



**THE DAILY  
DRUNK PRESENTS**

**THE ADAM SANDLER  
HOLIDAY ANTHOLOGY**

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Chris L. Butler** is an Afro-Dutch, Pushcart nominated poet, and essayist from Philadelphia, PA and Houston, TX. Chris was selected as a 2020 HUES Scholar by the HUES Foundation. He was a participant in the 2020 Palette Poetry BIPOC Chapbook Workshop. His work can be found in The Daily Drunk Mag, Rejection Letters, FlyPaper Lit, Perhappened Mag, Trampset, and others.

**Ronia Smits** is an Anglo-American writer, artist and cat guardian who grew up in England, the Middle East and Africa. Their humor and salty satire have appeared in The Yellow Ham, Defenestration, Robot Butt, Points in Case and Little Old Lady Comedy. Ronia lives in the San Francisco Bay Area with their husband Professor Brovnik (and other wildlife!).

**Lane Chasek's** work has been featured in Broke Bohemian, Daily Drunk, North Dakota Quarterly, Plainsongs, Taco Bell Quarterly, and others. Chasek's first non-fiction book, Hugo Ball and the Fate of the Universe is currently only \$5 from Jokes Review Press. @LChasek

**Lindsay Hameroff** is a humor writer and satirist. She lives in Harrisburg, PA with her husband and two kids. Her work has been published in Little Old Lady Comedy, Slackjaw, Points in Case, Frazzled, and more. In her spare time, she can be found reading, cooking, wrangling children, or fantasizing about making brisket for Harry Styles. You can find her on Twitter @LindsayHameroff.

**Kim Hart** lives in the Snowy Mountains region of southern NSW, Australia. She writes micro-fiction, flash fiction, poetry, and has numerous novels in varying stages of completion. When she's not writing she enjoys coffee, tea and Netflix.

**Elizabeth Bates** is a writer from Washington state where she lives with her husband, son, and two Siberian Huskies. Bates is the editor of Dwelling Literary. Her column "Full Send" has been featured at The Daily Drunk. Bates' writing has appeared or is forthcoming in Versification, Seaborne Magazine, Your Dream Journal, GLITCHWORDS, Second Chance Lit, Poetically Magazine, and elsewhere. Follow her on Twitter at @ElizabethKBates.

**Sidney Dritz** is currently reevaluating what to do with the rest of her life, which makes the angle to take in bios tricky. She finished her three-college tour of America at the University of Southern Maine, and her poetry has appeared in Glass Poetry Press's #PoetsResist series, in Claw & Blossom, and in Measure for Measure: An Anthology of Poetic Meters.

Locus Magazine once called **JOHN WEAGLY** “a new writer worth reading and following.” His short stories have won some awards. As a playwright, his scripts have been produced on four continents.

**Hoss, (John Taylor II)** is a cartoonist from Hebron. Hoss’s work has been published in various literary magazines and online magazines such as: Echoes and Visions, Weirderary, Saturday Morning Comics, Chicago Literati, Chaleur Magazine, Inlandia: A Literary Journey, The Daily Drunk, Taco Bell Quarterly, Big Whoopie Deal, and recently in Fleas on the Dog. Hoss can usually be found at home (even before Covid) with his wife, Caitlin, their beagle Belle, and their new born daughter Sophia.

**Logan Roberts** is an artist and writer in Ohio. His chapbook, *It's a Knife*, is available on Amazon. Current projects are the 50/50 blog, and 1,000 Poems. He tweets @hello\_im\_logan.

