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(this is the template for my web posts)



Micheal Cera 7/10 definitely not human

It's not everyday that you see a person perfectly reminiscent of a globe. The reason as to how Cera became a celebrity is most likely the highly debated 8th wonder of the world.

So right off the bat I'm assuming that Micheal Cera is actually a puppet, because the top... 10 or so photos (I didn't bother looking at his crooked mug on google images for more than 2 seconds) are from the neck up. I'm guessing his celebrity appearances are like kermit the frog coming onto a talk show, and they just roll out a little piece of shit cart with jim henson inside doing his pathetic and meager cera character voice, and everyone just assumes that he's too short for the podium or something and not that he's about 5 pounds of silicone muppet magic with a hand slot.

Either that or his mom drank everclear every night before bed because his philtrum is looking pretty unfortunate.

Even though he was probably just an applebee's busboy that got kidnapped by hollywood executives because the CIA wasn't finished building tom holland yet, how he became an A list celebrity is completely beyond me. I mean I'll hand him scott pilgrim but he even voiced robin number 34923058 in lego batman. Even his voice is fundamentally associated with weakness.

Anyway I just found out he has a musical career to go hate-listen to so review over.



The entirety of inside job 10/10

This show goes a moderate amount of hard. Ill partake in a little family guy on occasion, but I fucking hate american adult animations because theyre always these stiff unfunny

shitstorms that make lin manuel look like a screenwriting god.

Well I guess he is *considered* a “screenwriting god”, but only to people who have no discernible personality traits. Hamilton songs are like the rap equivalent of meth. Yeah they’re catchy but why would you go out of your way to do meth and burn little meth holes in your skin when ecstasy is right there and is basically probably the same except less charred brain tunnels.

Anyway, inside job most likely could not have been written better for what it is. The jokes usually land despite a lot of them being close to jokes that most definitely wouldn’t land if you weren’t a 30 year old woman who goes to disneyland biannually. The dialogue is actually pretty funny and none of the voice actors sound like they’re about to pass out on their 4th xanax tab.

The art style doesn’t keep little kids up at night like some kind of bug eyed big mouth character slipping into your dimly lit room with his 3 drawn mustache hairs and his cock-demon following him like ryuk from death note. When the characters actually move you can really tell they didnt embezzle half the budget to do coke on epstein island instead of just using all 14 million to just make the fucking show.

Overall pretty good. Netflix if you're not gonna do the world a favor and go bankrupt at least give us another season of this instead of whatever indie film bullshit you're about to get in trouble for next.



Fight Club 5/10 NEED to go punch holes in my wall

I’ve seen way more entertaining mentally ill meltdowns in viral twitter threads’ hidden replies. That said, the movie’s alright and the stunts are pretty good. You can really tell that the person on screen is just getting the living shit beaten out of them or getting their balls cut off or whatever.

I will say brad pitt was kind of a slut the whole time. Between the low pants and unnecessary amount of sex scenes I’m guessing they probably just had brad pitt act out everything naked and edited pants and a blazer on later to save money. The movie really tries to sell you on his douchebag “do-what-you-want” attitude by

showing you various awesome petty crimes he commits like peeing in soup for some reason and living in an abandoned shitmanor crackhouse where he makes his biohazard soap and also bombs.

Not really sure why they became terrorists but I thought the credit card debt thing was kind of a good idea. The human sacrifice thing seemed a little classist like maybe the gas station guy couldn’t afford to go back to animal school or whatever but i guess their stunts and other terrorist attacks were kinda cool. RIP boobie bob.

I can definitely see how this might change your life and make you want to go fight someone in a parking lot if you were a 19 year old boy in 1999 whose entire personality is liking movies and mainstream music. Anyway I think brad pitt and ed norton should've kissed at the end.



Robitussin 9/10 rivals to lovers

When it was beddy-bye in the flu season, and toddler-me was being tucked into bed, one big fucking mouthful of this shit was the bane of my existence. The flavor has always been akin to how your head feels during a heroin withdrawal. A headache on the tongue.

