

Short Stories
and
Chicken Recipes

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What the heck is this exactly?

As a musician and comedian, the one thing at the top of my to-do list everyday is “write something”. Sometimes that “something” doesn't fit the format of my stage shows. So they kind of get tucked away on a website or just sit around on my hard drive collecting digital dust.

So I thought I'd collect these odd little vignettes here in this handy dandy pdf file for you to enjoy. I'll keep adding new stuff periodically too, so check back to see if there's a new version. Don't expect much of a running theme or consistent style. There won't be one. :)

Feel free to share with your friends!

~Phil Johnson

PS... I like to cook too. And my girlfriend accuses me of never being able to just stick to a recipe. So I've included a few of my homegrown faves for you to try out too.

Soul'd Out

I was sitting having coffee with the Devil the other day. It was coffee because he doesn't drink anymore. Or smoke. He's trying to lose a few pounds around his middle. And he's been known to show up at the spinning classes at Hell's Gym. But he doesn't really like it because it's just such a meat market.

So anyway, we're sitting and talking about my career over lattes. I'm explaining to him that I'm working hard, but fame has eluded me. I'd decided I'm ready to engage his services. I'd seen his work with others and figured he's the man for the job. To make me famous.

He set his coffee down, but not before snaking a bit of foam off the rim with his forked tongue. Then he says "Ok, if you want to do this we'll have to do a contract. I've been screwed too many times to work on handshake deals anymore. It's a boilerplate thing, nothing complicated."

So he brings out the papers and a pen. I quickly look them over to check out the terms. Nothing complicated like he said. So I signed and that was it. I'd be famous, but have to spend eternity in Hell later. I'd been to San Dimas in the summer, so I knew what I was in for. Besides, I hear you can meet some wild chicks at the gym there.

And I say, "So that's it? I'll be famous now?" He smiles and looks at me over his cup, "Look kid, it's not instantaneous. I just have to work my magic now."

"First we have to get you a sex tape. Do you happen to have one of you banging a supermodel or cute actress or something?" "No," I say, "I have a nice normal girlfriend who doesn't even like cameras at birthday parties..." "Well Christ..." he says, "Looks like I'm going to have to start right from the beginning on this one. Here's the number of a hot actress I know. She owes me a favor. Bone her and get it on tape. Make it good too. Pee on her or something. We got a lot of mileage out of that one with other clients. And that internet audience is really jaded these days so it's gotta be freaky. Bunch of sick fucks."

I take the actress's number and put it in my shirt pocket. I'm sure my girlfriend will be ok with the idea since the fame will increase my income so much.

"Next," he says, "we'll need to do another video for YouTube."

"Oh, I've already done that," I say. "There are lots of clips of me performing on there."

“No, no,” he shakes his head, “People don’t want to see that shit. Something more stupid. Let’s have you lip sync to ‘Big Girls Don’t Cry’ by Fergie. And we’ll dress you up like Tom from MySpace, but you’ll be searching on Facebook for kids to molest. See, it works best if the concept smacks them in the head with stupidity, but almost looks like social commentary. By the way, can you pop your eyeballs out or anything like that? That shit always works too.”

“No.” I say.

He waves it away. “That’s ok, we can work with what we’ve got.”

“Now, we have to get you a cause. Human rights stuff is always good. How about Darfur?”

“I don’t really know much about it”, I say, “I’m not all that politically active.”

“Don’t worry about that”, he says. “I’ll give you the breakdown on what I’m doing there. And you don’t have to really know anything anyway. Just say stuff about how terrible it is and something must be done to stop it. Look real passionate. But here’s the kicker. This is what really gets you the sound bites. Once we get you in front of the cameras at a really big Darfur event, you start talking about how much you hate Mexicans.”

“But I don’t have Mexicans,” I say. “In fact, I’ve got lots of Mexican friends.”

“Well,” he says, “We’ll just hide your friends so nobody finds out. The good thing about hating Mexicans is you’ll get tons of press, but it will also move more units in the South. I can’t use the Jews anymore because they did me some favors and I owe them now. That dumbass Mel thought he could use my techniques behind my back and have it work. Stupid. He’s why I don’t do handshake deals anymore.”

“This is a real learning experience,” I silently think to myself.

“Alright, then you need to go through a nasty divorce.”

“But, we’re not even married yet,” I tell him.

“Nothing a quick drunken weekend in Vegas can’t fix,” he says smugly.

“Ok, once you’re divorced and embroiled in one court date after another with your ex, it’s time to adopt a kid from a foreign country. Let’s get you a Mexican kid.”

“What?” I say. “I thought I hated Mexicans.”

“Yeah, but here’s where you make up for it”, he says. “We’ll blame it on your ex-wife somehow. Those racist pricks in the South will have already bought your record. The adoption will move units on the West Coast. Once sales there start to slow, we let the kid leak to the press that you’ve been touching him inappropriately. Once we let that one simmer a little bit, we just pay the kid off and send him back to Mommy in Mexico. We won’t say how much the pay is, but we’ll make it sound huge. Probably won’t cost you more than ten bucks or so though. Ten bucks goes a long way in Mexico.”

That one worries me a little bit, but I just remind myself that this guy has made lots of people famous and knows what he’s doing.

“Ok, let’s talk reality shows. American Idol is too obvious. Let’s get you your own show where people compete to clean your house. The winner gets a top salaried job as your maid for a year. And maybe she marries you or something. Kind of a Maid In Manhattan thing. We’ll get J-Lo to be a hostess.”