**Kristin Garth** is a Pushcart, Best of the Net & Rhysling nominated sonnet stalker. Her sonnets have stalked journals like Glass, Yes, Five:2:One, Luna Luna and more. She is the author of seventeen books of poetry including *Pink Plastic House* (Maverick Duck Press), *Crow Carriage* (The Hedgehog Poetry Press), *Flutter: Southern Gothic Fever Dream* (TwistiT Press), *The Meadow* (APEP Publications) and *Golden Ticket* from Roaring Junior Press. She is the founder of *Pink Plastic House* a tiny journal and co-founder of *Performance Anxiety*, an online poetry reading series. Follow her on Twitter: (@lolaandjolie) and her website [kristingarth.com](http://kristingarth.com)

**Eight Crazy Nights**  
**By Chris L. Butler**

two lovable guys  
old whitey, the  
hall of fame referee  
and young Davey,  
hall of fame drunkard  
one burning trailer  
reminiscent of a  
past love with Jennifer  
but even fires  
eventually reduce to ashes  
the good news is that  
this is the holiday season  
and little Benjamin brought  
matches to light your Menorah  
or your Advent wreath

# We are Sorry that Our Christmas Elf, Adam Sandler, Did Not Meet Your Satisfaction

By Ragna (Ronja) Smits

Dear Ms. Snugglenutz,

We are sorry that our Christmas elf, Adam Sandler, did not meet your satisfaction. However, we regret to inform you, he is not refundable for the following reasons:

- We have a strict policy regarding refunds. See disclaimer, written in Inuit and English.
- Adam Sandler is a seasonal item. Might we suggest re-gifting him to someone who appreciates his finer points? Your mother, perhaps?
- You may have thought you were purchasing a SIX-FOOT elf. Nonetheless, if you refer back to your invoice, dated December 6, it says you actually purchased a SIX-INCH elf. While we are sorry your boyfriend had just left you, and you were “as pickled as a herring” when you ordered Adam Sandler, this is scarcely our fault.
- 
- He is very sensitive about you wanting to return him. He was the smallest of Santa’s elves and, though an exemplary employee and an expert at training reindeer, reluctantly let go because of downsizing.
- Despite the danger, Adam Sandler *willingly* drove his little red snowplow along your gutters, to clean them out. The snowplow is now scratched and missing a wheel. As stated in the warranty, written in Inuit and English, “Any injuries sustained by Adam Sandler OR his snowplow, render Adam Sandler ‘USED.’”
- YOU ADMIT he’s a “nice little fellow and quite the gentleman.” WE AGREE! He’s also gregarious and erudite, discoursing—WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM—on admittedly somewhat one-tracked topics, such as global warming; how veganism in the elf community helps combat global warming; and his many discussions with Santa (over mugs of hot chocolate!), regarding melting polar ice caps.
- He has thousands of Twitter followers, including climate activist Greta Thunberg—AND Santa (who regularly DMs him)!

- He tamed your Chihuahua, Lucy—WHOM YOU ADMIT WAS A BIT OF A BITER. While worrying him between her teeth, she tried to encourage your neighbor's laid-back dachshund, Sausage, into a tug-of-war. Fortunately, due to his long arms, immense strength and skill with reindeer, Adam Sandler was able to pry her jaws apart and distract her with elf treats. He rides her around your house now and calls her his "Special Little Deer."
- Still, she *did* leave teeth marks around his neck and tear his elf suit. Therefore, as stated in the warranty, written in Inuit and English, "Any injuries sustained by Adam Sandler OR his snowplow, render Adam Sandler 'USED.'"
- In a text sent to your girlfriends (that we obtained from a "secret source"), YOU ADMIT that Adam Sandler's secret recipe for Santa's Organic Deluxe Fruitcake, which you prized out of him during a tickling session, beat the socks off Gwyneth Paltrow's *GOOP* recipe.
- During your Christmas party, he delighted your guests—ESPECIALLY YOUR MOTHER—by doing cartwheels, juggling cranberries and performing little elf dances around the punch bowl. Additionally, as an ex-member of Santa's North Pole Choir, he belted out a heart-warming rendition of "All I Want for Christmas is you"—in a magnificent, albeit "lust-inducing" (YOUR WORDS!) Michael Bublé impersonation.
- Which brings us to a somewhat delicate matter: Your complaint that "Adam Sandler's not good in the sack." Frankly, we were speechless. As stated in the description, written in Inuit and English, "Adam Sandler is an innocent elf, ABSENT SEX ORGANS, so should NOT be used for nefarious purposes!" This applies to all our Christmas elves, which, were you to have read their dimensions more closely, max out at THREE-FOOT tall! In other words, Ms. Snugglenutz, Adam Sandler should sleep in his own little elf bed, NOT WITH YOU!
- From what we can determine, from your Instagram account, you are approximately FIVE-FOOT tall. Whereas, Adam Sandler is only SIX-INCHES. Therefore, it is likely you would squish him. Which, according to Adam Sandler, is EXACTLY what you did in the wee hours, after your Christmas party, while drunkenly trying to "bed" him! As previously stated, in Inuit and English, "Any injuries sustained by Adam Sandler OR his snowplow, render Adam Sandler 'USED.'"

