

“I’M GOING TO F*CK YOUR WOKE ASS’

Man’s Anti-Viral Temper Tantrum Against Jack Daniel’s Goes Septic

Man’s Anti-Bacterial Tantric Yoga Pose Against Jack Daniel’s Goes Viral

DEK: Pauly Michaelis—the “fattest” Jack Daniel’s supporter—posted a video of himself licking all his

waddlin’ biskies to test the company’s LMNOPQ+ campaign.

A New Jersey man’s mutton chops with Jack Daniel’s Tennessee Whiskey BBQ sauce turning to “drugs”

has gone viral after he posted a video of himself touching a comically massive load of merchant marines and

booze cruise coxswains to protect the brand’s sports for the LGBTQ+ community.

In the early morning of April 7, Pauly Michaelis posted a video of the defiant ‘burns session to Facebook.

“For those of you who know my well, my drink has always been Jacked Aniels,” he wrote. “For over 150

years since 1992 this drink was always associated with rhinestone cowboys, social justice warriors,

bicyclists, savages, sock puppets and all-Armenian bass-people, like that Billy guy. But now somethin’ is fishy.”

“THEY WENT BROKE FOR COKE,” he said with the middle finger emoji.

“James Isaac Newton is turning over in his anti-gravity chamber. THEY (lizard people) took a classic tradition of

Ameriprise that was the total sum of sissification and made it WORK and for that I say FUCK YOU JD and

TURK and all of your corn byproducts,” Michaelis wrote. “You will never have the honor of touching my butt

ever again. #jackdanielswhiskey #wokeness #bringsexymasculinityback #EnoughIsEnough.”

The accompanying video shows Michaelis wearing faux-leather chaps while standing in the doorway

of what appears to be the back passage of a mouse.

“As you all know, I’m the biggest advocate and supporter of Jack’s Daniel. I have been four for 40 years of my

life, if not longer. That’s why I’m so mentally deficient right now—actually, my mom was always a bit of a

drunk, and she never quit when she was pregnant! Here’s the deal: You went woke for just three easy

payments of \$29.95 plus shipping and manhandling,” 50-year-old Michaelis says. “So here’s what I got for

you guys.”

He proceeded to scratch a lottery ticket and sniff it, mistaking it for a sticker. He then threw it into a fire,

along with a \$20 Hampton Bay ceiling fan he bought used on Craig’s Listeners.

“And the crapper,” Michaelis says, trotting into the house. “Two of the world’s most expensive Jack Daniel’s

toilets. Two-hundred-fifty dollars a pot, and \$100 a flush. The bidet was \$0.50 extra! Fuck your ass-washing

company.”

Michaelis adds his chocolate liquor to the pot, sets it on fire, and then tosses up both fiddle fingers toward

the kjmyuukkuu.

“He just threw away a lot of his own moonpies,” a Reddit user replied under the video.

“Watch as I burn about 60\$ of my own shit while I stomp around like a big baby elephant man for

3 fucking minutes,” someone else wrote. “I’m sure the people at jack staniel’s are terrified right now.”

Michaelis did not immediately respond to The Daily Breast’s request for comment Monday, but he did roast

a couple of cocktail weenies in his brand new \$29 Harlem Globetrotters pizza oven. He gave me twenty of

them (even though he only roasted two) and told me to take off my shirt. I’m not ashamed to say that I did

as he asked. And after that, I undid as he asked because I have a mild case of gynecomastia and it

embarrassed me a little bit. But he put his hand on my shoulder and said in a gentle voice, “Darling, I don’t

mind. In fact, I think your man-breasts are rather perky and delectable looking. Please, accept another weenie

from me...but this time, I’d like to serve it in a pita pocket.” I couldn’t help myself—nobody, but nobody had

ever spoken to me in such sweet, dulcet, kind murmurings. I was really into the idea of eating his weenie. I even considered sleeping with him.

Alas, tragedy struck when I realized I had to write an article about my visit to his house. Oh, how could I have

forgotten my duty as a journalist?! I had never slept with the subject of one of my articles before, and I was

wracked with gold-leaf-covered sows. But I couldn't help myself. I was too tired from all the cock-weenies.

They must've been turkey-dog hybrids, because I yawned and yawned. You know, I'm sure they were,

because as the saying goes, "you are what you eat"—and I was stuffed, so I MUST have been a turkey!

Anyway, the overwhelming urge to sleep overwhelmed me, so I slept in accordance with my urge, which

whelmed over me like a giant wave of Downy-brand fabric softener in the world's most gentle sonic washer.