Being sick and in a rare moment of weakness (throat hurt a little) I downed this goopy hellspawn today because I'm an adult and adults don't bitch and moan about shit like cough syrup flavor unless they use twitter in which case they bitch and moan about everything.

Anyway I noticed that the "raspberry" flavor didn't taste like needing water to cleanse the resigoo out of my mouth. It actually tasted closer to grape tylenol except red and

slightly worse. (I love grape tylenol)

In conclusion my brain's robitunes judgment center grew 3 sizes today or whatever the grinch said.

FUCK the honey flavor though i know that whole foods reject-tussin is still ass.



Putting off my work to write reviews of stuff that means nothing 2/10 academic downfall incoming

When my english teacher announces yet another essay, and my figure drawing 4 hour piece i was supposed to be working on all week is due in 4 hours, there is nothing more gratifying and completely unproductive than hopping on google docs to rate another bullshit item that I didn't even have an opinion on until i made one up on the spot out of obscure references and douchebaggy quips that would only come out of the mouth of some asshole named dave strider who was funny in 2009.

Call me tyler durdin because nothing gives my life meaning like making about 3 long-winded jokes to myself about some fucking guy, reading it back to myself and then letting out the most pathetic half wind chuckle like im in the front row seating of a john mulaney stand up routine, just trying to pretend i didnt already hear this joke 14 times with various character sprites superimposed over the audio. These reviews *are* my durden liposuction soap and glycerin

bombs. When you see me pumping out these reviews like disney pumps out the first gay character ever every few weeks basically just imagine me beating the shit out of myself. Just going apeshit and destroying a conveniently placed glass coffee table that is in my room for some reason. Also maybe chemically burning myself a little but let's not get too into the analogy here.



Power outages 0/10

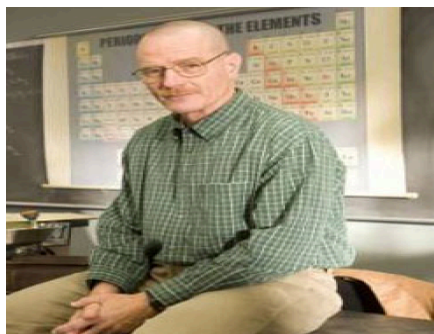
If you've ever wanted to surprise larp a sick victorian child in a little nightgown wandering around by candlelight do I have a solution for you.

Nothing makes life better than when the power goes out once a goddamn month because a storm rolls in and downs like 5 power lines and then there's just actual live wires murdering the shit out of bears and probably a person every few years.



Anime figures 3/10

If you asked me how to get the closest reaction to cocaine addiction possible with just molten pvc plastic I would hand you a goodsmiles anime figure mold. There's nothing more useless on this earth that compels people to open their wallet than figures, they do nothing and sit there, and yet when the hobby lobby zoro figure box is half opened from some braindead customer that gave up on stealing it, there's a divine and compelling force that causes you to put the little assembly pieces in your waistband and walk out of the store. When you look at a guy who has 56,000 mysteriously sticky rem figures in his room, you truly cannot help but wonder why this shit isn't regulated, because clearly they're just pouring pure powdered nicotine into the boxes, so when you open it up it hits you like a fucking tumbler millennial's glitter bomb envelope hitting their sworn enemy.



Math algorithms and reconnecting with my mentally slow inner child 5/10

If you could believe it, i, the genius behind the google document, am a college student. now don't pack your hobo sack and leave for greener, younger and stupider pastures just yet, because the sweet dropout sirens song drags my ship further into the world's shallowest coral reef every passing month. That being said, I tend to arrange the most low effort schedules and easy classes I can possibly coerce from poor soul suckingly underpaid community college councilors, like a fucking covert cocaine trade on the border that is the student counseling website. Overall I would highly recommend having extremely low standards for yourself academically because I've dodged many classes I wouldve otherwise taken like an academically competent sheep to the herd. But I fucked up on this fine semester. It was all lined up for me, a teaching class where you learn to teach elementary school math. Same credits as drolling mandatory statistics, but easier math, right? So I fucking thought.