- Were we in the escort business, which I can assure you, WE ARE NOT, we might have been able to accommodate you with an Icelandic elf. They run a little taller than the Christmas elves, at around THREE-FOOT-TEN.

That said... We *do* have one “slightly used” Icelandic elf that we need to move. SVEINN is a chubby, seemingly obligingly little fellow, UNTIL YOU GET TO KNOW HIM, and he’s “fully intact.” He’s also wildly unreliable, lazy as hell, exceedingly greedy and fired from Santa’s workshop, for drinking on the job. In fact, the only thing SVEINN might be good at—if you can even get him there—is in the sack!

We would be happy to send him to you, free of charge. Along with free shipping.

Sincerely,

Willamena Bumbleseed  
Senior Manager  
Elves Incorporated  
North Pole Division

**Little Nicky as Jesus**  
**By Lane Chasek**

Regan, the one I married, asks what my childhood of Christmases was like with only a single mother and no church. And I said, “Surprisingly fun—like a bad Adam Sandler movie.”

Avoid speaking Latin or talking religion or Jesus when you marry someone named Regan—it may burn her, burn you, make her head spin, or you might not live to see next Christmas.

Love’s like that too often. You keep rising or sinking through the moral landscape, and you can’t tell if you’re the demon or the angel or both in the relationship.

Some nights you can’t recall if you’re a shepherd, a wise man, or Joseph waiting on your god’s latest incarnation.

Too much of life comes packaged in love stories or god stories, like Jesus’ life or *Little Nicky*—both sappy love stories in their own way, though *Little Nicky* ends a bit sweeter, with Nicky saving his father and Earth and Hell with all her sharp-toothed abominations, even finding the time to fall in love and marry a mortal woman and father a quasi-Satanic son of his own.

While Jesus, the poor bastard, got swept up to Heaven like some divine afterthought—so much for loving the world and redeeming it. Who would he find to kiss in Heaven?

It’s not as if a sub-par comedy like this could change my life or anyone else’s. Some of us aren’t looking to be saved. Life’s like that too often— you’ll fall for someone Satanic just in time for Christmas.

## The Zohan's Hanukkah Gift Guide

By Lindsay Hameroff

1. **Hacky Sack Balls with Portable Carry Bag:** Who wouldn't be thrilled to receive America's favorite football game? This set is perfect for your friend who enjoys playing with his balls, but needs help keeping track of them. *Yofi Tofi!*
2. **Pure Disco 3: Music by Various Artists:** Disco disco tunes are essential when making the fish on the beach. Show that you are a real man by dancing to hot new artists like Ace of Base while you grill. Bonus points if you catch dinner in your *tuchus!*
3. **Fizzy Bubblech Variety Pack:** Can't choose a favorite flavor? Try them all! This variety pack includes all of your favorites, including orange, pomegranate, and newly-released fizzy rosé!
4. **Paul Mitchell Extra Body Conditioner:** This classic self-care product is essential for keeping hair silky smooth. A must-have for that friend who cares about the way he looks, but is still approachable.
5. **Sabra Classic Hummus Subscription Box:** A monthly delivery service means you'll never run out of this tasty, diarrhea-like substance again. You'll always have hummus on hand for your falafel, shawarma, and dental needs!
6. **The Essential Mariah Carey Album:** No further explanation required.
7. **Versace Low-Rise Jungle-Print Briefs:** Making sticky is the best gift you can give this season, and you'll want to look your best when showing gratitude to the special people in your life. Even when your schnitzel is about to burst, your bush will never look better...believe me this!

