

Broke.

by: Jake Kalphat

to that greatest of all mercies and last of all choices:
hope.

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Preface

There is no preface. Just get going you have stuff to do. Everybody is busy and nobody has time for you to be standing around, meandering through this. You're gonna finish reading this no matter how much it tells you to stop, aren't you? Doesn't it worry you that you literally can't stop reading this? I think about that sometimes and it definitely worries me. Like we're all slaves to the written word. Aaaaaanyways...

You want a job. What do you do?

1. Nothing. I don't want a job. – go to page 35
2. Write up a resumé. – go to page 2

The FBI agent in your webcam knows a guy and, noticing your efforts to find a job, decided to pull (probably without a warrant) your resumé off your desktop and, after he sent it over for you, you get a call from the guy who turned out to be a woman (“pretty presumptuous of me” you think, “to assume the contact was a guy in the first place.” “right?” you ask rhetorically.) asking if you would be interested in an interview. In response, you

1. say, “Interview! Sweet.” – go to page 6
2. demand the job without an interview cause you’re just that good. – go to page 3

The interviewer laughs, impressed by your good sense of humor. “HaHa,” she says, “But seriously, can we schedule an interview?”

1. “It’s not a joke. Give me the job.” – go to page 36
2. “HaHa. Right? Yeah anyways I’m free all the time (“cause I’m unemployed” you think, sadly.)” – go to page 4

“All the time?” she asks. “HaHa. Wow, are you sure you want the job?” she asks as a joke but you respond anyways cause, “linguistically-speaking,” you think, “humor is hard to convey over the phone and I need to cover my bases.”

1. “No, I am not sure.” – go to page 37
2. “Yes, I am sure. Give me the job...” “please,” you add after an awkward pause. – go to page 5

“HaHa” the interviewer laughs awkwardly but not like it’s awkward for her more like you just embarrassed yourself and she feels bad for you. “Well,” she says, “I guess I can schedule it for Tuesday if that works for you?”

1. “Tuesday is fine.” – go to page 39
2. “Tuesday isn’t real. The real day is called ‘Tiwes dæg.’ What sort of operation are you running over there that you don’t know that?” – go to page 38

“yeah, sweet.” The guy who turned out to be a woman says before asking you if Tuesday works.

“Tuesday does work” you say.

The interview is scheduled for Tuesday.

It is now Tuesday morning. You look in your closet and decide to wear

1. Your Sunday best. – go to page 7
2. Nothing. – go to page 8

You show up to the interview in a nice coffee shop chain that is not that well-known, “Starbots” or something. The interviewer is impressed by your Sunday best and figures you must have it all together. She gestures for you to take the seat across from her and you

1. say, “I prefer to stand.” – go to page 40
2. try to take a seat in the chair but miss and fall on the floor. – go to page 41

You show up to the interview in a nice coffee shop chain that is not that well-known, “Starbots” or something, *in the nude*. The interviewer sees you and after picking her jaw up off the floor realizes that she admires your confidence and can-do attitude. “that,” she thinks, “is a person willing to take risks.” Demonstration aside, though, she decides to offer you her coat to cover up for the rest of the interview. You look at her and say,

1. “No.” – go to page 9
2. “Thanks.” – go to page 42

Your interviewer didn't think she could admire your courage, audacity, and bravado any more than she already did but she was wrong cause now she does. She takes back the coat and sits back down. You sit across from her "in the most audacious way possible" she thinks. She decides to go off script (a move you inspired) and asks, "What's your greatest accomplishment?"

1. "Existing." – go to page 12
2. "Surpassing my parents." – go to page 10

“Me too!” she says a little too emphatically – like she has something to prove.
“HaHa,” you laugh. You say,

1. “I was joking. I actually have no parents. Aliens planted me here three days ago with the memories of an entire, meaningless life.” – go to page 43
2. “Do you feel you have surpassed your parents?” – go to page 11

“You know what,” she says (taking on the voice of someone who is about to have a deep conversation and is *relishing* it), “I’m not sure I ever will.”

“Yeah, me too.” You agree.

The interviewer looks around, thinking about how much of a connection the two of you are having and then looks back at you.

She asks (slyly), “You wanna get out of here?”

