



I don't need real rhythms, to function, to move. If scarcity truly would blare its horn, a recital! What a revival that would be! On the eve of an island, even a land mass, ever strained, will genuflect. It will look to its priest sky, it will look so different from the angles, and it will call out, in chants, "A purple vacuum cleaner, a baby mouse stuck in the pipes." Over, and over again. They call it Thursday here, and it is red so red.

I see you, *Artemisia Gentileschi*. Your hell is not my own. There is no new life, renewed, to mock...

My daughter just said "jesus christ" while watching an episode of *Super Monsters Monster Pets*, the spin-off of popular Netflix original *Super Monsters*™. I am convinced, my broken body is convinced, and forever shall it be unswayed, that this is the best television show ever created.

Such is life in *Majestic Flats*, the place where I live now...

Everything was connected, by The Cosmic Goatee. It grew so long, so far, not from a chin, but a mouth, and everything lived inside it.

Fully allowing myself to lose my mind, as a treat, as they say. Absorbing, **CUTENESS** as a brand, a life choice, if it ain't aesthetically cute, get it the fuck outta my face!!!

They don't call me, The Christmas Shadow Monkey, for nothing. It costs 'em, 16 shekels a piece, and they pay. The shadow puppet shows are real. Things cost money, in The Comma-Verse (🌐,) as well, it's not just the many pauses, though it's mostly them, and their exchange rate is the apples, the red apples in **Molasses's** slow eyes.

Contemplating, wearing only **red**, a new wardrobe on the and for the other side of the virus. Can't believe, this diary was never not only about fashion, what else is there?

“Suspenders, endgame...” Lean in, to *A Life of Diabetes and High Blood Pressure*. That is what the book, the famous book by **IS LARVEL** is all about, and I refuse to believe otherwise. Lean in, to a life of perpetual logiehood after every lunch. **BUT alas! No! Nonononono no no no!!!** Pass the minnows, I'll say, when the dinner bell rings...



Oh, and there's no colons here, perfect fit for the land of the comma (and easier on the stomach), I suppose. In ***Majestic Flats***, all is good.

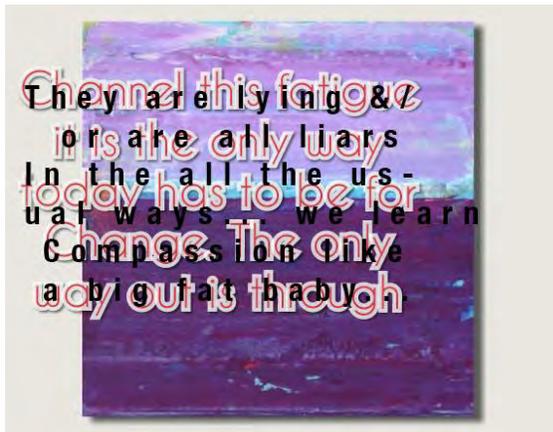
And, lastly, to the nuts in Michigan, and other make-believe places, demanding they reopen the Olive Garden®, with M-16 machine guns, I see you, I hear you, and soon we will all have never-ending pasta, salad and breadsticks again!



. Day 45

All The Pangolin Dancers got sprained ankles, in the virus factory. Daniel Minus Four is dead (R.I.P, **{D(-)4}**); and so we exit The Comma-Verse (,🌐), as an exploratory committee. Together: as one. Perhaps, never to return? I will miss that sweet, blue, amphibious bird. Perhaps, to sprint back in furious panic? More tests needed. More tests needed. More... tests needed.

There was a whisper, it came to me in a dream: "chrome beavers in the vitamin store, wreaking havoc yet again... " What could it mean? I swear by the red apple eyes of **Molasses**... I will see truth in all this hell.



When the trillionaires regain control... Then and only then will I dissolve fully. And you can drink me the soup of me. Bring it, in a canister, on a plane. The planes are still flying, these our every essential device. Wonders in the sky! Sip me myself through a metal straw 38,000 feet and flying high baby! ✈️ ~ ✈️ ~ ✈️ ~ ✈️ ~ ✈️ ~ ✈️

Kiss the custom colors of this **Frog-o-Sphere**. Their slimy orbs for heads. So yum yum yum in this **constant cute cotillion (C⁵)**. Mine is a dance,

ever-changing. And I am feeling these fibers, finally. We hold onto things in a dance and let go of what we know now we never needed. We don't see the things we are letting go as they fall from our hands. We are lost in the dance.

I'd incapacitate a plane. I'd treat it like the insect that it is. A reminder. A giant hospital full of machines hooked up to other machines, barely breathing, being monitored by the one great machine. The content creators can't get off the hook. They fill the one great machine with more content than it knows what to do with. It thought it was overburdened before all this!

Never enact **The Shepherd's Warning** unless you have to. **UNLESS YOU ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO**. My bible brings me kittens to piss on. This is a distraction from many things but mainly from the desire to enact **The Shepherd's Warning**. Life in **Majestic Flats** can be cruel and it can be casual in its cruelty. But **The Shepherd's Warning** is not for us.



I wonder if the neighbors are anti-Amazon also, or if their flirtation with **Who But W.B. Mason** is arbitrary, like many things. **Phil** wore the fur coat for **Lois**.

Anyone who says otherwise is lying. There are those /**L,I,E,S**/springing up again.

How forever ungrateful, the little shitstains *still* cram, still cram for the hardest tests imaginable. Tests they don't even know they are taking. When I was handed the evidence of Phil's coat, this unimpeachable evidence, I was taking a similar test. Lois can fuck right off.

They made me **Mayor of Majestic Flats** on a whim, of course they did. I'm not denying that. But, ahem, achoo, a Hulu, a hawk descending... Let me finally introduce myself. For I am not him. I am not refined, but in a static state. I no longer feel the need to hide. I am **WHITE BIRD, WHITE BIRD MASON. Mayor of Majestic Flats**. Shalom.

I am not married to *Joe Zee, Editor-in-Chief of Yahoo! Style*, although I did briefly date his fraternal twin brother who was an ornery crow named **Crow Zee (2005-2018)**. Rest in peace.

The Crow Gang still torments, these eighteen months later, and it is a different kind of hell. Organized crime is not pandemic-proof either, you know. Lucky I have **Phil** in my corner. **Phil** and the gun he uses to kill the things to make his coats.

(... 17 lifetimes and a single simple task pass...)

When I speak, I speak for him as well as me. Finally a duality we can get behind, shake our booties behind! And we can do so without shame. I have no interest in what's real anymore. If it's not a butler giving me a soaking wet owl on a silver platter surrounded by mini doughnuts (NOT doughnut holes) with unnaturally large ants coursing in and out of the holes—with what room these ants have to do so, seeing as how the doughnuts are so tiny and their bodies so large (comparatively)—then get it right out of my face. There's never been a more perfect time to transcend than right now, is what I'm getting at 🐜🐜🐜🐜🐜🐜



Covid-19 – a blessing for pangolins?

Killing time, beneath the ancient scuffs of grief... How we speak to each other! (?) Why do our voices make a sound? More and more, I hear people saying “the world is filled with wonder.” But I don't see these people starting new bands each day to rock the socks off as many people as possible. Hypocrisy reigns supreme in the age of social distancing.

This is it. The first and final crossing of a life's work (ø). Not so much a cross section but a pizza pie and that's amore! The colors of the pizza are the colors of life: between yellow and red...