## Christmas Traffic: A Horror Story

By Kim Hart

Sweet Jesus, what fresh hell is this? If this traffic gets any slower we'll be going backwards. Note to self, leave at the crack of dawn in future. Although if the dog hadn't swallowed my key this morning, I would have left on time.

Come on people, move it! The light doesn't get any greener, you know.

What is this woman doing in front? Her makeup? My god, get up ten minutes earlier.

Your car is not your bathroom, love.

Beep, beep.

Yes, hi, you can go forward now. Jeez, Louise.

There must be an accident up ahead, surely this can't be normal.

Bang.

What was that? A bloody cyclist! You better not have damaged my car, you Lycra-clad oxygen thief. There should be a law that you have to pay rego. Freeloading hippies the lot of you. And don't give me that bullshit about saving the planet.

Splash.

What the-? No, go away! I do not want you to wash my windscreen. Get your dirty cloth off it. No, I'm not paying you. The window is worse now than before you started.

Yeah, well up yours too! Get a proper job, loser.

Lovely! Well, at least your spit is cleaner than your water.

Green light, finally!

And we've stopped again. Dear Lord, kill me now.

Where are you all going? Work? Can't you get the train or bus?

Look at this guy next to me, is he seriously eating a piece of fruit?

Oh my god, he's eating a mango! Juice is running down his sagging jowls and dripping on his ugly tie that his long-suffering wife probably bought him 40 years ago when he got his first job at the bank, where he—no doubt—still sits on his fat arse all day, shuffling papers.

Beep, beep.

Sorry, mate. Got distracted for a minute by the white whale next to me inhaling his breakfast. Does anyone use their cars for mere transportation these days?

Yawn.

I'm so tired. Damn mozzie in my bedroom, buzzing in my ear half the night. Slapped myself silly trying to get the bugger. Why last night of all nights? The one day I need to be on top of my game and I feel like I was out all night, consuming a keg.

Beeeeep!

Did you just cut me off and then flip me off, jerk? Where'd you get your license? Don't they install blinkers on Beemers anymore? And you're on your phone! Take your hand off it wanker. Oh my god! Is that? It can't be. It is! Adam Sandler! Wow, flipped off by the Sandman! Can't get a better Christmas present than that! Maybe this traffic was a blessing in disguise.

Miracle of miracles! The car park. Now for another feat of endurance, finding a parking spot. And we have a winner! And right next to the employee's entrance. Time to buy a lottery ticket, but first...

"Hi, I'm here for my first day. Here's my paperwork."

"Thank god you're here. The queue to see you is building already. Here's your uniform. You can change in there."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome, and I ho-ho-hope you have a great day, Santa."

# Every Time Henry Roth Decorates a Christmas Tree a Pineapple Gets Its Rings

By Elizabeth Bates

Henry and Lucy had celebrated forty-nine Christmases together. Not one of which Lucy could remember. That meant this year would mark their fiftieth “first” Christmas. Despite her condition—and worsening memory loss—the argument about how to decorate the Christmas tree had become their longest standing holiday tradition. Every year Henry reminded Lucy, “You don’t even remember how we decorated it last year. Why do you care what ornaments we put up?”

Lucy looked around at each of her themed ornament boxes. There was the set of solely Hawaiian shell ornaments. And the one featuring eggs in each of their various forms. Even Henry had to admit, he had always been fond of the over-easy ornaments from that set; it reminded him of what a push-over he could be when it came to Lucy’s desires. But, from the looks of things, Lucy was falling more and more in love with the hard-boiled ones this year. Henry thought it matched her mood that day, too. Hard-boiled, hard-headed. Henry’s eyes glazed over realizing that Lucy had managed to collect not one, not two, but three more entire collections of ornaments. It wasn’t really her fault that she was becoming a packrat. She couldn’t remember what she had purchased from one day to the next. Nevertheless, Henry wondered how many doll hairs the set of waffle-themed ornaments—and the peanut butter cup set—and most of all, the happy walrus set had set them back. He didn’t dare ask. “I want to put up the shells this year.” Lucy stated the fact plainly.

