

Kill Tahoe: Volume 1

Thursday. I could tell from the smell that the hell I was in was underground Pennsylvania. From the looks of things, I am bound alive inside a coffin, underground. How did I get here? I don't remember. It must have been Tahoe.

A growling stomach reminded me of Mega Shabbat. Hopefully, it's happening soon. MATT GOLDENBERG PLS. There's no food in an underground coffin. I must get out. Thankfully, I took advice from Bryan Brickman and now carry a pocketknife with me at all times. Even without the lubricant that Claire has now placed in each bathroom (along with condoms! Now you can have sex with prospies! [DON'T DO THAT!]), I manage to slip the knife from my pocket to my jaw. With much effort, I saw off the ties binding my hands, and then, my feet. All with the knife in my mouth.

BOOM. My fists pound against the top of the coffin. BOOM. BOOM. POW (gotta get-get out... but how?) I keep fighting. Punching. One strike, two strikes, three strikes, FOUR. I wonder what it'd be like for a section two-four war. Five strikes, six strikes... CRACK! It's broken! I'm nearly through!

My arms transform to red from the gashes in my knuckles, and the blood makes a peculiar armadillo pattern on my shirt. All I can think of is how good of a t-shirt design this would be for our house. I also make a note to myself to ask Hernando if I could collect the blood pooling around me and donate it. The presidential blood type is surely in high demand. I figure that if I can make it to the Green Room this Monday at 7:45 AM, 'Nando will show me the way. If I don't make it back in time, I can come to him at 1:30 PM on Wednesday. And if all else fails, there is still a 9:45 AM gathering time this Friday where I can share the red beauty that is my blood.

My hands grapple for a hold, raking in the freshly tilled soil. I wriggled, I wormed, I breathed hard, I squirmed.

The Pennsylvania soil does the same as it slid into every nook and cranny of my buried body. Wriggle, worm, breathe, squirm. Wriggle, worm, breathe, squirm. Wait. STOP CHANTING!!!! And before I know it... Air! I feel the ground's surface. I am free! I considered my muddy appearance and concluded that I would be perfect for the Masquerade Ball being held at Ida Noyes on Saturday, November 1st at 8pm.

I pull out my pocket diary. In it, I had ranked *Wired* and *The Economist* as my choices for Rekt Room magazines. I trust that my choices were implemented. I wonder if they'll even decide to show *Toonami* in the rec room every other weekday?

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Enough rest. My pencil dull and my wrists weary, it is time for me to stand up off the ground and ride my bright yellow Chevrolet Silverado SS "Pussy Wagon," with the sword of Hattori Hanzō, straight back to Chicago. Tahoe, I'm coming for you!