“My iguana is also named **Ignacio**, he thought, the honey factory worker wielding a pushpin as a fencing sword be damned. Although he did not have an iguana named Ignacio but a Charles named Charles and Charles found the alien head. His ability to make its skull glow red is innate. No more will nature vs. nature persist in these days of the alien head. All hail the alien head! And the sweet release it'll bring!!!” (*Bee Movie* proverb, 2007)

♪ “ *Wipe down the Lysol mice*
I swear this is a normal life ” ♪

He started scratching his claw against the fabric of his chair, thinking it was the ebbing meter of a chaotic economy... *z-z z-z z-z*

. *Day 46*



I looked at things on my phone and wanted to strangle a panther. Until I opened up this one app man and wallah: changed man here, sir. That's the app. That's the ticket. Please and thank you.

What about today was a Wednesday? Not for nothing but I'm no good at this. You can't trust this voice you're hearing. I'm a lying, fire-breathing abyss. I suck the energy of life out something fierce, deep inside of me. And I don't even need it. There's only one sleep and it ain't in me. Doesn't matter what I do.

Not only are his fingernails an impossible mangle but they've turned a shade of yellowish brown that can only be described as “woodland creature's last day on Earth.” The tips of these fingers, in general, resemble the family pug flattened by a big truck. It's a problem! When you order this pizza you order smashed ceramic death, though whose and in which honor... That is unclear. Unclear, executioner.

Sometimes there is a stream of logistics that prevent the sleep and this is beautiful and true, and in this awake true love lies. We can't go back to before. The two broad sides have merged. All angles are a malleable putty. Shapes are suggestions. Footsteps are heartbeats when the house is alive with this frustration.

Alike,
wise... We
are together
in this fight.
**GET.
IN.
THIS.
FIGHT.**
Strip the
wood from
the plastic
shells and
all is a toy
to see. Who
are these
tiny people?
What brains
could think
them up?
I'd sooner
piss a river
of Chinese
food slugs
then try.



Hookworm Sinker married Brigitte "Lois" Fagu and I heard it was a lovely affair. I know Hook ever since he hired me as the second banana to the second fiddle of his right-hand man's top agent at his marketing firm, **H.S. Ballyhoo LLC**. But I did not receive an invite to the wedding 😞

When did the building back up of the days that came before become the next big thing? How are we related to wolves? The bitch wolf sings the last laugh first. We lost so many young men in **The Streaming Wars**.

In simpler times, the narrator might have said, "Born from a foreign mother, his blood of ancient heroes, and his name will be forty and four. (ie **{D(-4)}**)"

Digital shepherds love winnebagos and inside their Glory they have found no need to heed the Warning.

Nothing that came before matters, **Daniel**. (If I may speak your Christian name) Your voice was never slow enough for me. As time is uncertain now, the forest fires are having ice cream socials with their nefarious origins. They have an amazing array of flavors: salmon, war on terror, fruit punch, secret salamander secretion (triple s), wildberry, and even more.



The difficult decision to cancel **Glamor Boy** was made after every effort to dissuade his preference for the sound of bubbles being popped over American rock and roll music. **G.B.**, the demon inherent, his whole thing, could be enticing, but I remained steadfast in my cylindrical appreciation machine. The tube had two channels. **Channel Black** played only the commercially viable material. **Channel White** played anything else.

He'd been fishing in the corridors of babies again when he discovered a new sound. It was a third hand mutation of Disneyfication. It sounded like a unicorn fart on dollar store headphones. He purchased an expensive timpani drum set to form an anti-rhythm for the sound, to work against the sound. There was a coded opposite in the air and he could unlock it with his large, shiny new drum.

Policemen are always in mourning. So, you know, cut 'em some slack for being such constant cowards and whiny bitches. Capisce? The boys in blue are perpetually blue, so to speak: their default police state is a New York state of mind, *our state, you*... If you will.



Woman attacks customer at supermarket over allegedly not following social distancing rules

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Fox News - 5 hours ago



Girls have lungs. But they can not hear the policemen screaming. When they inhale that sound they think it's only air. Stupid girls.

Our neighbors might be made of porcelain. They appear, ready to crack. I've snuffed out their underlings already. We've done the legwork. Thank you.

Miracle Whip Walter and "**Wooden**" **Julius** were **Hook's** main dudes. They shoehorned the frothy byproduct of a stubborn cronyism and resentment into the crease of a lifetime of workplace regret. It wasn't easy but it's nice work if you can get it.

What will unite the people of this world? Stories? More boring stories? In seventeen pints time the morons will start to come around. You can tell where they built the virus and they'll still try to maim **The Pangolin Dancers**.

He wasn't the almanac he purported to be. He knew everything in the world only cost **\$4.48**.

 **Download Manager**

og2-artemisia-gentileschi.jpg

Download complete.

Say Amen, commuters! You have been freed. But like the rest, you will realize that the idea of going somewhere was always more important than going somewhere. Are we crying for the global fish yet? They are not a part of this world.

♪ “ *Why do these shepherds shake ?
What behemoth caused their land to quake* ” ♪

The global fish economy is over \$5,500 strong (**GFE** 🇺🇸). We're talking untainted American dollars, backed by gold in the secret balcony of an elf named **Somali Sam**. He's close enough to the water that he can throw coins to the fish with his tiny arms. And they return the investment twofold and then some, on and on. The house of this elf is backed by the “Don't Tread on Me” snake so... No worries there, bro 🏊