“Then it’s time for your mental breakdown. You’ll have to gain about 100 pounds and start being a recluse and throwing things at reporters and such. Don’t worry, they know how the game works. One of them will pretend to get hit with the beer can you threw at him and slather it all over the papers. He’ll be fine though. Then you starting writing crazy letters to the editor of the New York Times. And take out a full-page ad in Variety talking about the big reunion tour you’re planning.

“But, I’m a solo artist,” I remind him.

“Perfect,” he says. “The tour won’t materialize anyway. You’ll do one date at Red Rocks where you show up 3 hours late and then do half the first song before stumbling off stage and sexually assaulting a lady in the front row.”

It sounds weird since I’m not really that kind of person. But I just keep reminding myself that this guy is a pro and knows what he’s doing.

“We’ll get the judge to put you in a rehab for that one. And we’ll just keep telling the press that you need peace and quiet. Tell them they need to leave you alone. That’s industry speak that means we’ll be doing interviews at 2pm and 4 pm everyday. Once you get out of rehab, you’ll need to get crazy one more time or the public won’t really believe you’re a tortured soul.” He laughed to himself a little about this callback to his own line of work.

“We’ll pull one more stunt where you get loaded on coke one night and then get a tattoo of

Hitler jerking off on Henry Kissinger's face or something. That's a quick one. You'll be back in rehab the next day. And out again two days later."

"So with all this going on," I say, "When will I have time to write music?"

"Write music? You don't need to do that. We'll hire some of these hacks in LA to write a dopey single for you. Something real sappy. Some 'Ooh ooh, baby baby' shit. A couple of remixes for the clubs and you're set for music. Leave that to my team."

"Then after you get out of rehab, we hold a big press conference where you apologize to everyone and remind them that your album drops in a week. You tell them that you feel terrible for everything you've done and you just hope they can forgive you. And buy your new album. My people will leak it to the internet a week before the press conference anyway, just to prime the pump. Then you get back together with your ex-wife and do the happily ever after thing."

"Wow," I say. "Just doing all that and I get to be famous for the rest of my life! That's really cool!"

"Rest of your life?" He lets out a hearty laugh that catches the attention of the other patrons sitting in the cafe. "Six months at the outside kid. The product cycle of fame is pretty quick these days. I have to turn a lot more clients than I used to. But hey, it's good for business, you know?"

"Oh," I say. "But how do I get to be famous for 20 or 30 years?"

He looks me straight in the eye, shakes his head, and reaches over for the freshly signed contract. And, surprisingly, tears it in half. "Go write some songs, kid."

Phil's Spicy Ass Bean Salad

Beans are really good for you. And this salad is chock full of them. But BEWARE! This thing is spicy enough to singe the hair off your upper lip!

Take this one to the neighborhood summer picnic and watch people run for the ice chest. :)

Ingredients:

- 1 15 oz can Black Beans
- 1 15 oz can Red Kidney Beans
- 1 15 oz can Garbanzo Beans
- 1 15 oz can Corn
- 1/4 cup Olive Oil
- 3 tblsp Rice Vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsp Mint
- 1/2 tblspn Dijon Mustard (or brown deli mustard)
- 1 tblspn Chopped Fresh Cilantro
- 1 Jalapeno Pepper - seeded and minced
- 3 Tblspn Honey
- 1 tblspn Kosher Salt
- 1tspn Black Pepper
- 3 tblspn Lime Juice
- 1 tsp Chili Powder

Put everything except the beans and corn into a bowl and whisk until it's mixed well. Add the beans and corn and mix thoroughly. Refrigerate for at least two hours before serving.

If you want to wuss out, you can use just half a jalapeno pepper and that takes some of the edge off.

A Plumber's Job Is Never Done

Steve pulls up to 1080 Lily Ave. Another quiet suburban house with a broken disposal and stopped up drain. This one doesn't seem like it could turn deadly, but you never know. Steve had yet to lose anyone on one of his jobs and he aimed to keep it that way. Grabbing his toolbox he heads up to the door and rings the bell.

The door opens and another suburban housewife answers the door. She's the same type of woman he always sees. Looking a little harried from her duties as head of the household. Still pretty, but life is starting to wear on her a little too. It's an early evening call which means she's been at work all day too. And her husband is either too busy to do his own plumbing or just doesn't know how.

None of them really know what they're dealing with anyway. Even if they think they do. Steve would rather they call him. Safer that way.

"Hi, Mrs, Thompson? I'm Steve from Clear Pipes." He flashes her his biggest, warmest smile to put her at ease. People always distrust letting strangers in their house.

She welcomes him into the house and shows him to the kitchen sink. "I'm not sure what happened," she tells him. "I turned the disposal on two days ago and it just made this grinding sound and stopped working altogether. We've been washing dishes in the bathroom since then."

"I'm sure it's something simple," Steve tells her. "Probably some small object slipped down there and got caught." It's the same line he always uses in this scenario. He always tried to make it sound genuine though. The truth is that disposal technology has advanced greatly in the past few years. The newer ones can cut through darn near anything short of dropping diamonds in there. The reason for the recent innovations is because of the one thing they can't cut. Cocoons.

Kartukian cocoons in particular. The Kartukians would wait in hiding in the disposal they'd infiltrated, just waiting for the right object to come through. Sometimes a chicken bone or an errant bottle cap that slipped off the counter. Once inside, the Kartukians would wrap the object in a silk-like cocoon, not unlike spider silk. But, unfortunately, many thousands of times stronger. The stuff was impenetrable. No American company had been able to design a blade to cut through it yet. Though Steve had heard from a couple of government sources that the Japanese were coming close. He wasn't sure if it was for real or just hearsay.

