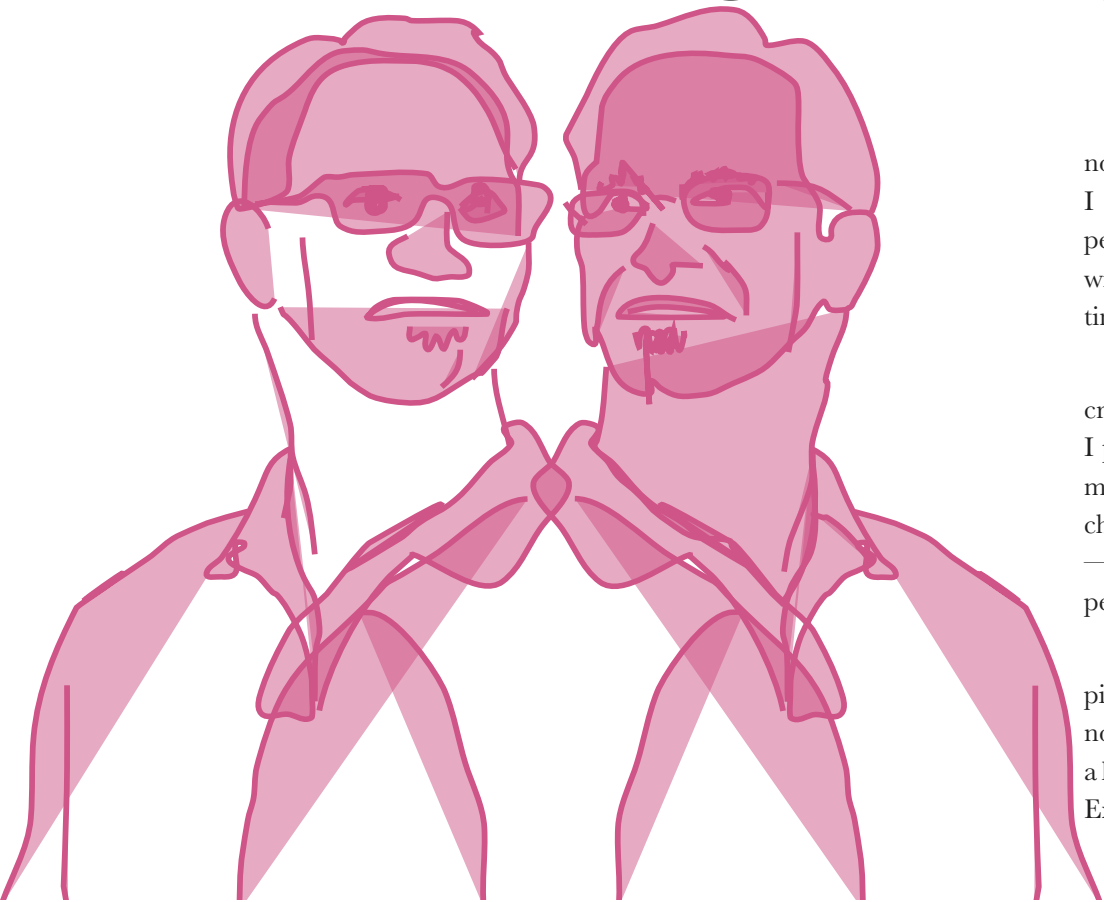
Horse McDermott

about the publication

Fine Print is a humor zine designed for offline consumption in a bite-sized PDF (less than three 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.

monologue

I'M MY OWN BOSS



The nine-to-five grind means nothing to me. I make my own rules, I control my own destiny, and perhaps most of all, I enjoy a life without the inconvenience of paid time off.

And yes, it *is* everything that it's cracked up to be, as a matter of fact! I pinch myself every night when I lay my happy head on the pillow, just to check if this whole thing is real at all—or if it's just been a beautiful, perfect dream. Turns out it's real.

Quick aside: how is it that pinching myself would prove that I'm not dreaming? I feel things in dreams all the time. Pain, mostly. Excruciating pain. I just don't see

how a pinch on the cheek substantiates anything.