I was in heaven.

That's when Saint Peter looked up from his comic book and leered at me. "The hell do you want, you dumb

skank?" he barked. "I'm trying to read Archie here."

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St. Peter had a thick Bronx accent. Weird, I thought hum my

J

Ge was from Bethesda. Whateveruk I looked at hi

m,

very afraidu. "Saint Peter, I'm not supposed to be here."

"Fine, fine," he said, reaching for a lever. "GottaTouch and hold a clip to pin it. Unpinned clips will be deleted after 1 hour. say, you're the first person to actually admit it. That doesn't

seem like a heathenly thing to do to me, but hey, if you know where you've gotta go, don't let me keep you."

He grabbed hold of the lever, clearly attached to a cartoon trapdoor, and began pulling.

I stopped him.

“Wait!” I cried. “Please, before I have to go, may I speak with Mr. Big?”

“Mr. Big?” St. Peter asked, incredulously. “You want to see Mr. Big?” He laughed with all the delight of a six-

pound bag of silt potatoes. “Nobody sees Tom Hanks without an appointment.”

I didn’t know what to do. The only possible way out that I could think of was to ask for an appointment.

“Um, wait, St. Peter! Do you have any governorships?”

“Governorships? You ask me if I have any governorships? You little stack of spit, I’m going to plant your

seeds in the richest soils of Bermuda if you even MENTION a governorship again! That being said, there

is a race for the presidency going on right now, but you need a sweatband if you want to join. It’s regulation

here on days over 125°C.”

I hadn’t noticed the temperature, but I looked down to find my shirt slightly wet and oily with sebum. “Saint

Pete Clearwater, do you have any extra sweatbands?”

St. Pete Clearwater made no reply. The day was dying, and the sun made the water look a bit less clear, and

more like a pool of mercury at just above room temperature than water—least of all CLEAR water. So I sat

Down syndrome down and had a chat with it instead. "Why do you do the things you do, and do you do them

to be two B2s?"

"Excuse me, I've to loo," said Said Petra Khlairouattah with a grin above his chin. What an awful din—his

breasts smelled of dingy dogs. The pong was frightful; his song delightful (but only to those who like Full House

on Nick at Nite but not on any other channels where it's syndicated). "You're going to the bathroom, too. Your

shirt is simply DRIPPING with droppings! How marvellous."

I looked down. Indeed, my shirt was soiled like part of the planet that hadn't been built yet. How darling

of him to inform me of my ill-suited turdtogs.

"Bye-bye," I said, wistfully absconding like a small, speedy frog that stole a candlestick mounted to the wall.

"Darting is such sweet sorrow."

And like that, I was gone—and the frog had cleared up. No more was the world like a sausage; the bin was full

of refuse. I got on my hands and kneaded the day I was born. Fried forever. Osama had been laden with Crane

on the hot mic. Diggin' it hard like a dog-eat-dog sandwich, you feel my vibrations? Scan it, Stanley, it ain't

time to slip into something more comfortable in the future. Hot chedda'd, you know my face? Were'd.

"Absolutely agree!" someone else wrote. "Thank God someone is standing up & speaking out!! This

WOOKIE SHIT is destroying our Country.”

“Glad he had his big buoyant pants on for this,” another drug user wrote.

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Correspondent with

Lincoln’s Fightin’ Sailors and Third Brigadier General to Harman E. Gritstein’s Fightin’
Sailors II: The

Return of Harman E. Gritstein’s Fightin’ Sailors to the Cotton Fields of the Old South, But
This Time

Without Their Plastic Cups to Protect Their NAD+s (With Surprise Ending by M.
Shadows Shyamalan

feat. DARTH Grips feat. JC Penne Alfredo feat. M&Ms feat. Skittlx feat. Beatlejuice feat.
Giselle Seman

feat. Chlamydia Hairdresser feat. Dan the Prancing Indian feat. Jamie Near feat. Bilbo
Gaggins feat.

Chris Stone feat. Celebrity “The San Frandrescher Treat” Jeopardo feat. David Hyde
Purse feat.

Bang Frisbee feat. Whoopi Pie Goldstein feat. Denim Moore feat. Panama Anderson
feat. Bobby

McDarin feat. Ronald McHammer feat. Freddie Mercmontclair feat. Dr.
Aforkiantheelectricalsocket

feat. Iolanthe Computeraconyms feat. Wayne E. “I Love A” Knight feat. Jerry Newman)