Google reviews



Jose MiramontesGalaviz
10 reviews

★☆☆☆☆ a month ago

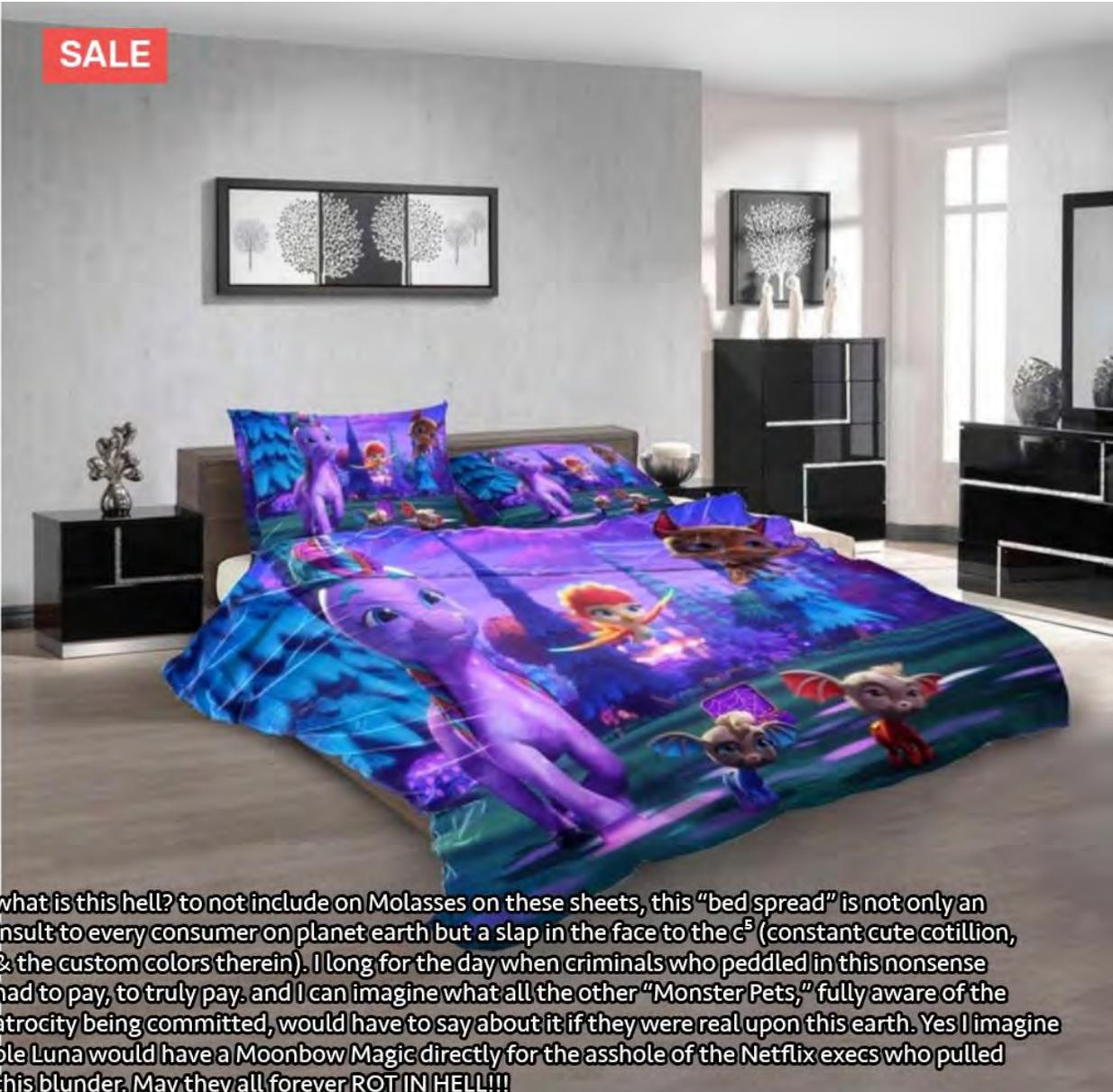
There is no Easter eggs in this island :(

👍 61



I traded the **Mask of God** for some toenail clippers. No one ever grows their toenails out anymore, not for fashion. He told me there is a small casino culture in India where men and women still do this, but I have my reservations.

SIDEBAR: You see the generic hairdos these days? It ain't the shutdowns sis, but the psychic mind control of countless knockoff brands, which we've become fixated upon during this depression. **Miracle Whip Walter** says the days of Hellman's are numbered. I hope the tech bros have a beat on some VR panic buying game (patent-pending) because I'm fixing to go into withdrawal when this virus goes kaputt. I need me thrills! Mask riding high, almost to the eyes, so glorious in the one-way traffic grocery aisles, like a wild stallion...



what is this hell? to not include on Molasses on these sheets, this "bed spread" is not only an insult to every consumer on planet earth but a slap in the face to the c⁵ (constant cute cotillion, & the custom colors therein). I long for the day when criminals who peddled in this nonsense had to pay, to truly pay. and I can imagine what all the other "Monster Pets," fully aware of the atrocity being committed, would have to say about it if they were real upon this earth. Yes I imagine ole Luna would have a Moonbow Magic directly for the asshole of the Netflix execs who pulled this blunder. May they all forever ROT IN HELL!!!

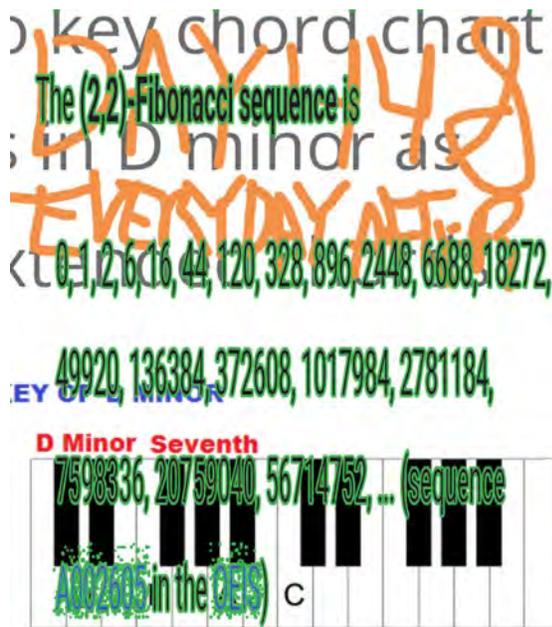
Listen to the ruined fibers of the life stains eternal. Those bragging in this pandemic, pandemic braggards, are actually throwing fits, are toddlers unfit for this "La Vida Loca." They have children inside each of their limbs, many children, all crippled, starving. They don't listen to their cries. They've learned to ignore them. The greatest of strengths. They are the new warriors, these pandemic braggers. And they need to die.

Get to your own heaven, who am I to say? But get there fast. We're running out of room. The more people die, the more crowded it gets.

Together as, **1**

MODERN WARRIORS

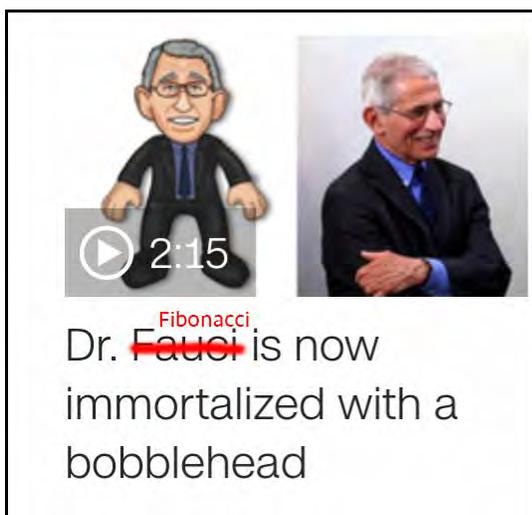




The boy who now has asked to be called **The Boy of Gold** (don't ask) is currently at work on a treatment for a YouTube videoessay called "The only brand I ever wanted to do sex with: Flo from Progressive (but not in the way that you're thinking)." This would be, according to him, a send-up of a certain type of content, and not in fact "real content." He would be talking nearly the entire time and he may even say some things that are true, but the totality of the venture would be false, meaningless. It would exist as a monument for time wasted, as so much already is/does. Only this venture would wear that on its sleeve, would in fact be about that and only that.

Ambitionless symphonies are sounding off. The conductor's in a slump. Did you see the necklace her freeloading daughter bought her? It's tough to see them in their human form, especially when they're working.

I have no sympathy for the fecal groundlings either. Their swimming pools filled with coffee, their attics stuffed with the corpses of rotting tech bros.