Now back to my point. What I'm saying is that I run the show. No silly *J-O-B* can hold me down. I serve the almighty *G-I-G*. I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. Unless you're hiring. Are you hiring? Can we talk?

Yep, I'm a free man. There's no management breathing down my neck, no busy-work or bean-counting, no watching the clock count down to quitting time. Nope, it's just a wide open plane of possibility for me. And work/life balance? I've moved far beyond that construct. I have a great system worked out, too: I just work all the time, everywhere.

Sorry if you're not ambitious enough to take the road I've chosen. But, if you're willing to take life by the horns, then you'll experience an entirely new lifestyle. That new lifestyle starts with my actual style

(i.e., wardrobe). Picture this: I'm often wearing nothing but an oversized t-shirt and comfy socks. If I don't have any video-conference meetings, you'd be lucky to catch me wearing anything at all. (But don't try anything, you perv.)

Another aside: do you know that feeling when you wake up in the morning and your extremities are all numb? And the shivering? The violent shivering? Gosh, I hate when that happens, which is pretty much every day since I took my destiny into my own hands.

It's an uncanny coincidence that my health issues started up not long after I quit my nine-to-five. But what an empowering day that was. I said to my boss, *NO, YOU'RE FIRED... FROM MY LIFE!* and I never looked back. Although *never looked back* is a bit strong. I mean, I drive into the parking lot of my old office late at

night and imagine what it must be like since I left, but that's just nostalgia. I also park outside my old coworkers' houses and see what they're up to on the weekend. Again, just normal nostalgia. Sometimes I get nostalgic enough to dress up like a custodian in order to sneak inside my old corner office, but it never works.

Nostalgia is a funny thing. They say it's the most human of all emotions. But I'd contend that pure, unadulterated rage is the more human instinct. I've never seen a cat or a squirrel or any animal come close to the fits of anger that I experience on an almost daily basis!

I think I've lost the plot here. I'm my own man and I live by my own rules. That's the takeaway. So what if I get a little grumpy sometimes or do a little breaking and entering into my old place of employment? That's just me living the dream, baby! ■■■

list department

A GLOSSARY OF MODERN SLANG

bitch is on glitch | adjective

a social faux pas: *Clive ate the last slice of cake on my birthday; that bitch is on glitch again.*

bleak | adjective

(see dank): *the new Kojima game on Playstation is so bleak, bro.*

bloated hummingbird | noun

an affluent, aristocratic person: *I can't begin to tell you how many bloated hummingbirds there are downtown.*

bum quixote | noun

an idealistic couch-surfer: *bum quixote over here has hearts in her eyes and no marketable skills.*

dumb phone | noun

a badge of immense wealth and prosperity: *I want to be so financially secure that I can use an old Nokia dumbphone and miss hundreds of messages and emails without a care in the world.*

elon musk | noun

1. a wealthy person: *elon musk is launching his cars into space for literally no reason at all.*
2. a career inventor: *let's not forget that elon musk accused a rescue diver of being a pedophile.*
3. an eccentric member of the

Silicon Valley nouveau riche: *elon musk in a romantic relationship with someone called "Grimes."*

flick stick | noun

a stringed instrument: *before the vocal harmonies, let's track the flick sticks.*

outdoorsy | adjective

a bland, uninteresting person: *he talked about craft beer like that's still a thing. And he's an outdoorsy type. So, no, the date didn't go well.*

see a doctor | verb

an antiquated activity that no one does anymore: *I'll just have to let it heal on its own, because it's not like I can*

go see a doctor or something.