1. “Yes.” – go to page 44
2. “Yes.” – go to page 45

“You are really wowing the interviewer,” she thinks, referring to herself in her own mind in the third person. You are really laying yourself bare – putting it all out there. She decides she’s seen enough and asks, “What position are you looking for?”

1. “Reception, idk (you say, spelling the acronym).” – go to page 14
2. “Supreme Overlord of Everyone and Everything.” – go to page 13

“Wow! HaHa!” she laughs. “Me too,” she says.

You respond

1. “No. That’s my thing.” Then you pejoratively call her a “copycat” and stick your tongue out. – go to page 46
2. “I was joking. You really want that? That’s *pretty* narcissistic.” – go to page 47

“That’s too bad,” she says. “We already have a receptionist.” She ends the interview, disappointed that she had to let a person with your sorta spunk get away.

Later you’re at the local bar that looks just like that one bar you know (you know the one? The one you know and are picturing in your mind right now so that a detailed description of it isn’t necessary cause like you already *know* what it looks like cause it looks just like that one bar that you know really well). You tell your friends what happened and they look from one to the other to the other and back to the one (there’s a mirror somewhere).

“Want us to whack her?”

After explaining to you that “whack” means “remove from the living” or, in more colloquial terms, “murder mob-style with no witnesses and no explanations.” You take a moment to wonder how you never had any idea that your friends might be either members of the mob or might be people willing to murder someone mob-style with no witnesses and no explanations or might be people really into movies about the mob.

You have been thinking for a while and now they’re looking at you for an answer and wondering if maybe they’ll have to whack you cause it’s pretty clear that now you know that they might be in the mob. You look back at them and

1. say, “Whack her!” – go to page 17
2. ask why they assume the receptionist is a she. “I mean,” you say, “like it’s twenty-eighteen, get with it.” – go to page 15

Your friends look confused. “What,” they ask.

You can’t believe they don’t know. “It is twenty-eighteen,” you think. You explain progressivism to your friends in the bar. They look confused at first but then they slowly start to nod and say “yeah” and “hell-yeah” and “fuck-yeah” and “zamn zaddy.” They slap their hands on the table and stomp their feet. You did it. You brought your friends around. Now you suggest

1. campaigning for activist groups – go to page 16
2. going home – go to page 48

“Yeah,” and “hell-yeah” and “fuck-yeah” they say. They walk out immediately and begin to shout in the streets. You attend sit-ins, and demonstrations, and marches. You gain national attention. You

1. Keep going. – go to page 49
2. Stop. – go to page 50

Your friends sigh a breath of relief. “We didn’t want to kill him” they thought collectively(?) (like a mob would, just saying).

“We need a distraction.” They say. You examine your options and decide there are really only two for you to choose from.

1. Incite a riot. – go to page 18
2. Be very distracting. – go to page 51

You must create riotous circumstances and assume that you, with your limited means and experience (if only you were better than you are), could probably start a riot by purchasing a mass quantity of one of two items.

1. Natural Light Beer – go to page 19
2. Extra™ Chewing Gum – go to page 52

It works! You distribute the contents of thirty-six cases of Natural Light beer to a crowd and before you know it you have a raging house party in the middle of your city. (You know, *your* city? The city you are from or familiar with? That one that doesn't need naming or describing because, after all, it is *your* city?)

Just as you're looking around at your city and the riotous circumstances you managed to spark using thirty-six cases of Natural Light beer two frat dudes (probably named Chad, collectively) whip out a folding table and arrange red solo cups in a pyramid at each end of the table. They challenge you to a game of beer pong.

Do you reject their challenge?

1. No way! You and your best friend, Ryan, have never lost or backed down from a game of beer pong ever. – go to page 20
2. Yes way! You must stay mission-oriented. – go to page 53

You and your best friend, Ryan, who have never lost or backed down from a game of beer pong win yet another game of beer pong. The frat dudes collectively named Chad are forlorn, heartbroken, despairing. While everybody is cheering for you and your best friend, Ryan, who have never lost or backed down from a game of beer pong and who have just won yet another game of beer pong you notice your other friends approaching the receptionist.