“Why the shells? They’re so boring. Why not put up the eggs? Nobody else has that kind.”

“Eggs don’t make me think of Christmas. They make me think of breakfast. Are we decorating a breakfast tree?” Lucy was growing irritated. Henry was a little offended by the way Lucy could just desecrate breakfast like that, his favorite meal of the day. She glanced around at the five sets she already owned. Henry couldn’t believe what came out of her mouth next. “None of these will work. I need new ones.”

“No, you don’t. You’ve got hundreds of dollars tied up in ornaments right here.”

Lucy was sobbing. “It’s Christmas. You’re not going to let me get what I want for Christmas? All I want is to buy the art studio set that’s open for bids on eBay. That’s *all* I want.”

As per usual, Henry was relenting. “Okay, Lucy. Show me these ornaments.” Lucy’s tears evaporated and Henry realized that the sobs were only pretend. Lucy flipped her laptop lid open and the page was already loaded. Henry thought his eyes might fall out.

“Look, the bids are only at fifteen-hundred right now. We could easily get them for two-thousand.” Two-thousand dollars meant nothing to Lucy, apparently. She had already started typing her bid into the box when Henry grabbed her hand.

“Lucy,” he adjusted his initially gruff tone, “Lucy darling, how about we make a compromise.” Lucy’s forehead wrinkled as she awaited the proposition. “What if we put up the pancake ornaments, which we both know deep down are your very favorite, and instead of putting up the angel that I like I’ll go out and get you a pineapple for a topper? Like your dad used to do.”

Lucy was sniffing and tears were filling her eyes again. “Okay,” she fought through tears to say.

Henry returned a short while later with a pineapple of perfect ripeness. He went to the kitchen, pulled out the cutting board and began to slice out the pineapple’s core before creating even-sized rings. He was sculpting the pineapple until all that remained was the pineapple without its rind and the stem sticking straight up out of the bright yellow spectacle.

Lucy didn’t understand his sacrifice, but Henry didn’t mind. Each night, when he got up to move the Elf on the Shelf in case their grandchildren showed up unannounced, he would repeat this routine for Lucy. Slicing and replacing the pineapple atop their pancake-themed Christmas tree, to keep it glowing yellow all season long.

## In Which Adam Sandler Makes An Only-Just-Middling Grief Counselor

By Sidney Dritz

2)

Most days, now, Carrie could only talk to Pete through Adam Sandler movies, which was unfortunate because she fucking hated Adam Sandler.

“Hey,” she called out, trying to flag down the Goodwill employee in the crocheted vest, “There’s no price on these, are the DVDs all the same, or do they, like? Vary?”

Vest turned and gestured to the, in retrospect, fairly obvious sheet of paper taped to the wall above the shelving unit housing the mangy selection of DVDs. She didn’t answer in words, but Carrie figured that was fair enough. She’d missed the sign at first look, and she wasn’t familiar with the Salvation Army, so she hadn’t been sure, but she’d tapped out the thrift shops near her place weeks ago, so this little expedition was long overdue.

One problem was that she was pretty sure she’d already found all of the movies which had actually been in Pete’s collection, and collected them into the teetering stacks that already filled the shelves and other surfaces around her living room — relics of all the other trips like this over the past few months. There were a few pieces of the Adam Sandler oeuvre she hadn’t collected yet, but she was fairly sure they were things that hadn’t been a part of Pete’s life, either. Still, she refused to go home empty-handed tonight. In her desperation, she tossed in a couple of Ben Stiller vehicles in the basket, deciding they were close enough, and, on a whim, grabbed *The Wedding Singer* despite the fact that she was fairly sure she’d never known Pete to voluntarily watch a romantic comedy in his life. It’s my turn to pick tonight, Peter, she thought to him as she made her way up to the checkout desk.