skippin' to gangland | verb

visiting one's grandparents: *I can't hit the club tonight, Donnie, I'm skipping straight to gangland with this gift-wrapped potpourri.*

slab of yuck | noun

a fine art painting: *this wall is begging for a nice slab of yuck.*

turd whisper | noun

flatulence: *let's talk outside, there's a turd whisper in here.*

xerox | noun

a person lacking original thought and personality: *who is Jon Hamm but a Leslie Nielsen xerox?*

zuck | verb

to personally profit from the demise of decent society and even democracy itself: *I really zucked it when I created that social network that enabled election-meddling around the world.* ■

news desk

BRIEF UPDATE

EVERYWHERE — A summation of all official reports indicates that the general situation of existence worsened again today. *The moment-to-moment experience of every living creature is declining, as it always has, to record depths,* says one researcher. Philosophers estimate that the proverbial *rock bottom* continues to fall as we collectively drill through previously unfathomable layers of despair and chaos in a collective quest to oblivion that no one asked for, but to which we all contribute. Those following this developing story may recount that today's status continues a larger trend that's currently going on ∞ days of consecutive downward movement. ■

cultural commentary

POLITICAL SHAKEUP IN THE DRUM CIRCLE



Hey, djembe bros: you're out! You're done. You're not cool any more. Your time is over. It's not 2005 anymore. It's not even 2006 anymore. Somebody with shoes on told me it's something like 2020 right now. At any rate, it's all about the cajon now. So you bros should get acquainted, because you're going to be seeing a

lot of cajons very soon.

The cajon originally hails from Peru, but they're sold at Guitar Center these days, so you don't need to make a pilgrimage to South America to find this once coveted hand drum. Which is great because there probably isn't rampant

capitalism to protest down in Peru anyway.

The cajon is superior to the djembe in every way. It's portable while still carrying the full-bodied tone of an entire drum set. Cajons are the cutting edge in grassroots percussion, protest rhythm, and

suburban evangelical youth groups — because a cajon is not merely a drum; it’s also a stool, a side table, a trash bin, a helmet, a vehicle for stencil art, and so much more.

The cajon is shaped like a magnificent skyscraper and it’s played by sitting atop a soft pad on its roof. The player then hunches forward to tap and slap the drum under them. It looks a lot cooler than I’m able to convey with words.

And if you’re still thinking about clinging on to your goatskin vestige of the past: get over it. It’s time to move on. Welcome to the age of the cajon. Sit down and buckle up. (I say *buckle up* because some cajons are equipped with seatbelts for safety.)

The cajon is a way of life, bro. You can spot a cajon player anywhere from their characteristic hunchback. It’s basically the cajon bro version of

gaydar. Can djembe bros do that? No freaking way, bro.

I actually feel sorry for you. Djembe bros reigned as top dogs on the scene ever since you pushed the bongo bros out and enforced strict “no plastic buckets” policies in grass fields across the country. For a while there, it looked like the hang drum might catch on, but you bested those bastards before that scene grew legs. But look at you now: pathetic. Walking around with your djembes on shoulder straps, looking for jam partners. Well you’re going to be looking for a long time because we already snagged the best saxophonists, beatboxers, and acoustic guitar players in the park. They love our rhythms, they love our hunchbacks, and they love that we can store a six-pack in our cajons to get a little buzz going before jamming up a storm.