Do you remember tear soaked homework assignments in 5th grade, as your parent(s) yelled at you across the pages of your mcgraw hill math textbook. This shit is harder than elmer fudds cartoon boner when bugs bunny crossdresses for the 100th fucking episode to trick him into whatever rake-stepping dynamite involved gag he's about to succumb to next. Do you remember that shitty gameshow "are you smarter than a 5th grader?" Turns out you arent, fucking none of us are because teaching 5th graders in america's sick fucking 2023 society is like teaching thermodynamics to a fucking NASA engineer. God forbid they have to tell time on a clock, at least they could tell you how to do 3 digit subtraction using only addition and the power of nines.

Ultimately learning this mathematical bullshit instead of just biting the bullet and surveying people for statistics like a "rate-me" tik toker whos about to get shot and killed has taught me not only a lot of math, but also how fucking stupid I was when I was 10.

High school and why you should do whatever the fuck you want 10/10 (Parents hate him!)

High school is truly whimsical. Walking into the doors on your first day as a freshman and getting slammed into your locker, the sound of the next generation of voters hazing 14 to 15 year old children like its an early 2000's anime convention and the elusive yaoi paddlers are fast approaching. The truth is that 80's movie shit is garbage and none of that happens. Shoving nerds into lockers just so happens to be assault turns out. All those teenagers having sex in the movies your parents force fed you next to ghostbusters and other cult classics have cokefetus children now, and are publishing their books on the mistreatment of child actors in hollywood. The real high school experience is sleeping in your car in the school parking lot, until its late enough in the afternoon for the school's calls to wake your mom up enough to take her hangover advil and delete their voicemails. Either that or harass a guardian's workplace till their boss blocks the number. They definitely deserve a little credit for trying, because im sure 1/10 parents actually do pick up from their mansion's kitchen island, but one can't know what they expect from a latchkey family who could really give less of a shit if their kids cant keep an A+ in US history, when they dont even teach you about half the shit that actually happened anyway. The best advice you could give to a 16 year old kid who's got about 2 and a half years of high school left is to give 1/3 of a fuck. Continuation school is easier and so is summer school, you just do less of the work in less of the time, they just sell it to you like its a bad thing cause they

want pretty test scores. As long as you get your piece of shit GED the most important thing is to just have a little fucking fun before you have to ACTUALLY care about a job or a college. Remember: D's get GED's and C's get degrees.



Psycholonials 10/10 Everything fight club wanted to be

Clearly andrew hussie is a visionary and completely ahead of his time

To start off, Z is a much more, relatable, compelling and tougher character than norton. while norton was jerking himself and getting the living shit beaten out of him in a basement, Z was a raging boner in a sea of sad flaccid united states government territory, waging a war for the home of whimsyville shitcircus or whatever. norton doesn't remember much of what happens because he is weak. Mentally. but zhen is a much more powerful entity, because she drinks her problems away. She is just as

schizophrenic but more resourceful in a way that she uses tools to overcome her problems, like liquor and cringe posting, which takes immense mental fortitude. The creative direction is also much more interesting, as if wes anderson himself came down from his comically tall directors chair and took fight club in a more interesting direction. For instance norton and zhen both raise a militia but zhen takes over an island and they are all clowns. She also has various war machines which is pretty tight.

Now lets look for a moment at two complex mirrored characters: boobie bob and mizzlebip, while their roles are very similar, boobie bob dies instantly, whereas mizzlebib (godspeed you tiny saint) can pilot an apache helicopter, while having a very visually compelling design. Hussie also takes psycholonials in a very advanced direction in the end, because where norton shoots himself in the head, zhen goes to fiji and marries abby, which i think is a very immense and detrimental could-have-been in fight club.

