

# Proof I Need Stronger Medication

Accept No Placebos

Volume four, Patrick McGoochan.

Greetings reader fair, reader kind. How are all of you faring in your respective goings-about? At the present moment (3/26) I am in a mood that can be described as being definitely better than I have been in recent memory. This may change without notice, so beware. And no, it isn't "that time of the month" for me. Thinking that does make you an asshole, by the way.

In other news, I need money. I am selling things to get money so that I might purchase new clothes. Because I only recently noticed that I am not a large. And wearing size large clothes makes me look really stupid. Besides, when you weigh 120 pounds, you should flaunt it at every chance you get. Anyone wishing to purchase shirts in size large and extra large, neckties of varying ugliness (cheap!), old books and national geographics, a bicycle, or some old golf clubs should consider talking to me. Or just pay for this issue.

If all goes well, this will be a record-breaking year. 9 issues, ladies and gentlemen. Possibly. It all hinges on my ability to churn these things out. But if I stay on schedule, I may be able to do 9. Or I could do 8, but I'd be able to guarantee that they're funny. Sometimes I feel that the issues aren't funny, but you seem to laugh anyways. So whatev.

Lastly, realize that this was written over what may have been the single LEAST interesting spring break I have ever lived through. It wasn't bad, just deathly dull.

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## Random Thoughts: what really killed Mitch Hedberg

After all this celebrity sex-tape scandal, this is what confuses me: why would you want to tape yourself while you were having sex? I thought that people stayed together on their own. And then we get to the whole issue of tape removal. Think how much bandaids hurt.

Now imagine that times twenty. On your genitals.

The family got a new occasional table. It makes me a bit worried. I'm not sure what it does when it's not being a table. Plotting to stub my toe?

As a mitigating factor, the rapist argued that while what he did was morally reprehensible, he *was* wearing 'her pleasure' condoms. I'm sorry I made a rape joke. I'm going STRAIGHT to hell. But I'll see you there if you laughed. You know who you are.

Italian is not 'just like Spanish' and espresso does not mean freeway. I may have to rescind my offer to coach people through 'any language ever'

You know what I don't get? The puzzle mat. You put your puzzle on it, roll it up, and you can take it wherever. I mean, I have never thought "damn! What this party needs is a puzzle! That'd really get things kickin'" a puzzle party is not a party at all.

Is it weird that I have a pair of indoor shoes and a pair of outdoor shoes, so the indoor shoes stay clean? Because if it is, then I'm moving to Japan, where at least if I'm mocked for it, I won't know what they're saying.

I swear, if I was one of the original astronauts, I'd plant my own flag on the moon. Sure people would hate me for it, but do they have a heavenly body of their own? I rest my case.

I'm supposed to boycott Ford motor company because they support gay marriage. Now, logic tells me that I should then try to support Ford, but I refuse to. The ford festiva? That's just an unforgivable car.

Why are people afraid of marriage between a person and in inanimate object? What difference does it make? "I'm sorry golf club set, but I've been cheating on you with the lawn darts"

Jaywalkers get little sympathy from me. Walking to the actual corner is apparently the hardest thing in the world. Now I just take a good look, and if they look boring I run them over. The uncool shouldn't jaywalk.

You know what scares me? You never see Goths driving cars. Or on the bus. And you never see them walking on the sidewalk. How the hell *do* they get around? That's why you don't fuck with Goths.

An announcement to all SADD members: Cheer the fuck up already.

I dislike running places because I don't have any stamina. And I feel weird because I know people look at me when I run, and it looks like I'm thinking 'well gosh, I guess I'm not in a hurry anymore.'

The purpose of the carpool lane is to encourage people to not waste gas. But you've got to think that during rush hour the people waiting in line at the light to get on the freeway are wasting more gas. Think about it.

Ever play kids educational games for fun? And then you start getting into it. It's like "Nick, come down for dinner" "Not now! I'm learning about the number four! This is some crazy shit here!"