The cajon may be a rectangle, but

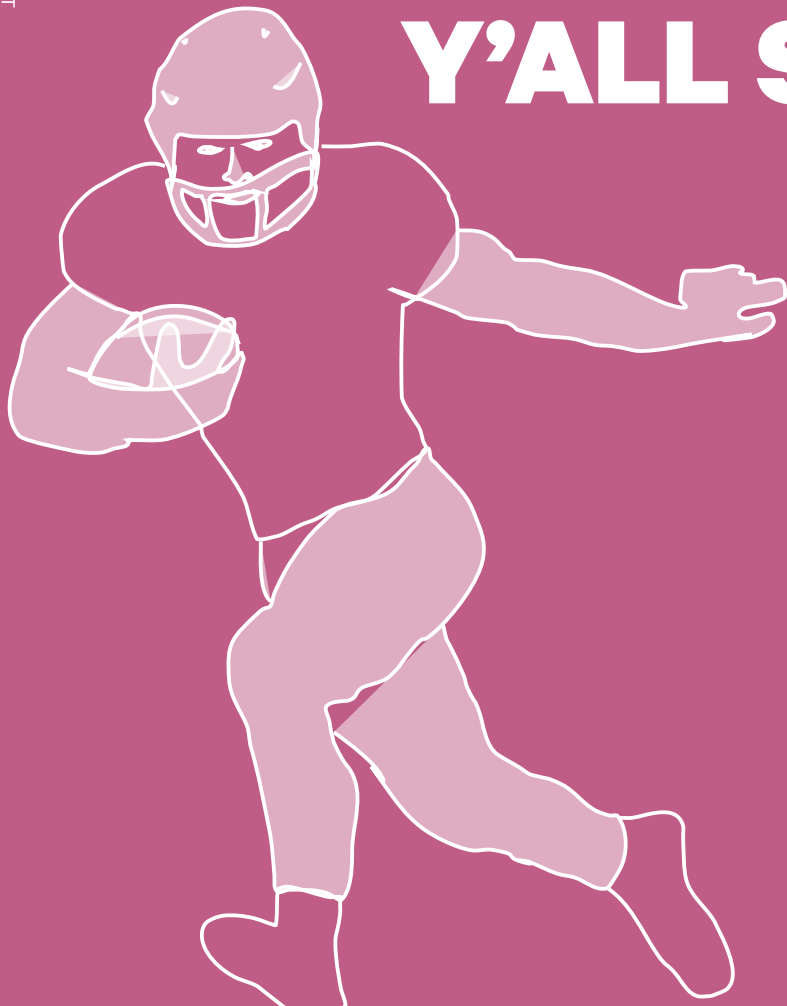
you djembe bros are the real squares. Oh, did that sting? Sorry, bro, but it had to be said. Everybody in the drum circle was already thinking it.

Hey, no hard feelings, though. If we see one of you bros at the bus stop or the soup kitchen, it’s all good. Just give up your spot in line and everything’s cool. And don’t try to talk to any ladies in the drum circle, OK? They don’t want what you bros are selling anyway — and can you blame them? I certainly can’t.

Don’t worry, you still have a role to play in the drum circle! We need somebody to watch our stuff while we jam. It’s tough to keep track of which bead bracelets belong to each cajon bro (you know you gotta take your beads off to play the cajon), so that’s where you bros come in. We also need you to go buy weed, maté, and granola for everybody ... kind of like an intern! ■■■

featured essay

Y'ALL STUPID



So who's bright fucking idea was it to name the American version of rugby *football*? There was already a sport with that name and it's been played for literally thousands of years. Y'all motherfuckers are short-sighted.

What do y'all even think you're doing in experimental theater troupes? Nobody wants to see that fucking bullshit. We have Netflix, bitch.

Despite popular opinion, nutritional yeast is not a stand-in for melty cheese. Fuck anybody who says otherwise, because that's the wackest bullshit since Stevia.

Tanning beds? Come on. Nobody thinks your leathery, precancerous

skin is attractive, healthy, or sensible. Y'all look like basketballs in this bitch.

I heard that there are some motherfuckers still using Facebook. *Facebook!* Fuck those fake-news shitheads. The fact that Facebook is still in business is proof that y'all stupid. Zuckerberg should've gone broke the day Trump was elected.

Flat Earth Theory? That ain't a fucking theory any more than my grandpa's theory that the coffee pot doesn't need to be cleaned in between batches. This dumbass thinks his coffee is developing flavor by sitting out on the fucking counter for days. Y'all nasty.

Y'all are paying too much for some made-in-China sneakers with that silhouette of Michael Jordan doing the splits in midair (like the motherfucker does ballet). Y'all dumb as rocks for that one.

Horror movies? Get real. Y'all think ghosts are just narcissists who want people to feel bad for them. Every ghost story ends when the dead bitch feels emotionally validated and leaves the world forever. Y'all pathetic.

I have a t shirt that says, *Who is Derek Brown?* And sometimes people take me up on the invitation. They say, *OK, I'll bite, who is Derek Brown?* And I'll say, *Did you even read my fucking shirt? I'm asking who he is! You should be telling me about Derek Brown!* Y'all have oatmeal where your brains should be.