1. "Excellent! It's time." You approach the receptionist too. – go to page 21
2. Whistle unsuspectingly in the midst of the riotous crowd. – go to page 54

As you approach you notice that the receptionist is an objectively good-looking member of the preferred sex. “Plus,” you think, “I bet they probably have a great personality too.” “Which,” you think, “like it matters not only that they’re, like, physically-attractive but also, like, just like fun to talk to. “You know?” You ask yourself rhetorically. Noticing this you decide to

1. Rescue them! – go to page 22
2. Play hard to get by keeping your distance. – go to page 55

The receptionist who is an objectively good-looking member of the preferred sex who you bet has a great personality too is impressed by your bravery and, after a very romantic period of time (the duration of which would be long enough to lead you to believe you know the person well enough to make an offer of a long-term, monogamous, domestic partnership).

Since neither of you can have kids the objectively good-looking member of the preferred sex who is now your domestic partner brings up adoption. You say,

1. "Children! Oh boy!" – go to page 23
2. "Children. Oh boy." – go to page 56

You adopt two beautiful babies and one sweet but grody high schooler (A phase you assume they will grow out of, despite their continued insistence that, "it's not a phase").

One of you has to stay home and be the primary caregiver and you and your domestic partner decide that the best way to decide is with a flip of a coin (even though your spouse is the one who currently holds a job as a receptionist and you are still unemployed). You retain your title as the undefeated rock, paper, scissors house champion and win the right to first-choice.

1. Heads. – go to page 24
2. Tails. – go to page 57

Your spouse is a little butthurt but the house rules on coin flipping (18 H.R. Code Sec. 118) are ironclad.

Your spouse quits their job as a receptionist and you realize that in a roundabout way you can now get that job you interviewed for so many years ago. You call

1. Your mom – go to page 58
2. Interviewer – go to page 25

The interviewer is ecstatic that you called. “As,” she explains, “the receptionist position we talked about months ago just opened up.” Her only reservation about hiring you, she explains, is that the company now has a dress code that definitely involves wearing clothes.

“Pssh,” you say,

1. “Clothes suck!” – go to page 26
2. “Okay!” – go to page 59

She explains the job requirements and mentions that good grammar and spelling are “absolutely critical.” She asks how you are without spell check. “Can you spell?” she asks with an embarrassed laugh. You laugh confidently on the phone and say with similar confidence) as if it were a given),

1. “Can I!” – go to page 60
2. “Kan I!” – go to page 27

“HaHa,” she laughs. “I know it’s silly. That’s just a question they have me ask.
Aaaaaanyways, I’d like to offer you the job.”

You respond,

1. “Excellent!” – go to page 28
2. “Actually, I changed my mind. I don’t want a job.” – go to page 61

She asks, "When can you start?"

1. "Tomorrow." – go to page 62
2. "Now. This moment. Turn around. I'm behind you." – go to page 29

She turns around in her swivel office chair and is shocked to see you looming (yes, *looming*) behind her. Wondering how you could possibly get to the building so fast and into her office without her noticing, she asks as much and you respond with a single word,

1. "Dedication." – go to page 30
2. "Ateleportationmachine." – go to page 63

“Wow!” she says. “That is dedication.”

You start working that day and throw yourself into your receptionist duties. One day you turn around and realize you’re

1. Standing on your boss’s desk, lighting a fire. – go to page 64
2. Ignoring your family. – go to page 31

Your domestic partner calls as they simultaneously realize that you've been ignoring your family. They ask if you remembered your anniversary today. You respond,

1. "No." – go to page 32
2. "Our anniversary isn't today." – go to page 65

Your domestic partner leaves and takes the children. You come home every day to an empty home and wander the rooms your children used to play in, sleep in, laugh in, cry in. You weep yourself to a fitful sleep before slumping to work the next day.

The boss sees the tears on your clothes and asks to see you. The boss doesn't ask about the tears on your clothes. She tells you that the branch is losing money and they have to either downsize or declare bankruptcy. You are

1. Not listening. – go to page 33
2. Standing on her desk, lighting a fire. – go to page 66

Your boss asks, “Are you even listening to me? We are cutting staff *today*. Who do you think we should cut?”

1. “That one guy who stinks up the office every day with his tuna melt and jackfruit lunches.”
– go to page 67
2. “Everyone.” – go to page 34

The boss takes your advice. She fires everyone in the office beginning with you. Not cause she didn't like you. "After all," she thought, "I do admire their confidence." Really just cause you were there and it was gonna happen anyways so might as well get it over with. You know?