Either way, it didn't change his job right now. He opened up his toolbox and opened the doors under the sink. Fortunately Mrs. Thompson had left him to his work. Some of his techniques can't be used around civilians and it always makes his job harder when they hang over his shoulder.

First he pulled out a small black light and shined it underneath. Yep, there they were, the tell-

tale slime tracks of a Kartukian. Pretty decent sized one from the looks of it too. He got started pulling the disposal apart and soon enough found the object. It looked like a piece from a baby bottle or something. And it was covered in cocoon material of course. Amateurs doing their own plumbing always mistook the cocoon for either hair or just general drain gunk. Little did they know what danger they could be in.

The fortunate thing is that the Kartukians are rarely successful. The government had discovered years earlier that their big plan for dominating Earth was to clog the drains in an effort to drown the populace in water and waste. Nobody ever said they were real bright aliens.

But every so often, by a fluke, they'd hurt someone. Steve had read case studies of exploding septic tanks, flying disposal blades, and "accidental" bath tub drownings. Hell, he'd seen it happen to his own parents when their septic tank exploded and killed them both. The officials quickly talked it up as purely an accident. They couldn't let the public know that their neighborhood had a mass infection of Pinoodies.

'Noodies, as those in the service called them, were closely related to Kartukians. Kartuk being the next door planet to Pinoo in their system. Pinoodies are much more difficult entities to deal with since they work underground. Harder to detect.

Steve pulled his thoughts back to the job at hand, pulling out the small, cocoon covered piece of debris and placing it in a sample bag. Everything goes back to headquarters for analysis.

After placing the plastic bag in the lower tray of his toolbox, he takes out a small item that looks like a pen light or one of those laser pointer things the kids play with in movie theaters. This is no pen light though. He dons his eye protection and a quick press of the button sends a very short flash of radiation into the disposal. That will take care of that batch of Kartukians. He's never been sure why the radiation doesn't work on their cocoon material too, but it doesn't. And they can't permanently install radiation devices in the drain to keep them out. It would take it's toll on the people living in the house. Steve sometimes wondered what it does to him too. In the long run he decided that the job was more important than his own health.

Just as he finishes replacing the last part of the disposal, Mrs. Thompson comes and and says, "How's it going? Did you find what it was?"

"Sure did," says Steve. "Just a plastic piece of something. From a baby bottle maybe. It was pretty mangled, so I just threw it out."

"Oh good", she says. "Thank you so much." Steve flips the switch and the disposal hums to life just like it was brand new. "Here's your invoice Mrs. Thompson. The company will bill you." The government, go figure. Saving the world and they still charge you an arm and a leg. It's an expensive undertaking. People just don't realize what they're paying for.

Mrs. Thompson thanks Steve again as he walks out the door. He drops his toolbox in the

back of his van and gets in the drivers seat. As he pulls away he sees that car again. And the driver is that lady from the mental hospital. She'd been by his house the night before trying to convince him that he's sick in the head. She obviously didn't have the high end government clearance he has, so he told her to beat it and got on the phone with his boss to get him to contact her. Obviously, he hadn't. So now she's following him. Intent on convincing him of his mental instability. How lame. He's perfectly fine. Isn't he?

Balsamic Cinnaigrette Dressing

This is one I've been playing with on my daily lunch salad. I'd been reading that cinnamon is good for you, but I don't really eat anything regularly that would include it. So I came up with this dressing.

Makes 2 Servings (unless you're greedy)

Ingredients:

3 tblsp Balsamic Vinegar

5 tblsp Extra Virgin Olive Oil (as opposed to worn-out ho olive oil)

1 tsp Dried Basil Leaves

3/4 tsp Cinnamon

Salt and Pepper to taste

Super easy... You can whisk all these ingredients together. Or if you're lazy like me, put them in a container that seals really well. Throw all the ingredients in and shake it all around (hokey pokey optional). You can use it immediately, but it tastes better if you let it sit for a little while so all the flavors mix more.

Here's the salad I put it on, but you can throw it over anything. I haven't tried using it as a marinade yet, but that's next.

Spinach

Mixed Greens

Kidney and/or Black Beans

Red Bell Pepper

Sliced Boiled Egg

Snow Peas

2 or 3 Slices of Turkey Lunchmeat

Steve's Discount Exorcisms

Sometimes I feel just like a gerbil, running around and around on his wheel. It just never stops, does it? Here I am sitting down to have a steamy bowl of jambalaya and the damn phone rings again. "Hello?" I say. "Alright yeah, I'll be there in 15 minutes. No, she's been possessed this long. 15 more minutes won't change anything. Just keep her from jamming a crucifix in any orifices. She can do permanent damage that way."

Damn, it's Steve's Discount Exorcisms to the rescue again. \$19.99 with a coupon, no waiting, quick to-your-door service. I thought if I became an exorcist I could charge exorbitant sums, do a couple gigs a year, and just chill out most of the time. Maybe open up a place for tourists in the French Quarter. But then I found out the exorcist biz is pretty crowded in good 'ol NOLA. Driving the prices down. Some guys will even bring a bottle of Champagne to celebrate ridding the customer of their demons.