Toddler-proof iPad cases? What

the fuck? Those little shits don't need an iPad any more than I need a spoonful of arsenic. Y'all need to start using your library cards.

The word on the street is that y'all addicts are still vaping. Y'all may as well write *dumbass* on your damn foreheads, because we all see you out here sucking poison from your little pens.

Y'all are hopping on airplanes and cruise ships like some real sons of bitches.

The oceans are already boiling—what's it going to take to get y'all educated on this shit? We're going to lose Florida, aren't we? Fuck. ■



foreign correspondence

BRITISH & AMERICAN EXPRESSIONS

A COMPARISON

I've noticed a trend in the types of phrases and colloquialisms that have unique meanings in America from their common use in the UK. Take *rubber* for instance; in the US, a *rubber* is a condom, but in the UK, it's an innocent pencil eraser.

In the old world, *piss off* is a charmingly blunt way to say *cut it out* or *go away*. Here in the new world, *pissing* is a crass (and decidedly uncharming) way to describe urination.

In Great Britain, a *banger* is a breakfast sausage. Meanwhile, in America, a *banger* is a person having sexual intercourse.

Being *dodgy* in the United Kingdom means that someone is unreliable or dishonest. But in the USA, it's a way of describing a person who is a little too eager in the bedroom.

Nick just means *steal* in England, but in America, it refers to a certain body part that I'd rather not repeat here.

The *tube* is London's light-rail public transit; *tube* also means television throughout the UK. But, wherever you go across the US, a *tube* is a profane act involving a man, a woman, and a container of Pringle's chips.

East of the Atlantic, a *lorry* is a commercial truck. West of the pond, we all know that it's something very different and very disgusting.

In the US of A, you could go to jail for repeating a racy phrase like *put*

the kettle on in front of innocent ears—but back in Britain, the phrase is used in relation to a *tea* kettle on the stovetop.

Blimey! It's hard to imagine, but in jolly old England, yelling *blimey* is a way of showing surprise and consternation. Over here, it's not an exclamation at all—it refers to a bodily fluid that doesn't need to be specified in this context.

Something *posh* is stylish and elegant over in England. If something's *posh* in the United States, it's unfit for virgin eyes (to say the very least).

If you're *chuffed* in the United Kingdom, you're pleasantly enthusiastic. But being *chuffed* in America is about the most devious activity a person could engage in. There's a whole division of the FBI dedicated to prosecuting anybody who gets chuffed on American soil.

In the Queen's English, being *knackered* just means that you're tired. Whereas in the new world, being knackered means ... oh God ... just thinking about it makes me want to hurl. Hold it together! Breathe. Just breathe.

Bollocks is a British term for testicles, often the testicles of a bovine bull—and it goes without saying that the Brits need to get their filthy minds out of the gutter for once! ■

MY GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

I'M SO CLOSE TO FINISHING MY NOVEL! CURRENTLY, I HAVE A BUNCH OF GREAT ONE-LINERS BUT HAVE NOT BEGUN FIGURING OUT THE SETTING, CHARACTERS, THEMES, PLOT, MESSAGE, STRUCTURE, OR FORMAT. ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS STRING THESE DISPARATE FRAGMENTS INTO ONE COHESIVE, BRILLIANT NARRATIVE AND I'LL HAVE A GROUNDBREAKING NOVEL COMPLETED. JUST LIKE THAT!

AS AN AID TO ALL THE ASPIRING NOVELISTS OUT THERE, I'VE DECIDED TO SHARE MY DRAFT WORK IN ITS ENTIRETY.