Oh G\_d

I was recently involved in a bit of a religious debate with my sister. She's twelve, so she's already a theological expert. She also goes to a Catholic school, something that I refused to do, and still refuse to, much to my dad's chagrin. But enough of that, let's get to the juicy parts.

The gist of the argument was whether G\_d is responsible for everything, or whether we have autonomy, and we will actions to happen. I was on the autonomy side, much to G\_d's chagrin. We don't exactly get along, The Almighty and I. I only last year started to acknowledge His existence, coming to the conclusion that He does exist, and He is out to get me. In exchange, I haven't died yet, though I have been involved in a number of "final destination moments".

My sister's argument, when broken down, looks like this: G\_d is all-powerful, because He said He's all-powerful. Therefore everything is because of Him. So there. At this point she stuck her tongue out at me, which was covered in a substance that may have been mashed potatoes. I wouldn't know for certain without lab testing, and my curiosity wasn't that immense. To my sister, G\_d is like a suburban soccer mom.

What follows may offend some people. I took the liberty of removing a certain vowel from the name of the Most High, just to give the illusion of actually caring about not wanting to offend people. Basically, if you made it past the rape joke, you'll do fine.

I'm a firm believer in the 'Wind-up toymaker G\_d.' The basic idea behind that is that The All-Powerful and Ever-Living is like a toymaker, and He just wound the tinsplate monkey with cymbals that is Humanity (and probably aliens too) and is just watching it parade around on the tabletop of the universe. He may or may not be laughing at us, but His Most Holy Underpants (MHU's) are definitely dry.

Now, He is allowed to intervene if the monkey is about to wander off the tabletop and onto the floor of.... Something. But for the most part, He just watches, and for the most part, the monkey keeps clanging along.

But every once and again, a speck of dust will get in the works, or there will be an unforeseen glitch in the cogs. (hey, NOBODY's perfect). When this happens its like "gotta spring into action" and he takes off like batman to the scene of the crime. Now the intervention can range from sending His only begotten son (which may or may not have happened already) to making me sick to my stomach for some reason that may just be a divine vendetta. I have no clue. (This should come as a surprise to nobody) In any event, the toymaker G\_d and the soccer mom G\_d cannot, by their very definitions, exist at the same time. Of course, this assumes monotheism, which I'm using, for I know that I have pissed off the stone spirit majorly. I REALLY don't want to talk about it.

The biggest problem with this whole argument is that there's really no way to be sure of which side He's on without dying. Or having a near-death experience. In my case, ANOTHER near death experience.

Even then I didn't learn much, besides don't trust electricity.

## The Importance of Being Klaus (or Earnest can go cry in the corner)

In this episode of *Ask Klaus*, we have a letter from a long-time reader who asks “*Dear Klaus, what is it like being Klaus? What is your thought process like? How does your brain work?*”

Well, anonymous reader, HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET MY ADDRESS? Are you that stalker chick? If not, you’ve got some explaining to do. I pretty much invented this whole ‘Ask Klaus’ thing to fake an explanation for this letter. I mean, whatahell?! But I’ll answer it anyways.

Well person who didn’t bother signing this letter, being Klaus is not everything you’d expect it to be. It’s not like some incredible ego trip. Being Klaus is not comparable to many things in the world. Probably the closest is eating candy corn. Being Klaus is not for everybody, and not everybody will enjoy being Klaus. Apparently there *are* people who hate candy corn.

But let’s get down to the specifics. As I see it, Klaus is defined by a sort of all-pervasive offbeatness that encompasses everything. However, (and despite what you’d think) Klaus isn’t bothered by conformity too much, so long as I can keep my mental independence. Actually, if you look at the evolution of the Klaus, I have become a lot more “mainstream”. I have no clue why I’m referring to myself in the third person. I’ll stop now. “The Klaus”. What crap. I’m not an entity. I’m just human. Or so I assume.