Plenty of cases to go around. Though most of the time those "demons" are just a bad dose of smack or some spring breaker's bad acid trip. This city does strange things to people when they're sober. And it'll really jack 'em up if they ain't.

I should have opened a massage place. Even rubbing down fat Cajuns would be better than this.

I pull up to 202 Port Royal Ave. I can hear her screaming already. This chick's got it bad. The front door is open so I stroll in and follow the screams up the stairs to the second room on the right. It's painted a nauseating shade of pink. Like Pepto Pink. Maybe this girl can lick her walls to settle her stomach after she barfs up whatever she's ingested that's making her think the demons are stealing her soul.

There she is. On the bed, about 18 year old, totally freaking out. Sweat across her brow and dressed in a flimsy nightgown. In another situation that could make for a very sexy scene. But there's nothing sexy about a girl that screams and drools on herself.

Her mother is beside her in a ratty old house gown. "Thank God you're here! Please help my baby!"

"Stand aside ma'am. I'll do everything I can." I know should be more sympathetic or something. I can come off like a delivery guy with a refrigerator coming in sometimes. I set my bag down. Step one: Smack her. Sometimes that does the trick. Like getting an old TV set to kick in.

SMACK! I give the girl a wallop across the face and she growls and spits at me. I was hoping this would be a quickie, dammit.

Ok, time for the theatrics. I light some candles I have in my bag. Lights down low I start

reciting in Latin. "A combibo quod suus viaticus es nunc secui." I don't know Latin from a hole in the ground. But I translated that phrase from some internet site. It means "A sucker and his money are soon parted."

I ran it through a few times. It does no good of course. If it did, there would Latin classes at the Betty Ford Clinic.

I ask her mother to leave the room so I can concentrate. I need to seriously focus and can't have any distractions between me and the "poor victim". As she closes the door, I grab the hypo and vial from my bag. A little bit of this crap will calm a raging elephant. The tricky part is getting the needle in her flailing arm without it breaking.

"Calm the hell down, would you?" I say as I try to grab hold. I practically have to sit on the chick's head with one foot on her wrist, but I get the needle in and squeeze the plunger. Finally she relaxes...

...For a second. I'm throwing the stuff in my bad and getting ready to collect my meager wage. All the sudden I hear a scream and a desk lamp goes whizzing by my head. Oh, hell no... This is not going to be a pleasant day.

Bayou Chicken and Shrimp Pasta

Warning! If you're on a diet or remotely afraid of spicy foods, don't even look at this one! It's super spicy and awesomely not good for you. :)

Despite the annoying BAM's!!!! and such, Emeril Lagasse's recipes are some of my favorites. This is my tweak on one of his recipes that uses a little less cajun essence and adds the shrimp. [Emeril's original recipe can be found here.](#)

Ingredients:

1 pound linguine
1/4 cup kosher salt
2 tablespoons unsalted butter
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 1/2 pounds boneless, skinless chicken breast, cut into 1-inch pieces
1/2 pound large shrimp, shelled and deveined
2 tablespoons Cajun Essence
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 1/2 cups heavy cream
1 cup diced tomatoes
1 tablespoon finely chopped habanero pepper
1 tablespoon minced garlic
1/2 reserved pasta cooking water
1/2 cup chopped green onion tops
1/4 cup Parmesan
2 tablespoons fresh parsley leaves

Set a large 1-gallon stock pot of water to a boil and add the kosher salt. Place the linguine in the pot and stir until the water returns to a boil. Cook the pasta until tender, but with a bit of resistance (al dente), about 12 minutes

While the pasta cooks, prepare the sauce. Set a 12-inch saute pan over medium high heat. Add the butter and olive oil to the pan. Once the butter has melted, season the chicken and shrimp with 1 tablespoon of the essence and 1/2 teaspoon of the salt. Add just the chicken to the pan. Sear the chicken until well browned on both sides, about 2 minutes. Remove from the pan and set aside. Add the shrimp to the pan and cook until mostly pink. About 1 minute. Remove from the pan and set aside. Add the onions and habaneros to the pan and saute until the onions are softened and lightly caramelized, about 4 to 5 minutes. Add the garlic to the pan and saute until fragrant, about 30 seconds. Add the cream, remaining 1/2 tablespoon of essence, remaining 1 teaspoon of salt, and the chicken and shrimp, and bring to a boil. Cook the sauce until the cream is reduced by half, about 2 minutes. Add the tomatoes, linguine, and the reserved cooking water to the pan and cook, tossing to incorporate for 3 to 5 minutes

Remove pan from heat and add the green onions, Parmesan and parsley and toss to blend. Serve immediately.

A Not So Gentlemanly Gentleman's Club

I was driving back home the morning after a show with two other comedians, through some real back woods area of California. There's nothing at all around and then we spot a shack on the right. A very small, run down old building with the words Gentleman's Club painted across the entire front of it. And it's open... at 11am.

How far down the stripper pole do you need to fall to be stripping for hillbillies in a shed in the woods at 11am? I wouldn't think that it's a very tough business to move up in. They don't exactly require ivy league diplomas.

And lord only knows what shows up on Amateur Night.

I don't really understand the term Gentleman's Club anyway. The picture of 15 drunken frat boys yelling "show us your tits!" doesn't exactly say "gentleman" to me. It says "We should all fear for the future."

A gentleman's club should be more like this:

"My dear Reginald, would you like another spot of cognac?"

"Why yes, I would thank you very much. Alistair, you simply must see this girl's vagina."