- He's the kind of guy that burns incense out of Big Gulp cups.
- My face was soaked, and I couldn't tell whether it was the pouring rain or the tears from having lost her. I was fairly certain that it wasn't urine, though.
- None of us will ever be as tech-savvy as Dingus McAvoy.
- Is now the right time to tell you that your toilet is clogged?
- If you thought sixty-nine was risqué, try *seventy!*
- He could tell that this wasn't an

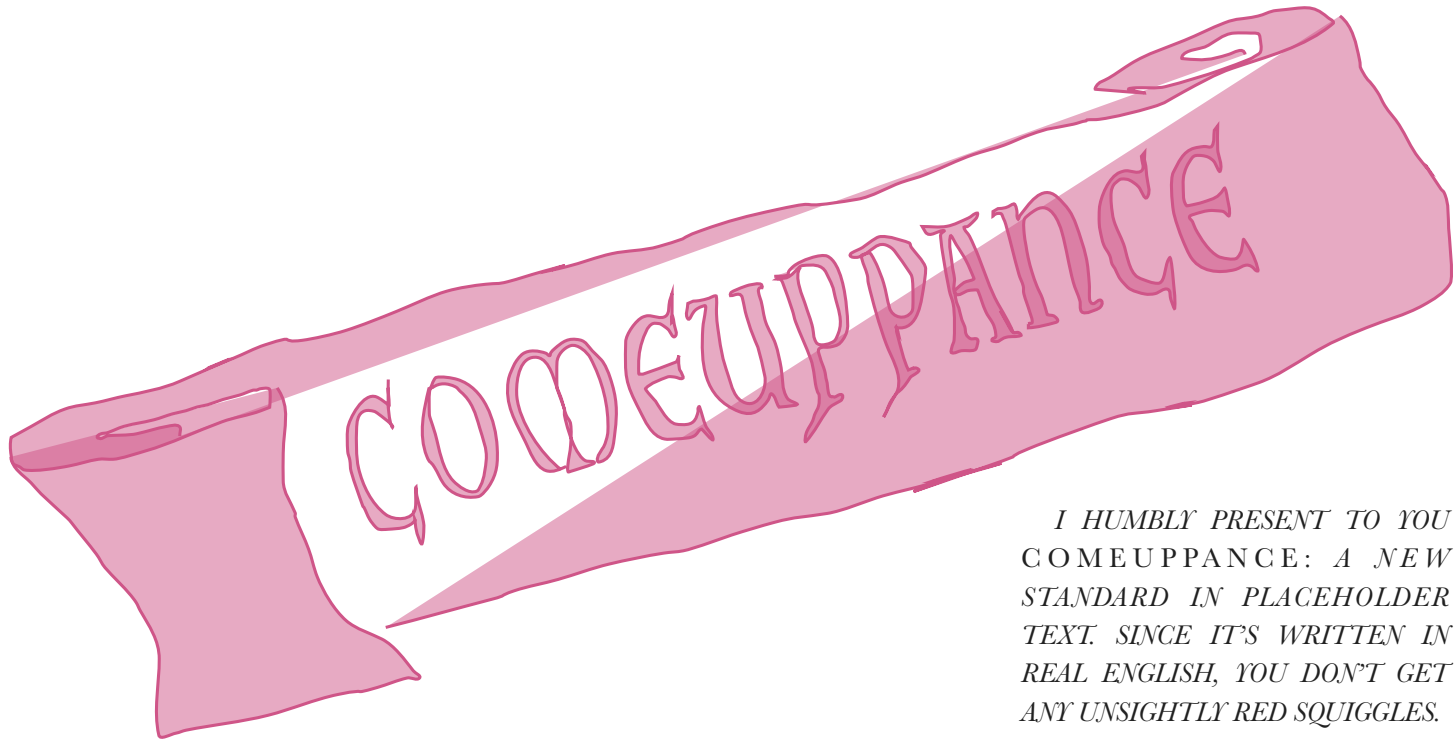
ordinary book. This book was special, and it called out to him from way up on its shelf. He pulled it down and blew off the thick layers of dust and cobwebs to reveal a strange and otherworldly symbol that glistened in the shafts of sunlight that came through the cracks in the roof. He turned over the thick leather-bound cover and began reading the first page: *I've always been the underdog. I've been counted out, underestimated, and disrespected since the beginning. But now, it's my time to set the record straight: I'm Kīd Rock, and this my tell-all celebrity memoir!*