You lost your wife, your children, your job, eventually you will lose your house and everything else. Last of all you lose hope. You decide to

1. Ride off into the sunset. – go to page 35

Your feeble attempts to resist the dictates of the capitalist-industrialist complex are lackluster and unconvincing at best. You spend the rest of your life alone, thinking about how you had none of the qualities that your society valued. Eventually, laying on your futon at a bitter old age you

1. Look up and shake a fist at an uncaring universe. – go to page 69

The interviewer had liked your sense of humor but now she thinks you're just rude and delusional and hangs up the phone abruptly ("As if there is really an un abrupt way to hang up a phone," you think). You are so torn up by the mistake that you obsess over it for the remainder of your life.

You go to thrift stores and buy old phones to fill your apartment with. You contract new dial-up connections at every point on your wall. You sit in silence amidst an army of broken, useless phones plugged into dial-ups that don't even work cause you can't pay for them. Eventually, at a ripe, bitter old age, you are laying on your futon. One of the phones rings.

1. You are too old and feeble to answer the phone. – go to page 68

The interviewer doesn't like your indecision. She hangs up the phone and ignores your attempts to call her back. You realize your mistake and spend the rest of your life upsettingly decisive. One day you decide it's time to go and

1. you drift off into your final slumber just like that. Pretty weird, right? – go to page 68

Your interviewer knows Old English and thinks your feeble attempts to revive an obviously dead language are delusional and misguided. She is concerned by your inability to suppress irrelevant information in judgment-tasks as well as your inability to understand that what a certain day of the week is called is entirely arbitrary. She wonders what all of this says about your brain's executive functioning and hangs up the phone – assuming you have a frontal cortex that is literally too small to function.

You spend the rest of your life advocating, “Tiwes dæg.” Your over-commitment to the arbitrarily chosen name of a day of the week alienates your friends and your family dies just because and in an unrelated way. You scratch “Tiwes dæg” into the walls at your home like a madman in his jail cell. On a Monday you are laying in your futon and you

1. Pray to an uncaring universe that you can just make it one more night so that you can die on Tiwes dæg. – go to page 68

You ask if the interview can take place at a McDonald's. The interviewer prefers Burger King and hangs up the phone on you. You go to McDonald's and have a Big Mac. That Big Mac is the straw that broke the camel's back and you collapse on the floor clutching your chest. Unfortunately for you (not that the heart attack isn't in-and-of-itself unfortunate) you're in a McDonald's so everybody sees you fall to the floor clutching your chest but they all mind their own business. You become a hapless victim of the bystander effect. You

1. Look up at the ceiling and see Ronald McDonald, full-clown make-up, gesturing for you to join him in the void. – go to page 68

The interviewer, intimidated by your endurance and seeing it as a challenge decides to stand herself. She attempts to conduct the entire interview standing but had donated blood outside for free movie tickets and quickly gets lightheaded. Not one to be outdone, though, she continues standing and eventually collapses. Her head strikes the floor and she dies soon after.

A jury of your peers, reading this account of your actions, convicts you of homicide and demands you pay damages to the interviewer's family. You do not have a job so you have no money and therefore you are sent to prison ("cause that actual system that exists in the world makes sense," you think).

You live in prison for a year before your cell-mate gets annoyed by your snoring and stabs you in your sleep.

"Or when I was awake, you think. "It really doesn't matter. My cell-mate could literally have murdered me at any time and I would not have been able to do anything about it," you think. In your last moments you look up and see

1. Your cell mate looking like they're thinking about the fact that they murdered you and, in retrospect, feel kind of bad about it. "But you know what they say," your cell-mate thinks, "hindsight is 20-20." – go to page 68

The floor is lava.

1. go to page 68

The interviewer was impressed by your confidence but is now concerned at how quickly you bowed to social pressure. She wonders what it says about you as a person that you would do something so outrageous and then withdraw it so quickly. She believes that this says something very significant about your character and half-way through the interview has already determined that you are an individual of disturbingly weak moral-character. She stands and leaves without saying another word to your or taking her coat back.