"Ah yes, it's quite exquisite. Like a fresh morning rose covered in dew."

"Reginald, I think I'll give this girl a dollar for her aforementioned college fund. Dear girl, come this way. Please take this dollar for your college fund. If not that, then be sure to take advantage of the 401k I'm sure your employer offers. Though it appears you have no pockets, so I'm not sure where you'll put... Oh dear... That doesn't seem sanitary."

"Let me help you back up onto the stage. Ah watch your step, there's a puddle of God knows what just here. Allow me to put my coat over it for you. There you go. Back to work now dear. We do so enjoy that ping pong ball trick you do."

Now, THAT would be a gentleman's club.

Mango Orange Ice Cream

This is a super quick homemade ice cream recipe that is sooooo good. I can take out an entire batch by myself in one sitting if I don't watch it.

It kind of tastes like a cross between Orange Julius and a creamsicle bar.

Ingredients:

1 16 oz package of frozen mangos

1/2 cup heavy cream

1/2 cup orange juice

1/2 cup sugar

1 tsp vanilla extract

Step 1: Throw everything in a blender until you get a smooth creamy texture. You can leave it a little chunky if you like.

Step 2. Freeze for two hours to let it firm up.

And done! How easy is that?! You can also use other fruits or nuts or whatever the heck you want in it.

Saturnalia – Christmas's Cool Older Brother

It always seems like some things have been around forever. Like Christmas. Surely we've been dragging trees in the house and roasting chestnuts since year 1, right?

Well, no.

The holiday of Saturnalia was started by the Romans in 217 BCE as a day to honor the god Saturn. It started out as a one day thing, then spread out to a week from Dec 17-25. Why? Because it was so damn much fun!

First off, it was a day off from work and school. Always nice. Some things never change. I'm sure many people would love to turn Labor Day into Labor Week too.

Then they did this thing where masters and slaves would switch places for the day. Interesting. Slaves would get to dine first and use the good silverware instead of old Taco Bell sporks. And they got to dress like freemen. Apparently that means wearing some funny hat along with your bed sheet.

No chance of that custom being brought along over the years. Southern gents and their belles in the fields picking cotton with switch marks on their backs? Servitude was so much more civilized in ancient times.

They also gave gifts of wax candles to their friends. Made shopping easy. One stop at Yankee Candle and you're good to go. At least it's a useful gift. They had no electric lights. That would be like now giving a bag of rice to an Ethiopian family, or Kanye West a muzzle. And since all the gifts were the same, no husband ever had to say, "Honey, what did we get my mother for Saturnalia?"

And Romans being Romans of course, the holiday included MAJOR partying. Imbibing whatever fermented fruits and grains they could get their hands on. Loud music. Probably bumping the latest hits from 50 Cent and Lil' Kim (not to be confused with Orange Julius). And loads of gambling.

Right... Saturnalia was like a week in Las Vegas. Except EVERYONE had that guilty look on their face Monday morning. What happens in Rome stays in Rome.

And what comes with alcohol and music? Sex... and Roman sex at that. These people, already famous for their orgies, outdid themselves during Saturnalia. And they did this for a week! Longer than Woodstock! And EVERY YEAR!

Some emperors tried to put the kibosh on it. Augustus tried to limit it to 3 days, Caligula 5. I guess 'ol Cal didn't want anyone else having as much fun as he did on a regular basis.

Then in the 4th century AD, the Christians decided that maybe drinking and screwing wasn't the best way to spend a week.

So they said, "Hey Pagans! We're going to make this an even bigger party!"

And the pagans said "Yay!"

The Christians said, "It's going to be a birthday party!"

And the pagans said "Yay!"

And the Christians said "for Jesus!"

And the pagans said, "Wow, buzzkill dude."

After 400 years they apparently forgot when Jesus was born and just decided to stick it in December.

So they encouraged the Romans to celebrate the new holiday. Go to church, have a nice meal, think about God (the "one and only", not the grand Roman collection), do some praying.

And the Romans said, "Yeah, ok." And they did the Christian thing. Then immediately went back to drinking, gambling, and screwing. Even through the 1300's writers were condemning caroling as "lewd". Apparently it wasn't exactly "Silent Night". More like you and your buddies doing a drunken rendition of "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" after a long night of confidence juice.

Now it will get you arrested. Then, it was just a holiday.

So this year, when you're washing dishes after the family Christmas dinner, think about those old traditions you could be keeping up instead. Getting schtuped on a craps table with a beer in one hand and a wax candle in the other, while your boss waits on you hand and foot. Now THAT sounds like a holiday.

Interview With The Creator Of The World's Largest Latke

Today we're interviewing a man by the name of Hershel Benkowitz who recently created the world's largest latke for last year's Hanukkah celebration.

Q: Mr. Benkowitz, what was your motivation for preparing the world's largest latke?

B: Well, my mother said I'd never amount to anything and I wanted to show her I could do something spectacular. Plus I had some extra potatoes I wanted to use before they went bad.

Q: I see. So it was for the fame and the love of your mother?

B: And to use up the potatoes.

Q: Yes, of course. And I imagine you must have a very large family to eat your giant latke?

B: Well, no. I'm an only child and never married.

Q: Ah, but your mother will be joining you, of course.

B: No, my mother recently got remarried to her Mexican pool boy and moved to Mexico City.

Q: Ok. Is it hard for her to be Jewish in Mexico?

B: I don't know. I haven't heard from her in 3 years. In her last letter she briefly mentioned converting to Catholicism so she can eat the shrimp coming in off the coast.