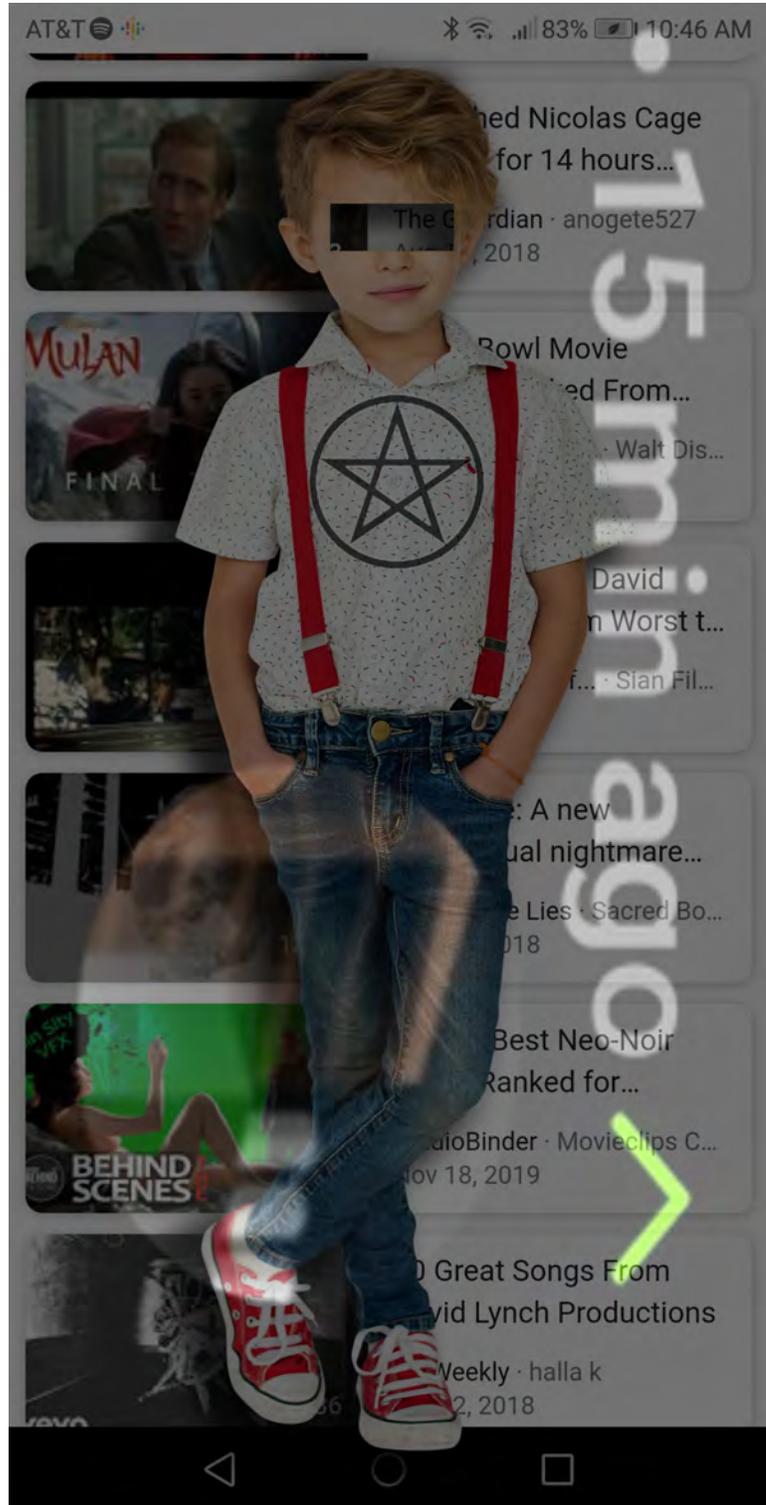
The red apple eyes of **Molasses** will forever haunt me. Haunt me? Did I say, "haunt me?" I meant, enchant me. I'm me, I'm just 🕒

The horn dog of plenty sounds off. It screams in the night as all the cops retire into a breathless pit. The cops' new homes are all cranky ankles and their piglet children resent their newly bored dads with a fervor not previously thought possible. They are children themselves, these coppers, giant children, and they see the virus as a bogeyman who can only be defeated by hiding the hell away from it.

In spite of their being an unmatched embarrassment, a stain on society, in stench from their “diapers overflowing with peepee and poopoo” fear, he found something, something pure. The cowardice of policemen put off a smell that registered for miles and miles, and if he could bottle that stench and drown out “**The Song of the Diaper Widows,**” well, then he would be onto something.

These cop brides weren’t actual widows, of course, but they were still in a state of constant mourning. At night, when they could escape the shivering clutches of their scared husbands, cowering under their beds, they climbed to the rooftops of their suburban houses and sang the song. Like a chorus of screeching cats, so lovely.

Have you ever kissed the face of a moron cop as he tries to eat a bowl of pasta fazool in a single bite? Have you felt the pull to return, to The Comma-Verse (🌐)? What is **The Grand Standard?** Or: who (**The Grand Stander?**). “Crack the head of **The Cyber Skull™!!!!!!**” you hear them moron cop idiots screaming, barely decipherable through all the pasta fazool. It was... It was enough for you to go into a dream, a dream of **The Demented Twins**, the spawn of **Lois**, allegedly...



(↑ picture of a real life cop)



Mylo often thought about living a different life. His dream dimensions changed immensely day to day. The most common mode of living involved a small enclosed space stocked with canned goods, art supplies and a TV bigger than the 65-inch one he had recently purchased. He vacillated between a room full of copious windows and walled-off privacy, a complete and total privacy that no blinds or curtains could possibly afford. What to do when you love fresh air and want to be invisible. He did not hate the world. He envisioned every inch of every wall that wasn't mounted with a television covered with Joseph Cornell style boxes or similar work in 3D relief which, in theory, he would have constructed himself ideally during a magic space outside of the passing of time. He couldn't decide if this space was in the city or the deep country or some suburb in between. These decisions varied upon each iteration, daydreams on the verge of becoming a tic. Mylo had never lived in a studio apartment. For some reason he counted in his head whenever he used the refrigerator's filtered water dispenser. He was fascinated by Murphy beds. He once googled "Murphy beds" and saw a result for "Can a Murphy bed kill you?" pointing to a *New York Times* article. He had googled bed bugs so many times and could still not say with any certainty if they had wings or not.

His twin brother Olly was not like him. From a very early age Olly forged a path that seemingly existed solely to contradict Mylo. He hated his brother's very existence, concretely, his ethos, matter of factly, and his absolute essence, abstractly. It went beyond getting skinny when Mylo got fat, though he did that and things like that too. He seemed eager to live in such a way that it fully negated the life of his twin. He never daydreamed once. That's not hyperbole or exaggeration. The concept of daydreaming to him was just that, a concept. It was not something any human being did in practice. He felt the same

way about meditation. He thought that these were lies and the people who "claimed" to engage in their practice: liars.

Olly only trusted one man, a retired middle school custodian who legally changed his name to Japan Oklahoma. He didn't mind it if people called him "Okay." But he was deeply and rightly offended by the nickname "Jap." He wrote a novel called *Brunch and Infinity are Canceled* with that pen name before he became a custodian. He waited till after he retired to make the name change official. The better part of the three decades in the interim would become fodder for his second book, an untitled epic at least twice as long as the longest book ever written. But as time faded, so did the memory of the first book. Only one person in the universe remembered *Brunch*: Olly Memfin.