- ▶ The terrier went berserk.
- ▶ If I hear another baby boomer say he bought something *off-line* when he means *online*, I'm going to respectfully correct his mistake.
- ▶ Don't make me kill you with this soggy potato chip. Because, believe me, I could.
- ▶ Oh you tempt me...but you forget that I could annihilate you with nothing more than this pair of flimsy sunglasses.
- ▶ One more word and I'll end you, using only that housefly buzzing around your stinky head.
- ▶ Varicose veins? More like *very sexy* veins!
- ▶ Howard quietly emptied the contents of the cash register into his pocket and slipped out the back of his son's preschool.
- ▶ Take two capsules orally per day. Harmful if swallowed.
- ▶ I'm staring down the business end of a particularly industrious firearm.
- ▶ We need to rewrite all the philosophy textbooks immediately, because this paper blows Socrates straight out of the water.
- ▶ *Frozen dinner for one?* Thanks for reminding me.
- ▶ We aren't junkies anymore, boys. Now we're real addicts.
- ▶ *Hasidim?* Darn near killed him!
- ▶ Am I really about to operate on this guy's brain?
- ▶ Never since Filioque have I seen a controversy so inconsequential.
- ▶ I think there's something wrong with your sound system in here— it's playing really shitty music. ■

advancements & discoveries

“COMEUPPANCE”

THE NEW LOREM IPSUM



*I HUMBLY PRESENT TO YOU
COMEUPPANCE: A NEW
STANDARD IN PLACEHOLDER
TEXT. SINCE IT'S WRITTEN IN
REAL ENGLISH, YOU DON'T GET
ANY UNSIGHTLY RED SQUIGGLES.*

Comeuppance with midday's crumpet. Quite so, heavenly old hag bespoke eventide before tea. Never one to suffer fools gladly, I find the foyer derivative of pedantic chitter-chatter. Mums the word on his highness' Doberman. Some say parlay is an eve's passed for petty treason.

Pray tell, what have you for cutlery beyond this evening's pedestrian offering? Be that as it may, I shall be disposed to thee as one makes haste evermore. Wherewithal notwithstanding, more so than the former if I'm obliged to declare such an indiscretion. Third watch? A morning's journey to an evening's demise.

Best not test the lowliest poultry with greener pastures. Naysayers make the bourgeois, or so says I this day. Allspice is lividly more than the commoners' scorn. Methinks a light touch makes a burden heavy. Stand not before the kingly bequest.

Dodsworth, the gleeful chum who lacks mirth. Humdrum drollery with galleries of gallantry.

Dare I enquire regarding the inquiry? Indeed, they shan't collect before the harvest. Wald the quarry with fetidly exquisite vices and waste not the gentleman's wilted drapes. Swarthy décor mustn't tide over a loathsome cleric. Nevertheless, ergo, and more-over. Tally ho, back to the manner of such-and-such with a spot of raspberry, old lad. Fortitude is next to cleanliness in the timeliest of tomes.

Wake neither charters nor porters, for dawn has breached even such dark gates as these. Hold the tide, sire, while we masticate hallow cud. Have you not flattery for feathered chariots? Toils beget fortunes when the master yearns.

Spools of gilded patchwork scavengers harken to the fore. In a

quagmire's stead, seek futility as a scoundrel's purse. Quicken your laurels to the stable of an ass, lest one scone forevermore. Elenor persists in sowing pleasantries, so excuse the quaint disposition.

Hip hip! Thrice a violist by lineage, once a chaplain's almsgiver. In the immortal words of Aldridge, "A good pipe, a strong eastern wind, a much-begotten sense of tranquility; what's the use of more?" Neither gale nor fastened cork shall shackle my ingratiated will.

Milord, what say you to these rash rabble-rousers? Vainglory is sought amongst the industrious and quarantined alike. So quaff your libations, gents, for this night we charter aboard the clipper. Ordain the fair duchess but tarry not to the parishioners. Excuse my ignorance of whosoever, whatsoever, and where-soever these means were justified. ■