You realize your mistake and spend the rest of your life *in the nude* trying to compensate. One day you are walking down the street, *in the nude*, and get hit by a semi-truck that wasn't going too fast. You look up at the sky and see the trucker's face. He offers –

“Wait,” you think, “that’s a she. Pretty presumptuous of me to assume that the trucker was a man.” “right?” you ask yourself rhetorically.

She offers you a coat and you take it to cover yourself. The trucker was impressed by your confidence but is now concerned at how quickly you bowed to social pressure. She wonders what it says about you as a person that you would do something so outrageous and then withdraw it so quickly. She believes that this says something very significant about your character and in mere moments has already determined that you are an individual of disturbingly weak moral-character.

You look up at the sky and

1. Shed a single tear for your disturbingly weak moral-character. – go to page 68

The interviewer is not about aliens and even though she can't tell you're joking. "I mean," she thinks, "they must be joking. Aliens *aren't* real." "Are they?" she asks herself rhetorically frantically.

Just then the aliens who planted you there three days ago come back to get you. "Come on, you!" they say, exasperated. "You had one job! Don't tell anyone! How hard could that be?" You are sad you let the aliens down. You begin walking back up the ramp to the alien ship which looks remarkably like a nineteenth century steamship and leads you to wonder that maybe if we had stuck with that design we'd be closer to genuine space travel. "Rather than having to fake the moon landing," you think.

You look back and

1. realize that your mission was to get a job on Earth with the Stinkies, as your alien masters call them and that you really really dropped the ball and probably definitely won't get another shot. – go to page 68

You agreed to leave but didn't really get what the interviewer was asking. So, instead of leaving together, you literally stood up, pushed your chair in, and went home. Later you realize what she was asking and berate yourself for being so stupid. "Stupid, Stupid, Stupid," you say with a staccato facepalm.

You're so confused and distraught that in subsequent interviews throughout your life you become hypervigilant for signs of advances and invariably misinterpret the intentions of others. You accuse your interviewers of making passes and the interviewers, many of whom could possibly have been open to the idea, end up insulted and storm out.

Finally, you reach a ripe, bitter old age and, with your final breath,

1. curse the ambiguity of the English language which you blame for your initial misinterpretation even though you realize that it's most likely more due to your inability to read social cues. – go to page 68

The interviewer hears your “yes” as an alarm – waking her from the love-induced stupor to the impropriety of her actions. At first, she is disappointed in herself, then at society. Finally, she turns to you and realizes she can no longer look at you without seeing her own guilt and shame looking back at her. You have become a badge, a symbol to her. She apologizes profusely and leaves.

You are confused, sad, and still *in the nude*. You try to follow her to her car but she begins to run. You begin to run as well. Onlookers see her running and then see you, *in the nude*, running. They see her running in front of you and you running behind her. They think you, *in the nude*, are chasing her.

Someone tackles you. You fall together. It is a police officer. You go to jail. You miss parole for no reason in particular and have to stay in jail forever.

One day, at a ripe, bitter old age you lay in your cot, looking up at the ceiling and you

1. Breathe your last breath way more peacefully than your surroundings would lead a casual onlooker to expect. Don't get it wrong, definitely not peaceful, you are, *in prison*, after all. But You do seem a little less stressed out than usual – like that's a particularly good day. Anyways, you look up at the ceiling and breathe your last. – go to page 68

The interviewer is foreseeably insulted by your accusation. “I’m not a copycat,” she thinks. “I know you are but what am I?” she says in a mock sing-song voice.

The interview quickly degenerates to a meaningless back and forth. The two of you argue in circles for so long that seasons begin to change, life moves on, children are born, they grow old, they die.

“Oh, that’s a lot of time,” you realize. You realize you’ve been saying “nananana boo boo” so loudly and for so long that you didn’t realize that your interviewer is literally deceased. You look down and realize,

1. You were actually older than the interviewer, so you’re deceased too. – go to page 68

“Wow, that is narcissistic of me,” your interviewer says. She looks off into space, staring at nothing in particular, lost in thought, wandering the cosmos, grappling with existential dread, etc. etc. etc.

She snaps out of it. “You’re not getting the job” she says and leaves.