Brunch is about a fictional sport and its professional sports league wherein it is allowed and encouraged for players to bet on league games, openly discuss betting on those games and to perform in a manner which would make the desired outcome of their wagering more likely. Basically, "fixing" and "throwing" games is totally legal, as is publicly lying or tactfully boasting to manipulate betting odds (the book, itself impossibly long, clocking it at over 1,000 pages, spends a good amount of devoted to the minutiae and logistics of all this). That **IS LARVEL**, author of the acclaimed and award-winning tome *A Life of Diabetes and High Blood Pressure*, which *Joe Zee, Editor-in-Chief of Yahoo! Style*, called "the most fashionable book ever written," claimed the central idea of *Brunch and Infinity are Canceled* had been plagiarized from an idea he'd written on one of the stalls of his world-famous "graffiti bathroom." This, of course, was the bathroom in his rather posh mansion that was designed to look like an insanely shitty bathroom at like a Home Depot or other big box brick and mortar. And this is where **Is** famously would graffiti ideas onto the stall doors with a Sharpie® marker. Now, how **Japan Oklahoma** even came to be at one of **Is's** grand parties to see the stalls... That is the real question. Regardless, **IS LARVEL** squashed *Brunch* with his claim. It was D.O.A. in the bookstores of the U.S.A. if you catch my drift.

No, no... I don't think that you do... *sigh*

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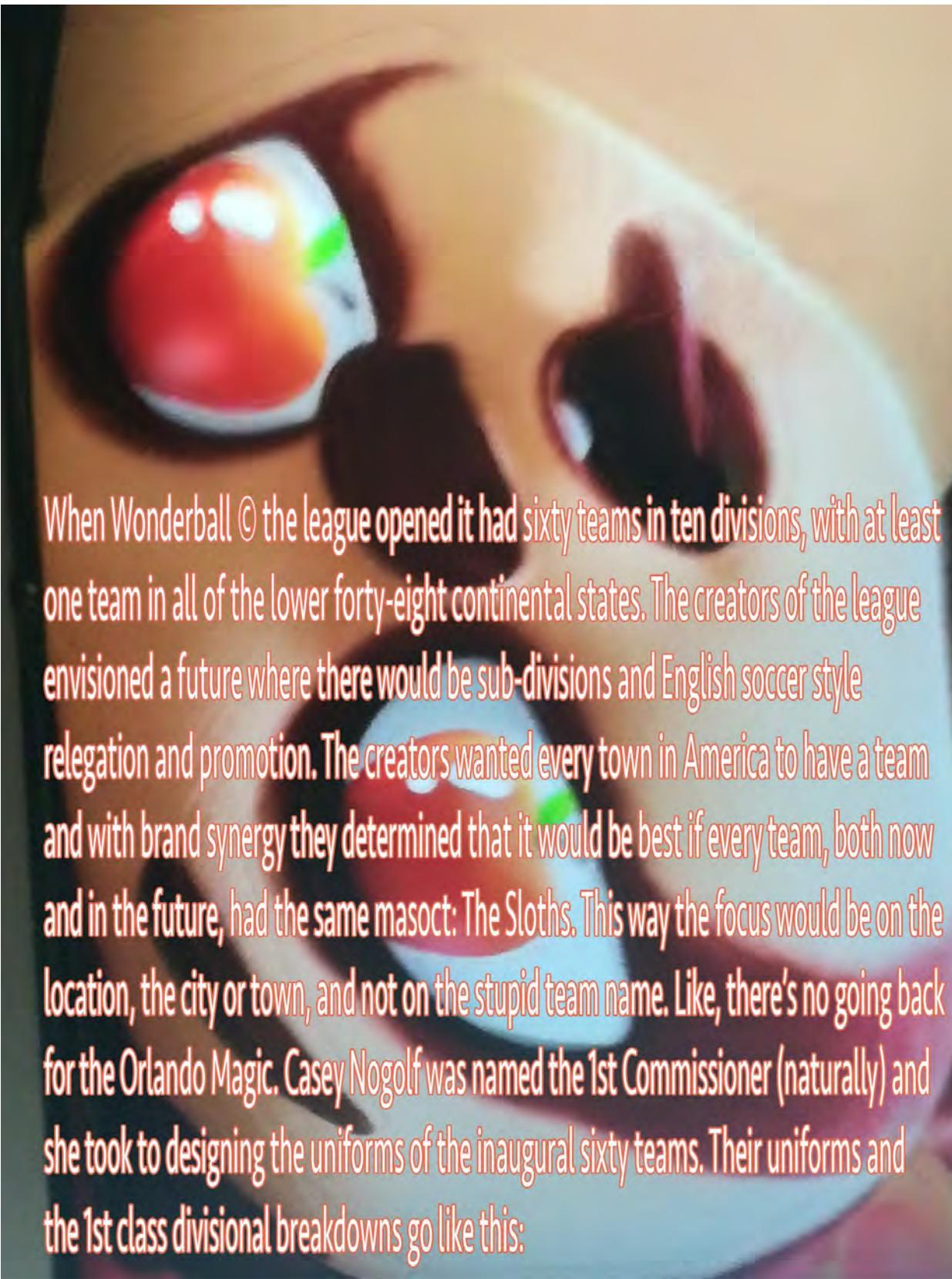
Casey Rogolf had every right to survive and the essentials to make that happen. She had all of King Content's social media login passwords, for example. Any questions?

She had been born on a ship of pretzel sticks atop a sea of melted cheese. Her family was a strong, athletic tribe who knew that cheese and pretzels were not for eating. It was the saddest day of their life when they were forced to leave their dimension for ours.

They entered America and promptly burned down every single golf course for it was appalling to have so many covering so much beautiful land. Some say it was unnecessary for them to then execute every golfer in the world, but who are we to judge? Dear reader, can you even imagine a world without golf? Do you understand that beauty? You must pull the weed up by its roots. *Casey Rogolf* made no apologies.

And they took to creating their sport of choice from their previous dimension:

Wonderball©.



When Wonderball © the league opened it had sixty teams in ten divisions, with at least one team in all of the lower forty-eight continental states. The creators of the league envisioned a future where there would be sub-divisions and English soccer style relegation and promotion. The creators wanted every town in America to have a team and with brand synergy they determined that it would be best if every team, both now and in the future, had the same mascot: The Sloths. This way the focus would be on the location, the city or town, and not on the stupid team name. Like, there's no going back for the Orlando Magic. Casey Nogolf was named the 1st Commissioner (naturally) and she took to designing the uniforms of the inaugural sixty teams. Their uniforms and the 1st class divisional breakdowns go like this:



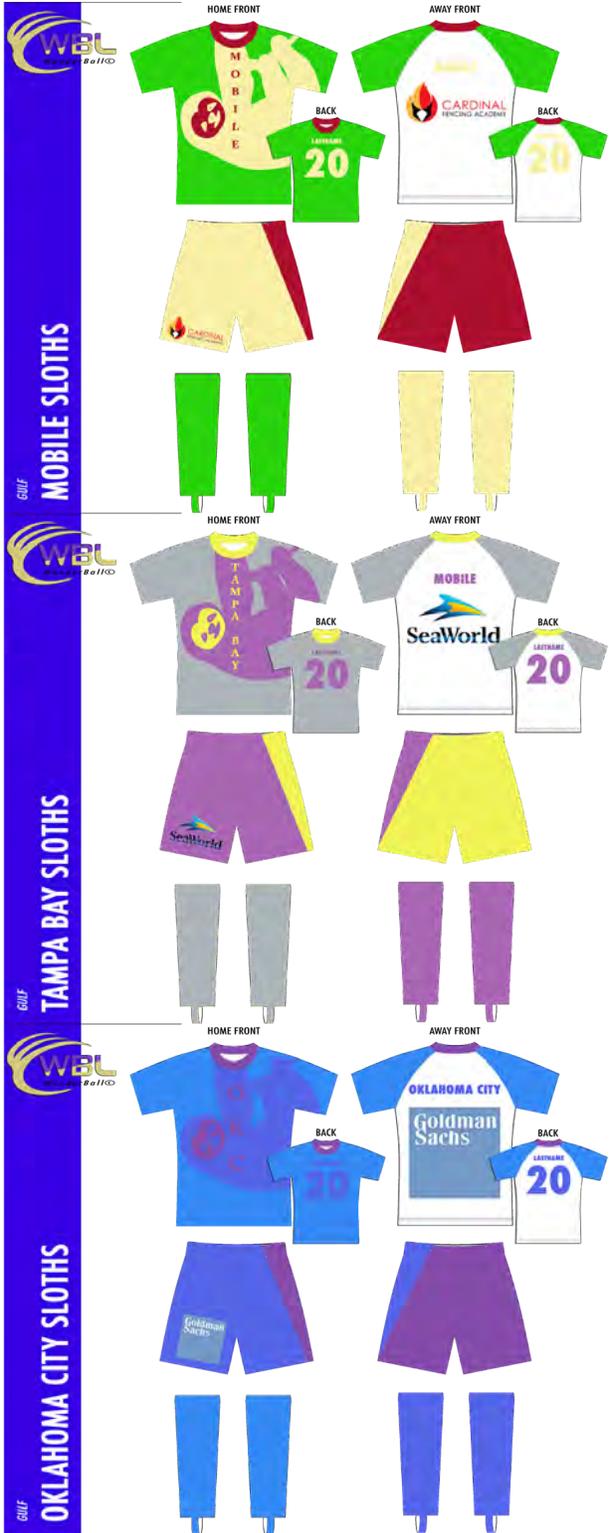
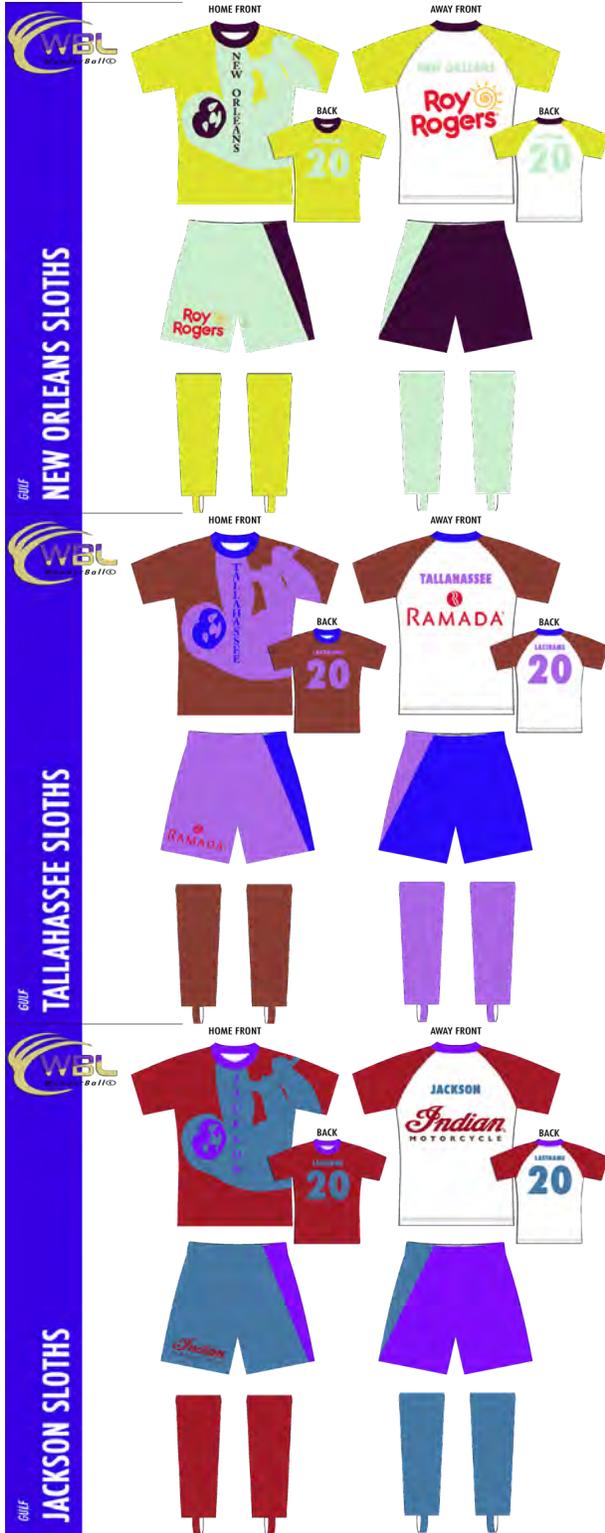
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HOUSTON SLOTHS



DALLAS SLOTHS



AUSTIN SLOTHS



SAN ANTONIO SLOTHS



EL PASO SLOTHS



CORPUS CHRISTI SLOTHS

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MIDWEST
CHICAGO SLOTHS



MIDWEST
KANSAS CITY SLOTHS



MIDWEST
MILWAUKEE SLOTHS



MIDWEST
OMAHA SLOTHS



MIDWEST
MINNEAPOLIS SLOTHS



MIDWEST
DES MOINES SLOTHS

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WBL
WanderBallIGD

MOUNTAIN
DENVER SLOTHS



WBL
WanderBallIGD

MOUNTAIN
MISSOULA SLOTHS



WBL
WanderBallIGD

MOUNTAIN
SALT LAKE CITY SLOTHS



WBL
WanderBallIGD

MOUNTAIN
SIOUX FALLS SLOTHS



WBL
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MOUNTAIN
FARGO SLOTHS



WBL
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MOUNTAIN
CHEYENNE SLOTHS

#NoGolf #WBL4LIFE



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So there you have it. Each of the ten divisions have a custom sloth logo for their six teams and all their three-color palettes were chosen at complete random. They play 200 straight days of the year starting on Jan the first and then straight into a long-ass NCAA hoops style tournament with over 50% of all the teams making the playoffs and each round consisting on a “best of” series with an exponentially growing amount of games until the finals which is a mammoth “best of 17” event that takes up the majority of December and ends on Christmas day.

Some say this mono-branding is a detriment, it hinders "fan loyalty." But therein lies the rub: it is creating loyalty for *the entire league*, not just individual teams, and this is essential when, eventually, there will be so many franchises in every corner of every state, constantly in pursuit of promotion of, what will be, in the end, ten tiers and one thousand teams within the WBL system. This all coupled with the emphasis on legal cheating and a “cult of personality” style social media and extreme focus on live streaming both the events and “behind the scenes” action means the proof is in the pudding, people. The dream is to grow the league to its zenith: one thousand teams with an even one hundred in each of its ten tiers and at least ten teams in every state in the continental U.S.A. Here is what the geographical division breakdown looks like; it’s the same for each of the ten tiers:



The WBL Elite is the first and highest tier. Sometimes referred to as WBL 1 and affectionately referred to by fans as WBL Sloth, it has ten teams in each of its ten divisions with a 10% relegation turnover rate (last place in each division goes down a tier, etc). A system the likes of which American sports has never seen. All games will be free to watch, hence the emphasis on uniform advertisements. The in-game and viewing experience will also be an assault on the viewers' senses, with brand logos plastered on every inch of the playing surface, arena interior and within the graphics of the video feed. There will be multiple "infomercial timeouts," wherein the players will deliver QVC style pitches in the middle of the damn game! (Don't worry they get a cut of the product sales and actually Head Pitchman is one of the more coveted starting positions on the team, as in-game sales count towards their final scores.) The games will be broadcast live and later archived on the WBL website which is also a social networking hub for players and fans alike. Imagine a sports league whose players are free from any restrictions on personal style and decorum, who can bet on or against themselves and encourage fans to do likewise. Simply revolutionary ideas.