Q: So, Mr. Benkowitz, tell us how you constructed your masterpiece. You obviously don't have a pan 45 feet wide.

B: No, of course not. I made sections of the latke one at a time and laid them out end to end. I tried sewing them together with thread, but it didn't work very well. So I opted for plastic cement flavored with basil and olive oil.

Q: Wonderful. And where can the public view this amazing dish?

B: In my back yard.

Q: Outdoors? Have you had any problems with the local wildlife eating it?

B: No, but a few birds have created nests in it. A brood of sparrows just hatched in the

northeast corner last week. And a few flies have gotten to it as well. So there are a few maggots in parts of it.

Q: And so what will you do with the latke when public interest has waned?

B: Throw it in the trash.

Q: Really?

B: Yes.

Q: You're going to take 700 pounds of potatoes and all your hard work and just toss it?

B: Yes.

Q: Well, that's kind of wasteful, don't you think?

B: But who would want to eat it with the bird droppings and maggots and baby spider sacs?

Q: I'll have you know Mr. Benkowitz that maggots are high in protein and considered a delicacy in some third world countries. And you are going to simply throw the whole thing out!? Mr. Benkowitz, you are a wretched little man who will amount to nothing in the world.

B: Have you been talking to my mother?

Funkifried Rice

Makes 2 servings

This is the kind of thing my poor girlfriend has to put up with. She's Chinese and I've taken her sacred, traditional rice dish and totally screwed it up.

- 1 Chicken breast – diced as small as you can
- Black Pepper to taste
- 1 ½ Cups Cooked White Rice
- 1 Egg – beaten like a bad child
- 3 Scallions – chopped – both green and white parts
- ½ tsp grated fresh ginger
- 1 tblsp Olive Oil
- 2 Cloves Garlic – minced
- 3 tblsp Sesame Oil
- ½ tsp Cumin (that's pronounced like "Que-min" you pervert)
- ½ tsp Basil
- 1 ½ tblsp BBQ Sauce
- ½ tsp Sriracha Sauce (optional)

Notes: You can use any kind of meat you want. Beef, shrimp, Chinese sausage, Andouille sausage, pork, whatever. Heck, you all of them if you like. Use whatever BBQ sauce is your favorite. The Sriracha sauce adds some spiciness. If you're a wuss feel free to leave it out. Or if you have another favorite hot sauce, use that.

Sprinkle black pepper over chicken. Heat a large skillet on medium high with the 1 tablespoon olive oil. A drop of water should sizzle when it's ready. Add the garlic and ginger and stir fry for 20 seconds. Add the chicken and stir fry until just browned. Remove to a separate bowl.

Add 3 tablespoons sesame oil to pan and let it heat up a bit. Add rice. Break it up and stir periodically as it softens for about two minutes. Add the beaten egg and stir fry for another two minutes until egg starts to set. Add the basil and cumin and mix in thoroughly.

Return the chicken back into the pan. Add BBQ sauce and Sriracha and mix well. Continue to stir fry for another 2-3 minutes to cook off some of the excess liquid.

Serve immediately. Or you can refrigerate it for a day and reheat in a microwave.

The Adventures of Captain Unibrow

This is the story of Captain Unibrow. He may have but one magnificent, bushy brow, but at least he doesn't waste money on women with strings at the mall. On a daily basis he wages war on needless beauty products for men and women around the world. With his sidekicks Gay Porno Mustache Boy and Never Shaves Above The Knee Girl, Captain Unibrow patrols the malls, beauty shops, and home shopping networks of our great land saving unwitting consumers from fraudulent and useless beauty products.

His arch nemesis, Estee Olay Aveeno Cetaphil III, head of the worldwide so-called "beauty" conglomerate Barnum Beauty Enterprises, continually foists up the world one useless cream after another promising beauty, self-confidence, and sex. His slogan, "Of course it will get you laid...", gives false hope to millions of ugly people.

On this day Captain Unibrow gets word of a new product sampling at a local drug store. The evil Estee Olay Aveeno Cetaphil III has released a new skin cream that claims to bond your skin cells to those of silicon, making it impervious to sun damage, wrinkles, acne, and scarring, leaving you with a porcelain white baby's butt for a face. However due to the enhanced electrical conductivity of silicon, even one small spark of static electricity from a cell phone could melt your face like a pat of butter on the surface of Hell.

As they enter the store, they spot one of Estee Olay Aveeno Cetaphil III's minions endangering a human life. They nonchalantly approach so as not to frighten the 40 year old woman in a pantsuit hoping to regain some of the dignity she lost at Lake Havasu in the summer of 1986.

"How much does this miracle cream cost?", our hero asks.

"It's only \$49.99," state the enthusiastically devious minion.

"For half an ounce!?", Captain Unibrow roars. "That's \$100 per ounce! More than bottled water, more than Viagra, more than gasoline! Maybe we should be bombing Barnum Beauty Enterprises instead of Middle Eastern oil terrorists!"

But the minion heard none of this. Instead her gaze was fixated on that wondrous piece of face fluff, the unibrow. When she realized it was a trap she whipped her head to the left to avert her gaze from the powerful caterpillar only to be met with the most stunning mustache this side of 1977.

She knew she was trapped but couldn't turn away from it's beauty and majesty. Like a sunset over the green hills of a small Belgian town. A very hairy sunset.