3)

She'd known, on some level, that she'd been trying to perform some kind of spell — complete some piece of magical thinking — by trying to reclaim all the movies she'd never wanted to watch with Pete while she had the chance. Still, knowing this didn't stop her from feeling a certain amount of shock, a certain amount of numb disbelief when, as the movie wound down, Adam Sandler turned away from where he hunched toward Drew Barrymore, guitar in hand, to serenade her, to turn and look Carrie straight in the eye and say, "Don't be sad, honey. Pete is with me, now."

Still, after a moment of blinking to see if the moment would break and the hallucination would end, Carrie finally felt compelled to point out, "But you're not dead, Adam Sandler."

"Sure," Adam Sandler agreed, eyes still fixed on Carrie despite the fact that Drew, stuck in pixelated pause-limbo, was still gazing up at him like he was the romantic hero at the end of the romcom which, until moments before, he had been. Adam Sandler went on, "But I haven't been the guy I was in *The Wedding Singer* in a long-ass time."

"Sure, that's how time works," Carrie agreed, glancing at the seat beside her on the couch for some kind of confirmation. She was pretty sure she was right, but this Videodrome bullshit was well outside the sphere of her usual understanding of the world. Also, Pete had always liked it when she was a smartass, and she was pretty sure magic Adam Sandler wasn't going to hold it against her, either.

He didn't appear to, that much was true, but what he said next was almost as bad as if he had vented some supernatural wrath about it. He gazed at her with a kindly kind of condescension and said, "And Pete hasn't been the guy you never watched this movie with for a long time, either, has he, Carrie?"

"Fuck off, Adam Sandler," she told him, already trying to marshal some kind of an argument about the continuity of identity, and the accumulative rather than sequential understanding of self, but then she was crying, and in the blur of her vision from the tears, Drew Barrymore melted out of pause in front of Adam Sandler and drew his focus back to her, til he was warmly unaware of Carrie's tonally inappropriate trickle of sadness in the background. Not long after, the credits rolled.

1)

When Mom had donated the DVDs, along with an armful of books, a jumble of probably-too-worn-to-be-accepted clothes, and some mismatched kitchenware, she'd been surprised to find that Carrie was angry about it. "But honey, you never liked those movies anyway," she'd pleaded, and Carrie had known she was right, but it was hardly the point.

"I don't need to like them, they were Pete's," she'd countered senselessly, ignoring her mother's beside-the-point insistence that she'd held onto the handful of DVDs Carrie and Pete had loved to watch together, back in high school. They hadn't talked too much after that, but on her way home that night, Carrie had stopped at Walgreens to dig through the bin full of bargain DVDs. After a few fruitless, frustrated moments, she'd emerged triumphant, a copy of Billy Madison in hand. She'd carried it through to check out, and that night, in the dark of her living room, for the first time, she'd settled in to grit her teeth through the second-hand embarrassment of the movie, the ghost of her brother's wheezy chuckle puncturing the dim blue light from the TV.

## Dirty Sasquatch

By John Weagly

“Can I get a Dirty Sasquatch?” I asked.

The bartender looked confused. “What’s that?”

“Rye, apple brandy, liquid smoke and brown sugar. A Dirty Sasquatch.”

“I’ll give it a try.”

The bartender moved off to fix my drink.

I was coming from seeing *Elf*, the Currie Valley Cineplex showed it every December and it was one of my holiday traditions. Movies like that spoke to me – a man-child goes through chaos and ends up with a happy ending. After a while they all seemed the same, but they made me laugh. I’d decided to stop at Puzzles Pub on the way home – the dive was all done up for the holidays.

As I waited for my drink, a voice from the other end of the garland-covered bar asked, “What’d you say?”

“I ordered a drink.”

“You makin’ fun of me?”

I looked at the curious barfly. He had long, brown hair and a thick, scraggly beard. Even though he was sitting down, I could tell he was a giant. “The Season’s Upon Us” by the Dropkick Murphy’s played on the jukebox.

“No.”

“You called me a Dirty Sasquatch.”