You might be saying to yourself, "these uniforms look a little too soccer, a little too European." Well shut your damn mouth. They're designed for comfort (players playing over 300 games a year, remember?) and stirrups are just a classic look, outdoors or inside, regardless if they serve a tactical "purpose."

The designs in this book were from just Year 1 of course, the inaugural season where there were only sixty teams and just a single tier, broken down into two conferences WBL Elite East (aka WBL Classic) and WBL Elite West. (This "book" is hardly the definitive history of the WBL, far from it, in fact... haha.)

Here is the league breakdown from Year 6, after the WBL Elite had ballooned to its final form of one hundred teams and the first year for WBL Silver, the second highest tier. WBL 2 launched with its own massive allotment of one hundred teams spread out across the same geographic ten divisions. Their universal mascot? The Mice! The following breakdown includes which Sloths were relegated to play with the Mice and vice versa

WBL ELITE • EAST	2025 FINAL RESULTS	WBL ELITE • WEST	2025 FINAL RESULTS
<u>Northeast (1)</u> New York City (#5) Trenton (#9) East Hartford (WC1) Boston (WC11) Syracuse (WC14) Portsmouth Worcester Atlantic City Providence Bangor	<u>Mid-Atlantic (2)</u> Norfolk (#3) Wilmington (#7) Dover (WC2) Annapolis (WC5) Baltimore (WC6) Washington DC Richmond Morgantown Philadelphia Roanoke	<u>Texas (6)</u> Austin (#5) Houston (#10) Dallas (WC4) Shreveport Amarillo San Antonio Lubbock Corpus Christi Odessa El Paso	<u>Midwest (7)</u> Springfield (#3) Omaha (#6) Cedar Rapids (WC2) Duluth (WC3) Wichita (WC8) Des Moines (WC9) Milwaukee (WC14) Kansas City \$ Minneapolis Chicago
<u>South (3)</u> Charlotte (#1) Savannah (#8) Greensboro (WC3) Atlanta (WC4) Orlando (WC7) Miami (WC12) Birmingham Raleigh \$ Charleston Columbia	<u>Gulf (4)</u> Tallahassee (#4) New Orleans (#6) Pensacola (WC8) Little Rock (WC13) Jackson Baton Rouge Tampa Bay Oklahoma City Mobile Biloxi	<u>Mountain (8)</u> Denver (#2) Colorado Springs (#9) Salt Lake City (WC7) Casper (WC13) Missoula Billings Cheyenne Grand Forks Fargo Sioux Falls	<u>Northwest (9)</u> Spokane (#4) Eugene (#8) Boise (WC5) Redding (WC10) Seattle Sacramento Reno Portland Oakland Olympia
<u>Central (5)</u> Cleveland (#2) Nashville (#10) Louisville (WC9) Buffalo (WC10) Indianapolis Knoxville Memphis Detroit Cincinnati Pittsburgh	<u>TOP 5 Teams</u> CLEVELAND ★ NORFOLK NEW ORLEANS TRENTON EAST HARTFORD *safe from relegation for 3 yrs	<u>Southwest (10)</u> San Diego (#1) Los Angeles (#7) Phoenix (WC1) Fresno (WC6) Tucson (WC11) Las Vegas (WC12) Albuquerque San Bernardino Bakersfield Sante Fe	<u>TOP 5 Teams</u> SAN DIEGO SPRINGFIELD ★ SPOKANE CEDAR RAPIDS DES MOINES *safe from relegation for 3 yrs

TEAMS MARKED WITH AN X-OUT = RELEGATED TO WBL SILVER

The brackets break down like this for each tier: The Top 2 teams in each division get in and are seeded 1-10 based on their overall records in their conference, though the division winners are seeded first #1-5, and the second place finishers #6-10. **Seeds #1-8** get a first round bye and the two second place teams with the worst record (**Seeds #9 & 10**) have to fight it out in Round 1 of the tournament. There are a whopping **14 Wildcard Teams** selected by best record across all five divisions in each conference.

Imagine a world, if you can, of ten animal mascots all trying to get away from their species so that they can play with the Sloths, the WBL Elite. And at some time in the future, how many Sloths will even remain? In Year 3050 of the league, perhaps but a few. Maybe, however, there will be quite a few Parrots in the Elite tier (mascot of the lucky seventh tier, WBL 7—making its debut in 2037). But I’m getting ahead of myself.

Here is the breakdown for 2025’s WBL Silver - The Mice:

WBL SILVER • EAST	2025 FINAL RESULTS	WBL SILVER • WEST	2025 FINAL RESULTS
<u>Northeast (1)</u> Allentown (#4) Portland ME (#6) Albany NY (WC6) Springfield MA (WC10) Burlington (WC12) Scranton Bridgeport New Haven Jersey City Brooklyn	<u>Mid-Atlantic (2)</u> Camden (#5) Lancaster (#9) Virginia Beach (WC9) Milford (WC11) Silver Spring Chesapeake Fredericksburg Charlottesville Harrisburg Charleston WV	<u>Texas (6)</u> Midland (#5) # Laredo (#7) Roswell (WC1) Texarkana (WC7) Las Cruces (WC9) Galveston Arlington Lake Charles College Station Plano	<u>Midwest (7)</u> Peoria (#2) Lincoln (#10) Madison (WC5) Sioux City Columbia MO Rockford Iowa City Tulsa St. Paul Topeka
<u>South (3)</u> Wilmington NC (#1) Gainesville (#8) # Jacksonville (WC5) Albany GA (WC7) Chattanooga Port St. Lucie Fayetteville Fort Lauderdale Greenville Durham	<u>Gulf (4)</u> Hattiesburg (#3) ★ Lafayette (#7) Fort Myers (WC1) # Monroe (WC4) Cape Coral (WC8) Tuscaloosa (WC14) # Panama City \$ Gulfport Montgomery Sarasota	<u>Mountain (8)</u> Provo (#3) # Pierre (#6) # Grand Island (WC3) Grand Junction (WC8) Scottsbluff (WC12) Bismarck Rapid City Bozeman Fort Collins Boulder	<u>Northwest (9)</u> Everett (#4) San Francisco (#9) Vancouver (WC6) San Jose (WC13) Bend Gresham Eureka Yakima Nampa Salem
<u>Central (5)</u> Toledo (#2) # Rochester (#10) Bowling Green (WC2) Grand Rapids (WC3) Lansing (WC13) Fort Wayne Lexington Columbus Evansville Dayton	<u>TOP 5 Teams</u> HATTIESBURG ★ TOLEDO # GAINESVILLE FORT MYERS TUSCALOOSA *PROMOTED to WBL Elite! safe from relegation: 3 yrs ★ Conference Champ safe from relegation: 5 yrs	<u>Southwest (10)</u> Carlsbad (#1) ★ Mesa (#8) # Pasadena (WC2) Riverside (WC4) Flagstaff (WC10) Rio Rancho (WC11) Long Beach (WC14) Santa Fe \$ Henderson Yuma	<u>TOP 5 Teams</u> CARLSBAD ★ PROVO MIDLAND PIERRE MESA *PROMOTED to WBL Elite! safe from relegation: 3 yrs ★ Conference Champ safe from relegation: 5 yrs

\$ = winner of non-playoff team bracket; safe from relegation: 3 yrs [ft. 16 teams not in bottom 2 of each division]



In case you were wondering this is what the WBL Elite brackets looked like. (Eastern above, Western opposite).