Never Shaves Above The Knee Girl slowly crept up behind her, lifted her skirt to reveal a Sasquatch-like environment, and pounced upon the minion. For a brief moment the minion

remembered a childhood memory of a trip to a rural Chinese fish market in the summer, before passing out in the dark thigh muff.

The woman in the pantsuit thanked Captain Unibrow for saving her face and her money. He handed her a free drink ticket for the meat market bar down the street and “Go get you some girl.”

And once again the day has been saved by Captain Unibrow and his two loyal hirsute companions. Saving the world from wasted money and melted faces. As the cheering crowds laud him he proclaims, “Beer is cheaper than skin cream!”

The Beatles Aren't Bigger Than Jesus, But...

If you look into some of the population numbers from the time period, Jesus had influence over less than 10,000 people at the time of his death. And as we also know, some of those people didn't like him very much.

On the other hand, Nirvana sold over 25 million records before Kurt Cobain died. And he was younger than Jesus. That's way more influence.

People were upset, but nobody went "The rest of history doesn't matter! This is now the year 1 AK !" That would be "After Kurt".

Oh, but Nirvana had the power of MTV, you say... Well, yes. But would we really want to see Jesus on the VMA's going "Yo, my new book is about drop next week. It's called the Bible, y'all. Buy it bitches!"?

Of course now there are 1.2 billion Christians in the world. Because Jesus had a good PR team and didn't even have to leak a sex tape. Though he does have a Facebook page with 3.3 million friends. Nirvana has 3.1 million friends.

What about the Jews? How do they stack up? There are only 14 million Jews left. That's not quite few enough for the endangered species list, but we may have to start mating them in captivity soon.

And so with 140 million albums sold, the Beatles are not bigger than Jesus. They are however way bigger than Abraham.

Elvis on the other hand has sold 1.3 billion albums. That means we're due to see an Elvis biography in every hotel room now.

We'll all be saying, "Our father who art in Graceland..."

...and wearing little gold toilets around our necks.

An Open Letter To The World From Satan.

Dear World,

I've been watching what's going on. I get my Yahoo news just like the rest of you yahoos. And I'm getting pretty tired of it.

Look, everyone seems to think that I'm the evil one in this game. But all this war and crap? It's not me! Everyone's fighting for their own god-thing! You got your Christians fighting for Jesus, the "Prince of Peace" (har har), and God. For Christ's sake, you Christians haven't even figured out your God's name yet! You can't even make one up? That's some lazy religion there. The Greeks and Romans made up names for their bazillion deities. You can't even name one.

For the record, his name is Wendell Xavier Dinklebanger III. He only adds the "III" because he thinks it makes him sound sophisticated. Oh yes, hallowed be thy name indeed.

You got your Muslim's fighting for Allah and his ~~profit~~(oops!) prophet Mohammed. At least you Muzzies got their names right. Bonus points if you can figure out Allah's middle name. Yep... Katrina! Good job Louisiana! You can stop blaming George Bush now. Al got wasted the night before at a party Wendell was throwing and made a total mess of the place. Gods can be real dickheads sometimes.

Oh, and the whole thing where you can't draw a picture of Mohammed? Yeah, Mo put that in there just because he doesn't like being in pictures. Thinks his nose is too big.

Ok, here's the thing. You've got the Christians fighting the Muslims. The Jews fighting the Palestinians. All the "good guys" sending their minions into war like a giant celestial game of Battleship. I never get to play and I'm sick of it. I'm going to jack up their little game something fierce.

I was having lunch with Buddha and Confucius the other day and we were talking about this stuff. Buddha told me to stay out of it. Actually, he said "Stay the f*#@ out of it." He's got a pretty filthy mouth, that Buddha.

But I'm about to do something about it. See, I've been working on a little project of my own for the last couple decades. Amsterdam. Netherworld... Netherlands... Get it?

We'll start by making food drops over the entirety of the Middle East. Pot brownies to start. Pot brownies and Cheetos. Therein lies a never-ending cycle, my friends. Don't get me wrong. I don't smoke the idiot weed myself. That stuff will make you dumber than a box of hair. But it also makes you lazy. And it's awfully hard to go to war when you're passed out on the couch watching Maury Povich.

And for reinforcements, I'll send in a few companies of stoners to show them how to roll and

joint and make bongos out of common everyday objects. We'll have stoner arts-and-crafts classes at all the community centers. Somehow stoners can't get their brains together enough to even glue macaroni to a paper plate. But they're a bunch of flippin' Macgyvers when it comes to smoking accessories.

Next up will be the hooker battalions. It's tough to fire a gun when you're getting a BJ from a Red Light pro. They keep all their women in those beekeeper outfits. A little bit of cleavage and they're bound to forget who they were shooting at. It's a proven fact. Boobs make men forgetful.

Once the Middle East has settled into a smoky, Cheeto cheese covered haze, I'll start on America. This will be much easier. All those right-wing, religious nuts? Half of them are already doing this stuff. Wendell is a little lackadaisical keeping his thought leaders in line. Oxycontin and pedophilia? It ain't the tree-hugging granola eaters doing that stuff, is it? I gave them weed a long time ago because they're super annoying without it. Always trying to save some animal or another. No, I don't want to sign your petition for anything.

So, gifts of pot brownies and hookers to the nutjobs in America. Maury's ratings will go through the roof. The Discovery Channel will just change every show to Shark Week. Everyone will go back to playing video games with hand-held controllers instead of all this Wii Fit crap. Domino's Pizza stock will rocket sky high. And guess what? No fighting. I will have totally jacked up the Battleship game. Wendell and Al will pout for millenia, but screw 'em. That's what they get for leaving me out.