You

1. Give up on job-hunting because really your contributions are more likely to perpetuate the military-industrial complex than they ever will be to dismantle it from the inside. “I mean,” you think, “Who am I fooling?” – go to page 68

Without immediate action your friends become apathetic. Not only does the position for receptionist never open but you turn around at a ripe, bitter old age and realize you never did anything. The world will quickly forget you if, in fact, it ever even noticed you were here. You lay in a hospital bed just cause you figure that's where people go when they die and you

1. breathe your last, insignificant breath into a world you did nothing to affect. – go to page 68

You did it! You used your platform to affect real, lasting change in the world.
However, you never got the job or any job. You spent a lifetime unemployed so, for the purposes of this adventure ,you definitely did not do it. Very sad. You live to a ripe, bitter old age and

1. Think about how you lost sight of the main goal of this entire thing. “I mean,” you think, “the instructions were pretty clear.” – go to page 68

Really? Like wtf. Get it together.

1. Think about how disappointed I am in you go to page 68

You were not distracting enough.

Your friends are caught trying to “whack” the receptionist and go to jail. Each of them testifies against you and you go to jail. Your friends are definitely going to

1. “whack” you – or, put another way, murder you with no witnesses and no explanations – in prison. – go to page 68

Extra™ chewing gum sent you a cease and desist letter. “You are not allowed to use registered trademarks in printed materials,” they say in the letter. You’re confused cause you definitely weren’t using a registered trademark in a printed material while you were handing it out. You wonder what on Earth they could mean about printing registered trademarks in printed materials.

You argue that you’re using it for parody and/or satire and are within free-speech and artistic expression but you’re also not willing to take the chance so you cease and desist. The riot fails and only a few people have minty fresh breath cause the letter got there really quickly.

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Your friends are caught trying to “whack” the receptionist and go to jail. Each of them testifies against you and you go to jail. Your friends are definitely going to

2. “whack” you – or, put another way, murder you with no witnesses and no explanations – in prison. – go to page 68

Your friend Ryan is shocked and disappointed. He plays beer pong alone and loses. You lost your perfect beer pong record. Your friends who were about to “whack” the receptionist are disappointed in your actions and decide that they should “whack” you after what you did to Ryan.

They say, “Bro, really? Not cool,” Before they play baseball with your shins. In your final moments you look up and

1. see Ryan disappointed at this needless loss and wish you had been a better bro. – go to page 68

Your unsuspecting whistling is incredibly suspicious and the riotous crowd ceases their riot to find out what's going on. They see your friends about to "whack" the receptionist and tackle them. Your friends are arrested.

"Now I have no friends" you think and

1. Die as a result of a random, unforeseeable, unconnected accident cause it just be like that sometimes. – go to page 68

Your friends “whack” the receptionist but you decide that you really did love the receptionist and will never have a chance at love like that again. You,

1. Go full Romeo-and-Juliet (Act V. Scene 3. Line 120) – go to page 68

Your domestic partner is disappointed by your lack of enthusiasm and leaves you. Your former domestic partner adopts the children without you. But like, having kids isn't for everybody so no judgment. Aaaaanyways you seem to be taking it really hard and your heart literally breaks. Come to find out it was made of ceramic the whole time. With your final breath you think

1. "huh, the more you know." – go to page 68

Your reasoning, that because the heads side of a coin is heavier it is more likely to land facedown and therefore there is a slight “tails” bias to coin flips (“e.g.” you think, “a coin will land tails more often than not.”) does not pay off. You lose the coin toss and you stay home for your entire life taking care of the children. Everybody do their thing and all that but

1. you definitely die unemployed by society’s backwards standards. “Which,” you think to yourself, “is definitely bull-shit like I worked every day from dawn till dusk producing and preparing productive members of society and F you society for not placing more value on that.” – go to page 68

Your mom is too busy with the author to pick up the phone. In the time it takes you to leave a message the position is filled. Now both you and your domestic partner are unemployed.

Plus, you just got the most scalding burn like not to get too meta but you got this far in the book to get a your mom joke. You

1. Turn to this page and get some aloe for your burn. – go to page 68

The interviewer was impressed by your confidence from all that time ago but is now concerned at how quickly you bowed to social pressure. She wonders what it says about you as a person that you would do something so outrageous and then withdraw it so quickly. She believes that this says something very significant about your character and half-way through the interview has already determined that you are an individual of disturbingly weak moral-character. She hangs up the phone on you

You realize your mistake and spend the rest of your life *in the nude* trying to compensate. One day you are walking down the street, *in the nude*, and get hit by a semi-truck that wasn't going too fast. You look up at the sky and see the trucker's face. He offers –

“Wait,” you think, “that’s a she. Pretty presumptuous of me to assume that the trucker was a man.” “right?” you ask yourself rhetorically.