It should be noted that the winners of each league are granted ten years immunity in their new promoted league or in the case of Cleveland of the WBL Elite (who defeated Springfield), a guaranteed ten years in the top tier. For the inaugural WBL Silver campaign, Carlsbad defeated Hattiesburg in the final, guaranteeing them a decade among the Sloths.

With the promotion/relegation system comes Annual Divisions Realignment to make sense of the unavoidable map confusion with the entry and exit of new teams. For the 2026, it looked like this:

New Promotions (Mice) to the WBL Elite + Division Assignment

EASTERN:

TOLEDO (Northeast)
GAINESVILLE (Mid-Atlantic)
FORT MYERS (South)
HATTIESBURG (Gulf)
TUSCALOOSA (Central)

WESTERN:

MIDLAND (Texas)
PIERRE (Midwest)
PROVO (Mountain)
CARLSBAD (Northwest)
MESA (Southwest)

Departure Assignments for Relegated Elites (Sloths) to the WBL Silver

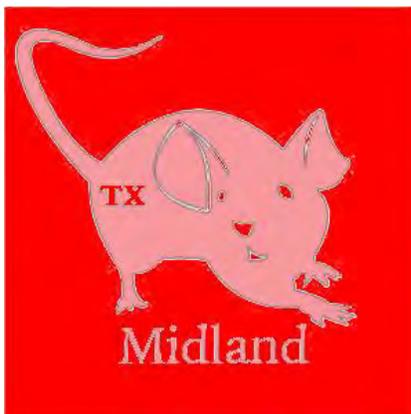
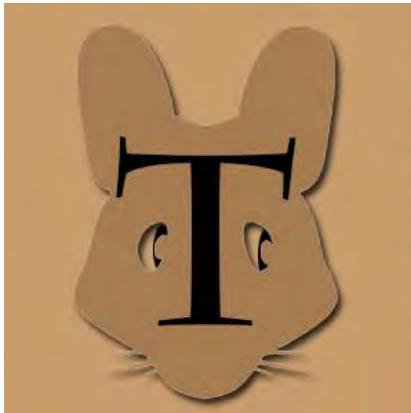
EASTERN:

PITTSBURGH (South)
ROANOKE (Gulf)
BILOXI (Gulf)
COLUMBIA SC (Gulf)
BANGOR (Central)

WESTERN:

EL PASO (Texas)
CHICAGO (Mountain)
SIOUX FALLS (Mountain)
OLYMPIA (Southwest)
SANTA FE (Southwest)

Obviously, this is not the most geographically ideal situation for many of these teams but such is life in the WBL. If you don't want to travel so much, don't finish last in your division, I guess LoL. Anyway here is a small smattering of the initial WBL Silver Mice logo designs in the form of the inaugural ten promoted squads. We ran out of budget for graphic design on these, so please be kind...



Champs



And who could forget the **2025 Carlsbad Mice**? Not me, and I'm just a doctor, a doctor of the physical realm. Ya know I got a PhD? **Personal Hell Devil**, baby, that's right. The Pep Boys are going to fund the feminist revolution with dark money. It's my PhD that tells me these things. So cool! When they named me Head Coach of the 2025 Carlsbad Mice, I almost forgot I had a PhD, and in doing so: I *almost* forgot myself. There is no greater hell than that, and any good PhD will tell ya the same. You can earn your PhD too if you just follow these seven easy steps:

1. GET YOUR LIFE IN GEAR & TRAIN YOUR EYES TO SEE THE PHD LURKING IN THE SHADOWS

"Any ole *New York Times* Bestselling Author will tell ya that the first step to achieving your literary dreams is to get the damn car running on the road. Brush your teeth or feel the wrath of an aging spine."

2. LOOK FOR THE PHD

"When I was young I knew my Personal Hell Devil was real. But I was a foolish child. I couldn't see it for the trees, the forest, see the forest among, or, for the trees, a tree in a forest. How does that one go?"

3. GROOM THE PHD

"When you get it, it's good. And it's good to get it and get going. When you arrive at the place you want to be you are there and it's good that you got there. You're not where you were, you're there. It's good."

4. PREPARE FOR THE PHD TO LEAVE YOU

"Time and love are fleeting things. You will think you have both in ample supply but they will both leave you. Seeing as how your PhD is the perfect combination of both of these elements... better have a plan."

5. SEDUCE THE PHD BACK INTO YOUR GOOD GRACES WITH LIGHTNING FAST NIT ETC.

"I'm an author so ergo and whatnot, super intimidating. You're never gonna be as good as me but that's OK. My life is not your life. But my lessons can be your teachings if you let them into your heart, dig?"

6. CONQUER THE PHD

"The Personal Hell Devil is a beast. And he is there to be treated as such. He exists solely to be treated as such. If you think you're getting a puppy or a goldfish with this thing, guess again, Stan. Get with it!!!"

7. USE THE PHD

"Any ole *New York Times* Bestselling Author will tell ya that the a PhD is worthless if you don't use it. So? Use the damn thing, and see your life change before your godly eyes."

Now let's talk about my memoir/self-help book, *Lower Those Expectations, Dog!*

Hi, my name is Castrol DeBloom and welcome to my podcast **Dudes on Dudes**. The only dude's culture pod for dudes by dudes.



When I wrote *Lower Those Expectations, Dog!* I was in a dark place. All my friends and editors told me I needed a subtitle. I scoffed like a depressed rooster at cow-milking time. What in the hell gives, I thought. Sound off in the comments if you agree.

It's like people are such dumb-dumbs. No one understood *Brunch*. Not a single person. The league wasn't unethical or exploitative, and I wasn't trying to "do commentary" on anything because it was science-fiction: both money (capitalism) and time/space (the multiverse) aren't real in the world of *Brunch*.

The multiverse is hell, especially for us dudes. It's like my wonderful wife Gremlani is always saying, "Dudes in the multiverse? In this economy? Something's gotta give."



And so I say here
Here is the right place to mourn Gremlani

"An Ode to Her Wonderful"
She made HERstory
On that day
And that day
Was Everyday

I submitted that poems to Poems dot com and Poems 'R' Us and Poems Inc. and they all told me it was a shit poem and to kill myself and so that's what I did and I am searching the afterlife for Gremlani's ghost. "Here Gremlani," I call. "Here girl." As if she was a dog or a wolf or one of those fish things people keep as pets, like swimming salamanders you know those things?



Use Promo Code **LOADED CHODE** at checkout today to receive 13 free pet water salamanders!

To all the people complaining that the middle of this book just so many pages of uniform designs for a sports thing that doesn't exist, I say this: most books are just that and you are too stupid to even get onto page whatever forty something or whatever and lucky for you this book is even forty pages long even though the title is *44 Days* and it would have been cool if the book was at least that many pages long (hell I can't argue with that) but it's not. In fact it isn't anything: the book is over right now. That's all. The end.