Oh.. and a special note for Matt Stone and Trey Parker. I'm not gay. The cartoons are very funny. And Saddam Hussein really is that annoying. But I'm not gay. Ever see "The Devil In Miss Jones"? That's a documentary dudes... Stop putting Lindsay Lohan in jail. I'm trying to get her down here. Anna Nicole Smith is getting way annoying.

Satan out....

Sex Stores Bankrupt – 24 Hour Porn DVDs The Culprit

The other day I saw a sex shop that went out of business. You know life is difficult when you can't sell enough blow up party sheep and "back massagers" to feed your kids.

Apparently when the economy is down people forgo sex toys and porn DVDs and go back to buying cucumbers and spying on the neighbors. Doing things the old fashioned way.

I think part of the problem is that they screwed up a lot of their repeat customers. Because you can now buy a 3 DVD set that features 24 straight hours of porn.

Before buying this set you should have to register yourself with Megan's Law.com and be forced to notify your neighbors.

Nobody needs 24 hours of porn. By about hour 9 it's got to start feeling like Groundhog Day. "Puxatawney Phil has seen his shadow and it'll be another 13 hours of fake boobs and pudgy men."

By hour 13 you're going "I wonder if those flowers in the background are tulips or gladiolas."

But I suppose you're not supposed to watch the whole thing in one shot. If the guy that buys that comes back in the next day for more, he simply needs his hands cut off at the wrist. He's putting the abuse in self-abuse. He needs medication. And a girlfriend.

And if you were to actually spend 24 hours with a porn dvd, you would be horribly disfigured by the end. And probably dehydrated.

That's no playing around. That's marathon status. You should be asking your neighbors to pledge money for charity if you're going to go that far. Tie a pink ribbon around it. Do it for breast cancer. Make it an event: Beating For Boobies.

Because most guys aren't going to get through 24 hours. Most guys are done before the opening credits are finished.

"Butt Bangers 12.... Starring..." – and done, that's it.

If you figure an average of 2 minutes per round, 24 hours would net you 720 rounds. That's going to last a guy at least six months. Unless he's out of work. Then maybe 14 days.

24 hours of porn? How many scenes is that? 22% of the American population would have to be in the movie. Unless, of course, it's 24 hours of one couple. That might be funny. Him all out of breath. Her talking on the phone waiting for him to finish. Him needing a glass of orange juice to recharge. Her reading Cosmo.

Just like every other DVD, these often come with a director/actor commentary. Just in case you really want to get the inside scoop on what the actors and crew were thinking during the filming.

Director: "We cut a scene out here because we didn't feel it was moving the plot along fast enough. And Stacy's tits looked lopsided."

Actress: "Umm, yeah.. Right here when Steve is plugging my ass, I was really trying to bring out a deeper understanding of the character's battle with her internal demons. Almost like an emotional race for time between her coming of age and Steve cumming on her face."

Is there really a need for extras at all on a porn video? Behind the scenes? Isn't the whole thing behind the scenes? Shouldn't the only extra feature on a porn DVD be... more porn?

Wherefore Art Thou Popcorn Time Lady?

I sometimes think about her. The robotic voice on the other end of 767-2676. She was the first person everyone would call after a power outage, because she knew what time it was. And not in a "Morris Day" kind of way.

As a kid, the popcorn lady was always a safe phone call you could make to dick around with the phone and not accidentally run up mom's bill by calling Thailand. For a few unfortunate few, the popcorn lady may have been their only childhood friend. For an even more unfortunate few, their first phone sex.

Most people spend their work day counting the minutes. This lady actually did that and got paid for it. You think it's a joke, but before the service was automated, some lady actually had to sit there and do the job. In the UK, Ethel Jane Cain did the job for 27 years. And you thought your job was monotonous?

California was one of the last states that still had a speaking clock until they discontinued it in August 2007. At the time I couldn't help thinking about how that meeting went down.

"Look Jane, we know you've been here for about 100 years now. But with cell phones and computers, people just aren't using you as much anymore and we have to let you go. I'm sure there's plenty of work out there for women with monotone voices. We are trying to get you a placement with an exploding briefcase company. You have to admit that work could be more exciting. Anyway, as a token of our appreciation for all your years of service we've gotten you this engraved watch."

Her response, "At the tone, Pacific Daylight Time will be Fuck You."

Had I known, I would have called a few times on her last day just to see if she was pulling some pranks.

"Good morning, at the tone the time will be whatever your new-fangled cell phone says it is."

"Good morning, at the tone the time will be ARMAGEDDON!"

"Good afternoon. I'd like to order 450 pizzas to be delivered to AT&T headquarters."

"Good evening. And now, the end is near. And so I face the final curtain..."

"Good evening. What the hell have I done with my life?"

Maybe if they'd kept the service more relevant it would have kept going. The messages could have been:

"The time is now 4:22 and did you see those pictures of Britney Spears' vagina on the internet?"

"The time is now 1:35 and you've just lost your ass on Time Warner stock. It's down 35 points."

"The time is now 8:21 and your boss is sleeping with his secretary."

“The time is now 11:14 and ooh, it’s so big.... What are you wearing...”

Then again, AT&T has never really been a forward thinking company like that.

That's all for now! Be sure to check back periodically and see if there's a new updated version for download..

<http://www.RoadsideAttraction.com>