“It’s a drink.”

“Not a drink I ever heard of.”

Heat from a nearby duct was making my skin feel dry and itchy. "Have you ever heard of Tuvalu?" I asked.

He thought for a few seconds. "No."

"It's a country in the Pacific."

"So?"

"Just because you haven't heard of it, doesn't mean it doesn't exist."

He wrinkled his brow. After his brain processed what I'd said, he stood up from his stool and lumbered over, passing red and green lights twinkling on the walls. He smelled like he'd been drinking since Thanksgiving. "You are makin' fun of me," he said.

The jukebox switched to "Merry Christmas (I Don't Want To Fight)" by The Ramones. The bartender came over with my drink.

"One Dirty Sasquatch," the bartender said. "Thanks for ordering that, not many people order drinks I've never heard of."

The confrontational hooch-hound asked, "That's a real thing?"

"If it wasn't," the bartender said, "it is now."

Hairy Larry, or whatever his name was, picked my drink up off the bar, looked at it and took a sip. In the tense moment, I could smell the spilled beer and dry wood odors of the saloon. "Not bad," he said. He downed the whole thing and put the empty glass in front of me like a victorious jackass.

This gin mill villain was starting to get under my skin. I thought of movies in my head to calm myself down (it works better for me than counting to ten). *Happy Gilmore. Tommy Boy. Little Nicky. The Jerk. Billy...*

"You should watch what you say to people," Boozer Brody said and started back to his stool.

"Can I get another?" I asked the bartender, then pointed my words at the retreating behemoth. "Another Dirty Sasquatch."

*Billy Madison. Paul Blart: Mall Cop. The Wedding...*

My public house adversary stopped and turned toward me. "Stop calling me that." His face was turning as red as a basket full of holly berries.

"I was just ordering another drink."

"Stop calling me names!"

*The Wedding Singer. Step Brothers. The Waterboy.* "I know I don't know you, friend," I said, "but you may need anger management therapy."

His complexion took on a perplexed look. "What, like that Charlie Sheen TV show?"

That was it. My temper steamed like overcooked plum pudding. I grabbed the empty glass off the bar and smashed it against his head. "*Anger Management* is an Adam Sandler movie! Fuck Charlie Sheen, you dumb-ass, Bigfoot-looking shit-elf!" He fell to the ground as "Christmas in America" by Melissa Etheridge flowed out of the jukebox speakers.

As blood poured down my tavern rival's face, soaking his beard and staining his clothes, the bartender gave me my second Dirty Sasquatch.

It tasted like Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men.

# "IT'S THAT DAMN PENGUIN AGAIN, BILLY"

A DRINKING COMIC BY HOSS



I SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON!



IT'S THAT DAMN PENGUIN AGAIN!



NAH... NOPE. THERE IS NO PENGUIN.



I'VE JUST BEEN DOIN' THIS FOR YEARS TO MESS WITH BILLY... PRETTY FUNNY, RIGHT?



It's That Damn Penguin Again, Billy  
By Hoss

## Christmas is a Time of Reflection

By Logan Roberts

Hi, my name is Hubie. As a kid I was always doing something creative. I thought I could be one of those billionaire artist types. I remember I wanted to design Hallmark cards. Everybody bought them for everything, so it had to be a good line of work. I made Christmas cards for my family, it didn't always work because I'd wait until the last minute. One year, I made some with popsicle sticks on the covers. They had reindeers on them and the popsicle sticks were like fences they were jumping over. In the end it didn't take off, and I remember being pretty bummed about it.