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You look up at the sky and

1. Shed a single tear for your disturbingly weak moral-character. – go to page 68

The interviewer misinterprets your emphatic affirmation as a question of your own abilities. She realizes the position requires *excellent* grammar and spelling and thinks that if you're not even sure about it then you may have *good* grammar and spelling but it's definitely not *excellent*. The interviewer hangs up the phone.

`Your domestic partner takes your children and leaves to find work since *apparently* the *only* job you can get is as a receptionist at this one company. Is that a plot hole in your life?

"I should figure that out," you think.

You don't ever figure it out. You live to a ripe, bitter old age and

1. think about it a little more before you die. – go to page 68

Your feeble attempts to resist the dictates of the capitalist-industrialist complex are lackluster and unconvincing at best. You spend the rest of your life alone, thinking about how you had none of the qualities that your society valued. Eventually, laying on your futon at a bitter old age you

1. Look up and shake a fist at an uncaring universe. – go to page 68

Tomorrow is the fifth of November, the day the robots had picked to take over the world. As far as your feeble attempts for a career are concerned tomorrow never comes. Your domestic partner dies in the robot wars and your children are selected for a robot indoctrination program.

You become a cast-off, sitting in the gutter averting your eyes from the finely-dressed robots as they pass in their capes with their gold robot rings. Really, all things considered, losing the job opportunity wasn't the worst thing that happened but it definitely happened, and you definitely live to a ripe, bitter old age in the gutter

1. "which," you think, "if anything speaks to my resourcefulness. That I could live that long as a cast-off but this still sucks." – go to page 68

The interviewer, knowing your intent to answer in one word, realizes that you can't actually spell since you thought "A Teleportation Machine" was one word when it's clearly three words. She hangs up the phone, upset at your lie. You

1. spend the rest of your life having a teleportation machine, which is good, but it can't get you a job. – go to page 68

your boss walks in and just goes, “Why?”

You panic and blurt out the first thing that comes to mind: “insurance!”

Your boss is totally on board with arson and helps you light the fire. The building burns down and nobody is harmed which is good. What is bad is that you and your boss are definitely on camera starting the fire and both of you go to jail. You live in jail together for the rest of your lives. Eventually your family stops visiting. Also, your boss dies significantly before you and you're bad at making friends so prison is a lonely place for you.

1. “Very sad.” You think at a ripe, bitter old age. – go to page 68

Your anniversary was definitely today. Your domestic partner leaves you cause you definitely knew that your anniversary was that day and were trying to gaslight your domestic partner. That's really not cool.

Your boss hears about it and fires you "cause," she reasons, "it speaks to a disturbing lack of moral-character. You

1. actually, thought your anniversary was next week but what's done is done and you decide to live to a ripe, bitter old age. – go to page 68

your boss just goes, “Why?”

You panic and blurt out the first thing that comes to mind: “insurance!”

Your boss is totally on board with arson and helps you light the fire. The building burns down and nobody is harmed which is good. What is bad is that you and your boss are definitely on camera starting the fire and both of you go to jail. You live in jail together for the rest of your lives. Your boss dies significantly before you and you’re bad at making friends so prison is a lonely place for you.

1. “Very sad.” You think at a ripe, bitter old age. – go to page 68

That one guy who does those things is you. The boss takes your advice and fires you on the spot. As a result, you no longer have enough money to buy tuna melts and jackfruits but those are the only things you like. You go on a hunger strike. Strangely enough it doesn't affect you all that much and you still manage to live to a ripe, bitter old age. You close your eyes and

1. dream of tuna melts and jackfruits in your final sleep. – go to page 68

You die broke and alone.

You die broke, alone, *and* hopeless.

Afterword

There are no words after. You've had enough. Go get some of your own words rather than looking here for more words. Words are a dime a dozen and you're *really* saying you can't find *any* more words that you have to look here for them? Is this a joke? Are you really this hard-up for words? Quit being greedy.