The second part of being Klaus is a combination of selflessness and guilt. You know that voice in your head that is your conscious thought process? Well mine sounds like a Jewish mother. She says I need to eat more. Even though I refuse to have another helping of food, she has convinced me to stop caring about myself so much. I do things for people, provided I don’t have to do exorbitant amounts of work, and that I’m able to do my own work too. Suffice to say that I want people to be happy. I want me to be happy. I also want that voice in my head to be happy, but I don’t think that’s happening anytime soon. Man, she can be a bitch sometimes.

But we move along now to how my thought process works. I am wholly convinced that I have ADD. I can focus on things, and I don’t get bored with stuff and spontaneously decide to go for a bike ride. But my thought process looks like an old Nintendo game sounds: a general tune constantly interrupted by those Ping-ding zap sounds. I’ll be sitting awake late at night, or I’ll be sitting in English class and suddenly my brain will be screaming, “Wait a sec, slippers aren’t slippery! What the hell is up with that?” I will then scribble this down on whatever piece of paper is nearby. I do look rather like a paranoid schizophrenic when I do this, I’ve been told.

This self-diagnosed ADD thing does have its benefits. I “get” math and pretty much every other subject. I also have a memory like nobody’s business, yet sadly does not include homework. It also helps me get ‘un-lost’ giving the impression that I’m good with directions.

In short, being Klaus is certainly not for the faint of heart, or for those who expect for it to make sense. Hell, even I can’t, and I’ve been trying for a while. There are some questions that can’t be answered.

Well, that does it for today. Write me again and I’m calling the cops.

## The Freeloader

I don't do too much. I don't have a job. I don't pay taxes. And I don't pay anything for music. And I don't do this because I'm constantly broke, or because I'm somehow a bad person. Okay, so I do *kind of* do this because I'm broke, but it's not the main reason. It's because of economics.

This is economics condensed down to a page and with more jokes. Which is important, because much as money is cool, learning about markets isn't. Anyone who's seen "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" knows that's true. (and knows that the Laffer Curve is 'voodoo economics') It's kind of like going through the sex-ed unit in health: there are few things that can so corrupt something so cool-seeming. Like the science behind explosions.

In any event, there are a few things that you need to understand: because they use big words. Now that's all really boring stuff, which is also pretty obvious. I'll break it down like this, and give the absolute basics:

Lets say you really want to go clubbin'. But let's say that those Bastards from PETA say you can't kill the cute widdle baby seal. Besides, the zoo is apparently not some kind of buffet/department store. Well, you COULD do it and hope to not get caught. But if you DO get caught, you'd face the scorn of the entire 'we love animals, but not like that you perv' organization. And then you'd wind up sharing a jail cell with a large man known as "Barrel". Most contemporary sociologists consider this to be not that great of a life. Your incentive to not go bludgeon baby seals is called an "incentive". This is where the "obvious" part comes in.

But how does this have anything to do with taxes and not buying music? Well, if you'd just shut up for once, I'd get to it. Here's the deal-io: nobody wants the costs that come with paying taxes or buying a whole bunch of cds to get that killer cd collection. Economists call this 'self interest' but I call it the 'y'all are greedy assholes' principle. Both work. At heart, it says that people don't like doing things that are detrimental to their well being. The people that do tend to heckle me during my routines.

Now, the IRS is a rather large group, and if you don't pay taxes, they can find you and eat you. This is why people hire accountants to make up stuff. The RIAA is exactly the same way: they're large, they want you to pay money, and it'd be really nice to see anyone who works for them fall down a mineshaft. But the RIAA doesn't have as much of a stranglehold on filesharing networks, (much to their dislike) so people can get away with downloading stuff all the time. The few poor saps who somehow manage to be stupid and get nabbed have to literally pay bazillions. The RIAA forced mathematicians to come up with the number bazillion, just for them.

But should we pay taxes or legitimate music? Damned if I know. And damned if anyone who studies this crazy "science" knows either. Economics isn't a moral system; it's a cynical view of how the world works. Some folks out there would say it IS how the world works, but remember kids, those people are cynics. Don't trust them AT ALL repeat AT ALL. It's what us economics majors like to call "a very bad idea"

And this is what we call a "lame-ass conclusion." Obviously.