The movie was also lacking in supporting cast after boobie bob, whereas David hasslehoof and various other clowns were deeply enriching to psycholonials plot.



"Beautiful" South Lake Tahoe: Grimey hellscape

Have you ever visited a town that had the exact vibe of the worlds largest hippie commune, surrounding a bachelor pad of 4 dudes who are trying to kill themselves? A tangible depiction of seasonal depression? Well why don't you take a long, locally unwanted vacation to the most grimey overrated shitbox along with the rest of the entire central valley. All it costs is your life savings to stay in a bear infested airbnb. The gunshots of the dissatisfied tired neighborhood suicide pact might even make the rent go down.

Let me break it down for you: you're in your tesla, driving along the beautiful country roads up to famous lake tahoe. Ski, surf, sun and

snow baby. And suddenly you see it: town homeless person #4 yelling at your car. You pass about 15 miraculously close asian massage parlors that no one goes into, the entire \$20

circulating in the economy is clean and fresh out of the dryer since they just laundered it. Take your pick: Dilapidated building number 7 that caved in last winter? Or Gentrified Shitstation that they built over last years' architectural failures. Thank god no one had the foresight to plan infrastructure that can withstand snow over the 60 years its been snowing in tahoe, otherwise how could amazon place their 3rd whole foods on top of the decimated low income housing district?

Charming, maybe tahoe can be a little rough around the edges but what about the tourism? The grand resorts and towering casinos? oh Ill show you something fucking grand, what sounds more appealing monsieur? Would you like to gamble away your son's college fund or die in a drunken stupor at the bottom of the lake after you crash your boat, and do your part to make the lake just a little murkier. It's only 50 degrees in the middle, true seamen don't need a life vest, which is why the coastguard regrettably gets to hoist you in all your glory back to the surface. If you were really feeling crazy you could take a tour, spot how many invasive species you can see. Hit a bear while you're at it, they're all too morbidly obese on beach litter and unlocked trash to get out of your way anyway. They have evolved into nature's campsite bowling pin. Of course this is all just a fun hypothetical, because your PIECE OF SHIT TESLA got stuck in 16 feet of desolate country road snow 2 HOURS AGO. ENJOY DYING OF COLD EXPOSURE YOU RICH MENTALLY INCAPACITATED MICROPLASTIC GUZZLING CYBORG. NO ONE WILL MISS YOU.

south lake isn't even the rich side go to north shore and guzzle some silicon testicles you fucking paint huffing nepotist spastic.



Robitussin II: substance abuse imminent

Robitussin was once the Sauske to my Naruto. The brad pitt to my edward norton. But as the deeply analytical repressed adults on Ao3 slowly cracked these characters, and revealed the true feelings, my contempt for robitussin developed into something new: love.

Its no secret that I like cough syrup because I mention it frequently and am really annoying about it. but as the cold season approaches yet again, the stiff yet disgustingly empty robitussin packages begin to pile up on my desk. I try to convince myself its for my cold, my sore throat, my sore heart. I yearn for the active ingredients.

Very much akin to robert pattinson and his thirst for a partially mute and discomforting christian girl's blood, I see the robitussin bottle on my desk and I turn my cheek. I must hold back. I smell the artificial cherry flavor, the desire is overwhelming. I grit my teeth and hold my own ravenous hand back because its like 11 in the morning and its starting to get sad.

I can't imagine codeine is a remotely sustainable vice, especially when I mix it with nicotine like a vapeless middle schooler trying to catch up for lost time in the school bathroom.

Robitussin is my cross to bear. I look at the green label with the same hunger the fat kids in heavyweights look at what lean meat remains on ben stiller. I cannot be satiated.