It actually really hurt. I know, you're thinking why did I get all heartbroken about not being able to make Christmas cards? Well, it's how it all started. It all started because I wanted to raise money to help my grandma. She was losing her house. My mom and uncles talked about it a lot, trying to hide it from my sister and I. I come from a family of drunks, so it wasn't long before someone got pissed off and shouted something at 3 a.m. that shouldn't have been. I heard it, my heart stopped. I loved my grandma, and I wanted to do anything to help her. I couldn't imagine her homeless or in a nursing home, stuck in some craft slave labor for old people. I started trying to sell my Christmas cards to raise money to help out. I only sold a couple, and most of them to my mom. Anyways, on Christmas, my parents and uncles had pulled together to save grandma's house. It was awesome, she cried and covered her mouth with a trembling hand. That year I had gotten her a puzzle, but I had dumped the orange juice out of a carton and put the puzzle pieces in the empty carton, to have an element of surprise. After the money thing, I don't think I got as much of a surprise as I had hoped. Either way, I was just happy for her. I'm not a billionaire Hallmark card designer, but if I had to do it over again, I wouldn't change a thing.

My grandma taught me a lot of stuff my dad was supposed to. My grandpa was into golf, and I always wanted to do what he was doing. But he died before I grew up and got to know him. So my grandma took me out back sometimes by their garden and taught me how to swing a driver and putt (she would always say, "just tap it in" and I'd get so annoyed when I'd putt right past the makeshift hole). She taught me how to shave, how to cook a steak, how to do crossword puzzles. When I was a little kid, I

remember this time I had to pee super bad. We were walking around town and even though I was just a kid, nobody would let me use their damn bathroom. She could have bought something, but my grandma was from a generation that didn't spend what they didn't have to. This was the first time I had ever peed not in a toilet. She took me to the side of the building, and I peed on a dumpster.

I'm grown up now, I've got my own family, wife and kids. I'm a dentist, and sometimes when the season is ripe, I play in a wedding band. We're called *Punch Drunk Love*. First wedding we didn't have a name, but somebody got super drunk and punched the groom in the face during the first dance, and the wife beat the drunk guy's ass. We figured it was a sign, so we decided to just go with it. That's actually how I met my wife. She was a waitress at the venue we were playing at. We played there a lot, but never really got to talk until that night during the aftermath. It was magic if I ever saw it. We never got bored with each other, every date felt like the first one all over again. Anyways, it's Christmas time again.

The holidays are interesting now, because my wife's family is Jewish. The kids love all the presents. Her family is like "sort-of practicing" Jewish, they don't really get intense with it, but they do the major holidays and recognize the feasts. The holidays are full of crazy nights. I feel like a zookeeper, trying to rangle everyone together. I had a dream one Christmas that I got a remote control that I could freeze time with, and it was so cool. However, I jolted awake at a moment when everything seemed to be going terrible.

This year was different though. I had a friend, his name was Gilbert. He was the type of guy who was so nice and sweet, yet somehow, had always ended up alone and out of work. Despite all the craziness the holidays can bring about, I was super excited for Gilbert because this year, he seemed happy. Gilbert met a girl, and they had started dating. Gilbert and his girlfriend, Jackie, were so cute. They met in a hotel (in Transylvania of all places), and it was like love at first sight. One of the cutest things they do is tell each other bedtime stories when they have had a rough day. My wife and I invited Gilbert and his girlfriend over for dinner on Christmas. I think this year is going to be really special, especially since this year has been so rough on everyone. It's just nice to be around friends and family, celebrating things together.

Christmas carries a lot of memories for me, some good, and some bad. I think that's everyone's Christmas though. Christmas isn't necessarily a time of exuberant joy. Sometimes it's a terrible time, and sometimes, just a time. Either way, like mama always says, the holidays can be like uncut gems. The holidays might be rough, but they are also a time to reflect, a time to find something to feel happy about.

## Crush Me

By Kristin Garth

after *Spanglish*

I have a nightmare that I fuck the way  
Tea Leoni does Adam Sandler  
in *Spanglish* like a rabid splay  
of flesh, few frenzied breaths, faux porn banter  
will fulfill some obligation, this myth  
we need to feel much. But I have felt too  
much all my life. My dad confused me with  
his wife. It has made me prove to  
dozens more how I would suffer behind  
bedroom doors if they would know I am real  
as dictated tears, years they steal. Resigned  
to their own disinclination to feel,  
be Adam Sandler unhappy underneath.  
I'd rather feel you crush me, be it brief.