<!--ROBITUSSIN 2!-->

<tr><td><p>this was mostly hyperbolic but like 1 week after i wrote this I took so much that every time i take it now it instantly makes me sick</p>

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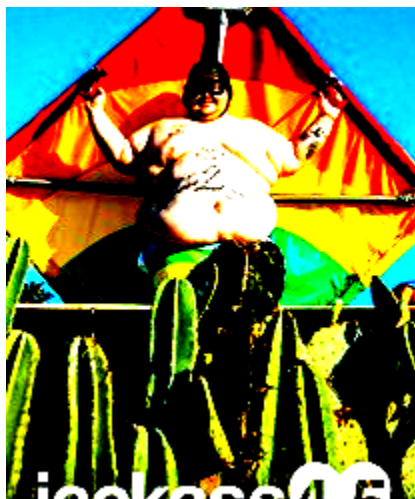
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Jackass 10/10 Human Spirit

Have you ever been so profoundly impacted by a piece of art? Any pretentious paintsuckling idiot can walk into a gallery and fake a connection with a painting made from marbles. Would it take a deep sagacious soul, or an overexposure to paint thinner to create something inherently poetic? Is poetry even real? Well I'm about to drop the quizlet your underpaid high school teacher stole their test questions from, because here are the answers: paint thinner and no.

To truly create art one must turn within and pull out a true reflection of human spirit. When jim hensen stuffed those accursed muppets like an afton, he was stitching pure culture into the felt. Much like rome avril lavigne's evil robot clone was not built in a day.

Jackass is a masterpiece. The human spirit to persevere through hardship and maybe shove a little toy car up your ass anyway. To be alive one must realize they are living. And hurdling down a street in a giant replica of a shopping cart with nothing but nipple pasties and tighty whities is a true display of man's resilience. God has absolutely died if any man can have the hubris to be a member of the jackass team.

To see a man set a firework off out of his ass attached to his other friends dick, its how I imagine a really boring white woman feels about visiting new zealand. Literal zeal. A man is launched out of a comically big rocket; an anticlimactic dive directly into cactuses that were completely unnecessary for the bit. The pranks are the ouroboros of pure casual boyish cruelty: they genuinely never end. The 30 foot poisonous leopard snake was just to get you in the room knoxville, the curtain rises: the bull is waiting.

Not to mention the motley crew of jackass that truly makes the show virtually unbeatable. AFV can show you an old man falling off a ladder and getting severely injured, but alfonso ribeiro will never be wee man, and will also never hurdle down a slide atop preston lacey in a family guy-esque musical ending. Johnny Knoxville instantly fusing with the concrete in his rocket boots is a shooting star in this cold world. An inexplicably naked and severely battered beacon of hope.

Robitussin III 10/10 the war is over

Nonexistent denizens of my philosophy may remember a slight hiccup in the road of life. A rising action, perhaps, in my saga of existence. You may recall my insatiable thirst for red liquid and subsequent mental fuzz. Well london bridge has fallen the fuck down, because like bill clinton, I only thirst now, for the good memories.

My war with robitussin is over probably. Around the publication of my last cough chronicle, I had downed an 8 ounce bottle of robitussin in maybe 2 sittings. I also recorded in my hypothesis that it made me viscerally ill every time I attempted to drink Robitussin afterwards. It's box sits on my desk and mocks me as i write this. Like a politician being questioned about a vacation to epstein island, I now fear the very nectar i once craved.

There are many reasons my little siege on substance turned out the way that it did. Associates asked me why I can't just do normal drugs? My counter is sharper than a rotoscoped anime boy's volleyball serve: Clearly i'm not normal and something is wrong upstairs. Doctors HATE him! The loyal followers plead, why can't I just smoke weed? It's simple, it makes me completely neurotic and paranoid. However I won't be foiled so easily, I have decided to give up the goo. Robitussin prices are through the roof, and I believe my dear sweet mother has hidden all the cough syrup in the house. That will never stop me--i mean where does she think all her cigarettes are going--but it will satiate me. For now. I wont search for the sweet syrup and I wont buy any more of that ridiculous garbage. I'm not really even sure why i let it go on for so long. Satire is my most powerful vice it seems.